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WAR NEWS.

St. Petersburg, March 12.—The Russian torpedo boat flotilla left Port Arthur in broad daylight this morning and attacked the Japanese fleet outside. One Japanese torpedo boat was sunk and one Russian torpedo boat destroyer was sunk. The fate of the crew of the latter is unknown.

Tien Tsin, March 12.—One Japanese officer and four Japanese soldiers recently captured near Wiju, were paraded through the streets of Mukden, Tuesday, by successful Russians.

St. Petersburg, 12th.—Admiral Makaroff immediately inaugurated on his assumption of command of the fleet at Port Arthur, a complete change of tactics. He has ordered the removal of the battleship Retvizan from the mouth of the harbor. This morning he directed a sortie of the torpedo flotilla, supported by part of the squadron, against the Japanese. The details are not yet known except that it resulted in the loss of one Japanese torpedo boat and one Russian destroyer.

St. Petersburg, 14th.—Admiral Makaroff's name is on every lip today; he is the hero of the hour. Sorrow for loss of the destroyer is swallowed up in admiration of the daring exploit of the commander in chief yesterday in driving away the entire Japanese fleet. The fuller reports of his exploit in leaving the harbor with his fleet of torpedo craft and engaging the whole Japanese fleet shows a complete personal disregard of danger with due consideration for the safety of his men and ships. His own boat was forced into the thickest of the fight and it is considered a providential favor that it was not his own craft that was sunk instead of the destroyer. He is being hailed as the coming deliverer of the Yellow Sea from the Japanese, and is fully expected to completely turn the tables.

The disappearance of the Japanese fleet today is attributed to his prowess.

Copenhagen, 14th.—Denmark is rapidly getting on a war footing. The feeling that the Japanese-Russian war is likely to become world wide is increasing, and Denmark is preparing for all emergencies in case of hasty action. The city of Copenhagen is thoroughly garrisoned as are also other larger towns in the country.

Paris, 14th.—Paris has been stirred to its very foundations by the report that a Japanese spy has been caught endeavoring to secure inside information as to the strength and equipment of the French army and navy.

New York.—War experts who have been watching Japanese move-

ments declare the Mikado's generals to be the most expert in the world.

Canea, Island of Crete, 14th.—A Russian transport from Tion Said has arrived here. The members of the crew say the Russian torpedo boat, "No 221" was lost on her way to this port. The crew was rescued by the transport.

New York, 14th.—The European edition of the New York Herald has the following from Seoul: "The Japanese will have 150,000 men in Korea in three weeks, including the 35,000 men at Chemulpo. The scene there daily is one of disorder. The harbor's edge is piled up with 200,000 tons of stores, equipment, light guns, carriages, bullet proof shields and 5,000 cavalry and pack horses are there also."

Tien Tsin, 14th.—A Chinese refugee, from Nshuchen, says he saw Russians retreating from the Yalu River, destroying all villages en route.

London, March 14.—The recent numerous attacks made on Port Arthur by the Japanese are the result of strenuous efforts on the part of the Japanese to secure the effectual blockading of the port. The Japanese plan of campaign is interfered with as long as Russia can get an effective fleet out of the harbor. The Japanese believe that once the Russian port is blockaded with a few ships, they can release the balance of the fleet for use elsewhere. There will be no let up at Port Arthur until the desired results are obtained.

Tokio, March 15.—Official and private reports indicate that Admiral Togo's fourth attack upon Port Arthur on the tenth instant was the most effective since the first assault over a month ago. One Russian torpedo boat destroyer was sunk and several more were damaged. The fortifications and the city were the object of a heavy bombardment lasting four hours. Admiral Togo's torpedo flotilla opened the action by boldly steaming in under the shore batteries and successfully placing a number of mechanical mines at the mouth of the harbor. Then following was a most desperate bow to bow encounter between torpedo boat destroyers, in which the Japanese appear to have scored a clear victory, the Russian craft turning to flee with many boats more or less damaged.

Tokio, March 15.—A supplementary report from Vice-Admiral Togo concerning the effort made by the Japanese in the action off Port Arthur on the tenth instant, and the rescue of the crews of the Russian torpedo boat destroyers, states that the Japanese would have been able to rescue many more of the enemy but for the deadly fire from the shore batteries and the close approach of the Russian cruiser Novik.

Wei Htai Wei, 15th.—Reports here of Admiral Togo's fourth attack upon Port Arthur on the 10th include the wrecking of several of the Russian torpedo boat destroyers which engaged in repelling the Japanese attack. Several ran for shallow water immediately afterwards, which is believed to indicate they were in a sinking condition. The rout was precipitate and marked. No injury is reported to the Japanese fleet other than the penetration of several hulls, but only in such manner that they can be readily repaired even without returning to Nagasaki. The rapid fire guns in the hands of the Japanese are a most effective arm for the torpedo boats. The failure of the return fire would show the Russians not so able to handle this arm.

London, 15th.—Admiral Makaroff has ordered his fleet outside Port Arthur and assumed offensive tactics in guarding the only available channel to entrance. The startling report is given out as Russian information that ammunition of big guns in the forts is running short.

Mukden, March 16.—Special From the Russian correspondent of the Associated Press:—

The advance of the Russian forces is working smoothly from Harbin southward. The running of passenger trains has been resumed and Russian families are proceeding on their way to Europe without confusion. The health and spirits of the troops is good. The advance of the vast army and the immense amount of supplies is necessarily slow, but it is sure and overwhelming. As the advance is made, the lines are left amply protected in the rear, providing an uninterrupted source of communication with the base of supplies. Slowly but surely the Russians are advancing into the heart of the enemy's country. If they cannot be prevented from advancing, neither can they be turned afterwards."

London, March 16.—A correspondent of the Daily Mail at New Chwang says that after the removal of the battleship Retvizan, four Russian steamers, the Harbin, Hailar, Ninguta and Singari were anchored at the mouth of the entrance to Port Arthur in proper position and sunk leaving only a small channel available.

Port Arthur, March 16.—The report from New Chwang that four Russian steamers had been sunk at the entrance to Port Arthur, after the removal of the battleship "Retvizan" is authoritatively denied.

New York, March 17.—A Herald cable from St. Petersburg says that in view of the almost absurd warlike preparations of Sweden, which are known to be in favor of Russia, the people of St. Petersburg are pointedly asking the nature of

Mr. Kurino's mission to that country. The "Vremya" points out that the warlike activity of the Scandinavian Peninsula began simultaneously with the departure of the Japanese Minister from Russia and the arrival in Denmark of Mr. Kurino. It is declared hardly conceivable Scandinavia has any designs of possibly taking advantage of Russia's difficulties to try and retrieve Finland from the realm of the Czar, but that the Naval and Army preparations now going forward in Sweden point to a decidedly unfriendly aspect. There is a possibility of Russia addressing a note of protest against the display of military preparations at this time, which, it is declared, is being done so as to strengthen the hands of Japan, as showing reliance and un-warranted faith in the final triumph of Japanese arms.

Chefoo, 18th.—While entering Port Arthur yesterday the Russian destroyer Skorik struck an unplaced mine and was blown up. The report received here is in detail and shows that while the Skorik was leading a movement of warships into the inner harbor for the night after patrolling the outer channel, there was a sudden explosion under her bows, raising her momentarily clear of the water and then permitting her to drop back and settle rapidly to the bottom before she could be beached. Those aboard dived into the sea and some were picked up by the accompanying ships, but just how many were rescued and lost the dispatch fails to state. This makes the fourth war craft the Russians have lost by their own mines.

London, 18th.—The question has arisen in the House of Commons as to the movements of the Russian armoured cruiser Dmitri Donskoi in the Mediterranean. It has been searching British merchant vessels etc., after repairing at Suez. The question asked is, what steps the government proposes to take to stop these operations. Premier Balfour admitted the great importance of the question and said he must have time to enquire into the facts before he can give a complete answer.

St. Petersburg, 18.—The Bourse Gazette says Japan's hope of aid from America is gone now and that Japan looks only to China. With the latter's hatred of the West in view, she is trying her best to effect an alliance. It predicts that Chinese neutrality is soon to be broken.

Lio Yang, Manchuria, 18.—Russian troops are still concentrating here and are forming guerilla detachments. Prices of commodities have risen enormously last week.

London, 18.—The Duke of Cambridge died this morning at 10.35, at Gloucester House, aged 85.

NEWS TOPICS OF WEEK

Important Events in Few Words For Busy Readers.

The Busy World's Happenings Carefully Compiled and put into Handy and Attractive Shape For the Readers of Our Paper—A Solid Hour's Enjoyment in Paragraphs.

CANADIAN.

Belleville, Jan. 30.—The will of the late E. W. Rathbun of Deseronto, disposes of an estate worth \$216,825.
Enbro, Feb. 1.—The Congregational Church in this place was destroyed by fire at an early hour yesterday morning.
Montreal, Jan. 30.—L. A. Rivet, advocate of St. Gabriel, has been nominated as Liberal candidate in Hochelaga.
Almonte, Jan. 30.—T. B. Caldwell, woollen manufacturer of Lanark Village, was chosen as candidate by the Liberals yesterday.
Ottawa, Jan. 30.—J. E. W. Currier has been appointed private secretary to Hon. A. G. Blair, chairman of the Railway Commission.
Ottawa, Jan. 30.—Sir William Mulock arrived in Mexico city on the 20th inst. He was welcomed at the railway station by several Canadians.
Port Colborne, Feb. 1.—John P. McRae, police magistrate and owner of the American Hotel block in this village, dropped dead on the street Saturday evening.
Chicoutimi, Que., Feb. 1.—Dr. Edmond Savard of Chicoutimi has been nominated as a candidate by the Liberals of Chicoutimi and Saguenay for the Commons.
Orono, Feb. 1.—Geo. Smith died at the residence of his son-in-law, Wm. Bradley, just five miles north of here, Saturday. If he had lived until the 4th of next May he would have been one hundred and four years old.
Toronto, Jan. 30.—Mr. H. L. Drayton, formerly one of the assistant city solicitors, has been appointed County Crown Attorney of York in succession to Mr. Hartley Dewar, whose resignation was announced yesterday.
Woodstock, Feb. 1.—The freight tie-up on the railroads is causing some manufacturers great annoyance. The Kern and Canada Furniture factories are closed down for want of coal, the Whitelaw Foundry is partly closed down and some of the other industries have fuel enough for only a couple of days.
Quebec, Jan. 30.—Feb. 6 will be a big military day. All corps in Quebec, permanent and volunteer, are expected to take part in a sham battle on snowshoes, which will take place on Bell's hill, the defending party taking up a position near the St. Foye monument. The 6th Artillery and 17th Regiment of Levis, as well as the Rifle Association, are expected to participate.
GREAT BRITAIN AND IRELAND.
London.—The Earl of Devon (Rev. Sir Henry Hugh Courtenay), rector of Powderham, Devon, is dead. He was born in July 15, 1811.
London, Jan. 30.—(C. A. P.)—The British Women's Emigration Society is endeavoring to raise £2,000 in order to send 300 women out to Canadian factories.
London, Feb. 1.—Another woman reported missing has awakened interest in the records of Scotland Yard, which show that London contains no less than 30,000 deserted wives.
London, Jan. 30.—At the Bisley meeting of 1903 the number of entries for competition was 41,442. The amount taken for entrance fees, pools and practice shots was £14,839.
London, Jan. 30.—The Dean of St. Paul's has arranged with the Institute of Journalists to place a tablet in the crypt of the cathedral as a memorial to the war correspondents who died on service in South Africa.
London, Jan. 30.—Dr. Orr, who sails on the Umbria to-day, has arranged for some interesting exhibits for the Toronto Exhibition. He has also interested some of the largest manufacturers, who will send exhibits to Toronto this year.
London, Jan. 30.—Navvies working on the new railway line in Wexford came upon a forgotten charge of dynamite embedded in the rock. Patrick O'Leary, a Cork man, struck the dynamite with his pick, and it exploded, blowing him to pieces and injuring several of his companions.
London, Jan. 30.—The Canadian Government continental emigration agents have been in London to confer with James A. Smart. Mr. Decelle, agent of the Government at Antwerp, is of the opinion that a large number of Belgians will emigrate to Canada during the coming summer.
London, Jan. 30.—Gen. Booth's emigration scheme is to take the unemployed in large numbers to Canada and Australia under conditions which would admit of their being sorted out and cared for and supervised till they were in a good condition to stand alone and become good citizens.
London, Jan. 30.—The Rev. Samuel Ashton Thompson-Yates of 43 Phillimore Gardens, W. (son of the late S. H. Thompson, banker of Liverpool, whose estate was valued in 1890 at £1,333,372, has left estate of the gross amount of £232,653 13s. 3d., the net personality being £225,867 3s. 2d.

Cincinnati, O., Feb. 1.—Melville Orr, a brass worker, was killed yesterday by Edward Dotting, a barber.
Chicago—Lake Michigan has at last frozen over. In most winters there is a wide stretch of open water in mid-lake.
St. Paul, Minn.—Ex-Mayor Ames of Minneapolis, is a free man. The Supreme Court has quashed the indictment against him.
Tonawanda, N.Y., Feb. 1.—Mrs. John Miller and her 8-day-old baby were so badly burned last night that both will die. A kerosene lamp exploded.
Detroit.—Jeremiah G. Farwell, son of one of the most prominent capitalists of Detroit, is dead, from a bullet through his stomach, fired with suicidal intent.
Chicago, Jan. 30.—Very Rev. A. Corcoran, provincial of the order of St. Viator, died yesterday at Phoenix, Ariz. He was born in London, Canada, 48 years ago.
Pittsburg—As the result of an attempt to hurry a fire with carbon oil, Mrs. A. F. Gray is dead, a daughter, aged 12, probably fatally burned, and five others in the family seriously injured.
Mahanoy City, Pa., Feb. 1.—Five rock men were instantly killed late Saturday night in the Maple Hill colliery of the Philadelphia and Reading Coal and Iron Company by an explosion of powder in a steel cage.
New York, Jan. 30.—The Brooklyn Teachers Association, through its Executive Committee, has petitioned the Board of Education, to restore to principals of schools the privilege of inflicting corporal punishment on unruly pupils.
Salem, Ore., Jan. 30.—Harry Egbert, alias Jack Frost, ex-convict, burglar and murderer, was hanged yesterday for the killing of John G. Saxton and his companion, John West, in the Wild Horse Valley, in Southwestern Oregon, Oct. 4, 1903.
Detroit, Jan. 30.—Three men were so badly scalded yesterday by the breaking of an iron elbow connecting the boiler and engine in the basement of the Hotel Metropole that they died a short time afterwards at the hospitals to which they were removed.
New York, Jan. 30.—The Commercial Advertiser announced yesterday afternoon that beginning on Feb. 1 it will be sold for one cent, instead of two cents, and that its name will be changed to The Globe and Commercial Advertiser. It used its older name for 107 years.
GENERAL FOREIGN NEWS.
Sofia, Jan. 30.—The Minister of War has ordered seven battalions of Turkish troops from Monastir to Ishtip and other points on the Bulgarian frontier.
Monterey, Mexico, Feb. 1.—Word has been received from Victoria, capital of the State of Tamaulipas, that fourteen men were killed Saturday in a mine accident near that city.
Copenhagen.—The Danish Atlantic Islands Association has been formed to arouse the nation's interest in the out-lying possessions and prevent the sale of territory under Danish sovereignty.
Rome, Jan. 30.—Bishop Muti, apostolic vicar in Corea, has sent in a report to the Vatican saying that the 10,000 Roman Catholics living in Corea are subjected to grave risks because of the present condition of the country on account of the Russo-Japanese situation.
London, Jan. 30.—The Chee Foo correspondent of The Daily Mail says a foreigner who has arrived there reports that the Russian steamer Argun was fired at by a Japanese warship outside of Chemulpo harbor. Three shots were fired across the Argun's bows, but no further attempt to stop her was made.
Berlin, Jan. 30.—The steamer Weimar has reached Aalesund, the town in Norway, which was destroyed by fire last Saturday. She is caring for 2,500 persons, of whom 500 are women, children and sick people who are sleeping on board. Representatives of insurance companies now estimate the losses at Aalesund at \$5,000,000.
Rome, Jan. 30.—Yesterday morning Captain Squillacioti of the Italian Artillery, died in the military hospital at Naples from four revolver shots which he had fired at himself in the town cemetery near his mother's grave. He was engaged to two women and could not marry one without injuring the other, so he decided to take his own life.
DR. HODGETTS APPOINTED.
Succeeds Dr. Bryce As Secretary of Provincial Board of Health.
Toronto, Jan. 30.—At a meeting of the Cabinet yesterday afternoon, Dr. C. A. Hodgetts was appointed Deputy Registrar-General and Secretary of the Provincial Board of Health to succeed Dr. P. H. Bryce, who goes to Ottawa to become medical inspector to the Department of the Interior. Dr. Hodgetts has been connected with the Provincial Board during the last ten years, as temporary inspector the greater part of the time and permanent inspector for the last three years. He will not take charge until the board meets on Tuesday and Wednesday of next week. Dr. Bryce's new appointment dates from Feb. 1, but he will remain till after the board meeting.
Six Killed By Explosion.
Rognonas, France, Jan. 30.—Six persons were killed and 14 were injured as a result of an explosion of gas in the cafe of the Hotel de France last evening. A dozen persons were sitting at the tables when an odor of gas penetrated the room. Mme. Martin, wife of the proprietor, lighted a candle and started for the kitchen to investigate. As she opened the door a terrific explosion occurred. When the body of Mme. Martin was found it was almost decapitated. Her husband, father and daughter also were killed. It is feared that some of the injured will die.
Shot His Own Brother.
Halifax, N. S., Jan. 30.—While shooting sea birds from a boat in the vicinity of Devil's Island yesterday afternoon, Manuel Gorhan, aged 17 years, was shot and instantly killed by his brother, Arthur, two years older. The shooting was purely accidental. Arthur raised the gun to fire at a bird, and as he did so the hammer struck the side of the boat and the charge entered his brother's breast, making a grating wound, and he fell dead. Arthur, with a companion, rowed to the shore. An inquest was held and Arthur was exonerated.

BRITISH ARMY COUNCIL

Commander-in-Chief Abolished For Inspector-General.

Royal Commission Reports Urgent Need of Permanent Defence Committee. Military Men Should Be Chosen, Says the Report, Not Mere Civilian Connected With Existing Methods, As Now Measures Forward Now.

London, Feb. 1.—The report of the Royal Commission, known as the Lord Escher Commission, which was appointed last November to advise the Government concerning the creation of a board for the administrative business of the War Office, has been issued.

With the approval of the King, and upon recommendation of the Commission, the Government has decided to appoint an army council similar to the admiralty, to abolish the office of commander-in-chief of the army, and to create a new post, that of Inspector-General, whose principal duty will be to inspect and report on the efficiency of the military forces.

The report points out the necessity of greater permanence in the Defence Committee, in order to insure a continuous policy, and it suggests the addition to the existing Defence Committee of a permanent secretary holding office for five years, two naval officers selected by the admiralty, two military officers chosen by the Viceroy of India, and, if possible, other colonial representatives holding office for two years.

With regard to the War Office, the Commission suggests that the Secretary of State for War be placed in the same position as the First Lord of the Admiralty, directly responsible to the Crown and to Parliament. The constitution of the army council aims at decentralization of the individual members of the council being entrusted with different branches, such as armament, supply, finance, etc.

In this connection the report remarks significantly: "New measures demand new men; we therefore attach special importance to the appointment of military members not hitherto connected with existing methods, and who, therefore, are not likely to be embarrassed by the traditions of a system which is to be radically changed."

Morning papers applaud the report and express the hope that the Government will execute the reforms with courage and promptitude.

Oil As Fuel For Navy.
London, Feb. 1.—The new British battleship Ebernia and sister ships, Britannia and Africa, are to be fitted for storage of oil as fuel in large quantities.

Wolsey's Hint to War Office.
London, Feb. 1.—Field Marshal Lord Wolsey, formerly commander-in-chief of the British army, has written again in reference to the decline in military recruiting in Great Britain. He reaffirms his belief in the superiority of the army of the United States, saying: "The American Government is wiser than ours. They pay their men well, with the result that the American army, so far as it goes in numbers, is the finest in the world. Until we adopt a similar method of obtaining recruits, our army never will be in a thoroughly satisfactory state."

FATAL EXPLOSIONS.

Sad Fate of a Man Who Fired a Blast Prematurely.
Suchbury, Jan. 30.—A serious accident took place here after 7 o'clock yesterday morning on the C. P. R. construction work, in which one man was killed and two others injured, one fatally. Thursday night one of the blasts did not go off, and Johnston, the Swede foreman, was driving a hole on top of the charge to put in another detonator to fire the hole, when he struck the one that had not gone off, resulting in an explosion. Johnston had the lower portion of his body completely torn off and died in a few minutes. Two Italians who were standing near were seriously injured.

RUPTURE IS DELAYED

Russia's Latest Reply Is As Skillful and Astute As Ever.

Britain Throws the Weight of Her Influence For Peace, and Tokio Advises Indicate That Japan Will Respect Her Wishes—Meanwhile, Both Sides Are Making Prodigious Preparations For War.

London, Feb. 1.—Russian diplomacy has proved as skillful and astute as ever, and has succeeded in placing Japan in a difficult and embarrassing position. Although the reply made to Japan's last note includes the draft of a treaty substantially conceding Japan's demands as regards Corea, the effect of it on Manchuria is by no means so satisfactory. It nominally concedes China's sovereignty over the northern province, but also contains a detailed statement of Russia's claims and interests so stated that a recognition of them would practically concede to Russia a similar control over Manchuria to that which England now exercises over Egypt. Should this treaty be ratified in fact, gives Corea to Japan and Manchuria to Russia.

The question that now confronts Japanese statesmen is, whether or not the position is such as to justify a declaration of war? Great Britain has thrown the weight of her influence on the side of peace, and the latest advices from Tokio indicate that her wishes are likely to be respected by the Japanese Government. It is felt, however, that the rupture is only postponed, and that the arrangement now proposed does not contain material for a permanent treaty of peace. But to avert the immediate outbreak of war will relieve the present tension and affords time for future negotiations and developments. This in present circumstances is a great gain, and seems to be pretty well assured.

A despatch received here from Tsingtau says Russia is purchasing large quantities of Kaiping coal for immediate delivery at Port Arthur, where the stocks of coal are believed to be rapidly running low.

The correspondent of The Daily Mail at Chee Foo cables he has learned that the Japanese naval reserve was mobilized last week, and that the first army reserve was partly mobilized with great secrecy, the troops arriving at their destinations disguised as coolies. Over 100 transports have been requisitioned; the correspondent continues, and twenty-eight transports and thirty-eight warships are lying at Sascho. Forty transports filled with the Kumamoto division are lying in Takeshiki harbor, in Tsu Shima, ready for invasion. The destination of these latter vessels is believed to be Chung Yu, whence the isolation could be easily effected.

Competent judges. The Post's correspondent goes on, predict the total failure of the Russian commissariat in the event of prolonged hostilities.

Japan Orders Biggest Yet.

London, Feb. 1.—Vickers, Maxim & Armstrong yesterday received formal orders to expedite the construction of two new battleships for Japan. These vessels are to be not only the most powerful afloat, but are ordered ready on the shortest time on record for ships of such dimensions. Each will be of 16,400 tons displacement, 19 knots speed and be able to discharge eleven tons of projectiles per minute in the main artillery.

IS DUNLOP AN M.P.P.?

New Question Raised in the Legislature Concerning North Oxford.

Toronto, Feb. 1.—The speakers in the debate on the address in reply to the speech from the Throne in the Legislature last week were: Attorney-General Gibson, J. R. Downey, J. W. St. John, M. G. Cameron, A. A. Madaffy and R. A. Thompson. The only new point raised in the debate was that by Mr. Cameron, who argued in the North Renfrew case that Mr. Munro not being declared elected, the election was abortive and quoted an English case to show that under such circumstances the election was not conducted at all.

In reply to Mr. Whitney, Premier Ross said this contention of Mr. Cameron was not a blank cartridge, and that the Government was considering the whole matter. The Premier brought down the interim supplies on Thursday, amounting to \$570,000, which were passed without objection. The House adjourned at 6 p. m. Thursday till Monday.

Short Course at O.A.C.

Guelph, Jan. 30.—This year's short course in steer judging at the Ontario Agricultural College was not so largely attended as usual although 150 men, young and old, took advantage of it. The College was indebted to quite a number of breeders for the loan of beef and dairy cattle, sheep, swine, and horses. Not only were these submitted to the students for practical experience in judging, but valuable talks and addresses were given by various competent experts in their respective classes. A valuable course was also given

of the seeds of various weeds, while in the evening addresses were given by members of the staff and prominent outsiders upon a variety of subjects of interest to farmers. The course, which lasted two weeks, is just finished.

No Reduced Fares For Clergyman.
St. John, N.B., Feb. 1.—To-day the Canadian Pacific Railway will put into effect, under a section of the new railway bill, an order cancelling certificates under which clergymen have been granted reduced fares on the railway.

THE MARKETS.

Wheat Closed Higher at Liverpool and Lower at Chicago Saturday-Live Stock—The Latest Quotations.
Saturday Evening, Jan. 30.
Liverpool wheat futures closed to-day 3/4 higher than Friday, and corn futures 3/4 higher.
Chicago to-day May wheat closed 1/2c lower than yesterday; May corn 1/2c lower and May oats 1/2c lower.

FOREIGN MARKETS.
London—Close—Wheat, on passage, very inactive. Manila, on passage, rather firm; spot American mixed, 21s. new. Flour, spot, 25s. 9d.
Paris—Close—Wheat, tone quiet; Jan. 21/20c; May and Aug., 21c; 20c; Flour, tone dull; Jan. 20c; May and Aug., 23c; 70c. Antwerp—Wheat, spot steady; No. 1 R. W. 107 1/2.

LEADING WHEAT MARKETS.
Following are the closing quotations at important wheat centres to-day:
Cash Jan. May
New York 82 1/2 82 1/2
Chicago 92 1/2 92 1/2
Duluth, No. 1 N 80 1/2 80 1/2

TORONTO ST. LAWRENCE MARKET.
GRAIN.
Wheat, red, bush . . . \$0.50 to \$0.67
Wheat, white, bush . . . 0.55 to 0.60
Wheat, spring, bush . . . 0.54
Wheat, goose, bush . . . 0.75 to 0.74 1/2
Barley, bush . . . 0.45 to 0.48
Beans, bush . . . 1.35
Beans, hand-picked . . . 1.05
Peas, bush . . . 0.55
Rye, bush . . . 0.53
Buckwheat, bush . . . 0.40 to 0.47 1/2
Oats, bush . . . 0.33 1/2
SEEDS.
Alsike, No. 1 . . . \$5.20 to \$5.50
Alsike, good, No. 2 . . . 4.00 to 4.50
Alsike, fancy . . . 5.75 to 6.20
Red, choice . . . 5.50 to 6.00
Red, fancy . . . 6.20 to 6.80
Red, good, No. 2 . . . 5.00 to 5.40
Timothy seed . . . 1.50 to 1.50
Hay and Straw.
Hay, per ton . . . \$7.00 to \$10.00
Straw, sheaf, per ton . . . 0.30 to 1.00
Straw, loose, per ton . . . 0.00

FRUITS AND VEGETABLES.
Potatoes, per bag . . . \$0.50 to \$0.60
Apples, per bushel . . . 1.00 to 1.50
Cabbage, per dozen . . . 0.40 to 0.70
Cabbage, red, each . . . 0.05 to 0.10
Beets, per peck . . . 1.15 to 2.00
Cauliflower, per dozen . . . 0.30 to 0.50
Carrots, red, per doz . . . 0.30 to 0.50
Celery, per doz . . . 0.30 to 0.50
Turnips, per bag . . . 0.35 to 0.40
Vegetable marrow, doz . . . 0.30 to 0.50
POULTRY.
Spring chickens, per pair . \$1.00 to \$1.75
Spring ducks, per pair . . 1.50 to 2.00
Turkeys, per lb . . . 0.18 to 0.18
Geese, per lb . . . 0.12 to 0.14
DAIRY PRODUCE.
Butter, lb. rolls . . . \$0.20 to \$0.23
Eggs, held . . . 0.25
Eggs, new laid . . . 0.15 to 0.40

NEW YORK DAIRY MARKET.
New York, Jan. 30.—Butter—Firm, receipts, 8663; western factory, current market, 14 1/2c; do second, 13 1/2c; packing stock, current make, No. 1, 13 1/2c; do, No. 2, 12c; No. 2, 12c to 12 1/2c; do, held, 12 1/2c to 14c.
Cheese—Quiet, unchanged; receipts, 652. Eggs—Steady, unchanged; receipts, 2645.

CATTLE MARKETS.

Cables Unchanged—Hogs Slow and Lower at Buffalo.

TORONTO LIVE STOCK.
Receipts of live stock at the City Cattle Market were 38 car-loads, consisting of 503 cattle, 173 sheep, 523 hogs and 24 calves.
Exporters—Best lots of exporters sold at \$4.50 to \$4.80 per cwt; medium at about \$4.25 to \$4.50 per cwt.
Export Bulls—Choice quality bulls are worth \$3.75 to \$4.00 per cwt; medium to good bulls sold at \$3.25 to \$3.50.
Export Cows—Export cows are worth \$3.50 to \$3.75 per cwt.
Butchers' Cattle—Choice picked lots of butchers, 1100 to 1175 lbs each, equal in quality to best exporters, are worth \$4.30 to \$4.50; tons of good sold at \$4 to \$4.25; fair to good, \$3.60 to \$3.85; common, \$3.75 to \$3.90; rough to inferior, \$2.25; cullers at \$2.20 to \$2.50.
Feeders—Steers of good quality, 1050 to 1150 lbs each, at \$3.50 to \$3.80 per cwt.
Stockers—One-year to 2-year-old steers, 400 to 700 lbs each, are worth \$3 to \$3.50 per cwt; off-colors and of poor breeding quality of same weights are worth \$2.50 to \$3 per cwt.
Milch Cows—Milch cows and springers are worth \$30 to \$40.
Calves—Calves sold at \$2 to \$10 each, or from \$4 to \$6 per cwt.
Sheep—Lined, \$3.75 to \$4 per cwt for ewes, and bucks at \$3 to \$3.25.
Lamb—Prices ranged from \$4.00 to \$5 per cwt and \$5.25 to \$5.65 for choice ewes and wethers for export.
Hogs—Best select bacon hogs, not less than 160 lbs nor more than 200 lbs each, fed and watered, are worth \$5 per cwt; lights and fats at \$4.87 1/2; sows, \$3.50 to \$3.75 per cwt; and stags at \$2 to \$2.50 per cwt.

EAST BUFFALO CATTLE MARKET.

East Buffalo, Jan. 30.—Cattle—Receipts, 250 head; prices unchanged. Venis—Receipts, 76 head, steady, \$0.50 to \$0.75.
Hogs—Receipts, 10 1/2 head; slow, 10c to 20c lower; heavy, \$5.15 to \$5.20; mixed, \$5.00 to \$5.10; Yorkers, \$5 to \$5.05; pigs, \$5 roughs, \$4.15 to \$4.30; stags, \$3 to \$3.50.
Sheep and Lambs—Receipts, 2000 head active; lambs, 100; wethers, 23c lower; lambs, \$5 to \$6.25; yearlings, \$4.25 to \$5.50; wethers, \$4.50 to \$4.75; ewes, \$4.25 to \$4.50; sheep, mixed, \$2.50 to \$3.50.
BRITISH CATTLE MARKET.
London, Jan. 30.—Live cattle steady at 11c to 11 1/2c per lb. for American steers dressed weight; Canadian steers, 10 1/2c to 11 1/2c per lb.; refrigerator beef, 8c to 8 1/2c per lb. Sheep, 12c to 12 1/2c per lb. Lambs, 14c to 14 1/2c, dressed weight.

ENGLISH SPAVIN LINIMENT.

lumps and blemishes from horse blood spavin, curbs, splints, ringbone, swaney, stifles, sprains, sore and swollen throat, coughs, etc. Sold for the use of one bottle. Wanted the most wonderful Blemi cure ever known.

A FATAL WOOING

BY LAURA JEAN LIBBEY

Author of "The Crime of Hallow-E'en," "The Flirtations of a Beauty," "Willful Gaynell," "Little Leafy," "Only a Mechanic's Daughter," etc.

Like a beautiful marble statue Izetta stood before him, yet she spoke no word.

"My God!" he groaned, "how can I ever again feel the clinging arm of Loraine about my neck, her golden head upon my breast, hear her whisper, 'my husband, and know she is not my lawful wife, before God and man! Heaven knows I meant well, but fate has conspired against me. Was ever man placed in such a terrible position?" he groaned, "I know not which way to turn."

"Turn to Loraine, she will never know," sobbed the wretched mother.

"It would be a sin, now," he cried out, sharply, "you have forgotten she is not my wife."

His honor was his shield.

"Yet I cannot tell my pure Loraine of the great wrong I have unconsciously done her," he cried out, "she would die then and there at my feet. Give me time to think," he cried, hoarsely.

"Go to Loraine," pleaded the mother. "She knew if he were to go to Loraine just then he would clasp her to his heart and defy the whole world to part them."

"No, no," he groaned, "I cannot, honor forbids, it would unman me. I need all my strength."

Then he turned to Izetta, avoiding her clear, calm eyes as he spoke.

"Please leave me to myself awhile. I must have time to consider."

With a haughty bow she turned from him.

"I have one favor to ask," he said, "will you send our little child to me here?"

"No, a thousand times no!" cried Izetta, passionately; "the father who could spurn from him the wronged wife and mother, shall not look upon the innocent face of her child. I shall not enter your door again, nor break your bread. I am going to the home of Abel Moore, the flute-maker of Silverbrook; send me word there what you intend to do."

She turned with the imperial grace of a queen; turned from the husband whom she so madly loved even yet, and glided swiftly down the lilac-bordered path in the moonlight out of their sight, leaving Ulmont Ulvesford and the mother of Loraine with a nameless anguish on their faces, gazing into each other's eyes under the star-spangled heavens as they listened to the merry laughter of Loraine as it floated out to them from the rose-bordered porch.

Loraine, or Izetta and her child.

God help him to choose between them.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

Swiss Officers.

All that long night Ulmont Ulvesford paced the library fighting with honor, love, truth and loyalty, the fiercest battle mortal had ever been called upon to face.

There were no words to express the horror with which he gazed upon the bitter fruit of that fatal wooing; unconsciously he had blighted the lives of two women—one he loved with all his soul, sweet, trusting Loraine; the other was his wronged young wife, whom he had sworn to the dying to protect. How could he choose between them?

That night many a silver thread found its way into his fair, clustering hair. Twice Loraine had sent for him.

"Say I am busy with important letters, Zack," he said to the servant who delivered the message.

The man looked in wonder at the sagged face of his young master, as he closed the door softly after him.

Ulmont Ulvesford resumed his walk face to face with the horrible crime which shadowed his life. Again the servant tapped gently at the door.

"If you please, sir, Mrs. Ulvesford says her head aches, and she is waiting for you."

A sudden impulse swept over Ulmont to go to her; but he checked it quickly.

"No," he muttered; "there must be no wavering in the path of duty. Say I cannot come, I am very busy, she need not wait for me," he commanded wearily, "do not disturb me again."

The man walked away, wondering what had come over the young master.

Toward morning the library bell rang furiously.

"Zack," he said, "I want you to pack my valise and your own immediately; order the carriage to be in readiness at the door within half an hour. You have been a tried and trusted servant; I command you to let no one know of this matter; not even my wife—not even Mrs. Ulvesford."

"What, sir?" cried Zack, aghast, scarcely believing he had heard aright; "not even Mrs. Ulvesford?"

Ulmont turned away his face with a bitter groan.

"Sir," said the old servant, gravely, "I've been here long years—ay, six years before you were born, and I make bold this once to speak my mind. I have known every sorrow that has come upon the people of Ulvesford, but I do not know yours. I can see by your face that it is no small one; but I say this, sir, if you leave your young wife in this way, without one word, her heart will break. Master, do go to her; she was quite ill when I left her; her cheeks were flushed and her eyes burned like stars."

"Zack, Zack," cried Ulmont, distractedly; "you must not tempt me, too! I must act like a man of honor. I have never flinched from a terrible ordeal—I must not now. You and I are going away, Zack; I am driven from here by a terrible crime I cannot tell you more. Pack the valises quickly, bring the carriage round by the park gate, let me know at once when all is in readiness."

The preparations were soon completed.

Ulmont Ulvesford leaned his head wearily against the mantel, gazing round the room for the last time.

"Better Loraine should learn to despise me," he sighed, "than sully for one instant her spotless honor!"

He dared not think of Izetta.

"No, no—I must leave home at once and forever. I shall never look upon their faces more."

A great yearning came over him to see his child; but the thought he put quickly from him.

He heard the trampling feet on the thick carpets of Loraine's apartments overhead, yet he quite forgot to think it an unusual occurrence at the dead of night.

His overcoat lay on his arm and his valise at his feet; he was impatient at the unaccountable delay; he had intended to be far away from Boston when daylight overtook him.

The carriage stood in waiting at the park gate. Zack had scarcely stored his luggage under the seat when a heavy hand was laid on his shoulder, and a foreign voice asked:

"Is this Ulvesford Place?"

Too astounded to speak, Zack nodded his head.

"Is your master within?"

"Why, of course," answered Zack; "where else would he be at this time of night?"

There were two cloaked strangers. Zack saw a strange smile pass between them.

"There is some mystery here," said the stranger, indicating the carriage.

"Not that I know of," answered Zack, tartly.

"Perhaps it is the custom of the country, then, to have a carriage standing at a gentleman's gate, ready for use, after midnight, eh?"

"I reckon my master knows his own business," retorted Zack.

Again he noticed the same strange smile pass between the strangers.

"Mr. Ulvesford anticipates a trip abroad?" asked one of them, interrogatively.

"I say it's none of your affairs," said Zack, irascibly; "if anybody asks you, just you tell them you don't know."

"Not so fast, my good man," interposed the stranger; "supposing I do know?"

"Eh?" said Zack, surprisedly.

"My business here to-night is to tell your master he need not go."

Zack dropped the whip he held in his hand in utter amazement.

"You don't say so!" he ejaculated.

"Yes," responded the stranger; "you have noticed your master is greatly worried of late, have you not?"

"Oh, Lord bless you, yes, sir; he's been broke up."

"Exactly," chuckled the man softly, rubbing the palms of his hands together; "I have come to lift that trouble from your master's mind, my good man. I want you to lead the way to where your master is waiting, if you please; my friend and I will follow."

"I will go and announce you first."

"Quite unnecessary; it will be all right, my good man, your master is expecting us; time is valuable."

Still Zack was not wholly satisfied; so had misgivings. No thought of the terrible consequences came to faithful old Zack as he answered, bowing low before them:

"If that is the case, gentlemen, I will conduct you to him at once."

He led the way down the long gravelled walks and through the dim, dark corridors, their footfalls making no sound on the velvet carpet.

They reached the library door. Zack threw it open wide with a low bow.

Ulmont Ulvesford, his traveling duster and rug thrown over his arm, his valise at his feet, still leaned his head upon his arm, against the mantel; he did not even raise his head as the door opened.

"If you please, master," said Zack, "two gentlemen—"

"Never mind formalities, my good man," interrupted the spokesman of the two, stepping forward, "allow us to present ourselves."

Their cloaks slipped from their shoulders.

"Swiss officers who bear the extradition papers wherein Ulmont Ulvesford was wanted in Savoy for the murder of one Heath Hampton in the Alpine Mountains!"

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

Loraine.

"I am sorry we have interrupted your flight to climes more congenial," said the officer, stopping forward; "we must do our duty—you are our prisoner, sir."

Then, and not until then, did the hero's bravery of the noble young man clearly manifest itself.

"Gentlemen," he said calmly, "I am

not guilty of the charge you bring against me; 'tis true, a duel was fought between Heath Hampton and myself, but I swear to you I left him with but a mere scratch on his right hand."

"That is not for us to judge," answered the officers doggedly.

At that moment the door was flung open, and Mrs. Lorrimer, her eyes red and swollen with weeping, swiftly entered the room.

She saw the officers in their strange foreign dress and Ulmont in his traveling garb standing between them.

"Ulmont," she whispered, pointing to the officers, "what do they wish here?"

Ulmont was frightened at the terrible calmness of her voice.

"What do they wish? answer me," she commanded.

Slowly the officer stepped forward.

"He is wanted in Switzerland, madam; we are come to escort him thither."

They all read the terrible question in her eyes, and they pitied the proud, white-haired lady before them, as they continued in a low voice:

"For the murder of Heath Hampton in a duel."

"My God!" cried the mother, the tears rolling down her furrowed cheeks; "and in the room above his wife, my only child lies dying! Oh, Ulmont!" she wailed, "tell me, this new sorrow is not true; I cannot bear much more; my cup of grief is already full."

No word issued from Ulmont Ulvesford's white, set lips.

"Come, sir," said the officers hurriedly, "we must be off."

"Gentlemen," she whispered, stepping nearer them, "in yonder room his young wife lies ill—I say she is dying—she must come to her at once. She will not die if she but looks upon his face before it is too late."

"No," said the officers, sternly, "we are sorry to disoblige you, madam, but delays are dangerous; we must refuse you."

"If you are human," she cried, "listen to me; he must see her. She has called for long hours upon his name, yet he came not; she has worked herself up into a high fever—if she looks upon his face and rests her golden head upon his breast, she will drop into peaceful slumber like a little child; if he comes not the fire of her weary watching must soon consume her; for the sake of your wives, mothers, and daughters, grant my prayer."

Something very like a tear glistened in both officers' eyes.

"See, the morning is breaking swiftly—we must be far from here ere the sun has risen; still we cannot refuse the young gentleman a few moments—in our presence—with his wife. Lead the way, madam."

Silently the officers stationed themselves unobserved behind the hanging draperies, while Ulmont followed by the sorrowing mother, quickly approached the couch upon which Loraine reclined.

They heard a glad cry: "Ulmont, my darling," and two white arms were flung around Ulmont's neck.

"What have I done that has displeased you, dear?" whispered Loraine; "you could not have stayed away from me so cruelly if it were not so. Why did you not come hours ago, lover?"

Ulmont's heart was full; he only shook his head, clasping the lovely form he was so soon to leave madly to his wildly beating heart; in that moment he quite forgot she was not his wife.

"I have had such horrid dreams, love," she sighed, "but they are all gone now that I have you with me again."

"You would not like to lose me, Loraine?" he asked, in a voice terribly calm.

The clasp of the white arms lightened about his neck.

"Do not say such frightful words, Ulmont. I cannot bear such thoughts; dear, you must not try my heart so cruelly."

Ulmont could scarcely repress a groan that rose to his lips.

"I want you to clasp your arms closely about me, Ulmont," she said, with a smile on her innocent face, "and tell me how truly you love me. I want you to whisper; 'I love you dearly, my wife.'"

Ulmont's heart was nearly broken; he was but human, and his suffering was growing beyond human endurance, as he whispered every tender word of his pent-up love, clasping her madly to his breast, knowing it was for the last time while they both lived.

"Thank you, dear," she said, "if you had come to me long hours ago it might have been different. I feel, Ulmont, as if I were slowly drifting away from you; ere the sun rises in the eastern sky you may have no Loraine."

A gradual whiteness had stolen over the beautiful flower-like face, whose life was like a sensitive plant; the first chilling blight that had come upon her, had struck like a keen blast to her heart.

"You see, Ulmont," she smiled, "I could not endure even a few brief hours out of your presence."

The fountain of the mother's tears was dry.

Ulmont Ulvesford, strong man though he was, flung himself on his knees beside the couch and wept like a child.

When the doctor had been called, he said:

"If there is one power above all others that can save her, it is her husband's presence; if that fails her she is lost to us."

"Ulmont," she whispered, "such long, dark shadows seem stealing around me; clasp my hands tightly or I may slip from your grasp."

Suddenly the blue eyes flashed brightly open, gazing around upon the little group.

"Where is Izetta," she asked, softly; "that she is not here?"

mother and husband's eyes met in a horrified glance.

"Tell, Izetta, I want her here at once," she said, with sudden energy.

"How could they answer?"

"Mother," she said, "you will bring Izetta to me; she can soothe me with her sweet, sad voice, like tolling bells. Bring her here; do not refuse me, mother."

Again that agonized gaze passed between Ulmont and Loraine's mother.

"Do not refuse her," whispered the doctor, "if it be possible; her very life hangs on the fulfillment of her wishes."

Slowly the mother turned and quitted the room.

An hour afterward a light, swift step was heard in the corridor, and Izetta, quite alone, entered the room. A beautiful smile flitted around the sweet mouth of the golden-haired girl lying against Ulmont Ulvesford's shoulder.

"I knew you would come to me, Izetta," she said, holding out her white hands to her; "come nearer," she whispered, "I can hardly see your face."

Again with averted faces, the tortured young wife and husband, not bending over the fair golden-haired girl between them.

The officers, screened by the silken curtains, turned away their heads; they could not break in upon so solemn a scene.

The gray clouds broke in the sky, the slanting rays of the morning sunshine bathed in a flood of crimson and gold the stony, agonized face of Ulmont Ulvesford and the unearthly beauty of the pallid face against his breast, and fell on the beautiful, dark, glossy head of Izetta kneeling by the couch, her face buried in the pillow, the white-haired mother watching the face of her only child in an agony too deep for words.

Slowly Loraine's lips moved.

"Ulmont," she said, "hold me closer."

The strong arms tightened about her.

"Izetta, are you here?"

The pressure of Izetta's hand reassured her.

"I am going to ask a favor of you, Ulmont, and of you, Izetta, a last request. I am dying, love, don't weep so. God has called me; if after I am gone, Ulmont, dear, you can love Izetta for my sake, promise me, she and mother shall hold the place I am leaving vacant in your heart."

A terrible groan escaped Ulmont's lips, wrung from the very depths of his tortured soul by the innocent words of hapless Loraine.

"Promise me, Ulmont," she whispered.

Izetta turned her quivering face away, and the mother hurriedly quit the room; she could not endure the cruel stab each word had cost her.

"I love you both," whispered Loraine; "promise me, Ulmont, if another is ever brought to this dear old home, I have loved so well, 'twill be Izetta; I love her next to you and mother."

Slowly, Loraine clasped their hands together, the hand of Ulmont and Izetta, holding them clasped tightly within her own.

"Promise," she whispered, faintly.

For one brief instant Ulmont raised his troubled head and gazed upon Izetta's face; deep sobs convulsed his frame.

"I promise, dear," he whispered, sorely grieved.

Loraine's hands still clasped theirs, even while the shadow of death crept over her.

"It is hard to die so young, Ulmont, dear," she sighed. "When they ask you how I lived and why I died so young, tell them my life was like the sunshine and the flowers—short but very sweet."

"No sorrow ever came to me; it is hard to die so young and leave you, Ulmont, dear, but I whisper to my God, 'Thou knowest.'"

"You will love Izetta's little child," she whispered, "and remember, when you speak his name, it was your lost Loraine who gave it him; because it was my husband's name. I loved its melodious music."

Ulmont bowed his head and wept.

"Ulmont, love—mother," these were the last words Loraine Ulvesford ever uttered; the white hands that clasped those two so closely relaxed their hold.

In all the glow of her fair young beauty she was dead.

There had been no pain; she had died like the blossoms, scarcely without warning.

And the golden sunlight drifting in through the half-closed windows, fell upon Loraine's bright, waving hair, lighting a golden halo round it like a crown—such a crown as angels wear in heaven.

CHAPTER XXXIX.

Long Years—Perhaps Forever.

The officers stepped forth from their concealment; it was the hardest duty they had ever performed to unclasp Ulmont's arms from the beautiful, waxen form.

"I cannot go yet," he gasped.

They pointed to the white, smiling, peaceful face.

"See, it is all over," they said; "you must come."

They unclasped his arms and lay all that was mortal of sweet Loraine back on the pillow.

"I will give my heritage," he cried, "it may stay until the last sad rites are over."

They shook their heads; stern duty called them.

"No, not another hour," they said. "Izetta," said Ulmont. It was the first time he had voluntarily addressed her, as they stood with averted faces at Loraine's bedside; "I am forced from Loraine's grave by the stern decree of the law. Nearly a year ago in Switzerland I fought a duel. I never dreamed I had struck my adversary fatally. I saw but a slight wound on his right hand. They tell me he is dead, and I am accused of—his murder."

He held up his hand as she was

to speak.

"It was for the honor of my name," he said, "more I cannot tell you. I shall sign my entire estate over to you before I leave America. I shall pay for my folly with my life. In the after years, when you tell our boy of his unhappy father, tell him, 'God knows I never intended injuring his innocent mother; tell him that, Izetta, and say a word of fate wove me in its meshes, from which my death alone can extricate me; one thing more, Izetta, 'twould grieve me to know that the sad story of Loraine, in after time, would be given to the world. Our boy shall inherit all, but, Izetta, as you value poor Loraine's memory, I ask you to keep the terrible tragedy of her young, guiltless life, which she never knew herself, forever locked in your own breast. Forgive me, Izetta, for the past—I ask it for Loraine's sake and little Ulmont's."

Izetta held out her hands for answer, she could not speak, so great was her emotion.

"Come, sir," urged the officers, "you must come."

"One word more. Always remember, Izetta—I say it in the solemn presence of Loraine—my sword but barely touched Heath Hampton's hand nine months ago. I am not his murderer!"

"Did you say he is accused of the murder of Heath Hampton in Switzerland nine months ago?" cried Izetta, springing eagerly toward the officers. "Then it is false, all false, I say. I saw Heath Hampton, alive and well, but four months since; there was a deep scar on his hand, but otherwise he was uninjured," she cried, vehemently.

There was something in the commanding tone of this beautiful girl that awed them.

The officers gazed at her in dismay; it had been proven beyond a doubt that he lay crushed into an unrecognizable mass at the foot of the Alpine mountains. She was surely mad.

"It is as true as heaven," cried Izetta, solemnly.

All that moment they observed a throng of people gathering on the river bank which skirted Ulvesford Park. Both officers could not leave their prisoner, so one hurried forth to learn the cause of the disturbance; the other stood guard with Ulmont at the window.

The throng made way for the strange officer in the foreign dress.

"What is this?" he asked of them.

They pointed to two men who lay tightly clasped in each other's arms—a box of gold clutched between them, washed up by the tide. There was a sudden commotion among the crowd.

"Step back!" they cried; "make way for the mother of Heath Hampton!" as, with slow, feeble steps she advanced to the spot.

"This is the end of all my hopes. Oh, my sons!" she cried, "my sons!"

Those who had known those two a life looked upon her in wonder, but she did not heed them.

"Yes, they are both my sons," she cried. "I despised the one for his deformity, and loved the other for his beauty. I abandoned the one in his infancy; that the other might inherit all. My sin has recoiled upon my own head."

She clasped both damp forms to her heart, putting back the clustering hair from their foreheads; then her head fell on her breast—she had followed her two sons through the dark, shadowy valley of death.

Some one stepped forward and gazed a moment at the handsome, cruel, mocking face of Heath Hampton.

"Ah, Amy," muttered Abel Moore, the flute-maker, as he hastily and mercifully threw a cloak about them, shutting them out from the curious gaze of the throng; "at last your wrongs are avenged."

No one ever enquired how they had met, or where. The box with the gold clutched between them told its own story.

The identity of Heath Hampton was proven then and there beyond a doubt. It was a strange story which the brother officer related to his companion.

"Well," replied the chief, "it seems then as if the party came to his death months later by drowning, not by the hand of Ulmont Ulvesford on Swiss soil."

He drew the papers from his breast pocket.

"These are useless now, sir," he said, handing them to Ulmont, "we will sail immediately on the White Crest without you."

Ulmont was so astounded at the complicating events transpiring around him that he hardly realized what they said.

"We honorably discharge you from custody; our mission is ended. We hope you will pardon the cruel duty of officers in thus intruding upon your sorrowful privacy."

They held out their hands to him. In another moment they were gone. Ulmont could scarcely realize that he was a free man. He was thankful Loraine had never known the slightest shadow of the deep woes that had hung over her.

He knelt at the couch of Loraine, his head upon her mother's shoulder, refusing to be comforted.

(To be Continued.)

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SATURDAY, MARCH 19TH, 1904.

Considerable surprise has been expressed, both here and elsewhere, at the delay on the part of both belligerents in engaging in a serious encounter on land.

One of the main causes is the state of the roads in Korea, said to be the worst in the world. Their bad condition has naturally increased with the Spring thaw. In consequence, the Japanese troops are being moved along the coast route, instead of by the interior route, and by water, which latter means of transport is denied to the Russians.

As the neutrality of China has apparently been violated by the Russians, who have seized the telegraph and telephone lines between the Liato River and the Great Wall and have used New Chwang, a regular treaty port, as a base of military operations, it is highly probable that the Chinese may yet take a hand in the quarrel.

Many of Russia's friends are trying to excite sympathy on her behalf by referring to the danger which would be incurred by 'White' interests, in the event of success on the part of the 'Yellow' Race.

They declare that, if China and Japan become great military powers, the Europeans would be driven out of Asia. This is not greatly to be feared, as the Chinese are essentially a commercial people, without genius for war; besides it is not likely that Japan would help in establishing a near neighbor, especially one with such an enormous population, as a strong military power. If that happened, Japan would, in all probability, herself be the first victim.

A commercial peril is more to be feared by Europe and the United States, should China ever shake off the shackles of non-advancement, with which she is at present fettered.

ANOTHER BIG DEAL.

J. M. Ruffner has secured the Deeks' group of leases on the south side of Pine Creek above Discovery. This group is considered one of the banner properties in the district, its former owner, Mr. J. F. Deeks, having brought it up to its present hydraulic stage, at an expense of over \$50,000, which amount was taken from the ground besides apparently leaving a good margin for its owner. Above, below and all around the Deeks' group the ground has proved remunerative to the individual miner. The Pine Creek Power Co., directly adjoining the above mentioned property, took out \$35,000

last season, and Mr. Fritz Miller with ordinary pick and shovel methods won about \$11,000 during last summer.

We understand that Mr. J. M. Ruffner is promoting an amalgamation of the Pine Creek Power Company, Stevedyke Consolidated Cold Fields, Limited and the Eastern Hydraulic Leases. It is estimated that a cost of half a million dollars cash capital will be required to complete the deal and reinforce the plant. All of these properties are known to be extremely valuable and we hope that Mr. Ruffner will be successful, as it is certain that an amalgamation cannot prove other than a good investment to its shareholders.

NOTICE.

Re: Atlin Mining Co., Ltd.

To all whom it may concern: NOTICE is hereby given that C. M. Hamshaw has been appointed to take charge of all property and assets of the above mentioned company.

All parties having accounts or claims of any kind whatsoever against the said Company are hereby requested to send statement of same immediately to said C. M. Hamshaw, Atlin, B. C.

This notice to take effect as from the 6th day of February, 1904.
 Dated this 12th day of February 1904.

For The Atlin Mining Co. Ltd.
 S. G. Bruff, Secretary.

NOTICE.

NOTICE is hereby given, that C. M. Hamshaw has been appointed to take charge of the property and assets of the under-noted Company. Dated at Atlin, B. C. this nineteenth day of February, A. D. 1904.

THE NIMROD SYNDICATE,
 LIMITED.
 S. G. BRUFF,
 Secretary.

NOTICE.

Sixty days from date we will apply to the Chief Commissioner of Lands and Works for permission to purchase the following described Lands, in the Atlin District. Commencing at a Post marked B. A. D. Co's South West Corner, about 550 five hundred feet Northeastly from the South West corner of the Flora hydraulic fence, lease on North side of Pine Creek, thence East 20 twenty chains. Thence North 10 ten chains thence West 20 twenty chains, thence South 10 ten chains more or less to point of commencement. Containing (20) twenty acres more or less.

British-American Dredging Company,
 by O. T. Switzer, Manager.
 Dated, Atlin, B. C. March 11th, 1904.

NOTICE.

Thirty days from date I intend to apply to the Chief Commissioner of Lands and Works for a Lease of the following described tract of land, commencing at the South East corner Post situated on the North side of Discovery Avenue, Atlin Township about twenty feet West from South West corner of Lot 7 Block 1 in said Township, thence West 300 feet, thence North 400 feet, thence East 200 feet to West boundary of Block 1, Atlin Township, thence South along side of Western boundary of Block 1, to the South West corner of Lot 6 therein, thence East 100 feet thence South to point of commencement, excepting thereout all proper Street allowances, and the property of the B. C. Power and Manufacturing Company, Limited. Containing two acres more or less.

Dated at Atlin, B. C. this third day of March 1904.

F. T. Troughton.

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

THE KOOTENAY HOTEL.

A. R. McDonald, Proprietor.
 COR. FIRST AND TRAINOR STREETS.

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

GOLD HOUSE.

DISCOVERY, B. C.

STRICTLY FIRST CLASS.

JOHN WOLTERS, Proprietor.
 STAGE & LIVERY IN CONNECTION.

Russell Hotel,

DIXON BROTHERS, Proprietors

Pool & Billiards, Free.

Freighting and Teaming Horses and Sleighs for Hire.

J. H. RICHARDSON,

ATLIN & DISCOVERY.

Full Line of Clothing Just From the East

THE LATEST STYLES.

Complete Stock of Dry Goods

THE LATEST IN HATS, BOOTS AND SHOES.

GOLD SEAL GUM BOOTS

Our Goods are the Best and Our Prices the Lowest.

The Canadian Bank of Commerce.

CAPITAL PAID UP \$3,700,000.
 RESERVE, \$3,000,000.

Branches of the Bank at Seattle,

San Francisco,

Portland,

Skagway, etc.

Exchange sold on all Points.

GOLD DUST PURCHASED—ASSAY OFFICE IN CONNECTION.

D. ROSS, Manager.

THE ROYAL HOTEL,

E. ROSSELLI, Proprietor.

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

FIRST CLASS RESTAURANT IN CONNECTION.

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

Hydraulic Mining Machinery.

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

Pumping & Hoisting Machinery.

Estimates furnished on application

The Vancouver Engineering Works,

VANCOUVER, B. C.

THE ATLIN TRADING COMPANY, LIMITED.

Big Clearance Sale of Winter Dry Goods

As our Buyer is going East to purchase a large stock of Dry Goods we have decided to sacrifice the stock on hand, to make room for NEW Goods to arrive in the Spring. Below are a few of the many cut prices:

- Men's all wool Toggles \$0.75 & \$1.00 Reduced to \$0.50
- Men's Mackinaw Coats \$5.50 - - - \$4.00
- Men's all wool Canadian Tweed Pants \$3.50 - - - \$2.50
- Men's all wool Halifax " " \$4.00 - - - \$3.00

- Men's all wool Grey Socks - \$0.50 - - - 3 for \$1.00
- Ladies' Natural wool Underwear \$3.00 - - - \$2.50 suit.
- Ladies' Combination Stockings & Rubbers - - - \$1.75

We also carry a large assortment of Floor and Table Oilcloth, Wall Paper, Men's Leather Gloves and Mitts—German Socks, Blankets—Wool Mitts and Gloves—Cretons & Flannellets, etc.

A. S. CROSS, President. N. C. Wheeling, Secretary.

LATEST WIRES.

Ottawa, March 15th.—Sir Wilfrid Laurier, speaking in the House tonight, declared that Canada would never ask any favors from the United States and would not summon the Joint High Commission again. He said the Dominion would paddle its own canoe and would not follow the example of the United States in regard to tariff or anything else. The Dominion institutions and the fiscal policy of this country are superior to those of the United States. He argued that he admired the United States and their great people, but not their great monopolies, trusts, etc. which their tariff had created. This was said to Borden, who had asked Laurier what he was going to do about tariff revision and a meeting of the Joint High Commission.

Victoria.—A Winnipeg dispatch says that the Laurier government has decided to disallow the Anti-Oriental legislation of British Columbia, passed at the last session of the provincial parliament, in so far as the bills refer to the Japanese, the reason being Japan's position as an ally of Great Britain.

Ottawa, 16th.—There seems to be no question that the executive of the Dominion Rifle Association will refuse to send a team to Seagirt, N. J., to contest for the Palma trophy this year and possibly not for many years. The National Rifle Association of Great Britain, having learned from past experience from Americans that they do not play the game fairly, is going to leave them severely alone and Canada will follow suit. One of the conditions of the Palma trophy competition is, that it shall be shot for with ordinary service rifles of the countries competing. At the competition held at Bisley last year the service rifle of Great Britain was the Lee-Enfield, that of Canada the Lee-Enfield. That from the United States should have been the Krag Jorgensen, whose grooving has one turn every ten inches, but instead of using it the U. S. authorities for the competition had special rifling constructed to one in eight, in other words, one complete revolution in the barrel. This gave the bullet very much greater muzzle velocity and consequently did not require much allowance for wind. It was a distinct advantage to the Americans, and in the opinion of many experts, won them the match and, when the trick was discovered and made public the Americans tried to justify their action, but did not deny that they had violated one of the chief rules of the competition.

Continued on Eighth Page.



ATLIN ASSESSMENT DISTRICT.

NOTICE is hereby given, in accordance with the Statutes, that Provincial Revenue Tax and all assessed Taxes and Income Tax, assessed and levied under the "Assessment Act," will be due and payable for the year 1904, on the first day of April next. All taxes collectible for the Atlin District will be due as above and payable at my office, situate in the Provincial Government Building, Atlin. This notice, in terms of law, is equivalent to a personal demand by me upon all persons liable for taxes.

Dated at Atlin, B. C. March 1st, 1904.
J. A. Fraser,
Assessor and Collector,
Atlin Assessment District,
Atlin Post Office.



ATLIN ASSESSMENT DISTRICT.

A Court of Revision and Appeal under the provisions of the "Assessment Act" for the Atlin Assessment District, will be held at the Court House, Atlin, on Thursday, March 17th, 1904, at the hour of ten o'clock in the forenoon.

Dated at Atlin, B. C. February 16th, 1904.
E. M. N. Woods,
Judge of the Court of Revision
And Appeal.

NOTICE.

NOTICE is hereby given that Sixty days after date I intend to apply to the Chief Commissioner of Lands and Works for permission to purchase the following described land situated on Taku Arm, at the mouth of Otter River—viz, Commencing at a post marked J. A. P. Corner Post placed on the Lake Shore, thence in a Westerly direction a quarter of a mile, thence in a Southerly direction one mile, thence in an Easterly direction one mile, thence following the lake shore in a Northerly direction to place of commencement, containing in all 100 acres more or less.

Dated at Atlin, B. C. this 9th day of January 1904.
J. A. Parkinson.

Sixty days from date we intend to apply to the Chief Commissioner of Lands and Works for permission to purchase the following described tract of Land, Commencing at a post marked N. L. Co's Ltd., S. W. corner post situated near the main road to Surprise Lake, and being about half a mile from the shore of Surprise Lake, thence North half a mile, thence East half a mile, thence South half a mile, thence West half a mile to point of commencement, containing 100 acres more or less.

Northern Lumber Co. Limited.
F. T. Troughton.
December 30th, 1903.

C. P. R. 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, March 5th, 15th and 25th.

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

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

Wm. Brown, C.E.

WILKINSON & BROWN

Provincial Land Surveyors & Civil Engineers.

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

JOB PRINTING

AT THE "CLAIM"

THE GRAND HOTEL

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

French Restaurant in Connection.

DAVID HASTIE, PROPRIETOR.

Corner of First and Discovery Streets.

THE WHITE PASS & YUKON ROUTE.

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

TIME TABLE.

IN EFFECT JANUARY 7, 1901.
Daily except Sunday.

No. 38. B. 2nd class.	No. 1. N. B. 1st class.	No. 2. S. Bound 1st class.	No. 4. S. Bound 2nd class.
8.30 p.m.	9.30 a.m.	4.30 p.m.	4.15 a.m.
10.30	10.55	3.00	2.10
11.40 a.m.	11.00	3.00	1.00
12.20	12.15	1.35	12.20 p.m.
2.45	2.10	1.15 p.m.	10.20
6.40	4.30	9.30	7.00

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

Nugget Hotel

Discovery.

OPEN DAY AND NIGHT.

FIRST-CLASS RESTAURANT
IN
CONNECTION.

Headquarters for Brook's stage.

Pine Tree Hotel.

DISCOVERY, B. C.

NEW DINING ROOM NOW OPEN.

Furnishing The

BEST MEALS IN CAMP.

Finest of liquors. Good stabling.

Ed. SASSIS, Proprietor.

O. K. BATHS BARBER SHOP

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

TRY

J. D. DURIE'S

FOR

UPHOLSTERY

MATTRESSES

FURNITURE

HARDWARE

PAINTS & OILS

Atlin & Discovery.

The Royal Victoria Life Insurance Co.

OF CANADA
Capital \$1,000,000.
A. G. Hirschfeld, Agent.

Northern Lumber Co.

Prices for the Season 1903.

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

EVERYDAY THANKSGIVING

Rev. Howard L. Jones, D. D., Baptist Church of the Epiphany, New York City.

Giving thanks always for all things unto God and the Father in the name of our Lord Jesus Christ.—Eph., v, 20.

Thanksgiving Day gratitude is a good thing, but everyday gratitude is better. The one may be merely a mood in life; the other must be a mode of life. It is the difference between a sentiment idealized and a principle realized.

A sense of personal obligation to God is not common, even among the best of men. They have to go so far afield to find it that their excursions are infrequent. The fact that our blessings are shared by so many weakens our sense of personal obligation. I recognize the benefits of sun and shower and changing seasons, but I reason that I might die to-morrow without affecting the beneficent programme. I walk on pavements and cross bridges without a thought of gratitude to the municipality. Gratitude has an aversion to long journeys, and commonly avails itself of the nearest stopping place. I am grateful to the teacher who taught me the truth, but I seldom see as far as the great scientist, who realized that in his discoveries he was but thinking God's thoughts after Him. Few have the piety and patience to reflect that back of the loaf is the snowy flour, and back of the flour the mill; and back of the mill is the wheat and the shower, and the sun, and the Father's will.

The secret of everyday thanksgiving is to find God within, before we seek Him without. "The heavens do declare the glory of God," and we ought to know this better than David did. But neither the heavens nor the earth have such a revelation of God as is to be discovered within ourselves. Through differences of personality each one has a relation to all these externalities which is unique. In individuality we find our personal link with God. The same sun shines upon the millions of earth, but no one among them all sees it just as you do. Truth belongs to the race, but the impression which it makes upon you is individual. It is the same sun and the same truth; the difference is in you. Paul gives the secret of daily thanksgiving when he says: "By the grace of God I am what I am." By a logical excursion through the jungle of prehistoric centuries I find a first cause. Through Nature I may get to Nature's God. The study of history will reveal to me a Governor. But it is within myself I find my Father.

Thanksgiving Day gratitude too often results in complacent blindness. But with a realization of God within there is no occasion to close our eyes to aught without. In the aspirations and longings of our souls is registered the suggestion of what we may become. The disappointments which strengthen our moral sinews, the baffling problems which challenge our initiative and develop our resourcefulness, the sorrows which bring the fellowship of suffering with the Man of Sorrows, all of these things may become the occasions for thanksgiving. It is the inventory of our souls which reveals that we were not made to live unto ourselves. We hear a voice saying, "As the Father sent me into the world, so send I you." With this commission we turn to the world, thrilling with the ardor of the highest service. And the plaint of the people becomes to us the voice of God calling us into a joy which is more genuine than that of receiving. In the capacities of our souls we learn that such powers as sympathy, imagination, will, have been given us to make us co-workers with God, and we turn to the world to find a field which is white to the harvest. Through Jesus Christ we learn that our personalities have been designed as a point of union between God and man. It is the realization of this which rightly relates us to all things. When we know that God works within, it is not difficult to believe that he works without. We cease to be mastered by externalities and become masters of the circumstances of life, making them tributary to development, usefulness and joy. Hear the proclamation which secures everyday thanksgiving:—"Now are we the sons of God, and it doth not yet appear what we shall be."

Patronized by Royalty.

Miss Marie Corelli, the well-known novelist, who recently secured a farthing damages against an English newspaper for libel, is 43 years of age, of mingled Italian and Scotch (Highland) parentage, and was adopted in infancy by the late Dr. Charles Mackay, a well-known song writer, and father of Mr. Eric Mackay. She was educated principally in England, though part of her childhood was passed in a French convent. Her first book, "A Romance of Two Worlds," was published in 1885, and met with marked success. Miss Corelli has always enjoyed the smiles of royalty. The late Duchess of Roxburghe sent a copy of "The Romance of Two Worlds" to the late Queen, who shortly afterwards telegraphed from Bal-

more for "all Miss Corelli's books. A complete set was sent, specially bound, and was graciously acknowledged. At the coronation she occupied a seat in the Queen's private box in the Abbey, in such distinguished company as Princess Henry of Pless and Mlle. Vacaresco, the bosom friend of "Carmen Sylva," Queen of Roumania. Miss Corelli met the King, when Prince of Wales, at a dinner-party given by the late Sir Charles Hall at Homburg, and H.R.H. afterwards showed a kindly interest in her work, even to the point of asking for an early copy of the "Sorrows of Satan," which contained some rather daring allusions to himself.

For the Housewife.

Home Recipes.

Mince-meat—Half a pound of currants picked and washed, one-half pound of sultanas lightly chopped, one-quarter pound of candied peel mixed, one-quarter pound of sugar, the rind and juice of a lemon, one-half pound of finely minced suet, one-half pound of finely chopped apples when cored and peeled, mixed spice to taste, and half a nutmeg grated.

Beat all well together in a basin, and stir in one glass of sherry and a gill of brandy. Many old-fashioned cooks add meat to the mince-meat; if meat is used, a piece of finely-minced boiled tongue will be found best. Some cooks add minced almonds; these are better pounded with a little rose water. The patty pans should be greased with a lump of butter and lined with the finest of paste, the mince-meat put in and covered with paste, then nick round neatly. Put into a quick-oven for five minutes, then the heat slackened for a quarter of an hour will bake them. Turn out of the tins at once.

Fried nuts—These are dainty little additions to the luncheon or supper table. Good Housekeeping furnishes the recipe. Cold cooker farina, oatmeal or other cereal is reheated and seasoned with butter, salt and pepper. When cool enough to shape with the hands into small balls, dip in crushed walnuts, then in beaten egg, again in walnuts and fry in deep fat.

Apple sauce—Everyone knows how to make apple sauce of a sort, but the best way is to first peel the apples, one at a time, then cut each one into quarters, then core and cut into chunks, and throw into a clean saucepan into which has been put a gill of water, two lumps of sugar, and a mite of lemon peel, put on lid tightly, set it over a small jet of gas or near a bright clear fire, and watch them boil, then draw them back and allow them to simmer until quite a mash. Stir round many times whilst cooking, then pour all into a tureen. This is the only way to make good apple sauce, but you must do it yourself. Cook peels the apples thickly, then removes half the apple taking away the core, leaves them to boil, bubble and burn, while she attends to something else; she can't help it, but then you see the sauce is spoiled and wasted.

Preparing beans—Prof. Harry Snyder of the Minnesota Experiment Station of the Department of Agriculture says that housekeepers could vastly increase the digestibility of beans by parboiling them with a little soda. In the proportion of half a teaspoonful of baking soda to a pound of beans and two quarts of water. The ordinary white navy bean, he asserts, while it contains when dry 22.5 of protein, or muscle and energy, is very hard to digest, and taxes the digestive apparatus more than almost any other vegetable food.

Horseradish Sauce—This sauce also must be made by the wife or daughter. The horseradish should be put into water for a night, then scrubbed. When clean and dry scrape off the thinnest of skins, and scrape it from end to end with a piece of glass. Broken glass is sharp and cuts it finely. Put the horseradish into a basin with a tablespoonful of made mustard, a pinch of salt and enough vinegar to soak it. When thoroughly mixed, pour over about a half gill of cream, slowly mixing the whole time with two forks. Sweeten to taste. The cream will never turn if made in this manner, then put into a clean tureen.

Stewed prunes—Stewed prunes have become a byword and a jest, but if nicely prepared they are not ridiculous or worthy of scorn by any means. A California fruit-growing firm recently started a competition for a prize recipe for cooking this homely dish, and as the following won the prize, it may be supposed to represent a perfect way of serving in its simplest form this useful, maligned fruit: Wash one pound of prunes thoroughly in several waters, nearly cover with water and let stand overnight. Simmer on the back of the stove until tender. Before removing from the fire and after the cooking process is finished add one large tablespoonful of sugar.

To Boil Mutton—Boiled mutton is not a poetical dish, but it is a good standby for the family dinner. It appears much oftener on English tables than on American. The leg, on boiling should be quite fresh. Wipe, remove all the fat, and put into a kettle of well-salted boiling water. As it begins to boil skim frequently, then set back on the range and simmer slowly, allowing twenty minutes to each pound of meat. A little rice is frequently boiled with the mutton. Serve with a thick caper sauce poured over

the mutton, and currant jelly. The caper sauce is merely a drawn butter sauce, made by combining a scant half-cup of butter with two tablespoonfuls of flour in a saucepan, adding when bubbly one pint of the hot water in which the mutton was boiled, seasoning to taste, and adding at the least six tablespoonfuls of capers or pickled nasturtium seeds.

Lemon Pie—Two lemons, bake them a short time, then squeeze and strain the juice; boil the rind in half a pint of water, then pour the water in the following mixture: Two cups of sugar, half cupful sweet milk, one teaspoonful cornstarch, one of butter, yolks of six eggs. Bake it in paste; then beat the whites with eight tablespoonfuls of sugar and pour over the pie; brown slightly. This quantity makes two pies.

Mainly About People.

A woman who teaches in a college for girls vouches for the truth of this story. She presides over one of the college dining-tables at which sit a dozen students. One day, some curly lettuce was brought on. A freshman looked at it and exclaimed: "How clever of the cook to crimp it that way! How does she do it?"

James Lane Allen has some friends who have an Irish mind, green as the proverbial grass, named Bedelia. Bedelia had a sore throat, and the family physician was asked to prescribe. "Shure, an' he's the wonderful man," said Bedelia. "He told me I must wear flannels. How could he discover jist by lookin' down my throat that I'd never a flannel on me!"

It is related that when Daniel Webster's market man had sued him for a long unpaid bill and got his money, he was so seared at his temerity that he stopped calling at the door for orders. The goddude Daniel asked him why one day, and the man confessed that he supposed Mr. Webster would never trade with him again. "Oh," said Webster, "sue me as often as you like, but for heaven's sake, don't starve me."

Talbot J. Taylor, son-in-law of James R. Keene, was accosted one bright morning not long ago by a graybeard with one leg, hobbling along Broadway. "For God's sake, sir," he began, but the broker interrupted him with some severity. "Don't take the Lord's name in vain, my friend," he said. The beggar's rather intelligent face was illuminated with a faint smile. "It will be your fault, sir," he said, "if I do take it in vain." Thereupon the broker also smiled, and his hand went quickly to his pocket.

A Russian lady, admirer of Rossini, having watched the composer on his daily promenade during several days, sent a message to his house expressive of her desire to be received by him. The reply to this strange communication was: "I do nothing for nothing. If the lady brings me a very fine bunch of asparagus, she will be welcome, and she can take a view of me at her leisure." Then, pointing to his waist, which had attained a somewhat aldermanic rotundity, he is said to have added: "The lady may even walk around me if she pleases, but I must have my asparagus."

Franklin Pierce, at the time of his nomination for the Presidency of the United States, in 1852, was scarcely known to the public at large. When the news of his nomination reached Boston a well-known orator was addressing a Democratic meeting. The chairman whispered the name of the candidate to him. "Ladies and gentlemen," said he, "I have the honor to announce to you the nomination for President of that great statesman, that illustrious citizen, that noble man whose name is known wherever the flag floats—whose name is a household word—whose name—whose name"—turning to the chairman—"what the dickens did you say his name was?"

General Grant once bought from a butcher a horse to which he took a great fancy. He had the animal groomed, and with pride that was evident even in so undemonstrative a man as Grant, he took Senators Conkling of New York and Jones of Nevada into his stable. Grant asked the senators how they liked the new horse. Conkling shook his head. "What's the matter, Mr. Senator?" asked Grant. Conkling looked the horse over and said, "What did you give for him, Mr. President?" "Four hundred dollars." "H'm!" said Conkling. "I'd rather have the four hundred dollars than the horse." Grant puffed a cloud of smoke and replied, in his usual cool manner, "That's what the butcher thought."

While Senator Thomas C. Platt of New York was enjoying his recent honeymoon he was approached by a certain Pennsylvania politician of note, who said: "See here, senator, you won't mind if I say confidentially that you're no raving beauty. Now what I'd like to know is how your wife was ever attracted to such a plain person as you are?" "I'm glad you asked me," returned the senator, smiling broadly, "and I'll tell you—in the strictest confidence, of course. She first fell in love with me through seeing the newspaper pictures which the cartoonists made of me. You Pennsylvania fellows made a mighty serious mistake when you abolished cartoons—you'll never any of you get married."

Gratitude that is extravagant in words is usually economical in all other expression.

Lever's Y-Z (Wise Head) Disinfectant Soap Powder dusted in the bath softens the water and disinfects.

EDWARD BLAND, ATTORNEY and Counsellor-at-Law, 501 Wayne County Savings Bank Building, 34 Congress street west, Detroit, Mich. Canadian business solicited.

Health in the Home.

A lump of soda laid upon the drain pipe down which waste water passes will prevent the clogging of the pipe with grease, especially if the pipe be flooded every week with boiling water.

Sulphur, borax and glycerine are the leading elements in a lotion that is used in England for arresting the falling of the hair. Take one-half drachm each of the sulphur, borax and glycerine, and to them add four ounces of rose water. This wash, it is said, cools the scalp and supplies to the roots of the hair the oil, the lack of which is so often a source of dry, scanty and falling locks.

Test for Pure Milk.

The following test for pure milk has been sent out by W. K. Jaques, M. D., director of municipal laboratories of Chicago: "If you suspect that the milk which your baby drinks contains formalin or other artificial preservative, set a glassful in a warm place for six or seven hours. If it sours, it is pure; if it remains sweet, it probably contains formalin, and you should send it to the city laboratory immediately for analysis."

Do You Know How to Cough?

Few people know how to cough properly. In fact, it never occurs to the ordinary individual that there is a right way and a wrong way of doing it.

Yet it is a matter of no small importance. If every sigh means a drop of blood out of the heart, as people say, every cough means some greater or less proportion of time knocked off one's life.

Most people cough as loudly and forcibly as they can. Some chronic coughers seem to feel proud of the terrible noise they make. But it is rather costly noise, for the simple reason that it tears and inflames the lungs.

The lungs consist of an extraordinarily delicate sponge-like tissue, which sometimes gets inflamed and choked with phlegm. When we try to get rid of this substance we cough. But, obviously, if we remove it violently we must necessarily injure the delicate lung tissue.

Therefore, train yourself to cough as gently as possible.—New York World.

Keep the Shades Up.

The habit of keeping the window shades down, which is so common a practice, even when there is no direct sun glare on the window, is a direct setting at naught of physiological principles which teach us the importance of health, of both body and mind, of an abundance of light. Sir James Crichton-Browne, in an address on light and sanitation, delivered at the Jubilee Conference of the Manchester and Salford Sanitary Association, says: "I have spoken of light as purifying our atmospheric environment and as freeing us from certain superficial parasitic distempers, and I wish now to remind you that it has still more deep and intimate human relations of a sanitary nature; for light is a necessary condition of mental and bodily well-being. Its tonic physical effects are everywhere recognized. All properly organized men and women love the light, and it is not merely to children that darkness brings with it a sense of powerlessness, danger and alarm."

"Essential for all the purposes of life, for the supply of oxygen on which existence depends, light is a universal stimulus. Falling on the eyes, it sets up in the brain functional activities associated with intellectual and emotional states, and attempts have been made to discriminate the physical effects of its different elements, and to employ colored light in the treatment of mental disorders. These attempts cannot be said to have been hitherto very successful, but still it is curious to note that many independent observers—indeed, I believe all observers who have written on the subject—have arrived at the same conclusion, that the blue rays have a depressing and the red rays an exciting effect on the brain.

"But whatever the therapeutic values of the different rays of light may be, white light, heaven's own mixture, is the normal physical atmosphere and variations in its intensity have probably widely diffused constitutional effects."—New York Medical Journal.

Dick—Sir Thomas Lipton says he has crossed the ocean so often that he can recognize the waves.
Daisy—I wonder how he does it?
Dick—By their crests, I guess.

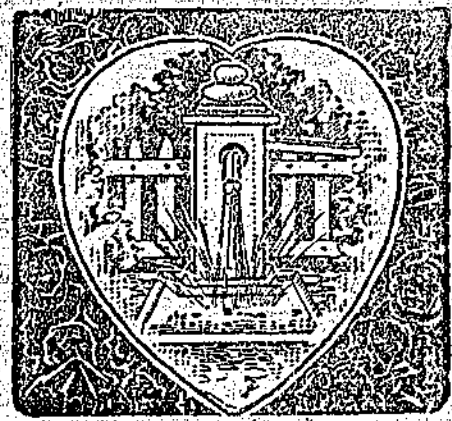
She—Did father say anything about your being too young?
Mc—Well, yes; but he said that I'd age pretty rapidly after we were married, and I had to pay your bill.
—Pick-Me-Up.

Mr. Billyuns—My son, I'm terribly grieved to learn that you are going to marry an actress.
Bobby Billyuns—Oh I well, pop, she ain't much of an actress.

Ascum—I don't know whether your head over the article about Col. Lushman's death was printed the way you intended, but it was a good one.
City Editor—Let me see. What was it?
Ascum—Has fought his last battle.
—Philadelphia Press.

Mr. Jones—I think I'm going to have appendicitis. Mrs. Jones—Oh, you do? Well, I think I'm going to have a new hat, and your appendicitis can wait.—Judge.

"When you stahts in findin' fault," said Uncle Eben, "you wants to stop an' remember dat you's takin' up a job dat's mighty liable to never git finished."—Washington Star.



Heart Strength is Whole Strength

THE blood is your life; when it stops coursing your're dead. If it half stops, YOU'LL BE HALF DEAD.

Your pain, your weakness, your eternal weariness will all disappear if you strengthen your heart. But you may take special medicine for special trouble if you're in a special hurry. Cheer up! Don't be mooping! You can be cured. Try it and for the first time you will know the true meaning of that grand old word—Health.

DR. AGNEW'S HEART CURE renews the vigor in thirty minutes after taking the first dose. Will cure the poorest heart and strengthen the strongest man.

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

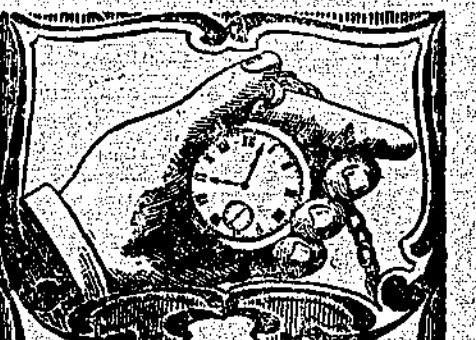
Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder relieves catarrh or colds at once and cures forever. Dr. Agnew's Ointment compels Piles to perish permanently. It gives ease on the instant. Banishes all manner of skin diseases and eruptions. The safest and cheapest cure. Price, 35c.

Mark Twain's Best Audiences.

It was on the train somewhere between New York and the west Mark Twain was travelling between towns on a lecture tour, and a friend had been drawing the humorist out on the subject of his experiences.

"What sort of audience," he asked, "do you like best? Who, in your opinion, make the most responsive and sympathetic listeners?"

"College men," replied Mark, after a moment's thought—"college men and convicts."—Harper's Weekly.



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.

For the first time in a decade every board of the Presbyterian church begins the fiscal year without debt.

Switzerland has 1,001 Mormons, besides twenty-seven missionaries, who last year visited 12,944 houses and distributed 26,000 tracts.



JUST LIKE BUYING RHEUMATISM.

We put the bills in your pocket and take away the malady. Isn't that just like buying it?

There's the bunch of money you'll pay out to get rid of the rheumatism if you buy prescriptions with it. It's a cure you want, not prescriptions.

SOUTH AMERICAN RHEUMATIC CURE pulls the rheumatism out by the roots. No more doctoring, no more medicine, money saved, health saved, life saved.

CURES IN 1 TO 3 DAYS.

Mrs. E. EISNER, a trained nurse, of Halifax, living at 92 Cambridge St., writes: "I have been a sufferer for six years from rheumatism. Many doctors treated me, but relief was only temporary. I tried South American Rheumatic Cure, and after four days' use of the remedy, was entirely free from the disease."

SOUTH AMERICAN KIDNEY CURE

rich in healing powers, relieves bladder and kidney troubles in six hours, and in the worst cases will speedily restore perfect health.

An Old-Time New Year In Scotch Canada.

By John Stuart Buchan.

A GUIDE New Year tae ye, Sandy, an' tae the guid
"An' mony a ne to yer-
self, Jamie, but, man,
ye'er gled, the new year's na two meen-
utes' auld."

Jamie Soutar lived at the extreme end of a long, straggling settlement which extended for about three miles through what in the early fifties was a part of the Canadian backwoods. Jamie and a number of his neighbors had left their homes in Scotland to make their way in the new world, and with others on the same errand bent, with whom they had ample time to become well acquainted on the emigrant ship during its long voyage of over three months between Greenock and Quebec, they had gone into the wilderness, each "taking up" one of the regulation lots of land, or, more fortunate than others, some being able to purchase one or more lots, with their improvements, from some earlier settler whose courage had failed him.

They had but little experience to help them; they knew nothing of either woodcraft or farming; they endured privations which now would be deemed impossible even in the wildest parts of the country; but they persevered with a steady cheerfulness, and each year saw the little clearing at the side of the strip of corduroy which did duty as a highway grow larger, their log-built houses more comfortable, and their lot more endurable.

But while they were thus engaged in a fierce struggle, almost for existence, they never forgot the land they had left behind them; it was still "home" to them, and remained so to generations of their descendants. They had brought with them the beliefs, the superstitions, and the customs, some of them good and some otherwise, of the Old Country. Still, it may well be the case that these things, however objectionable they may appear to us in these days, helped them in no small measure to continue the struggle in the face of almost insuperable difficulties.

Of the customs which doubtless helped to interrupt the hardship and monotony of existence, none was looked forward to with more lively anticipation or furnished a more interesting subject for discussion after the event, than those which centered about the New Year. Work and anxiety and care were for the time forgotten, and they gave themselves up to the enjoyment of the festive season, perhaps not always too wisely, but with the hardships and discouragements of their lot, now but a memory, we may well, when we look upon this part of their experience, say, with Scotland's poet:

"One point must still be greatly dark.
The moving, why they do it;
And just as lamely can ye mark,
How far, perhaps, they rue it."

The New Year's celebration began with the stroke of 'o' twal, and as midnight found Jamie Soutar wishing "a guide New Year" to his next neighbor, Sandy McDonald, we cannot do better than follow them and gain a picture of the manner in which they celebrated the festive season.

Jamie was provided with a substantial bottle of whiskey, and his good wishes for his neighbor were sealed by a liberal taste of it. Thus fortified Jamie and Sandy, who was similarly munitioned, set out for the house of Dugald McTavish, their next neighbor.

Dugald was a Highlander, full of Celtic fire, and already partially full of whiskey, when Jamie and Sandy entered the house without the ceremony of knocking at the door. They were Lowland and very deliberate, but Dugald's welcome was "Heelan an' hearty," and given before they had crossed the threshold. "It's Chanie an' Santy, an' ye'er fery welcome. Oh, yes, an' it's a New Year, an' she must pree to whiskey. Na, na, she'll no use her pottle, for she'll be hafin' need for her, for she will be gaein' tae Tam Anerson, an' Tam, her whuskey's no sae gudd but ye'll pe wantin' what's better."

And Dugald insisted on supplying the refreshments out of his own store, for, if he was not altogether as prosperous as some of his neighbors, it was universally admitted that the fault for the greater part lay in his generous hospitality and readiness to help his friends, who, it is needless to say, were many.

But the occasion must be properly celebrated, and so, accompanied by Dugald, who had furnished himself with a double supply of "usquabae tae muk up for Tam Anerson," as he explained, they went on their way to the next neighbor, where much the same greetings were exchanged, and refreshments partaken of; then onward to the next, accompanied in each case by the last, until at the end of the settlement they reached "the big hoose," where dwelt Tam Anerson.

Tam was not a favorite. He was small of stature, with what his neighbors described as a "weasened" face, and an eager, restless manner which led some of these same neighbors to compare him to a rat running hither and thither trying to pick up something of value. Tam had lived, up to the last year, in the worst house in the settlement, and his miserly instincts not only stood in the way of doing his neighbors a good turn when the opportunity offered, but led him to keep even his own family on a very short allowance of the ordinary comforts of life. Four years before this particular New Year a young Englishman bought the land adjoining Tam Anerson's farm. He was possessed of some money, but no experience. At great expense he cleared away the forest and built a large stone dwelling, which he furnished throughout in a manner that would have been considered luxurious even in the Old Country. Two years later, with his resources exhaust-

ed, he sold the place for a paltry sum, and his neighbors as the "bairnie," or the acknowledged head of the settlement, but his miserly instincts, through which he fell even to the depth of watering the whiskey which he offered them, a capital offence in Dugald's eyes, earned for him their contempt and even ill-will.

But New Year's leveled all, and at length the whole "o' the mon folk" of the settlement were gathered in the "big hoose" about five o'clock of the New Year's morning. Tam Anerson, arrayed in his Sunday "blacks," was seated in a spacious armchair when his visitors arrived. On the table before him were some of the delectables which, in the days of the unfortunate Englishman, were filled with costly wines, but now contained a modicum of whiskey and a great deal of water. Being the first New Year since he had come into possession of the "big hoose," he had it in his mind to make the occasion the starting point in the new relations he proposed to establish between himself and his neighbors. Rising from his chair somewhat unsteadily, for he had partaken during the night of a private supply of whiskey which contained much less water than that provided for his neighbors, he began a set speech which had cost him a great deal of thought.

"Ma freens," he began, "it's verra kind o' ye tae come in to show ye'er respect an' ye'er appreciation o' my poisection."
"Hoob, awa wi' ye'er havers," cried Jamie Soutar, "it's the New Year, an' no ye'er poisection ava that's brocht us. Let's hae a drappie on it."

So Tam's speech was cut short, and he proceeded to treat his guests to the diluted refreshments, which, however, met with small favor.

"She'll pe thinkin' it was a fery great peety to haf tae drink so fery much watter, for tae leetle whiskey taf was in it," was Dugald's comment when they had tasted of it, and to take away the ill taste it was unanimously voted that they try some of their own providing.

Tam made divers attempts to get off his speech, but without avail, and with each interruption there was a fresh recourse to the supply of whiskey. At nine o'clock of that New Year's morning Tam Anerson was seated in his big chair repeating in muddled sentences the set speech which he had prepared; Dugald McTavish was dancing the "Heelan dling," Sandy McDonald was challenging all and sundry to a disputation on the question of predestination, Jamie Soutar was in a corner singing "John Anderson, My Jo John," two others were fighting, and the rest of them were asleep.

Origin of the Names of Countries.

The following countries, it is said, were originally named by the Phoenicians, the greatest commercial people in the world. The names, in the Phoenician language, signified something characteristic of the places which they designate.

Europe signifies a country of white complexion, so named because the inhabitants were of a lighter complexion than those of Asia and Africa.

Asia signifies between or in the middle, from the fact that the geographers placed it between Europe and Africa.

Africa signifies the land of corn or ears. It was celebrated for its abundance of corn, and all sorts of grain.

Siberia signifies thirsty or dry—very characteristic.

Spain, a country of rabbits or conies. It was once so infested with these animals that it sued Augusta for an army to destroy them.

Italy, a country of pitch, from its yielding great quantities of black pitch.

Calabria, also for the same reason.

Gaul, modern France, signifies yellow-haired, as yellow hair characterizes its inhabitants.

The English of Calcaonia is a high hill. This was a rugged, mountainous province in Scotland.

Elbernia is utmost, or last habitation; for beyond this westward the Phoenicians never extended their voyages.

Britain, the country of tin, great quantities being found on it and adjacent islands. The Greeks called it Albion, which signifies in the Phoenician tongue either white or high mountains, from the whiteness of its shores, or the high rocks on the western coast.

Corsica signifies a woody place.

Sardinia signifies the footsteps of men, which it resembles.

Syracuse, bad savor, so called from the unwholesome marsh on which it stood.

Rhodes, serpents or dragons, which it produced in abundance.

Sicily, the country of grapes.

Seylla, the whirlpool of destruction.

Aetna signifies a furnace, or dark or smoky.—"Waverley Magazine."

Maxims for an Up-to-Date Republic.

That government is best that taxes most.

To the reformers belong the spoils.

Give us slavery or give us death.

In unions there is rest—from work.

No grafter is without cash, except in his own country.

In politics it takes three to make a bargain: The victim, the man who makes it and the legislature.

All poor men are equal before the law. It's a poor treaty that doesn't work both ways.

Every little country helps. Corruption is its own reward. He who runs may lead.

Cupidity is the mother of intervention. Uneasy lies the head that arbitrates with a world power.

Cant is mighty and shall prevail.—"Life"

Boom Towns.

Out in the street—the straggling, loose-strung street, where the noble roan man in a plug hat and moccasins trod painfully the corded sidewalks, what time his brick-faced squaw gazed in silent wonderment at genuine woolen underwear marked down to a dollar, fifty—the street, with all its untidy newness, and the raw, unfinished edge of things slovenly displayed—only he who is initiated into the mysteries of colonial development would trace indications of unusual prosperity. To the uninitiated it was a straggling line of one-story shacks, beginning promisingly enough with a red brick hotel and trailing off into prairie land.

There are no boom towns in Canada—If you except Dawson City—as we understand boom towns. There are towns which have sprung into importance in a few years, such as Edmonton and Calgary and Regina. But these have had existence of long standing, and have only increased in ratio to the prosperity of the surrounding country.

In Canada incorporation is a prize to which every proper town aspires. It is a goal to which the newest village that was ever tacked on to a C.P.R. elevator strives. Consequently, men from the back places are inveterate liars, though this may be said in their favor, that they believe all they tell. Brag! There is no brag quite like it.

"If you can find time it will pay you to stop off at Wrinkles. A fine town, yessir. I don't suppose there's another town like Wrinkles in all Canada. We've got as magnificent a church as you've ever seen outside of Montreal; banks, court house, post-office, hotel, and we're just installing electric light and a car service."

You know Wrinkles. Alas! that the bank, post-office and court house are beneath one humble roof; that the hotel is kept by Hee Chow; that the church is a microscopic barn with a wooden steeple; that the electric light and car service are unblushing myths.

Or it is: "You ought not to miss Bear's Head Creek. I don't want to brag about it, but you'll be surprised. Don't leave Canada without seeing it. We've got a newspaper there, too, that will interest you."

It is, indeed, a thriving township, and the newspaper is a fact. The day you arrive there have been big happenings in Bear's Head Creek. Behold the front page of the paper.

Across four columns, in black type—Local firm gets a thousand-dollar contract. Contractor O'Grady, in open competition, secures order for erecting new hotel. Successful competitor speaks with "Gazette" man, and expresses confidence in the future of Bear's Head Creek.

Let it be thought that I am attempting to poke a poor form of fun at these little Londoners struggling for recognition, let me say right here that I know no finer, no more inspiring sight than is afforded by the spectacle of the almost Homeric efforts of the average Canadian township of smaller size to justify its glorious faith in the future.

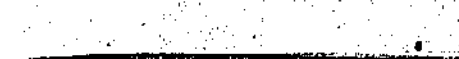
"Here," says the man of the new town, "is a spot which by Providence, by natural position, by extraordinary conditions, and the proximity to the Canadian Pacific Railway is destined to be the Chicago of the West. Let us, the early fathers of the city, prepare the ground for future generations."

So the man of the new town sits on the snake-fence, puffing at his pipe, dreaming dreams, peopling the mellow cornfields with phantom millions; erecting on this patch a sky-scraper, on that a mammoth store, and sacrificing with some regret, but with a stern sense of duty, the little church and the post-office shack to make place for a ten-story hotel.

And of their faith shall they in a degree be justified. Not all of them shall be citizens of a new Chicago—a poor enough ideal, God wot!—but they shall greatly grow. They shall hit higher than they aim, because that is how the ideal works out; but in the meantime, their never-ceasing fight to thrust into fame and place the town of their adoption constitutes as fine a display of true patriotism as one may well wish to see.—Edgar Wallace in London "Mail."

Cold Comfort.

Instead of being peevish about it, Canada should regard the Alaska boundary decision as cheerful acquiescence. It means several hundred miles less of snow to shovel next winter.—"Star," Kansas.



STARLING STORY OF MRS. ADAMS

Stricken With Bright's Disease,
all Hope of Life was
Abandoned.

Her Restoration to Health Causes
a Sensation in the Medical
World.

Doctors Gave Her up, but Dodd's
Kidney Pills Cured Her
Completely.

Collingwood, Ont., Jan. 25.—(Special)—While Canada stands aghast at the terrible inroads Bright's Disease is making on the ranks of the brightest and best of her citizens, while the medical profession stand helpless before the dread destroyer of life, Collingwood has among her citizens one who knows all its terrors, who has been carried down by it till the portals of death were open to receive her, and who to-day is a strong, healthy, happy woman—a woman who knows Bright's Disease in all its hideousness, but who fears it not, because she knows its cure.

Mrs. Thomas Adams is this lady's name, and she has now been a resident of Collingwood for a year and a half. Before that she lived in Burke's Falls, where she is widely known and highly respected. Mrs. Adams feels it her duty to spread the good news all over Canada, all over the world, that she has found a cure for Bright's Disease, and that that cure is Dodd's Kidney Pills.

MRS. ADAMS' STORY.

"Yes," she said, when interviewed regarding her case, "my friends can tell you how terribly ill I was. My doctor pronounced it Bright's Disease and Sciatica, but I got no relief from anything he gave me. It was Dodd's Kidney Pills that drove away the terrible disease, raised me from my bed of suffering, and made me a well and happy woman."

"I was for years troubled with a pain in my back, at times I would have to keep my bed. In March, 1900, I got so bad with pains in my back and hip that I was more helpless than an infant and at times gave up all hope of getting well. I had no power of my back or limbs."

"I was for eight months an invalid, and my sufferings during that time were something too terrible for words to describe. My doctor said I had Bright's Disease, but he could do nothing to give me relief."

HOW THE CURE CAME.

"It was then a friend of my husband induced me to try Dodd's Kidney Pills. I had no faith in them, for I never expected to get better. But I tried them, and I thank God that I did. They brought me relief almost from the start, and after taking three boxes I was able to do my own work and look after my children."

"It is three years since I started using Dodd's Kidney Pills, and I have not had a return of my trouble since. When I feel a little out of sorts I get a box of Dodd's Kidney Pills, and they drive all the pains away."

"It is needless to say Mrs. Adams' friends all use Dodd's Kidney Pills. They find that a remedy that cures Bright's Disease easily disposes of all the earlier stages of Kidney complaint."

Aftermath of a Tragedy.

The souvenir-hunting Yankee sometimes takes a fancy to queer things and pays well for them. The editor of "Truth" comments thus upon the latest development of the souvenir craze.

"At last. The Government of Serbia will not let the American who wanted to buy the furniture of King Alexander and Queen Draga's bed and wardrobe rooms at the Belgrade Konak have them. He offered successively 300,000 fr., 400,000 fr., and went up to 500,000 fr. King Peter and his Ministers think it would never do to let them be taken over the States, and then possibly over Europe, as a show. This is the first time they have evinced a sense of the shame attached to the midnight enterprise which raised Peter to the throne, and Maschin and the Ministers to their present grand situations. But as Queen Nathalie inherits all her son's fortune, those who slaughtered him and Draga cannot prevent her bringing Alexander's personal goods and chattels to the hammer. Should the American persevere in his bid of 500,000 fr., he will place the Government at Belgrade in an awkward position. They are, as everyone knows, desperately hard up. As Nathalie is on the best terms with the court of Russia, Peter will hardly treat her lawyer cavalierly, and if the furniture be bought in by the Government the Queen Dowager will come down on it for payment. Peter doubtless wants it to be destroyed. This is of a piece with 'A little water clears us of the deed' of Lady Macbeth."

The Lap of Penury.

Briggs—If you want to see misery you should pass a Christmas in the slums.

Griggs—That's nothing. I once passed a Christmas with some fellows employed by Russell Sage.—The "Cynic."

All agree that the times in which we are living shall be called the age of electricity, but there is nothing to prevent giving this swift-moving epoch still another name. Why not call it the age of superlatives!

Nowadays the average person never strikes a balance. He forces up the scales with one hand or presses them down with the other, and promptly announces that the thing weighed is the best or the worst. Nothing is just good or merely bad. It must be given a superlative. Thus two lovers are always the happiest people in the world, or the unhappiest. Happy and unhappy would not begin to express their feelings. Take the phrasing of ordinary letters between women. Cutest, finest, prettiest, ugliest and such words abound on every page. As a whole, the missive is a perfect jungle of superlatives. Letters of friendship between men are little better. They too, take most of their words off the top shelf. One hundred per cent. of villainy is generally attributed to enemies, and the same amount of praise to friends. Things seen fare as royalty of as meanness, according to the way they are footed the writer.

Country correspondents of newspapers have an apparently unbreakable habit of sending in stories of the "most disastrous" fires, "the worst storm that ever visited this section," the death of the "most prominent" citizens and "most diabolical" crimes. What these writers would do without the word "most" arouses a curiosity that will never be satisfied. The "most disastrous" fire may not have caused over a thousand dollars' loss; the "worst" storm may have confined its capers to blowing down a few fence rails and turning over a cowshed; the "most" prominent citizen may have been just a plain storekeeper, and the "most diabolical crime" may have been an ordinary butchery; but the country correspondent has the superlative habit and thinks it is part of his duty to go the limit on everything. As a rule, the editor who reads the copy carefully removes the superlatives. Often he warns the correspondent, but the offending continues. In the age of superlatives the man who uses them is a slave to environment.

Shift the scene to the metropolis. There even the bootblack puts out a sign reading, "Best shine in the city." Go higher, and nearly every merchant has the "best goods at the cheapest price." Everywhere one is offered the "greatest bargains." Theatrical posters tell of the cleverest people, the funniest plays and the grandest productions. Not long ago a vaudeville performer was advertised as "the craziest soubrette on the American stage." That certainly is the limit for superlatives. The habit is in full swing. Who shall find a cure?

Champagne and Chewing Gum.

Gum has lost prestige. Wax, as it was often called in the elegant vernacular, is no longer furnished in the best houses. Does the small boy still strip the slippery elm and retain the bark for a long season's chewing? Are the features of American life passing from us? Ice water is slightly relaxing its arbitrary sway, but the change is slow, and the tinkle of the ice-pitcher is still the poetic feature of the American hotel. Ice cream soda seems to hold its own, and ice cream soda and chewing gum have been the sentimental meeting-ground of our youths and maidens. Can it be because we are growing old that we no longer see young boys and girls exchanging gum, or chewing in silent sympathy? It is, however, a wide country, and unnecessary mastication may possibly be as frequent as it ever was. In the more conspicuous ruts, however, old vices have given way to new. If fewer leading citizens dislocate their dental fillings by chewing gum, more of them acquire indigestion and gout from elevated standards of diet and drink. Once champagne stood for rare cost and wickedness. It suggested France, chorus girls and gamblers. "A champagne supper" was a term too exciting for care-less use. America has grown rich, and champagne flows like water in the towns. She has stopped eating "sinkers" pie and leather steak, and kept her dyspepsia now by more expensive means. Five minutes for refreshment has given place to ample time to eat to much. The dentists and the doctors lose little by the change. Imperialism and trade have made us one of the family of nations. We once had our special devices for undermining health; now every brings us nearer to the proper special methods. We drink tea at five and not, as our old maids used to do, with bread, at six. A good many of us eat and drink so much at night that for breakfast we only wish to nibble an egg. The trade has increased immensely in coffee, tea and champagne. I will more than atone for any falling off in hot wet bread and chewing gum.—"Collier's Weekly."

Japanese Peculiarities.

Japan, The London Chronicle says, the land of topsy-turvydom—their boot begin at what we should call the end. Japanese mounts his horse on the right side, and boats are hauled up on the beach stern first. So it is not surprising to hear that the Japanese State railways are to become a joint stock company, the reversing the process usual in the west. By the mail just to hand it is learnt that the departments of Finance and of Communications have at last decided on a plan of converting the Government railways into a joint undertaking of the Government and the general public. All the existing Government railways and the properties attached to them will be assessed, and the Government will hold the shares representing them, while the public will be invited to subscribe the capital required for repairs to existing lines, and for the construction of new ones, as estimated at about seven millions sterling, out of a capital of some twenty-eight millions. It is a novel experiment, and it would require a Japanese financier to explain the advantages of it.

PICKED UP HERE AND THERE.

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

David Hastie returned on Tuesday after a short visit to Juneau; he reports that many Juneauites are coming here this summer.

Fresh Eggs just arrived at E. L. Pillman & Co's.

Mr. James Andrews, of Pine Creek left the Alesk Gold Fields.

Fresh Garden and Flower Seeds at C. R. Bourne's.

Messrs. Beets and Anderson arrived at Log Cabin on the 9th, they will work on their quartz property at Otter Lake until the season opens when they will return to Spruce Creek.

Latest Magazines, Periodicals and Circulating Library at E. L. Pillman & Co.

Chris Doelker has cleared out all the old meat he had stored, having returned it to L. Schulz.

Mr. Doelker will still occupy his old stand and desires to inform the public that in future, he will handle nothing but the primest and freshest meat.

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

Julius Eggert returned on Wednesday after a short trip to the coast.

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

Mr. Louis Schultz begs to notify his patrons that he has re-opened his Butcher Shop and that every trip from Caribou he will receive a fresh supply of the finest meat. As in the past, he will carry only everything of the best.

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

Among the arrivals this week we notice Mr. and Mrs. George D. Sinclair, Fritz Miller, J. MacLaren, E. Ridd, J. Fall, T. Haddon, T. Jones, F. Netchen and J. Lewis.

W. G. Paxton, Notary Public, has taken offices in the Claim Block.

Mr. J. H. Richardson returned yesterday from a six weeks trip, during which he visited Victoria, Vancouver and Seattle.

Doctors Scharschmidt and Troughton are expected to arrive today.

An unfortunate fracas took place on Spruce Creek on Tuesday. As a consequence James Jennings is now in the Hospital and Pat Callaghan comes up for trial this morning.

NOTICE—A General Meeting of the Liberal-Conservative Association will be held at the Grand Hotel, Saturday March 19th. at 2 p.m. All Conservatives are invited. W-S. Taylor, Act'g Sec.

DISSOLUTION OF PARTNERSHIP

NOTICE is hereby given that the partnership hitherto existing between George Lee Gordon and David Livingstone Hall has been dissolved, and all assets and liabilities constructed by said Gordon and Hall have been taken over and assumed by David Livingstone Hall.

Dated at Atlin, B. C. Feb. 26th. 1904. G. Lee Gordon, D. L. Hall.

LATEST WIRES.

Continued from Page Four.

The result is that the British Rifle Association will have nothing more to do with them.

Vancouver, 17th.—Ex-Lieut. Gov. Mc. Innes died here last evening suddenly of heart failure.

Victoria, B. C. 18th.—At 8 o'clock tonight the smartest shock of earthquake experienced by Victoria in 20 years shook the city. Clocks were stopped and bedridden invalids were so alarmed that in many cases it is reported they sprang out of bed screaming with terror.

London.—King Edward held his second levee of the season at St. James Palace; it was a brilliant affair.

The Wearing of the Green.

St. Patrick's Day was fittingly celebrated on Thursday by the Sons of Erin and their friends, and in the evening an entertainment was given in the Grand Hotel Hall under the auspices of our local Dramatic Society.

Mr. F. W. Dowling occupied the chair and in his opening address fairly excelled himself; his remarks, bubbling over with genuine Irish wit, put the large and appreciative audience in right good humour and prepared them for the excellent program which followed.

While all the items were well executed, special mention may be made of the rendering of "Eileen Allanna", by Mr. J. D. Lumsden and of the "Irishman's Toast," by Mr. James Stables. Among those who took part were:—Mesdames F. L. Stephenson, J. Stables, and J. Haslett; Misses Edwards, McDonald and Douglas; Messrs. Ashton, Fetherstonhaugh, Cameron, Grime Stephenson, Doherty, Bourne, Williams, Palmer and Trotman.

The dance which followed was numerously attended, capital music being provided by J. T. Pilling.

The Rise and Fall.

The lowest and highest temperatures recorded for the week ending 18th. inst. are as follows:

Mch. 12	11 below	11 above
13	21	10
14	21	7
15	21	9
16	2	11
17	3	2
18	10	17

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