THE ATLIN CLAIM.

VOL. 8. ATLIN, B. C., SATURDAY, MARCH 21, 1903. NO. 192.

A DILEMMA.

Affairs Political In a Curious Tangle.

The Government Supporters Hold a Caucus to Devise Ways and Means.

The political atmosphere of the Province is at present teaming with all sorts of rumors. Since the Yale bye-election the Government side is none two strong. The Premier has always been known as a fighter and he does not propose to have a condition of affairs exist this year as obtained during last session, namely, to have Joe Martin as pilot. Col. Prior thinks he should have something to say in the matter, and if he finds that he cannot control the House without deferring to a small minority of its members, he is disposed to treat the country to heroics and appeal to the people.

The difficulty which lies ahead in following such a course is one which does not affect the fortunes of the politicians alone. It is one of the gravest moment to the whole country. The moment the House dissolves the new redistribution bill comes into effect, and new lists must be prepared before an appeal can be had to the people under those lists. Parliamentarians assert that this cannot be carried out inside of three months, and that even that period of time is insufficient when the scattered character of the constituences of the Province are taken into consideration. In the meantime, the estimates would be exhausted with no Parliament in existence to vote supply.

This is the contingency which stands in the way, and were it not for the serious state of affairs which it would invite, there is little doubt but that the country would be treated to a general election in short order. It is stated by those in a position to know, that His Honor, the Lieut.-Governor, has already consented to grant the Premier a dissolution should he so desire.—Victoria Times.

During last week a caucus of the Government supporters and possible adherents was held in Victoria. The press was denied admission, but from the little hints which have been dropped here and there, the possibility of a coalition government seems to have been the result of that caucus.

The opposition is not altogether in harmony with its leader, and in this fact the Government's position is strengthened. Again, the leaders of the different factions are undecided as to whether to appeal to the people upon party or Provincial lines. There's the rub.

LOCAL HAPPENINGS.

Coming Events Cast Their Shadows Before.

The Ophir Group of Leases on Gold Run Changees Hands — New Owners Mean Business.

A deal was recently consummated in Vancouver between Dr. W. G. Mitchell and associates and Mr. W. J. Robinson, of Philadelphia, representing Eastern capitalists.

The propesty transferred is the Ophir group of hydraulic leases, containing some 200 acres. The consideration is reported to be in be $35,000.

A portion of this ground is known to be rich, but the new owners will at once proceed to exploit it by means of prospecting drills preparatory to installing a modern dredge. This property is admirably suited to dredging operations, and we congratulate the purchasers in having secured one of the most promising propositions in the district.

Extensive preparations are now being made by the Pine Creek Power Company, under the superintendence of Mr. Loveridge, for the coming season's work. Some twenty men are employed. The pipe and flume lines on discovery claim are being re-installed and the siphon, from the north to the south side ditch, is being re-set. This latter will probably be augmented by the addition of a second siphon, to be placed on the upper end of the company's big flume, and the south side ditch extended east to connect.

It is rumored that this company will conduct operations on lower Spruce creek also this season, and that an hydraulic plant has been shipped for use on that creek.

This company has purchased the Irving Hotel premises, in Discovery, to be used as offices and apartments for the men. The deal was effected this week. A. R. McDonald the late owner will shortly move into the Royal Hotel, which he has just rebuilt.

The British-American Dredging Company is applying for a charter to use the water of Pine creek at the falls for the purpose of generating electric power.

The Atlin Mining Co., on McKee creek, has had a gang of men at work nearly all winter getting out timbers for the construction of a large reservoir, for the purpose of conserving the water supply. Active work on this will be commenced immediately. Mr. M. Brophy, the company's foreman, returned from the coast on Thursday, and he and Mr. R. D. Fetherstonhaugh, the company's manager, have gone to McKee to begin preparations for the coming season's work. It is reasonable to expect that this company's operations will meet with very great success this season, and that, from the shareholders point of view, the year will be a banner one.

The partners of the Stevendyke Hydraulic Mining Partnership, Ltd., have decided to consolidate their holdings, and are seeking incorporation under the title of the Stevendyke Consolidated Gold Fields, Limited. The capital of the company is $125,000, divided into 25,000 shares, of par value of $5. It will be a close corporation. The company will have plenty of money behind it for installation and operating expenses.

The Northern Lumber Company's mill commenced operations on Monday last. This season's lumber, owing to the high price of logs, will be $5 per 1000 more than last year.

Incinerated.

A sad fatality is reported from Dawson, under date of the 6th inst. The 45-Mile road house on Hunker was burned to the ground early that morning, and Chas. Burnsey, proprietor of the house, his wife and two children and Thomas Baird, Government roadman are known to have perished in the flames.

An Optimistic Estimate.

Believing that "all things are possible," the following may be taken for what it is worth:

"Wallace C. Taylor, of Atlin, in an interview wilh a Seattle reporter, estimates that the Atlin output for 1903 will reach $5,000,000."

En Route.

The Vancouver Ledger says, "Mr. George A. Kerr, merchant of Atlin, has just returned from the east, where he has spent a couple of months. He will go north in a few days. Mr. Kerr took unto himself a wife when he was away, but Mrs. Kerr will not come west until her husband comes out next summer."

Keep a Lookout.

On Saturday next, 28th inst, there will be an eclipse of the sun which will be visible in the far northwest, including the State of Washington, British Columbia and Alaska. The Astronomical account of the eclipse says, "path of annularity situated in Asia, China and the Arctic ocean."

Telegraphic Briefs.

Special Despatch.

VANCOUVER, B.C., March 20.—Mr. E. J. De Lamare has been honorably acquitted on all charges preferred against him. "La Patrie," of Montreal, has published an apology. Editor La Cocarde, of Paris, one of the instigators of the unjust charges, has been condemned to fifteen and twelve months' imprisonment on two of the indictments against the Banque Syndicate.

Mr. Lamare leaves Paris for Atlin next month.

Whitaker Wright has been arrested in New York. Bail was refused, and extradition has been applied for. The charge against him is for the issuance of false balance sheets in connection with the London and Globe Company.

The strike of C. P. R. employees in Vancouver is still on. The Company has started an action for damages against the strikers. Estes, President of the Employees' Federation, has been arrested for conspiracy in delaying the mail. The longshoremen have refused to join the strike.

A convention is being held by the Liberal party to discuss affairs in respect of "party or no party" in connection with Provincial affairs and a probable general election. Ralph Smith, M.P., is suggested as leader of the Liberal party, much to the chagrin of Joe Martin. Martin's motion to defer proceedings indefinitely was negatived by 17 against 54. The convention is now 110° in the shade!

Canada's Boundary Counsel.

F. C. Wade, K.C., late Crown Prosecutor of the Yukon, now resident in Winnipeg, has received notification of his appointment as one of the counsel to prepare Canada's case for presentation to the Alaskan Boundary Commission. He has left for Ottawa, en route for London.

A Fine Steamer.

The Pacific Coast Steamship Co. has placed upon the Lynn Canal run the fine passenger steamer, City of Spokane. She made her initial trip, arriving in Skagway on the 15th inst. She is on a 12-day schedule.

Imperial Legislators.

A number of the members of both of the Imperial Houses of Parliament, who are to visit Canada this summer, propose to leave Liverpool about August 1st or 2nd, and proceed direct to Quebec and Montreal, thence to Ottawa, and from there on to Banff, the Pacific coast, Vancouver and Victoria. On their return they will visit Winnipeg, Niagara and Toronto.

The Appeal of Paul.

Cyrus Townsend Brady.

Whom therefore ye ignorantly worship, him declare I unto you.—Acts, xvii., 23.

The relative significance of events is not appreciated by the participants therein. As distance throws enchantment upon the view, so time gives accuracy to the judgment. If you were asked the name of the most important place in the history of the world from a secular point of view you would say Greece, and representing it, as Paris does France, Athens.

There the human mind reached its greatest development; there the greatest bodily perfection was exhibited; there the profoundest philosophies flourished; art, poetry, song there attained their maximum. At the sound of Athens the memory is thronged with brilliant and glorious figures. It was the home of Pericles, Miltiades, Aristotle, Demosthenes and Phidias,—the catalogue is endless. Yet Athens will be remembered forever, even should the names of these men and their exploits be forgotten, for the visit of an ailing, wandering little Hebrew, who was greater than them all.

Visitors to the classic spot seek first not the groves of Academus, the temple crowned Acropolis, the gardens of Epicurus or the Stoa of Zeno, but Mars Hill, the rock of Areopagus, where Saint Paul preached one of the greatest sermons that ever burst from human heart. Yet the sermon had no result. There were only two converts. It was greeted with laughter, mockery, contemptuous indifference. Saint Paul could fight against opposition like the soldier he was, but he could not face these things, and he promptly left the city. He founded no church there. He never went back. As far as humanity can judge, his words were futile, yet the visit of Saint Paul distinguishes Athens in the minds of millions who care little for the other worthies. The thing that was of so little importance to his contemporaries that no local chronicles mention it, so far as we know, has dominated every other fact in the history of that commonwealth. Why?

Because the situation in Athens is one which is reproduced in millions of individual cases to-day; because we typify in ourselves that Athenian population—but with a difference. We can put ourselves in the place of the sneering, scoffing Greek multitude and listen again to that sermon. It appeals to us if it did not to them. The words had no effect then, but they burn in the human soul to-day.

Countries live on, governments exist by inertia, long after the national spirit or the vitalizing force which brought them into being has spent itself. It was so with Athens. The old love of liberty was gone. That beautiful natural religion which in its highest development produced philosophers like Socrates and Plato had vanished. The Athenians followed indifferently Epicurus or Zeno, embracing, as men do in all human systems, the weak and the bad, disregarding the good and noble. The Epicureans apotheosized lust; the Stoics made a religion of indifference or despair. If these were the principal religions, the city was full of other gods. Athens was like New York in that. You could scarcely cast a stone in any direction without hitting somebody's god. These gods were embodied in statues that stood in every possible place of display.

The heart of Saint Paul sickened at the sight. He disputed, as the ancient philosophers had done, in the market place, proclaiming the truth of his great message. The people listened, and, in accordance with ancient custom, they took him to the Areopagus, a spot where of old a court had been charged with the duty of hearing the advocates of any new religions. The court was merely a name then, but they took him there, and there on that rock that ugly little Jew, Paul, who was the greatest of all Jews, stood where four hundred years before that ugly little Greek, Socrates, who was the greatest of all Greeks, had stood, to proclaim Christ's gospel.

There was one altar he noticed in the city that had no statue on it, that bore the inscription "To the Unknown God," as if to indicate that there was something higher and greater which could neither be localized nor described in marble nor comprehended in the schemes of the philosophers, which appealed to the thoughtful even among the careless, sceptical Greeks. That God was He whom Saint Paul preached so unavailingly. So it is to-day.

This is technically a Christian nation. Stop the passersby in the street with the question and you will find few who will avow an absolute disbelief in God. But most of us worship Him as an unknown God. He is an idea, an abstraction, not a reality. We have other gods, Plutus, Venus, Bacchus, some few Minerva, but every one has an altar in some corner to the unknown God, which is Jesus Christ, our Lord.

Is there a decay in public religion? Are men indifferent to Christ? Will they, like those ancient Greeks clustered on Mars Hill, turn away with sneer, with laughter when the truth is proclaimed? With mock or real courtesy, but with fatal procrastination, will they promise to give the subject their attention at a more convenient season? What will you do who read? The greatest thing about a man is his attitude toward religion, for that determines the man. The greatest discovery that man can make is the individual discovery of God in Christ Jesus. It is a personal religion that we want, no systems of ethics or codes of laws, but knowledge, personal knowledge, of God. Let us seek until we find. The voice of Paul is lifted up on printed page, in Christian pulpit, in human life, in a thousand ways to-day. Let us "Stop! Look! Listen!" until the unknown God becomes to us the reality that He stands for in the church and that He has been to millions who follow in His footsteps to-day. Let us heed Paul and surmount the hidden altar in our hearts with its mysterious inscription, with the image of Jesus Christ, the only True, so that we ourselves, as all other men, shall "see and believe!"

For the Farmer.

A good grafting wax is made of four pounds rosin, one pound of tallow and one pound of beeswax. Melt all together over a slow fire, and when melted pour into a vessel of cold water and pull as with shoemaker's wax. When wanted for use soften with warm water.

Investigations at various experiment stations indicate that it requires about three pounds of potatoes to equal one pound of hay, and for horses standing idle in the barn, potatoes may be used to some extent where refuse ones can be had very cheap.

Greasy Butter.

By greasy or oily butter is meant butter that is soft and oily in appearance, without the granular structure and firm texture of first-class butter. A number of causes and conditions, either together or singly, may cause the greasy condition. Temperature is a frequent cause of greasiness in butter. It is, of course, well known that if butter is heated to a certain point (about 96 degrees) it will change from the solid to the liquid condition, or melt. Butter that has been melted will never regain its former texture, and will always be more or less greasy, no matter what or how careful manipulation it may have undergone. This greasiness of butter that has been melted is an important character in detecting "renovated" butter. But it is not necessary that butter be melted in order to show greasiness. As is well known, butter softens rapidly as the temperature is raised before the melting point is reached, and butter that has undergone any considerable amount of alternate softening and hardening will become more or less greasy, even though it was originally of good texture. Butter is a mixture of a number of fats, some of which are solid and some liquid at ordinary temperature. These fats vary in proportion under various conditions, and as a consequence different butters are harder or softer according to the proportion of hard or soft fats that they contain, and butter may frequently contain so large a proportion of soft fats as to be objectionable on account of its softness or oiliness. Certain foods notably influence the butter in this way, and it is generally recognized that an undue amount of linseed meal and some other foods will result in a soft or oily butter from the cows so fed. Lastly, an important source of greasy butter is caused by improper manipulation during manufacture. If the cream is ripened, and particularly if it is churned at too high a temperature, the butter will be soft or greasy. If the butter is worked too long, or when it is too warm, it will also be soft, but in this case it is more likely to be greasy than oily. If changes in temperature, particularly in the cream, are brought about too rapidly, the resulting butter is likely to suffer in texture. This raises the question of the proper temperatures for the ripening, churning and working, but since these temperatures are largely governed by the proportion of hard and soft fats in the milk, it can only be said that the proper temperatures are the lowest at which these processes can be carried on fairly readily and in a moderate time. C. G. Froer-Thonger, in "Farm and Home" (Eng.).

Key to Profits in Poultry.

The vigor of farm poultry must be kept up in order to have profitable stock, as weak inbred stock does not thrive or lay well. There is a mistake made in calling for extremely heavy weights in a breed. Select birds about the standard weight for the chosen breed, and get them thick fleshed and solid. Avoid a knock-kneed or crooked-backed bird, and a low comb is preferable in dressed birds. The active, alert hen is the layer. Select eggs from your best layers for hatching and use pure breeds by all means, as they dress more uniformly and give the best all-round satisfaction.

A good poultry house has the following qualifications: warmth, dryness, brightness and cleanliness. Have a four-inch dead air space, lathed and plastered, not too much glass, low ceilings and all furniture movable. Permanent fixtures are often like harbors. A good house could be made cheap by 2x4 studding, lathed inside, ceiled outside of studs with cheap lumber; tar paper on two or three thicknesses and side walls shingled; put paper on sheeting under shingles.

Give but little feed, and make them take lots of exercise. A very light mash of clover chaff, bran and oats ground fine, mixed stiff, is used in the morning, as it readily is assimilated by the fowl. Do not feed more than a quart to a dozen hens. Feed all grain in litter, and for noon give vegetables and meat in some form. Boil odds and ends of butchering rather than feed to dogs. Keep them well supplied with grit and clean water.

The secret of winter eggs is comfortable roosting quarters, meat and exercise. Young hens lay better than old ones, and some strains excel in egg production. Hatch chicks as early as possible. The early ones catch the worm for either egg basket or market. Don't feed chicks till from twenty-four to thirty-six hours old. Then give them stale bread, soaked in sweet milk and squeezed. The best feed we have ever used is one-third cornmeal, two-thirds bran, mixed stiff in milk, either skim or whole. Sour milk will not hurt after they are a week or ten days old. Don't let food stand. They will relish mashed potatoes, oatmeal, dry or cooked, for a change, and meat in some form. If they can't get green grass, give them other vegetable food.

Keep them busy and growing. The whole secret of successful poultry raising is in the first six weeks' good vigorous growing. The market requires attention if best prices are to be obtained. Don't allow male birds with laying hens, as few people relish the idea of buying eggs with chickens in the shell. Have eggs clean and sorted for size and color. In every town and city a person who can guarantee eggs fresh and sweet can command a premium from customers. The cities and tourist trade would be more profitable if the proper quality was produced. It is astonishing to see the black-skinned stuff that is offered for sale in the cities. The English market would take $10,000,000 worth of dressed poultry every year.—Myron A. Gee, Ontario, in "American Cultivator."

Humor of the Hour.

"Doesn't it give you a terrible feeling when you run over a man?" they asked him.

"Yes, if he's a large man," replied the automobilist. "It gives me a pretty rough jolt sometimes."—Chicago Tribune.

"They say you're making plenty of money in the stock market."

"Yes. I never fail."

"Really? You get straight tips, eh?"

"Not much. I sell them."—Philadelphia Press.

"I don't care to marry—at least not yet," said the flirt.

"Why not?" asked the matron.

"Because as matters are now I have the attention of half a dozen men, while if I married I would have the attention of only one."

"Huh!" exclaimed the matron, "you wouldn't have even that."—Chicago Post.

There are two sides to a jail, and it's easier to get inside the outside than it is to get outside the inside.—Baltimore News.

Judy—Will ye give me yer promise, Dennis, that ye'll love me foriver?

Dennis—Sure, an' oi'd like to do that same, Judy, but oi'm hardly of the opinion that oi'll lasht as long as that.—Richmond Despatch.

Mother—Johnny, how is it you stand so much lower in your studies in January than you did in December?

Son—Oh! Everything is marked down after the holidays, you know, mother!—Puck.

A Young Detective.

There is a ten-year-old boy in Boston whose mother thinks he is destined to become a noted detective. One day he was begging for permission to try his hand at mending a broken umbrella over which his father was working, and at last he was sent out of the room on an errand.

When he returned his father and mother were talking, and the umbrella had vanished.

"I know where you've put it," he said, after a glance around the room. "You've put it in that closet, and——"

"Well, where else should I put it?" demanded his father, impatiently; but the mother waited for her boy to finish.

"I know it's there," he said, triumphantly, "because whenever you open the closet door that photograph on the end of the bookshelf falls down, and it's down now. And I know 'twas father put it in, for mother would have stood the picture up again."

Sick Stomach is working--

Sick Owner is idle

If you will give your digestion a rest, it will get along. You can do this by means of

DR. VON STAN'S

PINEAPPLE TABLETS

which digest your food and rest your stomach. You want relief and cure.

Pineapple relieves at once and cures quickly. No stomach can be cured except it can rest while digestion goes on safely. The patient eats heartily while taking his cure. It strengthens the weakest stomach.

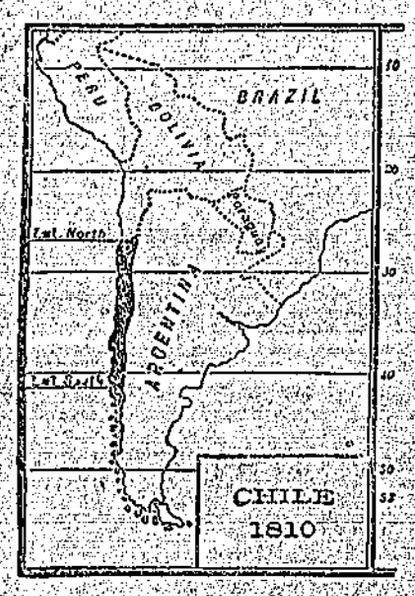
Pineapple is nature's simplest and quickest cure—Price, 35c.

In five minutes after using Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder the healing has begun, and it continues till the work is quickly complete. New health, comfort in breathing, new vigor, and removal of danger of consumption or pulmonary trouble. 8

Imperialism in Chile.

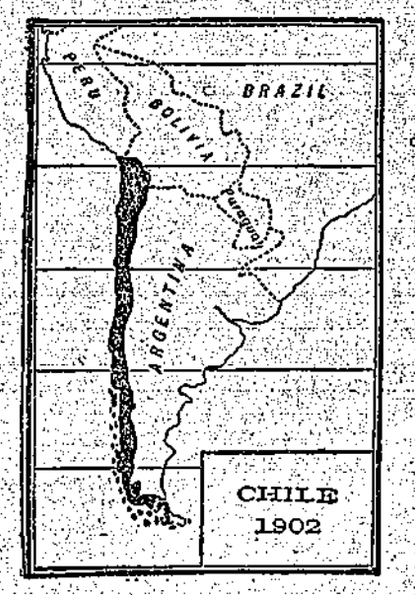
Under the heading "Imperialism in Chile," The Literary Digest has the following:—It is often said that the South American nations regard the United States with apprehension as a power that is aiming at the absorption of this whole hemisphere under cover of the Monroe doctrine. But this notion finds more favor in the European press than in the press of South America. Newspapers in the great continent to the south of us seem to dread Chile far more than they dread the United States. The rise of the Andean republic from insignificance to a commanding position on the Pacific, her vigorous foreign policy, involving disputes with Peru, Bolivia, Argentina and other countries, and the care she lavishes upon her army and navy are held to be symptoms of imperialism. The Prensa (Buenos Ayres) is never weary of warning South America against Chile, and this paper is a serious organ whose opinions carry weight. It says:—

"Chile's grand aim is control of the Pacific so far as that control would



exclude other South American nations from it. To this end Chile has not kept faith with Bolivia or Peru in her treaties with those powers. There are no wars in consequence simply because Chile, being the stronger, is able to apply the law of conquest. For this reason there exists a fatal status quo on the Pacific coast answering to all the conditions of an armed peace. It is false to say that this Pacific problem is regulated according to treaty. Chile refuses to be bound by any treaty whatever, feeling herself too powerful to submit to such restraint. She conforms in her international relations only to such conditions as suit herself. She adheres neither to the letter nor to the spirit of any compact. She proposes new treaties to the weak, but such treaties are but subterfuges for the enlargement of her territory. This is the plain truth in regard to Chile."

Sentiments of this nature are a source of intense disgust to the newspapers of Chile. The Lei (Santiago) repudiates these insinuations vehemently and says the Argentine press is perpetually trying to poison the South American mind against Chile. "Chile," says the Santiago sheet, "has for many years been the object of a campaign of detraction. She is regarded by many in consequence as a robber and predatory State, but the truth will be vindicated in the end



and Chile may rest assured of the ultimate respect of the world." And The South American Journal (London), organ of the British investor, is prompted to defend Chile in these terms:

"In our opinion, the idea that the Chilians keep steadily before them a policy of conquest is erroneous, or at least largely exaggerated. We believe that they will be able to find within the limits of their own country ample scope for their energies for many years to come, and that the most influential part of the nation has no desire for war. This is what the Government ought to make manifest to the world. They could do so by publishing widely a descriptive account of the country's resources and possibilities of development, and the opportunities which it offers for immigrants and the employment of capital. This ought to be drawn up in a systematic and practical manner, not on such merely general and superficial lines as have usually been adopted in such works; and it ought to be supplemented by establishing properly organized information offices in Chile and in the principal countries of Europe. If properly carried out, such a system of publicity would bring immediate and great benefits to the republic. It would, as we have said, tend to dissipate the idea that the Chilians must perforce seek to make their living outside their new country and that there is room for a large increase of population of industrious foreigners who could prosper there." The accompanying illustrations are from La Prensa (Buenos Ayres).

England's foremost farmer is a woman, the Hon. Mrs. Murray Smith. On her estate at Gurney Hall she raises the finest Jersey cattle bred anywhere. She personally supervises all details and provides every modern improvement. Her cattle take many prizes throughout England. Mrs. Smith attends to all correspondence and bookkeeping, besides managing the dairy. She also keeps the pedigree of every animal.

A Electrical Rat-Trp.

Under this heading a curious electrical tale is unfolded in the "Electrical Review." The story, which is told in the words of an expert in electrical construction, runs as follows: An underground cable system for supplying light by means of a 2,000-volt alternating-current system has been installed in an Ohio town. Shortly after the plant was put into operation there began to be trouble with the line, which appeared and disappeared periodically for a month without apparent cause. "By this time," says the narrator, "one of the lines began to show considerable leakage, and I tried to locate the trouble, which work, however, was interrupted by the dynamo starting up. That night, however, our regular chronic trouble came on again and this time remained on instead of clearing itself as the others had done, and a quick opening of switches showed that it was on the same circuit we had tested during the day. Well, we kept the circuit going until morning, and then we started out to find the trouble. By very careful testing we soon traced it to a certain rather old factory building. Going inside we tested the transformer, but that was all right, but there was a ground between the transformer and the street, so that we followed the primary cables in that direction, which passed through an unused coal and junk room. As soon as we entered the place, which it seems no one else ever thought of doing, we were greeted by an odor that was suffocating, and near the pipe entrance leading to the street we found a pile of decomposed and decomposing rats. We called the janitor, got them out of doors as quickly as possible, and then the cause of the trouble was plainly apparent, for every rat was more or less burned. But how? Going back to the cellar we found one rat still lying across our cables, burned to a crisp. Looking at the cables again we found them gnawed through in more than a dozen different places. Now what had induced those rats to climb up there and gnaw through that lead cable and electrocute themselves? I put this question to a naturalist who lived in the city, who explained it by saying that probably the rats, being very keen of hearing, had noticed a slight hum from the alternating-current cables, and, imagining that the pipes contained running water, gnawed through the lead sheathing and rubber insulation until they reached the copper wire, when they would be killed, and, without making even a sound to warn others, drop to the floor below."

The Only Way Out.

Knicker—Gassolene says he must cut down expenses. Can't afford to support

"When I want to borrow a dollar I never go to a friend," he said, as if he were leading up to something. "Ah, well," replied the other, extending his hand, "let us be friends."—Yonkers Statesman.

First Author—Are you a contributor to the "Atlantic Monthly?" Second Author—No, but on my trip abroad I was a contributor to the Atlantic daily.—The "Punch-Bowl."

Johnny hanged his little sister,
She was dead before they missed her,
Johnny's allus up to tricks,
Ain't he cute? He's only six.
—Cornell "Widow."

A WORD TO THE WISE.

Heart Disease the Most Sudden and Dangerous of Ailments.

Dr. Agnew's Cure.

Stealthy as a thief in the night, Heart Disease heralds its coming only by the deadly grip it lays upon its victim—the distressing symptoms of Palpitation and Short Breath, Smothering Spells, Vertigo, etc. Nothing will remove their fatal grasp save Dr. Agnew's Cure for the Heart. Totally unlike all other remedies, it acts on the nerves through the heart. It has saved thousands of lives—will save yours. A. Du Berger, Waterloo, Que., writes: "Alfred Couldry, who lives at Geo. Bell's, in West Shefford, has suffered from terrible heart trouble for the last four years. He has been completely cured after using eight bottles of Dr. Agnew's marvelous remedy."

Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder

is universally recog ized as a specific for Catarrh, Cold in the Head, Sore Throat, Influenza, Hay Fever, Tonsilitis and all the distressing results of a neglected "bad cold." No. 39

MARRIAGES OF MEN

CURIOUS COURTSHIPS AND PROPOSALS.

Some Entertaining Scraps of Family History—A Romantic Element is Mixed Up With Most Love Affairs—Interest Never Flags in the Subject.

Marriage has always been one of the world's greatest themes. Interest never flags in the subject. Men have tired of their own matrimonial experiences sometimes, but of other people's never.

The great thing, as a wise philosopher said, is to get the right girl. There is no stereotyped way of getting her. Just as men have found different ways of proposing, so there have been endless ways in which men have met their fates. A romantic element is mixed up with most love affairs.

Horace Greeley and Mary Young Cheney were married the first day they met. They had corresponded for some time, a mutual friend, who was something of a matchmaker, having brought this about. She was young and beautiful and all his fancy painted her, but she was much disappointed in his appearance, so much so that when he appeared before her, having proposed and been accepted by letter and the marriage day fixed, she frankly told him that although she married him, she was not in love with him. Their married life was long and happy and the loss of his wife was a blow which he did not long survive.

The second time that Bismarck met Frauloin Johanna Puttkammer he kissed her soundly in the presence of a number of guests. The immediate effect of this embarrassing and shocking behavior was the prompt announcement of the betrothal, which was soon followed by the marriage.

The first time Mary Todd met Lincoln she said to her sister: "That man will be President one of these days. He will make a husband to be proud of." About that time Lincoln's chances of becoming President seemed as remote as possible, and Mary's sister laughed the idea to scorn. A few months afterward Mary Todd was married to "Ugly Abe," and in fourteen years the prediction was fulfilled. As a child the future Mrs. Lincoln had prophesied that she would become the wife of a President of the United States.

The first August Belmont's marriage to Commodore Perry's daughter grew out of a duel. At his first meeting with the lady, a blooming Baltimore belle, at the theatre, he challenged a man who made some remark reflecting on the virtue of women generally. When the smoke of the simultaneous fire of the two pistols cleared away it was found that the bully had a bullet through his heart and Belmont a ball in the leg. He became a hero of the hour; proposed to the beautiful Miss Perry and was accepted. He said it was her noble face that nerved him to resent the imputation on her sex.

With Henry Stanley the explorer, it was "love my daughter, love me." Mrs. Tennant persistently refused to consent to her daughter marrying. "Dolly is all that I have left, and I can not, shall not, part with her. But to entreaties she finally yielded. "I want your daughter for my wife," Stanley said; "give her to me, and do you at the same time become my mother, father, brother and sister." "She is yours," repied mamma, "and so am I." That, in brief, is the story of Stanley's wooing, and Mrs. Tennant is his as irreparably and indissolubly as her daughter is, and Mr. Stanley is said to be a model husband and a tractable and obedient son.

It was through his novel, "The Scalp Hunters," that Capt. Mayne Reid won a bride. He was thirty years old when he met a damsel of thirteen, with whom he at once fell in love. The child, of course, took no notice of him, but he gave her the story to read, as effective a manner of courting in this nineteenth century as ever was Othello's in an earlier one. Two years later the young lady was at a public meeting where Capt. Reid spoke on behalf of the Polish refugees. "An electric thrill seemed to pass through me as he entered the room," she afterward said, and when the meeting was over she went up to speak to him. "I leave for London on the next train," he said, hurriedly. "Please send me your address."

"I do not know where," she replied with some embarrassment. He instantly handed out his card and was gone. A formal little note followed: "Dear Capt. Reid—A you asked me to send you my address, I do so." By return of post came the answer: Only say that you love me and I will be with you at once," and then the reply, 'I think I do love you." Needless to say that there is nothing as good as this in the lovers' novels.

That Admiral Porter was not afraid to brave the fire of an unpropitious parent doubtless raised him in the esteem of his lady love. When a midshipman on board the flagship of Commodore Porter, who was accompanied by his family, which included a young and lovely daughter, young Porter allowed no parental commands to frighten him. The orderly was told not to allow the midshipman to enter the cabin without special permission. Young Porter, however, managed to continue his visits to his fair one. One bright moonlight night the Commodore, rousing up from an after-dinner nap, discovered young Porter and his sweetheart behind one of the windows of the stern ports.

"Young man," thundered the Commodore, "how did you enter this cabin?" The midshipman replied. "The orderly is not to blame. I came over the mizzen chains and through the quarter galley window." Midshipman Porter, through the balance of the cruise was regularly admitted to visit the cabin and on the ship's arrival home the marriage took place.

GREELEY'S MANNERS WERE BAD.

But They were Forgiven for the Fine Speech He Made Afterwards.

Horace Greeley stories being in order, in view of the unveiling of his statue recently, I will tell one that I heard in New Orleans. The genial old philanthropist went there after the South had taken him to her heart in grateful recognition of his action in going on the Jeff Davis bail bond, and the people were anxious to show him every attention in their power.

A dinner seemed to be the proper thing, and the markets of New Orleans, than which there are few better in the world, were ransacked to make the occasion as notable for its viands as for the distinction of the guest and the diners. Judge Walker, the veteran editor of the Picayune, presided; he was a great gourmand, and, after the manner of gourmands, wished none of the fine points of the dinner to be lost to the guest for lack of commentary.

"Mr. Greeley," said he, "these oysters are the best that come to our market, and we think they vie with those of Norfolk. I observe that you are not eating them."

"Well, no," replied Greeley; "the truth is, I never could abide shell fish," and he passed.

Then came some delicious green turtle soup, which Judge Walker explained was prepared from the finest fat turtle the Florida bays could afford.

"No doubt, no doubt," was the reply in Greeley's peculiar whine, "but cold-blooded animals are an abomination to me."

The pompano, imperial fish that it is, and fresh from the Gulf, was open to the same objection, despite Judge Walker's eulogy, and, that, too, was passed. Mr. Greeley barely tasted the accompanying Parisian dainty, and shook his head ruefully at the idea that anybody would impair his digestion by eating cucumbers. Shrimp salad, another New Orleans delicacy, proved no more tempting; shrimps, he said, looked so much like worms that they always gave him the creeps.

"Ah, here is something you will like—a homely dish in name," said Judge Walker, "but fit for the gods. It is a Galicia ham." And then he went on to tell how the hogs from which these hams were obtained were fed only on chestnuts, making the flesh luscious and delicious.

"Perhaps so; very interesting indeed," observed Greeley; "but do you know, Judge, that there is so much talk of trichinae now-a-days that I wouldn't dare taste a bit of pork."

The Judge gave up in despair. The only things in all of the array of dainties which had been provided which Mr. Greeley would eat were bread, potatoes and cauliflower, and he feared that he might be overloading his stomach at that. But when it came to the speaking, although he had drunk nothing but cold water, he spoke as one inspired, and with a fervor, eloquence and tenderness that nobody at the table could ever forget.—Chicago Inter-Ocean.

The Stay-Abed Club.

Of the many curious features in New Orleans life there is none other more interesting than the Stay-Abed Club, an organization composed of bedridden people. The qualifications for membership are confirmed invalidism and the ability to communicate with other members of the club by letter. The idea and plan of this singularly pathetic organization originated with a lady who for fifteen years has been a bedridden sufferer. She conceived the scheme of writing down each day her eperiences, impressions and thoughts, and this essay or letter she exchanged with an invalid friend, receiving in return a similar epistle. Presently the circle of correspondents grew larger, and last winter there were fourteen invalids enjoying the curious benefits of the club. Each member writes his or her letter each day, and this communication is passed around in routine to the others, so each member has thirteen letters every day.

Lizzie Borden Snubbed.

Lizzie A. Borden, of Fall River, whose father and mother were murdered in 1892, is the subject of much comment. By the death of her parents she became heir to the Andrew J. Borden building at the corner of Anawan and South Main streets. One of the rooms in the building was occupied by the local branch of the Young Woman's Christian Temperance Union, of which Miss Borden was, before the tragedy, an active member. While Miss Borden was in Taunton jail the society joined with the Woman's Christian Temperance Union in passing resolutions of sympathy. Since then her case has been rigidly excluded from society debate, and several of the members have snubbed her. She felt that she should not put up with insults from her tenants, and accordingly the Young Women's Christian Temperance Union has been compelled to seek quarters elsewhere.—Springfield Republican.

WILD FOWL ATTACK A LIGHT

Keepers of Hog Island Light Kill Geese and Ducks by the Hundred.

One of the keepers of the Hog Island light on the Virginia coast relates a remarkable experience with wild fowls at that light on a recent night.

Between 7 and 8:30 P. M. the watch on duty was aroused by the "honking" of wild geese and brant, accompanied by the crash of breaking glass. He hastily summoned the other keepers, who responded with shotguns. They opened fire on the bewildered birds with every gun. The battle lasted for an hour and a half. The guns got so hot that it was dangerous to use them and the shoulders of the men became sore from the recoil.

The supply of ammunition gave out and the fight ended. In the morning there were sixty-eight dead brant, geese and ducks at the foot of the tower. On the following morning the tower was again attacked by the birds. There being no stock of cartridges on the island, the guns were useless, but the keepers fought with sticks and captured 150 fowls, when a flock, apparently containing thousands, rushed upon them. They were compelled to seek shelter within the tower. So powerful was the flight of the frightened geese that the wire screens were penetrated, the light in the watchroom extinguished and the panes in three windows destroyed. These fowl had taken wing because of the severe weather prevailing upon their feeding grounds and were blinded by the intense glare of the powerful light in the top of the tower.

Hog island light marks one of the most dangerous shoals on the Virginia coast. It is an iron tower and stands 180 feet above mean high water. It is a first-class light and can be seen from the bridge of a steamer a distance of about twenty-five miles.

The Irish-American German.

"I came across a colored man who spoke with a German accent the other day," said a prominent stock broker "I dropped into a restaurant not far from the city hall for lunch, and the waiter who took my order, although unmistakably a colored man, spoke as though he had just come from some Pennsylvania Dutch settlement up the State. The thing was so pronounced that I spoke to the proprietor about it, and found that my suspicions were correct. The man was a full-blooded negro, but he had been born and raised in a small town near Reading, and had always associated with the whites, who spoke Pennsylvania Dutch. Queer, isn't it?" "Oh, I don't know," said one of the party, whose business takes him through the West. "A short time ago I came across a German who spoke English with a decided Irish brogue. He was an educated young fellow, a graduate of a German university, and he was very anxious to learn English. He drifted out to Chicago, and from there to a lumber camp up in Wisconsin. Here, he thought, would be an excellent chance to learn the language. But all the men in the camp were Irishmen. Of course, the young German didn't know this, and he fell readily into their mode of speech. At the end of a year he returned to Chicago, very proud of having mastered our tongue, and was greatly surprised to discover that he had a brogue. That was several years ago, but he has never lost it. It clings to him as closely as though he had been born in County Antrim."—Philadelphia Record.

Grip Microbes at Home.

Dr. L. Caze contributes an article on influenza to one of the current French reviews.

The modus operandi of the influenza microbe is peculiar. It is not the microbe itself that does the harm, but a poisonous liquid it excretes. A measure of consolation is afforded by the fact that this poison is even more deleterious to the microbe than to the human being in whom it is deposited, for the microbes end by being destroyed by their own exhalations, whereas their victim has many chances of recovery.

The microbe is an egg-shaped thing, but gifted, in spite of its roundness and smoothness, with an extraordinary capacity both of adhering to any conceivable surface and for passing from one resting place to another. Its goal is a human nose or mouth, and once in the vicinity of these organs its future is assured, for the mere act of breathing is sufficient to draw it into the system.

Arrived there it propagates itself with amazing rapidity. It lengthens out, and after twenty minutes of this process, it breaks in twain, and there are two fully fledged microbes in the place of one. In twenty-four hours the original invader will, in this way, be surrounded by a progeny of over 16,000,000 of his poison-producing kindred.

In short, the doctors know almost everything about the influenza microbe except an effective method of exterminating it.

A Wonderful Cave.

Some persons who have just returned from the neighborhood of Huasteca Potosina, where they were in search of coal, report the discovery of a very wonderful cave in the mountainous regions of that country. It is decorated inside in a very elaborate manner and is evidently the temple of an aboriginal god. In fact, there is now in the cave a huge stone image of an Indian idol. From indications it is evident that the idol is still receiving the worshp of the natives. It is thought that this worship may have been going on for many years in the same place, and that the natives, when they found that they could not carry on their heathen worship openly, took the idol to the cave and there fitted up for it the best and most elaborate temple their facilities afforded.—Mexican Herald.

Viper hunters are wanted at Bozen, Tyrol. The snake are so abundant as to eb a source of danger, and the government offers 15 cents for each head.

THE REMEDY FAILED.

How a Helpful Wife Did Not Cure Her Husband of the Tobacco Habit.

"It will only be necessary for you to drop about half a teaspoonful of the mixture into this cup of coffee each morning," the circular said, "and the taste for tobacco will gradually depart from him. He may not cease the use of tobacco immediately, but within a week he will begin to abhor tobacco if the mixture is given to him faithfully every morning."

And so the young wife sent her little $2 on and got a flagon of the tobacco cure.

"Pretty bum coffee this morning," he remarked dryly the first time she dropped the half-teaspoonful of the mixture into the cup.

"It's the same as we've been using right along," she replied, craftily.

Now, lo and behold! he was a pretty smooth proposition himself, and he had, unbeknownst to her, seen the package holding the flagon of agin tobacco mixture when it was delivered.

So after dinner that evening he produced a large bulky package of fine-cut tobacco from his pocket and took therefrom a plenteous chew of tobacco. It was the first chew he had ever taken in her presence, and she marvelled thereat, but she determined to persist with the "treatment."

"Dead rank chickory again this morning, isn't it?" he inquired at breakfast the next morning.

"Im sure it tastes the same to me," she replied.

That evening after dinner he produced a short, black clay pipe and a package of a new kind of tobacco that was as black as the ground work of a Jolly Roger.

"Thought I'd bring this old dudeen up from the office," he explained cheerfully. "It's as sweet as a nut."

Whereupon he filled the house with the aroma of punk that was strong enough to break rock.

"This grocery person who gets all of my wages is certainly doing us on the coffee game," he remarked when he tasted his cup next morning.

"Really," she said, gazing innocently at the ten-cent bunch of asters in the middle of the table. "I can't detect any difference."

"And yet there are low foreheads who don't believe that all women are actresses," said he to himself on the way to his office that morning.

That evening he brought home a box of auction stogics, and after he had smoked one of them after dinner all of the people in the neighboring flats stuffed cotton in the hall door keyholes and closed the hall transoms.

"I must persist though," thought his baffled little wife, gloomily.

"Coffee tastes like stewed gunny-sack again this morning," he remarked at the next breakfast. She felt a bit sorry for him, but she was determined to use up that flagon of "agin-tobacco" if she had to chloroform him and pour it down his throat.

That evening, however, her resolution deserted her. After dinner, for the first time to her knowledge, he pulled out a package of cigarettes, lit one and began to smoke it.

She went upstairs, poured out the remaining portion of her $2 worth of agin-tobacco and carefully hid the bottle.

"Coffee's all right this morning," said he at breakfast the next day.

"Yes?" she inquired, absently.

When he had finished his dinner that evening he lighted one of his usual brand of good cigars.

"Men are mysterious to me," she thought, regarding him out of the tail of her eye.

"Women only think they're foxy," he thought, blowing smoke rings into the Swiss curtains.—Bangor Commercial.

A Competent Witness.

United States District Judge Williams, now holding court in Topeka, tells a funny story. Years ago he was a district judge in Arkansas. At a certain term of court a murder trial came before him, and the most important witness for the prosecution was a colored boy only ten years old. The lawyers for the defence set out to show that the boy was too young to understand the nature of an oath, and therefore was not competent as a witness.

"Boy," said one of them severely, "do you know what would happen if you swore to a lie?"

"Yes, sah. Mammy would lick me."

"Would anything else happen?"

"Deed dey would, case de devil would git me."

At this point Judge Williams leaned over his desk and said with pretended sternness: "Don't you know, boy, that I would get you, too?"

"Yes, sah. Dat's what I jus' said."—Kansas City Journal.

Two Points of View.

A farmer drifted into a hardware store at Mulhall and was asked by the manager. "Don't you want to buy a bicycle to ride around your farm on? They're cheap now. Can give you one for $35."

"I'd sooner put $35 into a cow," said the farmer.

"But think," said the manager, "how foolish you would look riding around town on a cow."

"Oh, I don't know," said the farmer, "no more foolish, perhaps, than I would milking a bicycle."

Out of the Ordinary.

The two old friends, as has been narrated before met again, after years of separation.

"By the way, Gagster," said Throggins, "do you remember that snub-nosed, cross-eyed, little Tilbury girl, with a face on her that would ditch an express train? She used to live somewhere in your neighborhood, I thing."

"Oh, yes, I remember her perfectly," replied Gagster.

"What ever became of her?"

"I am sorry to disappoint you, Throggins"—here is where the variation comes in—"but I have not the slightest idea. I didn't marry her."

Wonderfully Made.

Sister—When you called to see George was he wearing those slippers I made him for Christmas?

Brother—No. He was using one of them as a laundry bag.

No Opening For the Devil.

In a little Western town dwelt two ministers. One had been preaching there for twenty-five years; the other, though but recently come, had begun to draw large congregations. The older minister was a "paper preacher," the younger was bumptious and possessed of some native eloquence. Meeting one day, the older minister asked his brother how it was that he, who had had the fullest training for his work, and who gave himself faithfully to the preparation of his sermons, should fail to hold his young people and fill his church.

Asked by the young man to state his methods of pulpit preparation, he answered that all the study hours of the week from Monday to Saturday were spent in careful study and in writing out fully his two sermons for the next Sunday.

"I'll tell you where the trouble lies," said the young preacher. "You start to write your sermons on Monday morning and seldom finish until Saturday night, and you forget that the old devil is all the while looking over your shoulder to take note of what you are going to say and steels the hearts of your people against your message. So the devil gets ahead of you. I always get ahead of the devil, for when I go into my pulpit Sunday morning the devil himself don't know what I am going to say."

Fond of Discussion.

Tompkins—Now, we'll admit, just for the sake of argument, that——

His Wife—Oh, you'd do anything for the sake of an argument.

A Beggars' Journal.

A journal is published in Paris for the instruction and edification of beggars. Its circulation is limited, being confined entirely to "professionals." It does not concern itself with politics or the drama, but contains what may be called "market reports" and scraps of advice and information written by and for beggars. The price of the paper is twenty centimes, or four cents, which seems rather high; but its readers deem it well worth the money on account of its advertisements, which, indeed, are the publisher's chief source of profit. These advertisements are exceedingly interesting reading for outsiders. Here are some examples:

"Wanted, a blind man who can play a little on the flute."

"Cripple wanted for a well-patronized seashore resort. One who has lost his right arm preferred; must be able to give good references and small security."

Every issue of the paper contains dozens of such advertisements inserted by mendicant agents and bureaus. There are in Paris more than a score of such bureaus which undertake to supply all France, and especially the bathing and health resorts, with beggars to suit all tastes. The beggars' journal also contains announcements of approaching weddings, baptisms and funerals, as well as a list of birthdays and "name-days" of persons of wealth, from which, it is to be presumed, many profitable hints are gleaned by its subscribers.

Triplets are a tidal wave on the sea of matrimony.

Hostess—Oh, Mr. Guest, going away so early—and must you take Mrs. Guest away with you? Guest—Yes, I'm awfully sorry—but I've got to.

When Women Voted for President.

Women voted in New Jersey in the Presidential election of 1804, when Thomas Jefferson was re-elected for a second term. In 1892 the women of the new State of Wyoming participated in a Presidential election which resulted in the choice of Grover Cleveland, who was the first President since Jefferson to be elected by the aid of women's vote.—The Forum.

Lions Not "Domestic Animals."

Justices Cave and Wright, London, recently dismissed an appeal against the magisterial decision in the case of the Aquarian lions. The keeper of these lions was prosecuted for cruelly beating them, but the Westminster magistrate dismissed the case on the ground that the lions were not domestic animals. The court upheld this view and dismissed the appeal.

New Use for Women.

Yet another occupation has been found for women—that of acting as barometers. Weather Prophet Dunn is quoted as saying that one of the ways of telling whether the temperature was rising was to watch a girl's front hair. When it began to lose its curl and grow straight, it would be a sure sign of a change of temperature.

The Atlin Claim.

Published every Saturday morning by
THE ATLIN CLAIM PUBLISHING CO.
A. C. HIRSCHFELD, PROPRIETOR.
D. TODD LEES, MANAGING EDITOR.
Office of publication Pearl St., Atlin, B. C.
Advertising Rates: $1.00 per inch, each insertion. Reading notices, 25 cents a line. Special Contract Rates on application.
The subscription price is $5 a year payable in advance. No paper will be delivered unless this condition is complied with.

SATURDAY, MARCH 21ST, 1903.

Now that the preliminary work of the British Columbia Miners' Association is finished, the details being left in the hands of the Executive, a few of the "echoes" of the Convention should be appropriate at this time. In a letter, under date of 6th inst, from Mr. H. P. Pearse, one of Atlin's delegates, addressed to the Chairman of the local executive, the writer says:

"I may tell you that this Convention will do more for the best interests of the mining industry than any other possible agent. I foresee that Atlin is going to get a big share of "Kudos" and advertisement as a result. There was more said in the Convention about that little place than any other spot, and, moreover, was very respectfully listened to. Robinson [W. J., of Philadelphia] was asked to say something respecting capital and the reason why investors would not take hold of good properties. He made a capital speech and didn't forget to let them know it was Atlin where his money was going, and lots more as soon as the Government would decide on some way of improving the titles to property."

Under date of the 9th iust, Mr. Frank M. Dockrill, another Atlin delegate, and a member of the Executive Committee, writes from Victoria, re the work of that Committee, as follows:

". . . We also received a communication from the Premier promising $1250 to be spent in printing pamphlets and to advertise the Province to the world at large. Two resolutions were passed, one asking the Provincial Government for an appropriation of $5000 and the other for an appropriation of $25,000 from the Dominion Government to enable the Association to carry on such works as, obtaining the very best geologists to make reliable reports on the different mining divisions of the Province; to establish a mining bureau of information, and in various ways to promote the good standing of the Association so that it can be looked to as an authority on all mining questions.

"Everybody here thinks and feels that the Association is going to be a grand success. As an illustration of the enthusiasm of the members of the Executive, the question of ready money was brought up, and, in less than ten minutes, $1200 was raised to defray the expenses until the Association was thoroughly organized. The Executive has appointed subcommittees on Transportation, Placer Mining, Printing, Finance and Law, so that every detail can be thoroughly gone into."

AN INTERESTED VISITOR.

W. J. Robinson, of Philadelphia Has Something to Say

To the Members of the B.C. Mining Convention—Capital Saw No Security in B. C. Mining.

Just before the close of the Mining Convention in Victoria, Mr. W. J. Robinson, of Philadelphia, asked permission to address the gathering, which was granted. His speech, which was a good one and to the point, dealt mainly with the attitude of capitalists in respect of the mining industry of the Province. Mr. Robinson is well and favorably known throughout this district, more particularly in connection with the flotation of the British-American Dredging Co. The following extracts are taken from his speech, as reported by the Victoria Times:

"When I received the notice of this meeting I said: The mining men of British Columbia are waking up and I am going to the awakening. Now, gentlemen, you realize as well as I do the one thing which is necessary to the development of this great country is capital. You cannot do very much without it. You have no conception of the effect that the deliberations of this body are having upon the whole entire East. I am sending out the papers every day to my different correspondents, and these men throughout the East are telling the people that the Province of British Columbia is holding out an inducement and opening a gate for the first time to the capital of the world, telling them to come over to Macedonia and help us.

"Gentlemen, the question of the Crown granting of placer claims is one of the most important propositions which you have had before you, and I want to say this, and it is to your credit, that you have deliberated and passed upon that question as you should, and you have offered stability of title as a security for the investment of capital, and I concur in it.

"If the Government of your Province, recognising this great general demand for an amendment to the Placer and Mineral Acts, will immediately, speedily and fairly give to the capitalistic class in this country and the States the opportunities which they are asking for, to come in and put their money in your country, you will see in a very short time British Columbia at the top of the list as the greatest mineral producing country under the sun today.

"Now, the point we want to get at is the absolute unanimity of idea for success, and you may then be assured of a glorious future for British Columbia. Let the prospector, the individual miner and the company all work harmoniously, and your mining industry will then have an era of prosperity never before dreamt of."

Atlin, Nugget and Grape Rings
And All Kinds of Jewellery Manufactured on the Premises.
☞ Why send out when you can get goods as cheap here?
Watches From $5 up. Fine Line of Souvenir Spoons.
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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.
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Comfortably Furnished Rooms--By the Day, Week or Month.
The Best of Liquors and Cigars always in Stock. — Fine stable in connection with the House.
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Passenger and Express Service, Daily (except Sunday), between Skagway, Log Cabin, Bennett, Caribou, White Horse and Intermediate points, making close connections with our own steamers at White Horse for Dawson and Yukon points, and at Caribou for Atlin every Tuesday and Friday; Returning, leave Atlin every Monday and Thursday.
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DISCOVERY, B. C.
Finest of liquors, Good stabling.
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Now occupy their new quarters next to the Bank of B. N. A., First Street.
The bath rooms are equally as good as found in cities. Private Entrance for ladies.

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OPEN DAY AND NIGHT.
FIRST-CLASS RESTAURANT IN CONNECTION.
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THE ROYAL HOTEL,
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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,
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Pumping & Hoisting Machinery.
Estimates furnished on application
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VANCOUVER, B. C.
A. C. Hirschfeld, Agent, Atlin, B. C.

We can give You as Good Value for your CASH as any House in Town. **Groceries, Provisions, etc.**

Try us with it and see. Giant Powder on hand.

J. H. Fraser & Co.

HARD CEMENT

California Method of Working Such Gold Gravels.

Some Valuable Pointers From a Mine Superintendent — Drift Operations and Treatment.

In view of the large extent of drifting operations being carried on on the ancient auriferous deposits of this district, the following account of a California miner's experiences, working in similar deposits, should prove both interest-aud instructive. The article is taken from the Mining & Scientific Press:

The mine in question is located on the old Fort Mountain channel, in Calaveras County, Cal., an ancient channel traversing the county in a general north and south direction, and is opened up by a vertical shaft sunk on the edge of a ravine, sunk to a depth of 55 feet, where bedrock was encountered on the west rim of the channel.

From the shaft, levels are run up and down the channels, with air shafts at each extremity, the south shaft at the down-stream end of the ground being provided with a pump for handling the water at this end of the mine.

Drifts are run from the main gangways or levels, across the channel at regular intervals in the usual manner, and the gravel breasted out and removed in cars to the shaft, where a bin or pocket has been constructed to expedite hoisting, and enable carmen to deliver gravel and return without delay.

The previous method in vogue here required the use of wheelbarrows in moving gravel from the breasts, boulders being allowed to remain in the drifts, and planks laid over them for a runway to the main gangway, where the material was dumped on platforms and shovelled into cars, a slow and laborious method, often attended by annoying accidents in transporting the material over the narrow and insecure footway. There being no receptacle at the shaft for the storage of gravel, the carmen were compelled to wait for the bucket, and it frequently happened that cars would arrive simultaneously, from both sides, one being compelled to wait for the return of the bucket, after the other had dumped his load and signalled to hoist.

A great deal of time was thus lost that could have been more profitably employed in storing boulders and other work, after the gravel from that particular breast had been removed.

This system was immediately changed and switches and tracks laid in the drifts, being subsequently removed as the breasts were carried forward; the sump was cleaned out and a bin constructed enabling cars to make the round trip without delay, and the water bucket was replaced with a pump, removing another source of vexatious delay, when it was required to hoist water instead of gravel, and the bin on top was about empty.

The gravel is a hard blue cement with cobbles and boulders varying in size from hen's eggs to rocks that must be broken up before removal, although but few of the latter were encountered, the majority were easily handled.

We were informed that it would be impossible to work the mine on account of the boulders, and that one-half the time was required hoisting rocks, that the gravel was good, but about in the proportion of mortar in a brick wall, and many other discouraging aspersions. The reason for so much time being occupied in hoisting boulders under the old regime was soon discovered—large chambers being walled up along the gangway—an old trick—and to all appearances, at first sight, a solid mass.

Behind the wall, however, where rocks should have been stored from bedrock to roof, was nothing but space, and throughout the old workings the boulders were not built up to the roof, in places sufficient space being found to enable one to crawl in over them, all of which space, however, was utilized later for its proper purpose.

From the character of the ground, the use of hammer drills was discontinued, for the reason that two many holes were lost by coming into contact with rocks, the size of which was uncertain, and after considerable labor in trying to get through or break one of these hard rocks, unsuccessfully, it would frequently be necessary to start a new hole.

As a substitute for drills, the "gopher bar" was used with marked success, as with this tool a hole can easily be turned aside a little, until the size of the rock can be determined, when the drill can be used, either to break or work through it, and in many cases it will be possible, by a slight deflection, to continue the hole past the obstruction without resorting to the slower method of the drill.

Drifts were laid out cross-cutting the channel at regular intervals of about 60 feet, that being about the the most economical length of breast for the accommodation of two miners, and for handling material, requiring less track work and moving of platforms.

Beginning at the center, after the end connection between drifts is run, forming a rectangular block of ground, the miner works to the drift and back to the center, breaking out the gravel, separating the boulders and throwing the milling dirt on the platform, ready for the carman, who also when loading his car removes as far as possible the cobbles and sends up only such material as will pass the grizzly.

It is found advisable, owing to the distribution of the gold, to work out the gravel to a height of 5 or 6 feet; bedrock is cleaned as the breast advances, and all rocks are piled back and built up compactly to the roof, an occasional post and cap being used when the roof shows any signs of weakness; but by keeping the rocks well built up, the use of timber can be reduced to a minimum.

Each shift, when beginning work, cleans up the dirt and removes the boulders thrown down by the last round of blasts fired by the previous shift upon quitting work, and puts in a round of holes to be fired just before luncheon, during which time the mine will be thoroughly ventilated and the obnoxious fumes of the powder entirely removed; the last half of the shift is similarly employed, the blasts being fired upon leaving the mine.

The kind of powder used was the

Continued on last page.

NOTICE.

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

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

McPhillips, Wootton & Barnard,
Solicitors for the Applicants.

NOTICE.

NOTICE is hereby given that application will be made to the Legislative Assembly of the Province of British Columbia at its next Session, by the Pacific Northern and Omineca Railway Company for an Act to Amend its Act of Incorporation, being 63 Victoria, Chapter 50, of the Statutes of the said Province, as amended by the "Pacific Northern and Omineca Railway Act, 1902," being 2 Edward VII., Chapter 77, by extending the time for the commencement of the construction of the Company's line of railway and for the expenditure of 10 per cent of the capital, and for the completion of the said railway as limited by Sub-section five (5) of Section 44 of the British Columbia Railway Act, and by increasing the capital of the said Company.

Dated the 29th day of November, 1902.

CORNWALL & ROGERS,
Solicitors for the Applicants

NOTICE

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

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

D. G. MACDONELL,
Solicitor for Applicants.

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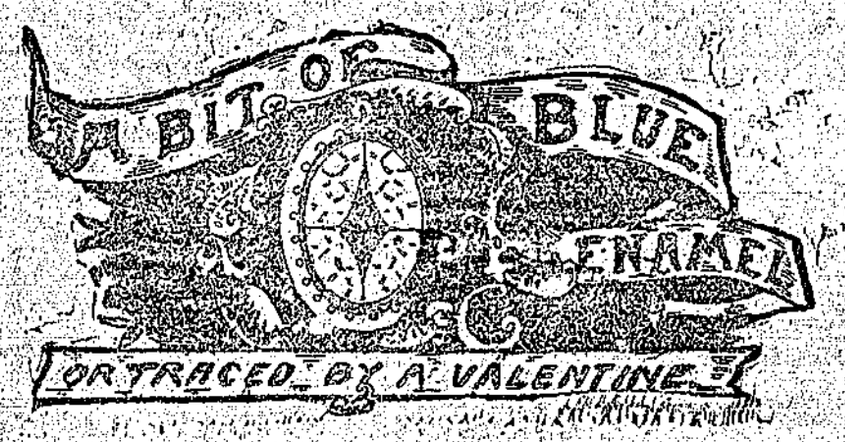

Of him she spoke freely enough; and, although she framed no word of actual disparagement, it was easy to see she wished to prejudice the girl against him.

A far less intelligent person than Marjorie would have discovered this.

She could not help a feeling of embarrassment.

It impelled her to touch some of the little articles which littered Miss Hyde's toilet table.

At first she fingered them abstractedly, and without noticing what they were, but after a minute or two she turned deathly pale, and uttered a gasping cry.

She held in her hand the locket which had been stolen from her father's escritoire on that fatal Valentine morning.

Nine years had passed since that dead father showed it her—nine years.

She was then a child; she was a woman now.

But she recognized it the moment her eye fell on it—recognized it as surely as thought she had seen it but yesterday.

"What is the matter?" asked Miss Hyde, startled.

"This locket!"

And she held it out in her trembling fingers.

"What is the matter with the locket, Marjorie?"

"I have seen it before. It belonged to my father. He was murdered, and this was stolen from him."

Pale as Marjorie's face was, it was scarcely as pale as Madaline's as she heard these words.

She had risen to her feet in her first excitement; but now she was too much agitated to continue in that attitude. Trembling, she sank into her seat again.

"See!" exclaimed Marjorie, too much agitated herself to notice the agitation of her friend. "See this little chip in the enamel! I did that. My father showed me the locket, and I dropped it on the hearth—only five minutes before he was murdered. Afterwards, my mother found the bit of enamel in the drawer, and I have kept it ever since. It is in my room at this very moment."

"Go and get it," said Madeline.

Her voice sounded strangely hoarse and strained, though she was struggling hard for calmness.

As to her face, it was shaded by her hand.

Almost wild with excitement, Marjorie went to do her bidding.

The moment the door had closed on her, Madeline drew her hand from before her face, revealing it ghastly with horror.

An awful shudder ran through her frame.

"My God!" she cried, in a sort of desperate agony. "Oh! My God."

It was three or four minutes before Marjorie returned.

The cherished fragment had been put away so carefully that it had taken her some time to find it.

Those three or four minutes had sufficed to restore Madeline to something like composure.

When Marjorie quitted the room it was with difficulty Miss Hyde kept herself from fainting; but she had dipped her face into a ewer of ice-cold water, and by that means had brought some slight vestige of color into it again.

It had braced her nerves, and prepared her to think and plan.

"See!" said Marjorie, kneeling down on the hearthrug in front of her, and disclosing a tiny fragment of blue enamel in the corner of an ivory box; "If you put it on the locket it fits exactly."

It did indeed.

How strange it seemed that that detached fragment should meet with the stolen locket after all those years.

"How long have you had it? Where did you buy it? Oh, will you tell me please?" cried Marjorie, still in great excitement.

Miss Hyde passed her hand across her brow, with a gesture of weariness as she said—

"I've been trying to think, Marjorie. I have so many articles of jewelry, and have had this particular locket so long that I am not quite certain for the moment where it came from. Ah! I remember now. I bought it in London—it was about five years since, I think—at a shop in the neighborhood of Ludgate Hill. It was a second-hand shop, and I saw the locket one day in the window, and went in to buy it. We were living in London, then."

"And the shop was near Ludgate Hill?" questioned Marjorie, breathlessly.

"Somewhere near there—in the neighbourhood of St. Paul's, at any rate. It is so long ago, I can't be quite certain as to the exact spot."

The look of eagerness faded from Marjorie's face, to be replaced by one of sadness.

The locket seemed but a slender clue by which to trace her father's murderer, after all.

"And it was chipped when you bought it?" she asked, after a pause.

"Oh, yes," said Madeline, without hesitation.

After a moment or two she added—

"I didn't notice that till I had got home, and it didn't seem worth while to return it."

Madeline broke it by saying, very softly—

"Marjorie, tell me all about it—your father's death, I mean."

As she spoke she laid one hand on Marjorie's, while the other she pressed to her own forehead, half shading her face.

"I seldom speak of it," said Marjorie, sadly, "for it is very, very painful to me. I was a little child at the time, and I saw the murderer."

"What?"

Madeline's voice rose almost to a scream, so greatly was she affected by this intelligence.

Marjorie hastened to explain that it was only the shape, not the features, of the murderer she had seen, and then, very briefly and simply, she related the main incidents of the tragedy which had cast so dark a shadow over her young life.

Madeline, still shading her face with her hand, listened in silence and when the story was concluded she said, very quietly and calmly—

"Marjorie, I'm glad you've told me this, because, knowing how much you've had to suffer, I shall be able to sympathize with you—and help you, too, I hope. But I think you are wise in not speaking of it to every one."

"I couldn't do that," said Marjorie, softly, "even after all these years, it is too painful to me. I did love my father—he was so good to me. Oh, he was kind and good to everybody. I don't think he ever did an unkind act in his life."

A tear had trembled on her long, dark lashes; but now she dashed it away, and her beautiful face was very stern, as she added—

"The man who killed him must have been fiendishly cruel! Some day his crime will find him out. I feel it—I feel it here!"

She pressed her hand to her heart.

"And would you wish that, Marjorie?" asked Miss Hyde, with an accent of horror. "You are so gentle and—"

The look of sternness deepened on Marjorie's face.

"If I could trace my father's murderer, and give him up to justice, I would most certainly do it," she answered. "I hope I am not vindictive. In no other instance in all my life have I ever felt the slightest wish to punish an enemy. But this man—this murder—deserves neither pity nor pardon. For the sake of money he killed one of the best and kindest men that ever lived. He has two lives to answer for. He murdered my father, and broke my mother's heart."

Marjorie was standing erect now.

The lamplight fell upon her face, revealing the firm lines about the mouth, the look of steady purpose in the lustrous, dark-lashed eyes.

All the softness and gentleness had fled from her face.

She was no longer a soft, tender girl, but a woman with a wrong to avenge.

The sight of the locket, which was to have been her dead mother's valentine, had transformed her thus.

If ever fate delivered that midnight murderer into her hands, he would find this slender, delicate young creature a stern and bitter Nemesis to reckon with.

"I cannot wonder at your feelings," said Madeline, slowly. "If I were in your place perhaps I should feel the same. It was an awful—a terrible crime. But when one thinks of the penalty the law awards to it—to be hanged by the neck—"

She broke off with a shudder, and said no more.

"It is horrible, but it is just," said Marjorie calmly, though she too, trembled.

"But if," resumed Madeline, after a pause, "nine years have elapsed, and the police haven't been able all this time to discover the slightest clue, it is unlikely they will ever find one now."

"And yet you see I have been directed to this locket after all these years."

"Yes, but what goood can that do?" said Madeline, hurriedly and with a slight change of color. "This man from whom I bought it was a respectable tradesman. Most likely it has passed through several hands before it came to him. After all these years, it would be next to impossible to trace it."

"Perhaps so. And yet the very sight of it has given me a strange feeling, as though it will not be long before the murderer is found. I have faith to believe that my father's blood has not cried for vengeance all these years in vain."

CHAPTER V.

The Bit of Blue Enamel.

The next morning Madeline found herself so unwell that it was clear she would not be able to go down stairs for breakfast, if, indeed, she were not confined to her room for several days.

Marjorie constituted herself her personal attendant, nursing her with solicitude, and feeling her heart drawn towards her in great tenderness now that she lay weak and ill.

There was no coldness in Madeline's manner now.

She clung to Marjorie as though she loved her, and wanted to win her love.

And very soon Marjorie did love her, for, as Madeline unfolded her nature to her day by day, she found in it a wealth of generous qualities such as could not fail to touch her heart.

Mr. Hyde was deeply concerned about his daughter, and visited her sick room at least half a dozen times a day.

Edgar Hyde, though he made constant inquiries, did not strike Marjorie as being overwhelmed with grief.

The doctor said that Madeline was in a highly feverish state, and it was concluded she had taken cold while skating.

It seemed unlikely now that there would be any torch-light skating party, as had been suggested, on St. Valentine's day.

Madeline was confined to her room for a week, and although Marjorie devoted herself to her, yet there were times—a great many of them—when she was thrown into the company of the gentlemen downstairs.

Mr. Hyde was extremely fond of music, and Marjorie's singing so delighted him that he begged her to come downstairs for an hour or two every evening, while a maid sat with Madeline.

That both of the young men admired her, Marjorie could not help being aware of.

Edgar would hang over her as she sat at the piano, singing the sweet sacred melodies his uncle loved; and it was evident he regarded with jealous anger any attempt of his brother's to oust him from his place.

This troubled Marjorie.

In the first place, she did not particularly care for Edgar; and on that account alone his attentions would have been distasteful; in the second place, she believed him to be, if not absolutely the affianced husband of Madeline, the man on whom her heart's best love was set, and whose love she had some right to expect in return.

Charles, on the other hand, she liked exceedingly; nay, there was some danger of her liking ripening into love.

His frank, pleasant face was fast becoming the most attractive thing her eyes could look upon.

His voice and his smile had power to make her heart beat fast.

One day she went for a run in the woods at the back of the house.

Madeline had declared she was growing pale with her unremitting attendance on her, and had urged her to go out for half an hour to breathe the clear, cold air.

"There are snowdrops in the wood, Marjorie," she said. "Get some for me, please. I think they are my favorite flowers."

So to the wood Marjorie went, and was looking for the graceful snow flowers at the roots of the sheltering trees, when Charles Hyde came along one of the paths.

His frank, healthful face was glowing with exercise, and bright with good humor. He walked with a brisk, firm tread, whistling a lively tune.

He stopped short at sight of Marjorie, his bright face growing brighter than ever.

"Why, Marjorie," he exclaimed, joyously, "you here? What a pleasant surprise!"

The girl blushed rosily, and stooped to gather a snowdrop that grew at her feet.

How it had come about that he occasionally called her Marjorie she herself scarcely knew.

Perhaps because his uncle, in pleasant, fatherly fashion, had fallen into this mode of address; perhaps it was simply because he was an audacious young man, and liked to do it.

However this may be Marjorie by no means objected to hear it, and thought her name never sounded so sweet as when it fell from his lips.

"Shall we sit down a moment? Will it give you cold?" he said, pausing against the trunk of a fallen tree.

"Oh, no!"

"Have you heard about the attempted burglary at Mortimer House?" he asked, a little abruptly, after they had sat for a moment or two.

"No; when was it?"

"Well, it happened last night. Fortunately some of the servants heard a noise, and gave the alarm in time. Nothing was taken; but, on the other hand, the burglars made their escape in safety. It is suspected they belong to a wonderfully clever gang, who have baffled the police for years. They gain entrance into houses in the most skilful manner, and do not stop at violence—or even murder—if they meet with any resistance."

As he said this, his eyes were fixed on Marjorie's face with a keen, though furtive gaze.

It was as though he were watching for some look of suspicion—as though he were half expecting that his description of the mysterious gang of thieves would awaken some special interest in her mind.

And it did—though not in the way he had expected.

Her cheek flushed, and her breath came fast. She uttered such an exclamation of surprise and horror that it startled him.

"What is it, Marjorie?" he asked, looking at her curiously.

"Mr. Hyde, my father was murdered at midnight by a thief who came to rob him!"

He looked amazed—bewildered.

"Your father?—when?—how long ago?" he queried, in a voice which, try as he might, he could not keep quite free from excitement.

"Nine years ago. We lived in Westmoreland then—at rather a lonely house. My father was writing a book, and he always sat up late alone. One night—it was Valentine's eve—he was murdered—stabbed to the heart by some villain for the sake of a hundred pounds in bank notes which had been paid to him that day."

Again the young man cast on her a strange look.

"I fancy I remember something of that murder," he said slowly. "But the name—surely it was not St. Clair?"

"Oh, no!"

And then Marjorie explained briefly how she had come to change her name.

She told him, too, that her full name was Ethel Marjorie, and that it was as Ethel Bruce she had been spoken of in the newspapers at the time of the murder.

"Tell me all about it, will you?" he said, and she complied, beginning with her father's mysterious dream, and concluding with the extraordinary coincidence of Madeline's possession of the locket.

So amazed was he at this that he could not repress a start, and, if he had not kept his eyes bent on the ground, Marjorie must have marvelled at the strange look in them.

She went on to tell him how she had preserved the little piece of blue enamel, and, by that means, was able to prove, beyond the shadow of a doubt, that Madeline's locket was the one which had been stolen from her father on that fatal night.

"That bit of blue enamel is of the utmost importance!" exclaimed Hyde, raising his head for the first time during the narrative. "Take every care of it. Where do you keep it, Marjorie?"

"Oh, it is quite safe. I haven't kept it all these years to lose it now. I keep it in a little ivory box my dear father gave me, and this is locked up inside another box, and that, again, is locked inside my desk, and the desk is locked inside one of my drawers. Can anything be safer than that?" said Marjorie.

"My word, I should think not," and Charles Hyde smiled so broadly as to reveal all his fine white teeth.

He seemed excessively amused at all this caution.

"Of course, I don't attach much importance to the discovery of the locket," went on Marjorie, gravely, as she rose and prepared to walk homewards. "As Madeline says, it no doubt passed through many hands before it came to hers."

"Oh, no doubt," said Hyde, with alacrity.

"Still, it is a coincidence—a very strange coincidence; and somehow I can't help feeling that through that locket the murderer will be brought to justice in the end."

The young man cast a keen, sidelong glance at her, as though doubting whether she might not be keeping back some suspicion in her mind.

"And this gang of thieves you were speaking of," she resumed. "Isn't it quite possible it is one of them who killed my father?"

"Quite possible, I should say," he answered, rather dryly.

"But not very probable, you think?" said Marjorie, looking quickly into his face.

"I didn't say so." And he smiled a trifle amusedly.

Marjorie felt hurt.

"Oh, Mr. Hyde, it isn't a jesting matter—to me!" she exclaimed, reproachfully.

"Forgive me," he said, becoming perfectly serious in a moment, and drawing her arm through his as he spoke. "Forgive me. I wouldn't have pained you for the world." After a pause he added, very softly: "You believe that, Marjorie?"

She did not answer, though a joyous thrill ran through her veins, and made her heart beat fast.

A few moments later they had reached the house.

* * * * *

That same afternoon, soon after luncheon, Mr. Hyde looked across the table at Marjorie, and said—

"I needn't ask whether your walk did you good. You have grown quite pale in this last day or two, but now the roses are blooming in your cheeks again. Do you know what Madeline is doing, my dear?—whether she is wanting you, I mean."

"No, sir. She is asleep."

"Then get another mouthful of fresh air, my dear. I am going down to the village in a few minutes. Will you walk with me as far?"

"With pleasure, sir."

And she ran upstairs to put on her hat and cloak.

Five minutes later, Charles Hyde, standing beside one of the windows in the upstairs corridor, watched his uncle and Marjorie depart.

He watched them down the drive, through the gate, and out of sight; then, very coolly, and as though he was doing the most natural thing in the world, he crossed the corridor and entered Marjorie's bedroom.

Locking the door carefully behind him, he produced a bunch of keys of all shapes and sizes, and began, with great deliberation, to fit them, one after the other, into the locks of the drawers.

The fifth he tried was successful, and revealed to his view the writing desk, of which Marjorie had spoken.

The lock of this too, was tried, and with the same success.

The same with the little box within it, and finally he held in his hand the tiny ivory box containing the bit of blue enamel.

At this moment there came a low, hurried tap at the door.

Without a moments hesitation, he crossed the room and opened it.

Madeline, her cheeks flushed, her eyes feverishly bright, stood outside wrapped in a dressing gown.

"Have you finished?" she panted. "She is coming down the lane. She will be here in five minutes."

"She may be here in one minute if she chooses," said Charles Hyde, coolly.

He put all the things into their re-

The Modern Frankness.

This is the age of liberty, and in common with many other things, the tongue has received considerable enfranchisement. Subjects which used to be forbidden are now openly mentioned as a matter of course, and topics to which a few decades ago it would have been considered in bad taste to allude are spoken of without reserve.

"How openly people talk of their poverty nowadays," said grandmamma. "I do not think I like it. I prefer the dignified, old-fashioned reserve that bore its privations in secret and showed a brave face to the world. I think for people to be always saying how poor they are sounds like begging, for, of course, it always sets their friends to thinking what they can do for them!

"Another freedom of speech I do not like at all," she continued, "is the universal use of 'swear words,' as the children call them, by really nice girls. They actually say that word that begins with 'd,' which I cannot even repeat with perfect ease. 'Why, what else can I say to express my feelings, grannie?' said my granddaughter the other day when I remonstrated with her about it. 'When I was a girl,' I answered, 'and missed my croquet ball, I said, "Oh, sugar!"' and you ought to have heard her laugh!"

"Well, for my part," said the young matron to whom she was speaking, "I like the honesty of to-day which says just what it thinks. My girls when they are grown up read everything and talk about everything that I do, and I find that their discrimination of what is good and what is bad is quite as good as my own, but I agree with you about the 'swear words,'" she added. "I never hear a woman swear without a shudder."

A Useful Gun.

A new machine gun which may cause a revolution in infantry tactics has been recently invented by a Danish officer and formally adopted by the Danish army. This gun has all the advantages of the old machine gun with none of its disadvantages. Whereas the old style gun is a heavy piece of artillery mounted on wheels, the new gun weighs only thirteen pounds and may be carried, together with its tripod and ammunition, by a single soldier. The tripod which holds the gun is not absolutely necessary, as the weapon may be supported on any makeshift crotch, like an ordinary rifle, when occasion demands it. This portable weapon may be fired at the rate of 300 rounds a minute. Its ammunition is carried in curved magazines, each holding 30 rounds, several of which may be packed side by side in a curved knapsack made for the purpose. It may be carried into many places where a machine gun could never be dragged, as, for instance, mountain fastnesses, where the horses and mules necessary for drawing artillery could not penetrate. Particularly is it adapted to defensive warfare. It has no carriage and needs no shield which may offer itself as a mark to the shells of the enemy. Instead it can be hidden away during the time of a bombardment. Then when the enemy's infantry advances to the attack the useful little guns can be brought forth, placed upon the parapet and fired with deadliest effect. Another use to which this weapon may be put to advantage is the arming of marines, to whom in the small operations on shore in which they are apt to take part it would be of wonderful assistance. Military experts say that the possibilities that may be found in a corps of mounted infantry with a third of its number carrying these weapons and the remainder carrying ammunition are startling to contemplate, as the corps thus equipped would combine the qualities of infantry, cavalry and artillery and would be almost invincible.

Scotch as It is Spoken.

On the occasion of a recent visit which I paid to Tomintoul, says a writer in The Celtic Monthly, I travelled from Balindalloch station by coach, along with some natives of the district, and a few strangers, who took advantage of the ride to make their first mutual acquaintance. Among the visitors was a gentleman with a very pronounced English accent, who seemed to be deeply interested in an old woman belonging to the district. Unfortunately, they could not convey much information to one another without the assistance of an interpreter. The old lady explained very circumstantially, and with great wealth of detail, that she was "richt sair made wi' the roomatics, an' they gist gie every ither stoon that dirls a' up my airm an' clean roon the shouther-bled, till a'm near han' wid wi't, an' surely a'm sair enyoch forfochen this same day wi' a' this traivellin'." Later on her new acquaintance questioned her regarding the longevity of the inhabitants of the district. When the interpreter had again explained, she hastened to inform her interlocutor: "Oo aye awite they div sometimes wachle awa' till a richt lang age," adding, by way of a striking example, "there's mi mither hersel' noo, she 'ud be a hunner an' twa come the morn's week—if she wis livin'."

Relics Found in London.

For weeks past, says The London Express, the London County Council's notices on the hoardings of the Holborn to Strand improvement works, telling workmen, with a promise of a reward, to take any out-of-the-way substance they may find in the soil to the clerk of the works, as it might prove to be valuable, have been carefully studied by the laborers. The old buildings in Holywell street and New Inn did not come within the range of notice, as they were sold as they stood, with anything that might be found therein. Search has been carried on with a zest, not without a certain profit. Included among the finds that have been made is a parchment relating to a State appointment of a former Duke of St. Albans. The document is said to be about 250 years old. Discoveries of coins have been frequent, and have included a Charles I. farthing and shilling. An ancient Newgate token was also brought to light. The demolition of the old chimneys has settled the question where the London pigeons disappear at the close of their days. There are thousands of pigeons in London, yet never a dead one is seen. They are as rare as the proverbial dead donkey. As many as half a dozen pigeon skeletons were found in some of the chimneys, however. The skeleton of a cat was found in one of the cellars. The bones were bleached pure white with age, and expert opinion has stated the remains to be nearly 200 years old. For some days this gruesome relic rested on an improvised pedestal of old timber, and the workmen, with grim playfulness, placed a mummified rat between its grinning teeth. Then one night the twain were stolen, and have not been heard of since.

An Admirer of Shakespeare.

From The London Outlook: The King of Portugal has conceived a low estimate of our national enthusiasm for our greatest dramatist, Shakespeare. When he heard in Paris that a State performance was to be given in his honor at Windsor Castle, he wrote suggesting the representation of some Shakespearian play, he having himself translated several into Portuguese with the collaboration of his father. He was much surprised at learning that not a single play by Shakespeare was running in London, and still more that no representation could be promptly prepared. It may also not be known that the King of Portugal has pronounced musical tastes, which include a frank detestation of the later works of Wagner and a hearty admiration for the tuneful and simple melodies of Verdi in his earlier period.

Skirt-Hitching.

The "Nice Boy" descants upon the subject of Skirt-hitching: "The rumor which prevailed some months ago to the effect that the feminine skirt had been taking a pick-me-up, and was no longer going, like the 'needless Alexandrine,' to 'trail its slow length along like a wounded snake,' has, like many another prophecy, fallen somewhat short in its fulfilment. To-day the pavement-sweeping drapery is still the rule, while the invading short skirt, though it has certainly made its presence felt, is not yet by any means in possession of the field.

"And so the fair feminine is still confronted by the weird and complex problem how, with two hands, which are already somewhat incapacitated by being tightly gloved, she is going to carry her purse, hold up an umbrella, manipulate a muff, and hold up her skirts all at the same time. It is then that she bitterly realizes that she has only got two hands, though she does occasionally get a third hand. (When?—Ed.) Why, when she gets a little behindhand, of course. Don't throw things, please! It certainly seems hard that, at the very time when she wants everything available, for skirt-hitching—namely, on a wet day—one hand at any rate is hopelessly hors de combat, being occupied in wielding the harmless, necessary umbrella.

"But this same question of skirt-hitching is one which lends itself to treatment in an infinite variety of methods, and the careful observer will be able to discover quite a lot about a lady's character by watching her walk across a muddy road upon a damp day.

"There is, for instance, the thrifty girl, whose one idea is to keep the skirt clean, regardless of appearances. She clutches it high and dry, and goes upon her way rejoicing, disdainful of the grins caused by the display of a not too filmy stocking nor over-dainty bottine. There is the clumsy girl, who drags the skirt round all out of position, and by her strenuous efforts generally succeeds in making things far worse than if she had left them alone. There is the girl who has been to school in Paris, who, regardless of rain, discards her umbrella, knowing that no real execution in the way of skirt-hitching can be done unless both hands are called into the service. She knows, too, the exact amount, to a millimetre, of stocking and underskirt that is being put on view, and she is also well aware that both are qualified to bear the minutest inspection, and come out of the ordeal with flying colors.

"This is the girl who generally gets called a coquette by the others, who are painfully aware that their 'revelations' are doing them less credit. But she goes calmly on her way, secure in the knowledge that, if the female critics are spiteful and envious, the mere man is at least appreciative of the fact that she is trying, to the best of her ability, to cheer and beautify the depressing dulness of a sloppy street.

Take it up tenderly,
Grip it with care.
Stockings? Her Sunday-best
Openwork pair."

Without Provocation.

The Court—But did you give no provocation? The Complainant—Divil a bit, your worship. Comin' forninst him, I sez, sez I, "I ain't goin' to quar'll wid you, you dirty, low scud! Don't think ye can provoke me to fight," sez I, "becaze I wouldn't dirthy me hands wid the likes of such a thavin' mongrel!" Wid that I tuck him a skelp wid a bit of a brick an' not another wor-rd was said.

The Gate to Health

Is a hale heart, and the better the blood pump the more vigorous the vitality.

Some know they have weak hearts; others only know that they're ill and don't suspect the heart.

But cure the heart cures every part. No heart is too sound; ninety-nine out of a hundred are disordered or diseased.

Doctors do not get to the heart of the subject; to be effective that is what medicine must do.

Dr. AGNEW'S HEART CURE

enthrones health where disease reigned, in the great center of the system, the heart. Then good blood pumps in full measure, sends new life quivering through every organ and tissue of the body. It means new courage, new cheer, a new lease of life.

Dr. AGNEW'S PILLS

scavengers of the digestive system and healers of the disordered apparatus. Purely vegetable and mild, forty doses for ten cents. One-fifth the price of the next best competing pill. 15

The Daily Grind.

"If you think and talk continually of the weary grind of your daily life, it will continue to seem so, and will not change," says Ella Wheeler Wilcox in an article on "The Kingship of Cheerfulness."

"How rarely do we encounter a human being who does not give utterance to a complaint of this kind! The mother of a family, with her household cares; the father at his office or shop; the teacher, the clerk, the commercial traveler, the merchant, the newspaper man, the author, the artist, and the man and woman of fashion—you have heard them one and all bemoan the monotony of life and its duties.

"Why add your plaint to the monody? Why not sing new words to a more cheerful air? Your work must contain some pleasant features. If it is wholly and absolutely distasteful to you, you can never attain the best success—and you would be wise to seek other employment. This, if you are determined, can be obtained. Once positively make up your mind what you want to do, and set your whole mental forces to bring about the desired result, and you cannot fail to obtain it. No man or woman need remain in a position which makes life cheerless and disagreeable. An intense, persistent desire for something different will bring a change.

"If, however, your work is not all unpleasant, then stop your constant faultfinding about its monotony. Your mind ought to be able to give variety to what you do. The sun rises every morning and sets every night, and no two days are exactly alike. The sky—the wind—the atmosphere—varies. Let your thoughts vary your work. Begin each day with a resolve to find something pleasant and interesting in life. Enjoy your walk or ride to your office or shop. Walk a portion of the way if possible, and amuse yourself by deep inhalations of fresh air. There is great enjoyment in mere breathing, if you know how to do it.

"We often hear it said of a man that he does not know enough to go in when it rains. Such ignorance is much less reprehensible than not knowing enough to breathe, and there are tens of thousands of human beings who belong to that category. Life and work assume much more interesting aspects when we learn how to breathe. If all the way to and from your labor you are feeling sorry for yourself because life is monotonous, you are building the wall higher and higher which shuts you from the things you desire. Stop it! Say each morning, This is to be an interesting and successful day for me. If it does not prove to be, then say it the next morning, and the next—until it comes true."

Do Cut-Off Heads Live?

Everyone is familiar with the story of the nobleman who saved his estates to his heirs by rising from the block and walking three steps after his head had been cut off. This argued something like intelligence in the body. Dr. Oliver Norton, a recent investigator, argues that all the thinking power is in the head, and the axe does not end it. Dr. Norton has been in the naval service for eighteen years. He has been around the world several times. When the allied forces marched to the relief of Pekin he accompanied them. It was on this expedition that he gathered the data that form the basis of his declaration that the death of a man beheaded is not instantaneous. At Canton he witnessed the execution of 36 Chinese in one afternoon, and studied the gruesome spectacle from a purely scientific standpoint. Dr. Norton said: "It was on a Sunday afternoon in last November that the wholesale execution took place. I was standing outside a pottery where official execution ground is situated, when there were loud shouts and a crowd of Chinese came running up. The 36 condemned men followed in litters carried by coolies. The men's elbows were drawn back and pinioned; their hands were bound together, and heavy irons were on their legs. The litters were turned over, and their occupants spilled out on the ground. Seven came in the first batch, and these were forced to kneel in the street and wait nearly ten minutes for the arrival of the others. Piracy and murder were the crimes for which the majority of the men were to be killed. When the others arrived they, too, were made to kneel; the party being arranged in a long line, two and three abreast. A tag was attached to each man's pigtail, and a similar tag was fastened to the blouse. This was for the purpose of identification, and to ensure the burying of each head with the body to which it belonged. A stick stuck out of the collar of each man's blouse, and to this was attached a paper containing an account of the criminal and his crime. The men showed no signs of being under the influence of opium, and were apparently unconcerned. A high official, with a red umbrella, came out to see that justice was done, and a guard of 15 soldiers lined up to prevent any attempt at a rescue. Many of the condemned men exchanged farewells with friends in the crowd of onlookers, but there were no signs of grief or collapse on the part of anyone. Two executioners performed the entire 36 decapitations. The headsmen were armed with heavy two-handed swords. They did their work cleanly and rapidly, and in all but three cases the heads fell at a single stroke. A remarkable feature of the occasion was the demeanor of the spectators. As the sword fell on the first victim there was a wild outburst of cheering, and this was repeated after each stroke. I asked a Chinese the reason for the demonstration, and he said that it was to make the doomed men brave. . . . As the heads fell I examined them closely. There would be a swift upward movement of the eyes, an expression of surprise would come over the face, as if the victim were wondering what had hit him, the lips would move as if in an attempt to speak, and then the faces would turn pale, and a faint, which speedily gave way to death, would follow. Many of the faces showed looks of intelligence at the instant the head fell, but this, of course, was only for a second. In a number of cases a decided effort to swallow was shown and repeated several times. In some instances there was a pronounced effort to speak, judging from the expressions and movements of the lips. There were no convulsive movements in any of the bodies or legs, the heads alone showing signs of life.

The boy brags of what he will do when a man; when he becomes a man he boasts of what he did when a boy.—"Life."

The Feminine Mind.

A Satire by a Man.

There is a rather amusing article in the "Westminster Review" by Mr. James Swinburne, entitled "Feminine Mind-worship." The feminine mind is the type which depends chiefly on memory and is reproductive; the other on reasoning and is creative. These two types he calls the feminine and masculine mind. He says the masculine is much the higher, but the palm is given by universal consent to the mind that is here classed as feminine. Hence he calls his paper "Feminine Mind-worship."

The feminine mind he calls the memory mind, and it is characterized by great respect for every kind of recognized authority, immense admiration for what is old, and an uncritical credulity which accepts dogmas and ideals on no other basis than of authority. A well developed mind ought to be both feminine and masculine, but "the preponderatingly feminine mind seems to me to have much more respect paid to it than is its due." In order to establish his thesis, he sets forth with much emphasis and exaggeration the all-round inferiority of women. Women, he admits, can make a very good show in classics, as it is a subject chiefly involving memory. In history they are not behind men, except in the higher branches. Mathematics is a subject which women can deal with, but though they have never been shut out from it, yet they have never done anything in the highest branches. The creative and the original seem absent from feminine mathematics, as from all feminine work.

When we come to science, we find women are simply nowhere. Many women can do some sort of scientific work, as they are more careful than men and more accurate in taking readings. But that is about the end of their tether. In medicine women have made a good deal of stir without much result. In applied science women do their share, only in the lower ranks as unskilled labor. Women invent nothing, and organize no large businesses.

Women are not good "men of business," owing to the absence of humor and want of a sense of balance and of the relative importance of things. Music is generally supposed to be a feminine art, but there have never been good women composers; they only play the dead bones of music, and are easily beaten by a mechanical piano. At the organ no woman succeeds, and they never understand the mechanism of their instruments. Clergy, men of letters, and highly educated people are notoriously unmusical. In serious fiction women are almost, if not entirely, on an equality with men.

The feminist mind is most highly developed in clergymen. Only men who have specially feminine minds become clergymen, for the clergy have practically stopped all development of the masculine mind for nearly twenty centuries. The masculine mind has broken loose during the last hundred years or a little more, and the result is civilization. Ninety-nine per cent. of our knowledge of Nature has been gleaned in the last century.

Women would do well as clergymen, but they are kept out chiefly because of a mean mistranslation in Corinthians. But the powers that be know better than to let women into the Church. Dog does not eat dog, and women won't worship women, and if women were in the church clergymen worship, on which the churches chiefly depend, would vanish and the whole structure crumble away.

The whole of our education from top to bottom is essentially feminine. We worship the feminine mind; although it is unproductive and useless for the welfare of humanity. The proper study of mankind is man's inside. We ought to be taught physiology and hygiene, and perhaps a little medicine. What do we learn of this? Nothing. After health comes wealth and economies. What do our schools do for us here? Nothing. Our universities? If possible, less. They have feminized economics and dragged it into such low repute that it had much better have been left alone. Every study is feminized by pedagogues as far as possible. Music is a masculine art, but our universities have feminized it away. Our best English composers are those who never had an ordinary feminine musical education. Nevertheless, although women do possess the wrong kind of mind, there is no reason why they should not be as well equipped as possible, and the higher education, Mr. Swinburne graciously admits, is not making them manly; it is merely giving them a chance of doing feminine work which is at present uselessly and wrongly monopolized by men.

An Essay on Woman.

The Woman is the Female of the Human Race, which she wins by a Short Head.

In the Human Race, Man is Scratched. It is Woman who does the Scratching.

She has many Curious Habits. One is to Tie herself up in Whale Bone, and Pull and Squeeze herself in Something Dreadful. Then she Seeks some Man to put his Arm around her Waist and Continue the Squeezing.

Woman's Crowning Glory is her Hair. My Mother is a very Estimable Lady, but I do not Mind Telling you that Half of her Crowning Glory is Usually on the Dressing Table. The other Half appears to Get into the Butter.

Father came Home the other night with a Bright Golden Crowning Glory on his Coat. Mother Dusted his Coat for Him.

Woman considers herself to be the Ornamental Portion of the Community. She is the Drone of the Hive, and Never Works. Only with her Tongue. And that never Stops.

In that Organ, the Tongue, Woman has solved the Secret of Perpetual Motion.

Woman has One Great Quest. It is to Chase Some Poor Fellow until he Gets so Rattled that he proposes to Pay her Board and Lodging for the Rest of her Existence. She then says, "This is so sudden!" and the poor Fool is Booked.

She has Three Objects in Life: First, Dress; Second, Dress; Third, Dress.

She really has another Object—her husband. But he is an Object of Pity.

She is very Fond of Him, and says she Hopes she will never Lose Him. If she Did, she would either have to Get Another or else Work for her own Living.—From "Living Animals," by Ally Sloper.

The Horse of the Andes.

What the camel is to the people of the deserts of Asia and Africa the llama is to those who dwell in the Andes, says W. E. Curtis in his book, "Between the Andes and the Ocean." The llama is a faithful, much-enduring beast, sure-footed and speedy, without the services of which the inhabitants of some parts of the country would be utterly helpless, for mules and horses cannot endure the great altitude and the rarefied atmosphere. It costs nothing to keep llamas; they pick up their food by the wayside, although this seems almost incredible to those who know the barrenness of the terrible deserts. Although the llama is naturally docile and obedient, he has a furious temper, and duels sometimes take place in the herd which continue until one of the combatants is killed, if both are not. When frightened, the llamas scatter over the desert, but when cornered they huddle in groups, with their tails together and their heads out to meet the enemy. Their only weapon of defence is their saliva, which, when they are angry, they squirt through their teeth in showers. A drop of this saliva falling in the ear or eye or any part of the body where the skin is broken will produce a painful irritation, and sometimes dangerous sores, like those that result from the venom of a serpent.

Green Cut Bone For Eggs.

We may obtain some eggs for winter use without feeding cut bone, but by its use we can materially increase the number. The owner of a hundred hens is losing the price of a good cutter every winter by depriving them of the material which he would be able to furnish at a very small cost. We have discovered that for early hatched chicks it is indispensable. To raise strong, healthy, vigorous chicks a substitute must be found to take the place of the bugs, worms, etc., on which they thrive so well later in the season. A mineral substance is also necessary for hardening the frame of the growing chick, and experiments have proved that chicks fed on green cut bone are never subject to leg weakness. But it is as a winter feed for laying hens that we derive the greatest profit from it.—Mrs. Ada B. F. Parsons, in Iowa Homestead.

Famous Brigand.

In Sicily, says The Daily Graphic, one of the most celebrated brigands of to-day is a Francesco Varsalona. He has quite outdone his predecessor Musolino, as he has eluded the carbineers and soldiers for ten years, and has not yet been taken. Like all members of his "profession" he is devoutly religious, and he will run any risk to get to a certain shrine of the Virgin near Castronovo, where he considers himself under particular protection. A picture of him, which accompanies The Graphic's story, was, the article proceeds, taken under the most peculiar circumstances. An amateur photographer passing the shrine just at the moment of the arrival of a man and woman thought the scene picturesque, and "took" it without their being aware of the fact, absorbed as they were in prayers. Not liking the threatening air of the man the photographer left hurriedly. Wishing to induce some peasants in the village of Cammarata to pose for him, he showed this picture, together with others, to the villagers, who instantly recognized the man as the brigand, Varsalona, and the woman as his associate. The sensation created was immense, but the photographer had to decamp, as Varsalona heard of the matter and was furious at having been photographed. It is related of Varsalona that, having committed an extraordinarily brutal murder, he wished to go to his special shrine, but it was guarded by the carbineers. He felt it imperative to get rid of them and resorted to strategy. First his female associate came wringing her hands and crying, "That awful Varsalona has not only burned down the house, but has murdered my mother." Then Varsalona himself rushed forward, disguised as a shepherd, shrieking, "What are you good for if you can't catch that wretch; he has stolen all my sheep." "Where is he?" cried the eager carbineers, falling into the trap. "A few miles down the valley, to the south," returned the other. Whereupon one carbineer left hurriedly, and, when he was out of sight the other was bound and gagged, with the help of the girl, who was as strong as any man. In this condition the unfortunate soldier was left while the brigand said his prayers, and thus he was found when his baffled companion returned.

PICKED UP HERE AND THERE.

Church of England:

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

Rev. F. L. Stephenson, Rector.

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

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

The Atlin Athletic Club was organized last Friday evening with the following officers: President, D. Ross; V. Pres., R. D. Fetherstonhaugh; Secretary-Treas., S. H. Plumbe; Executive, Dr. Young, Sid. Rose and J. D. Lumsden. There is already a membership of twenty. George Hayes has placed at the Club's disposal his fine new hall and gymnastic appliances.

Let your Light so shine.—Use Eocene Coal Oil. For sale at McDonald's Grocery.

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

Oranges, Lemons and Apples—McDonald's Grocery.

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

D. G. Stewart, and his sister and a brother of Frank Mobley, and Miss Ashton are a party leaving Vancouver for Atlin on Tuesday.

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

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

The Discovery Literary Society gave a most successful concert last Saturday. There was a full house and the programme, which was a splendid one, was as follows: Song, Land o' the Leal, J. Letherdale; Recitation, Miss Maloney on the Chinese Question, with an encore, Bob-o-link, Miss Edwards; Song, W. Taylor; Violin, Mandolin and Piano, Messrs. Cartmel, Pilling and Christie; Bagpipes, Mr. McKay; Song, The North Countree, with an encore, Tit for Tat, Mrs. Costigan; Character Song, H. Pavey; Vocal Duet, Mr. and Mrs. Nedled; Reading, Mrs. Lambert; Song, Mr. Hickman; Vocal Duet, Mrs. Mobley and Mr. Morrison; Song, Good Company, with an encore, Let me Like a Soldier Fall, J. D. Lumsden; with gramaphone selections, by Mr. Garrison.

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

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

The concert given by the Ladies' Aid, last week, was an unqualified success. Space forbids us from quoting the programme, which was thoroughly enjoyed. The sum of $50.75 was raised and handed over to the church funds.

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

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

Tuesday's hockey game resulted in a winning for Discovery, with a score of 3 to 2. The visitors were entertained to a most enjoyable "smoker" in the evening. Among the items on the programme were one or two creditable exhibitions of "The Manly Art of Self Defence."

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

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

The Princess May and Dolphin had about twenty passengers for Atlin this week. Among the arrivals we have noted: E. L. Pillman, W. Smail, M. Brophy, Mr. Telky, F. P. Miller, W. McLeod, T. Willis and Mr. Wasson.

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

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

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

Dad Fenn, John Nichol and G. A. Kerr are on the trail.

Tenders Wanted.

Sealed tenders wanted for sinking 90 feet of vertical shaft and 30 feet of drift. Steam hoist, pump, burly drill and tools furnished, cabins, etc., complete.

Owners reserve the right to reject any or all bids.

Bids opened March 25th.

Work to commence April 1st and to be completed on or before June 15th.

For further particulars apply at this Office.

NOTICE.

NOTICE is hereby given that application will be made to the Legislative Assembly of the Province of British Columbia at its next Session for an Act authorizing the British American Dredging Company, Ltd., to divert and appropriate the waters of Pine Creek, in the District of Atlin, in the Province of British Columbia, at a Point above Pine Creek Falls about 300 feet, for the purpose of generating electric power, for the purpose of supplying the same to the mines and dredging operations along Pine Creek and the neighborhood thereof, and to charge tolls therefor.

THE BRITISH AMERICAN DREDGING COMPANY LIMITED.

mh21-8

The Rise and Fall.

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

March 14	15	below
" 15	10	"
" 16	13	"
" 17	6	above
" 18	21	"
" 19	10	"
" 20	5	"

HARD CEMENT

Continued from Fifth Page.

No. 2, 40 per cent nitro, which was found to be more satisfactory generatly, and while black powder in this kind of ground seems to shatter and break up the cement a little more, the convenience of handling the first named finally decided us in its favor.

It is of the utmost importance that all details of the work be arranged systematically, for upon the proper performance of the same depends, in a great measure, the degree of success attained, the other elements of success being the presence of gold in paying quantities, and adequate means for saving it, which will be described in another article—to appear next week.

IMPORTANT

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

Ogilvie Flour, per sack	$3.25	D G Sugar, per lb	.10 c.
Patent, do do	3.25	Agen Butter, 1-lb tins	.50 c.
Cream, Hotel size, per doz	4.75	Rex Hams, per lb	.23 c.
do Family size do	2.50	Cornmeal, 10lb sack	.85 c.
Milk, Reindeer do	2,25	Rolled Oats, B & K	.65 c.
Clams, per doz	2.75	Blue Ribbon Tea, per lb	.50 c.
Canned Corn, per doz	2.40	T & B Cut Tobacco, do	$1.00
Peas do	2.25	do Chewing do	.75 c.
Beans do	2.25	Ovo, per tin	.75 c.
Tomatoes do	3.75	Salmon, per doz	2.25
C & B Jams, 1-lb tins, per doz	3.50		

ALL OTHER GROCERIES REDUCED

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

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

BLACKETT & CO.

Russell Hotel,

DIXON BROTHERS, Proprietors

Pool & Billiards, Free.

Freighting and Teaming. Horses and Sleighs for Hire.

Vancouver General Store,

Dealers in Provisions, Dry Goods, Etc.,

A. S. Cross & Co.

DRINK THE BEST

"NABOB TEA."

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

For Sale by all First Class Grocers.

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

NOTICE.

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

E. P. QUEEN.

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

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 parcel or tract of land for agricultural purposes: Commencing at a post planted on the east shore of Atlinto River; thence 20 chains in a northerly direction along the shore of Taku Arm; thence 20 chains in an easterly direction; thence 20 chains in a southerly direction; thence 20 chains in a westerly direction, to the point of commencement, containing 40 acres more or less.

T. Hinchcliffe.

Taku City, B. C., December 18th, 1902.

mr5-8t

THIRD GRAND MASK

FANCY DRESS

CARNIVAL

ON THE

ATLIN SKATING RINK

SATURDAY, MARCH 21ST.

In Aid of Atlin Fire Department.

Six Handsome Prizes.

C. P. N. Co.,

—ALASKA ROUTE SAILINGS—

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

PRINCESS MAY, Mar. 7, 18 and 28

do. April, 7, 17 & 27

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