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VICTORIA, B.C.

THE ATLIN CLAIM.

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WAR NEWS.

Port Arthur, March 19:—Last night and today passed quietly. According to information received from the Russians at Shanghai, in in the fighting at Port Arthur on February 10th. and 11th., the Japanese battleship "Mikasa" was struck by ten projectiles and was seriously damaged. The Japanese battleship and two cruisers are docked for repairs at Nagasaki. At Sasebo two thousand wounded Japanese are said to be in the hospitals.

Berlin, March 19:—A correspondent of the "Lokal Anzeiger" at Seoul confirms the report that the Russian Horse Artillery has withdrawn to the North bank of the Yalu River and says that part of the cavalry has also withdrawn.

St. Petersburg, March 19:—The Gazette expresses the hope that the Anglo-French understanding will result in a more friendly attitude of Great Britain towards Russia.

Cheefoo, 21 st.—A private despatch from Mukden states that a battle has been fought on the Yalu River, in which the Russians claim to have captured 1,800 Japanese prisoners. All indications now point to the Yalu as the probable scene of a bloody battle in a few days. To reach Mukden or any point on the railroad, to cut off the supplies from Port Arthur, the Japanese must overcome the opposing force of Russians numbering over 200,000 troops, all concentrated where they can be made available at any crossing of the Yalu, in a day or two. The battle reported is of a skirmish nature, and more news of the same character is hourly expected.

St. Petersburg, 21st.—Russian troops continue to pour into North Korea in excellent condition. It is said here that typhus fever is raging among the Japanese forces.

Cronstadt, 21.—The commander in-chief and Admiral Birileff have inspected the battleships Alexander III, Naravin Sissoi, and Yilky, the cruiser Svietland and the torpedo boats which are here preparing for foreign cruise. The chief constructor promises to have all the warships now building on the Neva ready by June to proceed to the Far East, if the authorities decide to send them there.

Tokio, 21.—The British minister here refuses to endorse the application of Hales, the correspondent of the London Daily News, to accompany the Japanese army, giving as his reasons that the reports Hales sent of the Transvaal Boer war were slanderous to the Boer army. The Japanese government requires all correspondents to have the endorsement of the resident minister of the country they represent; Hales is therefore excluded from all connection with the army movements.

Wei Hai Wei 22nd:—A Russian diplomat here declares that neither Russia, Japan nor any other country can guarantee life or property at New Chwang or any other point on the Valu river. He declares the entire territory of the boundary between Korea and Manchuria is soon to be made the scene of the bloodiest conflict in history.

St. Petersburg, March 22:—The "Novoe Vremya" publishes prominently a Paris despatch declaring it to be believed there that a triple alliance of China, Japan and Korea has been formed. This was the real object of the Marquis Ito's visit to Seoul, just completed. Said a Military Attache of the Naval Office, "If all the nations of the earth were as familiar with the Mongol and his ways as is Russia, the triple alliance of the yellow peoples reported from Paris would excite dire alarm. It is for the protection of the peoples of the earth as well as for herself that Russia takes the position now that she cannot and will not be defeated. Once Russia withdraws her strong arm from the East, the yellow peril would be upon the nations of the earth in earnest".

Vin Kow, March 22:—The German Consul here has notified all German subjects who have remained at New Chwang that they do so at their own risk.

Chefoo, 22:—The Chinese Ping Yang squadron of four cruisers has just arrived here. It is understood it will proceed to New Chwang just as soon as the ice has cleared away.

St. Petersburg, 22;—Beyond the movement of troops to the Far East, which is progressing satisfactorily in accordance with the Russian plans, the advices indicate little change in the situation. No official information announcing collisions of opposing forces were received up to noon. This Government has no information to substantiate the reported capture of 1800 Japanese at Valu River, Saturday.

Seoul, 22nd:—The Japanese have stopped Brigadier General Henry T. Allen, formerly chief of the Philippine constabulary and now U. S. military observer of the Japanese army at Ping Yang, requesting him not to proceed nearer their outposts.

St. Petersburg, 23:—The authorities here are skeptical in regard to the report of the Japanese squadron being sighted off the port of New Chwang.

St. Petersburg, 23:—The "Russ" in an editorial today on Russia's new protest against the violation of the Hague Convention in bombarding the Quarantine Hospitals of the Shan Taio Islands opposite Port Dalny, declare that Japan cannot meet the charge by pleading ignorance of the character of the buildings on the island as the bombardment of unfortified towns and buildings is forbidden by that same Convention. The "Russ" adds that Japan's act is a flaunting of all the powers signatory thereto.

Tokio, 23:—The Japanese Government denies the Paris report that France is acting in behalf of Russia and has protested on account of the bombardment of the Quarantine Station on the Shan Taio Islands on March 10th.

Irkutsk, 23:—General Kuropatkin, commanding all the Russian troops in the Far East, arrived here last night and left again for Lake Baikal this morning.

Tokio, March 24;—A despatch from Maji says the Japanese fleet made another attack on Port Arthur on March 18th. and bombarded early and late at the defenses. The Japanese fought a furious engagement with the Russian fleet outside the harbor, destroying one Russian battleship. Seven Japanese casualties are reported. No information is at hand concerning the condition of the Japanese fleet. The Navy Department is not advised further as to this engagement, but evidently expects pleasant news.

When the Japanese fleet arived off the harbor, the Russian fleet filed out and was in battle array before the first shot was fired. Four Russian Cruisers gave chase to a fleet of ten Japanese torpedo boats when they arrived within three miles. The longer Russian range caused them to retreat but brought the Russian warships within range of the Japanese guns. What damage was inflicted is not known, but a Russian battleship coming up and having a much longer range was made the focus of the assault. She steamed away, evidently in a sinking condition, the cruisers following up the crew.

London, 14th:—A correspondent of the Times at Tokio cables that it is rumored the Japanese ships succeeded in blockading the entrance to Port Arthur.

New Chwang, 25.—Prince Alatsin, sovereign of Mongolia, enroute to his capital, has arrived at Kin Chow from Pekin and Japan. In accordance with the declaration of Chinese neutrality, the Prince has commanded a strict observance of the neutrality of Mongolia, thus rendering illegal the large pony and beef traffic upon which the Russians depended. The maintenance of this neutrality by the Chinese of the region between the Great Wall and the Liao River is said to be complete, thus contrasting with Russian violation of neutrality by the maintenance of armed patrols and guards half way to Shan Hai Kwan.

Tien Tsin, 25.—Viceroy Yusk has prohibited the Chinese purchasing Chinese newspapers at Chippao, on the ground that they had published an untrue article referring to the bad conduct of the imperial troops on the border which tended to incite the people.

Moscow, 25.—The municipality is cutting down the city budget in order to provide the $500,000 voted for war purposes. Instead of twenty new schools, only five will be opened.

St. Petersburg, 25.—The war office is the recipient of persistent reports that the Japanese are preparing to land troops on Chinese territory on the west coast of the Gulf of Liao Tung, either at Tien Kiau Cheng, Kiu Chau Bay, or at Shan Hai Kwan.

London, 25.—It is officially denied that the Russian armoured cruiser Bayan was blown up by a floating torpedo at Port Arthur, March 16th.

OUR CAMP.

Atlin, which has been rapidly coming to the fore, will be more prosperous in 1904 than in any other year of its existence. This is the opinion of Mr. J. H. Brownlee, who for five years has been one of the largest operators in that Camp, and is, besides, one of the best known mining men in the Province.

Some important amalgamations of interests have taken place, and these will result in work of a larger extent, without the friction which has often militated against successful operations. The consolidation of the hydraulic interests on Spruce Creek has been consummated, and the Spruce Creek Power Company, Limited is the name under which new concern will develop the valuable properties on this Creek.

The interests on McKee Creek have been brought together, the Atlin Mining Company, Limited, selling out to the Hamshaws and their associates. The claims on McKee Creek have been successfully worked for the past five years.

The Deeks and Steendyke interests on Pine Creek have also been consolidated under one management This is the Creek on which placer gold was discovered in Atlin, and, strange enough, the first hole was sunk in gravel, than which there has been none richer found in the District.

Although Atlin's fame is only since 1899, it was prospected long before. Mining men from that District tell of finding cabins which are at least fifty years old, and which indicate that the roamer after the phantom yellow had been there long before.

(News-Advertiser.)

THE MODEL AT VIVON'S

By IZOLA L. FORRESTER

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The model at Vivon's had fainted.

It was in the middle of the morning sitting, the very apex of intensity in the lesson. Little Vivon moved lightly and restlessly here and there from one easel to another, his small, black eyes mere high lights of sparkling eagerness under their heavy brows. He smoked his short, thick pipe and glanced from the charcoal studies to the slim white figure on the platform.

The sunlight poured full into the long, bare atelier. Suddenly the model swayed ever so slightly and sank to the floor.

Some of the girls gave quick, frightened cries, and Jean Laurier glanced up with a smothered exclamation of angry dismay over his unfinished sketch. From the first easel to the right of the platform the American student, Hal Crane, sprang to the platform and raised her head on his arm. It was such a young head. The loose, warm tinted hair lay softly against his shoulder, and he noticed for the first time how thin the small, piquant face was.

Vivon hopped excitedly the length of the room and waved his small plump hands for order.

"It is nothing," he said. "She is fatigued, it is so warm. Can you carry her, M. Crane?"

Could he carry her? Crane smiled grimly as he raised the slender figure in his arms. Why, his little sister Bess, back in Crawfordsville, Mo., was heavier than this. He followed Vivon from the atelier away from the battery of amused, curious eyes to the artist's private den.

"Ma foi," laughed petite Yvette, her eyes narrowing critically, "that was not bad, that last. I think I shall faint, too, and let le gros Crane waltz me off in his arms."

Laurier leaned lazily over her shoulder and scrawled a rough caricature on the corner of her paper.

"Like that?"

She boxed his ears soundly and reached a greedy little hand after the box of bonbons Elsie Ticot was passing. The model was forgotten.

"Lay her there." Vivon nodded to a corner divan in the inner studio heaped high with pillows, sketches and costumes. Crane ruthlessly pushed the latter off with his foot to make room for his burden. He laid her down gently and held to her lips the glass of water Vivon brought.

"It is just faintness, yes?" asked Vivon anxiously.

Crane stared thoughtfully at the white face among the pillows. He had been hungry once back in the first days of the battle. The little home in Crawfordsville had sent him out to the great city of his dreams, and only long afterward had the fight been his own. He thought he recognized the look that comes to those who are tracked by the wolf.

"I think that she's just about starved," he said bluntly. "Get some wine or brandy or something."

Vivon obeyed. The Americans had a way that made men obey.

"Who is she?" asked Crane when he had managed to get a few drops of brandy between the pale lips.

"One of Ribaut's models," Vivon answered nervously. The sounds from the atelier were not conducive to peace of mind. Yes, she was a new one. Ribaut had sent her to him yesterday, and he had engaged her for the poise, the grace, the turn of the head, that line from the tip of the ear to the slope of the shoulder. She did not pose for the life classes, merely for drapery and the poise effective. And the name—it was in his notebook.

He took it out and read from the latest entries:

"Virginia Wade."

"American?" asked Crane, using more brandy as he saw a flutter of the eyelids.

"But, yes." Vivon shrugged his shoulders. "When they come over and are poor they must do something. Some are so proud they hide away and starve, and some put up the grand fight."

"Where does she live?"

Crane glanced up. The little artist had gone back to the atelier as a fresh crash sounded, with Yvette's peal of laughter ringing above it.

When the girl's eyelids opened he smiled down at her in a friendly fashion.

"Feel better?"

"I guess so." She hesitated and added, with a scared look in her dark blue eyes, "Did I faint in there?"

"Oh, yes; that was nothing. Lots do." Laurier had said the American had reduced cheerful lying to an art. "It's so hot there in the mornings, you know."

There was a quiver of hopeless disappointment around the curves of her mouth, and he knew what troubled her. There was a five franc piece in his pocket. He laid it unblushingly on the tabouret beside her.

"Vivon said that was yours. He couldn't wait, but he said to come tomorrow, and this is for the two sittings."

Her eyes brightened with surprise, and he knew his surmise had been right.

"I must go home," she said, trying to rise from the cushions.

"Wait while I get a carriage." Crane started for the door decidedly. "I'll send one of the girls to help you."

She thanked him with a smile that made him whistle as he went down two flights three steps at a time. When he returned he carried her down to the carriage with a masterfulness that asked no permission, and she did not demur when he took the seat beside her.

It was not hard to find her "sky parlor," as Crane called it mentally, off the Rue des Sœurs Claires. He called there the next evening, and she met him at the head of the dusty landing with a shy dignity and led the way into her attic apartment as if it had been a Louis Quinze reception room in pink and gold. A young girl, younger even than herself, sat in an easy chair by the window and smiled up at him.

"This is Lucille, my sister," Virginia said simply. Crane's quick eyes noticed the slim pair of crutches leaning beside the chair. He knew why she had posed at Ribaut's and Vivon's, why she had not hidden her poverty and starved in silent pride.

The next time he came he brought flowers for Lucille, and a new grateful friendliness flashed in the other's blue eyes.

It became a regular thing, that walk home from Vivon's to the Rue des Sœurs Claires. She showed him some of her sketches, and Crane promptly took a bunch under his arm and hawked them around the art stores with a devout persistency his own had never known. Before a month had passed she had picked up odd work coloring pen and ink proofs for one of the weeklies, and at last there came a day when she left Vivon's for good, and the future was full of hope.

"And we shall see, la-la-la; we shall see now," laughed Yvette. "He is in earnest, le gros Crane. The wedding bells will go ding-a-ling, and the little white faced Virginia will have roses in her cheeks."

"It's all your doing," Virginia told him that night when they parted at her door. "I was worn out and heart sick that day when I fainted, and you cheered me, and—and"— She faltered and held out her hand to him. There was a five franc piece in it. "Please take it back," she said. "Vivon told me, and I think it was just splendid of you."

Crane flushed hotly, but he took it. He knew her pride and that to her it was a debt of honor.

"And after today, what?" he asked. "I shall miss the walk home, and you will forget Vivon's and me."

She bent her head low over the bunch of pink roses he had given her for Lucille, and something in her silence gave him courage.

"Virginia, if you would only give me the right to sweep you and Lucille away from this, the sky parlor and the struggle that never ends! I'm strong and have gained a footing, and you could study then"— he rambled on with boyish helplessness. "I've loved you ever since that day at Vivon's when your head lay on my shoulder, and I wanted to lift you up and carry you away from it all—Laurier and Yvette and old Vivon and all of them. You seemed so different and little and alone."

She was silent still, and he waited. Out over the city some bells were ringing slow, sweet chimes, and the sparrows were fluttering sleepily around the eaves of the sky parlor over their heads.

One of the roses fell at her feet, and he raised it tenderly.

"Do you think I had better go?" The dark blue eyes looked up at him at last, and he bent toward her eagerly. "Virginia, sweetheart?"

She held the roses close to her lips and smiled at him over them.

"Won't you come up and tell Lucille?" she said softly, and he followed her up the long, dusty stairs to the sky parlor.

Music as Medicine.

From the days of Saul and David music has no doubt been the means of alleviating, if not of actually curing, many serious cases of mental disease. Modern experience has proved this conclusively, and many instances may be quoted from ancient history.

Pythagoras commended music in the treatment of the insane, and Thales, when a pestilence ravaged Sparta, found in music his most powerful means of combating it. Hepocrates soothed maniacs by it, and Theophrastus held that even the bites of venomous reptiles were rendered less fatal by subjecting the victims to the influence of melody.

When Philip of Spain was in a morbid and desponding condition, Farinelli, the vocalist, was sent for by the queen, with a party of musicians, to sing and play in the adjoining room. The effect was a speedy and rapid cure.

Both Buckman and Hufeland relate instances in which music has cured cases of St. Vitus' dance, and Becker and Schneider demonstrated practically its influence in different cases of hysteria.

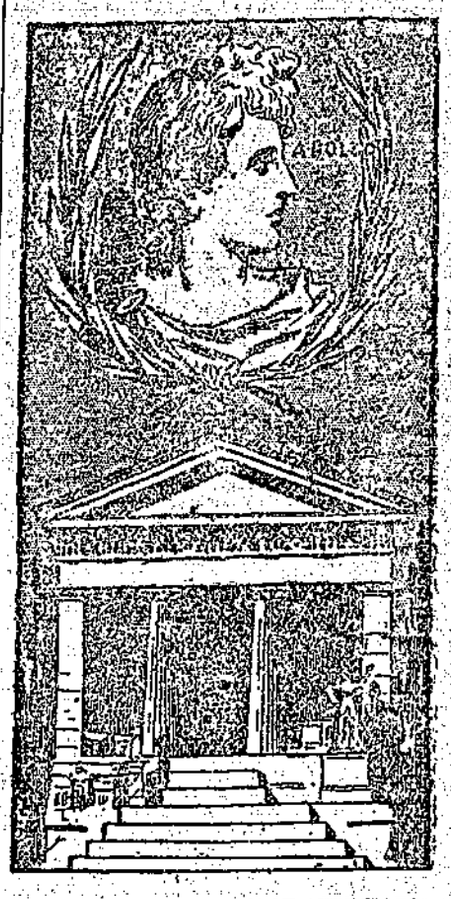
SHRINE OF APOLLO.

RICH FINDS DUG UP FROM RUINED TEMPLE OF DELPHI.

Two Years' Excavations Just Terminated Reveal the History of Greece for Fifteen Centuries—The Vatican of Ancient World, From Which Her Priests Exercised Very Great Political Power in Bygone Times.

The French Archaeological School at Athens has finished its ten years' excavations upon the site of Delphi, the great sanctuary of Apollo, and has turned over the site to the Greek Government. The work accomplished has been of almost inestimable value to science. The inscriptions, monuments and sculptures brought to light comprise offerings to the Delphic oracle from all parts of the ancient world. Magnificent buildings, statues, columns and altars erected by great princes and states have been found side by side with thousands of rude votive images from the poorest and humblest.

The Delphian shrine, as it now lies exposed, consists of a large irregular quadrangle upon the hillside below Mount Parnassus, with gates at intervals in its walls, the main entrance being at the southeast corner opposite the Castilian spring. From this gate the Sacred Way, paved and lined on either side with votive buildings, etc., leads up in winding curves to the great temple of Apollo, of which only the substructure remains, revealing the chamber where the oracles were delivered. Before this temple stood the altar of the Chians, dedicated in the fifth century B. C., but the excavations have proved that it had been a place of sacrifice from a remote age. Above the temple stood the theatre, one of the best preserved buildings in Greece, and the Lesche, a building mentioned by Pausanias as containing two celebrated series of paintings by Polygnotus.



APOLLO AND TREASURY OF ATHENIANS.

The most important of the buildings from the point of view of the artist are the treasuries, small temples in which the various cities deposited their offerings. These are all in ruins, but so many of the fragments have been recovered that it has been decided to re-build one of them, the treasury of Athens, a trophy of the battle of Marathon. This stands on the Sacred Way, and just beyond it are the Rock of the Sibyl and the famous Stoa of the Athenians.

The bas-reliefs, sculptures and inscriptions now in the museum are of so varied character and so great number that it is impossible to enumerate them. The richly carved Omphalos, the stone which was supposed to mark the centre of the earth, and a bronze statue of a charioteer of the greatest artistic beauty, dedicated about 472 B. C. by Polyzelos, brother of the tyrant of Syracuse, would alone have justified the expense of the excavations.

Tradition connects the name Delphi with the legend of Apollo transformed into a dolphin accompanying and guiding the ships which brought the first Cretan settlers to this shore. Homer called it Pytho, which name connects with a still earlier time, when Apollo dispossessed the original deities of the place and slew the python which guarded it.

From the ninth century before Christ the fame of the Oracle of Delphic Apollo was fully established and continued until its abolition by Theodosius, about 385 A. D. Its rich treasures exposed Delphi to attacks of the enemy, and in 480 B. C. Xerxes attempted to take it. In 279 B. C. Brennus and his Gauls made an attack on the sacred city, but were unsuccessful. In the sixth century the temple was destroyed by an earthquake, but was rebuilt. It was again destroyed and rebuilt in the fourth century B. C. It was plundered several times by the Phocians in 356 B. C. and by Sulla in 86 B. C. and again by Nero in a fit of rage because the oracle disapproved of his killing his mother. Constantine the Great carried off some of its treasures, and the bronze pedestals of the Plataean trophy is to be seen in Constantinople to-day.

From the earliest mythical times down to the time of Julian the Apostate the whole civilized world sought enlightenment from the lips of the Pythian prophetess of Apollo, and during all that long period her commands were obeyed, and her priests exercised a political power equal to that wielded by the Church of Rome over Catholic Europe in the middle ages.

THE LATE MRS. HOPPER.

An Oshawa Lady Who Lived to the Great Age of Four Years Over a Century.

Mrs. Richard Hopper, who died in Oshawa on Nov. 21, at the age of 103 years and eight months, was probably the oldest resident of Canada. She retained her reason, hearing and sight up to the time of her death and exercised her senses with a keenness and intelligence that were nothing short of remarkable. Mrs. Hopper was born on March 25th, 1800, in Devonshire, England, and when she was six years of age all England celebrated the great victory of Lord Nelson at Trafalgar. She remembered, and never tired of telling, how the bluffs all along the British Channel sparkled with the bonfires in honor of the occasion. She was a true British subject and her face would light up when she told of the rejoicing that followed the news of the defeat of the French at Waterloo, and the sullen retreat of the formidable French Emperor.

LATE MRS. HOPPER.

This remarkable woman lived during the reign of five British sovereigns, and in three centuries. Born in the eighteenth century, she outlived the nineteenth, and enjoyed health and happiness for nearly three years of the twentieth century.

Mrs. Hopper was married in Devonshire, England, at the age of twenty, and with her husband emigrated to Canada in 1853, locating at Whitby, Ontario. She resided there about two years, then came to Oshawa, where she made her home with her daughter, Mrs. Petrie. In 1893 she went to live with her son, Mr. Thos. Hopper, Oshawa, and remained with him up to the time of her death.

A great many years ago she was presented to the late Queen Victoria, who gave her a rare coin, which is still in the possession of her family. At the age of ninety-eight she composed a series of verses. Her husband died in 1885, at the age of eighty-five. Four of her nine children are still living. They are: Mrs. John Colwell of Leaskdale, aged eighty-four years; Mrs. Matthew Hodson, Hespeler; R. Hopper, Grand Rapids, Mich., and Thos. Hopper, Oshawa. The accompanying cut was made from a photo of Mrs. Hopper taken at the age of one hundred and one years.

A CANADIAN STAR.

Miss Margaret Anglin, Daughter of Former Commons Speaker.

Miss Anglin is a daughter of the late Hon. T. W. Anglin, Speaker of the House of Commons, and was educated at Loretto Abbey in Toronto. Her theatrical career has been almost phenomenal and she is to-day easily in the first rank of actresses. Miss Anglin's co-star this season, Mr. Henry Miller, is also a Canadian and made his first venture into the dramatic field from Toronto. They have been playing a Canadian engagement in Ottawa, Montreal and Toronto.

MISS MARGARET ANGLIN.

Mountaineering Records.

Mountaineering records have recently been broken in two respects in the Hunza Nagar peaks of the Himalayas on the northwest frontier of India. For four years past Mr. and Mrs. Bullock Workman have been carrying on climbing operations in those parts with the aid of Swiss guides. A short time ago Dr. Workman and two guides climbed an unnamed peak near the Chogo Loongma glacier to a height of 23,394 feet. They did not quite reach the top, but this is higher than the previous world's record, which is the summit of Aconcagua in the Andes, 23,083 feet. Mount Everest, however, the highest peak in the world, still remains unconquered. On the same day Mrs. Workman reached a height of 22,568 feet, which breaks the previous record for women—held by herself—by 1,568 feet. Mrs. Workman is mild-looking and middle-aged, with gray hair and a by no means athletic figure.

Tea in India.

The half million acres cultivated in tea in India produce 190,000,000 pounds, the investment being about $100 an acre. The labor required is thirteen persons to the acre. One pound of India tea will produce seven and one-half gallons of tea of a given strength, while the tea of China will produce but five gallons.

The Conscientious Citizen.

"This conscience doth make cowards of us all," said the thoughtful and sanctimonious citizen as he stepped off a Druid Hill car.

"Yes?" said his friend.

"Now, if there's one thing I'm conscientious about it's about extravagance."

"Yes, I noticed that," murmured the friend.

"This morning I started downtown in plenty of time to have walked to the office. A car came by me, and, largely through force of habit, but more through man's natural laziness, I hopped it."

"Yes?" said the friend.

"I hadn't any more than got on that car than my conscience began to upbraid me for the unnecessary extravagance in little things. It kept worrying me so much that I was just impelled to atone for the reckless step by beating the conductor and thus saving my nickel after all, since which time my conscience has been perfectly clean."—Baltimore American.

Rag Carpets.

There are old garments, sheets and pillow cases in almost every house that might be utilized in making a rag carpet, and there is no floor covering that in point of usefulness or economy can compare with it.

When a garment that cannot be worn comes from the wash, cut off the buttons and bands, and tear it into strips from one-half to three-fourths of an inch wide; the finer they are the prettier the carpet will be. Put them in a bag or box with a closely-fitting cover, so they will be protected from the dust. The work of sewing them is neither tedious nor difficult. When you have enough for a carpet, mix them thoroughly so that the colors will be evenly distributed. Take them to the sewing machine, lap the ends of two strips and sew across the lap and back again; then without raising the machine, first prepare the next strip and sew it. Continue until you have about a pound sewed, then clip the threads and wind into a ball. Rich dark colors hit or miss and woven with dark chain produce a good effect and are very pretty for bedrooms, but is too dark for a room that is in constant use, for a dark carpet shows dirt more than a light one. Hit or miss carpets usually have several colors in the warp arranged in stripes.

If you wish to make a striped carpet, save the dark rags for the hit or miss part, and color the light rags yellow, red, blue and green with diamond dye for cotton. They make the carpet bright, and will be pretty as long as it lasts. Black and white warp woven in brick work is pretty for striped carpets, or all brown or black may be used, and will look better than bright colors. Get the best warp, for it is always the warp that wears out first, and have the weaver put five hundred threads in a carpet one yard wide. One pound of warp will be required for three yards, and one and one-fourth pounds of rags will weave a yard of carpet.—Elsie Gray, in Country Gentleman.

A Doubtful Prospect.

"Dat wuz mighty poor comfort dey give Br'er Thomas on his sick bed," said Brother Dickey.

"What dey tell him?"

"Preacher tol' him dey wuz a bright prospect ahead of him."

"En what he say ter dat?"

"Tol' 'em dat what wuz a-worryin' er him—it wuz so bright it wuz blazin'!"—Atlanta Constitution.

Easy.

In the temporary absence of the beauty editor this question was handed by mistake to the sporting editor:

"How shall one get rid of superfluous hairs on the upper lip?"

"That's easy," he wrote in reply. "Push the young man away."—Chicago Tribune.

That Was All.

Mr. McCorkle—This statue you speak of was an equestrian one, was it?

Mrs. McCorkle—No; it was just a man on horseback.—Detroit Free Press.

THE ATLIN TRADING COMPANY, LIMITED.

Big Clearance Sale of Winter Dry Goods

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

Men's all wool Toques	$0:75 & $1:00	Reduced to	$0:50
Men's Mackinaw Coats	$5:50	" "	$4:00
Men's all wool Canadian Tweed Pants	$3:50	"	$2:50
Men's all wool Halifax " "	$4:00	"	$3:00
Men's all wool Grey Socks	$0:50	"	3 for $1:00
Ladies' Natural wool Underwear	$3:00	"	$2:50 suit.
Ladies' Combination Stockings & Rubbers		"	$1:75

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

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

LATEST WIRES.

Boston, Mass., 22nd:—Reports from various parts of New England indicate that this morning's earthquake was felt nearly all over the New England States and Maritime Provinces of Canada. The extent and severity was the most remarkable in thirty years. Windows rattled and furniture was thrown down in several instances. No other damage was reported.

New York, 22nd:—Former mayor Wm. R. Grace, in his 72nd year, just died of pneumonia.

Dublin, 23rd:—The Nationalists, of the St. Stephens Green Division of Dublin, have elected Lawrence Waldron to fill the vacancy in the House of Commons made by the death of James McCann. The majority is 620 over his opponent, Mr. Matheson. Mr. Waldron is a wealthy Stock Broker.

Ottawa, 23rd:—The ratification of the Grand Trunk Pacific agreement will be moved by the Premier Laurier on Thursday.

Lima, Peru, 23:—Advices from La Paz, Bolivia, announce that the traditional treasure of the Incas has been discovered at Challacatia. It amounts to $18 000.000.00. The discoverers are of various nationalities and are now quarrelling over the treasure, although a legal contract exists between them as to the division.

Ottawa, 23:—The Militia Act has been amended, exempting from duty all persons whose religious convictions are antagonistic to war.

A new clause provides that all youths from 12 to 18 are liable to cadet drill and military training.

Stanford University, Cal.—Norman Doyle, the Stanford track athlete, broke the world's amateur record today for the pole vault, crossing the bar at 12 feet and ¾ inches which is 1 and ¾ inches above the best previous record.

Vancouver, 24th:—The B. C. government will strenuously oppose any Imperial move towards removing the restrictions on Chinese immigration. Premier McBride, in an interview today, said, as an imperialist he very much regretted the introduction of Chinese labor in South Africa. The stand he is taking in the matter excites extended comment from the London papers.

Ottawa, 24th:—Parliament will adjourn on Wednesday, over Easter. Premier Laurier has announced that all business the government proposes to submit for the consideration of Parliament is now before the House, which insures a short session and an early dissolution.

Continued on Eighth Page.

NOTICE.

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

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

F. T. Troughton.

NOTICE.

Sixty days from date we will apply to the Chief Commissioner of Lands and Works for permission to purchase the following described Lands, in the Atlin District. Commencing at a Post marked B. A. D. Co's South West Corner, about [500] five hundred feet Northeasterly from the South West corner of the Flora hydraulic Bench lease on North side of Pine Creek, thence East [20] twenty chains. Thence North [10] ten chains thence West (20) twenty chains, thence South [10] chains more or less to point of commencement. Containing (20) twenty acres more or less.

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

NOTICE.

NOTICE is hereby given that Sixty days after date I intend to apply to the Chief Commissioner of Lands and Works for permission to purchase the following described land situated on Taku Arm, at the mouth of Otter River,—viz; Commencing at a post marked J. A. P. Corner Post placed on the Lake Shore, thence in a Westerly direction a quarter of a mile, thence in a Southerly direction one mile, thence in an Easterly direction one mile, thence following the lake shore in a Northerly direction to place of commencement, containing in all 160 acres more or less.

Dated at Atlin, B. C. this 8th. day of January 1904.

J. A. Perkinson.

THE

Atlin Studio.

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OF

Atlin and, Alaska,

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C. P. R. Co.,

—ALASKA ROUTE SAILINGS—

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

Princess May, March 5th., 15th. and 25th.

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

E. S. Wilkinson, P.L.S. Wm. Brown, C.E.

WILKINSON & BROWN

Provincial Land Surveyors & Civil Engineers.

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

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THE GRAND HOTEL

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

French Restaurant in Connection.

DAVID HASTIE, PROPRIETOR.

Corner of First and Discovery Streets.

THE WHITE PASS & YUKON ROUTE.

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

TIME TABLE.

— IN EFFECT JANUARY 7 1903. —
Daily except Sunday.

No. 3 N. B. 3rd class.	No. 1 N. B. 1st class.				No. 3 S. Bound 1st class.		No. 4 S. Bound 2nd class.
8. 30 p. m.	9. 30 a. m.	LV.	SKAGUAY	AR.	4. 30 p. m.	AR	4. 15 a. m.
10. 30 "	10. 55 / 11. 00	"	" WHITE PASS	"	3. 05 / 3. 00	"	2. 10 "
11. 40 a.m.	11. 45	"	" LOG CABIN	"	2. 10	"	1. 20 "
12. 30	12. 15 / 12. 35	p.m	" BENNETT	"	1. 35 / 1. 15	p.m	12. 30 p.m.
2. 45 "	2. 10	"	" CARIBOU	"	11. 50	a.m	10. 10 "
6. 40 "	4. 30	"	AR WHITE HORSE	LV	9. 30	LV	7. 00 "

Passengers must be at depots in time to have Baggage inspected and checked. Inspection is stopped 30 minutes before leaving time of train.

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

J. G. Cornell.

Nugget Hotel

Discovery.

OPEN DAY AND NIGHT.

FIRST-CLASS RESTAURANT IN CONNECTION.

Headquarters for Brook's stage.

Pine Tree Hotel.

DISCOVERY, B. C.

NEW DINING ROOM NOW OPEN, Furnishing The BEST MEALS IN CAMP.

Finest of liquors. Good stabling.

Ed. Sands, Proprietor.

O. K. BATHS BARBER SHOP

F. Shields & Eddy Dup

Now occupy their new quarte to the Bank of B. N. A., First st next street. The bath rooms are equally as g and as found in cities. Private Entrance f ladies.

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PAINTS & OILS.

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OF CANADA

Capital, $1,000,000.

A. C. Birnsfield, Agent.

Northern Lumber Co.

Prices for the Season 1903.

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

HER ANNIVERSARY

By LAWRENCE PERRY

Copyright, 1903, by T. C. McClure

Never had there been such a winter in South Dusenbury. What with musicales, lectures, socials and the like the little village usually managed to fill in the dark, cheerless gap between harvest and sowing nicely. But this winter the felicities of village life had been augmented by an amazing and unparalleled number of wedding anniversaries. Wooden weddings, tin weddings, crystal weddings, had followed one another in rapid succession until those who were blessed in the giving were hardly less numerous than those blessed in the receiving.

Now, South Dusenbury contained its share of spinsters, village parlance which, being interpreted, signified that the woman to whom the term was applied had lived twenty-eight years or more—generally more—and was still unmarried. To their eternal credit be it said that they rejoiced open heartedly in the marital anniversaries of their fellow citizens and had contributed not a little to the general atmosphere of happiness which attended these functions.

No, not quite all. One exception—one distinguished exception—must be noted, Keziah Bottleby. Miss Bottleby was a strong minded, tall, angular woman, an ardent church worker and ready to turn her helpful hand to anything when the needs of the neighborhood required. But these wedding anniversaries began to pall upon her, and by the time Deacon Thompson and Mrs. Thompson had celebrated their silver wedding she was thoroughly disgusted. She lost no opportunity in letting that fact be known. Hers was a trenchant tongue. Some were amused; more were made uncomfortable. But there was no other result. The anniversaries continued just the same. Of course this fact did not silence Miss Bottleby.

"I tell ye," she said one afternoon at a meeting of the King's Daughters, "it's perfectly scandalous. Sech graspin' tendencies as has been exhibited in this village this winter is downright heathenish. Why, look at old John Newell and Sophy Newell. They ain't done nothin' but spat these mortal twenty-five years, accordin' to all accounts, and, laws me, there they stood up together at their silver weddin', she in a new gingham dress and all perked up and simperin' about with one eye and countin' the presents with the other. It made me sick. And I guess I showed jest how I felt too!"

As usual, Miss Bottleby was listened to in the most respectful silence, and when she ceased speaking no one ventured a remark. Miss Bottleby gave a contemptuous sniff and applied herself to her needle. While she sewed on, the glimmer of an idea shot through her mind, and as she pondered and enlarged upon it the stern lines of her face relaxed into a broad smile. Yes, she would do it. There was no reason why she should not and many reasons why she should. If so many persons congratulated themselves and asked others to join them simply because they had been married a score or so of years why should she not be congratulated in remaining single a similar period? Surely it was more difficult to remain unmarried than to find a husband. Yes, she would do it.

In a day or two the villagers received the following invitation:

"Miss Keziah Bottleby, having existed in single blessedness for forty-five years, requests your presence at her home on Thursday, May 12, at 3 o'clock in the afternoon, the occasion being an old maid's variety. Tea and doughnuts will be served, and presents may be stored in the parlor."

They were the talk of the village, these invitations, and every one said how like Miss Bottleby it was. They all meant to go, too, for they felt that she did deserve something for her long years of abnegation. The general tendency was to defeat her purpose by ignoring the obvious sarcasm and pretending that they took her seriously.

Hiram Spinks had received an invitation, and it had struck a responsive chord in his heart, for he, too, had enjoyed a life of celibacy.

He met Miss Bottleby several days before the "variety" party, and she smiled so warmly that Hiram lifted his hat clear from his head instead of giving the customary little flip of his hand.

"How be ye, Hiram?" said Miss Bottleby. "Fine warm day?"

"Why, how de do-o-o, Keziah?" said Hiram. "Yes, um; yes, it's tolerable warm."

That was all. Keziah swept by, but Hiram suddenly gave a start and turned to look at her retreating figure.

"A fine, smart woman," he muttered; "a real woman." He was thinking. He thought all the way to his lonely home and finally slapped his hand on his thigh.

"By gum!" he ejaculated. "I'll do it as sure as shootin'!"

The next few days were spent in painting, and his married sister came over and helped him put the house in unwonted order. But she felt that he had suddenly lost his mind. She was confident of this fact when a day or so later Hiram came home with a new suit of clothing and a new hat. But all that he would vouchsafe was that he had bought them for the party. Hiram was ready, and the more he mused on his new resolution the more absent minded he became.

The day of the "variety" came, and the villagers outdid themselves in their generosity. They reckoned to silence Miss Bottleby's tongue on the subject of wedding anniversaries forever. The little parlor was piled with presents of all kinds, and all, including Miss Bottleby, were radiant. Every one had a regular good time, and when the guests began to leave they assured her they were ready for the next "variety" any time she chose to give it. Finally the door closed on the last guest, and Miss Bottleby returned to the parlor. She did not look at her presents. She was thinking of how kind they all had been and was making all sorts of resolutions concerning her future relations with her neighbors. Then she looked out of the window.

"I wonder whatever became of Hiram Spinks," she said.

As in answer the bell rang and upon opening the door there stood Hiram, shaven, beard and hair trimmed and new clothing. Keziah gasped.

"Why, Hiram, ye air late, ain't ye? Come in."

"Yes, yes," murmured Hiram. "I'm a-comin'," following Miss Keziah into the parlor. "But I can't stop long. I jest came in to bring ye my present."

Miss Bottleby looked surprised, for Hiram was quite empty handed.

"So ye've brung me a present, eh? Well, ye needn't hev done that, Hiram. What is it? Let me see it."

Hiram stepped closer.

"The present," he said slowly. "Why, Keziah, ye can see the present. It's right before ye. I've come and brung myself fur a present. Do ye want me, Keziah?"

"Why, Hiram!"

Hiram moved closer, and then suddenly Miss Keziah—but let us draw the curtain over what followed, those precious moments of first love in South Dusenbury.

What Can Be Done With Salt.

Salt cleanses the palate and furred tongue, and a gargle of salt and water is often efficacious. A pinch of salt on the tongue, followed ten minutes afterward by a drink of cold water, often cures a sick headache. Salt hardens gums, makes teeth white and sweetens the breath. Cut flowers may be kept fresh by adding salt to the water. Weak ankles should be rubbed with a solution of salt water and alcohol. Rose colds, hay fever and kindred affections may be much relieved by using fine dry salt like snuff. Dyspepsia, heartburn and indigestion are relieved by a cup of hot water in which a small spoonful of salt has been melted. Salt and water will sometimes revive an unconscious person when hurt if brandy or other remedies are not at hand. Hemorrhage from tooth pulling is stopped by filling the mouth with salt and water. Weak and tired eyes are refreshed by bathing with warm water and salt. Public speakers and many noted singers use a wash of salt and water before and after using the voice, as it strengthens the organs of the throat. Salt rubbed into the scalp or occasionally added to the water in washing prevents the hair falling out. Feathers uncurled by damp weather are quickly dried by shaking over a fire in which salt has been thrown. Salt always should be eaten with nuts, and a dessert fruit salt should be specially made.—Table Talk.

The Chinese Matchmaker.

In China the matchmaker, or "go between," is a very important factor in domestic life. He it is who casts his watchful eye around that he may find suitable husbands for the daughters of his acquaintances and then approaches the parents with due circumspection as well as a good deal of tact and diplomacy.

To the family of the young man he narrates the good qualities, beauty and amiability of a certain young girl; then he makes a visit to her father and dwells upon the riches, learning and wisdom of a youth he knows.

If he finds both sides willing to consider the question he plies back and forth between them with all the eagerness of a man anxious to drive a good bargain. He knows that if he succeeds he will get a nice little fee from each family, and so he paints the many charms of the young couple in glowing terms.

He is not always truthful, and oftentimes the bridegroom, who is not allowed to see his future wife before the ceremony, finds that after the red cloth and veil are removed he is married to an ugly old crone.

These instances of bad faith on the part of the "go between" are fortunately rare, and usually he exhibits much discretion in his matings.

Floating Gardens in Mexico.

While the City of Mexico is 8,000 feet higher than sea level, there are in the vicinity several lakes and marshy tracts which require extensive drainage operations. The Viga canal is one of these great drainage systems, and upon it are numerous barges which transport farm and garden produce from the market gardens to the city. Flat bottomed boats, propelled by a pole, convey passengers to the floating gardens.

The gardens are located upon marsh land quite similar to the tule lands of California. The soil is composed of decayed reed and grass roots, being entirely of vegetable mold and quite fertile. Ditches at frequent intervals drain the gardens and furnish means of communication by canoes and small boats to the larger canal and thus to the city. Here are the great market gardens where vegetables are grown for Mexico's consumption; here, too, are grown the magnificent flowers which form one of the principal attractions of the City of Mexico, the flower market being a wonder in the quantity and exquisite beauty both of the individual tropic flowers and the magnificent floral forms, which are made with great taste and skill. Street cars also connect the city with the villages upon the Viga canal, and they are well patronized.—Arboriculture.

"Fred took me to the opera last night," said the first dear girl. "We had a box."

"Yes," rejoined dear girl No. 2, "I saw you eating candy in the gallery, but I wasn't quite sure whether you had a box or a paper bag." — Chicago Daily News.

"Don't you sometimes wish you could write your name in the scroll of fame?"

"I'm not worrying about that," answered Senator Sorghum. "The scroll of fame isn't the book that the bank cashier turns to when you want a check certified."—Washington Star.

A Cinch for the Wife.—The union man's overcoat hung behind the door.

As he took it down preparatory to starting to an indignation meeting he noted that the top button was still missing.

Turning to his wife, he exclaimed: "That button is still off. It's a pity I can't have my clothes looked after when they need repairing."

"Do you not know," replied his wife,

A man went into a hotel and left his umbrella in the stand with a card bearing this inscription attached to it:

"This umbrella belongs to a man who can deal a blow of 250 pounds weight. I will be back in ten minutes."

On returning to seek his property he found in its place a card thus inscribed:

"This card was left by a man who can run twelve miles an hour. I shall not return."—Philadelphia Ledger.

Maclyn Arbuckle, once a great favorite here with the Frawley company, recently received a mysterious package at his hotel in Chicago. It was about a pint of yellowish, scented dust—evidently a toilet preparation, and for a week Mr. Arbuckle used it after shaving with a great sense of relief. He had about exhausted the supply when he received a letter from the proprietor calling attention to the box, and saying: "Now that you have had a chance to try it thoroughly, will you favor us with a testimonial for our Great Imperial Breakfast Food—sample box sent you a week ago?"—The Argonaut.

The late Edwin Lord Weeks, painter and illustrator, had always a great dislike for dogs. It was an using, his friends say, to hear him harangue against dogs, and innumerable were the stories reflecting upon canines in an unfavorable light which Mr. Weeks had on the tip of his tongue.

"I dined last night," he said one day, "with Blank. After dinner Blank and I went into the library to look over some John Leech prints. Blank was talking learnedly about Leech, when he heard his wife in the next room say:

"'Where is my guardian angel?'

"'Here I am, dear,' Blank called.

"But his wife retorted:

"'Oh, I don't mean you. I mean Fido.'"—Boston Post.

"I've just learned a new charm to tell whether or not a man loves you," says the girl with the bulging pompadour.

"What is it?" asks the girl with the new diamond ring.

"Why, you take four or five apple seeds and name each of them of a particular man, and place them—the apple seeds, I mean—on the stove, and the first one that pops is the one that loves you."

"Humph!" mused the girl with the new diamond ring, absent-mindedly twisting that piece of jewellery about her finger. "I know a surer way than that."

"You do?"

"Yes, indeedy. You take one particular man and place him on the sofa in the parlor, and sit close to him, with the light a little low, and look up to him very attentively, and if he doesn't pop you know it's time to put another man on the sofa."—Judge.

"Pure soap!" You've heard the words. In Sunlight Soap you have the fact.

SUNLIGHT SOAP REDUCES EXPENSE

If at First you Don't Succeed.

"Don't you think, dear, that it would be nice to spend our Christmas in Florida?"

Mr. and Mrs. Whittler were sitting in their cosy back parlor. As she spoke, Mrs. Whittler turned to her husband with an anxious look of interrogation.

"Never," exclaimed Whittler. "Why, we couldn't afford it. What an idea! I wouldn't dream of such a thing. Florida! I should say not!"

"I merely mentioned the matter," said Mrs. Whittler, seeing her error. "It is of no special consequence."

At the same time she eyed sadly a package of time-tables and steamboat circulars that for the past week she had been surreptitiously collecting. To go to Florida had been the dream of months. And now it was ruthlessly shattered.

Still, Mrs. Whittler did not despair.

"Well, if we don't do that," she said at last, "we must have a nice Christmas dinner, mustn't we?"

The thought of a dinner brought Whittler to himself instantly.

"You bet!" he said, rubbing his hands. "We'll have the best the country can afford."

"I sometimes wish," said Mrs. Whittler, after a moment, "that we had a houseful of children. It seems a pity to sit down to a Christmas dinner all alone."

"Well, why should we?" said Whittler. "Can't we ask someone in?"

Mrs. Whittler looked off into space, with her eyebrows closely knit, as if the problem were too great for her to master on the instant. At last she said slowly:

"How would it do for you to ask your Aunt Jane? She's getting along in years, and it may be our last chance to pay her any attention."

Whittler thought a moment.

"I guess you're right," he said at last. "I was looking forward to a Christmas dinner by ourselves. Still, Aunt Jane is a good old soul, and I guess we'd better ask her. But there's Cousin Emily, I suppose she'll have to come, too."

"Yes," responded Mrs. Whittler. "We shall, of course, have to ask Emily. We couldn't ask one without the other."

There was a pause. Finally Whittler spoke again.

"I suppose," he said, "if we ask Aunt Jane and Emily, that Uncle Henry and Georgiana will feel it."

"I had thought of that," replied Mrs. Whittler. "They've both been kind to us, and it would never do to offend them. Then, of course, the children——".

"Oh, of course the children," interposed Whittler; "they'll have to come with their parents. Well, we'll have to do it, that all. I guess we can stand it for once."

There was another pause. Mrs. Whittler at last looked meekly up.

"There's another thing, dear," she said, "that has occurred to me."

"What's that?"

"Well, you know there's my Aunt Sally. Aunt Sally is so sensitive. If she hears that your side of the family is coming she'll feel it."

Whittler sighed. But the justice of the argument appealed to him.

"Yes," he said at last. "I suppose that's so. It's nothing more than fair, if my people come, that yours should, too. But you have a Cousin Rufus and an Uncle William, haven't you?"

It was Mrs. Whittler's turn to sigh.

"More than that," she said. "Don't you remember Aunt and Uncle Rubyton and their children?"

Whittler got up nervously and paced the floor.

"Good heavens!" he exclaimed at last. "What are we going to do? It's awful to dwell on. We simply have got to ask them all. Why, it will cost a mint to entertain all this crowd."

He grew more excited.

"It's a fearful thing," he said, "to have relatives. We're in for it, I guess. We can't lop any of 'em off. Well!" he cried, turning to Mrs. Whittler, "have you nothing to suggest? You got us into it. Can't you get us out?"

Mrs. Whittler waited a moment before she replied.

"We might go to Florida," she said finally.

Whittler slapped his hand on his knee.

"Just the thing!" he cried. "Why in the world didn't you say so before?"—Tom Masson.

About Tibet.

Now that Tibet is likely to figure prominently in our Empire history, readers will like to have their attention directed to the extraordinary adventure among that exclusive people of a Japanese priest. The account of his journey and eighteen months' residence there has been translated by the Hong Kong "Telegraph" from the original articles contributed to Japanese newspapers. The priest got safely to Sera, where he intended to graduate at the native university; but his nationality being discovered after a stay of a year and a half, he had to flee for his life. He was enabled to preserve his disguise so long because of his knowledge of Chinese and the religion of Buddha. It is a wonderful country and a strange people that he describes. Think of a tract of land where hot springs abound round which the deposits are of such rainbow tints as blue, purple, green, red and yellow. It is easy to imagine that the landscape effects of such coloring are wondrous. The social customs of the people are scarcely less astounding. Polygamy is common where the men are rich enough, for wives seem to be a question of wealth. When poverty compels them several men will have one wife in common. Brothers usually enter into those strange partnerships. The people rarely wash, finding it warmer to be dirty. The men anoint their faces with butter, while the women stain their countenances mahogany color with wood chips and lacquer the bridges of their noses jet black. Cleanliness is an unesteemed practice; and altogether one feels in reading the account that the Japanese priest must have been thankful to have been discovered and forced to quit a life which is better to read about than to

You Pay—You Choose.

There is no case of Rheumatism that the Great South American Rheumatic Cure will not conquer in a few days—acute or chronic, muscular or nervous. It gives almost instant relief and at once begins to drive out the disease, root and branch, curing in one to three days.

George England, a ship builder of Chatham, writes: "I was laid up for six months with rheumatism. I procured a bottle of SOUTH AMERICAN RHEUMATIC CURE. In twenty-four hours I was well and have not been troubled with rheumatism since."

South American Kidney Cure speedily and thoroughly relieves and cures the worst Kidney and Bladder diseases. Relief in a few hours. 7.

His Problem.

"Yes, sir," said Mr. Gillingberry; "I guess I've got one of the intellectualest families in these parts—always takin' up with something that calls for the exercise of the mental powers to their utmost."

"Is that so?" politely murmured the other man.

"You bet. Now, there's mother. She's upstairs this mornin' with a set o' newspaper puzzle-pictures, an' if she solves 'em an' writes a good serial story to go along with 'em she gets at least a dollar; an' my daughter Lizzie is covering' the dinin'-room floor with sheets o' paper that she's been figurin' on trying' to find out how old Ann is; an' Henry, he's determined to work the pigs-in-clover puzzle with three shakes an' a wiggle of his hand; an' Jim—that's Jim over by the fence—he's studyin' up a new way to work the fifteen puzzle. He's worked on that for ten years an' thinks he's pretty near got it."

"But you—what problem are you devoted to?"

"Who—me? My problem? Oh, I work out the puzzle of keepin' the family together."—"Judge."

Sapphires.

As a fashionable stone, sapphire at the present moment is as popular as any jewel. Princess Louise Duchess of Argyll has some very fine specimens, and at the big bazar at Windsor wore a magnificent single stone brooch of this lovely blue gem.

The Princess of Wales also possesses some fine sapphires, and the Duchess of Portland has a sapphire and diamond tiara among her jewels. Mrs. Astor, the well-known American, has a whole parure of these lovely stones, and Lady Dudley also owns a beautiful parure of sapphires and pearls.

Sapphires are the favorite gifts of the King and Queen when giving wedding presents, and Mrs. Heneage—Lady Savile's daughter—was presented with a diamond and sapphire brooch by his Majesty on the occasion of her wedding in 1892.

At the wedding of the young Duchess of Marlborough, the Duke presented his seven ushers with sapphire pins.

Birds in Italy.

The wholesale slaughter of birds for food in Italy has one advantage. It includes the sparrow, which in that country is consequently a rare avis.

The Dr. FIVE MINUTES AFTER APPLYING

Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder you feel the improvement.

At once the new vitality that comes from proper breathing is felt. The cure is begun.

This is not a cheap remedy, but an inexpensive cure. Remedies are but remedies. If a CURE is what you desire, it is waiting for you.

You just drop the tube into the Powder, blow it into the nostrils, and begin to get well at ONCE.

W. ERNEST LEWIS, of West Flamboro, Quebec, states:— "I have been troubled with Catarrh for several years. It impaired the hearing of my right ear. I used Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder and in a week found a marked improvement. I took three bottles and could hear as well as ever."

Dr. Agnew's Heart Cure

Feeds the nerves and the blood. It is LIFE in medicinal form. It transforms the weak and sickly into the well and healthy. It tones all the vital organs. It's the cure for you.

A FATAL WOOING

BY LAURA JEAN LIBBEY

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

That was a funeral never to be forgotten. It was a pitiful sight to see the same group of sorrowful maidens that had held white roses at her wedding, place snowy flowers on her tomb.

She was so beautiful even in death, so fair, so young to die.

Young girls looked upon her smiling, marble face, with tear- stained eyes, while mothers, with a shudder, clasped their own darlings closer to their breasts.

For many a long year after they told of the beautiful, golden- haired young wife, who was so young and fair to die.

They told, too, of the broken-hearted husband who followed the sad procession to the grave one bright May morning, and of the white- haired, feeble mother who had lost her all, whose bitterest sorrow had fallen upon her in her old age; and they told of a dark- eyed stranger who wiped away that mother's tears and comforted her, how she held her in her arms when the world grew dark around her, drew the weary, white head upon her strong, young breast, and comforted her with hopeful, loving words that brought tears to every eye.

Even strangers cried:

"God bless her for the comfort she has brought this grief- stricken mother."

It was all over.

"Izetta," Ulmont said, sadly, "I am going away —going abroad for the present. Ulvesford Mansion haunts me. Will you stay here with our child until I return?"

He turned away abruptly.

"Send at once for Abel Moore and his good wife, that you may not live here alone, now that Loraine's mother has returned to Lorrimer Hall. Do not teach my child to think unkindly of me, Izetta," he added, holding out his hands; "always let him think of me at my best."

Silently Izetta placed her hands in his —the husband who had been separated from her by such strange webs of cruel fate.

Ulmont held them for a moment only, dropped them suddenly, and was gone.

The same day that fair, golden-haired Loraine was laid to rest under the drooping willows Ulmont Ulvesford left America, to be gone long years —perhaps forever.

CHAPTER XI.

"My Wife and My Child."

Two years later, one beautiful morning in midsummer, Izetta Ross—as she was still called,—stood at one of the lace-draped windows of Ulvesford Mansion, gazing out into the brilliant sunshine.

"Ulmont, my husband! Ah, Ulmont Ulvesford, where art thou now?" she murmured, half aloud.

"Did 'oo call, mamma?" chirped a little voice, sweet as a robin's, and a wee, dainty-dimpled little darling, in white lace and soft, pink ribbons, bounded into her arms.

"No, Ulmont, my darling," she answered, clasping him so closely in her arms that the roses she wore on her breast fell in a shower on the child's rosy cheek; "mamma did not call you; go and play with the butterflies and the flowers; mamma will watch you from the window."

"'Es, oo' did call me," persisted the child, tossing his little curly head and pouting his sweet, red mouth that was only made for kisses, and opening wide a pair of dark, velvety eyes; "'oo said: 'Ulmont, Uly, where is 'oo now?"

Izetta blushed rosy red.

"I meant your papa, sweet," she said.

"The papa in 'ee pic-cer in 'ee uzzer room?" lisped the child, "'at makes 'oo cry so when 'oo sees it?"

"Yes, dear," said Izetta, hesitatingly; "you must look at that picture every day, Ulmont, and you must learn to love him very much."

"Does 'oo love him, mamma?"

"Yes," she answered, "very much."

"Does 'oo wish he would 'turn home, mamma?"

"Oh, yes, very much, my pet," answered Izetta, caressing the beautiful face raised to her own.;

A shadow fell between Izetta and the brilliant sunshine; she wondered why her heart was thrilling with such ecstatic delight.

"Izetta —my wife! Ulmont, — my baby!" cried a deep, thrilling voice with the happiest cry that ever was heard.

The beautiful, queenly girl turned her head, the child still clasped in her arms.

A tall manly form stood before her; she glanced into the eloquent, pleading face; she heard the low, tremulous voice cry:

"I have come to claim my wife and my child!"

The strong arms were outstretched in another instant, and Izetta and her child were folded to Ulmont Ulvesford's breast.

He drew his wife to a sofa, seating himself beside her, his arms still encircling her slender waist, while little Ulmont, chirping like a robin on his breast, was stealing half of mamma's kisses.

"Izetta," whispered Ulmont, raising the blushing face of his lovely girl-wife to his own, and gazing down into her dark eyes, "I must whisper a secret to you, darling, I am madly, passionately in love —for the first time —with my own lovely wife. Without your love, Izetta, the world would be a blank to me; forget the past; we will live only in the future, in which I shall have but one great aim, 'the hope of winning my wife's love.' See! I have little Ulmont's already. Will you try to love me, too, dear, for little Ulmont's sake."

Izetta glanced shyly up into the one noble face in all the wide world she had loved so truly and so well, as she whispered:

"You have not to try to win my love, Ulmont, my husband; that you have already, not for little Ulmont's sake, but for your own!"

That night there was a quiet wedding at Ulvesford Mansion to appease the curiosity of the outside world, who never dreamed of the strange drama that had been enacted by those two lives so ruthlessly torn asunder by the hand of fate.

Some five years later the dancing summer sunshine fell across a pathway, powdered on either side with jessamine and sweet mignonette, up which a lady and gentleman walked. Two children gamboled on before, and dropped white roses, which they carried, on a mossy grave.

"Ulmont," called the mother, gently, "take the roses from little Loraine's hands and place them with your own."

"Let me put my own roses on the pretty lady's grave," cried golden-haired Loraine.

The children knelt beside a grassy mound, while the father and mother, with their arms about each other, reverentially bowed their heads.

Beneath a drooping willow, where the whispering summer winds love to linger, and the birds trill forth their sweetest notes, stands a tall, white marble shaft pointing heavenward, and as the golden sunshine falls lovingly athwart it they read the inscription which it bears:

SACRED
To the Memory of
LORAINE,
Beloved Wife of
ULMONT ULVESFORD,
Aged 18 Years.
"Thou Knowest."

No one but those two standing there, and God, save the feeble, white haired mother, who spent many a lonely hour with her face pressed close against the cold, white marble, and her arms twined around it, not even she who slept beneath the daisies knew of the great tragedy that had spread its dark wings over her bright young life.

The careless, curious world never knew.

The secret of that "fatal wooing," was buried with her.

"Fair Loraine," murmurs Izetta, her gentle tears falling on the daisies, and the soft, green grass.

"Heaven knows I loved her who slumbers here with a love that might have been my doom," murmurs Ulmont; "but after all, Izetta, when God called her He knew best; now all the love of my manhood is centered in my second love, and purified by sufferings, a love that will last through eternity!"

Izetta's head droops upon Ulmont's breast; their little children, Ulmont and golden-haired Loraine, flit close to their mother's side.

The smiling heavens bend over them, the ripple of the brooklet and the song the birds sing to the flowers are of their wondrous love.

No sound breaks upon the harmony of those reunited lives, whispering of what might have happened through the youthful folly of that "fatal wooing."

The End.

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What the World Said

By ALLAN P. AMES

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"In this matter," said Easton, "there are three opinions to consider."

"One is enough for me," said the girl. "Your own, I suppose."

"Of course. I presume one of the others is yours. Whose is the third?"

Easton gave a long, sweeping stroke that sent the canoe darting far through the waters and laid the dripping paddle across the gunwale. "The third," he replied, "is what the world says."

"And who cares for that?" spoke the girl lazily from her cushions near the bow.

"Public opinion is something none of us can afford to ignore," said the youth gravely.

"But this is not a public matter. The extent of my liking for you is something just between ourselves."

"Our world tonight, Anne, is not the world of last winter. It's smaller—just the little colony at this end of the lake, in fact. That's the way we men feel, at any rate. We come here to get away from the world of work, and we want to keep wholly within this little pleasant sphere of our own. Now, you can't say that nobody about here has noticed my devotion. If you should inquire I'll bet you'd find that most of your friends can enumerate the times that I've proposed in the past month. Oh, they know all about us, and they're intensely concerned. You can't have forgotten what an active interest you and I took in your sister's affair."

"We were only rude children then."

"Summer days like these make children of us all. I've been growing younger ever since I knew you. Now, I have a childlike faith in the world's good judgment. Can't you let it settle this question for us?"

"Do you value its opinion above mine?" asked the girl, with a smile he might have seen had the moon been larger.

"Oh, no; only, you see, your opinion in a measure is neutralized by mine. Here's a disinterested third party. Why not submit the question to him? I am convinced that you should marry me. You say you shouldn't. The rest of mankind are comparatively unimportant, but let's leave it to them. Isn't that fair?"

"Would you have them vote it at next election?"

"No, no. I am in earnest, Anne. If all our friends thought as I do, wouldn't it make any difference to you?"

"But I don't know what they think. I've never asked them. Have you?"

"Certainly not," answered Easton indignantly. "But I know a way of learning—to a certain extent."

"What's that?"

"Listening."

"At keyholes and open windows, I suppose."

"No, I don't feel quite young enough for that. Besides, it isn't necessary. See here."

Easton left his perch on the stern, worked his way to the center of the canoe and picked up a small megaphone. "Put the little end to your ear," he said, handing it to his companion. "Here's another just like it for me."

"Why, Joseph Easton! I'm ashamed of you! Do you often do things like this?"

"Never did it before. This is a very exceptional case."

"You're sure to hear something about yourself you won't like."

"No danger," he replied cheerfully as he raised the funnel to his ear. "Don't they say all the world loves a fellow in my condition?"

Then, while the girl sat watching him, with her own megaphone untouched in her lap, he listened first in one quarter, then in another. Sound travels surprisingly far at night on a calm body of water. To the unaided ear nothing was audible but the chirping of insects upon the shore and the lapping of ripples along the keel. Nevertheless at the fourth trial Easton's attitude betokened that his megaphone had intercepted some sounds more intelligible.

"Pity you're missing this," he chuckled presently. "Better follow me."

"Can you really hear somebody talking about us?" asked Anne, interested in spite of herself.

"Seems to be a couple of girls discussing you," said Easton. "And very nicely too. Excellent sense those people have. Hush—

"Now they've switched off on me," he added, after a pause.

Anne could restrain herself no longer. "It isn't so wrong for me to listen when they are speaking of you," she said finally. The next moment two megaphones were leveled into the darkness.

This is what came through them:

"Roving fancy, did you say? Indeed he had. I never saw a man change as he has since last summer. He showed a preference for Anne then, but he was willing to glance at the rest of us occasionally. But now—well, it's a case, all right."

Easton turned triumphantly to see what effect this had upon his companion. To all appearances she was listening shamelessly, intent to catch every word. When he returned to his megaphone another feminine voice was speaking:

"Least doubt about it. But I shall always have one exquisite joke on Anne and Joe if they marry, as everybody thinks they will. As long as he remains truthful the poor fellow never can tell her that she's the first girl he ever kissed."

"Bella! I'm shocked! What right have you to say that?"

"The best right in the world. The first girl he ever kissed is me"—

"Splash! went Anne's megaphone into the water. The youth whirled about to find himself confronted by a pair of quivering shoulders and the back of a head that was a whole encyclopedia of outraged feeling. The megaphone bobbed against the side unnoticed.

"Anne, dear," he cried, "don't mind those busybodies. It's only Bella Maynard. You can't care what she says."

"Oh, I don't; I don't!" came back in smothered tones. Then—"Spiteful thing! She wanted you herself. I always knew she did!"

"Wanted me?" echoed the youth. "Wanted!"—slowly realizing the import of the past tense. At the imminent risk of capsizing the frail craft, he crawled forward, placed a hand on each shoulder and gently turned her face toward him.

"Anne," he said, "you do care!"

For answer the face was hidden against the front of his coat.

"If you had only listened longer," observed Eaton, when conversation again became an adequate mode of expression, "you might have heard the Maynard girl tell when it was I kissed her."

"I don't want to know," said Anne. "Your past is your own. Your present is mine."

"And my future," he added fervently. "But I don't mind in the least telling you how this happened. It was at a children's party. I was six and she was nine, I think."

The Original of Major Pendennis.

Miss Horace Smith once told me a story. It was long and complicated, but she assured me she had told it to my father, the late W. M. Thackeray, just before he wrote "Pendennis," and that it had partly suggested the opening chapters. It concerned a family living in Brighton, somewhere near Kemp Town. There was a somewhat autocratic father and a romantic young son who had lost his heart to the housemaid and determined to marry her. The father made the young man give his word of honor that he would not marry clandestinely and then, having dismissed him, rang for the butler. To the butler this Major Pendennis said, "Morgan," or whatever his name was, "I wish you to retire from my service, but I will give you £200 in bank notes if you will marry the housemaid before 12 o'clock tomorrow." The butler said, "Certainly, sir," and the young man next morning was told of the event which had occurred. As far as I remember, a melancholy and sensational event immediately followed, for the poor young fellow was so overwhelmed that he rushed out and distractedly blew his brains out on the downs behind the house, and the butler meanwhile, having changed his £200, sent a message to say that he had omitted to mention that he had a wife already, and that this would doubtless invalidate the ceremony he had just gone through with the housemaid.—Mrs. Richmond Ritchie in Cornhill Magazine.

Beating the Expressman.

They haggled for ten minutes over the cost of moving. The woman claimed that the job was worth only $2, including a tip. The expressman insisted upon getting $2.25. At last the woman won out.

"All right," said the man, "if you won't pay any more you won't." So he piled the trunks, the books and the bookcases into the wagon and drove away.

The woman was jubilant. She told everybody in the house she was leaving about how she had at last got the best of that autocrat, the New York expressman, and when she got to the home of the friend with whom she was going to live boasts of her achievement still trembled on her tongue.

"What do you think?" she began triumphantly.

"Excuse me a minute," said her friend. "Before you go on I want to tell you about that expressman. He got your things here without a scratch. He was so very nice and careful that I gave him a quarter. He asked for it. He said you expected me to give it to him; that you would have given it yourself only you were short of change and couldn't spare it. I hope it was all right. Now, go ahead and tell your story."

"I don't think I have one to tell," said the woman weakly. "You have spoiled the point."—New York Press.

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A Royal Rascal.

An Up-to-Date Account of Wicked King John.

John was not a successful king. The first thing that he did on coming to the throne was to have a go at the bishops. If we had been King of England at that period we should have hastened to toe the line with our glorious ancestry and to invite the bishops to step into the ring and put 'em up.

When people, however, look back along the dim vista of time, and think harsh and bitter things of John, there comes a moment when their strong voices break with emotion, and the unbidden tear begins to well up in their flashing eyes. For then they are thinking with moist gratitude of the Magna Charta, which gave to our great country its blessed title of freedom, and permitted common, ordinary people like you and ourselves to live.

The Magna Charta was signed in the year 1215 on Easter Monday. As there was a cheap excursion from Waterloo on that day, John said he would meet the barons at Runnymede where they could talk the business over in between the sculling races. The barons did not quite approve of John's off-hand way of talking of their lovely Charta, and when they met him at the station they crowded round him quite rudely. John thought at first that it was only his barons' enthusiastic desire to give him a cordial welcome, until he found that his watch and chain and his diamond scarf-pin had got mislaid in the scuffle.

John tried several ways of escaping the signing of the Charter. At first he said he had hit his thumb with the hammer while hanging up framed texts in the bedroom at home, and therefore couldn't hold a pen. When he found that didn't go down he tried to stand on his dignity. In order to convince the barons that he didn't care tuppence for the lot of them he put his hands in his pockets and kicked his dog in the stomach just to show his independence. Neither of these brilliant schemes worked, however. One of the barons pushed John from behind, while Fitz-Walter, the Pride of Bermondsey, bumped quite rudely into the King, and then apologized by saying that he had tripped up over himself accidentally.

After a lot of hard words had passed on both sides, the barons gave John to understand definitely that if he didn't sign the thing there would be a rather untidy scene. Seeing that he was cornered, John said a naughty word, and signed on, and thus gave us the priceless liberties which our forefathers bled to maintain.

As soon as John returned to London, his first business was to try and get a bit of his own back, as the poet has so beautifully expressed it. Agents were sent to the Continent to hire mercenaries, who were offered an engagement for two months certain, with the usual extra for matinees. In this way John collected quite an army, and he chased his barons up to Scotland, and on the way there he burnt all the villages and haystacks he came across. Some of the inhabitants as they were being suspended by the heels over slow fires, were quite surprised to learn that all this red trouble was the first result of the Great Charter for securing to the people of England their priceless liberty. Many of them said at the time that they would rather be without the Charter, and scoop in what liberty they could for themselves with a pitchfork or a pole-axe as they used to in the old days.

While John was rushing about the kingdom, it happened that he had to cross the Wash, in Lincolnshire. During the crossing the tide reared up on its hind legs and went for the transport ships and upset everything. John and his second wife escaped by wading ashore, but all their trunks and brown-paper parcels containing the crown jewels and the week's housekeeping money were swept away into the cold and soughing sea. This loss upset John so much that he turned into the nearest convent and cried like a child. A few days after that he got feverish and died, and the historians are not quite sure whether he passed away in consequence of grief or whether somebody poisoned him. Still, it is well known that grief seldom kills, whereas poison gets there every time when it is administered by an expert. And somebody may have hit upon the idea that it was about time this burning and killing was brought up with a jerk. Hence the rather abrupt end of—John.—"Pick-Me-Up."

Spoiled by Success.

Julius Chambers related in the Reader how in 1887, while he was editing a paper in Paris, he conceived the idea of putting on his editorial staff an old beggar woman who had two wooden legs and who was a well known sight on the boulevard. So he paid her a regular salary and had brilliant interviews written with leading men and women of Paris, which he published over the signature "The Little Old Woman on Two Sticks." He says: "It soon became a matter of pride among English and Americans to know the wretched creature who had become so famous. Money was showered upon her by American and English visitors who had not fathomed the humor of the situation and veritably accepted the inference that the beggar was on speaking acquaintance with all the notables of Paris. The episode finally developed into a farce because the old woman's vanity was roused by the attention notoriety brought her. She could not read English, knew nothing about the contents of the articles and actually flattered herself into the belief that she possessed physical attraction for the generous hearted men who gave her alms or patted her tenderly on the shoulder. Like many another useful member of society, she was spoiled by success and one day struck for higher wages."

The Atlin Claim.

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SATURDAY, MARCH 26TH., 1904.

Now that winter operations have become a regular feature of this Camp and that drifting and much other work of a kindred nature are being carried on to the extent that at present exists, attention might be called to the provisions of the "Inspection of Metalliferous Mines Act."

This Act, having reference to all mining operations, except those relating to Coal Mining, calls for the appointment by His Honor the Lieutenant-Governor in Council of Inspectors of Mines.

The duty of these inspectors, who must be men of at least seven years' practical experience in mining, is, on the instructions of the Minister of Mines, to inspect and report on all underground operations, especially in regard to the conditions of machinery and hoisting appliances of all kinds, state of boilers, engines, etc. and the general manner in which underground operations are carried on.

On a report by an inspector that any part of the machinery or other apparatus used in the operations or the method applied in the carrying on of the work, is defective or likely in any way to endanger the safety of those employed, the mine owner may be enjoined from carrying on any work, till such conditions are remedied.

Seeing that a great number of men are now employed on the various creeks in underground work, we think the time has arrived when application may be made to the Lieutenant-Governor for the appointment of an Inspector for this District with fair expectations that the request will be acceded to.

Doubtless a large proportion of those employed, especially on 'Winter Diggings,' consists of men of experience, but there must necessarily be a considerable number, who are comparatively inexperienced in such work, and for the safety of all concerned, we cannot too strongly urge that a request be at once made or the appointment of a competent man to act as inspector for this District.

This is a matter that might well be taken up jointly by the local branch of the Provincial Mining Association and by the Atlin District Board of Trade, not to mention by individual miners.

In such a matter, involving the safety and well-being of so many in the Comp, it is well to remember that "Union is Strength."

As will be seen by reference to another column Mr. J. H. Brownlee has not lost faith in the richness of this camp or its permanency.

Rich Strike.

Some rock taken at a depth of 12 ft. from the White Star claim on Boulder Mt., gives assays of 13 oz. 14 dwt. of gold and 87 oz. of silver to the ton. The ledge is 8 ft. wide composed of white quartz carrying galena and visible gold. The property consists of three claims, known as the White Star Group.

The discoverers and owners are Messrs. Hathorn and Symmons, who have been prospecting on Boulder Mt. during the summer months since 1899.

The 'Beavis' Mine.

The contract for sinking 50 ft. in the shaft on this property has just been completed. The owners are thoroughly satisfied with the work and the showings at all stages are so good, that further work, in the way of sinking, will be continued and vigorously carried on; drifting and cross-cutting will be started at once in order to reach the pay streak which was encountered in the old workings now abandoned.

The Spruce Creek Assault Case.

Pat Callaghan, who was arrested last week on a charge of "wounding or inflicting grievous bodily harm" on James Jenkins, was on Wednesday committed by Mr. E. M. N. Woods for trial at the next Court of competent jurisdiction.

The evidence of the injured man had to be taken in the hospital, as he had not recovered sufficiently to be able to attend court.

Chief Constable Owen acted for the prosecution, while Mr. W. G. Paxton watched the case on behalf of the accused, who reserved his defence.

Curling.

The second of the series of matches for the President's Cup was brought to a conclusion this week.

In the finals, A. D. Lewis beat James Stables, who in turn defeated W. S. Taylor. Lewis was thereupon declared winner of this, the last of this Winter's competitions for the Cup.

It was intended to have had a match this afternoon between teams representing "Scotland" and "The Rest of the Universe", but it is feared that the game will have to be postponed on account of the soft condition of the ice, caused by the genial warmth of the last few days.

A Banquet will be tendered to Dr. H. E. Young M. L. A. on April 9th. by the Atlin District Liberal-Conservative Association. All Conservatives can secure tickets from the following committee:—H. Cancellor, F. Breeze, G. A. Kerr, F. Dockrill, T. Fleming, Jules Eggert, O. Conley, W. H. T. Olive, David Hastie, Capt. Hathorn and W. S. Taylor.

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VANCOUVER, B. C.

Edward Whymper, whose name recalls the greatest feats in mountain-climbing the world has ever witnessed—he being the first to scale the Matterhorn—and whose ascents of the Alps and the Andes place him in the forefront of daring mountaineers, recently returned from his third trip over the Canadian Rockies, says The Montreal Star. Honors sit lightly on Mr. Whymper, and he always declines to talk of those successes which ordinary individuals would be proud to discuss. Having conquered the greatest of the Old World's mountain peaks, a couple of years ago, Mr. Whymper sought new fields to exploit on this side of the Atlantic, and his contributions to the twentieth century knowledge of the mountains of Canada is most valuable to everybody in general, and particularly to that increasing brotherhood of mankind, who, urged on by the spirit of adventure, delight in climbing upon the roof of the world.

Whymper, the Mountain Climber.

Mr. Whymper will tell you, when you ask his age, that he is in his 760th month, and while you are figuring out that he is in his 64th year, you will wonder that time has dealt so gently with him. The average man would say that he was in his "fifties," and Mr. Whymper would rejoin that years "do not make age," and that his seemingly perennial youth is owing to the care he takes of himself, and the bodily exercise he daily undergoes. To him, exercise is pleasure and health, and all that makes a man happy and contented. So, after his victories amongst the Old World's peaks, he invaded the Canadian Rockies, and this year he saw a great deal of what there is in the Canadian mountains. He walked across the three ranges which lie between the prairies of Western Canada and the Pacific Coast, to see for himself the hidden beauties of that picturesque region.

Laughs at Hardships.

Hale and hearty yet, as strong and lusty as a youth in his twenties, Mr. Whymper laughs at what those who while away the time at five o'clock teas would call hardships. A tramp of 500 miles is not an easy one, even in an old settled country; to walk that distance through the mountains of British Columbia is a task from which many would shrink. "And yet," he says, "it was merely a pleasure excursion. I have gone from London to Aberdeen, from Paris to Lyons, and from Paris to Marseilles, and, while Great Britain and France are beautiful countries, they cannot compare with the magnificence of these Canadian mountains. I started from east of Kananaskis Falls on August 6th, reaching Yale, the head of navigation on the Fraser, on September 9th, and averaged twenty-five miles a day when the weather was favorable. I did not keep to the railway track all the time, but when I thought there was something out of the ordinary to see off the line, I made detours, and was amply recompensed for my trouble. There are many spots worth seeing—and this leads me to say that people should not rush through the mountains in railway trains, for they miss a great deal they otherwise would see; they should stop over at several places to thoroughly worship the grandeur of nature. Which places are they? Well, too many places to give in detail, but for 500 miles, as I have said, the lover of nature has a world to admire."

Points Especially Noticeable.

"The upper valley of the Bow," he said, "is not inferior to the best parts of the Upper Thames, yet along the entire distance from Banff to Laggan, there is not a single settler." Putting aside such features of the country as are now well known and places on the railway that are frequently visited, Mr. Whymper indicated a few points in the vicinity of the line, which he considered were especially noticeable. They were:

The country around Donald, which is extremely fine, and almost entirely unexplored; the grand forest trees and the neighborhood round about Albert Canyon; "Eagle River," connecting Griffin Lake and the Great Shuswap Lake, which latter combines the charms of Windermere and Lugan; Griffin Lake, almost as attractive as the famous Lakes of Thun and Brienz, but has not yet got a settler; the stream from the Great to the Little Shuswap Lake, called on the spot "The Little River," with beautiful banks mirrored in its tranquil waters; the western end of the Little Shuswap Lake, with its coves, and foliage overhanging hundred yards wide, with waters as clear as the Mediterranean.

A Collection of Footwear.

Spread on his bed were seven pairs of foot-gear—from sandals and slippers and moccasins to heavy-soled hobnailed mountaineering boots—which Mr. Whymper uses in his travels. At night he luxuriates in slippers. When the hard work of the day begins, he dons his heavy boots or his sandals, according to circumstances and plods along. The sandals, he says, by the way, with stockings, are an abomination. There are mosquitoes, and if you have no stockings on they are not so bad, but when you put on this footwear, the bills of the mosquitoes find a firm hold in the hose, and then look out for trouble. The moccasin is the best footdress under certain circumstances, and the aborigine knows better than the cultured white man how to use them. Civilization does not teach us all things that are useful, and in some matters our brother in red could give us pointers.

It was a grand trip Mr. Whymper made through the Rockies, almost unaccompanied except by his own personality. He had an assistant with four tents, who went ahead to prepare camping places which Mr. Whymper occupied, and No. 1 tent of to-day became No. 5 of to-morrow. Grub—food we sometimes call it? Well, he took a small hamper with him, and contrived with the ingenuity of a trained mountaineer, to never find himself hungry without opportunities for gratifying his wants.

"One thing was noticeable," he said, "I never saw a ferocious animal in all my walks. Porcupines there were, and squirrels, but no bears nor mountain lions." This evidently was a disappointment to him.

A Magnificent Mountain.

The Crow's Nest Peak is a magnificent mountain, he says, but little is known of it. The Cave, the source of the Old Man River, which flows from a large mountain, is also an interesting point, and the Crow's Nest Lakes have a beauty of their own. There is an abandoned part of the railway near the Loop, and between the Loop west of that and the Arrow Lakes are many places which would prove very attractive to tourists, and especially to those who carried a camera. Through this country, in the valleys, were fine fields for settlement, but as yet they have very few inhabitants. In his opinion, it will not always be thus, for the fertility of the land appeals to the agriculturist.

On the subject of the relative antiquity of the higher parts of North America, Mr. Whymper said:

"I am traveling to learn, and to learn about matters which are not found in books. The fact that a little to the east of Winnipeg, and thenceforward to the East all the way through to Halifax, the exposed rocks have been obviously ice ground, and have not only been ice ground, but have been ground by ice for centuries, is a matter of considerable interest. In going westward towards the Rockies I expected to see still more emphatic signs of ice action, but I have not found anything of the kind. There are a number of large glaciers in the immediate neighborhood of the Canadian Pacific Railway, but so far as I have been able to observe, they do not present any indications that they have ever been materially larger than they are at present."

Asked in regard to comparison of Canadian scenery with other places which he had visited, Mr. Whymper said: "I do not know any other part of the world of which it can be said that there is not a dull mile in over 500 miles. My walk across the Canadian Rockies was undertaken because I felt that it was impossible to see adequately the beauties of this wonderful region. They cannot be seen in traveling by railway alone, even if one went over it twenty times."

Superstitious Brides.

There will be proof of the survival of two old-time superstitions at the marriage of Miss Harvey to Sir Patrick Playfair.

One of the bridesmaids, following a West Country custom, will, says the "Onlooker," wear green stockings "for luck," while the old rhyme,

"Something old and something new,
Something borrowed and something blue,"

will also be remembered, the last-named necessity, being arranged for by the choosing of blue hats and feathers for the six bridesmaids.

"Brides are just as superstitious as ever they were," said the clerk of one of London's most fashionable churches yesterday. "There may not be so many superstitions as there used to be, but what few are left are as much considered as ever.

"They will not change the day, for instance, if they can help it. They will do anything rather than postpone the ceremony.

"Then they will not marry on a Friday. That is supposed to be very unlucky. So is the 13th of the month.

"I remember one lady of title who arranged to be married on a Friday, which was the 10th of the month. Then someone told her how awful the consequences would be, so she said, 'Well, have it arranged for the Monday after.' That was the 13th, so they made her change it again. Whether it was because she changed the day or not I do not know, but she figured in a divorce case not many years after.

"Many people who are married here insist on white heather being used in the decorations. That is supposed to bring luck. It has to be specially bleached, of course."—"Daily Mail."

Newcastle—Was there any romance connected with your engagement? Ingerfield—Romance? I proposed to her at 8.45 and she accepted me precisely at 9.15.—Detroit "Free Press."

A CANADIAN AUTHORESS.

Mrs. Sarah Jeanette Coates Honored by Canadian Society of Artists.

On Saturday evening, 5th Dec., the Canadian Society of Authors tendered a reception to Mrs. Sara Jeannette (Duncan) Cotes, the talented Canadian authoress, who is at present spending a short visit in Toronto. Her home is in Simla, India.

Mrs. Cotes, who has now attained an assured position among English writing novelists, is the eldest daughter of Chas. Duncan of Brantford, in which city she was born in 1862. Educated at the Collegiate Institute there, she commenced her career as a contributor of The Toronto Globe, joining, later, the editorial staff of The Washington Post. On her return to Canada she became the Parliamentary correspondent at Ottawa of

MRS. SARAH JEANETTE (DUNCAN) COATES.

The Montreal Star, and wrote a delightful series of essays each week, called "Saunterings."

In company with Miss Lily Lewis she made a tour round the world, embodying her impressions in a volume called "A Social Departure," which was followed by another book, "A Daughter of To-day," and still another, "The American Girl in London." In 1891 she married Everard Charles Cotes, M. A., of the Indian Civil Service, who later became the editor of a Calcutta newspaper. Among her subsequent works have been: "The Simple Adventures of a Memsahib," "Vernon's Aunt," "The Story of Sonny Sahib," "His Honor and a Lady," "A Voyage of Consolation," "The Path of a Star," "On the Other Side of the Latch," "Those Delightful Americans," "The Crow's Nest," and "The Little Widows of a Dynasty."

Her latest story, "The Imperialist," is a strongly written story of present-day Ontario life. According to Mrs. Donaldson in The Bookman, "the humorous vein and crisp tone of her varied literary work has won her a special niche among the women writers of the day."

German Statistics.

The statistics recently published by the well known statistician, Professor Paul Langhaus, announces that there are 89,500,000 of Germans in the whole world, an increase of 4,750,000 since 1900. There are 77,750,000 living in Europe; 11,000,000 in America, and 500,000 in Africa. In fifty-six cities there are to be found more than 100,000 German inhabitants. Of these thirty-three cities are in Germany and nine in the United States.

Discredited Natives.

In the government of their East Indian possessions the Dutch have a law which provides that the testimony of one white man shall be equal to that of seven natives.

What "Dixie" Did.

Brigadier-General "Jack" Hayes was an aide on the staff of General Kilpatrick during the Civil War.

When a hand-organ began playing "Dixie" the other night he left his seat in front of a local hotel and went into the house.

"Why don't you like 'Dixie?'" asked a friend.

"On our march to the sea," said General Hayes, "we were tearing up a railroad, building bonfires of the ties and laying the rails across them until heated red-hot and then twisting them about trees and telegraph-poles. A bunch of Confederates attacked us. General Kilpatrick ordered me to take out three bands and begin playing, hoping to delay the main attack until we had destroyed railroad communication.

"I deployed the bands, and they gave the Rebs the finest line of music they ever heard. Finally all of them stopped.

"'Play more patriotic airs,' I ordered.

"'We don't know any more,' said the three bandmasters in concert.

"'Well, give 'em "Dixie,"' I said.

"The bands played 'Dixie,' and those Confederates let out the rebel yell and started for us and gave us the worst licking we got on the march to the sea. That's why I don't seem to like 'Dixie.'"—San Francisco "Bulletin."

Lifebuoy Soap—disinfectant—is strongly recommended by the medical profession as a safeguard against infectious diseases. 22

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

IS WELL KNOWN IN BURK'S FALLS

There are Numerous Witnesses of Mrs. Adams' Sickness and Cure.

She Surely Had Bright's Disease in its Very Worst Stages.

And Just as Surely was Completely Cured by Dodd's Kidney Pills.

Burk's Falls, Ont., Feb. 1.—(Special)—Mrs. Thomas Adams, of Collingwood, whose almost miraculous recovery from Bright's Disease in its worst stages has caused a sensation in the medical world, is well known in Burk's Falls. She resided here for years before removing to Collingwood, and it was while living here that she was stricken with the terrible disease that sweeps so many into the grave.

Mrs. Adams has many friends still living in Burk's Falls, and they well remember the helpless, suffering invalid, who in March, 1900, looked as if her only relief lay in death itself. They can recall how when the dread words "Bright's Disease" fell from the doctor's lips, the report went around that Mrs. Adams' doom was sealed, that she would never rise from her bed of suffering on which she lay. They can recall how their sympathy went out to the little children who would soon be motherless.

WHAT CAUSED THE CURE.

Then while they waited and watched for the end a gradual improvement came over the sufferer. It was hardly noticeable at first, but as she grew stronger and was at length able to leave her bed and give to her children a mother's care, they wonderingly asked the cause. And then the truth came out. Mrs. Adams had on the advice of a friend placed her trust in the old reliable Kidney remedy, Dodd's Kidney Pills.

Slowly but surely Mrs. Adams' strength came back till she was going about as if Bright's Disease had never held her in its clutches. Still the skeptics refused to believe. "It's only one of the vagaries of the disease," they said. "It will come back with the winter." But winter came and went. Another summer and another winter passed, and to-day Mrs. Adams is able to say: "I have had no return of the trouble since Dodd's Kidney Pills brought me back from the brink of the grave."

And now all Burk's Falls, all those who knew Mrs. Adams in sickness and health, are forced to admit Dodd's Kidney Pills cured her Bright's Disease, and cured it to stay cured.

Neither has the lesson taught by Mrs. Adams' case been lost. People recognize the fact that if she had cured her pain in the back with Dodd's Kidney Pills, she would never have had Bright's Disease.

Origin of a Holiday.

The second week in August, if not one of great historical importance in old Amsterdam, is certainly one of martyrdom for the nervous and sensitive. An ancient custom prevails according to which the juveniles of the town are allowed to beat their drums for several hours during a whole week while parading the exchange. The story goes that about 200 years ago a plot was formed to blow up the exchange, but a small boy, happening to let his ball roll under the vaulted foundation of the building, discovered the barrels of powder which were to do the wrecking. So it was decided to reward the lad, and, on his being asked what he would like, the urchin said that he wished to be allowed to play at soldiers with his companions round the building, all being armed with drums, and to make as much noise as they liked during several hours of the day for one week every year. This custom is kept up, and, as all manner of instruments are called upon to represent a drum, tin kettles and saucepan lids not excepted, the din is something to be remembered.

Redundant.

Joseph was an excellent cook, but he was not what might be called an accomplished literary man. At the same time he conceived the idea that a cookery book from his pen would fill a long felt want. He set to work; but, feeling that perhaps he had made some mistakes in composition, he submitted the work to a prominent literary critic, who promised to go through the work and correct it where necessary.

After a day or two he brought it back.

"Yes," he said; "it's all right so far as I can see, but I rather fancy you've been a little superfluous in your recipe for lemon pudding."

"Have I? How's that?"

"Well, you see, you say here, 'Then sit on a hot stove and stir constantly.' Now, I really do not see how any one is going to sit on a hot stove without stirring constantly, so I think you can do without that sentence, don't you know."

A LADY SHOEBLACK.

Strange Sight in an Old London Street—Warned Off by the Police—Has No License.

London's only lady shoeblack, who did a little business in front of St. Pancras Church in the Euston road has, it appears, been warned by the police. The lady shoeblack took up what is really a strange business for a woman in order to help her husband. She put a gloss on the boots of a few pedestrians requiring a "shine," while he performed odd jobs in the neighborhood. The shoeblacking stand is also a kind of employment bureau for master plumbers, any of whom requiring a man can

A STRANGE SIGHT IN A LONDON STREET.

at once be supplied there with the names and addresses of jobbing plumbers out of work.

After a picture of the lady shoeblack had appeared in Lloyd's special edition, an evening paper interviewed her. She then said: I mustn't clean 'em (boots) on the box in the street any more—a police-inspector came round yesterday (he'd seen what was in the paper) and told me I mustn't. Because I haven't got a license!

"I didn't think I was doing any harm," Mrs. Birchmore, the lady in question, went on artlessly. "It was earning a few 'apence instead of letting 'em go. And would the police let me have a license?" said Mrs. Birchmore, doubtfully, dimly conscious that the sex is under some peculiar disabilities. Time will tell.—Lloyd's Weekly Newspaper.

The Usual Thing.

Jones (who has walked out of a second story window in his sleep)—Oh, dear! I hope my automobile isn't hurt!

Hugo and His Disciple.

A young man, an admirer of the great poet, attended one of Victor Hugo's receptions, became engaged in argument and lost his temper. Hugo solemnly rebuked him, and he subsided. Presently the guests retired. One of them, however, had forgotten his umbrella and returned to get it. Looking through an open door from the vestibule, he perceived the young man on his knees before the poet, sobbing out his apologies for his disrespect, while Victor Hugo, with almost regal dignity, extended his hand to him and bade him rise.

Solid Virtue.

Youth has its own criteria by which to judge things which its elders assess by other standards. Henry had just come into his mother's kitchen, where she was rolling pie crust.

"Making pies, mother?"

"Yes, dear."

"Say, mother, your pies taste all right, but why don't you make some like Mrs. Thompson gives me and Billy? You can take a piece in your hand and walk all round the yard eating it, and it won't break."

Bridal Customs in Spain.

In Spain a bride has no girl attendants to stand at the altar with her, but instead a "madrina," or godmother; neither does she have a wedding cake or any festive going away after the ceremony. The wedding pair depart quietly to their new home, where they remain until the following day, when they start on their honeymoon. Before departing they pay a formal visit to their respective relatives.

His Trouble.

"Have any buzzing in your ears?" asked the doctor, who was trying to diagnose the case.

"No," replied Mr. Henpeck, "not except when I have to stay in the house."—Chicago Record-Herald.

Family Diplomacy.

"I turn all my bills over to my wife."

"Does she have the money?"

"No, the nerve."—Cincinnati Commercial Tribune.

Worry wont cure a cough. When you find a cough holding on—when everything else has failed—try

Shiloh's Consumption Cure The Lung Tonic

It is guaranteed to cure. If it doesn't, we'll refund your money.

Prices: 25c. 50c. $1. S. C. WELLS & Co. LeRoy, N.Y., Toronto, Can. 304

PICKED UP HERE AND THERE.

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

Mr. Hays Hazlitt, with a gang of ten men, who came up on the "Humboldt", arrived yesterday afternoon. The men will work on the property on Spruce creek, owned by the Spruce Creek Power Co., Ltd., and preliminary operations, under Mr. Hazlitt's superintendence, will be commenced at once.

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

Mr. J. Roxborough, of Surprise Lake Hotel, arrived on Wednesday from Skagway, accomparied by Mrs Roxborough and their two sons; along with them were also a brother-in-law of Mr. Roxborough. The entire party came straight through from their old home in Belfast, Ireland.

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

Dr. Scharschmidt, who has been here on business for the last week leaves this morning for White Horse; he is accompanied by Mr. G. D. Sinclair, who is going out to the new strike at Alsek.

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

E. A. and W. E. Bulette arrived this week from the outside; they will immediately resume work on the "Bulette" group on Spruce creek.

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

The Atlin Musical and Dramatic Society will hold rehearsals every Thursday evening at 8 o'clock in their rooms at the Grand Hotel.

A full attendance is requested on Thursday evening next.

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

Our genial musical friend, Mr. J. T. Pilling, on Monday evening entertained some of his lady friends at dinner at his residence on Third Street.

The repast must have been a sumptuous one, as three of the lady guests had shortly afterwards to go to the Hospital.

No serious effects are expected.

(Communicated.)

Mr. J. H. Richardson is making extensive alterations to his store preparatory to the arrival of his new stock of Spring Goods.

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

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

DISSOLUTION OF PARTNERSHIP

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

Dated at Atlin, B. C. Feb. 20th. 1904.

G. Lee Garden,
D. L. Hall.

LATEST WIRES.

Continued from Page Four.

Paris, 23rn:—Prime minister Combes has denied that he is to immediately retire from the premiership as a result of recent cabinet reverses.

Liege, Belgium, 23rd:—Another anarchist outrage was attempted this morning by an infernal machine, placed on the window sill of the residence of police commissioner Binet. Mr. Binet discovered the machine in time to prevent damage.

Ottawa, 24th:—China has appealed to Great Britain to nullify the Canadian $200 head tax on all Chinese entering Canada. Since the inauguration of the tax not one Chinese emigrant has entered British Columbia, where before thousands came every year. It is not believed that Britain will disallow the act.

Montreal, —William Whyte, for many years Western Manager of the C. P. R., with headquarters at Winnipeg, and recently appointed Vice-President of the C. P. R., a position that had remained vacant for years after elevation of Sir Thomas Shaughnessy to the Presidency of the road, has been offered the management of the Russian Trans-Siberian Railway at a fabulous salary. He would not consider the offer.

Victoria,—The missing steamer Queen City has been located at Quatsino, where she is laid up with a broken tail shaft. A tug has been sent to bring her home.

Baltimore,—Geo. E. Yewell, one of the last survivors of the Greely relief expedition, is dead of consumption at this place.

Vancouver, 24—W. H. Dorman, post office inspector here, died last night of erisipelas.

Ottawa, 25.— The late B. T. A. Bell, Treadgold concession commissioner, was insured against accident for $15,000 and held straight life insurance to amount of $20,000 or $25,000.

The Rise and Fall.

The lowest and highest temperatures recorded for the week ending 25th. inst, are as follows:

Mch. 19	8 below	18 above
20	10	12
21	2	14
22	5	21
23	0	24
24	3 above	32
25	3	29

WANTED Special Representative in this and adjoining territories, to represent and advertise an old established business house of solid financial standing. Salary, $31 weekly, with expenses, advanced each Monday by check direct from headquarters.

Expenses advanced; position permanent. We furnish everything. Address. The Columbia, 630 Monon Bldg., Chicago, Ill.

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Peter Johnstone, Props.

STABLES & LUMSDEN

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THE IRON STORE.

And are to the front with Fresh Eggs and the best brands of Butter, backed up by a full line of Groceries, best brands on the Market.

OUR MOTTO: Fair treatment to all
OUR AIM: Once a Customer, always a Customer.

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ELECTRIC LIGHT RATES: — Installation, $3:50 per light.
16 Candle Power Incandescent $3:00 per month per light.
18 " " " $1:50 "

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Giant Powder Fuse and Caps.
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Call and get prices at
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I KEEP NONE BUT PRIME STOCK—LOWEST MARKET PRICES.
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