THE ATLIN CLAIM.

VOL. 8. ATLIN, B. C., SATURDAY, MAY 2, 1903. NO. 198.

BIDS WANTED

Contracts to Be Let For the Mail Service

To Atlin From the Railroad—Two Separate Contracts for Summer and Winter Services.

Circulars have been sent out from Ottawa calling for bids for carrying the Yukon and Atlin mails, summer and winter. Separate contracts are to be let for the services during the two seasons.

Tenders for the services will be received at Ottawa up till noon of May 22nd. The Atlin service calls for 700 pounds per week each way, and the contract about to be let will continue in force for a term not exceeding four years; the Postmaster-General reserving the right to terminate the contract at any time previous to the expiration of the four years should the public interest, in his opinion, require it, upon giving the contractor three month's previous notice of his intention. All expenses on the route for tolls, ferries, etc., must be defrayed by the contractor.

Each tender must state the price asked per annum in words at length, and to be accompanied by the written guarantee of two responsible parties, undertaking that, in the event of the tender being accepted, the contract shall be duly executed by the party tendering for the price demanded; undertaking also to become bound with the contractor in the sum of $1000 for the due performance of the service.

For the winter services the contractor has to provide suitable sleighs drawn by horses or dogs as circumstances will admit of, and will be required to erect and maintain suitable stations along the route, and he will also be required to provide for the defense of the mail whilst en route from the weather or from any other cause of injury and from dangers of every kind.

The present contract, with the Canadian Development Company, expires early this summer, and the new contracts will virtually come into effect upon the acceptance of tenders.

Special attention is called to the advertisement of the hydraulic plant for sale. This plant can be bought and landed in Atlin for less than half its original cost.—It is an opportunity of a life-time.

A. F. & A. M.—Notice to all sojourning brethern—A meeting for mutual benefit will be held on 1st Thursday in each month in the A. O. U. W. Hall, Atlin, B. C., to which all brethren in good standing are cordially invited.

An Extraordinary Meeting.

An extraordinary meeting of the Pine Creek Flume Co., Ltd., was held in Vancouver on Tuesday last for the purpose of considering and, if thought fit, passing a resolution authorizing the Directors to raise a sum of money by the issue of preference shares or otherwise; and to receive and consider the annual statements of accounts and balance sheets; to elect Directors and other officers.

R. W. Queen is Secretary of the Company.

America's Cup Defender.

The Reliance, the new yacht which has been constructed for the defence of the International cup, was launched from the Herreshoff works, Bristol, R.I., on the 11th ulto. She is the sixth yacht which this firm has built for America's defence. Three of these have defeated the British challenger, while two did not prove on their trials sufficiently reliable to warrant their selection for the honor.

Sir Oliver Mowat's Successor.

Mr. W. Mortimer Clark, K.C., has been appointed Lieut.-Governor of Ontario, succeeding the late Sir Oliver Mowat. He is a citizen of the highest standing, and prominent in church circles.

The Best on Record.

From Mr. Fielding's budget speech, delivered before the Dominion House on the 15th ulto, he predicts that the surplus of revenue over expenditure for the fiscal year, ending June 30th, will be $13,350,000, which will be the largest in the history of the Dominion.

Estimates.

In the Provincial Estimates recently brought down, the sum of $1000 is set apart for the Discovery lock-up and the sum of $20,000 for "maintenance and repairs" in the Cassiar district. No detailed statement is given, so it is impossible to say what proportion of that sum is available for Atlin.

Those Customs' Changes.

No Very Radical Alterations to Take Place — A Suggestion of the Finance Minister.

Two weeks ago a telegram over the signature of Mr. W. J. Robinson, of Philadelphia, was pubished in these columns, announcing that mining machinery would be admitted into Canada free of duty.

From more recent advice it is learned that it is very likely that Mr. Fielding's suggestions, which were made in his Budget speech, some days ago, as to tariff changes, will probably become law before the House prorogues.

The proposed change, as regards mining machinery, so far as our information goes, is simply an amplification of certain customs regulations already in force. The new clause reads:

"That machinery and appliances of a kind not made in Canada, for exclusive use in alluvial gold mining, be added to the Free List until June 30th, 1904."

Prepared For Burial.

Word was received early this week that the body of Joseph Abey, one of the unfortunate mail carriers, who lost his life in the discharge of his duty, on November 30th last, had been found within a few feet from the spot where the sled and dogs were found some days after the accident. Constable Owen and Undertaker Pillman were at once sent out to bring the body to Atlin.

Judging from the condition of the body, Abey died from exposure, not by drowning. The head and shoulders were frozen into the ice, while the lower part was under the water. His body was found about 20 feet from the shore

The Government Agent telegraphed to Abey's relatives at Chater, Manitoba, as to their wishes for the disposition of Joe Abey's remains. Word was received on Thursday night to have the body embalmed and shipped at the earliest moment. E. L. Pillman is in charge of these arrangements and it is expected that the remains will be sent out via Caribou early next week.

An Important Memorial.

The members of the Executive Committee of the B. C. Mining Association met in Victoria on the 20th and 23rd ultos for the purpose of drafting a memorial to the Government urging certain changes of the mining laws. This presentation, it is said, will probably be the most important to be made to the Government this session and is the result of the very profitable convention which was held in Victoria some time ago.

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

THE NEW SCHEDULE

White Pass Tariff For 1903 Just Issued.

Shows a Reduction all Round of From Ten to Twenty-five per Cent.

The following changes are effective in the shipment of goods to Dawson over the White Pass route:

As in last year's tariff there are three classes in that just issued, viz.; A, B and C. A carload is reckoned as 20,000 pounds and over.

Last year's rate to Dawson for less than carload lots on classes A, B and C, were respectively, $4, $4.50 and $5.50; this year, on the same classes, they are respectively, $3.75, $4 and $4.75.

Special commodity rates are given on hay, shipments under 7 tons going at $3.25 per 100 pounds. and over 7 tons at $2.75 per 100 pounds. Oats and feed, under 10 tons, $3, and over 10 tons, $2.50.

The same special commodity tariff is furthermore divided into six groups for convenience of classification. Group 1, consisting of flour, rice, salt, sugar, canned goods and such staples, is rated at $2.75 in carload lots. Groups 2, 3 and 4, consisting of groceries, are awarded substantial reductions below class A rates (under which they usually appear) when shipped in carload lots. Groups 5 and 6 are hardware and such like, and are given rates at from $2.60 to $2.75 per 100 lbs in carload lots.

These special commodity rates expire on August 31st, 1903, unless sooner revoked and class rates apply from that time to the close of navigation. No through bills of lading will be issued after August 31st and none before May 15th. All rates are on a weight basis.

The tariffs to Atlin show a similarly substantial reduction. It also enjoys the advantage of special commodity rates on carload lots.

The new Classification Lists and tariff sheets have not been received here yet, but they should be to hand at an early date.

Alaska's Wireless Telegraph

An extensive system of wireless telegraphy is now being put in operation by the American De Forrest Wireless Telegraph Co. on the Pacific coast. There will be seven stations. The first at Cape Flattery—which is already under construction—and the others girdling the coast of the most northerly possessions of the United States and the Orient, at the following points: Dutch Harbor, Cape Nome, Kamtchatka peninsula, Yokohama Hongkong and Manilla.

THE YOUNG MAN AND HIS MONEY.

Robert O. White, pastor Faith Presbyterian Church, New York.

For the love of money is the root of all evil: which, while some coveted after, they have erred from the faith, and pierced themselves through with many sorrows.—1 Timothy, vi., 10.

The miser, the man who loves money for itself alone, is in this age and land a negligible quantity; but the man who loves and seeks money for what it can do for him is much in evidence. It is in this form of covetousness that Paul's clear eye saw the source of so many sorrows. Money is good—a necessary blessing. But the way in which very many love and seek and use money is a curse to themselves and to everybody else.

Man loves power. Money confers power. The possession of enough of it confers the power to acquire and enjoy almost anything, except personal worth, which the heart may desire. Here lies its danger. It gives the power to furnish the necessities, comforts and luxuries of life, not only, but to indulge every appetite and passion with the promise of escape from some of the natural consequences. The small gambler goes to Sing Sing, while the rich gambler goes to London; which is but typical of a thousand other ways in which the possession of plenty of money, however acquired, appears to confer power and pleasure. How then shall a young man, with a life to make or mar, regard the getting and the using of this wonderful medium of power?

1. He ought to have some of it. Young man, the world does not owe you a living. The only thing it owes you is a fair chance to make something of yourself and make a living for yourself. On the other hand, you owe the world something. If you think it owes you something, remember that it owes the same to every other man, and thus a part of the debt is yours. You owe to the world, first, a contribution of personal worth and character. Pay it. And you owe to the world also your own support. That means you must have money in some form. You do not need to be rich, though you may be, without shame, but you ought—with a great big ought—to acquire enough good money to support yourself and those naturally dependent upon you.

2. How shall you get it? Not dishonestly. Honesty is not only good policy, but it is infinitely more. Honesty is right. He who departs from honesty for money sells himself for the money sought—usually a pitiably small price. He has proved how base he is, and has still further debased himself besides. Get your money honorably, or do not get it at all.

Work for it. The world has not outgrown the curse (or blessing) pronounced in Eden. You have no right to expect money, you do not deserve money, you are not fit to use money until you have earned it by brain or brawn, or both.

3. How shall you use it? Do not drift into any way of using it. You may drift along fairly well for some time, but there is a shore somewhere, and drifting almost invariably ends in stranding. The world is strewn with the wrecks of stranded drifters. Without being miserly, determine definitely now, when and where your money shall go, and insist that it shall produce results for you. It is most important that you should recognize the religious obligation involved in its possession. You are God-kept, and all you get is in a sense God-given. Thus you are responsible to God for its use. This obligation, which should be of first importance to you, agrees with and is reinforced by the ordinary considerations of wisdom and morals and the fundamental requisites of business success.

By this, and by all of these, wasting money is vicious. Debt is often of doubtful morality, if not worse, and generally dangerous. Gambling, in any form, is wrong, demoralizing, abominable. Money spent for intoxicants of any sort to vice itself adds worse than waste. Money spent on vanity makes return in impoverished character and lessened chance of future success. Dress according to your income, never as some other fellow does. Thousands of young men are worth to the world little more than lay figures for the display of haberdashery. They are saving no money, are letting slip their life chance and grow ever more shallow in character. Don't!

Under the same principle recognize your responsibility to others. "No man liveth unto himself alone." Money is not only power for yourself, but power for the world, and I think I am not wrong when I assure you that those who have made, not the most money, but the most out of money, are those who have most truly blessed the world with their money. Be sure that, other things being equal, the most selfish are the most miserable. Figure that into your expense account.

4. The limit of its power. There is one thing which money, even the best money, cannot buy—peace with God and eternal life. No amount of money or of good works done with money can secure this. The only legal tender here is faith in Jesus, the Christ, which includes by virtue of its nature, its open acknowledgment, and a sincere effort to live by His principles. With all your getting of money, wisdom, honor, power and pleasure do not provide the final and eternal failure of your life by permitting yourself to enter the presence of God not having Christ as your Friend. You may leave behind you more millions than you ever heard of and yet go before the bar of God in poverty more pitiable and hopeless than that of the poorest tramp who ever walked the streets. "With all thy getting get understanding," and provide for the most important issues of life first.

For the Farmer.

Two pounds each of cornmeal, cottonseed-meal and glutenmeal, 10 pounds of corn ensilage, and as much timothy hay as they want, is recommended by the Maine Station as a satisfactory ration for milch cows, to be fed twice a day. Many farmers would doubtless prefer to substitute bran for cottonseed-meal.

The breed of cows the dairyman should choose depends on the line of work he purposes to follow. If sale milk is to be his specialty he wants the deep milkers. If butter, he wants the butter producers regardless of the quantity of milk. If money is what he is dairying for, then he wants the breed that in his particular line of effort will return him the most of it.

The Connecticut Agricultural Station, Mr. E. H. Jenkins, director, Newhaven, Conn., has issued a neat spraying calendar, containing not only the almanac for the year, but formulas for insecticides and fungicides. It should prove most valuable, as, in addition to giving the methods of preparing the various sprays, it explains to what kind of crops each is applicable.

Wood Ashes on Farms.

Wood ashes have been known for many years as excellent for all kinds of crops. Long before fertilizers were placed upon the market wood ashes were highly esteemed by farmers, and if they can be had at fair prices, on guarantee, they sell readily. But ashes vary greatly, those from hardwoods being more valuable than the ashes from soft wood, and yet it is difficult to decide upon the value of ashes even when the kind of wood is known. The ingredient sought in ashes is potash. Hickory ashes contain as high as 9.17 per cent.; red oak, 5.75 per cent.; rock elm, 6.30; walnut, 4.65; cherry, 5.82; quince, 6.30; pear, 9.70; butternut, 3.98; plum, 4.80, and peach, 6.95. The cuttings of grapevines produce ashes that are exceedingly rich in potash, containing 12.20 per cent., while the pear tree, as may be noticed, produces more potash in its ashes than does hickory. These facts make the purchase of wood ashes a matter of uncertainty, so far as the actual value to the farmer is concerned, for unless he is informed of the kind of wood from which they are made he will have no knowledge of the amount of potash they contain. Should he purchase butternut tree ashes he will not get one-half as much potash as from hickory ashes, while ashes from old trees, young shoots, limbs, trunks and branches differ, even from the same tree. The bags containing a lot of ashes will also vary in percentage of potash, while he will also find it very difficult to distinguish leached from unleached ashes. Then, again, the weight of ashes depends largely upon the humidity of the atmosphere. If purchased when the weather is damp there will be more moisture in the ashes than during dry weather, as they quickly absorb moisture. Analysis of ashes shows that different lots vary greatly.

Potash alone does not give value to ashes as they contain phosphoric acid and lime. The recognized average for unleached ashes is 5 per cent. of potash, 1 1-2 per cent. of phosphoric acid and 32 1-2 per cent. of lime. A ton of ashes, therefore, contains 100 pounds of potash (worth about $5), 30 pounds of phosphoric acid (worth about $1.50), and 650 pounds of lime. The value of the ashes depends upon the potash and phosphoric acid, the total being $6.50, as the lime is given no value in fertilizers that are purchased as such, yet it really has a value, which is the same as the market value for stone lime. The proportions of phosphoric acid and lime also vary according to the kind of ashes, but owing to their bulk for shipment, and the fact that they are sometimes leached before put upon the market, the price of ashes is frequently much greater than their actual value to the farmer. Every farmer, however, should carefully save all the ashes made from wood on the farm. Coal ashes have little or no value as fertilizers. Corncobs, the cuttings from vines and trees, and even dead weeds, make ashes which are rich in potash, but the ashes should be kept under shelter and not allowed to become wet, as they are more easily applied on the land when in a perfectly dry condition. If mixed with barnyard manure they cause loss of ammonia from the heap, but ashes and manure may be applied on land at the same time and worked into the soil. Potash in ashes is in a pure, uncombined state, very caustic, and at once exerts a chemical and mechanical effect on the soil, while that in fertilizers is combined as a "salt," with acids, of which about one-half only is pure potash.

As there are about 600 pounds of lime in a ton of wood ashes, it is apparent that some of the benefits imparted to land by ashes is through the lime, which is in the finest possible condition, and is also produced from vegetable matter; that is, unlike stone lime, it has been used in the growth of plants and returned for use again in the wood ashes. But the objection to buying lime in wood ashes is that in such form it is costly, for if a ton of wood ashes cost $10, and the value of the potash and phosphoric acid is $6.50, as stated, the 650 pounds of lime would cost the farmer $3.50, and, as he can buy stone lime much cheaper, he will not be benefited correspondently by purchasing ashes in order to procure the lime. Lime sells at from 50 cents to $1 per barrel, the cost of the pure lime being 31 1-2 cents per 100 pounds when lime is 75 cents per barrel, while the cost of transportation may be but a small sum if the lime can be procured near the farm. Ashes contain all the mineral elements of the woods from which they are derived, which includes also soda, magnesia, silica, etc., but the nitrogenous matter is eliminated during the burning of the wood. Farmers who desire to use ashes will probably find them profitable if the price does not exceed $7 per ton for unleached, but some lots may be worth more. Fruit growers have a preference for ashes, as they serve to neutralize the acids of the soil when vegetable matter is ploughed under, and for clover, peas, etc., ashes are also excellent.—Philadelphia Record.

The Sultan's Army.

Public Opinion publishes the following condensed translation of an article which recently appeared in The Figaro, Paris:—We should enlighten those who seem to think that the mobilization of 240,000 men is a considerable step for Turkey. The fact of the matter is that at present the Turkish army could muster twenty classes, each containing 85,000 men, which, by allowing a large percentage for loss, makes a mass of about 1,500,000 men. Thus, in giving the order to mobilize 240,000, the Sultan only places the seventh part of his army in motion. The figure of 240,000 men does not represent even one-half of the force that Turkey, by calling upon all of the reserves, could place in Macedonia alone.

For clearness of demonstration it is necessary to state that the Turkish army is composed (1) of the corps of the regular army, the strength of which depends on whether or not it is in a state of mobilization, that is, whether it is on a war or peace footing; (2) of the divisions of the reserve corresponding to the corps of the regular army; (3) of the battalions of milita, also corresponding to the corps of the regular army, and (4) of the excess from the first two classes, from which there are formed complementary battalions.

The second corps of the army, with a base at Adrianople, and the third, with a base at Monastir, are, because of their strategic positions, the strongest of the Ottoman army, the number of men being greater than in the other corps. They comprise different bodies of troops taken from other military subdivisions, the second corps of the active army being composed on a war footing as follows:

Infantry—Two divisions, comprising 32 battalions; also two battalions of cavalry, of 900 men each	30,600
Cavalry—One division, comprising 30 squadrons of 153 men each	4,590
Field Artillery — Three brigades, comprising 41 battalions, of 140 men each	5,740
Fortification Artillery—Three battalions, of 10 companies, of 250 men each	2,500
Howitzers—One regiment, comprising six batteries, of 140 men each.	840
Engineers—Four companies, of 200 men each	800
Baggage—Six companies, of 150 men each	900
	45,970

Thus the force of this corps on a war footing, but without the reserve, is 45,970 men. The third corps is still larger, including five divisions of infantry and seven regiments of cavalry, as follows:

Infantry—Five divisions, comprising 80 battalions (also two of cavalry), of 900 men each	73,800
Cavalry—One division, comprising 35 squadrons, of 153 men each	5,355
Field Artillery—Three brigades, comprising 66 battalions, of 140 men each	9,240
Fortification Artillery—Eleven companies, of 250 men each	2,750
Howitzers—One regiment, containing six batteries, of 140 men each.	840
Engineers—Four companies, of 200 men each	800
Baggage—Six companies, of 150 men each	900
	93,685

Thus the force of the third corps on a war footing is 93,685 men, which together with that of the second—in both cases without the reserves—is 140,000 men in round numbers. If, now, we consider the reserves, which are formed at the rate of four divisions per corps for the infantry of the regular army and four regiments per corps for the cavalry, we have a total reserve for these two corps of 102,400 men, which, added to the figures of the active army, gives a total of 240,000 men in round numbers for the regular and reserve forces of the second and third corps—the number which advices from the front tell us were mobilized.

These two corps of the Sultan's European army are in reality the very soul of the Turkish military establishment, and they are continually—in diverse degrees—in a state of mobilization. The Sultan ordered the mobilization of 240,000 men, that is, he added to the 140,000 men of the active army the 102,000 of the reserves, which is no extraordinary thing from a military standpoint, although it may be from a political.

Curious Bits of News.

At the International Congress of Americanists Dr. A. F. Chamberlain, formerly of Toronto, described the contributions of the Algonquin Indians to the spoken and written English of America. More than 130 of our words, he said, are of this origin. Among the more common of these words are chipmunk, hickory, hominy, mugwump, powwow, raccoon, skunk, squash, Tammany, terrapin, toboggan, totem and woodchuck.

Recent statistics prove that the United States possesses the most polyglot press in the world. Outside journals published in English (or American-English) it has been ascertained that there are 743 published in German, 63 in Swedish, 60 in Norwegian, 39 in French, 18 in Czechish, 37 in Italian, 37 in Polish, 17 in Spanish, 19 in Hebrew, 16 in Dutch, 12 in Slav, 8 in Finnish, 6 in Portuguese, 1 in Lithuanian, 5 in Armenian, 5 in Hungarian, 5 in Croatian, 4 in Chinese, 2 in Japanese, 2 in Greek, 2 in Latin, 2 in Russian, 1 in Iroquois, and one in Gaelic. Babel must take second place to this.

It may be doubted whether the dictates of fashion have ever led to anything more cruel and repulsive than the practice described in a French medical publication as the one adopted to procure those sinister-looking animals whose fierce and hideous attitudes are reproduced in the jewelry worn to-day by fashionable Parisian beauties. The artist who provides these morbid designs lives in a village near Paris, and in different cages keeps cats, rats and many other animals whom he slowly starves to death. Though he lives among his victims, the artist has grown callous to their cries, and as the wretched animals writhe in their agony he gets the horrible and fantastic forms he desires for the jewelry destined to adorn the beautiful women of the French capital.

A telephone church service, whereby hundreds of people can listen to the services while at their own homes, has recently been instituted in an Indiana town. Those who listen can distinguish every word, and the result is altogether satisfactory. "This is the future of all our social services," writes E. P. Powell in "Christian Register." "In my own house my sons frequently play the violin and organ for a grouping of a dozen or more families scattered over a radius of two or three miles. The music is heard as perfectly in the most remote house as in the nearest. In the same way the women of a circuit have established telephone tea-parties. At a certain hour they sit down to their 'phones, drink their own tea, and distribute the gossip." Imagine how each one puts in an extra lump of sugar!

The case of Judge Campbell of Virginia, who horsewhipped the Rev. Mr. Crawford, is again before the courts. One of the witnesses, John L. Lea, described as a leading criminal lawyer of Lynchburg, gave testimony which throws some light upon the peculiar social relations which the duello creates in the South. On the cross-examination the defendant's counsel, Major Conrad, questioned him as to his personal relations with Campbell. "I prefer not to go into that matter," he said. "I regret, Mr. Lea, that I am instructed to insist," said the major. Then the Lynchburg lawyer answered the question as follows: "My relations with Judge Campbell have been rather peculiar. Some ten or twelve years ago, during the time of my service as commonwealth's attorney, I was forced to shoot and kill his father. I was promptly arrested, promptly tried and promptly acquitted by a judge and jury whose integrity has never been called into question. For months afterward Judge Campbell and I did not speak. Finally Judge Campbell came to me, held out his hand, and said he didn't blame me for what I had done and that he wished to be friends. I was placed in an embarrassing position, but, of course, I shook hands with him, and since that time we have been friendly in a way. There was never any intimacy between us."

As Business Developed.

"But why," asks the lawyer for the defendant of the eminent handwriting expert, "are you so cocksure that your decision on this chirography is correct?"

"Sir," replies the expert with some dignity, "I have had the i's examined by my consulting oculist, the p's by my gardener, the b's by my apiarist, the c's by a retired ship captain, the e's by a tramp that I picked up some time ago, the h's by a globe-trotter who has done England, the j's by a professional buncoman, the k's by a scientific cheese-maker, the g's by the best teamster I could find, the f's by a renowned musician, the l's by an elevated railway president, the m's by the president of the typographical union, the o's by three shrewd bill-collectors, the q's by a Chinese savant, the t's by one of our leading importers, the v's and x's by a committee of bank cashiers, the w's by a green-apple grower, the y's by a few members of a college faculty, and have relied on my own judgment as to the rest."

"Your honor," said the lawyer, "we have no further questions to ask."—"Judge."

Names of Teas.

In the Canton dialect, "Pekoe" means "white hair," and for this kind of tea the very youngest leaves of all are gathered, so young that the white down of babyhood is still upon them—whence their name. "Congo" means "labor;" considerable trouble and labor are taken in its preparation at Amoy, and these are perpetuated in its name. "Bohea" is named after a range of hills in Fo-Kien. "Soochong" expresses no sentiments, but a bald fact, being Cantonese for "the small kind." "Hyson" signifies "flourishing spring."

Lever's Y-Z (Wise Head) Disinfectant Soap Powder dusted in the bath, softens the water and disinfects. 38

SUNLIGHT SOAP REDUCES EXPENSE

$5,000 Reward will be paid by Lever Brothers Limited, Toronto, to any person who can prove that this soap contains any form of adulteration whatsoever, or contains any injurious chemicals.

Ask for the Octagon Bar. 215

They tell this story of Lord Charles Beresford and Sir Frederick Treves, the King's physician: Lord Charles fell ill, and Sir Frederick was called to his bedside. "Tell me," said Sir Frederick, "your symptoms." The other said he had a pain here, an ache there and a stiffness somewhere else. And to each of these announcements the physician exclaimed, chuckling delightedly: "Excellent!" "Charming!" "Splendid!" When Lord Charles had concluded the enumeration of his troubles, Sir Frederick slapped him heartily upon the back and cried in a bold, gay voice: "My dear fellow, let me congratulate you. You have the rarest disease of the century. You have, you lucky dog, a disease that heretofore was thought to be extinct."

Atkins Lawrence, in recalling his appearances with Mary Anderson, when she was a youthful aspirant for stellar honors in the East, says: "I was getting a little stout in those days, even though I was a young fellow, and, as Claude Melnotte, I had a vest that I had supplied with three powerful buckles in the back. These I would draw as tightly as possible to make myself slim. One night I had just finished my description of my palace, and knelt down to say: 'Likest thou the picture, Pauline?' when suddenly all three of the buckles gave way with a snap that set the people in the orchestra tittering. 'What's the matter, Atkins?' Mary Anderson said, in a stage whisper. 'My vest buckles have broken,' I answered. 'That's all right,' she replied, 'I was afraid it was your suspenders.'"

In his autobiography, "Citizen" George Francis Train says Emerson has had more influence on his life than any other man in the world. Here is his account of how he met the author under rather peculiar circumstances: "One day a gentleman, looking like a farmer, came into the office and asked to see Mr. Train. I remember that it was the fifth of October, 47. I replied to this question that my name was Train. 'I mean the old gentleman,' he said. I told him that Colonel Train was out of the office at the time, but as I had charge of the ships, I might be able to attend to his business. But I added that I was extremely busy, as the 'Washington Irving' was to sail in an hour. 'That is just what I am here for,' said he. 'I want to sail on that ship; I want passage for England.' I told him there was but one stateroom left, and that he could have both berths for the price of one—$75—but that he must get aboard in great haste, as everything was ready, and the ship was waiting for final orders. He said he was ready, and I started to fill out a passenger slip. 'What is your name?' I asked. Ralph Waldo Emerson,' he replied. Then he took out of his pocket an old wallet, with twine wrapped around it four or five times, opened it carefully, and counted out $75. I could not wait to see whether it was correct, but threw it in the drawer and took him on board. Mr. Emerson was then starting on his famous visit to England, during which he was to visit Carlyle."

Effect of London's Smoke.

A startling indictment of London smoke and its disastrous effects upon the health of the metropolis was formulated at the meeting of the Coal Smoke Abatement Society held recently at the Duke of Westminster's Grosvenor House under the presidency of the Duke of Argyll, according to The London Daily Mail.

The everlasting pall of smoke habitually robs London of half its due amount of sunlight. The investigations of the Meteorological Society have proved this fact. Speakers at a recent meeting declared that smoke clogs the pores of the skin, lacerates the mucous membrane of the lungs, poisons the blood, and by reducing the vitality weakens the power of self-control, and drives men to the public houses for the false support of alcohol. Smoke destroys trees and flowers, spoils works of art, fouls food and clothes, and eats away buildings.

This is the state of things which the Smoke Abatement Society has been striving for three years to remedy. It has succeeded in depriving London fogs of their ancient power of stinging the eyes and choking the throat. Sir William Richmond, R.A., went so far as to aver that the beautiful abnormal February weather was largely attributable to the Smoke Abatement Society.

Smoke Up.

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To Set Her Free

By FLORENCE WARDEN

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

"—, I thought it wasn't fair, for one thing, that they should set upon you and tear you to pieces when you were not in fault. So I thought I would break it to them and get the explosion over by myself. Only I didn't know how bad it was going to be. And then, I suppose, being only a woman, I was bursting with my secret, too. So that when Robert made one of his favorite allusions to the happy time we should have when I was married to him, I couldn't help flashing upon him the answer that that was impossible, as I was married already."

"I can imagine the effect of such an announcement at Mrs. Bascot's trim tea-table," laughed Astley.

Norma smiled a little too.

"It was rather funny, though, as you may guess, I wasn't able to see the fun of it at the time. Now I come to think of it, they were really like a cageful of lions when the keeper takes their dinner away. They spared neither me nor you, and at last they made me so furious that I ran away and came here, to give them time to settle down."

"You must dine with me," said Astley. "It will be rather fun, won't it?"

And he looked at her with a gleam of mischief in his eyes.

Norma hesitated, and looked puzzled and distressed. The complications brought about by their new relationship suddenly appeared to her as they had never appeared before. Supposing one of her uncle's acquaintances were to hear of her dining here with Astley Darwen, how everybody would talk! What rumors would be set flying about, making it doubtful whether confession or concealment would be best! Even matrimony in a registry office had its claims, its disadvantages.

Astley, meanwhile, had rung the bell, and, when the waiter appeared, startled Norma by ordering dinner for himself and Mrs. Darwen. She was confounded. The moment the man had left the room, she turned abruptly to Astley:

"Why did you say that? You shouldn't have said that," she remonstrated, breathlessly. "You know how people talk, especially here."

"It's precisely because I do know how they talk, especially here," retorted Astley, calmly, "that I couldn't allow my wife to run the risk of gossip at her expense."

Norma said nothing, but she trembled. There was something more than strange, something that almost thrilled her, in hearing the words "my wife" applied to herself by a man. Indifferent as she believed herself to be to all men, cold, hard, inaccessible, the associations connected with the word were, of course, too strong for her to hear it unmoved now that by legal right it belonged to her.

There was something, too, that touched her, as she did not want to be touched in the tone with which Astley at once took upon himself, as of right, the careful protection of her good name. Her feelings made her restless and shy. She was glad that the door was at this point burst open by the waiter, who came to lay more knives and forks on Astley's table, which was in the corner near the fire.

Astley, who always saw the humorous side of things, began to beam with amusement at the piquancy of this impromptu dinner with his own wife. It was clear that he took a mischievous pleasure in referring to the tastes of "Mrs. Darwen," in informing the waiter that "Mrs. Darwen" drank claret, and that "Mrs. Darwen" would like a footstool. And at last she threw him a reproachful look when the man was out of the room, and told him that it was too bad to tease her.

"Does it tease you?" said Astley. "Doesn't it rather amuse you too? I think this escapade of yours is the greatest fun. And if only your uncle would fling open the door while we were enjoying our cutlet, I feel that the dramatic as well as the humorous possibilities of life would be exhausted."

"Whatever happens to you nothing ever seems able to make you sad or even serious," said Norma with interest.

They were by this time seated opposite each other at the little table, and Norma was able to examine with earnest scrutiny the face of the man she had married. A typical English face it was, with an originally fair skin tanned and reddened by the open air and the African sun, with smooth and shining mouse-colored hair, a moustache with a suspicion of ginger color in it, fairly well cut features, and honest blue eyes. Astley had the further attraction of that exceedingly clean, trim look so distinctive of the upper class Englishman, and particularly of the army man. When he began to return her scrutiny, she looked down on the white table cloth, and tried to think of something to say.

Nobody could have complained of any want of earnestness in his tone as he answered:

"Doesn't it occur to you that I may have gone through experiences so sad and serious that nothing less than a real misfortune can disturb me? And, whatever cause you may have to look upon our—what shall I call it?—partnership?—as a misfortune, it certainly doesn't appear in that light to me."

Norma bent her head and blushed.

"Of course," she said gently, "your illness, and being wounded, and all that, were misfortunes; but that isn't the sort of thing that eats into one, is it?"

"Oh, no," said he readily. "I don't count those things at all. I've gone through much worse things than that, I can assure you, things that would, I really think, make you wonder that you could call your troubles misfortunes at all."

He was serious enough now; and something in his voice thrilled Norma, and made her look at him with eyes full of shy, sympathetic interest.

"Really?" whispered she.

He smiled a little.

"I've a good mind," said he slowly, "to tell you what they were. But I'm not sure. It might give you a lesson in contentment, but, on the other hand, it might pain you, disgust you."

"Tell me," whispered Norma after a pause, and without raising her eyes.

"Well then, I've been married before—unhappily," said Astley, in a tone which was almost gruff.

"Oh!"

The surprising statement made Norma look up quickly; and then a sense of shame rushed through her heart, when she reflected that she had always been so much occupied with her own troubles that she had concerned herself very little about the life and circumstances of this man who had done so much for her.

These thoughts and feelings brought the rich color to her cheeks, and a look of sweetness and softness to her great dark eyes.

Astley met her eyes, smiled a little, and looked down as he went on:

"Yes. I fell in love with a girl I met one winter, when I was staying up at my cousin's, the most beautiful girl, I still think, that I ever saw in my life."

He paused, and Norma made an impatient little gesture, urging him to go on.

"I don't suppose she ever cared for me much; she married me because it was a good match for her, though it would have been a very poor one for any girl of my own rank. She was the sister of a doctor's wife who lived near Astley Haigh, and it was at the doctor's house I met her. I might have known better than to marry her, for she was even then trying very hard, as I could not help seeing, to capture my cousin."

"Sir Hugh Darwen?"

"Yes. And failing in that—for Hugh was a confirmed bachelor at that time—she graciously accepted me. You see, I was a more important person than I am now; for Hugh had declared he never meant to marry, and in that case the property and the title would some day have come to me."

"Has he married since then?"

"No, but he's going to, in about ten days from now. So I look upon it as a foregone conclusion that my chances are knocked on the head. I can't say I care much."

"You never told me all this," said Norma, very much interested. "To think of your having had such an interesting career, while I was too much wrapped up in my own little miseries to so much as ask a question about yours!"

Her tone was sincerely penitent, and there were even tears in her eyes. Astley smiled appreciatively.

"Well, well, it's not too late for me to come in for a little of your sympathy now," said he cheerily. The next moment, however, he again took a more serious tone. "We got on pretty well—Lottie and I, till I was ordered abroad. And then I heard little from her, but disquieting news of her from other people. At first I would believe nothing: but at last I got a plain statement of fact on such good authority that I could not hope to deceive myself any longer."

Astley hurried on, with an uneasy frown on his face: "As soon as I got home I set enquiries on foot, found that the news was only too true, and at once caused the divorce papers to be served on her at her mother's house at Leamington, where she was then living. You may judge of my horror when, immediately afterwards, I learnt that she was dead."

Norma gave a little gasp of horror.

"At first I wondered whether it was true; then I resolved to go up there myself, and found it was no fiction, as I had for a moment suspected. She was lying in her coffin when I got to her mother's house."

"Did you see her?" something prompted Norma to whisper breathlessly.

He shook his head.

"No. But it was quite true," he said, in a low voice. "Well, we won't talk any more about it. But now you'll understand better why it is that I can't see the tragedy of small miseries so plainly as you do."

Norma was terribly shocked and remorseful. She began to think, as she might indeed have thought before, that she had no right to bring fresh anxieties into this man's life. She became uneasy, gentle, almost tearful; and, try as he would to raise her spirits, Astley could get nothing but soft and deprecatory answers and looks from her until they had finished dinner, and he was seeing her home.

She was still oppressed by the feeling that her selfishness had been unexampled, and presently she told him so. He laughed at her fears.

"You are selfish!" he admitted simply. "And quite absurdly sensitive and impulsive. But I did what I did with my eyes open, quite willingly. I suppose I was selfish, too, and bent upon getting a new sensation out of life, the sensation of being married to a lady who was not my wife."

She was walking beside him, but not very close: he saw that she shivered at his words.

"I—I didn't know what you'd gone through," she stammered hoarsely. "You only said that you were 'a poor devil'—that was what you called yourself—who didn't know how to manage on 'a pitiful pension'—that was what you called it. So—so—"

"So you were quite justified, and not to blame a bit," added Astley cheerily.

And then silence fell on them both. On Astley, because this unburdening of his life's secret had made him thoughtful; on Norma, because she began to fancy that the woman whom she had seen in the hotel courtyard was hovering about, following them sometimes on the one side of the street, and sometimes on the other.

She could not, however, be sure enough of the woman's figure to think it worth while to mention her fancies to Astley; and it was not until he had left her on her uncle's doorstep, after her flat refusal to let him come in and brave the storm, that she was sure, on seeing the same figure close behind Astley, that the woman whom she had seen in the hotel office had followed them to her uncle's house, and was now following Astley back again.

He had been very anxious to come in and "beard the lion in his den," which was the way he expressed his intention of encountering the displeasure of Mrs. Bascot. But Norma was so passionately earnest in her entreaties that he would not, in her assurances that she would allow him to do so on the morrow, and that in the meantime she would be very gentle and patient and meek, that he had at length given way to her wishes.

"I expect," she shrewdly said, "they will have been so frightened by my disappearance this evening that they will be inclined to 'climb down' a little, and to make it easier for me than seemed likely this afternoon."

Her expectations proved to be well founded. Her aunt and uncle, realizing that her marriage was an accomplished fact, and that she was now indeed mistress of her person and her money, had had time to learn the bitter truth that their solicitude had overreached itself, and that in trying to force on the girl a distasteful marriage in their own interests, they had but hastened the time when she would emancipate herself from their control.

They were heartily thankful to see her back, and both took care to assure her that they were sorry for the manner of their reception of the news of her marriage, and anxious for her to remain with them as long as she pleased. For Norma told them that she was quite ready to stay with them, if they wished, until Astley's visit to his cousin at Astley Haigh was over.

So the stormy and eventful day ended peacefully, and Norma woke next morning in a very chastened mood, half regretting her hasty action in getting married to Astley, and yet at the same time anxious to see him again. He had become a very interesting personality since her discovery of his history: she could think of little else.

And the woman? The mysterious woman? Who could she be?

CHAPTER VI.

Now Norma was soon to discover that a distinct change had taken place in the attitude of her family towards her since the night before.

Then they had been all contrition for their anger and unkindness on hearing of her marriage. Now, however, that they recognized more fully the position of affairs, and began, too, to have dim doubts whether she had not married rather to spite them than to please herself, a reaction was inevitable. So at breakfast Mr. Bascot was stiff, Mrs. Bascot was reserved, and Robert was irritating and inquisitive.

The two gentlemen, to Norma's great relief, had to go away, soon after breakfast, to their respective duties; but her aunt was more difficult to escape from.

And when the young girl had settled down to some needlework by the dining-room fire, Mrs. Bascot glided into the room, sat down opposite with a basket of undarned socks, and fastened upon her prey.

"Rather an unfortunate circumstance for you, this marriage of Sir Hugh Astley's, isn't it?" was her first remark, as she explored a defective heel, and began to draw the sides of a yawning gap together.

Norma's face flushed, and she bit her lip, but in a moment she recovered herself and said:

"How—unfortunate for me?"

"Oh, my dear girl, surely you know that, at present, Mr. Astley Darwen is the heir to the baronetcy as well as the property of his cousin: but now that Sir Hugh is going to marry, he may very likely have a son to succeed him."

"Indeed, I hope he will," replied Norma quickly. "And I'm sure Astley wishes his cousin every happiness."

"Of course, of course, my dear. Still, it's not in human nature to be pleased at losing such brilliant prospects. And I suppose it was this change in his life which made Mr. Darwen anxious to make a good match."

These words slipped out quite simply, and as if the speaker had no afterthought in her mind. But Norma well understood the ill-nature which prompted the speech, and it was with difficulty that she controlled her rising temper.

"Was he anxious to make a good match?" she asked quietly. "I didn't know that he was; and yet I think I ought to know as much about his ways of looking at life as anyone here."

"Don't be angry, my dear. Nobody is blaming him. But tell me now, isn't it true that the marriage is a better one for him than for you? From a worldly point of view, of course?"

"I think it's a good match, as you call it, for both of us," said Norma, with spirit. "I marry a man of excellent family and social position. He marries a woman with a little money, to help to keep the position up. I think he is the most charming man I ever met; and I suppose he's satisfied with me, or he wouldn't have married me."

It was still with a little catch of the breath that Norma uttered those words 'husband,' 'wife,' 'marriage,' and with a burning sense of the strange position in which she had placed herself. Mrs. Bascot laughed a little.

"Well, since, according to you, it was the best possible match for both of you, what reason had you for keeping the matter so very dark, and for getting married at a registry office? A thing people don't usually do when everything is as it should be, and there are no obstacles in the way."

"There were obstacles; at least, there was one," said Norma, readily. "If I had said anything about it, you would have moved heaven and earth to prevent my marrying at all."

Her aunt's face flushed angrily.

"Indeed, you have no right to say any such thing," said she, tartly. "What reason could I have had for trying to prevent a marriage which, if I am to believe you, is the best possible for both of you?"

"Oh, you know as well as I do," said Norma, in a low voice.

And Mrs. Bascot, feeling that the ground was rather delicate, did not pursue that part of the subject.

"It's quite true," she said, after a short pause, "that I should have insisted on a decent interval between your engagement and your marriage, that you might have made the acquaintance of some of his family, and so not have been subjected to the slight of being married without knowing any of his people."

"How is it a slight?" asked Norma. "It was by our own choice that we didn't consult anybody, either his friends or mine."

"And the consequence is that he proposes to go on to his cousin's, and to leave you here," said Mrs. Bascot, drily.

Norma drew her breath sharply through her teeth.

"It was my wish," said she. "Of course the wedding of a man I don't know couldn't be very interesting to me."

"Still, it is a sort of slight upon you, that your husband shouldn't take you with him to Darwen Haigh, isn't it?"

"You had better speak to Astley himself, when he comes to-day, and see what he thinks," said Norma; and, not trusting herself to say more, she left the room abruptly, and took her work upstairs.

How impatient she was for Astley to arrive, and to take her part against these unsympathetic people! It had been arranged that he was to come just after luncheon, when the gentlemen of the family would be at home, so that he might "beard them" all together.

And the girl was surprised to find that her heart beat quite as fast, and very nearly as joyously, at the thought of seeing him again, as if indeed they had made a love match, and had been dying for each other.

More and more did the feeling grow upon her that this generous, chivalrous, quixotic gentleman was in truth what she had called him, "the most charming man in the world," and more and more strongly did she see that she had taken an undue advantage of his good nature, in using him as a means to free herself from the thraldom in which she was kept at her aunt's.

In this mood of repentance, the only consolation Norma had was in the thought that she really could help Astley in a substantial manner, by means of the fortune which was now her own. She resolved that, the moment he returned from Darwen Haigh after his cousin's wedding, she would get him to take her to London, and would call upon her late mother's solicitors, and make an arrangement whereby four hundred a year of her money should be paid direct to Astley every year, whether he liked it or not. It should be paid by the solicitors, without her saying a word to prepare him; as otherwise she knew that he would refuse and protest. With the remaining three hundred a year of her own money Norma knew that she could not only live comfortably in one of the charitable settlements in the East End of London of which she had heard and read, but could give substantial aid to such charities as seemed to her worthy of help.

For, with a not uncommon blindness, Norma, while she had freed herself by an act of undoubted selfishness, was quite determined upon devoting her life to the good cause of helping others.

When she had to go down to luncheon, her heart was beating very fast, and all through the meal she started at the least sound, listening nervously for a ring at the bell.

But the time passed, and Astley did not come. More and more anxious and nervous did Norma become as three o'clock struck and then four, and the tea was brought in, and still Astley did not appear.

Mr. Bascot had had to go out again, and Robert, who spent the afternoon at home, did everything in his power to make the time pass as unpleasantly as possible for Norma, in revenge for what he chose to consider her bad treatment of himself.

Although she declared that Astley had not said at what time he would call, it was evident to her aunt and cousin that she was bitterly disappointed and miserable as the hours passed, and he did not arrive.

Robert took occasion to sneer at his successful rival's remissness.

"I suppose it always happens, as they say," said he, lisping out the words over his bread and butter, "that ladies think more of a man who lets them wait for him than they do of one who pays them too much attention. But I must say, Norma, though no doubt you admire your husband for it, I should be ashamed of such conduct if I were in his place."

"He has been unavoidably detained," said Norma, trying to disguise the restlessness she felt, as she played with the tassel of the blind-cord, looking wistfully and eagerly down the road. "You know him better, both you and aunt, than to think he could be guilty of discourtesy."

"Indeed, we know very little about him, except that he was an impecunious person on the lookout for a wife with money," said Robert, sweetly.

"I've known people to whom that description would apply, certainly," retorted Norma, with as much fire as if she had been passionately in love with her husband of the business marriage, "but there is no one in the world to whom it applies so little as it does to Astley Darwen."

(To be Continued.)

WHY Droop with Dyspepsia?

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

THE GREAT SOUTH AMERICAN NERVINE WILL FIRST FEED

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

Mrs. James Edge, Post-Mistress of Edge Hill, Ont., writes:

"I have had indigestion and dyspepsia for nearly ten years. At times I could eat nothing. After taking two bottles of South American Nervine I was entirely well and am in perfect health."

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

An art dealer recently had on exhibition a number of proof etchings after the works of Walter Dendy Sadler, the well-known English painter. One afternooon a woman walked into the shop and asked to see the Sadler pictures. They were pointed out to her.

"But," she protested, "where is he?"

"Who, madam?" inquired the dealer.

"Why, the saddler! A friend of mine told me to come and see a charming Sadler etching. I thought I would find him here doing something beautiful on leather." — New York Times.

He Watched the Cow.—When Sir Stafford Northcote, afterwards the Earl of Iddesleigh, was an officer in a yeomanry regiment in Devonshire, one of the men who was leading a small force across the country was taking a rather circuitous instead of a straight course.

"Why don't you keep your eye on a given point?" asked his officer.

"I do, sir."

"Well, what point?"

"That old cow, sir," replied the man.

The Earl was often known to use this anecdote when political leaders did not go straight.—Illustrated Bits.

A lady, who is a district visitor, became much interested in a very poor, but apparently respectable, Irish family named Curran, living on the top floor of a great building in a slum district of her parish.

Every time she visited the Currans she was annoyed by the staring and the whispering of the other women living in the building. One day she said to Mrs. Curran:

"Your neighbors seem very curious to know who and what I am, and the nature of my business with you."

"They do," acquiesced Mrs. Curran.

"Do they ask you about it?"

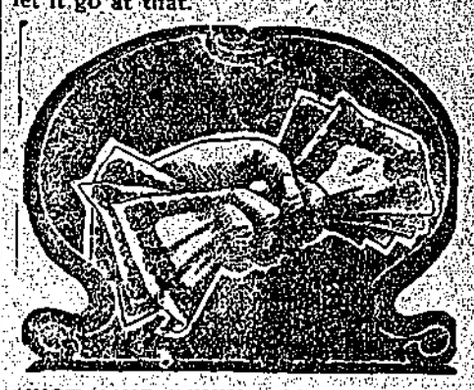
"Indade they do, ma'am."

"And do you tell them?"

"Faith, thin, an' Oi do not."

"What do you tell them?"

"Oi just tell thim," was the calm reply, "that you are me dressmaker, an' let it go at that."



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

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

SOUTH AMERICAN RHEUMATIC CURE

pull the rheumatism out by the roots. No more doctoring, no more medicine, money saved; health saved, life saved.

CURES IN 1 TO 3 DAYS.

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

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

The Atlin Claim.

Published every Saturday morning by THE ATLIN CLAIM PUBLISHING CO. "A. C. HIRSCHFELD, PROPRIETOR."

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SATURDAY, MAY 2ND, 1903.

OUR attention has been called to the fact, through a very round-about source, that the Dominion Government is calling for tenders for the conveyance of mails to and from Atlin and Log Cabin and White Horse and Dawson. Bids will be received at Ottawa up till noon of the 22nd inst. The tenders will be for summer and winter services separately.

Just how long the notice of "Tenders Wanted" has been out we don't know, but this we do know, that no official notice of any kind has yet been received in Atlin. Our information is derived from a newspaper clipping from one of the Dawson papers.

From what we can learn, notices have been sent to Log Cabin, White Horse and Dawson. The failure to include Atlin, in our opinion, shows either woeful ignorance on the part of the despatcher of the notices as to the relative importance of Log Cabin and Atlin in connection with the Atlin-Log Cabin service—the voting strength of the two places being; Log Cabin, 1, Atlin, about 400!—or a willful intention to discriminate unfairly against possible Atlin tenderers. Apart from that the Government is not treating the public with justice in the matter of open tenders, as the existing conditions virtually leave the bidding in the hands of one or two, thereby precluding the Postal Department from getting the benefit of open competition.

Unless the Government can show cause, the date for receiving bids should be extended, in order that Atlin men may have time to obtain the required forms and time allowed for the transmission of tenders to Ottawa.

An excellent opportunity is hereby opened to the local Liberal Association to demand of the new member, Mr. R. G. Macpherson, M.P., one of his election pledges, and that Atlin's rights in this matter be recognized.

AMONG the first radical changes which, by resolution, the Atlin District Placer Miner's Association sought to bring about, for the benefit of the district, was the appointment of a committee to devise ways and means for the introduction of a competitor to the ATLIN CLAIM, that journal being deemed opposed to the rights and privileges of individual miners!

If it is of any service to that committee we may say that the ATLIN CLAIM is for sale, but that we cannot be "bought," while to all unbiased citizens, the dominant feature of the CLAIM has been its persistent efforts for the public good.

FOR QUARTZ MINING.

Incorporation of the North Columbia Gold Mining Co.

A Strong Company Organized By Mr. J. M. Ruffner of Atlin — Cincinnati People Interested.

The last issue of the B. C. Gazette contains the announcement of the registration of a new company to operate in Atlin, that of the North Columbia Gold Mining Co. The head office of the company is Huron, South Dakota, and the head office for this Province is in Atlin. Mr. J. M. Ruffner is the attorney of the company in B. C.

The following are some of the objects for which the company has been established:

To do any and all things set forth herein to the same extent as natural persons might or could do, and in any part of the world, as principals, agents, trustees or otherwise, and in furtherance and not in limitation of the general powers conferred by the laws of the State of South Dakota.

(1.) To secure, purchase, take, buy, own, discover, acquire by concession, grant or otherwise, any mining prospects, mining claims, mining rights, mining lands, mines, mineral rights, timber rights, water rights, buildings, dwellings, easements, rights and privileges, plants machinery, tools and other properties whatsoever, which this corporation may, from time to time, find to be for its advantage and purposes;

(2.) To search for minerals and ores; to explore, work, develop and mine in leased or owned properties or mines;

(5.) To survey, build, construct, repair, manage, control and maintain roadways, tramways, private railways, water-courses for private uses, reservoirs, bridges, mills, smelters, works, warehouses, stores and other such adjuncts and improvements as may seem advantageous to the best interests of the corporation;

(9.) To carry on business in any other state, or in any part of the the world, and to hold meetings, transact business, and keep such books as may be necessary, outside of the State of South Dakota; providing, however, that such power gives nothing inconsistent with the general laws of the State of South Dakota.

The North Columbia Gold Mining Company has options on several well known mineral claims in this district, including the Rock of Ages and the Yellow Jacket claims, as well as several of the extensions of what has been locally known as the "Mother Lode."

Systematic prospecting of these claims will at once be commenced, and there is little doubt that the North Columbia Gold Mining Co. will make a name for itself and for the Atlin district.

This company was recently organized by Mr. J. M. Ruffner, of Atlin, in and around Cincinnati, Ohio, and has on its directorate and among its shareholders some of the best known men in the State.

Atlin, Nugget and Grape Rings
And All Kinds of Jewellery Manufactured on the Premises.
☞ Why send out when you can get goods as cheap here?
Watches From $5 up. Fine Line of Souvenir Spoons.
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COR. FIRST AND TRAINOR STREETS.
This First Class Hotel has been remodeled and refurnished throughout and offers the best accommodation to Transient or Permanent Guests.—American and European plan.
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Comfortably Furnished Rooms—By the Day, Week or Month.
The Best of Liquors and Cigars always in Stock. — Fine stable in connection with the House.
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Passenger and Express Service, Daily (except Sunday), between Skagway, Log Cabin, Bennett, Caribou, White Horse and Intermediate points, making close connections with our own steamers at White Horse for Dawson and Yukon points, and at Caribou for Atlin every Tuesday and Friday; Returning, leave Atlin every Monday and Thursday.
Telegraph Service to Skagway. Express matter will be received for shipment to and from all points in Canada and the United States.
For information relative to Passenger, Freight, Telegraph or Express Rates apply to any Agent of the Company or to
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DISCOVERY, B. C.
Finest of liquors. Good stabling.
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OPEN DAY AND NIGHT.
FIRST-CLASS RESTAURANT IN CONNECTION.
Headquarters for Brook's stage.

The Canadian Bank of Commerce.
CAPITAL PAID UP $8,000,000.
RESERVE, $2,500,000.
Branches of the Bank at Seattle, San Francisco, Portland, Skagway, etc.
Exchange sold on all Points.
GOLD DUST PURCHASED—ASSAY OFFICE IN CONNECTION.
D. ROSS, Manager.

THE ROYAL HOTEL,
E. ROSSELLI, Proprietor.
Corner Pearl and First Streets, Atlin, B. C.
FIRST CLASS RESTAURANT IN CONNECTION.
CHOICEST WINES, LIQUORS AND CIGARS—CASE GOODS A SPECIALTY.

Hydraulic Mining Machinery.
HYDRAULIC GIANTS, WATER GATES,
ANGLE STEEL RIFFLES &
HYDRAULIC RIVETED PIPE.
Pumping & Hoisting Machinery.
Estimates furnished on application.
The Vancouver Engineering Works,
VANCOUVER, B. C.
A. C. Hirschfeld, Agent, Atlin, B. C.

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

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

J. A. Fraser & Co.

NEW METHODS

Give Largely Increased Results in Mining.

The Impressions of Prof. Haanel, Dominion Supt. of Mines from a Visit to the Yukon.

The new methods now being put in force in the Dawson country by the introduction of machinery are opening up large areas of ground which were hitherto considered unprofitable.

Professor Haanel, Dominion Superintendent of Mines, in his first annual report — 1902 — recently published, describes one or two of the plants now in use. His description of one of these, a steam shovel, is interesting in view of the proposed early installation of a steam shovel in this district. Prof. Haanel says:

The plan is on the property of Dougherty & Stiles, on Dominion creek. The operations are conducted with two machines, one being the steam shovel proper, and the other the gravel-dressing plant. The steam shovel is built on the plan of a common dredge, the contents of the bucket-shovel being dumped by releasing the catch which holds the swing bottom in place when being filled, elevated and swung over to be emptied. The bucket-shovel is capable of effectively excavating gravel 10 feet below the level of the machine. The bucket-shovel holds about three-fourths of a cubic yard, and the machine has a capacity of 800 cubic yards in two shifts of 10 hours each.

The gravel-dressing plant is composed of a hopper into which the steam shovel dumps the gravel, which is there attacked by two streams of water under pressure to disintegrate and wash it into a rotating trommel. The trommel is 40 inches in diameter, and perforated with holes of 5/8 and 7/8 in. in diameter. A spiral ledge, 4 inches high and about 12 inches between spirals, keeps the tailings tumbling long enough to be thoroughly washed by the jets of water which proceed under a head of 27 feet of pressure from a perforated pipe passing through the center of the trommel. The over-size tailings fall upon a belt conveyor, which can be lengthened, shortened and inclined, as necessity requires, and thus find their way to the dump. The under-size gravel, carrying the gold and the wash water, passes into a box beneath the trommel, from which it is elevated by a centrifugal pump into the head of a sluice-box, which is connected by gates with two separate sluice-ways, provided with Hungarian riffles, one sluice-way being used when the other is being cleaned up, so that no stoppage of operations is required during the time occupied by the clean-up.

The steam-shovel absorbs 10 h.p. and the gravel-dresser 8 h.p. The plant is said to have cost $20,000, and with the exception of some castings, which were imported, was designed and constructed in Dawson. The working force consists at present of 20 men, 10 for each shift of 10 hours.

The quality of the ground worked is low grade, and according to the manager's report, carries $1.50 per cubic yard of pay gravel. Under the favorable conditions which prevail at this claim, much lower grade gravel could be handled with profit. The cost of operations is reported as 13 cents per cubic yard handled. This low cost is accounted for in part by the exceptional cheapness of the fuel in this special locality. There is plenty of wood near at hand costing $4 per cord laid down at the claim.

The plant just described furnishes an excellent illustration of the method to be pursued in working profitably gravel which could be worked only at a loss by the ordinary placer methods. This will be seen from the following figures: 4.5 cubic yards of compact gravel is about the average amount a man can shovel from a dump into a sluice box in a shift of 10 hours, for which he receives $7.50, the ordinary wage at these mines. This is at the rate of $1.66 per cubic yard exclusive of the expense for labor in bringing the gravel to the dump at the sluice-box.

The Coast Cable.

The cable ship, Burnside, which is to lay the cable between Seattle and Juneau, is due to arrive at the former city about July 1st; by that time it is expected that the three landing stations will have been placed in such shape that the actual work of stretching the cable may be commenced.

The Burnside will lay about five miles of cable an hour. There will be between 1200 and 1500 miles of cable to be laid and the work will not take long after it is once under way.

The Alaska land lines have been about completed and will be wholly so before the time when the Alaska cable is ready to operate. They are now engaged in finishing up the Tanana district. Between St. Michael and Nome there will be a wireless service and this will have been installed by the time the land lines are finished.

NOTICE.

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

THE BRITISH AMERICAN DREDGING COMPANY, LIMITED.

mh21-8

PROVINCIAL SECRETARY'S OFFICE.

HIS HONOUR the Lieutenant-Governor in Council has been pleased to make the following appointment:—

3rd April, 1903.

FRANK HARRY MOBLEY, of Atlin, Esquire, to be a Licence Commissioner for the Atlin Licence District, vice Mr. J. St. Clair Blackett, resigned.

NOTICE.

RESPECTING TIMBER LICENCES.

NOTICE is hereby given, pursuant to the provisions of Section 50 of the "Land Act," that in future no special licences to cut timber on Crown lands will be granted or renewed until after the applicants have had the limits surveyed by a duly qualified Provincial Land Surveyor to the satisfaction of the Lands and Works Department.

W. C. WELLS,

Chief Commissioner of Lands & Works.

Lands & Works Department,

Victoria, B. C., 26th March 1903. 14ap-1t

NOTICE.

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

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

NOTICE.

NOTICE is hereby given that Sixty days after date I intend to apply to the Chief Commissioner of Lands and Works for permission to purchase the following described parcel or tract of land for agricultural purposes: Commencing at a post planted on the east shore of Atlin or Taku River; thence 20 chains in a northerly direction along the shore of Taku Arm; thence 20 chains in an easterly direction; thence 20 chains in a southerly direction; thence 20 chains in a westerly direction, to the point of commencement, containing 40 acres more or less. T. Hinchcliffe.

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

COAL PROSPECTING LICENCES

NOTICE is hereby given that after 30 days from date, I intend to apply to the Chief Commissioner of Lands and Works for a Licence to prospect for coal on the following described lands:

On the north side of the Tahltan River about 10 miles from Telegraph creek, commencing at a post planted about 4 miles from the mouth of the river, marked "D. G. Stewart's S. W. corner," thence 80 chains north; thence 80 chains east; thence 80 chains south; thence 80 chains west, to point of commencement, containing 640 acres more or less. D. G. Stewart.

Re-Located, March 30th, 1903.

NOTICE is hereby given that after 30 days from date, I intend to apply to the Chief Commissioner of Lands and Works for a Licence to prospect for coal on the following described lands:

On the north and south sides of the Tahltan river, commencing at a post marked "A. R. McDonald's, S. E. corner," thence 80 chains north; thence 80 chains west; thence 80 chains south; thence 80 chains east to point of commencement, containing 640 acres, more or less. A. R. McDonald.

Re-Located, March 30th, 1903.

NOTICE is hereby given that after 30 days from date, I intend to apply to the Chief Commissioner of Lands and Works for a Licence to prospect for coal on the following described lands:

On the north side of the Tahltan river, commencing at a post marked "Murdock McKay's, N.W. corner post," thence 20 chains east; thence 80 chains south; thence 80 chains west; thence 80 chains north to point of commencement, containing 640 acres, more or less. Murdock McKay.

Re-Located, March 30th, 1903.

NOTICE is hereby given that after 30 days from date, I intend to apply to the Chief Commissioner of Lands and Works for a Licence to prospect for coal on the following described lands:

On the north and south sides of the Tahltan river, commencing at a post marked "J. A. Fraser's N. E. corner," thence 80 chains west; thence 80 chains south; thence 80 chains east; thence 80 chains north to point of commencement, containing 640 acres, more or less. J. A. Fraser.

Re-Located, March 30th, 1903.

Pioneer Bakery and Restaurant.

SPECIALTIES IN

FANCY CAKES & PASTRY.

Fresh Bread, Rye Bread, etc.

CHAS. MYER, Proprietor.

Good Rooms to Rent—By the Day, Week or Month at reasonable rates.

LOUIS SCHULZ,

Wholesale and Retail Butcher

FIRST STREET, ATLIN, B. C.

C. DOELKER,

FRESH MEATS ALWAYS ON HAND.

Fish, Game in season and home made Sausage.

FIRST STREET, Atlin.

THE GRAND HOTEL

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

French Restaurant in Connection.

DAVID HASTIE, PROPRIETOR.

Corner of First and Discovery Streets.

Mr. Dooley on Keeping Lent

"Keeping Lent" is the title given to Mr. Dooley's latest outburst:—

"Ohio," said Mr. Hennessy, "twinty-wan days to Saint Pathrick's Day."

"Ar're ye keepin' Lent?" asked Mr. Dooley.

"I am," said Mr. Hennessy. "I put th' pipe back iv th' clock day before yisterdah night. Oh, but th' las' whiff iv th' ol' clay was plisint. A-re ye keepin' Lent?"

"I am that," said Mr. Dooley. "I'm on'y smoken' me seegars half through an' I take no sugar in me tay. Th' Lord give me stren'th to last till Pathrick's day! I'm keepin' Lent, but I'm not goin' up an' down th' sthreet tellin' people about it. I ain't anny prouder iv keepin' Lent thin I am iv keepin' clane. In our fam'ly we've always kept it. I raymimber seein' me father tuck away th' pipe, cork up th' bottle an' put it in a thrunk with something between a moan an' a cheer an' begin to find fault with th' wurruld. F'r us kids Lent was no gr-reat hardship. It on'y meant not enough iv something besides meat. I don't raymimber much about it excipt that on Ash Winsdah ivrybody had a smudge on his forehead, an' afther awhile th' house begun to smell a little iv fish, an' about th' thirtieth day th' eggs had thrown off all disguise, an' was jus' plain, yellow eggs.

"Yes, sir, in our fam'ly we all kep' Lent but me Uncle Mike. He started with th' rest an' f'r a day or two he wint up an' down the road whippin' butchers. 'Twas with gr-reat difficulty, Hinnissy, that he was previnted fr'm marchin' into th' neighborin' saloons an' pourin' out th' sthrong wathers on the flure. F'r a short distance me Uncle Mike was th' most pious man I iver met. At such times he organized th' Uncle Michael Good S'ciety an' wint ar-round inityatin' mimbers. To hear him talk about 9 o'clock on Ash Wensdah mornin' ye'd think he was us' goin' into th' arena to fight a line before the onholy Roman popylace. He'd take down The Lives iv th' Saints' an' set r-readin' it with a conflescindin' smile on his face like a champeen athleet goin' over th' ol' records. 'Oh, yes,' he seemed to be sayin', 'they were all r-right, very good in their day, no doubt, but where wud they be now? They're no mintion iv Saint Jerome goin' without his smoke, an' I haven't had a pipe iv tobacky since 12 o'clock las' Choosdah night, an' here it's 9 o'clock Winsdah mornin'.' Thin he wud look casually to'rd th' back iv th' book to see whether p'raps something mightn't've been put in about him at th' las' moment, an' thin he wud throw it down an' say to himself: 'Th' Lives iv th' Saints' f'r eighteen hunderd an' fifty ain't out yet,' an' march savagely fr'm th' room, tickin' his nieces an' nevvews as he wint. At 4 o'clock in th' afthernoon he was discovered be me father settin' on a sawhorse in th' woodshed, puffin' away at a pipe with a bowl like a small stove that he'd took away fr'm a German, an' singin' to himself.

"'But me Uncle Mike, though a gr-reat warryor in his day an' th' soul iv s'ciety, was not a model f'r a long-distance Christyan champeen. He started with th' rest iv us, but he always pulled up lame. Th' throuble with him an' th' throuble with th' rest iv us is that we expict to be canonized in time to show th' brief to th' fam'ly at dinner. So I say I don't go ar-round sillybratin' Lent. I don't expict Father Kelly will sind down th' Father Matthew Fife an' Dhrum Corps to serenade me because I left that lump iv sugar out iv me tay an' put in twice as much milk. Whin th' postman comes to th' dure with th' usual line iv bills an' love letthers fr'm th' tailors, me hands don't thremble expictin' a note fr'm th' Pope tellin' me I've been canonized. No, sir, I congrathylate meself on me sthrong will power an' raylict that sugar makes people fat. I am niver goin' to place anny medals on annywan f'r bein' varchous, Hinnissy, f'r if varchue ain't a ways necissity, me boy, it's th' nex' thing to it. I'm timperate because too much dhrink doesn't agree with me; modest because I look best that way; gin'rous because I don't want to be thought stingy; honest because iv th' polis foorce, an' brave whin I can't r-run away. . . .

"So I say, no medals, plaze fr' me on account iv that lump iv sugar. I lone me jooty an' no more. Whin th' divvle tempted me to put in th' lump I said: 'Get thee behind me, Satan, I'm too fat now!' That was all. I done what was r-right because it was r-right an' pious an' a good thing f'r me to do. I don't claim no gratchihood. I don't ask f'r anny admiration iv me piety. But don't I look betther, Hinnissy? Don't ye see I'm a little thinner?"

"Not an inch," said Mr. Hennessy. 'Ye're th' same hippypotymus ye was."

"Well, well," said Mr. Dooley. That's sthrange. P'raps I'm a betther man afther all. How long did ye say it was to Pathrick's day?"

Future of the Corn Crop.

American farmers and newspaper men are very likely to become great beneficiaries of a great scheme of cooperation in making the most of the corn crop, says The St. Paul Pioneer Press. Not of the grain merely, but of the whole plant, stalk, leaves, pith, tassels, husks, cobs and kernels. After a long course of experimentation, carried on a Kankakee, Ill., under the encouragement of the National Agricultural Department, it is found that high grade paper can be profitably manufactured, in different varieties, from various parts of the plant. One kind is made from the hard shell of the stalk, another from the pith, and a third from the husk. "From the pith is turned out the finest grade of oil paper, almost equal to linen paper," so it is claimed by experts at the department.

A machine has been invented, and is now being manufactured, which will take the cornstalk, with the ear still on it, husk the ear, separate the husk from the stalk, and then remove the shell from the pith. Sending this machine into the fields, the paper manufacturers will propose to farmers to buy their corn crops as they stand in the fields. If the farmers wish the corn after it has been husked, it will be passed back to them; otherwise it will be marketed by the owner of the machine, who will convert every remaining part of the plant into some form of manufacture.

Dog Worship.

If there exists a man or a woman who can own a pet dog without degenerating in intellect, I have got to meet the exceptional person, writes a contributor in an exchange. There is about these canine toys a mysterious force which is as occult in its origin as it is exasperating in its effect. If a fool becomes possessed of one of the little beasts he develops into a bigger fool than ever; if the owner is a person of brains he almost infallibly, and very rapidly, sinks several points in the intellectual scale. There is a certain house in which I was once a welcome dinner guest. My host was a fine talker, his wife a most intelligent woman. A veritable Paradise! But the serpent was at hand. It did not look particularly ophidian on its first appearance. It was simply a pug puppy, a comic and ridiculous little barrel-like body supported on four limp and staggery legs. I rather liked it at first, but as it grew my affection diminished. Within a week or two of its advent it became the principal interest of my hostess' life. Books, art, sport, politics—no subject I could start had a chance at that table any more; the once delightful Sunday afternoon was given over to a by no means brief abstract and chronicle of the adventures of "Poddles" during the past week. It was the first case of dog-mania I had met and I thought it might pass, and give rational conversation a chance again. But it didn't pass—it spread, and infected the husband, and the week-to-week biographies of Poddles, instead of a solo, became a duet. Sometimes, in fleeting moments of sanity, when Poddles was out of the room, never if he was present, the talk would become rational, but it was infallibly checked in mid-career by the beast's waddling, grunting entrance hailed by a yell—I can use no milder word—of besotted admiration from wife, husband, or both. "Oh, look at her! Isn't she lovely!" and followed by a gabble of ungrammatical and mispronounced expressions of endearment supposed to be suited to her understanding.

My suffering from Poddles is no longer active. It has taken the negative form of avoiding the once-pleasant pool which shelters her. For at last—even the worm will turn sooner or later—I objected, openly and plainly, to the tyranny of Poddles. She was placed by her mistress on a cushion on the top of a whatnot at the window, "because she likes to bark at the cabs." It is a well-frequented street, and cabs are frequent. When, after an hour and a half of nerve-destroying yelping I—politely, I hope—intimated that we had had perhaps enough of Poddles for that afternoon, my hostess was genuinely amazed at me. "She's only barking at the cabs," she explained; and, in answer to my—again, I hope, courteous—retort, said something to the effect that I must not interfere with "the mistress of the house," meaning, not herself, but Poddles. The phrase was meant as a humorous exaggeration but it was the statement of a plain fact I had been too blind to see. Poddles was, and is, really the mistress of the house. I pass that way sometimes, but the door of my whilom Paradise is forever closed against me.

Reuben Fax, as the Postman in "The Bonnie Brier Bush," at the Grand Opera House next week. Mr. Fax is a Canadian by birth, a native of Brantford, who was reared in Woodstock. Mr. Fax is as well known in Australia as he is in Canada or the United States.

Stories of Sam Steele.

Crimean veterans recall General Sir George Brown, who commanded the Light Division, as the typical representative of old-fashioned "pipe-clay" traditions. Sir George's extremes though, were not a whit more extravagant in the one direction than (so report insists) Colonel Sam Steele's have been on the other. Colonel Steele, it may be remembered, led the Strathconas in the late war. Though probably half the stories told about him are inventions or exaggerations, his name is still a household word among colonials in South Africa. One day a British officer complained to Steele that he met troopers of the Strathcona Horse who did not salute him. "Why, confound them," was the answer, "they won't even salute me!"

It is acknowledged that Sam Steele knew his men thoroughly and got an immense deal of good work out of them. Still incidents like the following do not make for military discipline. They are attested by a Toronto man lately back from South Africa:

"They say General Buller was annoyed at him, but soon got over it. Steele, in his shirt sleeves and smoking his famous short clay pipe, would sit at the door of his tent when Buller and his staff came riding past. The first time this happened everybody was petrified except Colonel Sam, who was quite at his ease. 'Well, General,' he said, 'anything doing to-day?' General Buller politely stated that nothing special was being done. 'Well,' said Colonel Steele, 'I think you should send a bunch of the boys off to the right there. The blankety blank Boers are fiddling round over there all right enough.'"

It was Colonel Sam Steele, too, who, being invited by Lord Milner to Government House at Capetown, declined the invitation on the ground that "things of that kind weren't in his line."

Tesla's Wireless Method.

The wireless telegraphy plants you may have seen are but networks of flimsy wire. We are not doing anything of that sort here at Wadenclyffe. We are building for the future. It will be some time before our preparations are complete, but when we are ready we will be able to accomplish what we desire. We shall not be handling a plaything. It will be something for business. I do not believe that messages can be transmitted without wires for more than fifty or sixty miles without the use of the principles which I have patented throughout the civilized countries of the world. By the use of my system you will be able to put an instrument in your house and talk to anyone who has a similar apparatus anywhere in the country without any metallic or artificial connection.—Statement by Nikola Tesla.

Ammonia in the House.

I have often read of the great aid rendered the housekeeper by ammonia, but, as happens in the case of much of the other good advice, it was absolutely thrown away on me until quite lately. I one day went to work to clean the silver, and as there was quite a little of it I was prepared for a long job and a most disagreeable one. An old aunt who was with me proposed a wash in strong soapsuds, with a dash of ammonia, when lo, at the expense of a good washing and wiping it was restored to the sideboard with a lustre I had never been able to obtain with polish or whiting—and unlimited elbow grease. More, the filigree work was cleaned perfectly, without any of the white sediment left that is so difficult, nay, almost impossible to get out. The knives, forks and spoons had to have a little rubbing with whiting to remove the discoloration, but nothing to what was usually required.—The Household.

Most Attractive Age.

It was Thackeray who decided that the age of the Venus of Milo was 32. This we may take as an expert authority, and so regard 32 as the era when a woman is at her perfect moment of full bloom. Certainly, it would seem that from this on to forty are the years when she is most apt to feel and to inspire great love. Someone has announced that Cleopatra was thirty-eight when she and Anthony "kissed away kingdoms," and someone else has declared that Helen of Troy was nearly forty when Paris was smitten with her beauty and embroiled the gods and heroes in battle. And as these two ladies have a reputation for attractiveness unequalled since Eve gave ear to the serpent, we may take it that the age of charm is nearer the days of Indian summer than the days of spring buds and young leaves.—From an article on Woman's Perfect Age, in Ainslee's Magazine.

Richard Burbage, Prophet.

The London Daily News inclines to think that the name of prophet can hardly be denied to Richard Burbage, who recited the following epilogue at the Globe Theatre in 1601, in reference to the succession of James of Scotland to Queen Elizabeth:—

A Scot our King? The limping State
That day must need a crutch.
What next? In time a Scot will prate
As Primate of our Church.
When such shall be, why then you'll see
That day it will be found
The Saxon down through London ground
Shall burrow under ground.

And sure enough, while Archbishop Davidson is called to Canterbury, London's "tube" system is being pushed on.

Dosing a Fowl.

Pills are a convenient form, and for poultry they never need be larger than four or five grains; but better than these pills are gelatine capsules, which my own poultry will pick up off the ground. If I want to give one of my own fowls a dose of medicine, I have only to get it into a corner by itself and throw down a raspberry-colored capsule, and the bird will pick it up of its own accord and swallow it whole. This is in realty far better than having to get a fowl and force a pill down its throat, and I want to emphasize the importance of treating a sick fowl as you would treat a sick child; do not make it worse by having a struggle every time a dose of medicine is necessary. Failing a capsule, a small pill will generally be taken without difficulty by a fowl if it is placed in the middle of a little piece of moist bread.

There is another point. Most people seem to have very crude ideas as to what constitutes a "dose" for a fowl. I come across people sometimes who think nothing of giving a large pinch of cayenne pepper to a fowl. I have known as much as a quarter of a teaspoonful to be given to one unfortunate bird. When the farmer is tempted to give cayenne pepper to his birds, let him remember that one grain of cayenne pepper makes eight doses for a full-grown fowl. The use of cayenne pepper is as an occasional—a very occasional—internal irritant, the object of which is to act slightly upon the liver or to excite the digestive organs and make them a little more sensitive than usual. The folly of overdosing must be one which causes more suffering to poultry than to any other members of the animal kingdom. I can give another instance. I hear of people giving a tablespoonful of cod-liver oil to a fowl, and I always tell them that if they would give a full-grown fowl fifteen drops (that is to say, just exactly one-sixteenth of a tablespoonful) three times a day it would do a great deal more good; for the system of a fowl can only assimilate a small quantity of the chlorides and the bromides and the phosphates and the iodides in cod-liver oil, and what is given beyond that is waste, or worse than waste, for it tends to cause hypertrophy of the liver. Small doses of medicine given frequently and regularly are infinitely better than big doses given unsystematically and spasmodically.—W. M. Freeman, in American Cultivator.

Interesting Items.

The lack of male heirs among leading English military men is remarkable. Lord Wolseley has but one child, an unmarried daughter. Lord Roberts has now no son. Lord Kitchener is a bachelor; and Sir Redvers Buller, who once was regarded as quite in the running for hereditary distinction, has an only child—a daughter.

James Brazil and Mrs. Aggie Turner of Cashion, Oklahoma, have created a record by being married three times in one day. They first sought the probate judge at Kingfisher, Oklahoma, and as there was a contest over the office they got both the candidates to marry them. Not feeling satisfied as to the legality of the ceremony, they returned to Cashion and were married again by a minister.

Martin J. Cass, a man of fifty, has been sought and obtained the protection of Judge Carpenter's Court, in Milwaukee, against the wiles of a Miss Ormond, who insists on marrying him whether he desire it or not. He avers that he loves her passionately when in her presence, and that her letters exercise complete sway over his mind, but that when the influence of both has departed he experiences the utmost loathing for the woman.

A funny story is going around in New York concerning a very sportily-inclined debutante who is extremely fond of a tete-a-tete. At a recent reception she and one of her men friends, not finding a more convenient place, ensconced themselves in a big mahogany wardrobe in one of the halls, where she was finally discovered by her chaperon, who was looking for her wraps. Not in the least disconcerted, the girl said: "Isn't this a nice quiet place? Won't you come in and join us?"

According to "Truth," a delightful method of dealing summarily with female kleptomaniacs of gentle birth prevails in certain West End shops. Every lady detected in the act is given the option of being prosecuted in a court of law or birched by the manageress, a person specially selected for her biceps. The birch is a formidable one.—In a shop alone, it is said, 20 ladies have accepted the ordeal of the birch, in addition to two young girls of foreign nationality, who, in consideration of their tender years, were treated to a milder form of chastisement.

The "Indian Daily News" (Calcutta), in describing the Durbar great state ball in the Dewan-i-am, says: "Lord Kitchener took part in the state lancers, dancing with Mrs. Bourdillon. His knowledge of the figures was of the vaguest description, and, in consequence, whenever the call 'Sides' was given, all he succeeded in doing was to tie himself and his partner in the most absurd knot, to the intense amusement of the others in the set and of the large crowd looking on. The hero of Khartoum was beaming with delight, and so he blundered through to the end. When the music ceased he was in the middle of the room, looking for his partner, and laughed heartily when she came up and found him."

Aphorisms.

Cherish your enemies. You may need them as an antidote to your friends.

The man who says he has never told a lie has just added another to the list.

There is nothing perfect in this world—not even a perfect failure.

The things you buy for "next to nothing" are generally worth it.

A truism is a truth so true that it makes you feel tired to hear it.

How many of us good Christians cherish the secret hope that when we get to heaven we won't meet there some of the people we used to know on earth?

A matrimonial paradox—Two become one, yet the population increases.

New rendering—the classes and the asses.

It often happens that the richer a man becomes the less he is worth.

The greatest foe of liberty is not the tyrant, but the contented slave.

Honor women, for only from honored women can free men spring.

What we know as history is mostly prejudice in a retrospective mood.

The type of the miser for all time was the dying man who blew out the candle, saying he could see to die in the dark.

Uncomfortable.

Finnicus—I wonder why it is that those who attain the pinnacle of success never seem to be happy? Cynicus—Because the pinnacle of success is like the top of a particularly tall lightning-rod with a particularly sharp point, and those who succeed in perching temporarily upon it usually find that they are targets for all the world's lightning.—"Town and Country."

"This is the best stove in the market. It will save half your coal." "Is that so? Then give me two of them, so's I can save it all."—Chicago "Daily News."

Whipper—Do you think traveling on those ocean greyhounds is safe? Snapper—What kind of a poker game do you play?

Humor of the Hour.

"I should like to know why," said the Intellectual Grubber, "money is called 'dough.'"

"Because," simperd the Cheerful Idiot, "everybody kneads it."—Baltimore American.

Wife (during the quarrel)—Yes, and people say you only married me for my money.

Husband—People are wrong, my dear. They overlook the fact that you also had considerable real estate.—Chicago News.

Harris—Walters has been looking pretty sad since his daughter got married, hasn't he?

Correll—Yes; you see, he had no sooner got his daughter off his hands than he found he would have to put her husband on his feet.—Town and Country.

Billings—I saw you on the avenue yesterday afternoon. By the way, I thought you didn't approve of smoking in the presence of ladies.

Grimes—H'm! That wasn't a lady; it was only my wife.—Boston Herald.

Anxious Mother—Daughter, why do you persist in reading those sensational stories?

Pretty Daughter—Because they make my hair curl, mamma.—Chicago Daily News.

"Yes," said the aggressive business agent of the labor union, "arbitration is all right in its place."

"What do you consider its place?"

"Why, it always seems to me as if we ought to strike first and arbitrate afterward. We lose all the fun the other way."—Chicago Evening Post.

It was about this time of year when the late Eugene Field, of Kansas City, Denver and Chicago, was boarding at a "swell place" in Denver. A few strawberries were on the market at $1 a pair, and the landlady invested. Field was a star boarder. She passed a strawberry. He looked at it mournfully, and then replied to her proffer of the vegetable diamond:

"No, thanks, ma'am; I'm afraid it would spoil my taste for prunes!"—Baltimore News.

Tickery, tickery, tock,
The lambs ran after stock;
The stock it turned, and the lambs got burned,
And now they're all in hock.
—T. W. Lawson's Ticker Talk.

First Golfer (to second golfer, who is caught in a bunker)—Well, Jones told me this morning he did this hole yesterday in four.

Second Golfer (who stammers)—If Jones s-s-said he did it in four, he was a-l-l-l—

First Golfer—Steady, friend, steady!

Second Golfer—He was a l-lucky beggar!—Punch.

A New Departure in Nursing.

In the line of trained nursing a new departure has been taken which will appeal to the housekeeper who has struggled with the question of home nursing, or its alternative. Convalescent nurses are trained to take care of the patient during the last weeks of a fever, or other lingering sickness, before he is well enough to go out and yet demands companionship. The duties are light, consisting merely of reading aloud, giving tonics, keeping the depressed spirits up, seeing that the invalid does not overdo, himself and all the hundred and one things which the occasion demands.

Of course, the salary is not so great as it would be if more detailed attention were required, but by means of this change many a nurse who could not spend the time and money necessary to take the full course at a training school and hospital is enabled to begin her duties in this way, while the boon to the average income is a great one enabling a nurse to be retained during the trying weeks which succeed a dangerous illness, when otherwise the family would be obliged often to do the hundred and one little things which a querulous patient demands, and which are so fagging. While the salary of the expert nurse is from $25 a week up, that of the convalescent nurse is about $8 or $10, and yet her work may be as satisfactory as that of the other

As an example of the progress of medicine during the last century the medical record cites the case of Washington's last illness. He died of laryngeal diphtheria and the treatment was. It would seem, for an old man sick with a disease, very exhausting to the vitality. It consisted in the abstraction of between two and three quarts of blood, the administration of about twenty grains of calomel and six grains of tartar emetic and an injection, with external application of blister. And yet so strong was Washington's constitution that he survived this treatment for twenty-four hours.

During his visit in Chicago, Sir Philip Burne-Jones has been exhibiting his painting, "The Vampire," which inspired Kipling's verses of that title, and also a portrait of Kipling. In an interview he remarked that there was no truth in the story that Mrs. Patrick Campbell, the English actress, had posed for "The Vampire." The model, he declares, was a Brussels professional

The Widower—A Study in Natural History.

The Widower.—This interesting bird, concerning whose habits little that is authoritative has been written, is believed by ornithologists to belong to the Phoenix family (manibus easy consolibus) because it has the power to rise from its ashes in resplendent plumage and renewed youth.

The Widower is a migratory bird, and at intervals makes its appearance in every community, but so greatly is it esteemed as a household pet, and so keen is the pursuit after it, that it rarely escapes the net of the fowler for long, and few of the species are to be seen at large.

In appearance the Widower is what may be called interesting rather than beautiful, though it varies greatly at different ages. When it is young it has a sad and melancholy air, and utters plaintive notes that make every female who hears it long to console it. But this sorrowful swan song lasts only during the first few months. After that it grows chirpy and chipper, and blithely carols a merry roundelay that greatly resembles "A Hot Time in the Old Town To-night."

The plumage of the Widower is also worthy of note, for it has the peculiar, chameleon-like quality of changing under different conditions. During captivity it almost invariably wears a garb of sombre hue unfashionable in cut, and frequently conspicuously unpressed and unkempt.

The moment, however, it becomes free this strange bird blossoms forth in a beautiful and gorgeous coat of lively hues that is calculated to catch the eye from a distance; but as soon as it is again caught and caged it molts its fine feathers and resumes its unattractive appearance.

No one has ever been able to account for this idiosyncrasy, but the phenomenon of the Widower doing his lightning change act into a butterfly, or back into a grub, may be witnessed daily. This peculiarity, unfortunately, often causes great disappointment to the owners, as not infrequently a female goes to great trouble to capture a Widower, thinking it a Bird of Paradise, only to discover when she has got it home that it is nothing but a scarecrow. Thus, from this simple circumstance, does nature teach us not to buy a bird by its looks.

Concerning the anatomy of the Widower ornithologists differ greatly, though all agree that it is All Heart. Some authorities contend, however, that this organ, in size and shape, is like an omnibus, while others hold that it is of the elasticity and durability of a football. It is interesting to observe that some of the most earnest and painstaking investigators along this line of scientific research are women, and we may confidently look for valuable light to be thrown on the subject in the near future.

The chief characteristic of the Widower is, as has been stated, its ability to arise from the ashes of the funeral pyre—as long as it is its wife's funeral—with renewed youth. Reputable eye-witnesses declare that they have seen one of these birds, droopy, with draggled tail feathers, and one leg swathed in red flannel bandages for rheumatism, suddenly metamorphosed into a giddy young thing that could dance the two-step and stay up all night, and that looked like a two-year-old. It has also been observed that the oftener the Widower arises from the ashes the younger it becomes, until after about the third rejuvenation nothing but a debutante is young enough to attract its attention.

In its habits the Widower is a curious combination of the fly bird and the barnyard fowl, for while its giddy flights are interesting it is admirable because it knows how to scratch for a living. It has, too, generally a well-lined nest, instead of having to build one.

In a way the Widower has something of the predatory characteristics of the hawk, and knows that the only way to get a thing is to take it, and this causes it to often pounce upon the most charming young pullet in the bunch and bear her away, under the very eyes of her chaperon. On the whole, though, it conducts its love-making after the manner of the nightingale, and sings a song of such surpassing sweetness that no heart can resist it.

There are many reasons why women should have a great fondness for Widowers, and a desire to possess one. It is always much more comfortable to have a thoroughly trained pet about the house than one that one has to domesticate themselves.

A Widower's first owner has always taken the edge off of it and taught it little tricks, and it knows when to pipe up, and when to sit on his perch and keep mum, all of which render it a most desirable ornament for the parlor or boudoir.

Inasmuch as the Widower has once been caught in the matrimonial trap, it has been argued that it showed lack of intelligence in allowing itself to be snared a second time. The truth seems to be, however, that after having once had its wings clipped, it does not know what to do with freedom, and so returns to the cage through force of habit.

The Modern Method.

The 10, 20, 30 manager sat in his palatial office and knitted his brows.

When he had worked them into a sufficiently grotesque pattern he walked nervously to the window.

He was distinctly "on edge." Suddenly he gave a cry of joy.

He had caught a glimpse of the front page of a "yellow extra," in the hands of a newsboy two blocks away.

It took but a moment to summon his press agent.

When the Trust's promoter of publicity entered the room the following conversation ensued:

"Is the printing for that new play all ready?"

"Yes, sir."

"Have you got plenty of good photos of the people engaged?"

"Yes, sir."

"And a whole big bunch of the best kind of red-hot press stuff ready to feed to the papers?"

"Yes, sir."

"The scenery and costumes are all finished, I believe?"

"Yes, sir."

"Very well. The extras are out announcing that the prisoner in that murder case has been acquitted. Call the company for rehearsal to-morrow morning, and wire the manager of the opera house in New Rochelle that we open there on Monday night."

"Yes, sir, but——"

"Oh, yes, I had almost forgotten; ring up that author of ours and tell him to write the play."—"Dramatic Mirror."

The Englishman's Rasher.

From the tight little English island, in an editorial in the London "Daily Express," comes startling dietetic news. It is nothing less than that in the very citadel of Beefeaterdom, in the very vortex whence annually descend innumerable rashers and countless companioning eggs, a doubt has arisen whether "copious breakfasts of fried eggs and broiled bacon" (as Thackeray puts it), followed by two or three solid meat meals every day, is quite the proper thing. Our British friends, it appears, have at last begun to wonder whether emulation of John Ridd, in the matter of morning menu, is conducive to agile minds and a light and springy step. They are actually beginning to fear, 'tis said, that they eat too often, too much, and the wrong thing.

The "Express" finds text for its sober little sermon on over-eating in the report of the United States consul at Liverpool, which states that the English importations of bacon from America annually amount in value to ten millions of pounds sterling, and that most of this pork is absorbed by the British breakfaster. "On the whole," says the "Express," naively, "this is not a fact to be exulted in." It goes even further, and admits that there is a "kernel of truth" in the foreign accusation against Englishmen of living mainly upon chops and steaks, Brussels sprouts and turnip-tops." "The eternal breakfast bacon," the "Express" continues, "is one striking instance of the shocking lack of variety in food, which may, with some truth, be alleged against England." This dietetic monotony it attributes, first, to "want of imagination" (to which we unanimously agree), and, second, to "railway rates" (which statement seems obscure).

But, however "shocking" may be the lack of variety in food at English tables, still more of a shocker is the redundance in quantity of meat. Fifty millions of dollars' worth of breakfast bacon!—not to mention eggs, fried or omelette. No wonder the "Express" gravely asks 'Do we eat too much meat?' and in conclusion declares for answer that, "it is very doubtful whether the English habit of three meals is a sound one either for health or business." For the English business man, it says, not only partakes copiously of bacon and eggs in the morning, but refuses to forego a substantial allowance of meat for lunch, and tackles a goodly chunk of Old England's roast beef for dinner. We quite agree with the "Express" that he is thereby "handicapped."

Among the carnivorous mammals, the North American certainly ranks low in the list in comparison with his voracious British brother, especially since we, in this country, have been assailed and taken prisoner by the innumerable army of breakfast cereals; while they, in Britain, are but just now fronting the attack.

Apropos of cereal foods, we note that another English paper, the "Daily Mail," speaks of the "many and wonderful" varieties of cereal foods of late introduced by "divers advertisements, somewhat to the bewilderment of the public;" and that it also announces, in an editorial, its plans for a series of practical articles by an "athlete and brainworker" on the "bewildering" new comestibles. "That the public may be guided in its choice by competent authority," says the "Mail" with great solemnity, "Mr. Eustace Miles has undertaken an heroic experiment." "An heroic experiment!" We sincerely trust that Eustace will survive the fourteen "new foods" which he proposes to test, one each day, during a fortnight.

But surely 'tis a long, long step for the British citizen from greasy fried eggs and greasier fried pork, to a light cereal breakfast. Perhaps, if he get through this successfully, he and all of us may later learn to listen heedfully to the wise words of the revered Edward Hooker Dewey, M.D., the original No Breakfast Plan man — a person who strenuously contends that only he who omits the morning meal has really mastered "the true science of living." And perhaps he's right.

Blunders on the Stage.

"Players are often guilty of amusing blunders on the stage. It is one of the traditions of our profession," says Julia Marlowe, the American actress, "that a new player is never really 'seasoned' until he has been the victim of some unusual or remarkable stage contretemps.

"On the first night of 'The Cavalier' I made a slip, which, fortunately, I recovered from by the rapidity of my subsequent actions. The ambulance had departed under the guidance of the treacherous villain, and I, as Charlotte Durand, was about to follow and save the men. The soldiers were rushing to make everything ready. I had picked up my saddle from the floor and threw it to one of the men.

"'Put my horse on my saddle!' I cried.

"If I had hesitated or had tried to repeat the line properly the audience would have roared. But that is one thing I have learned by experience, as every player does. If one makes a mistake, never go back to correct it. Everyone in the house will notice it then, whereas if you go right on the chances are that only a few people in the front rows have understood, and they have not time to laugh if you hurry.

"Old-timers can quote a score of incidents of this kind. It clothed thee with my stagger," said the eighteenth-century player, who thus ruined the great scene of a fine tragedy on the night of its first production at Drury Lane. 'A liss apon the kips' is another story told of the original Claude Melnotte, Macready.

"I have to confess that the extraneous influence which has sometimes drawn me out of the spirit of my part and once or twice has made me laugh in the midst of a serious situation, has resulted from the fascination which the faces of children have for me. Every emotion is poignantly and completely reflected in their little countenances as in a mirror."

His First Prescription.

Mrs. Mulligan—Pat, didn't th' docther ave yez inny midicine? Mr. Mulligan—Not a bit. He'd hov me makin' a billy-goat av mesilf—takin' this piece av paper ivry three hours.—"Judge."

"I don't know what there is about betting on horse races that should be so deleterious to health," said young Mrs. Torkins, pensively. "I never heard of such a thing," answered the visitor. "Neither did I until I heard Charley talking about it. Every time he makes a bet he comes home and says there is something wrong with his system."—Washington "Star."

"What," asked Cheerful, "is the difference between a man who is irregular at his work and the tail of a wealthy man's carriage horse?"

"I don't know," wearily responded his victim.

"Because," replied Cheerful, without the slightest encouragement, "one is docked because it's absent, and the other is absent because it is docked. Ha, ha!"—Baltimore American.

The Story of Adam and Eve.

The two compositions which follow were written by two girl pupils of the New York public schools, and their authenticity is vouched for in the New York "Evening Post:"

I.

God made the first person that was a man this man wanted a lady so when he went to sleep he cut out a rib and made a lady. There were a lot of fruit trees and one was a apple tree.

God said they may eat all the fruit but not the apple tree and those two people were forbidden not to eat the apples on the tree and Eve took some of the apples and gave then to Adam Adam eat them and they stayed down his throat.

God saw that some one has been eaten the apples Adem said that Eve gave it to him; and those two people wore had to work for their own living.

II.

God made Adam he was fast asleep when God took the side bone and made a women The womens name was Eve She was Adams wife. God said they should go to the orchard and get all the fruit they wanted but do not touch the apple plant so Eve took one of the apples and gave it to Adam. He ate it they was a snake that told them that God said that thos apples are not to be touched, so God looked down at Adam and said Didn't I say you should not touch them apples So Adam said Eve gave me it so said you must leave this orchard So Adam and Eve left it and Angel gied them out the angel had a saw in his hand.

Dreams.

Men counted him a dreamer? Dreams
Are but the light of clearer skies—
Too dazzling for our naked eyes.
And when we catch their flashing beams
We turn aside and call them dreams.
Oh! trust me every thought that yet
In greatness rose and sorrow set—
That Time to ripening glory nursed,
Was called an "idle dream" at first.
—Ernest Jones.

"Ici," mused the simple fellow, spelling out the word on window of the restaurant, "that's ice—Oh, that's on, of course—*parle, Oh! that's talk, and, of course,* the other word's French. French talk once! Wish I understood it—always heard it was pretty warm."

Heart Strength is Whole Strength

THE blood is your life; when it stops coursing you're dead. If it half stops,

YOU'LL BE HALF DEAD.

Your pain, your weakness, your eternal weariness will all disappear if you strengthen your heart. But you may take special medicine for special trouble if you're in a special hurry. Cheer up! Don't be moping! You can be cured. Try it and for the first time you will know the true meaning of that grand old word—Health. **DR. AGNEW'S HEART CURE** renews the vigor in thirty minutes after taking the first dose. Will CURE the poorest heart and strengthen the strongest man.

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

Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder relieves catarrh or colds at once and cures forever.

Dr. Agnew's Ointment compels Piles to perish permanently. It gives ease on the instant. Banishes all manner of skin diseases and eruptions. The safest and cheapest cure. Price, 35c.

Love Letters of a Business Man.

The course of true love, though beset with almost insurmountable obstacles, often rewards the faithful lovers at the last with supreme happiness. But, alas! sometimes the said true love proves to ought but a toboggan-slide leading to a precipice, into whom the true lovers' hopes are hurled and dashed into atomic smithereens.

We have before us, says "Punch," a volume of a "Business Man's Love Letters," a few extracts from which we give below. Reader, if you have a tear, prepare to shed it now! The burning passion which surges in the lover's heart, though embodied in phrases habitually used by a business man, is sure to touch your soul. But presently comes the pathetic ending, when she is no longer anything to him, and he—to use the imperfect but comprehensive vernacular—is to her as "dead as a door-nail." Reader, read on!

I.

August 1, 1899.

Dear Miss Smythe—With reference to my visit last evening at the house of Mr. John Jorkins, our mutual friend, when I had the pleasure of meeting you.

Having been much charmed by your conversation and general attractiveness, I beg to enquire whether you will allow me to cultivate the acquaintanceship further.

Awaiting the favor of your esteemed reply,

Yours faithfully,
John Green.

II.

August 3, 1899.

My Dear Miss Smythe—I beg to acknowledge with many thanks receipt of your letter of even date, contents of which I note with much pleasure. I hope to call this evening at 7.15 p.m. when I trust to find you at home.

With kindest regards, I beg to remain,
Yours very truly,
John Green.

III.

August 21, 1899.

My Dearest Evelina—Referring to our conversation this evening when you consented to become my wife.

I beg to confirm the arrangement then made, and would suggest the wedding should take place within the ensuing six months. No doubt you will give the other necessary details your best consideration, and will communicate your views to me in due course.

Trusting there is every happiness before us,

I remain,
Your darling Chickabiddy,
John.

IV.

August 22, 1899.

My Ownest Tootsey-Wootsey.—Enclosed please find 22-karat gold engagement ring, set with thirteen diamonds and three rubies, receipt of which kindly acknowledge by return.

Trusting same will give every satisfaction,

I am,
Your only lovey-dovey,
Johnny.

XXXXXX Kindly note kisses.

V.

November 24, 1899.

My Sweetest Evelina—I am duly in receipt of your letter of 20th inst., which I regret was not answered before, owing to pressure of business.

In reply thereto I beg to state that I do love you dearly, and only you, and also no one else in all the world. Further, I shall have much pleasure in continuing to love you for evermore, and no one else in all the world.

Trusting to see you this evening as usual and in good health.

I am, Your ownest own,
John.

VI.

January 4, 1900.

To Miss Smythe: Madam—In accordance with the intention expressed in my letter of yesterday, I duly forwarded addressed to you a parcel containing all letters, etc., received from you, and presume they have been safely delivered.

I have received to-day, per carrier, a parcel containing various letters which I have written to you from time to time. No doubt it was your intention to despatch the complete number written by me, but I notice one dated August 21 is not included. Will you kindly forward the letter in question by return, when I will send you a full receipt?

Yours faithfully, John Green.

VII.

January 6, 1900.

To Miss Smythe: Madam—I beg to acknowledge receipt of your letter of yesterday, and note your object in retaining my letter of August 21 last. As I intend to defend the issue in the case, I shall do as you request, and will leave all further communications to be made through my solicitors.

Yours, etc., John Green.

VIII.

15 Peace Court, Temple, E.C.

Messrs. Bang, Crash & Co.,
9a, Quarrel Row, E. C.

Smythe v. Green.

Gentlemen—We are in receipt of your communication of yesterday's date, with which you enclose copy of letter dated August 21. We note that you state the document in question has been duly stamped at Somerset House, and are writing our client this evening with a view to offering your client terms, through you, to stay the proceedings which have been commenced.

Yours faithfully,
Blithers, Blathers, Blothers & Co.

Affection for a Pig.

When Joseph G. Cannon of Illinois was married he was in decidedly poor circumstances and his mother, an economical Quakeress, who was anxious to have him found a household, said to him: "Joseph, now that thee is married, thee must get thee a cow, a pig and a hive of bees." "I took mother's advice," relates Mr. Cannon; "I tried to milk the cow, but she kicked me over, and I had to give that up as a bad job. I tried to feed the calf, and it butted me all

NEIGHBORS DID NOT KNOW HIM

Valentine Fisher's Sciatica Cured by Dodd's Kidney Pills.

Could Hardly Put One Foot to the Ground. Now he Can Walk all Day Without Trouble.

Collingwood, April 5.—(Special.)—"Dodd's Kidney Pills made a new man of me," so speaks Valentine Fisher, well known in Collingwood and the surrounding country. "I was troubled with Kidney Disease for thirteen years. It developed into Sciatica and located in my side so that I was hardly able to walk, and could not do without the aid of a cane. My back was also affected and altogether I was a cripple in the most painful sense of the word.

"And the worst of it all was I could get no relief. Doctors and medicines failed to do me any good till I was fortunate enough to try Dodd's Kidney Pills. The benefit was almost miraculous. My health came back and the change in my appearance was so great that some of my neighbors did not know me.

"Whereas before I could hardly put one foot to the ground, and I had to use morphine to ease the pain, I was enabled to go to work selling fruit trees and walk all day without any trouble."

Sciatica and kindred diseases are caused by uric acid in the blood. Dodd's Kidney Pills put the Kidneys in shape to take the uric acid out of the blood, and the Sciatica disappears.

Anecdotal.

When the late "Tom" Reed was first talked of for the Presidency, he was asked if he thought the party would put him in nomination. His reply was: "They might do worse—and I think they will."

To a group of friends Ellen Terry once said: "Acting is not like drawing. You make a line. If it is wrong, you rub it out at once and make another. With acting that is impossible; there is no altering—it must stand. I often feel as if I must cry to the audience, 'O, that is wrong, not as I meant it to be! Let me act that part or sentence over again!'"

A certain learned professor in a German university has a learned twin brother, living in the same town, who resembles him so closely that it is almost impossible to tell them apart. A townsman meeting the professor on the boulevard stopped him, saying: "Pardon me, but is it to you or your brother that I have the honor of speaking?" "Sir," was the ready reply, "you are speaking to my brother."

In a Southern state the other day a gentleman, who was waiting for his train at a country station, asked a porter who was lying on one of the seats where the station-master lived, and the porter lazily pointed to the house with his foot. The gentleman, very much struck at the man's laziness, said: "If you can show me a lazier action than that, my good man, I'll give you two bits." The porter, not moving an inch, replied: "Put it in my pocket, guv'nor."

Among the stories that most amused the late Queen, who had a keen sense of humor, was that told her by the late Duchess of Athole "of the comical advertisement regarding the Dunkeld and Blairgowrie coach, which was posted in the village of Dunkeld. The coach was named 'The Duchess of Athole,' and the inn from which it started was 'The Duke's Arms.' The notice ran as follows: 'The Duchess of Athole leaves the Duke's Arms every lawful morning at six o'clock.'"

In her reminiscences, Henriette Cockran relates an amusing anecdote of Robert Browning. She relates that as she sat in the drawing-room of her London house one afternoon, she happened to look out of the back window. "And there," she says, "I saw Mr. Browning nursing a goose, absolutely carrying it in his arms. The poet came into the hall with the goose. I laughed, remarking that it was a queer kind of pet. 'It is so clever and affectionate,' answered Mr. Browning; 'it is not well, so I am looking after it. It follows me about just like a dog.'"

Bishop Watterson tells a story of how he was once taken for a "drummer" by a traveling salesman who was riding on the same train. "What house do you represent?" he was asked. "Lord & Church," replied the bishop. "H'm!" mused the drummer; "never heard of it. Any branch house?" "Branch houses all over the world," said the man of God, easily. "That's queer!" went on the drummer, who began to think he had run across a boastful representative of some small concern. "Er—boots and shoes?" "No," said the bishop. "Dry goods?" asked the drummer, beginning to display irritation. "Well, no," said the bishop, "some folks call 'em notions."

Mr. Honeyman—Miss Lofty, you are the sweetest, loveliest, most charming woman in all the world.

Miss Lofty—Thanks. It is so pleasant to have one's own conviction indorsed by a gentleman of such excellent judgment as yourself.—Richmond Dispatch.

PICKED UP HERE AND THERE.

Church of England:

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

Rev. F. L. Stephenson, Rector.

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

Mr. and Mrs. Ryder, of San Jose, Cal., arrived last week and will spend the summer. Mr. Ryder, who is a first class surveyor, will assist J. H. Brownlee, P.L.S.

Capt. Richards, of the Gleaner, spent a day or two in town this week.

L. H. Griffith, one of the contractors for the Pine Creek Power Co., returned to Atlin this week. He brought in eleven men with him.

Mr. David Hastie, of the Grand Hotel, has completed an important addition, which consists of a large extension to the ladies' parlor, and the construction of a verandah overlooking the lake. He intends inaugurating the improvements by giving a dance on Victoria Day, to which everybody will be duly welcome.

Nat Wheeling returned with his bride on Wednesday of this week. Mr. and Mrs. Wheeling will take up their residence above Fraser & Co.'s store where they have fitted up very comfortable quarters. The CLAIM extends its heartiest congratulations and wishes Mr. and Mrs Wheeling every happiness and prosperity.

Sixty-five cents per pair Ladies', Misses' and Boys' Rubbers at Blackett & Co.'s

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

R. A. Jackson, late manager of the Atlin Lake Mining Co., returned Thursday from a month's visit to Vancouver. Mr. Jackson will devote his energies to looking after his own interests on Blue Canyon.

Oranges, Lemons and Apples—McDonald's Grocery.

E. S. Wilkinson, P.L.S., returned to Atlin this week.

Spring Cleaning—Get your Wall Paper and House Lining from J. A. Fraser & Co.

Dalton Rorke has been receiving the personal congratulations of his many friends in Atlin, on his elevation to "papa-hood."

Mr. Williams, the new manager of the Birch Creek Co., arrived from Vancouver this week.

The concert, to be given in Discovery next Friday in aid of the Fire Fund, promises to be a very successful affair, and although the programme has not yet been completed, the committee, in securing such talent as the following, is assured of a bumper house: Mrs. Blackett, Mrs. Costigan and Miss Edwards, Messrs. Lumsden, Pilling, Moberly, Kerr, Parrott, Fall and Pavey, an orchestra, consisting of eight or ten pieces, assisted by Anderson and McKay on the pipes.

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

W. J. Anderson returned from an extended visit to San Francisco this week.

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

Gents' Furnishings, Boots and Shoes at cost. A chance to outfit for very little money. C. D. Newton's, Discovery.

We are pleased to announce that Mr. W. G. Paxton, Notary Public, has opened an office on Third street, directly opposite the Government office, where he will be prepared to transact all mining and other business referred to him. He will visit Discovery regularly twice or thrice each week during the season. Messages may be left either at Kerr & Co.'s store or at McDonald's Hotel.

Slaughter prices on Ladies', Men's and Children's Shoes at Closing Out Sale.—Blackett & Co.

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

A New Store.

E. L. Pillman & Co. have just completed the alterations of their new store, recently purchased from McLellan & McFeely, of Vancouver, and have made of it one of the finest stores in the North.

Pillman & Co. intend to greatly increase their already very large business. With the opening of navigation they will carry a full line of dry goods and general hardware, and will besides carry one of biggest stocks of groceries and provisions in the district. Their endeavors in the interests of their customers and the public will no doubt meet with the support and encouragement which their enterprise justly merits.

The Rise and Fall.

The lowest temperature recorded for the week ending 1st inst, is as follows:

April	25	31 above
	26	22 "
	27	19 "
	28	11 "
	29	17 "
	30	29 "
May	1	25 "

Certificate of Registration of an Extra-Provincial Company.

"COMPANIES ACT, 1897."

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

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

The amount of the capital of the company is five hundred thousand dollars, divided into five hundred thousand shares of one dollar each.

The head office of the company in this Province is situate in Atlin B.C., and Julius M. Ruffner, whose address is Atlin, B.C. is the attorney for the company.

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

Given under my hand and seal of office at Victoria, Province of British Columbia, this 15th day of April, one thousand nine hundred and three.

[L.S.] S. Y. WOOTTON,
Registrar of Joint Stock Companies.
ma-2-4t

CLOSING OUT.

We are going out of Business. Our Stock must be sold by the opening of navigation. We have a large line of Men's Furnishing Goods, including

MEN'S UNDERWEAR, OVERSHIRTS, FEDORA HATS, STETSON HATS, FINE SHOES, in different weights, DRY GOODS, BLANKETS, Etc., Etc.,

All of which can be bought below cost.

DON'T OVERLOOK THIS

Come and look around. You will surely see something you need and on which you will save money,

BLACKETT & CO.

Russell Hotel,

DIXON BROTHERS, Proprietors

Pool & Billiards, Free.

Freighting and Teaming. Horses and Sleighs for Hire.

Vancouver General Store,

Dealers in Provisions, Dry Goods, Etc.,

A. S. Cross & Co.

DRINK THE BEST

"NABOB TEA."

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

For Sale by all First Class Grocers.

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

A Boon to the Thirsty!

Drinks, 2 for a Quarter.

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

Hotel Building for Sale—No Reasonable Offer Refused.

E. P. QUEEN.

Hydraulic Plant

FOR SALE—AT A BARGAIN—A complete hydraulic plant, consisting of:

260 ft., 18 in. steel pipe
684 " 14 " "
821 " 11½ " "
600 " 10 " "
1 reducer, 22 to 18 inch
1 do 18 to 14 inch
1 do 11½ to 10 inch
1 18-inch elbow
1 14-inch "
1 11½-in. "
2 6-inch monitors
1 11-inch water gate,
Etc., Etc.

The plant has been in use, but is guaranteed in first class condition.

For terms, etc., F.O.B. cars, call or write this Office.

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.

C. P. N. Co.,

—ALASKA ROUTE SAILINGS—

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

PRINCESS MAY, May, 7, 16 & 27

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