Legislative Assembly
JUN 7 1904
VICTORIA, B.C.

THE ATLIN CLAIM.

VOL. 10. ATLIN, B. C., SATURDAY, MAY 21, 1904. NO 253.

WAR NEWS.

May 14th:—A telegram received in London from Paris says a rumor is current there that Port Arthur has fallen and that ten thousand men were killed in the engagement. The rumor has not been confirmed.

A detachment of Japanese troops has occupied Kwan Tien Sien, sixty miles northeast of Feng Wang Cheng, and another detachment has occupied Suoyin sixty miles east of Liao Yang, on main road.

There are only vague rumors of Japanese movements at Shan Hai Kwan. It is stated that heavy losses were sustained by Russians at the battle of Yalu River, due to inability to control soldiers. They were ordered forward merely to develop the enemy's strength, but rushed headlong against a superior force and were crushed back by sheer weight of numbers.

The Berlin correspondent of the "New York Times" learns, on excellent authority, that there is strong possibility of terms of peace being arranged between Russia and Japan.

May 16th:—Japanese officially report the destruction of the Japanese despatch boat, "Miyako," in Kerr Bay, by submerged mine. Two sailors were killed and twenty-two wounded.

Rumors are current in Niu Chwang today that heavy fighting took place in the direction of Liao Yang yesterday. The Russians at Niu Chwang now admit that the railway is practically closed to Port Arthur.

Well informed Chinese at Chefoo say the entrance to Port Arthur is not now blocked.

A land and sea attack on Port Arthur is expected to take place between May 20th and 23rd, says a Chefoo despatch.

St. Petersburg has received news that Japanese have already destroyed fifty miles of railway from Port Arthur.

May 17th:—The "Standard" says General Kuropatkin has almost 100,000 troops of inferior quality south of Mukden, while General Kuroki has 140,000 first class troops.

May 17th:—St. Petersburg officials deny that Vladivostock is blockaded by Japanese.

It is reported in Seoul that a Japanese force has cornered 200 Russians north of Angu and is endeavouring to starve them out. The Russians at Kia Ping were surprised yesterday at the sudden appearance of the Japanese army; they were expecting the Talu army.

May 18th:—Tokio has received an official report from the second Japanese army which shows that the railroad north of Port Arthur has been cut in five places. The number of casualties since May 5th amounts to 146 men.

May 18th:—A Mukden correspondent of the "Paris Journal" says important events are imminent. Outposts of the two armies are already in contact in the zone northwest of Feng Wang Cheng, south-east of Liao Yang. The Japanese army advancing on Liao Yang is estimated at one hundred thousand men, while another Japanese army is said to be executing a flanking movement, directed on some point between Liao Yang and Mukden. The Japanese are said to have 160,000 men in Manchuria.

A telegram received in Rome says the object of the Japanese movement around Mukden is to cut off General Kuropatkin's retreat northward.

May 19th:—Vice-Admiral Togo reports that on May 15th, in a deep fog off Port Arthur, the cruiser Katsuga rammed the cruiser Yoshino, sinking the latter in a few minutes. Ninety of the crew were saved.

The same morning the battleship Hatsuse, which was cruising off Port Arthur, covering landing of soldiers, struck a mine, ten knots south-east of the harbor. She signalled for help and instantly struck another mine, and sank in half an hour. Three hundred of the crew were saved.

The cruiser Yoshina had a speed of nineteen knots and carried a crew of 300. The Hatsuse was 15,000 tons, had a speed of nineteen knots, a crew of 741, was latest model and built in 1900.

It is unofficially reported from Tokio that the Japanese lines are less than forty-five miles from Port Arthur.

The Japanese have destroyed four miles of railway near Niu Chwang.

Russians at Niu Chwang are said to be bewildered and disheartened.

May 19th:—A Chefoo despatch says Russians from Dalny state that during the bombardment of Port Arthur by Japanese on Monday afternoon, the Japanese battleship Shikishima and Cruiser Asama struck mines and sank. It is possible, however, that these two ships are the same as are mentioned in Togo's report to Tokio; but St. Petersburg believes that the Chefoo statement is correct, which would indicate that the Japanese have lost four vessels.

May 20th:—The reports of the Japanese retreat to Feng Wang Cheng is officially confirmed from Niu Chwang. The Japanese, who numbered 20,000, came upon 23,000 Russians in a strong position on Monday, sixty miles west of Feng Wang Cheng. It being thought unwise to risk battle, the Japanese retreated in good order and with great rapidity.

Tokio says Russians were repulsed in thirty minutes, and that Japanese casualties were one officer and four men killed and one officer and eight men wounded; Russian casualties, one officer and 40 men killed. [This item is incomplete, but it is thought to refer to fight at Kai Chou.]

Tokio says the landing of Japanese troops at Taku Shan began yesterday, the 19th.

Tokio denies that the battleship Shikishima was damaged and the Euji sank.

Nineteen officers of the Yoshino perished, the number of crew lost is not known. Thirty five officers went down with the Hatsuse, but the number of crew lost is not yet known.

May 20th:—From Chefoo comes reports that the sound of heavy firing was heard at Port Arthur this morning.

A Tokio despatch to the Japanese legation in London says that Russians left 30 dead officers and men as result of fight near Kai Chou. According to Russian prisoners, their army lost over 300.

Mr. E. M. N. Woods informs us that he has sent in his resignation to the government, which has been accepted; he will be retiring from his duties on the 31st of May. Mr. Woods also informs us that he is not leaving the camp, but intends practicing his profession here, and that for the present his office will be at his residence on Third Street.

Local Personals.

The members of the staff rejoice that the Editor has at last found his true vocation in life. He was seen several times during the past week going round with a "muck-rake."

This week might be seen in town a "sky pilot" and a retired army man carting manure. The minister was evidently bent on the "good seed" being sown, if not in men's minds, at least in their gardens; while the major, having no troops to drill, was doing his next best,—getting ready to drill potatoes.

Our late fire chief is going to Spruce Creek to recuperate after the many public and private celebrations, held in his honor since his retirement from public life in town.

Our best known local assayer, while preparing his garden for this season's crops, was lucky enough to "strike" it rich. While digging last week he came across what he took to be auriferous gravel. The results were very disappointing, as the supposed pay gravel proved to be only some of the prime seed potatoes, obtained from "The Claim" office and surreptitiously planted by one of the assayer's friends.

YUKON RIVER OPEN.

First Boat Sails from Dawson.

The Yukon River opened up on Saturday, 7th inst. The river is clear from Whitehorse to Upper La Barge and from Lower La Barge to Dawson. The Columbian sailed from Dawson on the 11th inst. for the Hootalinqua, taking mail to Yukon Crossing. The Thistle left Hootalinqua with mail and passengers for Dawson on the 12th. The Canadian is clearing up all stranded freight north of Selkirk. The La France was launched at White Horse on the 9th and has started on her initial trip up the Takeena.

All the White Pass fleet that wintered at Dawson have been launched, and although water is low at present, indications point to an early season.

Otter Creek.

The Otter Creek Hydraulic Co. report that there is not nearly as much snow as usual on their property. A gang of men left last week to start operations. All the equipment is in perfect order and water quite plentiful, so that the work can be started almost immediately; in fact, the company say that everything will be ready to start piping on the 25th. The prospects for the season are decidedly favorable and we predict great success for the enterprise.

Spruce Creek.

The many miners, who drifted on this creek last winter, are now sluicing their dumps. They have been greatly hindered in their operations by the cold weather which has prevailed during the last two weeks and which has limited their working day, as many of them cannot do any shovelling until the afternoon. So far as can be ascertained, the results in most cases are satisfactory.

Work on the creek claims is beginning for the season. A large drain ditch is being put in to drain the claims, situate up stream from No. 65 below discovery.

Fernie's Business Section Burned.

A fire broke out on the morning of April 29th and in five hours practically wiped out the whole of the business section of the town along with some private residences. Owing to the poor water supply, the fire brigade was unable to check the spread of the flames. The loss is estimated at over half a million dollars.

How Jack Simpson Found Promotion

I.

"Don't you like meat now, daddy?"

Jack Simpson smiled wearily at the question of his little daughter, Beatrice, and she prattled on without waiting for an answer. "'Cause you never have any, you know; and there's hardly ever anythin' in the cupboard now. I wants some milk for supper; please, mamma, let me have some milk."

"No, no, dearie," said Mrs. Simpson, a very young and handsome-looking mother; "here, have this piece of bread and a drink of water. Come, there's a good girl; I must take you off to bed now."

Dearie was put to bed, and when they were left alone in the kitchen together dearie's father and mother looked earnestly into each other's eyes. Then dearie's father pushed a large knife across the table and held out both his hands.

"Cut 'em off!" he said, hoarsely; "nobody wants 'em. There's nothing for 'em to do. Cut 'em off!"

"Don't, Jack, don't," she pleaded; "work will come and we shall pull round all right. For my sake, do nothing desperate Jack. Don't give up hope; you will get work."

"And where shall I get work?" he retorted, bitterly. "They have done with me at Fairlow's, and I've tried and tried—Heaven knows how I've tried! And I'm getting tired of being told there's nothing for me; I'm tired of seeing you getting paler and thinner"—she moved closer to him and ran her fingers through his thick brown hair—"and I'm tired of hearing our little girl ask for things, little bits o' things, we can't give to her. Something will have to be done." He clenched his fist savagely. "Something will have to be done quickly. I can't understand Hodder; he plays me on and off, half promises, and then says he can't start anyone for weeks. And he smiles when he says it. Smiles just like he did when he gave me a weeks notice with profound regrets, as he put it, at Fairlow's having no further use for my services. I hate him when I think of it. Only yesterday I begged of him to find me something to do, if only for the sake of you and the little 'un. He shook his head and said he was sorry, and smiled! Sometimes I think—why, what's the matter, Jess?"

"Nothing, dear; why do you ask?"

"Your cheeks—they are red as poppies. They remind me of the old days. Ah, Jess, dear, what a sad mistake you made to marry a mere workman."

"A very sad mistake indeed," she said, as she contradicted the words with a kiss.

"You might have been Mrs. Who-knows-who," he went on, half serious, half chaffing.

"I'd rather be Mrs. I-know-who," she answered, returning his fond look with interest; and then, timidly "Jack, dear, I can't bear to see you looking so wild and reckless as you did a short time ago. A little patience will surely bring us into the sunshine again. Think how you have striven, with my poor influence to lift yourself out of the rut. Why here's Mr. Bernaby to see you. I wonder if he brings good news."

But Mr. Bernaby was in no hurry to disclose news of any kind whilst she was present, so she left them for a while to themselves. Her departure was evidently a relief to the visitor. He nervously placed four shillings on the corner of the table and said that he was sorry he would not be bringing any more relief from the club. It had been stopped at the last meeting. Couldn't say as to how his mates had voted against the small weekly subscription they had been giving. Couldn't say that he liked the job of carrying such disagreeable news. Could say as how they was all sorry, and that they hoped he would soon get another place. Could say as how it was no use trying Hodder. Could also say as how Hodder was slow, but he was sure and he was cunning, and surely Jack Simpson had not forgotten that he, a mere sub-foreman, had carried off the lovely Jessie Reville from under his very manager's nose. Could say as how it was a very nasty, raw evening for anyone to be out, and that he wished him a very good-night.

And so, when she came in, she found Jack still brooding over his wrongs, with a new light illuminating their cause, and wandering nearer and nearer towards the abyss of despair. "Jess," he said, eagerly, "I remember you telling me that Hodder paid you some attentions before we were married. Did he ever ask——"

Her cheeks turned into poppies again. "Yes," she said, "he asked me to marry him. I told you all about it, but you made light of it then."

"Of course," he said, "and it never once occurred to me that it might have touched him seriously. Besides it is over five years ago, and yet his lonely, morose nature would perhaps never forget. Jess"—he waved his arm vaguely round the almost empty room—"Jess, can this be a deliberate scheme of revenge?"

She nodded her head, whispering, "I'm sure of it. I felt sure of it from the first," and his eyes blazed up with the desire to strike back.

"Revenge," he said slowly, "is a game for two. How blind I have been! I might have known. You knew, Jess. You knew, and yet you let me go to him and plead for your sake and the little 'un. Knowing this, you let me go."

"Our need was so great," she answered.

"And I," he went on, "have entrusted him with my one great hope—a secret even from you, Jess. I had an idea for a patent process that might be worth thousands to Fairlow's. In our extremity I confided it yesterday to Sefton Hodder, and sought his advice as to it being practicable. He thought it would be no use; said I might leave the drawings for consideration, but felt sure they would be a failure. Of course, he thought they would be no use. O, fool, fool, that I was!"

She covered her face with a cry of astonishment. "Your ring, your wedding ring," he exclaimed; "where is it?"

"I pawned it," she replied; "we must not starve. We must make a fight of it. Don't think it did not hurt me to part with it, but it can really make no difference. I pawned it two days ago and you have only just noticed. Don't be angry with me, Jack. Leave go my wrists; you hurt me."

"What a success for him," he said, gravely, "to have already removed the ring. You are right; we must make a fight of it."

"Nothing wrong, and nothing desperate, Jack," she pleaded.

"Nothing wrong or desperate," he promised. But there was an expression in his eyes she had never seen before. Later she said to him:

"Revenge is not a game for two, dear. If it was it would go on and on without stopping. It is not even sweet as they say it is. Promise me you will attempt no harm to Sefton Hodder. You look so queer, Jack, I am afraid—for you!"

"I promise," he said.

But in his heart he knew he lied.

* * * * * *

On the following night he went out about eight o'clock. She kissed him in the doorway and whispered again: "Nothing wrong, and nothing desperate, Jack," and he solemnly answered: "Nothing to be ashamed of, Jess." Yet a tempest of violence raged within him as he swung down the dark, lonely road. What his actual purpose was he could not himself have told.

One thing was uppermost in his mind—he must see Hodder at once. And with the four shillings that Bernaby had left he had picked up an ugly-looking, second-hand revolver. He fingered this in his pocket as he went along. If it were not for the sake of Jess and the little un——No, no, he must not think of that. But he must have his drawings back at any cost. He almost felt elated at the task before him. It would be an easier fight, surely, than the fight of the past few weeks, the fight with those gaunt leaders to extremes—hunger and cold and despair.

Fairlow's huge foundry, standing in the valley before him, shines out in a glow of its own making—smoke and flame and roaring furnaces and towering chimneys. He has heard they are to cast the stern frame of a great ship between half-past nine and ten. That will mean Hodder superintending, so that he must be on the works until a late hour. "Nothing to be ashamed of, Jess," he had said. But deep in his heart he knew that he had lied.

II.

Knowing the place intimately, it was an easy matter for Jack Simpson to slip past the time-house and into the great works of Fairlow's. The night was almost pitch dark, but he knew his way and never faltered. On past the dark, closed warehouses and pattern-shops, over the bridge and down the railway, past huge stacks of coal and iron, now over a waste piece of ground scattered with giant cog-wheels, ships' anchors, old boilers, cylinders and the like.

Hist—someone is coming this way. He dives under a waggan, jumps a low wall, and finds himself beside the casting-shop, which seems to revel in the hum and throb and glow of the night's work. About twelve feet from the ground there are large gaps with iron bars across to take the place of windows. He climbs upon a heap of scrap-metal and peers through one of these. It is a familiar scene to him—the long shop with its earthen floor littered with moulding-boxes and tools and strange machines.

Here men are busy shaping the pliable clay into many fantastic shapes; there, fierce, rough-built fires are baking them dry in readiness to receive the molten steel. There is the dull thud of hammers falling on sand and dirt, and the shriller rattle of metals in conflict where the castings are being cleaned. In the centre of the shop a vast pit shows the upper moulded portions of the stern for a mighty ship. At the far end the furnaces roar like ravenous beasts as they are fed by ton after ton of raw ores and metals by men stripped to the waist.

Further on, across a platform, above and past the furnaces, is the office of the manager, Sefton Hodder. He has just come out, across the platform and down the gangway. He puts on a pair of blue glasses and looks into these roaring furnaces; then blows a whistle. A monstrous overhead crane rattles along just under the roof and lowers an enormous bucket-shaped cauldron beneath the level of the furnace tap. Another whistle, scarcely heard above the thud of hammers, and a stream of molten steel is rushing into that gigantic bucket. A dozen workmen prepare with long iron bars to steady it. None of that white-hot liquid stream must escape and strike anything damp or else——

Sefton Hodder, sharply outlined against the blinding glare of the molten steel, smiles grimly as the sparks fall in brilliant showers round him, and little thinks that at the moment he forms a vivid human target. For Jack Simpson, black hatred in his heart, is glancing along the barrel of his revolver, with his finger trembling on the trigger and his soul trembling on the verge of that awful precipice, murder! An almost uncontrollable passion to end things then and there takes possession of him. Still, better to wait a little while, and then—the top entrance, and face to face in his office. The drawings are there. Who can guess what card Hodder will play when faced with a climax? Best to come armed, anyway. And if the pistol has to be used, why, what a feeble spark it will be amidst all this roar and flame and clanging stir. How terrified Jess would be if—— Ah, he will soon be away now.

The furnaces are empty and the bucket, containing many tons of molten steel, is being carried over to the mould. Sefton Hodder stands upon an iron box about three feet from the ground level, and is ready to give the final order to remove the bucket-plug. Then suddenly he looks up at the chains above and shouts with horror. One of the side pivots is bending, breaking. There is a wild shout from the men as they rush for the door, and that mighty cauldron of hissing, seething steel turns over and runs like a fiery lake on the floor. Swift as some bursting dam it darts its fiery way, fed deeper by the swinging bucket. Sefton Hodder, looking which way to escape, pauses a moment too long. Like a flash the metal surrounds the mould he is on and he stands, as it were, on an iron island amid a lake of white-hot running steel. Above the noise and confusion he hears someone screaming "Run for your lives."

Run? Yes, but how can he cross this burning moat? The heat is terrific. He sees the steel forcing a channel down to number five pit, which contains water. If it reaches there—the thought sets him shuddering. Have they all escaped but him? The heat is scorching, suffocating, and it will take hours for this mass of steel to cool and set—hours: why, long before that he will be literally baked alive. Will none of them come to save him? No, no, they will not risk the explosion until it is too late. The growing fear of a horrible death overwhelms him, and he screams with terror. Then someone dashes through the door, beats his way through the hands that try to stop him, runs nimbly up the foot-ladder, and along the wide baulks that hold the rails for the crane.

Look, he is clinging now to the chain. "Lower," he shouts, and lower he comes; down, down, until he swings as close to that terrible liquid bed as the man he is trying to save. "Forward!" he roars, and there is the click of levers, the hiss of steam, and the rattle of the ponderous crane. "Hold," he screams, as he lurches forward, seizes Hodder, and clings to him with wonderful strength. For a moment it seems as though both must slip and crash to their doom, and then, tightly clasped together, rescuer and rescued are swung clear of the burning lake; and on into safety. And the last thing Sefton Hodder notes ere he sinks into unconsciousness is a confused babel of voices, and above them all someone loudly clamoring for cheers for brave Jack Simpson.

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For a week Jack Simpson lay delirious—a week of great anxiety and terrible tension to his wife. Over and over again had he gone through the incidents of that memorable night. In his wanderings she learnt of the dark purpose he had brooded upon; how he had seen the awful position Sefton Hodder had been placed in; how, at sight of a fellow-creature in such horrible danger, he had come to his normal senses, flung the pistol from him, and resolved to save the man who had schemed to wreck his happiness.

"Jess," he said, almost the first intelligent words he spoke as he clung to her in recognition; "I didn't do it, Jess; thank Heaven, I didn't do it."

"Hush, dear," she said, "you never could have done it; your nature would not let you. No one knows but us and the doctor that you were so cruelly tempted. And we are all to forget that. Let us start now and never refer to it again."

"Daddy," cried Miss Beatrice Simpson running to his bedside, "why don't you get better? There's such a lot of nice fings waiting for you."

"Yes," said her mother, "and I have a letter to read when you are strong enough."

"If it is good news," he said, with a feeble smile, "I've the sttength of a giant now."

"It is a long letter," she said, "and the doctor's orders are strict. But its chief contents are that Fairlow's wish to buy your new process and the price they offer is £1,500. They also wish to know if you will undertake to put it into operation and run it at their American works at a salary of——" She paused.

"Don't kill me with kindness," he said.

"Big boats go to 'Merica," interrupted Miss Beatrice, with the usual alertness of young eyes and young ears.

"The letter," went on Mrs. Simpson, "is signed by Sefton Hodder. He deeply regrets, and is full of gratitude to you for so nobly saving his life. He says you would have been justified in leaving him to his fate, and he can never sufficiently reward you."

"Poor Hodder. For a moment, Jess, for just the flash of a moment, I leapt with exultation when I saw him doomed; my mind swung like a pendulum between evil and good; then—but there, we all have a glorious impulse sometimes! And to think, Jess, that this means a new start for us—a fresh start im a new country."

They were silent for a moment, and then they laughed quietly together. Miss Beatrice was holding the kitten up by its paws in the corner, and saying: "'Tend to me, puss, 'cause you are going to 'Merica, you know. You will have to cross the sea in a big, big boat. Now, how long, fink you, will it take to pack our fings?"—London Tit-Bits.

A CONFUSION OF TONGUES.

Over 5000 Different Languages in the World.

For the past four months Mr. J. Collier has been contributing to Knowledge a series of interesting articles on the struggle for existence in sociology, and in the current number of that publication he deals with the question of languages and dialects. There are, he tells us, over 5000 distinct languages spoken amongst men, a fact which will come as a surprise to Chauvinistic Britishers, who imagine the English language is all but universal over the whole surface of the globe. But while there are this number of separate languages, a calculating prodigy would be needed to accurately compute the number of different dialects in use. In Brazil there are sixty different vocabularies in vogue; in Mexico the Ualma language is broken up into 700 dialects; in Borneo there are hundreds; while in Australasia it is found impossible to classify the lingual complexities prevailing. Generally the number of dialects is in inverse proportion to the intellectual culture of the population.

Taking the total of languages at 5000, and assuming no more than fifty dialectical variations to each, a total of a quarter of a million dialects is reached. In this confusion of tongues all manner of

NUMBERS AND TENSES,

cases and moods, tones and inflections strive for predominance, while modes of utterance dictated by differently modified laryngeal organs struggle for superiority. But dialects have now a tendency to decrease, more especially among civilized communities where the facilities for traveling by railway and steamboat mix people up much more than was ever possible in the days of old, when inter-communication was difficult. Savage and partially civilized people, as well as those isolated in more or less inaccessible valleys, from free intercourse with their fellows, still retain their ancient dialects, but in nearly every country speech is becoming more uniform, and it is every year less and less difficult for the natives of one province of the same country to understand the speech of those of another province.

And just as dialects are decreasing so are languages becoming reduced in number. French is driving back all but one of the languages spoken on its frontiers. English is overmastering Scotch, Welsh and Irish, as it has already extinguished Cornish. In the Southern Tyrol Germanic dialects are retreating before Italian. On the banks of the Volga the Ural-Ataic languages are disappearing before Russian; in Posen Polish yields to German; while the islets of German speech in Bohemia melt in Czech. And so the battle of speech goes on steadily, and naturally until a century hence there will probably be left very little more than four world-wide languages to fight out their battle. In Central Europe German will reign supreme, English will lord it over the North American Continent, Australasia and a large part of Africa. Spanish will dominate South America, while Russian or some such rich Slavonian dialect will blend the races of eastern Europe and central Asia into lingual harmony.

ALL THE SAME TO HIM.

A man called upon a lawyer the other day and announced that "his rich brother had drawn up a will and died, and that——"

"Ah! I see," interrupted the lawyer; "and you want me to get it set aside? Very well, sir; we'll plead insanity."

"Oh, no—he wasn't insane. You see, the will leaves everything to—"

"To his second wife, or some charity or college. Have no fear, my dear sir. I can do the business nicely. We'll plead undue influence."

"But I influenced him myself."

"Ah! that alters the case somewhat; but I'll prove to the jury that he was afflicted with softening of the brain."

"No, pray don't do that!"

"But I must, and shall, invalidate the will."

"Then I shall have to find a lawyer who can't for it's drawn up in my favor, and I want to beat the other heirs."

"Ah! certainly. That entirely alters the case. Your brother was sane, sensible, and in perfect health, and all the lawyers in the world sha'n't set aside that will! Sit down, sir."

BLAGOVESTCHENSK CITY

ON THE BANKS OF THE AMUR RIVER.

Centre of Siberia's Gold Industry and a Place That Will be Heard From.

It is within the limits of possibility that Blagoveschensk will play by no means an unimportant part in the war that is slowly proceeding in the far east. Directly the Russian position at Harbin becomes untenable, and apparently the object of Japan is to render it so, the Russian troops, though anxious of course to remain within easy reach of the railway, will most probably be driven across that desolate and difficult part of Manchuria where the Heihungchiang range is located, and once there the town of Blagovestchensk will be ready to receive them. In many respects it is quite an interesting town. It is built on the left bank of the Amur River. Mr. Alexander Hosie describes it as follows in his useful volume "Manchuria" (Methuen): "It is spread over a very large area, with wide streets in comparatively good repair, and contains many magnificent mercantile houses. Although red brick is now taking the place of wood, it is really a fine example of the architectural value of the latter, and one is surprised to find signboards over what in this country might readily be taken for palaces." This is exactly how it strikes the visitor, for, notwithstanding the latter limitation, the evidences of wealth are great, and architecturally the town is far in advance of either Habarovsk or Vladivostock.

RUSSIAN CARELESSNESS.

The commercial value of the place is great, seeing that it is the centre of the Siberian gold industry. Externally, the beautiful appeals to one; internally Russian carelessness is, alas! only too apparent. On a fete day you marvel at the grandeur of the illumination, but when you step inside and expect comfort, the emptiness of outward show is soon realized. Do not imagine it is a tiny place. On the contrary, its population of some 35,000, not including a garrison of nearly 6000, is spread over a very large area, and the streets of the town are beautifully wide and—for Russia—in quite good repair. Hotel accommodation here is not magnificent. Passengers on the mail steamers that arrive pretty frequently usually engage their rooms by telegraph, hence the traveler arriving by some other route will likely find "no room" in the inn. Or, what is even worse, you may be alloted a room and find in the middle of the night you have to vacate it owing to the arrival of the mail boat. Provisioning is quite a difficult task here, not from dearth of provisions, but rather from the exorbitant prices charged. Suppose some thirsty Scotch soul desired a bottle of his native reviver, he would be asked two roubles (4s. 8d.) for whisky badly made in St. Petersburg, but bearing an English label. It will thus be seen that western influence is very penetrating French brandy costs at least 14s. 6d. a bottle, and Russian cigars—in price—beat any that may be procured at the club. Just fancy paying 16 roubles for a box of penny "smellers," and add to this a duty of nine roubles per box, and it will be clearly seen that the east end of London has a few advantages over the far east.

A TERRIBLE MASSACRE.

It is absolutely futile anybody visiting this town unless they are prepared to rough it and struggle continually with adverse circumstances. Clean water for washing purposes is rare indeed, whilst as for a bath, even the hotels do not all possess a bathroom. Notwithstanding these annoyances, there are many points of interest to be found in and near Blagovestchensk. The quaintness of the Amur at this point attracts all travelers. At some seasons of the year the river banks near the town are fully alive with cattle, and there is also a considerable movement of timber. About the end of July, 1899, a Chinese mob sallied forth from Aigun and surprised the small Cossack garrison that commanded the steamer route between the railway stations of the Stretensk and Khabartovsk. The Cossacks were panic-stricken, and rushed to the Chinese quarter of the town, surrounding the bazaars with an armed force. The defenceless inhabitants were dragged forth in batches and driven into the Amur, where some 4000 traders and coolies met their death, the river being covered with corpses. It was a terrible massacre. Russian reinforcements arrived, and thrust back the Chinese from the gates of the city, the Russians then advanced upon Aigun and reduced both the city and its inhabitants, but the memory of both massacres is alive to-day.

Employer:—"I have noticed, Mr. Timson, that you, of all the clerks, seem to put your whole life and soul into your work; that no detail is too small to escape your critical attention, no hours too long to cause you to repine." Clerk (joyfully):—"Yes, sir." Employer:—"And so, Mr. Timson, I am forced to discharge you at once. It is such chaps as you that go out and start rival establishments after they have got the whole thing down pat."

After buying experience a man seldom boasts of his bargain.

THE INCURABLE CURED AGAIN

J. J. PERKINS OWES HIS LIFE TO DODD'S KIDNEY PILLS.

Manitoba Man Helpless from Kidney Disease Made Strong and Hearty by the Great Canadian Kidney Remedy.

Tyndall, Man., April 18.—(Special)—Among the many in the great West who confidently state that they owe their lives to Dodd's Kidney Pills is Mr. J. J. Perkins, a well known resident of this place.

"For two years I was troubled with my Kidneys," Mr. Perkins states, "and at last became so bad that the doctor gave me up and said I was incurable.

"I, at times, had such severe pains in my back and kidneys that I thought I would have to give up all hope and die. I was unable to work and was becoming destitute.

"While in this condition a friend persuaded me to try Dodd's Kidney Pills. I had little faith in them, and it was more to please him than anything else I gave them a trial.

"To my surprise the first box did me so much good that I felt like a new man. Five boxes cured me completely.

"Dodd's Kidney Pills saved my life and I cannot praise them too much."

Thousands of cases similar to that of Mr. Perkins are the proof that any Kidney Disease from Backache to Bright's Disease yields readily to Dodd's Kidney Pills.

HUMAN COPYRIGHT.

Its Infringment Has Sometimes Led to War.

One special feature of many of the tribes inhabiting New Guinea is the unwritten law of copyright in the designs with which they tattoo their bodies. Each tribe has its own particular system of ornamenting the body, and should a member of any other tribe imitate the pattern, it is regarded as quite a sufficient reason for a declaration of war between the two tribes.

A traveller who has lately given to the world his impressions of this part of the globe, confirms this statement, and emphasises it by mentioning an instance in which war actually broke out owing to an infringement of this human copyright.

A young warrior fell in love with a girl of a neighboring tribe; the girl favored his suit, but there was a rival in her own tribe. This rival wished to know why the girl did not look upon him with equal favor, and why she went outside the tribe for a husband.

The girl hesitated, and then replied—either as a subterfuge or as a statement of actual fact, but probably the former—that the rival was not so well ornamented as was the suitor from the neighboring tribe. The home rival watched for the successful suitor, took note of the pattern, and copied it. The other tribe resented this infringement, and declared war, in the course of which both suitors were killed.

There's something radically wrong about a woman who isn't fond of dress parade.

ARMY TRIALS.

An Infantryman's Long Siege.

This soldier's tale of food is interesting.

During his term of service in the 17th Infantry in Cuba and Philippines, an Ohio soldier boy contracted a disease of the stomach and bowels which all army doctors who treated him pronounced incurable, but which Grape-Nuts food alone cured:

"In October, 1899, when my enlistment expired, I was discharged from the Army at Calulute, Philippines, and returned to the States on the first available steamer that left Manila. When I got home I was a total wreck physically and my doctor put me to bed saying he considered me the worst broken-down man of my age he ever saw and after treating me 6 months he considered my case beyond medical aid.

"During the fall and winter of 1900 and '01 I was admitted to the Barnes Hospital in Washington, D. C. for treatment for chronic inflammation of the stomach and bowels, but after 5 months returned home as bad as ever.

"I continued taking medicine until February, 1902, when reading a newspaper one day I read about Grape-Nuts and was so impressed I sent out for a package right away.

"The result is quickly told for I have used Grape-Nuts continually ever since with the best results, my health is so I can do a fair day's hard work, stomach and bowels are in good condition, have gained 40 pounds in weight and I feel like a new man altogether.

"I owe my present good health to Grape-Nuts beyond all doubt for medical science was exhausted." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

Had he consulted any one of several thousand physicians we know of they would have prescribed Grape-Nuts immediately.

Look in each package for the famous little book, "The Road to Wellville."

STRENGTH OF THE JAPANESE

Most Unique Among the Peoples of the World.

A Japanese house is one of the simplest things ever built, for it consists of little more than four posts and a roof. But such "impermanence," which is also seen in other things, is a part of the strength of the nation, writes Mr. Douglas Sladen in "Queer Things About Japan," for no people in the world have so few wants.

The Japanese have no bread, no beds, no fires, no boots or shoes, no trousers for the men, no petticoats for the women—for both sexes wear several dressing-gowns, one over the other. In their houses they have no windows, no doors, no walls but paper shutters fixed in grooves, no ceilings, no chests of drawers, not even a washstand.

In the kitchen they have no range no pots, no pans, no flour-bins, no kitchen tables. But then they have no tables or chairs in the drawing-room, and in the real native house the drawing-room itself is only a lot of bedrooms with the paper shutters taken down. There is no reason why you should find anything in a Japanese house except mats and a charcoal stove for warming your fingers and making tea.

These and a cushion or two, and a quilt to sleep on, with an elaborate conventional politeness, constitute the furniture of a Japanese house, except the guest-chamber. And the articles in the guest-chamber consist of a screen, a kakemono and a flower-vase.

Along with his magnificent want of wants, so to speak, the Japanese combines a capacity to get huge pleasure out of what we should regard as trifles, and after labors and sacrifices that we should think intolerable. This extraordinary patience and whole-hearted enjoyment under all the niggardliness of his lot marks the Japanese as unique among the peoples of the world.

He lives on next to nothing and thrives on it. He always has a smile. He works whenever he can get any work to do. They are all week-days to him. Instead of a seventh day, Sunday, he has his festa, a national holiday or a temple festival. In either case he goes a-faring to some temple, and takes his children or a friend. He is never too poor to have money to treat them.

He only gives himself a holiday when he is out of work, and his holidays are inexpensive. He just walks a hundred miles to see some famous garden in its glory; he carries his luggage in a box, wrapped in oiled paper, and gets a bed at an inn for a halfpenny. His food is almost as cheap; and when the last turn in the road shows him the irises of Horikari, or the house and cherry-trees of Yoshino, on the day of all the year, he would not change places with the King of England.

Heart-Sick People.—Dr. Agnew's Cure for the Heart is a heart tonic that never fails to cure—is swift in its effects—goes closer to the "border land" and snatches from death's grip more sufferers than any other remedy for any family of diseases and ailments in the category of human sufferings. Gives relief in 30 minutes.—75

Few men can argue about religion and keep cool.

Lever's Y-Z (Wise Head) Disinfectant Soap Powder is better than other powders, as it is both soap and disinfectant.

GAVE UP THE CASE.

An old lawyer tells a good story about a case he had, but which he didn't keep.

An Irishwoman sent for him in great haste one day. She wanted him to meet her in court, and he hastened thither with all speed. The woman's son was about to be placed on trial for burglary. When the lawyer entered the court the old woman rushed up to him, and in an excited voice said:—

"Mr. B.——, Oi want ye to git a remand for me b'y Jimmie."

"Very well, madam," replied the lawyer. "I will do so if I can, but it will necessary to present to the Court some grounds for a remand. What shall I say?"

"Shure, yo can jist tell the Coort that Oi want a remand till Oi can git a better lawyer to spake for the b'y."

After telling the woman that she would have to get another lawyer to take up the case, he hurried back to his office a very angry man.

Sarcastic Father:—"Julia, that young man Smily has been here three nights in succession, and it has been nearly midnight when he left. Hadn't you better invite him to bring his trunk and make his home with us?" Innocent Daughter:—"Oh, papa! may I? It is just what he wanted, but he was too bashful to ask you. He'll be delighted when I tell him this evening."

"How long has the minister been preaching?" whispered the stranger, who had wandered into the church and sat down away back. "About thirty years, I believe," replied the other occupant of the pew. "That being the case," rejoing the stranger, "I'll stay. He must be nearly done."

No true Kentuckian will take his morning rye in the form of breakfast food.

Sunlight Soap will not burn the nap off woolens nor the surface off linens.

SUNLIGHT SOAP REDUCES EXPENSE

Ask for the Octagon Bar.

The Irish are scarcely less noted for their gallantry than for their wit, and an example of this virtue is found in the case of an Irish judge who presided at a trial in which the plaintiffs were a lady and her daughter. In summing up the case, the judge thus gallantly began:—"Gentlemen of the jury, everything in this case seems plain—except Mrs. O'Toole and her charming daughter."

One way to dodge the divorce courts is to stay single.

STATE OF OHIO, CITY OF TOLEDO, } ss.
LUCAS COUNTY

Frank J. Cheney makes oath that he is senior partner of the firm of F. J. Cheney & Co., doing business in the City of Toledo, County and State aforesaid and that said firm will pay the sum of ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS for each and every case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by the use of Hall's Catarrh Cure. FRANK J. CHENEY.

Sworn to before me and subscribed in my presence, this 6th day of December, A. D. 1886.

A. W. GLEASON,
SEAL Notary Public

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, and acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Send for testimonials free.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.

Sold by all Druggists, 75c.

Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation. t-f

A man is never more glad to see his wife than upon her return from a shopping tour during which he remained at home to amuse the baby.

CHEAP ONE WAY RATES TO THE WEST VIA GREAT NORTHERN RAILWAY.

Effective daily during March and April, cheap one way Colonist tickets will be issued from all stations in Ontario to all points on the Great Northern Ry. in the States of Montana, Idaho, Washington, and Oregon, also all points in British Columbia.

On March 1st, 8th, 15, 22nd and 29th, and April 5th, 12th, 19th, 26th, one way second class tickets will be issued from Chicago to points in North Dakota at greatly reduced rates.

Full information as to time of trains, berth rates in Tourist Sleeper, also literature on any of the above States on application to Chas. W. Graves, District Passenger Agent, 6 King St. West, Room 12, Toronto, or F. I. Whitney, General Passenger Agent, St. Paul, Minn.

PUTTING IT MILDLY.

A traveller tells of a trip on a jaunting-car in Ireland where he had as a fellow passenger an ugly-looking man whom he was not sorry to leave behind at an inn.

"That was a queer-looking fellow, Pat," I remarked to the waggish driver as we proceeded on our way.

"Faith, yer honor, and he's as quare as he looks. He's a villain. He's done fifteen years for laving his woife without visible manes of support."

"Oh, get out, Pat! A man can't get fifteen years' penal servitude for 'leaving his wife without visible means of support.'"

"Shure, and can't he, sir?" said Pat, with a twinkle in his roguish eyes. "He did, though. And, be-dad! isn't it leaving yer woife 'without visible manes of support' when ye throw her out of a window on the third floor?"

Rheumatism will Succumb to South American Rheumatic Cure because it goes right to the seat of the trouble and removes the cause. Many so-called cures but deaden pain temporarily only, to have it return again with doubled violence. Not so with this great remedy. It eradicates from the system the last vestige of the disease and its cures are permanent.—74

It's a case of love's labor lost when a woman is compelled to take in washing in order to support a worthless husband.

For Over Sixty Years

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP has been used by millions of mothers for their children while teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays pain, cures wind colic, regulates the stomach and bowels, and is the best remedy for Diarrhœa. Twenty-five cents a bottle. Sold by druggists throughout the world. Be sure and ask for "MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP." 22—01

HER GOOD POINT.

Even the most impulsive women have their good traits.

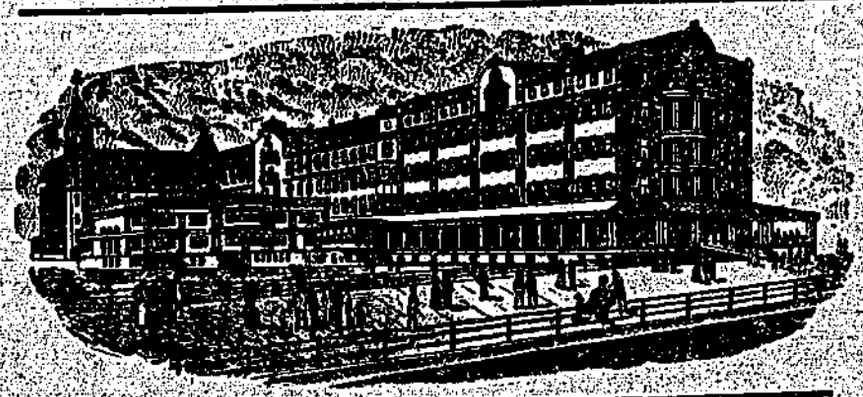
An Irishman, mourning his late wife, tearfully remarked:—

"Faith, and she was a good woman. She always hit me wid de soft end av the broom."

The Poisoned Spring.—As in nature so in man, pollute the spring and disease and waste are bound to follow—the stomach and nerves out of kilter means poison in the spring. South American Nervine is a great purifier, cures Indigestion, Dyspepsia, and tones the nerves. The best evidence of its efficacy is the unsolicited testimony of thousands of cured ones.—76

Quality should always be the first consideration, price the next, remember this if you are ever tempted to buy a Tea which does not bear the brand **Blue Ribbon**

HOTEL TRAYMORE
ATLANTIC CITY, NEW JERSEY



THE mild and bracing climate makes Atlantic City especially attractive as a winter resort. The Traymore is beautifully located on the most desirable section of the Boardwalk, and commands a magnificent Ocean View. The House is thoroughly equipped with every modern improvement that will add to the comfort and pleasure of the guests, and no expense has been spared in perfecting the details of the appointments. The rooms are handsomely furnished, and the communicating baths are supplied with both fresh and salt water. The Atlantic City Golf Links are acknowledged to be the finest in the United States. Traymore Booklets will be mailed on request, and correspondence relative to rates and accommodations is respectfully solicited

TRAYMORE HOTEL COMPANY
D. S. WHITE, President and Manager.

WHAT RADIUM CAN DO.

It is stated that a small fraction of an ounce of radium, properly employed, would provide light for any large building, and would not require renewal for a century. It has been calculated that in a single gramme of radium there is sufficient energy stored up to raise 500 tons weight a mile high. An ounce would suffice to drive a 50 h.p. motor-car at the rate of thirty miles an hour round the world.

Foul Breath, Catarrh, Headache,

Are Banished by Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder. It Relieves in 10 Minutes.

F. A. Bottom, druggist, Cookshire, Que., says: "For 20 years I suffered from Catarrh. My breath was very offensive even to myself. I tried everything which promised me a cure. In almost all instances I had to proclaim them no good at all. I was induced to try Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder. I got relief instantly after first application. It cured me and I am free from all the effects of it." 25

Dr. Agnew's Ointment relieves eczema in 1 day. 350

Poultry, Butter, Eggs, Honey, Apples, ALL KINDS OF FRUITS

And Farm Produce generally, consign it to us and we will get you good prices.

THE **Dawson Commission Co.,** LIMITED
TORONTO. T. F.

An admirable Food of the

EPPS'S

Finest quality and flavour.

COCOA

Nutritious and Economical.
48—21

FOR SALE.

1 Buffalo Blower, No. 4, upright discharge, 9 inch outlet.

1 Buffalo Blower, No. 5, horizontal discharge, 10½ in. outlet.

1 "Earl" Steam Blower.

S. FRANK WILSON,
73 Adelaide St. W.,
Toronto.

Dyeing! Cleaning!

For the very best send your work to the "BRITISH AMERICAN DYEING CO."
Look for agent in your town, or send direct.
Montreal, Toronto, Ottawa, Quebec.

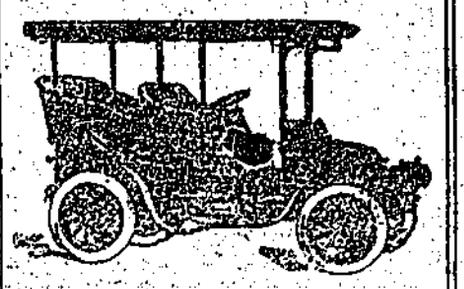
WINTON

WINTON *is* KING
Long live the King

AUTOMOBILE UNDERWRITERS

The Winton Touring Car is appreciated by the best informed because built on correct mechanical principles, of highest grade materials. As a prospective automobile purchaser you dare not, in full justice to yourself, take chances on an inferior car. By presenting a car of such imperial merit as is the 1904 Winton, we become "automobile underwriters"—insuring you against risk or loss. Have you seen our new catalog?

The Winton Motor Carriage Co
Cleveland, O., U. S. A.
Represented in the Dominion of Canada by
THE AUTOMOBILE & SUPPLY CO
79 Richmond St., E., Toronto, Ont.
Sub Agencies in Chief Dominion Cities



The Atlin Claim.

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

SATURDAY, MAY 21ST, 1904.

The realty market, as it stands at present is better than expected and active enquiry for town and outside lots is being made daily; several important sales and transfers have been made within the last month and many more would have been completed but for the absence of the owners. The opening up of quartz mines within close proximity to Atlin has had the effect of creating special interest in our townsite. The general consensus of opinion is that a bright prospect is ahead of the realty market, and property holders are agreeably surprised at conditions that now prevail.

Big Fire.

Toronto, May 11th:—The large brush factory of Sanderson & Rosette was destroyed by fire last night. Damage amounted to over $150,000.

Good Financial Condition of Dominion Government.

Ottowa, May 10th:—The Dominion financial statement for the past ten months shows a surplus of $20,000,000. It has been decided that the greater part of it will be used in the reduction of the public debt.

Will Be Welcome.

Mr. J. D. Graham, formerly Gold Commissioner of this district, who has been spending a few days in Victoria and Vancouver since his return from England, intends coming north again to engage in mining matters.

Cariboo Pioneer Dead.

The Hon. James Reid, Senator for Cariboo, Passes Away.

Senator James Reid died on the 3rd inst. at the family residence on Melville Street, Vancouver.

The late Senator was born at Hull, Ottawa County, Quebec, on August 2nd, 1839. He was heavily interested in mining ventures and very prosperous in mercantile enterprises. As a politician his career was both honorable and useful. He was elected to succeed Mr. Thompson, M. P. for Cariboo, in 1881, and was re-elected in 1882 and 1887. His death leaves a vacancy in the Senate for the Liberal government to fill.

Think Well of Atlin.

The "Victoria Colonist," in an article on hydraulic mining, says: "Atlin is, perhaps, the most important hydraulic field in British Columbia, as regards the number of enterprises of that character in one locality." It reports that the prospects are favorable for the largest output of gold this year of any season since the discovery of the gold deposits in 1898.

Muzzles Wanted.

Attention may well be called to the great nuisance,—not to say danger,—caused by the number of dogs around town, some of which, even when working, prove themselves possessed of very aggressive dispositions. We have in view, one in particular, which has long been attached to one of the water carts round town and which has apparently thereby become infected with hydrophobia. We would suggest that dangerous dogs, such as this, should be muzzled, and also that some steps should be taken by those responsible, for the abatement of the nuisance, caused especially to equestrians and bicyclists, by the members of the canine race, allowed to run unrestrainedly at large.

Died Far From Home.

The death of Archie Cameron took place on the evening of the seventh inst. in the Atlin Hospital.

The deceased, who was 23 years old and a native of St. Elmo, Glengarry County, Ont., succumbed to an attack of typhoid fever. He had been for about four years in British Columbia, of which the last year was passed in this district. He worked at first for Dan. McKenzie on Boulder Creek and later for Messrs. Black and Grant on the same creek.

The deceased was a general favourite among his friends, one of whom will accompany the body, on the opening of navigation, to St. Elmo, where his parents still reside.

The Rise and Fall.

The lowest and highest temperatures recorded for the week ending 20th inst, are as follows:

May	14	36 above	49 above
	15	32	46
	16	27	47
	17	27	48
	18	34	44
	19	27	49
	20	33	44

J. G. CONNELL.
Nugget Hotel
Discovery.
OPEN DAY AND NIGHT.
FIRST-CLASS RESTAURANT IN CONNECTION.
Headquarters for Dixon's stage.

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.
JULES EGGERT & SON, The Swiss Watchmakers.

THE KOOTENAY HOTEL.
A. R. McDonald, Proprietor.
COR. FIRST AND TRAINOR STREETS.
This First Class Hotel has been remodeled and refurnished throughout and offers the best accommodation to Transient or Permanent Guests.—American and European plan.
Finest Wines, Liquors and Cigars.
Billiards and Pool.

RESTAURANT UNSURPASSED
GOLD HOUSE,
DISCOVERY, B. C.
STRICTLY FIRST CLASS.
JOHN WOLTERS, Proprietor.
STAGE & LIVERY IN CONNECTION.
ELECTRIC BELTS THROUGHOUT

Russell Hotel,
DIXON BROTHERS, Proprietors
Pool & Billiards, Free.
Freighting and Teaming — Horses and Sleighs for Hire.

J. H. RICHARDSON,
ATLIN & DISCOVERY.
Full Line of Clothing Just From the East
THE LATEST STYLES.
Complete Stock of Dry Goods
THE LATEST IN HATS, BOOTS AND SHOES.
GOLD SEAL GUM BOOTS
Our Goods are the Best and Our Prices the Lowest.

The Canadian Bank of Commerce.
CAPITAL PAID UP $8,700,000.
RESERVE, $3,000,000.
Branches of the Bank at Seattle, San Francisco, Portland, Skagway, etc.
Exchange sold on all Points.
GOLD DUST PURCHASED—ASSAY OFFICE IN CONNECTION.
D. ROSS, Manager.

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

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

THE ATLIN TRADING COMPANY, LIMITED.

Big Clearance Sale of Winter Dry Goods

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

Men's all wool Toques	$0.75 & $1.00	Reduced to	$0.50
Men's Mackinaw Coats	$5.50	" "	$4.00
Men's 01 wool Canadian Tweed Pants	$3.50	" "	$2.50
Men's all wool Halifax	" " $4.00	" "	$3.00
Men's all wool Grey Socks	$0.50	" "	3 for $1.00
Ladies' Natural wool Underwear	$3.00	" "	$2.50 suit.
Ladies' Combination Stockings & Rubbers		" "	$1.75

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

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

NOTICE.

APPLICATION FOR TRANSFER OF LIQUOR LICENCE.

I, FRANCIS THOMAS TROUGHTON, of the Town of Atlin, British Columbia, hereby apply to the Board of Licence Commissioners for a transfer of the hotel licence now held by E. Rosselli, to sell intoxicating liquors under the provisions of the Statutes in that behalf, in the premises known and described as the Royal Hotel, Atlin, situate on Lot 7, Block 15, of the Townsite of Atlin, to commence on the first day of July, 1904.

My post office address is :—Atlin, B. C.

The name and address of the owner of the premises proposed to be licensed are :—

F. T. Troughton, Atlin, B.C.

Dated this 7th day of May 1904.

F. T. TROUGHTON.

Signature of the holder of the licence :—

E. ROSSELLI.

NOTICE.

APPLICATION FOR TRANSFER OF LIQUOR LICENCE.

I, ALEXANDER R. McDONALD, of the Town of Atlin, British Columbia, hereby give notice that I shall apply to the Board of Licence Commissioners for a transfer of the hotel licence at present held by George E. Hayes, to sell intoxicating liquors under the provisions of the Statutes in that behalf, in the premises known and described as the Kootenay Hotel, situate on First and Trainor Streets, Atlin, British Columbia, to commence on the first day of July, 1904.

My post office address is :—Atlin, B. C.

The name and address of the owner of the premises proposed to be licensed are :—Mrs. Sarah McDonald, Atlin, B. C.

Dated this 6th day of May, 1904.

A. R. McDONALD.

Signature of the present holder of the license :—

GEO. E. HAYES,
by his attorney in fact, J. G. CORNELL.

C. P. R. 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 14th, 24th and June 3rd.

"Amur"—May 19th and 29th.

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

Pine Tree Hotel.

DISCOVERY, B. C.

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

Finest of liquors. Good stabling.

ED. SANDS, Proprietor.

O. K. BATHS BARBER SHOP

F. SHIELDS & EDDY DURHAM.

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

Northern Lumber Co, Limited.

On and after the 23rd of April, 1904 and until further notice the following will be the prices of Lumber.

Rough, up to 8 inches, $40.
do do 10 " 45.
do do 12 " 50.
Matched, $50.00
S. D. $5.00 & D. D. $10. extra.

12½ per cent discount will be allowed for cash at time of ordering.

GENERAL BLACKSMITH & MACHINE SHOP.

Metropole Hotel Building, Discovery Street, Atlin.

Blacksmith Work, Bolts & Nuts, Pipe & Pipe Fitting, Engine and Boiler Repairing, Hot Water Coils made and fitted, Derrick Mounting, Wire Cable, Pulley Blocks & Tackle, Boats & Boat Fittings.

W. J. SMITH & Co., Proprietors.

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

WILKINSON & BROWN

Provincial Land Surveyors & Civil Engineers.

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

THE GRAND HOTEL

FINEST EQUIPPED HOTEL IN THE NORTH.

EVERYTHING CONDUCTED IN FIRST-CLASS MANNER.

Up-to-Date Restaurant in Connection.

DAVID HASTIE, PROPRIETOR.

CORNER FIRST AVENUE AND DISCOVERY STREET, ATIL. N

THE WHITE PASS & YUKON ROUTE.

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

TIME TABLE.

—— IN EFFECT JANUARY 1 1901, ——
Daily, except Sunday.

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

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

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

APPLICATIONS FOR LIQUOR LICENCES.

A Meeting of the Board of Licence Commissioners for the "Atlin Licence District" will be held in the Court House, Atlin, B. C., on Wednesday, June 15th, 1904, at 10 a.m., to consider the granting of the following applications :

Name of Applicant.	Description of Licence.	Locality of Premises sought to be Licenced.
Anderson, William A.,	Renewal of Hotel.	Balmoral Hotel, Discovery, B. C.
Ashton, Francis G.,	" "	Dawson Hotel, Taku, B. C.
Cornell, James G.,	" "	Nugget Hotel, Discovery, B. C.
Clark, James,	" "	Half Way House, Atlin, B. C.
Callbreath, Frank J.,	12 months Renewal of Hotel.	Callbreath Hotel, Telegraph Creek, B. C.
Hyland, John,	12 months Renewal of Hotel.	Hyland Hotel, Telegraph Creek, B. C.
Dixon, Robert B.,	Renewal of Hotel.	Russell Hotel, Atlin, B. C.
Galarno, A. L.,	" "	B. C. Hotel, Discovery, B. C.
Hastie, David,	" "	Grand Hotel, Atlin, B. C.
Johnston, Samuel,	" "	Vancouver Hotel, Atlin, B. C.
Joyce, Frank,	" "	White Pass Summit Hotel, White Pass Summit, B. C.
Kirkland, John,	" "	Kirkland Hotel, Atlin, B. C.
McDonald, Alexander R.,	Transfer of Hotel.	Kootenay Hotel, Atlin, B. C.
McDonald, Daniel,	Renewal of Hotel.	Arctic Hotel, Lake Bennet, B. C.
Queen, Ellsworth P.,	" "	Leland Hotel, Atlin, B. C.
Queen, Ellsworth P.,	" "	Royal Hotel, Discovery, B. C.
Roxborough, John,	" "	Surprise Lake Hotel, Surprise Lake, B. C.
Sands, Edward,	" "	Pine Tree Hotel, Discovery, B. C.
Troughton, Francis T.,	Transfer of Hotel.	Royal Hotel, Atlin, B. C.
Tugwell, Thomas,	12 months Renewal of Hotel.	Log Cabin Hotel, Log Cabin, B. C.
Wolters, John,	Renewal of Hotel.	Gold House, Discovery, B. C.

Atlin, B. C., May 16th, 1904.

WALTER OWEN, Chief Licence Inspector.

A DYING PROMISE

OR, THE MISSING WILL

CHAPTER IX.—(Continued.)

Then she turned, delicately flushed with a pleasant excitement and ran with a springing step in from the frosty air, singing some snatch of song in the glow kindled by this passing glimpse of another kind of life. A long dormant something woke within her under the spell of the lady's gracious presence; her voice, her face, her smile set many currents astir in her half-petrified, half-crushed nature. It was wonderful to Jessie that she should at once have detected her loneliness, not the loneliness natural to a young creature bereft of kindred and friends, but that more invincible loneliness of one who lives among uncongenial and unsympathetic natures. Even Philip had never seen this: Philip, with all his tenderness, held her but a slight, mindless, colorless creature.

"And to think," mourned Mrs. Plummer, "that the parlor should have been all littered up with your painting messes—and the smell too, as if the house was being done up—for company to see."

"Miss Lonsdale paints herself, cousin," Jessie replied, gently. "I don't think she minded it. Please let me do a little more now the light is good. I will make all tidy by dinner-time."

"To be sure, Jessie, I'm not one to go against my own flesh and blood," continued Mrs. Plummer, in a resigned voice, "and if you are to be an officer's lady, tidy ways of plain folk can't be expected of you. But 'tis a pity. Many a time I've spoke to your poor mother against the way you was bred up, never to soil a hand. And I always told your poor father the day would come he'd repent it. But I might as well have talked to that cat."

Sebastopol, whom Mrs. Plummer equally disliked and feared, was not the only waif from the mill that found refuge beneath her hospitable roof. It chanced that she needed both a dairy woman and a cow-man soon after Mr. Meade's death, and set her heart upon Sarah, the maid, and Abraham Bush, the miller's man. One obstacle prevented her from engaging them; they were not married, and the Redwood's cow-man and dairy-woman had always hitherto been man and wife. After some reflection, she commanded her husband to open negotiations with Abraham, and at a certain stage to inform him that his bachelor condition was a bar to the office. At the same time she broke ground with Sarah and lamented that it was impossible to come to terms with a woman who had no husband.

"You never gave a thought to marrying, I suppose, Sarah," she said at this stage.

"I never encouraged nobody while poor Misses was alive," Sarah replied; "but to be sure, a lorn ooman is lonesome when getting in years. It's like this, Miss Plummer, I've had my own way this five and forty year, and that's pretty nigh so much as anybody hev a right to."

"To be sure, Sarah," assented Mrs. Plummer, "you've had more liberty than a woman ought to, and it is time you began to think of doing for some man going to rack and ruin for want of a wife; you don't know any steady widower-man who might be looking after you now, do you?"

"I knows two or three looking after the bit of wage I've a put by," Sarah replied, thoughtfully; "ain't a gwine to hev they, not as I know on."

"Abraham Bush has money of his own," suggested Mrs. Plummer, cautiously.

"Very like; he's a near one is Abram. Vine weather for gairdens, Miss Plummer, ain't it?"

Mrs. Plummer then put a similar question to Abraham.

"Ay, I've thought o' matrimony many a time," Abraham replied. "I've always a thought better of it."

"You'll be getting in years, Abraham," Mrs Plummer urged, "and you'll find the want of a wife."

"I've a vound it this vifty year," returned Abraham, "and I've vound the best sart of a want. It's like this yer, mum. Materimony is terble easy to vall into, but t's terble hard to vall out of."

"A nice, steady, hard-working woman with a bit of money put by, Abraham, would be the making of a man like you."

"I dunno as anybody'd hae me," Abraham replied, in a relenting way; "but there, I need so well look round, Miss Plummer."

"Look at Sarah," suggested Mrs. Plummer.

"Many's the time I've looked at she," said Abraham; "a near one is Sarow."

"And such a dairy-woman!" sighed Mrs. Plummer. "Well, good evening, Bush and if you should hear of a married couple without encumbrance, you'll let us know."

"Yes, I'll let ye know, mam."

The consequence was that one evening Abraham lounged into the Stillbrooke Mill kitchen, just before the auction took place, and sat thoughtfully staring at the fire in silence for some moments. Sarah sat at the other side of the hearth near the window with some needlework and wondered, as she had wondered for the last ten years, if Abraham was coming to the point. Abraham wondered on his part, as he had wondered for the last ten years on similar occasions, if he should succeed in coming to the point. At last, with a mighty effort which made his very bones ache, he uttered the following pregnant words:

"I reckon I bain't much of a one for marryen."

"More bain't I, Abram," retorted Sarah, promptly.

He was foiled, and began to wonder how many more years would pass by before he would again be able to open a parallel of such importance. The clock ticked on for some minutes, making a sort of rhythm with Sarah's clicking needle; Abraham scratched his head and moved uneasily in his chair, till at last he came out with, "There aint no particular harm in materimony as I knows on, Sarow."

"'Tis well enough for some volk," Sarah admitted, guardedly.

"'Tis hworte in the Bible that two is better than one," contended Abraham, after another perplexed five minutes of silence.

"Sure enough," she replied, "I'd sonner hae two cows than one if they was giv' me."

"Lord ha massy!" groaned Abraham, within himself, "I shan't get drough with this in a week o' Sundays. Who'd a thought the ooman was that dunch, and had such a power of words inside her?"

"I've always a said," he continued, "when I marries I shall hae a ooman by the name o' Sarow to go long with Abram like the Bible."

"Hev ye now? Well there's a plenty of Sarows to hev."

"Sure enough, there's a many Sairows, but they baint all up to dairy-work," continued Abraham.

"I 'lows they baint, Abram," returned Sarah, with an air of grim abstraction. "Sarow Cooke now, she caint so much as skim a pan o' milk, no sense. Poor missus used to hev her when I had that fever, you minds. Pretty nigh drove her crazy, Sarow did."

"I med so well go drough with 't, now I've began," thought Abraham to himself, "but darned if I ever asks another ooman to marry me, after this yer." He cudgelled his brains in silence for some minutes, with his hands thrust into his pockets, his legs stretched out straight toward the fire, and his eyes contemplating his boots, which were powdered with fine meal like all his garments, his hair, and his face, over which his hat was firmly rammed for the double purpose of concealing his blushes and giving him a resolute air.

Sarah, a wholesome, pleasant-faced woman with ruddy cheeks and strong, black hair tinged with gray, stitched diligently on with an imperturbable face.

"Massy me!" she thought to herself, "anybody med newst so well be made love to by a owl. Why cain't the wold dunderhead up and say 'Will ye hae me, Sarow?' and ha' done wi' 't?"

"Sarow," continued Abraham, solemnly, "me and you's kep company together this vivteen year."

"Anybody must hae somebody to walk with," returned Sarah, as if to exculpate herself from the charge. "You baint much to look at, to be sure."

"I've a hundred and vivty pound in bank!" he added, doggedly.

"Hev ye?"

"Darn it all, Sarow," cried Abraham, goaded to desperation. "Whatever's the good o' wiverin about like this yer? Well, ye hae me or wunt ye?"

"Now you talk sense, Abram," replied Sarah, judicially. "I dunno as I'm one fur marren, though. A man do make such a litter stabbling about house, smoking and wanting vittles all day long. I've kep clear o' the men this vive and vorty year, and I done well enough."

"Well, there! if you wont hae me, Miss Plummer wunt hae you. I dunno as you're man enough fur the place, a ter all, Sarow. Whoever takes on wuld master's mill must hae a man I reckon," he added, reflectively. "I never was much fur materimony meself. I've tried zingleness this vivty year, and I never had no vault to vind wi't. You can get out o' singleness, but once into materimony there you must bide."

"Sure enough, Abram, there you must bide," commented Sarah, thoughtfully.

"Well, be ye gwine to hitch on to me or baint ye?" growled Abraham, wrenching himself from his chair with a view to taking his departure.

"Well, there!" slowly and deliberately replied Sarah, upon whom this significant gesture was not lost. "I 'lows I med so well hitch on, Abram. Miss Plummer do want me bad for the dairy. She've got a tongue, to be sure, but Lord, what's a tongue when you knows the worst of it?"

Thus it came to pass, to the great satisfaction of Jessie, that Sarah Fry and Abraham Bush were made one, and soon afterward installed at Redwoods, where their kind, familiar faces made the large kitchen a home-like place, to which she often resorted for a pleasant chat, Abraham's part of which consisted chiefly of a series of grunts, and which kept Jessie's heart warm and human in her petrifying isolation.

CHAPTER X.

Jessie was mistaken in her surmise that she was not again to see Miss Lonsdale, for the next morning the bright plume flashed above the low garden wall, the pretty ponies stopped at the wicket, and the sitting-room was again brightened by the lady's presence.

She came to see how the sketch was progressing, she wanted to take a hint from Miss Meade; for, fond as she was of sketching from nature, she had never yet been very successful in it. She had ventured to bring a portfolio of watercolors and prints, also a book that Jessie might like, a lovely book, which opened a new world to Jessie, it was called "The Seven Lamps of Architecture."

Before long Clara Lonsdale could not walk, or sketch, or read a new book without Jessie, and the days in which Jessie was not commanded to the Court were blanks to the lonely girl. The Plummers saw the growing intimacy with no concern, they held it an honor to Jessie and by reflection to themselves; they considered her position too far beneath Miss Lonsdale's for any thought to enter the child's head.

At Marwell Court there was more concern on Jessie's account. Even Lady Gertrude was sufficiently interested to say that it was a pity, while Sir Arthur one day remonstrated with Clara.

"It is a very pretty head," he said, "and you might find something better to do than turn it for your amusement. I've half a mind to warn the Plummers."

So Clara immediately found something better to do. She took Jessie in to amuse the invalid girl, Ethel Medway, one day. Ethel at once took to a face so sweet and so near her own age, and Sir Arthur, over-glad to find any means of brightening his daughter's sad life, said no more.

Jessie left Miss Blushford's at Easter when the Medways were again at Marwell, and Clara was again interested in her new friend, with whom she had maintained a brisk correspondence in the interval, and with whose brief and uneventful history she was soon fully acquainted.

The news of the final capture of Lucknow by Sir Colin Campbell had been received, and though the great revolt was now virtually quelled, Philip still had sterner work than marrying cut out for him for months to come yet. In his letters he now only alluded to their union as a distant possibility; as to Jessie's letters he seldom alluded to them at all. Many never reached him, those he did receive came out of their proper order and with such gaps and want of sequence that they were difficult to understand. On his part he had things of deadly interest to relate during the prolonged sieges that he confined himself to the baldest statement of facts, and this he often repeated, knowing how many chances there were that his letters would never reach their destination. Thus the two young people were spiritually as well as physically separated.

The wearing, wasting pain of vainly waiting for the post, of fearing the postman's knock and yet being blankly disappointed when he brings nothing to fill up the emptiness of the weary day, such, the frequent portion of women, who weep while men work, wait while they are absent, watch while they enjoy, was Jessie's portion in her secluded isolation. She ate her heart out while watching for Indian letters and when the rare, long-expected missive did arrive—and sometimes the same mail brought two—was always, after the first thankfulness that Philip was still alive and well, miserably disappointed and sat down to write her answer feeling that she might as well seek counsel and comprehension of a stone wall. Yet there was only Philip to speak to, and Miss Lonsdale, who read the child's inmost heart as she read the last new novel, because it was something new and therefore interesting to a world-worn mind.

In the genial spring weather they could sketch in the open air, and made appointments to meet at selected points of vantage, so that Clara might take hints and examples from Jessie's greater skill and talent, she said, but really for the companionship.

How happy Jessie was in this, to her, rare and cultivated companionship! How charming, clever, and accomplished as well as kind and friendly the woman of the world appeared to the simple girl! Her grace seemed beauty, her polish courtesy, her superficial cleverness and information genius and learning her tact heart-sympathy. Indian letters, Redwoods homespun, Miss Blushford's fettering pettiness, her own idle aimless life; all were forgotten with Clara.

One lovely forenoon they met by a thick grove of old oaks, descending a moderate slope to a fair-sized sheet of water, the banks of which, except that opposite the sketchers, rose steep, crowned with trees. From this level bank the rich sward, dotted by clumps of fine trees, rolled away up to the terrace in front of Marwell Court, the long and imposing front of which rose clear in the April sunlight and traced itself on a background of wooded upland. On one side of the fine pile a long vista of level landscape stretched away to some distant blue hills, on the other a hanging wood clothed a steep ascent, in the foreground some deer were grouped, as if for the express purpose of composing a picture; over all was the sweet, deep April sky of magical pale blue opalescence, from the mysterious depths of which clouds seemed to issue in vague, soft outlines, which melted and mingled imperceptibly into its far lavender-blue recesses. The first swallows of the year flashed dark against that lovely sky, white pigeons and blue flew with clanging wings beneath it, larks shot up in spires of eddying song and were lost in it, the fresh half-opened foliage of beech, elm, and larch, flushed translucent on the wood beneath it. The sunshine was tender and even fresher than the light soft airs stirring the budded woods; one seemed to bathe health from its pure radiance, it threw a glory over everything, steeping the turf and young leafage, and calling forth such warm and acute touches of color from tree-trunks, the red broken banks and the still lake through which a stream loitered slowly, as no pencil could reproduce.

Russet and gold leafage was just beginning to break forth here and there in the gray masses of oak tops over their heads. Looking back into the living roof you saw only silvery mazes of thickly interwoven boughs, relieved by some burst of fresh leafage or some green undergrowth. The pale net-work made a hoary gloom about the strong low arches of those stout gray pillars; solemn, mysterious, and suggestive. All sorts of dreams rise and embody themselves in such dim woodland haze; dryads, nymphs, and fauns spring to life; fairies disport themselves about the mossy roots. And when the sunshine loses itself in those close-woven branches, or shoots through some aperture in the oaken roof, lighting up clusters of pale, sweet primroses, delicate lightly-swaying wind-flowers, beds of wood-violets, spires of early blue-bells piercing the moss and the red relics of last year's leaves, the effect is truly magical.

But if the oak coppice behind them spoke of hoary legend and gray antiquity, all that lay before their eyes breathed of youth and morning in its fresh and tender beauty. The still lake, of a deeper azure than the lavender-blue sky, reflected the delicate tints of youngest green and gave back the pensive gaze of primroses, most youthful and maidenly of flowers, and mirrored the pale golden glory of blossoming sallows, already thronged with inebriate bees. Nests were hidden down by the water where the sedge rustled drily, little dark moor-hens darted out with their wild, plaintive cry; an emerald flash lighted on a sallow bough, its double in the water beneath proclaiming it a kingfisher; pigeons murmured contentedly, the little stream gurgled musically in its rocky descent to the lake, the spring like fragrance of young leaves filled the air.

Jessie, seeing and feeling all this fresh, live beauty as she stood by the easel near her worshipped friend, felt depths upon depths within her, whether of pain or joy she did not rightly know: all was vague and undeveloped, like the blind stirrings of the spring in the world around; last year's nestlings cannot tell what wonders may happen as the spring days go by with fresh miracles, so it is with young, unstirred hearts, ignorant of the advancing pageant of life.

"How beautiful, how very beautiful!" she murmured dreamily, as she gazed before her.

"Passable," commented her companion, "subdued scale of coloring."

"And how pleasant to be with you, dear Miss Lonsdale," continued Jessie. "I think I never quite lived before. I shall never," she added, "be happier than I am to-day."

Clara looked at the young, sweet rapt face with a mixture of envy and pity, scorn and tenderness, wonder and amusement. "Foolish child," she said, caressingly; "how long is it since you wished to forget your own existence? Come and sketch in these trees for me."

She smiled a glad assent and bent over the easel. She did not know that even now the shadow of advancing fate was falling upon her, stealing from the mysterious maze of oak-boughs in the heart of the wood, and that she would never again be the same fresh-hearted girl that flitted lightly over the daisied sward in that morning's sunshine. She was only conscious of the blithe wood-notes warbling in the spring air, the crackling of boughs and dead leaves beneath a firm quick step, the sound of a mellow human voice, as the smoke of a cigar overpowered the wood-scents, and turning round, she looked straight into the face of a young and handsome man whose eyes were alight with a fire such as she had never seen before and never could forget.

Her gaze grew wide and brilliant as it met and mingled for one electric moment with the new-comer's, then fell, and she turned again to her work.

"Unearthed you at last, Clara," the mellow voice was saying.

"Is that you, Claude?" Clara replied, without turning her head. "I certainly pity you at this time of year in the country with nothing to kill."

"Is time nothing?" he asked, rather reluctantly throwing his cigar away.

"Oh, smoke if you like," Miss Lonsdale said; "no one here dislikes tobacco."

Which filled Jessie with surprise.

(To be Continued.)

VERB AND PREPOSITION.

Place Many Difficulties in the Foreigner's Way.

English is said to be one of the most difficult languages in the world for a foreigner to learn. The verbs and prepositions are particularly puzzling. A professor in Columbia School of Mines tells of the troubles of a Frenchman with verb "to break."

"I begin to understand your language better," said my French friend, M. de Beauvoir, to me, "but your verbs trouble me still. You mix up so with prepositions.

"I saw your friend, Mrs. Berky, just now," he continues. "She says she intends to break down her school earlier than usual. Am I right there?"

"Break up the school, she must have said."

"Oh yes, I remember; break up school."

"Why does she do that?" I asked.

"Because her health is broken into."

"Broken down."

"Broken down? Oh, yes! And, indeed, since fever has broken up [illegible] her town——"

"Broken out."

"She thinks she will leave it for a few weeks."

"Will she leave her house alone?"

"No; she is afraid it will be broken, broken—how do I say that?"

"Broken into."

"Certainly; it is what I meant to say."

"Is her son to be married soon?"

"No; that engagement is broken-broken—"

"Broken off."

"Yes, broken off."

"Ah, I had not heard that!"

"She is very sorry about it. Her son only broke the news to her last week. Am I right? I am anxious to speak English well."

"He merely broke the news; no preposition this time."

"It is hard to understand. That young man, her son, is a fine young fellow—a breaker, I think."

"A broker, and a fine fellow. Good day!"

"So much for the verb 'break.'"

JAPAN'S WAR TOOLS.

Remarkable Appliances for Fighting in the Dark.

It is evident that the Japanese are making use of every modern contrivance in existence to obtain perfect efficiency in their navy and army.

We have heard how Admiral Togo utilized wireless telegraphy on several occasions, and particularly at the terrible bombardment which he inflicted on Port Arthur on March 10. We now learn that the Japanese navy is equipped with a remarkable system of sound signaling, which has already been of immense use.

This apparatus was furnished to them by Mr. C. E. Kelway, a naval engineer of London, who has supplied the public with the following details of the invention:

The system enables a ship to move safely on its objective through darkness, dense fog, or blinding snow, and it has been used in approaching Port Arthur under all these conditions.

Any unseen object or vessel can be safely reached (or avoided) in darkness by the use of the 'locater', which measures sound and indicates to the listoner the distance of any whistle, siren, beat of a screw, or roll of water on a beach, besides the direction in which the sound lies.

The navigator is called to the receiver by a bell, which records the receipt of sounds which, to the unaided ear, would be inaudible. A special watch is set going on the ringing of the instrument, and so soon as the sound becomes audible in the machine the watch is stopped and the distance is shown without calculation. By this means no vessel can steal away with lights out without giving warning.

The system is based on the velocity of sound carried by the Hertzian waves.

A SERIOUS OFFENSE.

Mr. Banks acquired a dictatorial manner in his youth, and it had grown with his years. When he gradually became near-sighted he refused to wear glasses, and held other people responsible for any difficulties into which his failing sight led him.

One day he clutched by the coat-sleeve a man who was hurrying past him on the street.

"I want a word with you, Mr. Griggs," he said, sharply. "I will detain you only a moment."

"My name is not Griggs. You have made a mistake," said the man.

"Your name isn't Griggs!" said Mr. Banks, still detaining the stranger and peering into his face. "I should like to know why not?"

Mrs. Simple Newlywed—I want you to send around a gallon of midnight oil. Grocer—Midnight oil? Never heard of it. Mrs. Simple Newlywed—Why, I'm sure that's the kind my husband's mother said he always burned.

About the ....House

CLAIMS OF THE KITCHEN.

In building a house the average individual is much more concerned about the parlors, the reception hall and the dining-room than with the kitchen, which some one has called "the heart of the house."

Some of us have recollections of the old-fashioned kitchen "at grandfather's," that are more or less tinged with sentiment, but few want that kind of a kitchen in their own houses. The old-fashioned kitchen was really the family living-room. It was dining-room except on state occasions, washroom, cookroom, and the caller who ran in for a few minutes' chat was familiarly made at home while the work went on uninterruptedly. The woman who got the meals traveled many extra miles in the course of the year because of the wide area required for all these domestic processes. She generally had "sitters" whom she had to dodge, and was wont to occasionally express her sentiments about having somebody eternally "under her feet."

We don't live in the kitchen as much as we used to. Even on the farm, the last stronghold of the kitchen as a living room, there is a strong tendency to use the whole house and confine the kitchen to its legitimate purposes as a cook room. Women realize that a small convenient kitchen is an economizer of time, travel and strength.

In a kitchen twelve feet square there is ample room for the necessary conveniences which the worker can reach with ease. The chief reason for a roomy kitchen—the necessity of getting away from a red-hot stove in summer, has been done away with by the almost universal use of the gasoline stove, which throws out little heat, and is out of commission within five minutes after it is put out.

The kitchen should be on a level with the dining-room, its location should be carefully chosen. Not so near the dining-room that its heat and odors enter that room, nor so near a bedroom that the building of fires or the pounding of steak are disturbing. One of the important study of prevailing winds will often enable the builder to so place the windows that a current of air will carry the odors of cooking out of the house instead of diffusing them through it. A kitchen should have opposite windows so arranged as to be easily lowered from the top for just this purpose.

Plenty of light is indispensable in the kitchen. In addition to the windows, light is gained by making the walls light in color. Oil paint applied to the plaster on walls and ceiling is easily cleaned, and is better than kalsomined or papered walls. Paper is easily loosened by steam, and if used should be the oiled paper in tile pattern, which not only looks well, but which, if revarnished after the first washing, can be cleaned several times.

A wainscoting of Georgia pine on the side walls to a height of four or five feet is better than mop-boards and plaster, especially where there are children. For the floor, there is nothing better than pine covered with linoleum. The hardwood floor is trying to many women, because it is like walking on pavement, producing a jar on the spine which is tiring. The linoleum is elastic and does away with this jar. Though it is expensive it is durable, wears well, looks well, and is easily cleaned. The pattern of the genuine linoleum goes clear through the fabric, and therefore does not wear off.

The iron and zink sink has been eliminated from the up-to-date kitchen, and in its place stands the white enameled one, with an extension at one end, on which to place the dishes when rinsed and wiped. With hot and cold water to be had at the turn of a faucet, or even from a reservoir on the stove within arm's length, dishwashing is made easy.

A zinc covered table or shelf is a convenience the housekeeper will appreciate, especially if it is provided with drawers for spices, utensils, towels, etc. A marble slab for use in pastry-making is something the cook seldom gets, but which she reckons as indispensable after she has once used it.

The height of the stove, the sink and the table should be adjusted to the height of the woman who is to work at them. Backaches are bought on by working over a table or stove that is too low. A high stool on which the worker may sit at her table or sink and be raised high enough above either to work with ease is a convenience worth more than the rocking-chair that newspapers writers insist upon as essential to the cook's comfort.

In cool weather a cooling-box outside a window will save many trips down cellar. This is only a box fitted into the lower sash on the outside of a window, with a shelf or two in it if needed. The lower sash is raised to put things in, then lowered. Holes in the back and covered with mosquito net serve for ventilation, or the whole back of the box may be made of wire netting.

Iron pots and kettles, copper teakettles, and other heavy and cumbersome utensils should be replaced by granite and agate ware. There is no sense in lifting pounds, daily, where ounces would suffice.

A drop-shelf against the wall is handy. Hinged to the wall and furnished with a secure prop, it comes in play many times.

If a woodbox is necessary have it fitted into the wall between kitchen and woodshed, with hinged covers on each side so it can be filled from the outside. A lot of dirt and "tracking" is obviated.

Something often (almost universally) overlooked in the planning of a house is to locate the bedrooms and their windows so as to take advantage of the prevailing winds in summer and thus get air and coolness. Bedrooms on the east side of a house are nearly always hot in summer and cold in winter. Put the kitchen on the north or west side if you can; thus you have it cool in summer. Plan the porch so that it has a pretty outlook, gets the breeze, and is not overlooked by the street and the neighbors' windows.

DOMESTIC RECIPES.

Two Sauces—Custard sauce—A half pint milk; one egg; one-quarter cup sugar. Set over fire and stir till thick. Chocolate sauce—Small cup sugar, three tablespoonfuls butter and two of flour; one pint of boiling water and half a square of melted sweet chocolate. Cook till thick.

Boullettes of Liver.—Cut one-half pound of liver into thin slices and boil gently for twenty minutes; drain and chop fine. Put a gill of milk in a double boiler; rub together one tablespoonful of butter and two of flour, stir into the milk and when a thick paste is formed add the liver. Cook in double boiler for at least ten minutes. Add one tablespoonful chopped parsley; one teaspoonful salt, one-quarter teaspoonful pepper; one teaspoonful onion juice. When cold, form into balls, dip in egg and bread crumbs, and fry in hot fat.

One Egg Cookies.—One cup, each, of sour milk and shortening; one and one-half cups sugar; one-half cup water; one egg; one level tablespoon saleratus; two heaping teaspoonfuls baking powder sifted in with some of the flour. Flavor with cinnamon or nutmeg and add a pinch of salt. Mix as soft as they can be rolled out.

Lovely Layer Cake.—An expert in cookery gives the following recipe, with careful directions as to mixing, which are as necessary to success as are the ingredients: Cream a quarter of a cup of butter, add gradually one cup of sugar, then two well beaten eggs, half a cup of milk, and one and two-thirds cups of flour sifted with two and a half teaspoons of baking powder. In cold weather soften the butter and warm the bowl before beginning to mix cake. Have the flour sifted and measured, butter the cake tins with a bristle brush, and sift over their greased surface a film of flour to keep the cake from sticking. Put the softened butter in the warm bowl and beat with the slitted spoon until it is creamy; this allows a perfect blending with the sugar, which should be added while you beat constantly. When the butter and sugar is white and creamy, sift in a few spoonfuls of flour, then add the eggs and beat energetically. Pour in the milk, sift the flour and baking powder. Put the batter immediately into the oiled tins, scraping every particle from the bowl with a palette knife and before setting the cake in the oven level it slightly, making it somewhat higher at the sides than in the centre. This makes a cake level, as it is always sure to rise a little higher in the center. Never scrape batter from the knife on the edge of the pan; if you do, the cake will not rise on that side. In fifteen or twenty minutes the cake should be perfectly baked.

HINTS TO HOUSEKEEPERS.

Nutmegs should be kept out of the reach of children. They are a deadly poison, as dangerous as carbolic acid or ammonia. Curiously, many children seem fond of them. A case is on record where an 8-year-old boy died in great agony after chewing two nutmegs.

Children often have curiously abnormal appetites, as witness the craving of the schoolgirl for chalk and slate pencils. Things that are deleterious should be carefully kept out of their way. A child old enough to know better once ate so much camphor gum ("because it felt so funny in her teeth," she explained) that she was made very ill and has ever since disliked the odor of camphor.

Equal parts of ammonia and spirits of turpentine will take paint out of clothing no matter how dry and hard it may be. Saturate the spot several times and then wash out in soapsuds.

Improve the first fine days by giving the bedding a good airing on the line. The sun purifies blankets and quilts, raising the pile on the first and enlivening the cotton in the latter.

One of the "spring jobs" the housewife dreads is the frying and packing down of the sausage and hams for summer consumption. To avoid having to treat the hams in this manner make covers of heavy cotton, sewing the hams into them tightly, and then whitewash the outside. Hung in a cool cellar or a dry dark granary they are safe from flies.

KEEP LITTLE ONES WELL.

There ought not to be any sickly, fretful, sleepless children—there would not be any if mothers gave their little ones an occasional dose of Baby's Own Tablets. The little ones are sickly and fretful and sleepless usually because of some stomach, bowel or teething trouble. These and the other minor ills of little ones are speedily relieved and promptly cured by Baby's Own Tablets, and the little one thrives and grows plump, sleeps well at night and lets the mother get her much needed rest as well. Mrs. R. M. LaRue, Mountain, Ont., says:—"I can recommend Baby's Own Tablets to all mothers who have cross or delicate children. I do not know how I could get along without them. Mother, isn't it worth your while to give this medicine just one trial? If your medicine dealer does not keep the Tablets send 25 cents to The Dr. Williams Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont., and the Tablets will be sent by mail post paid.

SENTENCE SERMONS.

Selfishness is the heart of sin.

The fussy are never effective.

Obedience is better than oblation.

Character is crystallized conduct.

Revenge is sweetest when renounced.

Mercies multiply as we measure them.

Only manufactured doubts are advertised.

Nothing spoils the life like living for the spoils.

Our victories depend on how we take our defeats.

Giving happiness is the only secret of getting it.

There is no delight for those who turn back from duty.

An unbridled tongue goes with an unburdened brain.

Sins of the imagination are more than imaginary sins.

A man's love for God may be measured by his life for men.

You can hardly expect to get fire out of a cold storage religion.

A principle hung up on the wall may be worse than none at all.

The man who can smile at a small trouble will subdue a great one.

The man who is looking for a chance to be grateful is never without one.

With an uneducated heart there can never be more than a half educated head.

It is one thing to work up your sentiments and another to work out your salvation.

FARM·FIELD AND GARDEN

PLAN OF COW STALL.

Two rows of cows in a barn 26ft. wide will confine them in rather close quarters but can be arranged so they can be comfortable and enough space left for alleys. The cows should face the centre for convenience in feeding. Have a 3 foot alley back of the cows, with a gutter from 12 to 15 inches wide and 6 inches deep. The floor upon which the cows stand should be level giving 4½ feet for standing room, about 2 feet for manger, making 11 feet for each cow and 22 feet for the two, with a centre feeding alley about 4 feet wide. The stalls should be 3½ feet wide from centre to centre, which will leave about 3 feet and 4 inches in the clear, and will provide ten stalls on each side.

The partitions between the cows should be about 4 feet high and may be made of boards or slates. The rear posts may be omitted, as it is not readily needed. The first post, which may be a 2 x 4 scantling, is 4½ feet from the gutter, the front post is set forward 3 feet and slats nailed against it. The partition boards or slats should be fastened onto upright slats and then hung on the rear post with hinges. Place slats in front so the cows cannot step forward and fasten a rope onto the rear end of the partition with a staple. The rope or chain in the rear of the cows should be about 3 feet 6 inches long, with a hook on the end which can be hooked into a staple in the swinging partition on the other side. If the upper hinge on the partition is a little lower, so that the partition will sag a little, it will always swing into

THE PROPER POSITION.

When it is desired to let the cows out unlock the rope or chain back of the cow, beginning at one end, let the first cow back out; give her time so she will be able to get out and not afraid to back in the gutter. The other cows will soon learn to push the swinging partition which will give them room to turn around.

Each cow has a separate box for a manger, about 2 feet 10 inches square. The top of the manger in front of the cow is only from 8 to 10 inches high, so her head will be in a natural position when lying down. The manger should be adjustable so that when she is standing with her hind feet near the gutter her nose will just reach the slats in front, which will prevent her from stepping forward and soiling the rear of the stall. Any adjustment of a stall which will prevent cows from stepping forward will keep them clean, and by having the manger low, so that when lying down the head can be carried in a natural position, will afford comfort, which is an essential point in securing a large flow of milk. The slats in front of the cow will prevent her from getting the hay or other roughage under her feet. The stall is made narrow so that the cow cannot turn round, while the chain or rope is fastened from one partition to the other. Each cow should be taught to take her own stall and the teaching should be done with patience and great care. It requires gentleness and tact to teach cows properly, but in the end one is amply rewarded for exercising these virtues.

DR. A. W. CHASE'S CATARRH CURE ... 25c.

Is sent direct to the diseased parts by the Improved Blower. Heals the ulcers, clears the air passages, stops droppings in the throat and permanently cures Catarrh and Hay Fever. Blower free. All dealers, or Dr. A. W. Chase Medicine Co., Toronto and Buffalo

CARE OF DAIRY COWS.

In the housing and care of dairy cows no country shows, as a rule in general practice, any methods or conditions better than those of this country. The average conditions elsewhere are bad enough, with opportunities for very great improvement; but such improvement is being made as rapidly in this country as anywhere. Nowhere else is there a better appreciation of the importance and economy of abundant room, light, air, dryness, comfort, and cleanliness for cows. One hears much of the close relations between the dairy cows and the families of their owners in Holland and Switzerland, connecting apartments, under the same roof, etc.; but the stables which are seen in summer converted into conservatories and rooms for weaving and cheese curing are the exceptional and show places. Even the best of these when visited in midwinter, with the cattle in place, are often found dark, ill ventilated, close, crowded, and insanitary in many respects, although frequently kept clean. The construction of cow stables generally in the old world is of a substantial kind, but with little regard to light and ventilation, convenience of arrangement or ease of cleaning. The labor necessary to keep them in decent condition would be regarded as impossible in this country. The cow houses in Denmark average the best of all in Europe, but they are no better in any respect than the average of those of the distinctly dairy districts of this country, and there is here far more regard for economy of labor management. Danish stables are generally kept clean, but at the cost of a vast amount of very cheap labor. In other countries, as well as Denmark, much attention is paid to cleaning the cow stables, but the conclusion has been forced upon us that this is done more from an appreciation of the value of all manurial matter and the fixed habit of saving it than from any knowledge or intention of cleanliness as of prime importance in dairying. This is especially shown by the fact that the cows are milked in just about as careless and uncleanly a manner in Great Britain and all over Europe as, it must unfortunately be confessed, is the common practice in this country. The very general use of women as milkers in all foreign dairy districts is a decided advantage; they are gentler and cleaner than men, and vastly better than the average farm laborer, who does all sorts of work during the day. Much attention is being given, especially in England, to perpetuate the custom of employing women instead of men for milkers, and to maintain the efficiency of milk-maids; the popular public milking contests at the dairy shows are useful and commendable. Many parts of Europe have the additional advantage of keeping the cows in the fields continuously the greater part of the year and milking them in the open air. This practice does much to insure clean milk and pure products.

DAIRYING ON A SMALL SCALE.

There are many farmers who practice general farming, keeping enough cows to pay the grocery bill, who do not feel that their business in this line is large enough to warrant using the best modern applicances and conducting the business along the lines laid down by the best dairying authorities. Each man must judge for himself as to whether it is advisable to put in a separator and to build a silo. It is probable that a separator will pay for itself in a comparatively short time, even where but a few cows are kept. If not, add a few more to the herd and arrange to save all the butter fat that is produced. If cows are kept, they should have the feed that will enable them to produce the most profit for the owner, and it is the general experience of practical dairying that the silo is an advantage in producing milk cheaply. But whether silo and separators are adopted or not, most farmers who keep cows could improve their methods of feeding and the general conduct of the business.

It would be wise for many to have their cows come fresh in the fall or early winter, rather than in spring as so many do. The price of butter is higher in the winter, and the farmer has less other work to demand his time and attention, than during the summer months. Many farmers allow their cows to go dry all winter, and while feeding them, receive no income from the herd.

Of course, a cow, giving milk will require more feed and better care, than one running dry, but she must be fed roughage anyway, and grain which would be required to make milk, would be paid for many times over by the butter she produced. To make a cow do her best in winter, she should be warmly housed, and not be allowed to run out during cold, stormy weather. Silage is a great advantage, but if fed bright, sweet clover hay and corn fodder, bran or ground corn, she will do well, especially if a few roots can be added to the ration to meet the craving for green feed. If the roughage is chiefly clover, a greater amount of fat-producing elements will be required in the grain, and a large amount of corn meal can be profitably used. If the roughage is largely corn stalks, timothy hay and oat straw, the grain ration should be composed largely of feeds rich in protein.

Indescribable Pains Stone in Bladder.

An Exceptionally Severe Case in Which a Helpless Sufferer Was Restored by

Dr. Chase's Kidney Liver Pills

Gravel or stone in bladder is about the most painful ailment that ever afflicted mankind. It is the result of deranged kidneys, the uric acid forming into hard substances, which lodge in the kidneys and bladder. This horrible disease is prevented and cured by Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills.

Mr. Daniel Brown, English River, Ont., writes:—"For three years I suffered from urinary troubles, partaking of the nature of stone in the bladder or gravel, and the pain which I endured can scarcely be described. I was unable to do any work, and frequently discharged blood. Though I spent hundreds of dollars in doctors' bills I received no relief, and at last decided that I would never be able to work again.

"While in this condition I was advised to try Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills, and though I had no faith in them or in anything else I decided to give them a fair trial. After using one box I felt a decided change for the better, and after taking five boxes I feel like a new man. I am entirely out of pain, and have no more discharge of blood. I can honestly recommend Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills to any fellow sufferer, and will cheerfully verify this statement to anyone writing me."

Mr. W. Bowen, Postmaster and station agent at English River, Ont., writes:—"I have interviewed Mr. Daniel Brown of this place in regard to his long illness and cure, and hereby certify that the testimonial as given by him is correct."

Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills, one pill a dose, 25 cents a box, at all dealers, or Edmanson, Bates & Co., Toronto. To protect you against imitations the portrait and signature of Dr. A. W. Chase, the famous receipt book author, are on every box.

HEALTH IN SPRING.

Nature Requires Assistance in Making New, Health-Giving Blood.

Spring is the season when your system needs toning up. In the spring you must have new blood just as the trees must have new sap. Nature demands it. Without new blood you will feel weary, weak and languid. With new, rich, red blood you will be sprightly, happy and healthy. The one sure way to get new blood and fresh energy is to take Dr. Williams Pink Pills. They actually make new blood. They are the greatest spring tonic in the world. Mr. J. J. Mallette, a well known grocer in Montreal, says:—"I wish to thank you for the great good your Dr. Williams' Pink Pills have done me. My system was very much run down and your pills have made a new man of me. As I am in business, coming in contact with many people, I am often able to recommend the pills, and they have already relieved a dozen of my friends who suffered as I did."

Many people further weaken their system in spring through taking purgative medicines. What nature needs to help her is a tonic, and Dr. Williams' Pink Pills supply this need as no other medicine can. Be sure you get the genuine with the full name "Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People" printed on the wrapper around the box. Sold by all medicine dealers, or post paid at 50 cents per box or six boxes for $2.50 by writing the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

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 7:00 p. m. Celebration of Holy Communion, 1st Sunday in each month and on Special occasions. Sunday School Sunday at 3 p. m. Committee Meetings, 1st Thursday in each month.

Rev. F. L. Stephenson, Rector.

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

W. G. Paxton, Notary Public, will next week move his office to Third Street, directly opposite the Government Offices; he will occupy one of the buildings recently put up by A. C. Hirschfeld.

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

The committee to arrange for the Dominion Day celebration will be convened very shortly.

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

The Gold House, Discovery, has some extensive alterations and is now, if anything, the best hotel in Discovery. Mr. J. Wolters has put in his garden and will soon have local fresh vegetables and garden truck.

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

Until the opening of navigation Atlinites will have to content themselves with dessicated potatoes and preserved eggs; fresh meat will also be unobtainable in a few days.

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

A dance will be held at the Grand Hotel on Tuesday, May 24th. Tickets, $1.00.

The O. K. Barber Shop for Hot or Cold Baths at all hours, 50cents.

The Atlin Gun Club held its first "shoot" for the season on the club grounds, Thursday afternoon. Mr. Fetherstonhaugh made the highest score, killing 33 birds out of 35.

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

DR. C. H. GATEWOOD, of the well known firm of Gatewood & Spencer, DENTISTS, of Vancouver, is expected in on the first trip of the steamer. Anybody needing the services of a thoroughly up-to-date and competent Dentist will do well to consult him upon his arrival.

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

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

Monday, 23rd, has been declared a public holiday for the province, so that the post office and bank will be closed Monday and Tuesday.

New stock of Stationery, Letter Heads, Bill Heads, Dodgers, Posters, Cards, Programmes, Invitations, Envelopes, etc., etc.

Atlin Claim Office.

W. G. Paxton, Notary Public, will attend in Discovery on Wednesdays and Saturdays until further notice.

Pitch, Oakum and Caulking Cotton, Oar Locks, Paints and Oils, for sale at J. S. DURIE'S.

LOST:—On Sunday last, between "The Claim" office and the Grand Hotel, a small Nugget Pin; finder kindly leave same at "The Claim" office.

FOUND:—On the trail between the Beavis mine and Atlin, Set of Teeth, gold bridge. Owner can have same by applying at "Claim Office."

TO SELL OR RENT — Residence of five rooms in desirable locality fully furnished, Kitchen Range, Heaters, etc.

Mrs. W. J. Smith.

Closing out Dry Goods, Boots and Shoes, etc., at the Atlin Cheap Cash Store:

Gold Seal Hip Rubber Boots, $9.00 per pair.
Gold Seal Packs, $3.50 " "
$4.00 Hats, your choice, $2.00.
$2.00 Shirts, " " $1.00.

And all other goods at slaughter prices.

M. FOLEY.

BEDS AND ROOMS—Clean, Quiet and Reserved.—At THE METROPOLE, Atlin.

W. J. SMITH, Prop.

NOTICE.

Sixty days from date I will apply to the Chief Commissioner of Lands and Works for permission to purchase the following described Lands, in the Atlin District. Commencing at a Post marked A. C. H., N. W. corner, adjoining C. R. Meyers' S. W. corner post and planted at a point on the Eastern boundary of Atlin Townsite, thence Easterly 40 chains, thence South 27 chains, to the Northern boundary of the Anaconda mineral claim, thence Westerly 40 chains, thence Northerly 27 chains to point of commencement, containing 108 acres, more or less.

A. C. HIRSCHFELD

Dated, Atlin, B. C., May 10th, 1904.

NOTICE.

NOTICE is hereby given that Sixty days after date I intend to apply to the Chief Commissioner of Lands and Works for permission to purchase the following described land situated in the Atlin District, viz.:—Commencing at a post marked D. R., N. W. corner, planted about one mile North-East of Atlin Townsite, thence Easterly 40 chains, thence Southerly 40 chains, thence Westerly 40 chains, thence Northerly 40 chains to point of commencement, containing 160 acres more or less.

D. ROSS.

Dated, Atlin, B. C., May 11th, 1904.

LOTS HOUSES CABINS For Sale or Rent.

Apply at "CLAIM" OFFICE.

BROWNLEE & TAYLOR.
PROVINCIAL AND DOMINION LAND SURVEYORS.
Consulting, Civil and Hydraulic Engineers.
Atlin, British Columbia

HOTEL VANCOUVER.
THIS HOTEL IS STOCKED WITH THE BEST OF GOODS
Sam. Johnstone, Prop.

STABLES & LUMSDEN

We are still doing business at the Old Stand
THE IRON STORE.
And are to the front with Fresh Eggs and the best brands of Butter, backed up by a full line of Groceries, best brands on the Market.
OUR MOTTO: Fair treatment to all.
OUR AIM: Once a Customer, always a Customer.

THE BRITISH COLUMBIA POWER AND MANUFACTURING. Co., Limited.

On and after May 1st and until further notice, the following will be the rates for lights. Accounts collectible weekly.

ELECTRIC LIGHT RATES:—Installation, $3:50 per light.
16 Candle Power Incandescent $0:50 per week per light.
8 " " " $0:25 "
The Company will furnish all lamps free of charge and replace old lamps with new ones when burned out.
CHEAPER, BETTER, SAFER, CLEANLIER, & HEALTHIER THAN OIL.
MODERN STEAM LAUNDRY IN CONNECTION—WASH BUNDLES COLLECTED & DELIVERED.

J. D. DURIE.
ATLIN & DISCOVERY.
Shelf and Heavy Hardware.
Tin and Granite Ware---Miner's & Blacksmith's Supplies.---Doors and Windows.
FURNITURE AND MATTRESS FACTORY.

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

ROYAL HOTEL.
DISCOVERY, B. C.
CHOICEST WINES LIQUORS & CIGARS.
ALEXANDER BLAIN, Proprietor.

NOW OPEN
Northern Brewing Company, Ltd.
ATLIN, B. C.
BREWERS OF LAGER BEER.
SMALL AND LARGE ORDERS PROMPTLY FILLED.

THE MEAT MARKET
CHRIS DOELKER,
FIRST STREET, Atlin.
I KEEP NONE BUT PRIME STOCK—LOWEST MARKET PRICES.

Pioneer Bakery and Restaurant.
HAS REOPENED
Fresh Bread, Pies and Cakes.
Rooms to Rent.—Board by the Week. — C. R. MYERS, Proprietor.