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THE ATLIN CLAIM.

VOL. 9 ATLIN, B. C., SATURDAY, OCTOBER 3, 1903. NO. 220

THE PROVINCIAL ELECTION.

Liberals Concede Five Seats To The Government.

CONSTITUENCY.	CONSERVATIVE.	LIBERAL.	MISCELLANEOUS.
Atlin	H. E. Young		
Alberni		W. W. B. McInnes	
Cariboo	Doubtful	Harry Jones James Murphy	
Cranbrook		Dr. J. H. King	
Chilliwack		C. W. Munro	
Columbia		W. C. Wells	
Comox	Not heard from		
Cowichan	Not heard from		
Delta		John Oliver	
Dewdney	Hon. Richard McBride		
Esquimalt	C. E. Pooley		
Fernie	Doubtful		
Grand Forks	George A. Fraser		
Greenwood		J. R. Brown	
Islands	Not heard from		
Kamloops	Not heard from		
Kaslo	Robert Green		
Lillooet	A. McDonald		
Nanaimo City			J. H. Hawthornthwaite (Soc.)
Nelson City	John Houston		
Newcastle			Parker Williams (Soc.)
New Westminster	M. T. Gifford		
Okonagan	Price Ellison		
Revelstoke	T. Taylor		
Richmond	F. Carter Cotton		
Rossland City		J. A. McDonald	
Saanich		H. Tanner	
Similkameen	Doubtful		
Skeena		P. Herman	
Slocan			
Vancouver City	Hon. R. G. Tatlow J. F. Garden Hon. Charles Wilson W. J. Bowser A. H. B. McGowan		— Davidson, (Labor.)
Victoria City		R. L. Drury Ald. Cameron J. D. McNiven Richard Hall S. Henderson	
Yale			
Ymir	Harry Wright		

PRESENTATION

To D. P. Cameron by the British American Dredging Company.

Just as the last nail was driven on the "Switcana" Dredge, and she was pronounced completed, Mr. Switzer, the General Manager of the Comyany, presented to Mr. Cameron a very handsome gold watch with a very beautifully engraved inscription, and a nugget chain made by Mr. Eggert from Gold Run nuggets. Mr. Cameron has accomplished a herculean task in bringing in the largest plant ever built in the North, and in breaking all records for time having finished the boat in 18 days less than any dredge he has ever erected. Every person has been impressed with the remarkable energy and executive ability which he has displayed in connection with the work and the tribute which he has received is a signally fitting one and well merited.

The Columbia Hydraulic.

The Columbia Hydraulic Co. has shut down for the season. This company although it has one of the finest plants in the camp was unable to do any serious work this year, owing, principally, to a shortage of water, and, incidentally, to some litigation, which, however, has been practically settled.

We have no hesitancy in stating that the company has a splendid future in front of it; its property is well prospected and the prospects have proved that the ground is a very valuable one. With favorable conditions and an early start next spring, the Columbia Hydraulic Co. should rank among the leading producing mines of our district.

Shamrock I. Sold

American Purchased First of Lipton Yachts.

New York,—The first Lipton America Cup challenger, Shamrock I., was reported to have been sold to George Depinna of this city, who will probably convert the yacht into a schooner for cruising. The purchase price was not given out.

Chicago.—Sir Thomas Lipton is suffering from "colitis and catarrhal appendicitis"; his physicians decided that he must be confined to his rooms and it is probable he may have to be operated on.

Freight Tied Up.

Nearly four thousand tons of freight have accumulated at Whitehorse, and indications are that it will not all go through to Dawson before navigation closes.

STABLE BURNED.

This morning a fire occurred at the stable adjoining the Brewery which at first appearances looked very threatening, but thanks to the efficiency of the fire brigade it was confined to the building in which it started. An unsuccessful effort was made to get a cow, belonging to Mr. Doelker, out of the burning building, which in consequence lost its life in the flames.

Mr. Rosselli, Chief of the Fire Department, met with rather a painful accident, by a badly cut hand and arm, which he received from a fall amongst a pile of broken bottles. His wounds necessitated several stitches.

Mr. Nicholl, Manager of the Brewery, desires us to use this opportunity to thank the members of the Fire Brigade for their prompt and efficient service, whereby the Brewery itself was saved from damage by the fire.

THE FEVER OF LIFE.

Percy Trafford Alton, curate of St. Peter's Church, State Street, Brooklyn.

And he came and took her up by the hand, and lifted her up; and immediately the fever left her, and she ministered unto them.—St. Mark i., 31.

A visit to the country or a little time spent in God's out-of-doors, away from the haunts of men and the strife of the multitude, always gives us a chance to learn some lesson that we could not hear for the tumult of the city. Communion with nature is necessary to the life of the soul, and even one day spent in the presence of God's great teacher will be sufficient to enlighten and cheer and give new hope, provided, indeed, that we are willing to listen to the voice of the teacher.

There is one discovery that we make every time that we enter nature's cathedral, whose walls are the spaces that separate us from the busy world from which we have come and whose dome is the arch of blue that suggests the beauty and infinity of the world to which we are going. The noise and the fret and the strain of life are shut out, and as we rest awhile in the cool and the silence we become aware of the tension of those past days; we find that we are possessed of a fever, that the temperature is above the normal, that the pulse of life is quick and irregular, that the fever of life is threatening mind and body.

There are few who will deny the fact that life in the great centres of industry is for the majority oftentimes more of a burden than anything else. And this not from lack of the necessaries of life, but from the strain and tension which must be undergone to secure the means of subsistence. It is not that the number of hours of the day's labor is increased, but that the amount of work per hour is greater, the facilities for lessening the drudgery of work have made a greater demand upon the attention and skill in producing the work.

And so it is with the social life of the present age. The question of pleasure has become absorbing. The thing is no longer a means to an end; it has become the end itself. People live for pleasure. They exhaust every energy in the pursuit of pleasure.

Society has become more and more artificial. Simplicity and informality are two words not to be found in the dictionary of modern society. The life of the present generation is more complex, more exacting, more intense than that of any former age.

The fever of life seems to have seized all classes and conditions of men, and instead of healthy ambition there are nervous haste and consuming desire.

This is not the view of the pessimist—there is nothing in the statement to warrant such an opinion.

The present age is far in advance of any previous age, and the world is going forward. There is more enlightenment, more liberty, more brotherly love, more regard for the rights of the individual than ever before. And yet one cannot but see that the world's happiness is not in proportion to the world's progress; that while the material surroundings of life have been so much bettered, yet the result, as expressed in a stronger, better, more rational life, is not equally apparent.

Our civilization has developed a malady hitherto unknown, and no better term can be found to describe it than to call it the fever of life.

The question of the hour is, What can be done to cure this disease—this fever of life—which threatens to consume the vitality of the present generation?

Christianity points to the only One who has the power to perform the miracle of healing, and that One is the great Physician, our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ. The Master of Life is here to tell us the secret of living. He has come to show men how to live.

The world to-day lies sick of a fever. It will never enter into full possession of its life until it looks to Jesus, who has come to give it life. He is writing to put His cooling, life-giving touch on the fever-tossed sufferer and to give it strength to rise up and perform its task. Both by teaching and example He has given mankind the standard of the perfect life. Just in proportion as the world accepts this standard will it receive the more abundant life which is its inheritance.

The fever of life is the result of our experiment with the things that ought to make for our happiness. Somehow we cannot get the right proportion, and instead of receiving joy and peace and a larger life from our use of the mixture, we find ourselves weak and feverish and sick at heart.

Let us go to Him and take His life for our example. Let us note what things He counted precious and what things He rejected as harmful to the soul. Let us accept Him as the Way and the Truth and the Life. And He will enter the room in which we are now lying sick of the fever of life, and He will take us by the hand and lift us up and fill us with new life for service to His glory and the salvation of our fellow-men.

The appointment of Miss Jamieson of Darlington to be professor of the English language at Grenoble University has now been ratified by the French Minister of Public Instruction. This is the first time that a lady has been appointed to a professional chair in a French university. Miss Jamieson is of Scottish descent. She was educated at the Edinburgh Ladies' College of the Merchants' Company, took first-class honors last year at Edinburgh University, and also holds the Heriot travelling scholarship given by the same institution.

For the Farmer.

Good poultry is always wanted, and poor stuff is a drug in the market. The time is coming when there will be no sale at all for poultry of poor quality, for those who can afford to buy it at all will demand the best.

The green crop plowed under is composed of three chief parts. About four-fifths of it is water, or from 80 to 88 per cent.; about one-fiftieth of the whole, or 2 per cent., is composed of what is called the ash ingredients, and the rest is the so-called organic manner. This organic matter, which is really the most useful part of the green manure, makes up, therefore, about a twelfth of the whole mass put under the ground.

Kansas needs 5,000 men to help harvest the great wheat harvest, and the farmers are getting so desperate that they are stopping express trains and going through, offering large wages for men to get off and work in the fields. At the same time the United States is receiving at least one hundred thousand immigrants monthly, and the question naturally arises as to what becomes of them.

The Nova Scotia Apple Crop.

In a letter to the Fruit Division, Ottawa, Mr. J. W. Bigelow of Wolfville, N. S., gives the following estimate of this season's apple crop in Nova Scotia:—According to present prospects there will be a full crop of superior apples, giving over 400,000 barrels for export. Varieties are about as follows:—Nonpareil, 60,000 barrels; King, 50,000; Gravenstein, 50,000; Ribson Pippin, 40,000; Golden Russet, 30,000; Baldwin, 60,000; Rhode Island Greening, 30,000; all other varieties, 80,000.

Points of Wool.

In judging wool, the following points are those of most importance:

Softness—This is essential in good fleeces, and the want of it is most conspicuously noticed, if it is wanting, by examining the wool on the neck. Those fleeces are best which abound in a sort of transparent oil, which, after growing to the end of the staple of the wool, attracts the dust and gives the outside of the fleece when on the sheep a darkish, dirty appearance. This oily matter is of service in hastening the growth of the fleece, and in imparting softness, elasticity and strength to the wool.

Soundness, or strength of fibre, is an indispensable quality in wool. A want of this invariably reveals itself along the ridges of the back, where there is a sort of division between the wool of each side. To test it, pull a lock or staple from this part, hold to one end in each hand, and give it a strong, steady pull. If the strands break, the whole fleece is lacking in soundness. This want of soundness is generally caused by bad feeding.

Fulness means the closeness with which the locks of wool grow together. Before opening the fleeces of sheep possessing the quality in perfection, only a fine thin line of skin will be seen around each lock of wool. If defective, the space between the locks will be larger.

Freeness—This implies that the individual locks of wool, as also their individual fibres, are not entangled, but perfectly separate and distinct. The wool on being opened in a well-bred sheep should fall apart under the hands clear and unbroken. A want of freeness will show most plainly along the ridge of the back.—C. G. Freer-Thonger, in Farm and Home (Eng.).

Apple Blight.

A number of reports from widely separated districts, complaining of the ravages of the apple blight, have been received by the Fruit Division, Ottawa. Mr. Peter Anderson, Hepworth, Ont., thus describes the situation in his locality:—"Apples, both early and winter, are suffering from a new disease here. A blight struck the blossoms when in full bloom and withered them as if they had been scorched by fire. It is now withering the small twigs and limbs in the same way. The tops of the trees look as if fire had been applied to about one-half of the smaller branches until the leaves were all crisp and brown, and even the wood, as far as this extends, is evidently dead." Mr. Arch. MacColl, Aldboro, Ont., writes that many orchards in his locality are almost completely ruined by blight, and that many trees will have to be cut out.

It is difficult to explain the origin of this trouble, but it is evidently of a bacterial nature. It appears to live over the winter just in the margin of the affected part, near the healthy wood and not in other parts of the tree or in the soil. Mr. W. T. Macoun of the Experimental Farm agrees with Mr. MacKinnon, Chief of the Fruit Division, that the only remedy is to cut out the blighted branches well below the affected part, say one foot below any appearance of blight. The knife used for this purpose should be thoroughly cleaned or sterilized before being again used on healthy wood. It is fortunate that the disease sometimes dies out of its own accord, especially in the case of the body blight. It is said to be conveyed from tree to tree by bees and insects, which would account for the great increase at blossoming time. The blight appears to develop very rapidly, and the maximum amount of damage is done almost as soon as the attack becomes noticeable. It will probably be found, that the fall is the best time to cut out the affected wood, as the damage will not be much, if any, greater then than at present, and in the fall one may make sure of getting all the blighted portions.

As anything which stimulates an undue growth of succulent wood is conducive to blight, it would be well for the orchardist to cultivate and manure so as to produce a medium growth of strong healthy wood.

Queen Draga's Last Letter.

The Neues Wiener Journal publishes the text of the last letter written by Queen Draga of Servia, this letter having been penned on the evening of her assassination and bearing that date. The letter is addressed to an intimate friend of the Queen, who received it simultaneously with the news of the writer's death. Following is an exact translation of the letter:—

". . . . I love Sacha (the King) with infinite tenderness, but I shall not hesitate to sacrifice myself and separate from this good and faithful soul. I know that I am hated and that the absence of a child, of an heir, increases the dangers which threaten us. If the King becomes reconciled with the extreme Radicals it may be that a second Queen of Servia shall follow the first into exile. I am haunted by dark presentiments; often during the night I recall the horrible picture of dying Michael, who extends his bloody hands toward his assassins, begging them: 'Ne mot je, bratscha, dosta' (Stop, my brothers, it is enough!) Sacha alone and in the midst of all our troubles is in good humor. This is largely due to his unshaktable faith in the Obrenovitch star. I hope that his presentiments may be justified."

This is not the complete text of the letter, but the remainder of it bears no relation to the tragedy enacted at Belgrade a few hours after it was written.

Watching the Money Market.

The course of the British money market is being watched with anxious interest by those responsible for the finances of Australia, says The London Mail. Four of the States are in want of further loans so soon as there is a prospect of floating them on the London market. The neediest of all the borrowers is New South Wales, whose Government is accused of spending no less than £20,000,000 of borrowed money in a little over four years, and using loans, on the admission of the Minister of Public Works, to stave off a crisis. She wants £4,000,000. Victoria needs £1,100,000 immediately, and must shortly obtain a further £5,547,000 by hook or by crook to pay off an old loan which matures on January 1, 1904. Queensland wants £2,600,000, though she is now of all the Australian States the most heavily weighted with debt. Western Australia has placed at home a loan of £4,750,000, but the other Australian States are not likely to be able to follow her example, for, as a Victorian Minister recently remarked to a deputation, it was out of the question to think of borrowing £5,000,000 in Victoria. The last in the list is South Australia, who needs £500,000, which will ultimately have to be obtained from London. Recent analyses of the various Australian debts show that the dead-weight debt, making all deductions for productive works, is now as much per head as the national debt of England. Another unfavorable symptom is that the population of Victoria has actually declined in the year 1902. Until great economies are effected in the government and administration, and until the extravagant outlay on public works ceases, the prospects for the British investor cannot be considered roseate.

The British Book Market.

If the British book market is not as flourishing as it might be, says The London Graphic, English writers may draw some consolation from the fact, as shown by statistics in the current number of The Author, that they are selling a great many more books abroad than they did five years ago. The book exports of 1902 weighed over fifty thousand hundredweight more than those in the year before the war, and this additional quantity represented a money value of nearly three hundred thousand pounds. The books sent to the United States last year, worth in all £371,417, showed an increased value of nearly seventy thousand pounds over those in 1898—a significant development when it is remembered that the practice of copyrighting, and therefore of printing, English books in the United States is becoming more and more common, and that consequently export figures are far from indicating the full value of the American market. After our transatlantic cousins the next best foreign buyers—though longo intervallo—are Germany, France, and, remarkable to say, Japan. It is interesting to note that while our imports of books during the war naturally fell off considerably, the book exports to foreign countries and to the colonies went up during those years by leaps and bounds. It is also noteworthy that among the colonies Canada alone shows a decrease in the value of the books she imports from us—a circumstance attributed partly to the proximity of the United States, and partly to the enterprise of Canadian publishers in issuing editions of their own.

Aberdeen's New House.

The Earl and Countess of Aberdeen, who have been in London most of the season, are building a new house for themselves on their Aberdeenshire estates. It is in a different part of the country from their chief seat, Haddo, which gives the title to their eldest son, Lord Haddo. On one occasion Mr. Gladstone visited it, and it has, of course, associations with another Prime Minister, the fourth Lord Aberdeen. He was Premier about the time that Queen Victoria and Prince Albert first went to Balmoral. Lord Aberdeen has a second estate towards that beautiful quarter of Aberdeenshire, and he is replacing the old mansion on it with a new one. As it happens, a neighboring proprietor is Sir John Clark, whose father, Sir James Clark, the eminent physician, had a large voice in determining on Deeside for a Royal residence. The west coast of Scotland had been thought about, but Queen Victoria and Prince Albert accepted Sir James' view in favor of the Aberdeenshire Highlands as having a drier and more bracing climate.

Arnold and Pond.

When Matthew Arnold as a young man saw Hepworth Dixon's books in the shop windows, he could not help exclaiming with pride that he, too, was an author. Later in life when he was a celebrated author, meet for the American lecture market, he told Major Pond, in perhaps something of the same spirit of irony, that they were both public men. If Arnold was guilty of irony, Major Pond turned its edge by countering with the compliment that Arnold had celebrity, but himself only notoriety. Notorious has come to have a bad connotation, and in that bad sense, at all events, the epithet could not be applied to Major Pond's conduct of his queer business. Though it has to be confessed that he stood to literature somewhat in the relation that Barnum stood to less austere shows, it must likewise be admitted that he did the business courteously and considerately as well as successfully, and earned the regards of his clients. Nor was it a class of clients that was always easy to manage. For most self-respecting men of letters, in England at all events, probably share Carlyle's dislike of lecturing—that mixture, as he called it, of the prophet and the play-actor.—St. James' Budget.

The Iron Pillar at Delhi.

The famous iron pillar of Delhi is dealt with in Cassler's Magazine. The pillar is a solid shaft of wrought iron, 30 inches in diameter, and of a length that is variously reported. The total length is from 48 to 60 feet underground and above, including a capital of 3½ feet. The pillar contains about 80 cubic feet of metal, and weighs about seventeen tons. The metal is, of course, charcoal iron, made directly from ore in small billets, but how it was welded up no one can tell, as no record exists of any early method of dealing with great masses of wrought iron. An inscription roughly cut or punched upon the column states that Rajah Dhara subdued a people in the Surdhu, named Vahlikos, and obtained with his own arm an undivided sovereignty on the earth for a long period. The date of the inscription has been referred to the third or fourth century after Christ, but on this authorities are at variance.

Charles Fere calls attention, in the "Revue de Medecine," to the fact that the skin possesses a certain odor, which varies according to the individual, the age and the race. Says the "Medical Century," in an abstract of Fere's paper: "The nervous system seems to exert much influence over the odor of the cutaneous secretions. Hammond cites the case of a woman who always gave out an odor of pineapple when she was in a temper, and another who smelt of violets when suffering from an hysterical attack. The special point to which the writer desires to call attention is that certain odors are inherited, or may even extend to side branches of the same family. Dogs are always able to recognize this odor even when it is so subtle as to escape the observation of man."

Two German aeronauts, Doctor Miethe and Lieutenant Hildebrandt, recently had a remarkable experience in the heart of a thunderstorm. They ascended from Tegel at three o'clock in the afternoon, and, passing through a mist, came suddenly into a thunder-cloud. From a height of 650 feet the balloon was shot a mile upwards, and then as suddenly it dropped half a mile. They made the curious statement that, although they did not see the lightning, they were deafened by the thunder, while pelted with rain, hail and sleet. The balloon leaped and plunged so swiftly that at times the car was on a level with the gas-bag, and the tow-rope was above their heads. After about half an hour of this experience the balloon fell from a height of 7,200 feet, descending upon a thick wood of beeches, branches of which broke the fall and saved the lives of the adventurers.

An Unintentional Pun.

The difficulties of learning and using a new language are many, and the unfortunate Norwegian in this story from Kansas must have felt that his own efforts were particularly unsuccessful.

A druggist was obliged to be absent from his store one day, and his wife took his place. A large Norwegian, who spoke English with difficulty, entered and said:

"Hi owe de firm fifty cents."

"Very well," replied the druggist's wife; "just pay it to me and it will be all right."

"Hi owe de firm fifty cents."

"Yes, I understand. If you are afraid, I will give you a receipt for it."

The man looked at her in astonishment, and walked out without a word. Pretty soon he returned with a fellow-countryman, whose command of English was a little better, and who interpreted his friend's remark by explaining, "He wants fifty cents' worth of iodoform."

Definitions.

The following definitions are fresh from the school-room and are given undiluted in the "World's Work:"

"Apherbility is the state of being an apherbile."

"Afferbility is the state of being insane on one subject only."

"Reverberation is when it is made again into a verb."

"The Te Deum is a grand opera."

"The British Museum is the principal building in Paris."

"Virgil was a Vestal Virgin."

"Julius Caesar was the mother of the Gracchi."

Her Picture.

She—I took this picture with my "kodak" while abroad. He—What is it? She—Well, that building that stands up perfectly straight is the leaning tower of Pisa—those leaning buildings are the perpendicular edifices adjacent.—"Puck."

Wash greasy dishes, pots or pans with Lever's Dry Soap a powder. It will remove the grease with the greatest ease. 36

ONE SPOONFUL

Will build for you good health through good nerves, by using

South American Nervine

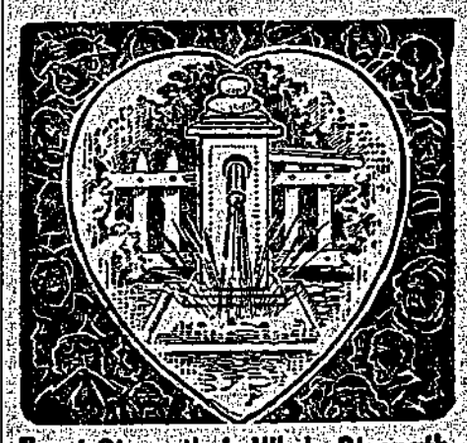
Almost all disease is the result of poor nerve action. Without good nerves neither brain, nor stomach, nor liver, nor heart, nor kidneys, can work well. Nerve food must be such that it will be *absorbed* by the nerve ends. Such a food is **South American Nervine**, the greatest tonic known, a cure for dyspepsia and all stomach ailments.

ADOLPH LE BONIE, B. C. L., Montreal's well known barrister, writes: "I was suffering from insomnia and nervous debility, prostration and exhaustion. I took five bottles of **South American Nervine**, and am wholly recovered."

The Great South American Rheumatic Cure is the only one that has not a single case of failure in its record. Cure sure within three days; relief instantly. 5

The Greatest Chef in Europe.

The Emperor of Russia, it is said, has given his confidence to an extraordinary degree to his Alsatian chef who has presided over the preparations for imperial repasts during the last five years. This important individual ranks as Captain in the navy and Colonel in the army, and on state occasions appears in gorgeous uniform, his breast covered with Russian and foreign orders. As chef, he has 1,200 subordinates. When the Czar dines alone the table is simple, but the chef is always ready to prepare a glorious feast for several thousand people.



Heart Strength is Whole Strength

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

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

Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder relieves catarrh or colds at once and cures forever. Dr. Agnew's Ointment compels Piles to perish permanently. It gives ease on the instant. Banishes all manner of skin diseases and eruptions. The safest and cheapest cure. Price, 35c. 6

Who loves champagne, soubrettes, and song
Is wise, or else the proverb's wrong;
But it is true that love like this
Means Paris first—then paresis.

FIVE MINUTES AFTER APPLYING

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

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

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

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

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

Dr. Agnew's Heart Cure

Feeds the nerves and the blood. It is LIFE in medicinal form. It transforms the weak and sickly into the well and healthy. It tones all the vital organs. It's the cure for you. 6

ROLFF HOUSE

By G. H. BENEDICT.

A Thrilling Story of Love and Adventure.

The fear of war between America and the Mother Country has not troubled me much. In case it breaks out, I fear I shall be but a recreant son of Columbia. Could I be assured of the certainty of hostilities, I would start at once for home, ready to sacrifice my ambition on the altar of my country's service. But it seems to me that the probability of matters coming to such a crisis is too remote to call for any preparation for it. I am glad to know that you consider a war very doubtful. It would be very unfortunate for me to be cut off from all communication with my native land and home. I can only earnestly hope that the cloud will pass away; and I am inclined to think with you that it has so long appeared threatening without breaking into a storm, that the chances are that it will pass quietly over.

At a later date, I may write you more fully concerning personal matters, and my welfare and progress. At present, it is enough to say that I am fully satisfied as to the propriety of the step I have taken, and deeply grateful to you for your needed assistance in the matter. I am already making progress, I trust, and allow no moment to go entirely to waste.

With great respect, yours most sincerely, CLAUDE ROLFF.

This letter gave Mr. Saybrook the liveliest satisfaction. Yet, with his usual caution, he considered it from every point of view. But he could find in it nothing to awake suspicion. In fact, it seemed to him that Claude had unwittingly played into his hand in a manner that he had had no reason to expect. He was quick to see several points in the letter that might prove of the highest advantage in the furtherance of his plans. The order removing old Carl from Rolff House was particularly pleasing to him. It opened the way for his plans in a most acceptable manner. He was chafing and fretting under the enforced delay in his schemes, but here was a chance offered him for an important step, and he determined to take advantage of it.

CHAPTER XIII.

From his correspondence with Claude, Anthony Saybrook was enabled to draw two conclusions: first, that the young man's confidence in him remained unshaken; and, second, that under no probable circumstances was he likely to contemplate a speedy return to his native land.

This result of his diplomatic letter was very gratifying to him, and cleared the way for the progress of his plans in a manner that was highly encouraging. As usual with him, he flattered himself that it was all due to his own shrewd management, and his confidence in his ability to consummate his elaborate plots was greatly increased.

He foresaw that Claude, in any event, in view of his resolution to remain in Europe, would soon require the raising of new funds, and whether events so favored him or not as to lead to the adoption of his bold and dangerous game to come into possession of Rolff House, he had no doubt that he could so entangle and manage the young man as to assure ultimate success to his schemes even though no war broke out to raise a barrier between him and his victim and leave him free to carry out what he considered his "bold stroke."

Ralph, as usual, had the full confidence of his father in all his plans. A perfect understanding existed between the two. The law of hereditary qualities was strikingly illustrated in the essential likeness between the characters of this precious pair. Ralph was less mature and experienced in mere craft, but in cool, calculating, mercenary spirit he was not a whit behind his father. In fact, while the parent retained a certain affectation of virtuous motives even in the presence of those it was not necessary to deceive, and while discussing plans of the most unmitigated villainy—a habit quite common with those who have pursued a progressive course in dishonesty from an original standpoint of hesitancy—with Ralph there was no such pretension of respect for virtue where its use was not required. He had been so early initiated into the arts of trickery and dishonesty that the habit of equivocating with his conscience had never been formed. The only difference between the two men was that Ralph was the honester and more direct rogue of the two.

They understood each other perfectly. The elder Saybrook greatly admired Ralph's nonchalance and directness in any equivocal work, while the latter did not fail to return a full measure of admiration of his father's craftiness and skill. Each worshipped with ardent zeal a certain deformed idol of Respectability, whose chief supports were wealth and position, and each was equally inured to the idea that a certain amount of moral crookedness was necessary and laudable in the pursuit of wealth and power.

Ralph had been away on some business duties in a neighboring village at the time of the arrival of Claude's letter; but, on his return, his father lost no time in communicating to him its welcome contents.

They sat down to discuss the letter in the little law office.

"Everything continues to work favorably," remarked the elder Saybrook. "The result so far shows that I have not made a single miscalculation. I think I have seen my way pretty clear, and, by my knowledge of the young man's character and purposes, I have been enabled so far fairly to discount the future. I suppose I should be satisfied. I know I ought to feel confidence in myself. But I am terribly nervous and anxious. Every day's delay grinds me. Oh, for a chance for my old stroke! Ah, Ralph, if I could only control political events for a week! But, pshaw! it won't do to be visionary. I have every reason to congratulate myself on securing the removal of that old dog of a Carl Crum. Ha, ha, how nicely my bait took! Mind you, Ralph, I did not show any open enmity or dislike, or make any demand for punishment for his treatment of me. I simply related the circumstances in such a manner as to suggest that, although I had been curtly received, I was rather amused than annoyed at it, and only grieved in any way that I should have failed of hospitality under the roof of such a dear friend. You see how well it worked. Ah, Ralph, delicacy and keenness are the true weapons of a diplomatist. If I had bunglingly shown my hand, and demanded satisfaction for being insulted, I should probably have failed in my purpose. But by suggesting the truth with a cheerful face and artless manner I have gained my point without in the least seeming to deserve it. You see it—eh, Ralph?"

"Yes, yes," answered the young man; "it was a very neat stroke. But who are you to put in old Crum's place?"

"There is a point that puzzles me," replied the elder, corrugating his brows. "It is hard to pick out just such a man as I want. It will be necessary to select somebody we can trust to a considerable extent, and yet he must not be too sharp for us. I have thought over every person at all available, and I don't know but that, on the whole, Leb. Sackett is our man. He is shrewd and serviceable, if we can only trust him far enough. But, really, there is nobody else who will do at all. I rather think we must take him. I fancy I can manage him well enough. What do you think, Ralph?"

"Why, I think he is just the man, if we can only make him available. But I have some doubts on that score. I have heard him talking several times on the subject of the stories they tell about Rolff House, and it struck me that he was rather inclined to be superstitious and give credence to the wildest tales of the popular fancy. In that case, it might be hard to induce him to enter a house that is reported to be haunted."

"Oh, leave that to me," interposed the elder Saybrook. "I fancy Sackett takes a sort of pleasure in encouraging the superstitious notions of people, but he is a world too shrewd to take much capital in the common run of spooks. At least, we can soon judge as to that. Nobody has been hurt yet by spirits at Rolff House, and I don't think Sackett will decline a liberal compensation to do as we want him to."

"You are the best judge," replied Ralph.

"I shall endeavor to see him within a day or two," pursued the father, "and I shall sound him carefully before committing myself to any agreement with him."

With this understanding, the conversation on the subject closed.

True to his word, Anthony Saybrook promptly sent for Leb. Sackett, and the next day that cerulean individual put in an appearance at the law office.

A few words sufficed to introduce the subject of the vacancy to occur in Rolff House.

"It is not necessary to state the reasons why old Carl is to be superseded," pursued the lawyer. "But, as trustee of the estate, it is necessary for me to secure a reliable man to take his place. I have sent for you, Mr. Sackett, believing you would be a good person to consult in regard to the matter. Do you know of anyody who would be likely to meet my idea of a thoroughly reliable man?"

Leb. Sackett half-closed his cold, lustreless eyes, and his vacant countenance became a shade more blank and meaningless—a fact which probably indicated that he was concentrating his mind to a reflective state. After a moment, he said:

"'Taint everyody who would want to live in Rolff House."

"And why not?" queried the lawyer.

"'Why' enough," replied Mr. Sackett. "The place is a regular old ghost trap. Some say the Old Boy himself makes it his headquarters at certain times. Whether all the stories they tell about it are true or not, most people believe them, and there isn't one man in a dozen you could get to go near the old house, much less to live in it."

"But do you believe these stories, Mr. Sackett?"

"Well, I've heard 'em on good authority, and perhaps I've seen some things myself. All I can say is, where there is so much smoke there is pretty sure to be some fire."

"But if the common run of people are so superstitious, Mr. Sackett, as to be afraid of ghosts in Rolff House, surely a man of your strong mind and keen sense is not."

"If you mean to offer me the place," interposed Mr. Sackett, "I'll say that I ain't to be scared by ghosts or hobgoblins of any kind. I never knew 'em to hurt anybody. If there are ghosts in Rolff House, I won't disturb them and I don't think they will disturb me. Besides, I know a thing or two about such matters. I've studied demonology for some years, and we have some secrets in our family that everybody don't know. Ghosts ain't very pleasant neighbors, perhaps, but I'd rather have them than most men."

"Well said," replied the lawyer, with a pleasant smile. "And to come right down to business, Mr. Sackett, I believe you would perhaps be just the man I want; and your knowledge of ghost matters might be of some use to me."

With the ice thus broken, the two talkers soon arrived at a satisfactory agreement, by which it was arranged that Leb. Sackett was to take the place of old Carl Crum in Rolff House.

CHAPTER XIV.

As the weeks slipped by, and it became evident to Rosa Bruyn that her lover had either neglected to write to her, or that some obstacle had intervened to prevent her from receiving his letters, her anxiety and distress became very plainly visible to her watchful mother. Yet the good matron felt debarred from saying anything to her on the subject. If more letters had arrived, she was not aware of the fact; for farmer Bruyn had maintained an imperturbable silence since his first hasty action in destroying Claude's letter. Like most men of strong, wilful natures, he rarely changed his mind when once he had deliberately formed a purpose; and being fully resolved to break up the relations of his daughter with Claude it probably did not occur to him to give himself any further thought about the matter except to vigorously execute his first-formed purposes.

Meantime, Rosa became instinctively aware of some influence on the part of her parents as the cause of Claude's silence. Her faith in him was too strong and trusting to cause her to credit for an instant the idea that he would deliberately desert her. It is true, she had had a premonition that his absence in Europe might lead to the cooling of his affection toward her; but she had considered it possible only as the result of long absence and the slow and almost imperceptible growth of indifference as he formed new associations and ties in a strange land. She could not doubt that he had fulfilled his promise of writing to her. Why had she not received his letter? There was no marked change in the conduct of her parents towards her; yet a slight increase of maternal tenderness and watchfulness, and a studied avoidance of all topics relating to Rolff House or its young heir in her presence, were prophetic to her mind of the real cause of the difficulty. She knew that her father had never really liked Claude, although his objections had never been clearly stated, and while she could not suspect him of any such action as deliberately and secretly destroying his letters, she yet felt a painful conviction that he had taken some means to forbid or prevent Claude from communicating with her.

Girl as she was, and of a tender and almost timid nature, Rosa possessed an unusually clear and sagacious mind, and she was not long in concluding that her father would not have taken any sudden and decided stand against Claude's relations to her without some definite reason for it. All her nature was absorbed in the consideration of this to her all-important question that lay at her heart, and no event or incident was so light but that she considered its relation and bearing to the secret she was seeking to solve. Her father's frequent visits to lawyer Saybrook's, and the reports that reached her ears in regard to that individual's operations in managing Claude's affairs, did not escape her attention, and, with an intuitive preception of the truth, she was led to believe that some scheme of the plotting lawyer was at the bottom of her whole heart trouble.

She was not only confirmed in her suspicions, but a new cause of anxiety was caused her by the growing attentions of Ralph Saybrook toward her. He had managed to meet her several times, manifesting a marked politeness and attention whose import could not be mistaken, and on two or three occasions he had returned home with her father from the village in the evening, and passed a couple of hours in social converse. Such attentions as these could not be misinterpreted, and Rosa's anxiety was increased by the evidence she perceived that not only was there a plot to rob her of her old lover but also to give her a new one.

Her nature was not an aggressive or complaining one. It was her disposition to suffer and endure rather than to oppose and protest. Full of apprehension and dread, she yet resolved to quitely wait events until her fears became more clearly resolved and her duty more apparent. Meantime, she wrote to Claude again, complaining of his silence, and desiring to know the reason of it. She little knew that, by collusion with the postmaster, her own letters had been confiscated by her fathers as well as those of Claude.

The truth was that Anthony Saybrook had succeeded in so thoroughly working on the prejudices of the old farmer as to greatly intensify his antipathy to Claude. Knowing his utter ignorance of art and inability to appreciate Claude's ambition, he frequently read him passages from Claude's letters that were in the somewhat strained and affected style of the literature of the time. The glowing descriptions of art galleries, palaces and temples, the comments on the glitter and luxury of Venitian life, and the lively accounts of carnivals and festivals, all tended to convince the unsophisticated farmer that Claude was leading a life of wildest dissipation and extravagance. And as the shrewd lawyer was not above adding a word or even a phrase here and there to give an equivocal meaning to some innocent or indiscreet phrase, the virtuous indignation of the stern and wrong-headed old man was wrought up to the highest point. He considered that henceforth he would be fully justified in resorting to any and every means to stop communication of his daughter with Claude, and to that end paid a visit to Mr. Ronk, the postmaster, and secured co-operation in suppressing any further correspondence between the young couple. It was a day when despotic powers of parental control were recognized, while the postal laws and regulations were new and crude, so that no one in the community would have perceived anything irregular in a parent confiscating the letters between a daughter and an objectionable suitor. The reports soon spread around the neighborhood that Claude was leading a most disreputable life in Europe, and the Saybrooks, father and son, by many cunning devices, in many ways added to the popular gossip.

CHAPTER XV.

Obedient to his instructions, old Carl Crum had taken his departure from the venerable roof that had sheltered his head so long, and for which he felt an almost romantic attachment, and domiciled himself in a tenant house on the Rolff place near the ferry that had for so many years been the scene of his labors. What the old fellow thought on the subject of his disgrace from the confidence he had enjoyed in Rolff House for so many years, nobody had an opportunity to know precisely, for he maintained a dignified silence, and went about his duties with his usual taciturn industry.

But if old Carl viewed his displacement by the vagabond Leb. Sackett with seeming indifference, his faithful companion in the service of Rolff House, old Margaret, did not. The advent of Mr. Sackett, which took place the very day of Carl's departure, aroused the spirit of the worthy dame in quite an unlooked-for manner, and led to a volubility of indignant expression of her feelings rather surprising to that individual.

Leb. affected to treat it all with easy indifference, however, and at once made himself at home in his new position.

"It is quite needless for you to rail at me, fair and amiable Margaret," he replied, to one of the old woman's outbursts; "the powers that be have put me here, and here I mean to stay. You will like my company better after you get better acquainted with me"—and his lips parted in a satirical smile that showed his yellow fangs in a not very agreeable manner.

"Like a wolf," snapped old Margaret, her faded blue eyes fairly blazing her hatred and indignation. "A pretty head you are for Rolff House, indeed, you thief and vagabond, as your father and mother were before you. What have you come here to steal? Oh, I'll watch you—I'll watch you."

And watch him she did. Leb. soon found that it would have been impossible to have put a more vigilant and unrelenting detective on his actions than this faithful old domestic. She would steal around the house after him in the most tireless and noiseless way, and the constant fear of being under her observation rather interrupted the pleasure he had promised himself in exploring the nooks and crannies of the strange old mansion. Whenever he betook himself to a new field of investigation, he was pretty sure soon to be greeted with the picture of old Margaret's grey head and wrinkled features framed in the shadow of a doorway or window, with all-observing eyes fixed fearlessly and suspiciously upon him.

But Leb. was not the kind of a man to be easily discouraged. He resolved mentally "to fix the old lady," and, pending his reflections on the matter, he took occasion to report her attitude to his employer.

"It wouldn't be a bad idea to get rid of her in some way," suggested the amiable Mr. Saybrook.

"I might drop her in the old well, or lock her up in one of the old cellars and leave her there," responded Mr. Sackett. "Nobody would ever take the trouble to inquire about her, I reckon."

"No, no; that wouldn't do," answered the lawyer. "You must think of some other plan. I don't want her hurt. It might make trouble."

"Well," continued Leb., "I'll try and fix it in some way. I feel a big interest in having her out of the way, but I have a good deal bigger interest in keeping myself out of trouble. So I ain't likely to do anything very wicked. Wang her, though, I'd enjoy the little job of wringing her weazened old neck. But I suppose I will have to put up with her awhile yet. I'll see what can be done."

No further reference was made to the subject, and two or three weeks slipped by without any change of affairs in Rolff House. Old Margaret, in the meantime, did not become a bit reconciled to the presence of Leb. Sackett, and that worthy found her watchfulness and vigorous enmity to be anything but agreeable to him in his new position.

But gradually rumors began to be whispered about of strange occurrences at Rolff House. Lights had been seen moving about the house by those passing at night. Some one had seen sparks and flames proceeding from the great south chimney at midnight, and it was surmised that the Evil One had been on one of his periodical visits to the old house.

Leb. Sackett was of course interrogated at these occurrences; but he denied any knowledge as to their cause, although he admitted that there were "queer things" going on in the house.

"I'll tell you what," he said to a group of eager listeners in Ronk's Tavern one evening, "that old house is ghost-ridden, and there's no getting around it. Of all queer noises goin' on around nights I never heard the like. Rats? No, it ain't rats, I tell you. Rats don't open and bang doors, raise and let down windows, flash lights about the house, and utter the most awful groans and shrieks. Rats don't carry the furniture about from one room to another during the night, and pull a fellow out of bed all in a heap, as I was the other night. There's old Margaret—it's just the queerest thing how those ghosts persecute her. She's regularly scared, and says it all a judgment because I was put in the house. Well, it's my opinion that this ain't the first time the devil has been to pay in Rolff House, though there's never been anybody there before to own up to the facts of the case. The spooks have been having a rest, I suppose, since the old lady's death, and now they are tryin' to make up for lost time."

"Ain't you afraid, Leb?" asked one of the listeners, whose own teeth fairly chattered at the ghostly details he had heard.

"Afraid? Yes, I am kind o' afraid," replied Leb., in a matter-of-fact way; "but you see I have always had a sort of liking for ghosts, and then I ain't paid for running away from the house. The ghosts havn't hurt me, and I don't think they will. But, I tell you, boys, I keep mighty clear of that old cellar. They say there is something worse than ghosts down there sometimes. I don't want to say much; I can stand the ghosts; but I don't feel exactly safe about that cellar."

Leb. was now the hero of the hour. Every day added to the burden of his ghostly tales, of the doings at Rolff House. There were very few in the little village who were not superstitious enough to put at least some faith in these stories, while the great majority received them with eager credence. Some whose curiosity overcome their fear would watch in the vicinity of the house at nights, and never failed to entertain their cronies on their return with thrilling accounts of what they had witnessed.

(To be Continued.)

CURED LONG AGO BUT STILL CURED

S. Kernohan's Incurable Disease Cured by Dodd's Kidney Pills.

Five Doctors Agreed there was no Hope for Home, but He has been Strong and Well for Years.

Gelert, Ont., Aug. 10.—(Special).—The wonderful cures by Dodd's Kidney Pills published almost daily, recall the case of Samuel Kernohan, of this place. It is years now since he was cured, but as he is still cured it is well worth recalling the facts, and Mr. Kernohan delights to relate them.

"Some time in December, 1893," he says, "I was taken sick and laid up for fourteen months. During my confinement to my house and to my bed, I was attended at various times by five doctors. Three of them decided that my disease was incurable, Floating Kidney, and two of them that it was Soinal Disease. All agreed on one thing—that my case was incurable.

"When my money was all gone, as a matter of necessity and as my last hope I tried Dodd's Kidney Pills. I had only taken three boxes when I was able to walk about. I took in all, eighteen boxes, when I was entirely cured and quite able to work.

"Dodd's Kidney Pills are the best friend I ever found."

The corner-stone of the new Campanile will be laid April 22, 1903, and the Venetian authorities are projecting much ceremony for the occasion. At present the courtyard of the Doge's palace is entirely occupied by fragments of statues and bas-reliefs saved from the ruins. Some of them will be employed in rebuilding the Campanile, while the others are destined for a museum. The subscriptions from all sources so far aggregate $295,000. The restoration will cost $500,000.

The new civilization of the plains is pictured by a recent incident ten miles from a Kansas town. A farmer, riding under an awning on a sulky plow, met, at the end of his furrow, the rural mail wagon. The driver tossed the farmer a bundle of mail, and as the team took up its steady course back across the half-mile field, the farmer unfolded the daily paper, printed that morning two hundred miles away, and read the happenings in China and the news of the political campaign.

An energetic statistician contributes the following table showing what President Roosevelt has done since his vacation commenced at Oyster Bay on July 5: Miles walked, 125; miles ridden, 200; miles rowed, 35; hours given to sleep, 393; hours devoted to official business, 89; hours devoted to semi-official business, 40; number of callers, 595; times he has shaken hands, 770; entertainments, 5; special dinners, 20; special luncheons, 12; speeches, 6; trees cut down, 8; cords of wood cut, 4; shooting at target, 8; sets of tennis played, 30; sets beaten, 14; days at Sagamore Hill, 45; wrestling matches with children, 8; times beaten, 1; and cigars smoked, 47.

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Removes all hard, soft or calloused lumps and blemishes from horses, blood spavin, curbs, splints, ringbone, sweeney, stifles, sprains, sore and swollen throat, coughs, etc. Save $50 by the use of one bottle. Warranted the most wonderful Blemish cure ever known.

The Atlin Claim.

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SATURDAY, OCT. 3RD, 1903.

WE do not consider an apology necessary for the delay in publication this week as THE CLAIM was purposely held over in order that our readers might have the first information as to the result of the Provincial Election.

The resignation of Mr. Joseph Chamberlain, Secretary for the Colonies, Mr. C. T. Ritchie, Chancellor of the Exchequer, and Lord George Hamilton, Secretary for India precipitates a bitter party struggle.

The official announcement of the resignations caused the greatest sensation and more resignations are anticipated; consternation and excitement prevails and other topics are entirely excluded.

By his resignation, Mr. Joseph Chamberlain plainly indicates his desire and intention to fight the Tariff battle from the outside.

It would not be a surprise if a dissolution now occur, in which event the electorate of the United Kingdom will have a chance to endorse or not the question of preferential trade as advanced by Mr. Chamberlain.

The Vancouver Province in a leading article comments on Col. Dudley's report in the following terms:

"As a result of his recent visit to Atlin and the contiguous district, Col. Dudley, United States Consul at this city, has made a report to the Government at Washington on the mining outlook in that region. In his report he states that the district is very rich in gold and that large hydraulic plants are being established, some of which are already producing gold in considerable quantities. His representation of of the country is highly favorable, and he draws attention to the fact that "there are new mines being discovered in the vicinity of Atlin constantly, and I believe that this will eventually become one of the largest mining districts on this coast, but, as I have previously said, it will require large capital for its development."

The existence of large deposits of manganese in Atlin is referred to, and Col. Dudley expresses the opinion that "some of our manufacturers of steel in the United States,, would do well to investigate them as he is convinced that in time they will be very valuable.

Opinions such as these, expressed by men of the standing and ability of Col. Dudley, cannot fail to be of great benefit to this province, as they attract toward our latent resources the confident attention of capital. While acknowledging the advantages which the country must derive from such careful and unprejudiced reports to a foreign Government, however, Canadians cannot but regret that our own people are without some such simple and effective means of obtaining official information regarding the value of the various new districts in the dominion. Did we possess some such channel of information many of the richest and best mineral deposits which are now in the possession of Americans might be owned and operated by Canadians—deposits like the great nickle mines at Sudbury and the copper properties of Lake Superior. It is humilating to think that the cream of so much of our mineral output should enrich enterprising Americans instead of Canadians."

McKEE CREEK

Capt. Robson's Report on the Atlin Mining Co.'s. Property.

"Besides making an inspection of the property and selecting a suitable location for the extensive development work which this company intends to inaugurate next season, the special purpose of Capt. Robson's journey was to endeavor to solve the question of the economical disposal of the vast quantity of large boulders that have been met with in the hydraulic operations of the company. The disposal of the boulders is always more or less of a serious matter in hydraulic operations, but on McKee Creek the boulders which were disintegrated by the monitors were of monstrous proportions. During the past season dynamite has been used freely on them to break up the largest, but this was a rather expensive proceeding. Capt. Robson was accordingly sent out by the English directors of the company.

In an interview with a Province representative, Capt. Robson said that the question was a difficult one, but a partial remedy would be afforded by the use of large derricks. This was what he would recommend to the company, but he thought that blasting would still have to be resorted to in the case of the larger boulders.

"The company has had a very successful season," said Capt. Robson, "and the total of the season's operations will amount to over $150,000. As the company is only capitalized at $225,000, I consider this very satisfactory for the first season. A very complete plant is installed, with two flumes and monitors so arranged that the plant can be run almost the full twenty-four hours. For next summer it is the intention to instal another monitor and make several additions to the plant. I selected a very promising new gravel pit on which hydraulic operations will be commenced next spring. The shortage of water, which has been experienced all through the North, considerably hampered the company this season in their operations."

Vancouver Province.

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.
George E. Hayes, 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.
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Mixed Drinks a Specialty.
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Vegetables Daily From our own Garden.
Breakfast, 6 to 9, Lunch, 12 to 2, Dinner, 6 to 8.

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Passenger and Express Service, Daily (except Sunday), between Skagway, Log Cabin, Bennett, Caribou, White Horse and Intermediate points, making close connections with our own steamers at White Horse for Dawson and Yukon points, and at Caribou for Atlin every Tuesday and Friday; Returning, leave Atlin every Monday and Thursday.
Telegraph Service to Skagway. Express matter will be received for shipment to and from all points in Canada and the United States.
For information relative to Passenger, Freight, Telegraph or Express Rates apply to any Agent of the Company or to
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ATLIN, B. C., SATURDAY, OCTOBER 3, 1903

Amalgamation

N. C. WHEELING & CO. & A. S. CROSS & CO.,

Have amalgamated their businesses and have formed a Joint Stock Company, which, in future, will be known as

THE ATLIN TRADING COMPANY, LIMITED.

The New Firm will conduct all business in the premises formerly occupied by N. C. WHEELING & Co, and will carry the largest and best selected Stock of Groceries, Dry Goods, Boots & Shoes, Etc., Etc., ever carried in Atlin

A. S. CROSS, President and Treasurer
N. C. WHEELING, Secretary.

NEWS OF THE WORLD.

A general strike is imminent on the Great Northern railway.

Attorney General Finlay has concluded his argument for Canada, on the Boundary question. The long speech made a great hit and he is congratulated by both sides.

The appointment of Mr. A. S. Goodeve to the vacant portfolio in the provincial cabinet is one that is eminently satisfactory to the Conservative party and to the people as a whold in general.

King Peter, of Servia, is still alive.

The reports of his assination have been contradicted, and put down to a Bourse canard.

Nine thousand dollars, belonging to the Wellington Colliery Company, was stolen out of a sack containing thirty four thousand dollars whilst in taansit on Mr. Dunsmuir's own steamer "The City of Nanaimo."

Gold has been discovered on Gribble Island, about 400 miles from Vancouver. Assays vary from $4 to $120 a ton.

Capt. Rudlin, master of the Canadian Pacific steamship Princess Victoria, dropped dead on the cor. of Granville and Hastings at 11. 25 a. m. on the 23rd. ult. It is believed that he was stricken with heart desease.

Mr. Gillespie, Chairman of the London Chamber of Commerce, says that Mr. Joseph Chamberlain will visit Canada next year.

WORK UP TO DATE.

John Pugh, the Vancouver Taxidermist is at Cariboo Crossing after Northern animals. Anyone wishing any heads mounted or furs dressed can forward to Cariboo where Mr. Pugh will take care of them.

A Court of Revision and Appeal, under the provisions of the "Assessment Act" for the Atlin Lake, Bennett Lake and Chilcat Divisions of Cassiar District will be held at the Court House, Atlin on Tuesday, October 20th (prox.) at the hour of 10 o'clock A. M.

J. A. Fraser,
Government Agent.

Atlin, Sept. 28 1903.

NOTICES.

NOTICE is hereby given that sixty days from the date hereof, I intend making application to the Honorable the Chief Commissioner of Lands and Works for permission to purchase sixty acres of land for agricultural purposes, in the Atlin District of Cassiar, situated as follows:

Commencing at a stake marked B. B's North-West Corner Post situated on the East Bank of the Atlintoo River, thence in an Easterly Direction 20 Chains, thence in a Southerly Direction 20 Chains, thence Westerly about 40 Chains, thence along the East Bank of the Atlintoo River about 80 Chains to the point of commencement, containing in all about 60 acres, more or less.

H. A. Butler,
C. H. Butler.

Dated at Taku, B. C.
19th August, 1903.

NOTICE is hereby given that Sixty days after date I intend to apply to the Chief Commissioner of Lands and Works for permission to purchase the following described tract of land for agricultural purposes: Commencing at a post marked David L. Hall's N. E. corner, thence 20 chains West, thence 80 chains South, thence 20 chains East, thence 80 chains North to place of commencement, containing in all 160 acres more or less.

Situated two miles east of Atlin Lake and about 10 miles North of Atlin Townsite on a small creek known as Burnt Creek.

David L. Hall.

Dated at Atlin, B. C. this 24th. day of August 1903.

NOTICE is hereby given that sixty day after date I intend to apply to the Chief Commissioner of Lands and Works for permission to purchase the following described trac of land for agricultural purposes: Commencing at post planted at the South East corner of R. Grierson's preemption No. 245, situated near Surprise Lake in the Atlin District, thence East 20 chains to Post 2, thence North 20 chains to Post 3, thence West 20 chains to Post 4, thence South 20 chains to place of commencement, containing in all about forty acres more or less.

JOHN DUNHAM

Dated at Surprise Lake, Aug. 28th, 1903.

PROCLAMATION.

ELECTORAL DISTRICT OF ATLIN.
TO WIT:

"Public Notice is hereby given to the Electors of the District of Atlin that in obedience to His Majesty's Writ to me directed, and bearing date the Fifth day of September, in the year of our Lord One Thousand, Nine Hundred and Three, I require the presence of the said Electors at the the Government House, Atlin, on the 19th day of September at 12 o'clock, noon, for the purpose of electing a person to represent them in the Legislature of the Province.

"The mode of nomination of candidates shall be as follows:—

"The candidates shall be nominated in writing; the writing shall be subscribed by two registered voters of the district as Proposer and Seconder, and by three other Registered Voters of the said District as assenting to the nomination, and shall be delivered to the Returning Officer at any time between the date of the Proclamation and One p.m. of the day of Nomination, and, in the event of a Poll being necessary, such Poll will be open on the 3rd day of October at:

POLLING PLACES: Government Office, Atlin, B.C.
Police Station, Discovery.
Sinclair's Mill, Surprise Lake.
Ronayne's Camp, McKee Creek.
Mining Recorder's Office, Wells, B.C.
Mining Recorder's Office Bennett, B.C.
Police Station, Telegraph Creek.

Of which every person is hereby required to take notice and govern himself accordingly.

Given under my hand at Atlin, B.C., this 7th day of September, A.D., 1903.

A. S. Cross,
Returning Officer.

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.

DRINK THE BEST

"NABOB TEA."

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

For Sale by all First Class Grocers.

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

THE GRAND HOTEL

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

French Restaurant in Connection.

DAVID HASTIE, PROPRIETOR.

Corner of First and Discovery Streets.

THE WHITE PASS & YUKON ROUTE.

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

TIME TABLE,

IN EFFECT JANUARY 7 1901,
Daily except Sunday.

No. 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	"	3. 05 / 3. 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. 20 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.

J. G. CORNELL.

Nugget Hotel

Discovery.

OPEN DAY AND NIGHT.

FIRST-CLASS RESTAURANT IN CONNECTION.

Headquarters for Brock's stage.

Pine Tree Hotel.

DISCOVERY, B. C.

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

Finest of liquors. Good stabling.

ED. SANDS, Proprietor.

O. K. BATHS BARBER SHOP

G. H. FORD Prop.

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.

Pellew-Harvey, Bryant & Gilman

Provincial Assayers

The Vancouver Assay Office, Established 1890.

W. WALLACE GRIME & Co.,
Agents.

Large or Small Samples forwarded for Assay

TRY

J. D. DURIE'S

FOR

UPHOLSTERY
MATTRESSES
FURNITURE
HARDWARE
PAINTS & OILS

Atlin & Discovery.

The Royal Victoria Life Insurance Co.

OF CANADA.
Capital $1,000,000.
A. C. Hirschfeld, Agent.

ENTERTAINMENT A LA MODE

Saturday-to-Monday House Party Now the Correct Thing.

The Saturday-to-Monday house party is now the correct thing among out-of-town hostesses, and surely no jollier form of entertainment than this has yet been devised.

Whether simple or elaborate preparations are made dependent, of course upon the size of the establishment and the number of servants, but, whatever else it may or may not be, the house party should be distinctly informal.

The note of invitation for a Saturday-to-Monday party should be explicit as to trains, etc., and should also state whether guests will be met at trains by conveyances; arrived at the house, afternoon tea is served, English fashion, and then, if the gathering is a large one, the ladies retire to their rooms and do not return until five minutes before the dinner hour. Again, English fashion, dinner is the only ceremonious meal, but even there dress is comparatively simple, the women wearing pretty demi-toilettes and the men dinner packets instead of the regulation dress coats.

At many out-of-town houses Sunday morning breakfast parties are much affected, the house party being supplemented by outsiders, who arrive on wheels, afoot, or horseback, as inclination dictates. These meetings are, of course, delightfully informal, and the breakfast served is really what the French call a dejeuner a la fourchette—that is to say, a judicious compromise between the morning meal and the midday luncheon. Grape fruit, it goes without saying is the first choice; a golden omelet follows next; then the piece de resistance—a bird or broiled chicken—with potatoes done in some delicate style; waffles then, or hot cakes, and last of all, delicious strawberries, served with rich country cream.

Many hostesses, who rejoice in a large country house, where the hall is the special architectural feature, have breakfast served at small tables set in the hall, the hall itself lavishly decorated a la rose tree; that is to say with trailing vines on walls, and mantel, and doors, and the effect is charming.

What to wear at such a gathering is, of course, the question that arises first in the feminine mind when an invitation is received for a Saturday-to-Monday party. The answer to that problem is easy: In compliment to your hostess, put your prettiest and dressiest gown in a dress suit case, add to its contents a duck skirt, a crisp shirt waist, and the small toilette accessories, and even the most fastidious woman is suitably equipped for such a stay. A neat tailor gown is worn on the train, or if one travels awheel, then the dress suit case is sent ahead and the bicycle costume is made as chic and trim as possible.

What Girls are Doing.

Another thing the girls are doing is making small hair pillows to send to send to the men. These were suggested to them by an old regular army officer who has seen much service, and who told them that a man could make himself quite comfortable anywhere in the open with his blanket if he only had a hair pillow to lay his head on. These pillows are not stuffed very full, so that they may be easily rolled up in the blankets. They are about twenty-seven inches square and are covered first with ticking, and then with a slip cover of denim or cretone, which can be taken off and washed. Some of the girls are embroidering dark blue ones in red initials and monograms, brown ones in yellow or blue, and so on, in different combination of color.

There is a certain set of well known society girls in town who are buying luxuries and packing cases of them for the men they know in the different camps. Each girl has pledged herself to give so much money every week, and a committee on packing and shipping the cases has been formed, which will attend to the sending of them off every two weeks until the war is over. The goods are all to be sent toone of the girls' houses, which will be kept open all summer if the family goes away, and any donations of sensible and practical articles of food which are easily transported are very gratefully received.—Harper's Bazar.

How to Climb Stairs.

A physician who declares that very few people know how to walk upstairs properly gives these instructions: "Usually a person will tread on the ball of his foot in taking each step. This is very tiresome and wearing on the muscles, as it throws the entire suspended weight of the body on th muscles of the legs and feet. You should, in walking or climbing stairs, seek for the most equal distribution of the body's weight possible. In walking upstairs your feet should be placed squarely down on the step, heel and all, and then the wor should be performed slowly and deliberately. In this way there is no strain upon any muscle, but each one is doing its duty in a natural manner. The man who goes upstairs with a spring you may be sure is no philosopher, or, at least, his reasoning has not been directed to that subject." The doctor might have gone a little further in the same line and protested against the habit which many persons have of bending over half double when they ascend a flight of stairs. In exertion of this kind, when the heart is naturally excited to more rapid action, it is desirable that the lungs should have full play. But the crouching position interferes with their action, the blood is imperfectly aerated and there is trouble right away. Give the lungs a chance to do their work everywhere and at all times.

THE MODERN BATTLESHIP.

Striking Differences Between New and Old Style Ships of War.

In the old ships personnel was everything; material was almost nothing. In the modern ships the conditions are almost reversed, and, while personnel is still indispensable as the directing power, material has assumed such importance as almost to dwarf it. To an engineer the consideration of the modern battleship is fascinating for it is his creation throughout. He furnishes the material, he fashions every part, and without him its successful use would be impossible. We have the metallurgical engineer who furnishes the material; the ordnance engineer who makes the guns and armor; the marine engineer who builds the main and auxiliary machinery; the hydraulic engineer who supplies the hydraulic apparatus; the electrical engineer who installs the lighting plant; and the naval architect who builds the hull, for I count him an engineer as truly as the bridge builder is one.

The hull must be strong enough to carry guns, armor, coal and machinery, to withstand the stresses due to heavy weather, and it must be almost unsinkable. All these conditions make it a very complicated structure, with its numerous bulkheads and water-tight compartments. It has often been said that a warship is a series of compromises, and a study of the differences of opinion of eminent designers even at the present time make this very clear. Ever since the introduction of armor there has been a steady fight between it and the gun, first one and then the other being ahead. At first it was possible to armor the whole side above water as well as to give special protection to the guns and machinery, but with the progress or ordnance the thickness of armor required to give adequate protection has become so great that it is impossible to armor the vessel throughout her length. This has led to the design of central citadel ships where the armor is concentrated at the middle of the length, protecting guns, magazines and machinery, leaving the ends almost entirely unprotected. Many competent critics contend, however, that such vessels are very vulnerable and that an attack of the unarmored ends by rapid-fire guns in the region of the water line would speedily let in so much water as to render the vessel unmanageable.

Probably few except those specially interested in the design of naval vessels have any idea of the weight given to armor in the battleship, and the following summary of the distribution of weights in our sea-going battleship, the Iowa, will be interesting:

	Tons.
Hull and fittings	4,540
Protection, including armor, protive deck and water-excluding material	3,630
Armament and fittings and ammunition	1,000
Machinery, stores, spare parts, etc.	1,170
Coal at normal displacement	625
Crew, equipment, outfit, stores, etc.	325
Total	11,290

From this it will be seen that almost exactly one-third of the entire weight is given up to protection. The distribution of armor in this vessel is as follows: Protection of the hull against injury to the water line region is to be secured by a side armor belt 14 inches thick and 7.5 feet deep. The transverse armor at the ends of the belt will be 12 inches thick. Barbettes and turrets for 12-inch guns will have armor 15 inches thick, and the ship's side, from the armor belt to the main deck, will have a thickness of 5 inches. An armored deck, 3 inches thick, is to extend forward and aft from the ends of the armor belt. The conning tower will have 10-inch armor, and will be connected to the armored-deck by an armored communication tube 7 inches thick. The barbettes of the 8-inch guns will be 8 inches thick on the exposed side and 6 inches elsewhere, while the turret elsewhere, while the turret armor will be 6 inches thick. These turrets will have armored supporting tubes 3 inches thick arranged to protect the ammunition hoists. The 4-inch guns have shields 4 inches thick. Most modern battleships include the three great weapons of attack, the gun, the ram and the torpedo, and each is a machine in itself. Special vessels have been built in which one of the last two is the only weapon, this feature being carried out to the greatest extent in the torpedo boat, which has been multiplied by the score in the navies of all first-class countries but the United States. Only a few rams, where that is the only weapon, have been built thus far, although that accomplished naval officer, Admiral Ammen, believes that fleets of rams should form our principal class of vessels. In the battleship, the ram and the torpedo are regarded as secondary weapons, the main reliance being upon the gun. It is not hard to understand why this should be so. The ram and the torpedo are effective only against other vessels and they must be used at close range, the former by the very nature of things. The gun is effective at long range and against fortifications as well as ships.

At one time it seemed as though the increase in size of guns was to be without limit, and there are actually afloat to-day a number of guns weighing from 100 to 110 tons. This enormous weight, moreover, is that of the gun alone. When its mount and fittings are included the figures would be increased more than half. Experience has shown, however, that this was going too far, and the limit now appears to be about 13.5 inches caliber and 67 tons weight. Only a few full charges, comparatively, can be fired from one of these monster guns before it must be relined at great expense. The exact number is not definitely known, but is put at fewer than fifty. As an exhibition of enormous power, however, the figures, for the firing of one of these guns are awe-inspiring. The projectiles weigh nearly a ton and cost about $750. The powder charge is nearly 1,000 pounds and costs about $325. The projectile leaves the gun with a velocity of about 2,000 feet per second, having an energy of about 50,000 foot-tons.—George W. Melville, Engineer-in-Chief U. S. Navy, in the Engineering Magazine.

NEWSPAPER ENGLISH.

It is Plain and Orators Use It to Advantage.

"No statesman who is worth his salt will be hampered by tradition," said Lord Rosebery in a recent speech. And the saying is a good one in itself. Traditions are useful only when they help. They are a good deal worse than worthless when they hamper.

But Lord Rosebery's saying is chiefly remarkable as an illustration of the fact that he is not hampered by the traditions of stilted English oratory. "Worth his salt," is a breezy colloquialism which expresses in three words which could not have been so well expressed in three sentences of the finest oratorical English.

The fine oratorical English in which our grandfathers delighted seems insufferably stilted to us of this generation. We demand plain English, and the man who wishes to reach the largest number of people will use the plainest of plain English.

The newspapers, which have a hand in nearly everything, have done this. They have shown the advantage of speaking in intelligible language. They are condemned by college professors for using colloquialisms, vulgarisms if you please, such as this with which Lord Rosebery enforces his meaning. But what the newspaper tries to do is to make itself intelligible to the largest number of people in the shortest time and smallest space. Very often fine English is effective, but oftener still a colloquialism will ring the bell where the English of Addison would not strike the outer rim of the target.

The orators are finding this out and conforming to it. Something is lost, perhaps, but more is gained, for it means another step away from the exclusiveness of an intellectual aristocracy; another concession to the masses the despised Toms, Dicks and Harrys, over whose heads the orators of our classical period fired the resonant salvos of their heavy artillery.—New York World.

The Boil on the Devil's Elbow.

One of Florida's wonders is an immense volume of water that boils up in the middle of the St. John's river at a place known as Devil's Elbow, one mile east of Palatka. Although soundings have been made at this place to the depth of 600 feet, no bottom has been found. It is believed to be the outlet of Falling Creek, a considerable stream that sinks into the earth eight miles north of Lake City, in Columbia county. The carcasses of drowned animals have frequently been known to come up in this boil, showing that part of the stream must be above ground. Several of the oldest citizens in the county concur in the story that some forty years ago the carcass of a cow was thrown up by this geyser that bore the mark and brand of Col. Goodbread, a well-known cattle owner, of Columbia county, at that time, whose stock used to graze on the banks of Falling Creek.

The bed of this underground stream passes directly under Palatka at a depth of 205 feet. It is tapped along its course within the city by numerous artesian wells, which throw up a clear, cool stream of water to a height of 33½ feet above the level of the streets. By placing the ear to the pipes of these wells the unmistakable thunders of subterranean cataracts are easily recognized.—Palatka Advertiser.

Meats of the Future.

The practical chemist of Philadelphia looks to the speedy solution of a problem upon which men of his profession are engaged the world over—the reproduction of meats for the table from their chemica constituents. "Within this century," he says, "I expect to see synthetic steaks, roasts and chops entered upon the bill of fare at our leading hotels and restaurants, and they will be be prepared so artistically as to appeal to the sense of beauty as well as to the appetite. At first, of course, in order to appease the natural prejudices against anything so novel, a choice will be afforded between the real and the artificial; but eventually the killing of animals for food will be regarded in all civilized countries as barbarous. That this is not an absurd prediction is well assured to those who have observed what synthetic chemistry have already done in exactly reproducing mustard, sugar, butter, ice, lemon juice and flavoring essences; besides madder, turpentine and many other compounds used extensively in commerce."—Philadelphia Record.

Germany is reported to publish about 23,000 books in a year. Great Britain is credited with between 6,000 and 7,000 a year, of which about 1,500 are new editions. France turns out 13,000 new books and Italy 9,500 in the same time. The year's total new books is 70,000. Many of the modern books, the London "Express" reminds us, are written for the moment only. "They are merely enlarged magazine articles. If there is a revolution or a big disaster, or a war, the men on the spot promptly rush out a volume apiece. Of course, these works do not last; but they pay at the time. Not 10 per cent. of one year's books continue to sell or to be remembered a twelvemonth later."

LIFE SUSTAINING FRUITS

Thousands of People Live Alone on Dates and Bananas.

In replying to the query of whether there are any fruits which of themselves are sufficient to support healthy life an exchange says: There are many such, among which may be mentioned the date, banana and plantain, figs when dried, the bean of the carob, or locust tree, and the fruit of the boabab, or monkey bread tree, which is eaten by the negroes in West Africa. All these contain sufficient fat, sugar, starch, pecten, gum and nitrogenous matter to support healthy life. Of all these preference must be given to the banana, which supplies to many millions a permanently nutritive food and to the fruit of the date palm, or Phenix dactylifera, which serves as an exclusive article of aliment in parts of North Africa, Arabia and Persia.

"In all Fezzan," says one authority, "the date is the staple food not only for men, but for the camels, horses and dogs. Nineteen-twentieths of the population live on dates alone during nine months of the year." In the hadji or pilgrimages the price of dates at Mecca and Medina forms the first question asked between the Arab pilgrims going to and returning from the sacred city. Cakes of dates pounded and kneaded into a solid mass constitute the main nutriment of the caravans crossing the Sahara. From the fresh juice of the date wine and also vinegar are made and spirit distilled, while the stones or seeds are roasted and largely used instead of coffee.—Pittsburg Dispatch.

The Boy is Learning a Great Lesson.

"My boy has gone to work in a drug store at $3 a week," said a friend of mine recently. "He's fifteen years old, weighs 115 pounds and is well developed. He came home and told us the other night that he had seen a sign up in the druggist's window on the corner and had hired himself through vacation. He was to report for work at 7 o'clock in the morning and he leaves at 10 o'clock at night. Half an hour is given him for lunch and an hour for dinner. His duties are variegated. He washes windows, sweeps out the store, polishes up the brass work and runs the soda fountain. He washes the sidewalk with a hose, cleans empty bottles in the cellar and breaks up boxes for firewood. He is expected to go through the shelves of jars every day and keep them in condition of glistening brightness. When he has nothing to do he is sent out to deliever orders to customers."

"That strikes me as a pretty hard job," I suggested.

"It is," replied the father. "But there are hundreds of boys who would be glad to get it. I am going to let him keep it for a week. Then I'll send him off to the country to let him meditate on what a soft snap he has in having a father who is willing to support him until he becomes of age. It ought to be a valuable lesson."—New York Press.

Electricty in Medicine.

While quack electricity in the shape of belts, hair brushes, pads, etc., is receiving many body blows from the experts and the courts, it is encouraging to know that the scientific application of electricity to therapeutical work is gaining ground rapidly. Not only are medical men themselves actively investigating the subject, but electricians like Edison, Tesla, Elihu Thomson, A. E. Kennelly, J. J. Carty and others are devoting considerable time and study to it. American medical papers contain many notes on new lines of work, and even the more conservative English press finds space to record advances in the electro-therapeutic art. A recent Lancet contains interesting references to the very successful use of electricity in curing trigeminal neuralgia, and to long-continued treatment of cases of tiedouloureux, which is practically the same thing, with long and short applications of the current. Success is uniform in all cases. It remains true, however, that English practitioners are still very slow to resort to electrical methods of cure, while in this country it is becoming so popular with all the schools that apparatus is now on the market from several well-known houses, enabling the use in the practising rooms or the hospitals of the ordinary lighting current from the street mains.—New York Post.

Tea and Coffee.

A German professor has been investigating in elaborate fashion the effect on processes of digestion produced by the use of tea and coffee. He prepared an artificial gastric juice, and mixed it with coagulated egg albumen, with and without additions of tea and coffee infusions. While the gastric juice by itself was able to digest 94 per cent. of the egg albumen in the space of eight hours, when tea was added the proportion digested was reduced to 66 per cent. When a decoction of coffee was mixed with the albumen the gastric fluid was only able to digest 61 per cent., or less than two-thirds of the albumen. The digestive power of the gastric juice appeared to vary with the strength of the infusion, the disturbing effect being less when the solutions of tea and coffee were weakened. The professor is of opinion that the deleterious effect produced is due to the tannin which is extracted during the process of making, and not to the presence of thein and caffein, and he mentions that tea which has not been allowed to stand more than two or three minutes is less injurious because a smaller quantity of this undesirable ingredient, tannin, has been produced than when it is boiled up or left in contact with the leaves for a considerable length of time.

Equal to the Occasion.

"Don't be frightened, Miss Plunkett," said the young man, reassuringly, as the vessel gave another fearful lurch to leeward. "There is no immediate danger, but perhaps I'd better put a life-preserver around you."

"Not yet, Mr. Hankinson," responded the young woman, bravely. "But I will take your arm."

Mr. Hankinson thought he understood, and, with rare presence of mind, he put his arm around her, instead.—Chicago Tribune.

Japan hopes that Li Hung Chang will keep his yellow jacket until she has warmed it.—New York World.

Interesting Items.

Viscount Kitchener's new peerage is granted with a very unusual remainder. It goes first to his male children, next to his female children, and in default of both to his two brothers in succession.

Lady Curzon takes a great interest in the English that educated Hindoos write. This English is nearly always ludicrous, and Lady Curzon has a huge collection of fine specimens of it. Recently she got from Bombay an addition to her collection, a letter that two brothers sent out to their patrons on the death of their father, who had been the head of the firm. The letter ran: "Gentlemen—We have the pleasure to inform you that our respected father departed this life on the 10th inst. His business will be conducted by his beloved sons, whose names are given below. The opium market is quiet and Mal. 1,500 rupees per chest. O death, where is thy sting? O grave, where is thy victory? We remain, etc."

Wirt Gerrare, in his volume on "Greater Russia," says that in the Czar's country one may not call another a fool—there is a Scriptural injunction against that, and it is consequently a legal offence, too. Not long ago, a "vint" player called his partner a fool for needlessly trumping their trick. The offended man brought his accuser before the court. The culprit pleaded provocation, and, knowing that the judge would be a passionate follower of the national game, explained the matter in detail. The judge became interested; got excited as the particulars of the play were given. "I took the trick with my queen, and, instead of throwing away, my partner played the king!" shouted the abuser. "The fool!" said the judge; "ah-hem—next case."

When Gladstone was first a member of the Cabinet, his young wife dropped a word in the presence of some of his colleagues which implied that she was acquainted with a matter of great importance. Realizing that she had made a slip, she left the room and wrote a note of apology, which she sent to her husband by a servant. The reply that came back was to this effect: "Dearest C. Don't blame yourself. I don't blame you. It's the only little mistake you ever made. Your affectionate, W. E. G." In later years when people tried to "pump" Mrs. Gladstone, her look of ignorance was bland and convincing. "Well, Mrs. Gladstone, what is Mr. Gladstone going to do about the Irish Church?" "Well, I wonder? What do you think he ought to do?" And the questioner retired as wise as he came.

Visitors to Washington will recall the bronze statue of Abraham Lincoln in the center of Lincoln Park. It was purchased with a fund raised by former slaves to commemorate their liberator. There is a replica of the statue in Boston, reared by the liberality of Moses Kimball. Bostonians tell a story concerning the remark of Oliver Wendell Holmes when he was first shown the Lincoln statue in Boston. Beneath that statue and on the granite base was an inscription telling the history of the memorial. The name of Moses Kimball appeared in letters of very large size; in fact, five or six times as large as were the letters in the name of Lincoln. Dr. Holmes glanced at the monument, and, catching sight of the name of the giver in big letters, dryly remarked: "Well! well! How Moses Kimball has changed!"

During the heat of the recent troubles in Venezuela, when the coast was blockaded and starvation was staring fifty per cent. of the people in the face, Stephen Bonsal was surprised to find President Castro enjoying himself at a picnic at La Victoria, where champagne was flowing like water. "I did not succeed in concealing, nor did I very much try to conceal, my astonishment at the scenes which met my eye," he says. "I had certainly thought to find our ally otherwise engaged. 'But why should you wonder?' said Castro, noting my surprise; 'our part is played. We have picked the quarrel, and now, blessed be the Monroe Doctrine, our role is finished, and the fighting must be done by "el tio Samuel." All the papers in the case I have given to your minister, who goes to Washington as my attorney.' 'Yea, "viva la Doctrina Monroey"!' exclaimed Tello Mendoza, the witty muleteer whom Castro has made secretary of the treasury, 'it spares us sleepless nights, and gives us time for picnics.'"

Advice on Marriage.

Never marry for money, unless it is settled upon you.

Never marry for beauty, but take care that your wife has it.

If you marry for love, be sure that she's got it—for you.

Never marry a woman who's cleverer than yourself, or she will make you look foolish.

Never marry a fool, or she will breed trouble.

Never marry a red-headed woman; they are generally spiteful.

Never marry a black-haired woman; they are short-tempered.

Never marry a thin girl; she will most likely become scraggy.

Never marry a fat girl; an over-corpulent woman is a monstrosity.

Never marry a girl who will not go out; she will be no companion to you.

Perhaps it is safest never to marry at all.—"Ally Sloper's Half-Holiday."

Fall Fashions.

Already gossip about fall fashions is in the air and wise heads are debating as to whether this summer mode will endure or whether that one will end with the warm weather. The indications, says The New York Sun, point to logical development in fashions. We have not yet exhausted the effects possible along the line to which we have given approval, and the chances are that the coming winter modes will be the prevailing summer ones translated into heavier materials.

The translation, however, will not be an easy one, for the shirrings, puffings, flouncings, ruchings, etc., so fascinating in sheer summer fabrics will not lend themselves to zibeline and cloth and velvet.

Of course, house frocks and evening frocks for winter will be in materials soft enough and sheer enough to adapt themselves to any handling, but just what compromise will be effected in the heavier fabrics remains to be seen. The canny woman will not be in a hurry to select her winter outfit and will wait until tentative modes have settled into well-defined certainties.

There is a rumor that severely tailored street frocks will forge to the front once more, though the dressy creation which French dressmakers call a tailor gown will still be needed for more formal wear. With this severe tailor frock, if prophecy is fulfilled, will come a reaction against the plaited walking street and the unlined skirt.

A many-gored skirt—having as many as seventeen gores and rippling in somewhat exaggerated fashion around the feet—will have a prominent place and will be lined and stiffened around the bottom. Of the coat to accompany this skirt little that is definite is told save that it will be severe in lines and finish, have the conventional tailor turn-over collar and mannish sleeves and vary in length to suit the wearer.

But, as has been said, all this is in the air as yet and may never materialize. More authentic is the information about colorings for the coming season, for the manufacturers have already out their sample cards and from them one can gather a few foundation facts.

Brown, particularly in the dark shades, but ranging all the way to lightest fawn, is prominent. Foliage greens and clear emerald shadings, blue, in the corn flower shadings, geranium and poppy reds, the reddish purples called fuchsia, dahlia, plum and aubergine (egg plant), the clear silvery greys—these are all in evidence in the samples, and among the more delicate shadings the pastel tints hold their own.

Pure white, it is said, will be less popular, but all the off-color whites—oyster, mushroom, breadcrumb, etc.—will have great vogue. Two-tone effects will be pushed in wool fabrics and French manufacturers threaten us with mixtures of bright colors, which they call cake walk mixtures.

Broadcloth is being largely ordered, and zibeline in countless varieties will be a feature of the season. Scotch plaids and the soft-lined, subdued French interpretations of tartan plaid will appear again.

In trimming nothing startlingly new is announced so far. New developments of the dangling ornaments, fringes, cut out appliques, embroideries of all sorts are promised, and lace will be much used, although it is confidently asserted that the day of the Cluny and antique craze is past.

The Russian Finances.

The Oswoboschdenije, a Russian review published at Stuttgart, which is invariably well informed on Russian affairs, has an interesting report of a recent sitting of the Russian Cabinet, at (as stated briefly in The London Times' cable despatches some time ago) which M. Witte, Minister of Finance, described to the Czar and his colleagues the disastrous state of Russian finances. M. Witte stated that the Russian national expenditure in 1893 had been £160,000,000, while in 1902 it had risen to £300,000,000. This extraordinary increase within a decade had been accompanied by a corresponding augmentation of taxation, but the limit in this direction had now been reached. It would be impossible to impose further burdens of taxation on the Russian people without crushing the nation under their weight. The Russian budget for 1903 allows for a deficit of £1,000,000, and under the present conditions the amount of the annual deficit must inevitably increase from year to year. In these circumstances M. Witte declared that the projected increases of the army and navy were simply impossible, and he expressed the hope that the Czar would rescind the decrees authorizing various items of naval and military expenditure. Altogether, M. Witte gave a most melancholy account of Russia's impecuniosity. The finances of the Russian State railways are typical of the prevailing depression in the Czar's dominions. In 1900 their balance-sheet showed a deficit of £300,000, in 1901 a deficit of £4,935,000, and in 1902 a deficit of £6,750,000. It is estimated that the deficit for 1903 will be £7,650,000, and as new and expensive lines are to be constructed in Asia the deficit will increase by leaps and bounds in the next few years. In 1905 it is thought that the deficit on the State railways will be £12,750,000, so that railways, which in all other countries are rich sources of wealth, are in Russia heavy burdens on the national purse.

Losses by Strikes.

Over twenty-eight and a half million working days have been lost in the United Kingdom during the past five years owing to strikes and lockouts. The figures for the past three years are as under:—

	Days.
1902	3,573,390
1901	4,142,387
1900	3,152,094

The figures are very moderate, however, compared with the "black year"—1898—when the lost days numbered fifteen and a quarter millions.

Of 142 disputes last year, 202 were settled in favor of the masters, 107 in favor of the men, and 128 were compromised, the remaining ten being left indefinite. The boards of conciliation and arbitration averted 669 disputes last year.

Origin of Australian Natives.

Mr. Lydekker drew attention, in an article published in Knowledge a few years ago, to the evidence in favor of an Asiatic origin for the aborigines of Australia, whose nearest relatives then appeared to be the Veddas of Ceylon. This month the same journal says that in a letter from Macassar the Messrs. Sarasin, who are travelling in Celebes, announce the discovery in the mountains of that island of a primitive people—the Toala—presenting a remarkable physical resemblance to the Veddas. Although these people have now been considerably influenced in the mode of life by contact with the Buginese of the coast districts, there is decisive evidence that a short time ago they were cave-dwellers (as indeed are some of their number now), while within a century or so ago they were in the habit of using chipped stone arrowheads and other weapons and implements. There can be little doubt that the Toala were the primitive inhabitants of Celebes, and that they were driven to take refuge in the mountains by the Malay invaders, with whom, however, they now hold a certain amount of intercourse. Assuming their affinity to the Veddas to be true—and it is scarcely likely that such a remarkable resemblance can be merely accidental—we have much stronger evidence than before as to the probable Asiatic origin of the Australian aborigines.

The Man Who Couldn't.

C. R. Kennedy of the "Everyman" company is credited by Harper's Weekly with this story:—On one occasion Sir Henry Irving's company, having been called to the theatre for rehearsal, arrived there ahead of time. As Sir Henry had not yet come, one of the actors in the company, who was noted for his accomplishments as a mimic, proceeded to give a lively and elaborate imitation to Sir Henry's highly characteristic acting. As he finished his demonstration a well-known voice came from the depths of the darkened auditorium: "Very good," it said. "Very good indeed! So good, in fact that there is no need for both of us in this company."

It is also related that a brother actor famous for his pomposity and his inordinate ambition was regaling Irving with a forecast of his plans for the future.

"I shall begin the season," he announced, "with such-and-such a part; and after that I shall appear as Hamlet."

"Um!" drawled Irving. "As—eh—Hamlet, did you say?"

The other, incensed by the tone of the query, bridled up at once.

"Do you think, Sir Henry," he demanded, indignantly, "that you are the only man who can play Hamlet?"

"Oh, no," rejoined Irving, blandly; "but I am quite sure that you are the only man who can't."

Wanted to do Her Duty.

The Chicago Tribune has the following:—

"I want to advertise for a runaway husband," said the woman with the resolute face. "I suppose that's the proper thing to do."

"How do you want it to read?" asked the clerk at the advertising counter.

"I ought to give a description of him, oughtn't I?"

"Yes, if you want him identified."

"Well, make it something like this: 'Lost—From the premises of the undersigned, a small, common looking man, with a little tuft of hair on his chin—got that down?"

"Yes, ma'am."

"'Rather hump shouldered, never looks anybody straight in the eye, walks with a kind of slouch'—got that?"

"Yes."

"'Wore a grey suit of clothes, with a lot of grease spots on them, never takes any care of his finger nails and never blacks his shoes. Answers to the name of Shorty.' Got that? I suppose I ought to offer a reward for him."

"Just as you please about that, ma'am."

"Well, I don't care whether he comes back or not, you understand. I only want to do the customary thing. You may offer a reward of 25 cents. Put it among the want ads. I guess that's all. How much?"

"That will be—"

"Hold on! Just put after that 'no questions asked.'"

A few moments later, having paid for the advertisement, she walked out of the office with a firm step, and with the look of a woman who was not personally interested in the matter in hand, but felt that she had discharged a duty she owed to society.

A Pretty Compliment.

The King and Queen recently attended one of the royal military tournament performances at the Agricultural Hall, at which the men of H. M. S. Excellent provided a surprise which was greatly appreciated by the Royal party. Immediately after the finish of their gun drill the men threw themselves face downwards on the tan and formed the words "Vivat Rex." The King and Queen and the other occupants of the Royal box repeatedly applauded this pretty and effective compliment.

How Men of Genius Work.

Dr. F. Regnault contributes to "La Revue" a somewhat scrappy but interesting paper on this subject. Apparently men of genius work in a hundred different ways, and there is no general philosophy to be drawn from a study of their methods. Napoleon decided the fate of battles by a moment's inspiration. Haydn attributed the idea of "The Creation" to a special grace from on high; the Polish poet Mickiewicz declared that he had only to strike his breast to find inspiration; Byron said that composition was a violent labor; Bossuet excited the brain by binding his head with warm cloths. It is curious that Schopenhauer of all men should work when "his will was asleep." Of men who worked in their dreams, Coleridge, with Kubla Khan, is probably the best known to Englishmen. But Heine dreamt also of his poems, and La Fontaine composed the fable of "The Two Pigeons" while dreaming. Voltaire dreamt in one night a complete canto of the "Henriade," and Mr. Kruger, to take a recent case, declared that his dreams sometimes enabled him to solve difficult problems. Genius has also always differed as regards rapidity of work. Voltaire wrote "Catilina" in eight days, while Vergil was so dissatisfied with his life-work that he gave orders for its destruction. Flaubert rewrote "Madame Bovary" seven or eight times. Michael Angelo worked with a rapidity which approached frenzy, and Rembrandt gained a wager to engrave a landscape while a servant went out to buy mustard. Leonardo da Vinci, on the other hand, took four years to paint "Joconde."

Should Ladies Wear Socks?

The question as to whether English ladies should wear socks, after the example of their American cousins, says The London Express, was earnestly discussed yesterday in the West End and in the large wholesale hosiery houses in the city. The general opinion of the heads of large drapery firms was that the fashion would never become popular in England. In an interview with an Express representative the managing partner of a firm near St. Paul's Churchyard said:—"The idea that well-bred English women will adopt the latest American fad of wearing socks instead of stockings is a ridiculous one. A certain class of women who call themselves 'the smart set' may do so, but I do not think that even they would have the hardihood to walk down Regent street in broad daylight wearing gaily-colored socks and a short skirt. A woman who ventured out attired in such a manner would stand a poorer chance of setting the fashion than those strong-minded females who attempted to adopt the 'rational costume' and walked about in bloomers some three years ago. No first-class hotel or restaurant would admit them, and they would probably be followed through the streets by a crowd of idle loafers."

Is it a Vandyck?

There is at present being carefully guarded in Manchester a picture which is declared by many experts to be a Vandyck. Others incline to the opinion that it is a Rubens. It treats of a Scriptural subject—the offer of Abraham to sacrifice Isaac. The history of the picture is remarkable. For many years it hung neglected in an old Cheshire mansion, one of the sons of the family ultimately exchanging it for two diamond bracelets and a breast pin. It changed hands at cheap rates frequently in its grimy state until it reached a man who, finding it cumbrous in his house, gave it to a Mr. John Bolton of Manchester, who had it cleaned and kept it for twelve years.

About nine months ago Mr. A. J. Milborne, an art expert of Longsight, was commissioned by Mr. J. Spurr of the Towers, Blackpool, to inspect the painting. He at once pronounced it to be a genuine Vandyck, and his opinion has been endorsed by a number of gentlemen in official positions in the art world. Mr. Spurr at once bought the picture contingently for £5,000. It is probable that the picture will shortly be brought to London for inspection.

Australian Appointments.

Many rumors are in the air respecting the impending Australian appointment, says The London Chronicle, and some appear to think that Sir Edmund Barton will withdraw from the turmoil of politics and take the chief seat on the new Federal Supreme Court Bench. Then the post of High Commissioner has to be filled presently, and the names of many prominent men, besides the Premiers, are mentioned in connection with this, the Agents-General at present in London being left entirely out of calculation. Then, as Lord Tennyson is certainly returning home this year-end, it is probable that his successor will soon be settled upon, so as to give him good time for preparation. One report has it that Lord Lytton is being thought of in connection with this important office, but his youth would stand against him in the Australian estimate. Still, all the young Governors have not done badly in Australia, for Lord Belmore was not much over thirty when he was appointed to New South Wales.

A TURKISH GIRL'S LIFE.

She Has Few Pleasures, and Even Those Are Tedious.

The pleasures of Turkish girls are extremely simple and limited. Shut out from the great world of entertainment which the literature of civilized countries opens up to the European child directly she can read, with the exception of festivities in the harem on red-letter days, her pleasures consist in an occasional picnic or accompaning her elders on the visits which occupy so much of a Turkish lady's time. On households or religious feasts wealthy people often organize entertainments on a very elaborate scale. Gypsy dancers or a troop of clowns with some sort of pantomime are engaged for the occasion, and the neighbors, rich and poor, are invited to the performance. The Turks, being exceedingly hospitable, a friend of the hostess is free to bring all her sisters, and her cousins, and her aunts, with their families, on such occasions. These are high days for the Turkish girl—for her elders, too—though an English child of ten or twelve would think the entertainment a very poor performance indeed.

The dances are at times graceful, and the music, when one is used to it, is not always excruciating; but the coarse, almost brutish, humor of the pantomime would be decidedly distasteful to a western audience. A more pleasant side of Turkish life is that which may be seen any day in early summer at the Sweet Waters of Europe, or some other favorite resort on the outskirts of Constantinople. The family will set out in the morning, and, spreading their rugs in some field, spend the day there doing nothing, and apparently very contented with the occupation. The women squat on the ground with their feet under them in that peculiar way to which they are indebted for their bandy legs. It is not romantic, but truth compels me to state that all Turkish girls ultimately become bandy-legged, the fine, well-made women one occasionally meets in Stamboul are mostly Circassians.

A few cakes and some rahat lakhoum or other sweet suffices for both young and old. A stranger is invariably struck with the premature serious air that Turkish children wear. The elder girls do not play and run as do healthy children. They sit or stroll about, quietly and gravely, their yashmaks loosened and forming a snow-white framework, which displays to advantage their complexion, as yet unspoiled by paint or powder. On the approach of a man they will hastily draw their yashmaks, not so close, however, that the stranger cannot admire faces if he has a fancy for Turkish beauty, which, though, in girls and young women sometimes very attractive, is too frequently of the half-bred Tartar type, lacking in intelligence and refinement.

Recovering Lost Anchors.

One of the queer occupations of mankind is that of dragging for lost anchors. It is carried on in bays and rivers, and even in the open sea along the coast. A writer in the New York Evening Post says that several sloops and schooners are engaged almost exclusively in this pursuit. The hunters are as familiar with the ground where anchors are to be found as fishermen are with the favorite haunts of the living inhabitants of the sea. It is said that the stretch of sea off the Delaware breakwater is most fruitful in dropped anchors. This is owing to the fact that so many vessels are compelled by the state of the weather or of the tide to ride off the breakwater, being often caught in gales while stationed there. The manner of fishing for lost anchors is most simple. A chain is let down in a loop long enough to drag along the bottom and the vessel goes on her way with all hands on board alert for a bite, and a bite usually ends in a catch. The recovered anchors are usually sold again at a price of about 4 cents a pound, which is a cent under the market price for new anchors. A big anchor will weigh 6,000 pounds, so that the fishermen make $240 out of it. More often, however, the anchors fished up weigh from 1,000 to 2,000 pounds, and there is a pretty profit in the business even then.

Telephoning Through Sea Water.

The success that has attended the recent attempts in England to establish a practical system of telephonic communication without wires between ships at a distance from each other, serves to recall the fact that about two years ago an American inventor, Dr. Ernest Huber, secured the assistance of the United States government in the projection of a series of experiments in deep sea telephoning. For some reason the experiments were not made but the device promised well. The sound waves passing through the water caused metal strips to vibrate, and the vibrations were transmitted by wires to microphones, which greatly intensified them. An indicator showed the intensity of the sound, and gave an idea of the distance of the object causing them. The direction whence the sound came could also be determined. The sounds within the ship were eliminated, and only extraneous noises were recorded. Sound waves could be thrown out in all directions by the ringing of an electric bell, and being reflected indicated icebergs, submerged wrecks or other obstructions even ten miles away.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

He—I think she wears a very short golfing skirt. She—Well, why shouldn't she? She has a perfect right. He—Her left looks all [illegible] too.

He—Now look as if you were being kissed. She—Before or after?—"Life."

The Glorious Fourth.

"There is no blinking the fact that in American cities, the annual celebration of the Fourth of July has degenerated into an annual nuisance—a carnival of hoodlumism instead of a festival of patriotism." This sentiment is voiced by The Rochester Democrat and Chronicle, and is echoed by newspapers all over the country. "The prevailing fashion of celebrating Independence Day," remarks The Philadelphia Public Ledger, "is barbarous. There isn't a particle of common sense or fitness in it. It would have some meaning in China or perhaps in Central Africa. In other matters we are past the firecracker and the tom-tom stage of civilization. How long do we propose to linger there in this?" The Chicago Tribune, which makes a specialty of collecting statistics of crime and casualties, has published an estimate of the dead and wounded caused by the havoc of Fourth of July celebrations. The record this year shows that 52 persons were killed and 3,065 injured. The loss of property by fire amounted to $400,625. The New York Evening Post says: "It appears that the celebration this year was of an exceptionally destructive character."

The Springfield Republican is leading a newspaper crusade against Fourth of July "perversion," and offers some definite suggestions for a saner and more appropriate celebration of the day. It proposes to limit the "carnival of noise" to the morning hours, between four and nine, and to allow the pleasure-giving fireworks—"the rockets, the candles, the brilliant bursting bombs"—to have right of way in the evening. The afternoon, suggests The Republican, might be devoted to suitable sports and patriotic exercises.

Frenchmen in London.

The West End of London has been for the last few days a part of Paris, says The London Express. In Regent street, which ought to be called the Boulevard du Regent, one has heard nothing but "Dis donc," "Oh, la, la," and other strange phrases. Restaurant keepers have imagined themselves out of the jurisdiction of the licensing magistrates, and only remembered by a great effort to close at 12.30, and the waiters have become quite civil when receiving the modest Parisian tip of a penny. A country clergyman yesterday afternoon became almost terrified after asking six persons the way from Piccadilly circus to the Royal Academy, and receiving the polite answer, "Mille pardons, monsieur, je ne puis pas parler anglais." But perhaps the most striking feature of the French conquest has been the neat, blue-coated Frenchman selling Le Journal at frequent intervals from Shaftesbury avenue to Oxford circus. They have been brought here by the enterprising proprietors of the Paris paper, and the copies they receive about 4 in the afternoon are sold at the ordinary Paris prices. The men speak no English; they do not need it. Every passing policeman politely says "Bon jour," and the native newspaper sellers show their feeling for the entente cordiale by patting them on the back and shouting "Good old France." "How do you like London?" one of the camelots was asked. "Oh, c'est magnifique; les anglais sont bons garcons. Vive l'Angleterre!" was the reply. "Bravo; ear, ear—" added his neighbor, a grimy gentleman selling souvenirs, and they both went round the corner to find how "la biere anglaise" tasted.

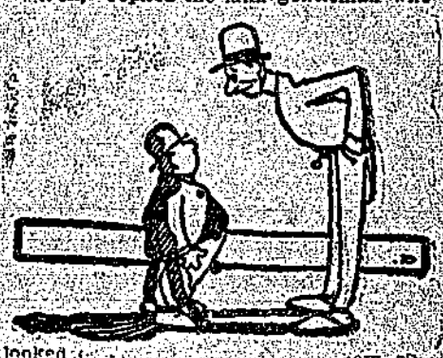
Taken at his Word.

Parson Bleedem—Brother Gotrox, I have called to ask you to subscribe fifty dollars to our missionary fund. Brother Gotrox—Well—er—I'll think it over, and—— "Ah, Brother Gotrox, he gives twice who gives quickly, you know." "Does, eh? Well, here's twenty-five dollars quick! Twice twenty-five is fifty, I believe. Glad to accommodate you. Good-day!"

The Only Way.

"Have you lived here long?" asked the stranger.

"Well," replied the lank gentleman who looked [illegible] you'd expect a feller like me to live here."



The Use of Ether in Surgery.

The discovery of anaesthesia is due to Dr. Crawford W. Long, of Georgia, who in 1842 performed a surgical operation upon James M. Venable. Dr. Long having first rendered the patient insensible to pain by the application of ether. Two or three years later Messrs. Wells, Jackson and Morton began their experiments, after which the anaesthetic properties of ether and chloroform rapidly became known.

They Fight to Conquer.

An Anglicized Japanese says of the national air of Japan: "It is indescribable. I have heard nothing so much like it as your 'Dead March in Saul'—it is that sort—terrible and solemn. And then the Japanese soldiers do not fear death. They don't think about it. They go to fight and conquer. The men favor the religion of the Samurai, which is to do right and leave yourself in the hands of your Creator."

Results from common soaps: eczema, coarse hands, ragged clothes, shrunken flannels.

SUNLIGHT SOAP REDUCES EXPENSE

Ask for the Octagon Bar

PICKED UP HERE AND THERE.

Church of England:

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

Rev. F. L. Stephenson, Rector.

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

Bicycles for rent—bicycle repairing—Pillman & Co.

The last trip from Atlin of the Scotia this fall will not be later than Monday, November 2nd; so says the Superintendent

Mr. Harridan, of the Ross-Higgins Co. arrived in town this week.

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

Mr. Benj. C. Warnick, of Philadelphia, made a flying trip to Atlin, arriving by Wednesday's boat and leaving again on Thursday.

E. Rosselli, returned on Wednesday's boat.

For Fireworks go to E. L. Pillman & Co., large stock suitable for election night.

The Editor is indebted to Mr. R. Grimes of Tagish, for a bunch of fine N. W. T. ducks.

Large stock of Domestic and Imported cigars at C. R. Bourne's

Mrs. Frank Dowling and family and Mrs. A. B. Taylor and family arrived on Wednesday, much to the delight of our Dominion Telegraph officials who were pictures of smiling happiness on the wharf to meet the "Scotia" and its precious cargo.

W. G. Paxton, Notary Public, intends being in Discovery every evening.—Office at Palmer's, opposite Nugget Hall.

The Concert and Social to be held at St Andrew's Church on Tuesday 6th. Oct. is under the auspices of the Ladies Auxilliary; and should be well patronized.

A full line of silverware, also 1847 Rogers table-ware at Jules Eggert's.

Clients of the Bank of Commerce will please take note that all cheques not written in ink will be refused.

Mr. J. Turner, Customs collector at Caribou, arrived today and is at the Royal Hotel.

Kodaks and Fresh kodak supplies at C. R. Bourne's.

Mrs. J. H. Brownlee arrived on todays boat.

Mr. Rosselli donated $25 to the Fire fund in recognition of the valuable service rendered by the brigade at the recent fire at the Royal Hotel.

Walter B. Smith, who had his arm amputated recently because of a gunshot wound sustained while hunting ducks near Klukwan, is today reported to have died from his wounds. The report, however, has not been confirmed as we go to press.

The Vancouver Lacrosse team was defeated by New Westminster by a score of 10 to 1.

Atlin had its first snow storm of the season on Tuesday night.

Mr. Jack Wolters has taken over the Gold House, Discovery, and will continue to run it, as it always has been run, as a first class hotel.

Mrs. Stewart, sister of Mrs. D. H. McDonald, of Atlin, left for her home in San Francisco, on Thursday last. She was accompanied by Miss Jennie McDonald.

Ambassador Dead.

London, Oct. 1.—Sir Michael Herbert, British ambassador to the United States, died on Sept. 30th. at Davos Platz, Switzerland, of consumption. His death caused a shock in official circles at Washinton. The expressions of regret are universal.

Nelson,—Big slide happened at Frank. Wires all down, and no particulars obtainable. Not thought that any loss of life occured.

Anvil Creek, Nome, has made a record for the largest nugget ever found in the North. The nugget weighs over 180 ounces and is valued at $3300. The Pioneer Mining Company were the lucky finders.

NOTICE.

NOTICE is hereby given that the undersigned is going out of business on the 10th inst. All debts due by him will be promptly paid on presentation and all accounts owing to him must be paid by the 10th inst. GEO. E. HAYES,

Kootenay Hotel, Atlin, B. C., October 1st, 1903.

DENTIST

Dr. J. L. Benson, L.D.S. & D.D.S.
Twenty-five years' experience.
AND
Wm. S. Brown

Crown & Bridge Work, a Specialty.

At ROYAL HOTEL, Atlin, B.C.

HOTEL VANCOUVER.

THIS HOTEL IS STOCKED WITH THE BEST OF GOODS

Sam. Johnstone, Prop.

Northern Lumber Co.

Prices for the Season 1903.

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

C. P. R. Co.,

—ALASKA ROUTE SAILINGS—

The following Sailings are announced for the months of September and October, leaving Skagway at 6 p.m., or on arrival of the train:

PRINCESS MAY	AMUR
Sept. 18	Sept. 14
,, 29	,, 24
Oct. 9	Oct. 5
,, 19	,, 15
,, 29	,, 26

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

STABLES & LUMSDEN

IRON STORE, FIRST STREET,

ARE STILL TO THE FRONT IN

Groceries, Dry Goods, Boots & Shoes, Etc.

The Line of FALL and WINTER GOODS we have placed in Stock this week are certainly EYE-OPENERS

Just see our shirts and underwear
And socks at any price a pair,
Our mits and gloves cannot be beat.
Our boots and shoes so trim and neat

Cigars and cigarettes to smoke,
But see our pipes, oh! my!
If once you get your eyes on them
You cannot help but buy.

AT THE IRON STORE

THE BRITISH COLUMBIA POWER AND MANUFACTURING Co., Limited.

ENGINEERS, MACHINISTS, BLACKSMITHS, & IRON FOUNDERS.

OPERATING STEAM LAUNDRY — ELECTRIC LIGHT & POWER FURNISHED TO MILLS, MINES, ETC. — FULL LINE OF ENGINEERS SUPPLIES & FITTINGS CARRIED IN STOCK.

ELECTRIC LIGHT RATES:—Installation, $3:50 per light.

16 Candle Power Incandescent $3:50 per month per light.
8 ,, ,, ,, $2:50 ,,

Special Rates for Arc Lights & Large Incandescent Lights.
Also for Hotels & Public Buildings.

THE CASH MEAT MARKET

JOE BROOKS

FIRST STREET, Atlin.

I KEEP NONE BUT PRIME STOCK—LOWEST MARKET PRICES.

Wholesale and Retail

Russell Hotel,

DIXON BROTHERS, Proprietors

Pool & Billiards, Free.

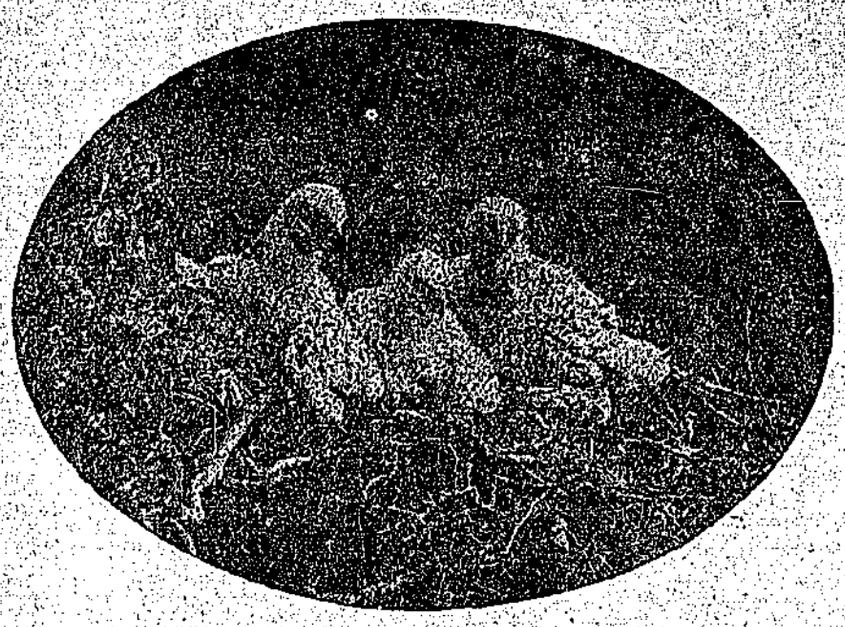
Freighting and Teaming. Horses and Sleighs for Hire.

LOUIS SCHULZ,

Wholesale and Retail Bucher

FIRST STREET, ATLIN, B. C.

Muirhead's Photographs Lead.



Dredge, Hydraulic and Placer Views.