THE ATLIN CLAIM.

VOL. ATLIN, B. C. SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 26, 1903. NO. 219

PROVINCIAL NOMINATIONS.

District	Liberal	Conservative	Miscellaneous
Atlin—	J. Kirkland (L)	H. E. Young	
Alberni—	W. W. B. McInnes.	R. J. Hickey	
Cariboo—	Harry Jones.	S. A. Rogers	
	James Murphy.	W. Adams.	
Cranbrook—	Dr J. H. King.	Thomas Caven	
Chilliwack—	C. W. Munro.	J. L. Atkinson	
Columbia—	W. C. Wells.		
Comox—	R. McB. Young.	Mayor Grant	
Cowichan—	J. N. Evans.	E. M. Skinner	
Delta—	John Oliver.	W. H. Ladner	
Dewdney—	W. W. Forrester.	Hon. R. McBride	
Esquimalt—	John Jardine.	C. E. Pooley	
Fernie—			McPerson, (S)
Grand Forks—	Neil McCallum.	Geo. A. Fraser	
Greenwood—	J. R. Brown.	Dr G. E. Spanke	J. Riordan, (S)
Islands—	T. W. Patterson.	W. H. Bullock	
Kamloops—	F. J. Deane.	F. J. Fulton	
Kaslo—	J. L. Retallack.	R. F. Green	S. Shannon(S)
Lillooet—		A. McDonald	
Nanaimo City—	H. Sheppard.	E. Quennell	J. H. Hawthornwaite
Nelson City—	S. S. Taylor.	John Houston	
Newcastle—	David Murray.	Alex. Bryden	Parker Williams(S)
New Westminster—	W. H. Keary.	M. T. Gifford	
Okanagan—	W. J. Stirling.	Price Ellison	
Revelstoke—	J. M. Kellie.	T. Taylor	J. W. Bennett, (S)
Richmond—	J. C. Brown.	F. Carter Cotton	
Rossland City—	J. A. McDonald	A. S. Goodeve	
Saanich—	H. Turner.	D. M. Eberts.	
Similkameen—	W. A. McLean	L. W. Shatford	
Skeena—	P. Herman	C. W. D. Clifford	
Slocan—	R. A. Beadshaw	Wm. Hunter	
Vancouver City—	Joseph Martin.	Hon. R. G. Tatlow	J. McLaren, (L)
	Dr. Brydone-Jack.	J. F. Garden	A. G. Perry ,,
	J. D. Turnbull.	Hon. C. Wilson	F. Williams ,,
	T. S. Baxter.	W. J. Bowser	A. R. Stebbings (S)
	C. R. Monck	A. H. B. MacGowan	J. F. Mortimore
			W. Griffiths (SL)
Victoria City—	R. L. Drury.	Hon. E. A. McPhillips.	
	Ald Cameron.	H. D. Helmcken.	
	J. D. McNiven.	Chas. Hayward.	
	Richard Hall.	Jos. Hunter.	
Yale—	S. Henderson.	T. G. McManamon.	
Ymir—	A. Parr.	Harry Wright.	

BADLY INJURED.

W. B. Smith Shoots Himself While Duck Hunting.

Late details of the accident mentioned last week, to W. B. Smith, formerly clerk in the Government Office here and now clerk in the recorder's office at Wells, is that he accidently shot himself while duck hunting.

He and an Indian were getting out of a canoe in the Chilkat river, above Klukwan, when Smith pulled his gun towards him and at the same time it discharged shattering his right hand and forearm.

For 15 hours he suffered terrible agony before a doctor could be found to dress his wounds. He was brought to Haines in a canoe by J. J. McKenna and from there to Skagway where he is in the railroad hospital under the care of Dr. Runnalls.

It will be impossible to save the injured man's arm and fears are grave that his life may yet be lost.

LATER: Mr. Smith had his arm amputated above the elbow, the operation was necessitated because blood poisoning had set in. Dr. H. B. Runnalls, Dr. J. P. Brawand and Dr. J. P. Truax performed the operation which was successful in every way.

Bishop of Caledonia Pays Atlin a Visit.

Bishop Ridley, of the Church of England, paid a flying visit to Atlin last week, and expressed himself as highly pleased with our country.

Bishop Ridley had charge of the Metlahkatla Indians before the rebellion which caused Dr. Duncan and almost all the Indians to move to the American side.

The Bishop is making a tour round the world after which he will return to England.

Newspaper for Tanana.

G. M. Hill, who has been conducting an independent job printing office on King street, Dawson, is packing up his entire plant preparatory to leaving for the Tanana, where he will start the first newspaper in the new field.

Goes to Jail.

A recent arrival from Atlin, giving his name as Jackman, was fined $75 and costs yesterday afternoon, upon a conviction for indecent exposure. Having no money with which to pay his fine, Jackman went to jail.

Daily Alaskan.

Attempted Suicide.

A girl named Gyp, of the demi monde residing at the Cottage, attempted suicide on Tuesday last. About 1 a. m. the doctor was called in and after working over her for three hours saved her life. She swallowed antisceptic tablets.

ENTERTAINMENT

In Aid of The Atlin Hospital.

The Concert given in aid of the Building Fund of the Nurses Home on Tuesday evening was an unqualified success in every way.

The Chair was taken by Mr. J. A. Fraser, Government Agent. Shortly after 8 o'clock, after a brief address the Chairman called upon Mr. J. Stables M. L. A. who has been actively associated with the St. Andrew's Hospital since its inception, to give a sketch of the history of the Hospital from the early days of the camp.

Mr Stables brought back very vividly to the minds of the old timers here the hardships endured by the sick in those early days of Atlin, when it was but a city of tents and impressed on the minds of all the great work done by the hospital and its staff for the relief of the sick.

Mr. Fraser, the treasurer, gave statistics showing the amount of treatment given at the hospital during the past year and eight months and the generous support sent to the Hospital by the ladies of the Presbyterian Church in Toronto.

Atlin as a camp cannot be too loud in its praise of the staff at the Hospital both nurses and dector, not too grateful to its founder, Rev. Jno. Pringle, and those who so generously send to its support and equipment.

Great credit is due to Mr. Wallace Grime and those who assisted in getting up the Entertainment.

The gross receipts were $166.25. Expenses $4.60. The balance $105.65 has been handed over to the treasurer of the Hospital.

The following is a list of those who took part many of whom received enthusiastic encores, especially Mr. A. D. Taylor delighted his audience with Drummonds Habitant Sketches.

Mrs. Costigan, Mrs. Stables, Miss Edwards. Messrs. Taylor, Fisher, Lumsden, Stables and Hamshaw.

A Fine Time.

All those who went to the dance given at Dixon's Hall are unanimous in saying that as a social event it was certainly one of the most enjoyable of the season. The music was excellent and the festivities lasted till the wee hours of morning.

Dredges For The Yukon.

Eight large dredging machines are to be placed on the Stewart River next season by the Ogilvie Company. The Company has had its prospecting dredge at work continually this summer and intends to increase its equipment this winter and have it ready for use next season. The new dredges are each to have a capacity of 900 cubic yards in 10 hours. Each dredge will cost $45,000. The big dredge on Discovery on Bonanza, the only large plant of the kind in operation in the territory, has a capacity of 500 yards in ten hours.

NOTICE.

A PUBLIC MEETING

OF THE

ELECTORS OF THE ATLIN DISTRICT,

and the supporters of

DR. YOUNG

Will be held at the

NUGGET HALL, Discovery,

FRIDAY, OCT. 2nd. at 8 p.m.

BUSINESS:—To outline the Policy of the Conservative Party.

Mr. John Kirkland has been invited to address the meeting.

W. P. GRANT, Secretary.

THE SOUL'S RETURN.

Theodore A. K. Gessler, Secretary of the Baptist Congress.

I will arise and go to my father.—Luke xv., 18.

The sweetest of stories told in any tongue among men is this beautiful parable of the Prodigal Son. Everywhere it is attentively heard. Simple even to plainness, told ten thousand times, it never loses its marvellous charm.

What is perhaps most wonderful about it is that while the guilt of the wanderer is never for a moment hidden, while his transgression is set before us in characters so distinct as never to be mistaken, we do not for a moment lose our sympathy for the wanderer himself. So the Master wished it. For so He opens the inexhaustible fountains of the divine love to our vision; so He shows us how He receives sinners and eats with them, how He welcomes the guilty to the feast of His love and rejoices over them as a father over a child that was lost.

And yet this sympathy turns altogether upon the incident to which the Scripture directs us. Let the narrative have another termination and our pity turns to disgust. Let it read: "But he was besotted and rejoiced in the husks with the swine; he longed not for his father's home; he ignored its plenty and died in his wretchedness." We should then say: "Miserable brute, he lived and died as he deserved."

In the strange land to which we have come, whether our feet go into flower gardens or deserts, we are apt to lose knowledge of the fatherhood that is over us. The material advantages of the world, all its profits, honors and emoluments, can never satisfy the highest aspirations of the human soul. We want something more enduring and profound. Nor will art, literature or sentiment satisfy the craving. Not anything that exhausts itself in the realm of the intellect or the emotions alone responds to the soul's highest aspirations. The leverage by which it is to be lifted must be outside itself. It wants God.

The burden of sorrow, care and anxiety that oppresses us requires a higher ministry than this "strange land" affords. Its comforts are but "husks." Many a business man who reads these words to-day shudders as he recollects that the Sunday rest is already half gone and that to-morrow he must resume the grind of yesterday and take up the agonies that had only been laid aside during his resting spell. The mother who left the body of her child in the cemetery a few days ago is not relieved by the thought that she shares only the common lot of mortals. A tenderer hand than that of philosophy is needed to stay the rush of her tears.

No, it is not satisfying, this "far country." Many of its gifts are high and noble, indeed they are all of them of the Father's bestowal—we must not forget this when we are tempted to belittle the world's favors—but they are only the media and not the substance of a divine affection. We need to get beyond and above them all to the perennial fountain from which all beneficence flows if the soul is to be satisfied with perfect refreshment. "I will arise and go to my Father." Let every reader of this morning's paper say this to his own soul to-day. Beyond and above all songs and psalms, beyond and above all rites and ceremonials, to the loving heart of the Father!

There is no room for doubt as to my welcome, for His arms are always open to receive His sorrowing, suffering, penitent children. They are His very own. He gives them a peace which this world can neither bestow nor despoil.

My Father! When every soul shall come to the sense of proprietorship which this pronoun suggests, then shall men cease to tremble before an awful tyrant, and that sense of despair which accompanies the idea of an impersonal or absent power that is above us perishes. The vague yearning that had its birth in our early childhood when at a mother's knee we learned to say "Our Father, which art in heaven," finds a higher realization than was then possible to our dreams, for the heavenly gates have opened and the Father has come down to meet His returning child in an ineffable ministry of comfort, peace and love.

"Mrs. Talkyer-Blind can say some of the most cutting things."

"Yes. If she could only keep her mouth closed for five minutes you could have her arrested for carrying concealed weapons."—Life.

Manager—I want you to appear in just one piece holding a stick of dynamite.

"Yes, and how many pieces will I appear in if the dynamite should explode?"—Life.

POPE PIUS X.

For the Farmer.

Don't turn yearling stallion colts to pasture with fillies or older mares. If the colts are good for anything they will not thrive in such company.

The common fruit tree sprayer used by orchadists is a much more convenient way to destroy lice on cattle than it is to apply lice killers by hand. A hose with a fine nozzle, which will throw a very fine spray, is the best, but its point should be held close to the skin. Two or three applications may be needed, as some of the lice may be in the egg and not be destroyed by the first application.

It is not likely that there is any vermin about your henhouse, but when the chickens stand around and squeal with food enough to reach, it might be as well to grease their heads, says an exchange. When a hen leaves her eggs and sets up in business elsewhere after sitting two weeks, it is a good plan to get a little insect powder even if you have to get it "for one of the neighbors."

Canadian Chickens in Britain.

According to The London Canadian Gazette Canadian poultry is now capturing the best trade in fashionable London suburbs, the specially-bred Canadian chickens having a great demand and retailing from $1.75 to $2.00 per couple retail. Their highly-finished appearance and flavor have demolished all prejudice on the score of "foreign produce."

Extremes in the Weather.

Extremes of heat or cold have always a retarding effect on the prolificacy of poultry. During a prolonged spell of very cold weather most of the surplus energy derived from food goes to supply the extra tax upon the system, and but little is available to supply the necessary stimulus to the egg organs, while during very hot weather the birds are listless and void of energy, and quite wanting in the vigorous vitality which always accompanies a high rate of egg-production. Worse than either are the sudden and sharp changes in temperature; these throw the birds out of gear for the time being, and the yield of eggs is uncertain. If we want plenty of eggs in cold weather the food ration must be a highly nitrogenous one, while in very warm weather the reverse is required. Then an abundance of green food, especially grass and clover, should be given, but very little food which has a fattening tendency. Insects will be plentiful if the birds have a free range, but it is most necessary that good shade should be within easy reach when the birds want it. If they are continually exposed to the rays of the sun the result must be weakened vitality produced by continued muscular and cellular relaxation. Birds which have the run of a plantation during the summer months continue in the pink of health and prolificacy; so shade they ought to have of some kind if they are to remain profitable. But an excellent tonic for bracing up relaxed cells at this season is tincture of perchloride of iron, better known as steel drops. It is styptic, astringent, and tonic, and is, besides, inexpensive. Put fifteen drops in a quart of water, using an earthenware vessel, and returning vigor will soon show itself. It can be given every day for a considerable time with the best results.—Farmer and Stockbreeder (England).

A Short Fruit Crop in Europe.

The fruit division, Ottawa, has received from several of its correspondents in Europe reports showing that the fruit crop is a small one this year, and indicating that there will be an unusually good market for Canadian apples and pears. The Glasgow Herald says:—"Apples will be scarce, the destruction by spring frosts having been serious and extensive. If growers get half a crop on an average they will do well. The prospect, however, varies considerably. In some parts of Kent the trees carry excellent crops; in others hardly any. The same condition of things prevails in Herefordshire, whence the Midland counties are so freely supplied with choice dessert apples. In Cambridgeshire the crop is disappointing, although in parts of that county a fair harvest of apples will be gathered. Many growers will be satisfied if they get a quarter of a crop. Pears have suffered from the spring frosts equally with apples. In some counties the yield will be meagre; in others the crop is a complete failure. Only a third of a crop under the most favorable conditions is looked for."

E. A. O'Kelly & Company of London say:—"We are glad to state that prospects are very favorable this year for the importation of Canadian fruit, as crops throughout Europe are a total failure. We anticipate that prices will be very satisfactory all round for apples."

From Hamburg, Germany, Edward Jacobs & Sons report:—"The fruit crop in Europe is this year, generally speaking, short. Should there be no duty on apples the prospects for Canadian are very promising."

Garcia, Jacobs & Company of London states:—"There has been an almost total failure here of plums and pears, and this year there will be a good opportunity for the shipment of Canadian pears. The latter should be packed in cases similar to those sent from California. That there is a fair crop of early variety applies is a certainty, but they will all be cleared off the market before your fruit is ready for shipment. France, Belgium and Germany are large growers of apples, and the crop this season is fairly large, but the quality is so poor that they can never really compete with Canadian fruit."

A doctor has two favorite jokes: Number one, tells patient to try a different climate; number two, tells patient to quit thinking about his ailment; price of either joke, two dollars.—Atchison Globe.

Had Lost His Baggage.

On one occasion Lindsay, who succeeded Carlisle as a Senator from Kentucky, was coming east with Blackburn, says The Saturday Evening Post. It was morning; the train was swaying and rocking through the Alleghany hills; precisely the hour, the motion and the place to remind a gentleman of Blue Grass genesis that he needed a stomachic. Lindsay, returning from the smoking-room, was concerned to note that his colleague's countenance, usually so bland, wore a look of troubled gloom.

"What's wrong?" asked Lindsay anxiously.

"The worst thing in the world," returned Blackburn. "I've lost the better part of my baggage."

"Was it stolen, or did you leave it behind?"

"Neither; the cork came out."

Some Fashion Notes. . .

The summer girl's outfit must necessary be chosen with a view to her plans for the summer, but this summer there is an embarrassment of riches in materials and models for all climates, all occasions, all modes of life. To be unattractively dressed this season is more than a misdemeanor, says The New York Sun. It should rank as a crime, unless the absence of a dress allowance may be offered as excuse. Where warm weather permits the wearing of filmy, floating frocks and crisp lawns, muslins and linens, the woman of taste may now achieve charming modishness at comparatively light expense, though, on the other hand, it is possible to put extravagant sums into the innocent appearing summer frocks daintily hand wrought. At the resorts where genuinely cool weather forbids great indulgence in sheer and airy attire for out-of-door wear, the dress problem is rather more difficult, and the aid of a good tailor is needed more.

As for the travelling [illegible] is always a vexed ques[illegible] should receive careful c[illegible] European tourist is the typical [illegible] traveller, and the one most in need wise advice.

Under ordinary circumstances it is quite possible, by the exercise of good judgment, to compromise and avoid mistakes. If a traveller has the right things she need not have many, and, by careful selection and planning, one may make a very few costumes meet a vast number of wants.

The travelling frock is of necessity the most important wardrobe item of the woman who intends turning her face Europeward. She will wear it more than all her other frocks put together. More persons will see her in it, the impression she makes upon strangers will depend more upon it, it will, in a great degree, affect the civility and consideration she will receive.

There are women, many of them, who harbor the theory that anything comfortable and serviceable will do for a travelling frock, and ruthlessly sacrifice the becoming to the practical, but the sensible woman will make no such mistake. Her travelling costume will be severe, appropriate, but eminently chic and becoming. She will have it well made if the thing is within the possibilities, and if she can have but one expensive frock, will go to a good tailor for her travelling frock, and trust the others to an inferior maker and the fates.

The coat and skirt suit is, of course, the ideal travelling costume, although the shirt waist costume is being much used for the purpose just now. The three-piece suit of etamine, canvas, mohair or other lightweight material suitable for tailoring is another favorite with the traveller, the skirt, bodice and coat being of one material, so that when the coat is removed the costume is still complete, and separate blouses are not a necessity.

In tweed, homespun and the other heavier materials liked for travelling wear, this three-piece idea is, of course, not feasible, and while a canvas or mohair tailor frock is a joy upon warm days, one of the rougher and warmer woollen stuffs is a wiser choice for all-round wear.

The short walking skirt, now adopted even by Parisian women, is a boon to the traveller, and every smart travelling frock clears the ground, but it is an excellent plan to have two skirts with the one coat. The additional cost is not excessive, and there are still many occasions when a tailor frock is appropriate, but when a short skirt seems out of place.

A four-piece suit, coat, simple bodice and two skirts, seems a complicated matter, but it is an excellent investment, and for the traveller will meet more emergencies gracefully than three or four ordinary gowns.

The long skirt of the tailor frock is hardly worthy of the adjective, save as it is compared with the walking skirt proper. It does not trail as it did in former seasons, but is cut almost round, touches the floor in front, is a trifle longer at the sides and lies upon the floor not more than three or four inches at the back.

Travelling frocks in silk—taffeta, pongee, louisine, tussore—are numerous but hardly serviceable for the European tour unless the wardrobe is supplied with other travelling costumes. The shirt waist suit in shot taffeta, plain color taffeta or louisine, and in shepherd's plaid of blue and white, black and white, or brown and white, is adopted by many women for travelling.

A Woman's Business.

Mrs. Ivy E. Tutt is attracting attention in California, not only because she is a beautiful woman, for there are said to be many beautiful women there, as in other States of the Union, but because she is engaged in a business enterprise that will require an actual outlay of $3,900,000. The scheme, according to an exchange, is Mr. Tutt's own. While on a visit to Arizona she discovered two unused water rights that could be had at a price and a promise to organize a company and proceed with the storage of the water and the development of the electrical current. The fact that she was willing to risk her own money in the scheme helped Mrs. Tutt in interesting additional capital, and two companies were formed, one to erect a 6,000 horse-power plant, the other 1,600. Of both companies Mrs. Tutt is Vice-President and General Manager, and all that the rest of the stockholders know about the work is what she reports to them from time to time. She has entire charge of the construction work, with headquarters at Prescott, Ariz., and the directorate is so divided that wherever Mrs. Tutt happens to be, whether at Prescott or Los Angeles, there is a quorum and a meeting can be held—"Where MacGregor sits, there is the head of the table."

And such a MacGregor! She is not even aggressively tailor-made, except when she undertakes a 50 or 200 miles engineering trip. Then she can live for a week, if need be, in a smartly severe riding-dress, forgetting entirely the pretty gowns in which she has a purely feminine delight.

JUST LIKE BUYING RHEUMATISM.

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

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

SOUTH AMERICAN RHEUMATIC CURE

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

CURES IN 1 TO 3 DAYS.

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

SOUTH AMERICAN KIDNEY CURE

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

A traveller in Tasmania came across an old-fashioned settler sitting in front of his cabin, over the door of which was legibly painted "Ici on parle Francais." A tattered, dejected-looking Frenchman came up the road, paused in front of the hut, read the inscription, rushed up to the Australian and enthusiastically kissed him on the cheek.

"'Ere, what'r you up to?" said the owner, gruffly. "Don't you do that again."

"But you vas a countryman of mine," explained the Frenchman, with a smile of pleasure on his face.

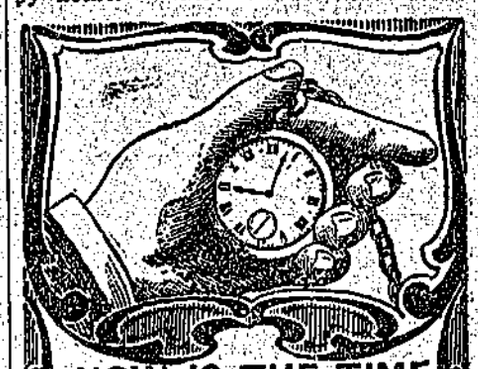
"Certainly not," retorted the Australian.

"But you put 'Ici on parle Francais' over ze door," said the Frenchman, pointing to the inscription.

"Well, what does it mean?" asked the old settler.

"Means?" cried the Frenchman. "It means, 'French is spoken here.'"

"Well, I'm fooled," said the man. "A painter chap came along here the other day, and put that up for me. He said it was Latin for 'Heaven bless my happy home.'"—Tit-Bits.



NOW IS THE TIME

To use Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder. It is.... antiseptic, healing dressing, applied directly to the diseased surface by the patient himself, who blows the powder through a tube into his nostrils. The cure dates from the first puff.

You needn't snuffle from colds or hay fever if you have the catarrhal powder in the house. Cures a headache in ten minutes.

REV. J. L. MURDOCK writes "I have used Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder for the last two months and am now completely cured of Catarrh of five years' standing. It is certainly magical in its effect. The first application benefited me within five minutes."

Dr. Agnew's Pills

costing 10 cents for forty doses, two-fifths the price of other first-class pills, first cleanse and then cure the bowels and liver forever.

ROLFF HOUSE

By G. H. BENEDICT.

A Thrilling Story of Love and Adventure.

"Yes, of course. It wouldn't do for the young cub to know that you had got his signature to papers that deed away all his property, and be none the wiser."

"Yes, Ralph—but speak low. What was that noise?"

"What noise?"

"I thought I heard a sound, as if somebody might be listening."

Mr. Saybrook arose and went to the inner door, and looked around in the hall that divided the office from the living apartments, but he saw nothing, and returned apparently satisfied to his chair.

"It was a bold stroke, Ralph—perhaps a dangerous one—but I felt I could trust the young fool's utter carelessness, and the result was so essential that I determined to risk it. After reading him the papers he supposed he was to sign, I managed to change them, and present others to him for his signature in a way that did not disclose the trick. So here they are in good shape, all properly endorsed and witnessed, and they will be hard to get over when the proper time comes. But we must be cautious. My actions have been sagaciously planned, and all undertaken in view of a possible contingency, which I now consider to be inevitable. I mean the outbreak of war with England. In that case our young gentleman will be safely kept out of our way for a number of years; there is no telling how long, but long enough, I am certain. My only anxiety is lest he should take the alarm and want to return to this country. In my letters I shall take every measure to quiet any apprehensions, and I hope to draw him out on points that will be of future use to us."

"What a general you would make!" exclaimed the admiring son, as this rehearsal of his father's plans was concluded.

"Ah, Ralph," was the reply; "remember, there is strategy in other fields than war, and the best general always wins."

CHAPTER X.

The fall passed into winter, and the new year at last drew near.

Anthony Saybrook had not been unmindful of his engagement with Claude to visit the old south cellar on New Year's day, and note whether the mysterious signs appeared on the door of the vault therein. In fact, he had awaited most anxiously the arrival of the appointed day. Spite of the ease he had had in explaining to Claude the secret of the old lady's mysterious instructions, he was greatly puzzled in his mind as to their nature and meaning. They must mean something important, he argued. The old lady was too practical and sagacious to have given such strange and explicit directions without some very definite object in view. "Can it be possible," mused the lawyer, "that she has carefully saved her earnings and deposited them in the old vault, and that great wealth is there awaiting this young prodigal. It is not improbable. Knowing his reckless and naturally spendthrift disposition, she might have adopted such a plan of keeping the money out of his hands till he should have arrived at years of greater discretion. But who is to judge thereof, and give the mysterious sign that is to unlock the doors of the vault, provided young prodigal reforms within five years? Can it be old Carl — or Margaret? Faith, I shouldn't wonder. Either would be shrewd and trustworthy enough; and, really, the plan wouldn't be so bad for keeping the money safe till Claude got a little experience of the world. But I'll wager the old lady never counted on the possibility of any new proprietor coming into possession of Rolf House before the secret of the vault was revealed. Suppose there is a fortune lying in there snugly locked up! it makes Rolff House the greater prize. Yes, yes—it is a prize worth having; and I must and will have it, unless the devil himself fights against me."

New Year day at last arrived; and, immediately after a hearty dinner, Anthony Saybrook proceeded to the old mansion, and, lifting the great rusty knocker of the heavy oaken door, sent a loud alarm through the vacant halls and rooms, that echoed and re-echoed as if giving warning that a dangerous enemy was at hand.

Old Carl answered the summons.

"Good day, Mr. Crum," said the lawyer, with a pleasant smile."

"Good day," answered the old man. "Come in. I know the object of your visit."

"Ah! — Claude informed you, of course. Very good, indeed—it saves the trouble of explanation. I presume we may as well proceed at once to the old cellar. It is my plan to transact all business as speedily as possible; and, as this is a holiday, and I have invited my friend Mr. Bruyn over to have a social glass and pipe with me at four o'clock, I will adhere to my plan on this occasion."

"Curse your plan!" muttered old Carl under his breath; and then he said aloud, "I'll get a light," and at once started off to procure it, leaving the lawyer standing in the cold, gloomy old hall.

"Scant courtesy," he said to himself, as he gazed after the old man with a peculiar glitter in his eyes; "but it's all the same to me, Mr. Crum; I fancy I shall be able to get even one of these days."

Old Carl presently returned, with a candle in a tin lantern, and beckoning to the lawyer, led the way to the stairs, and down into the basement. They traversed the dark passage that led to the cellar stairs, and old Carl descended them and unlocked the door, and held the lantern that the lawyer might safely descend.

In a moment they both stood in the old gloomy cellar, and the old man led the way with his lantern to the vault.

"This is the vault?" queried the lawyer.

"Yes," curtly responded the old man.

Anthony Saybrook examined the door carefully. There was no sign of the mysterious marks that were to be the signal of the breaking of the prohibition against the door being opened.

This was all that the lawyer's duty required of him. But his curiosity was increased by the sight of the vault and its massive structure. He examined it closely. He noted how nicely the door fitted, and wondered as to its thickness. He scanned keenly the massive masonry that surrounded it, and mentally concluded that no such solid structure could have been built for a trifling purpose. Why had old Magnus Rolff had it built? This question came up in his mind, and set him to trying to weave a theory to explain it. He concluded that it must have been intended for the deposit of some precious treasure. Public gossip may be more than half right about it, he thought. A smile flitted across his face as he called to mind the superstitious report that no one could enter it or handle its contents except he sold himself to the devil. "Suppose I should be the one to outwit the devil," he exclaimed mentally, and again the smile flitted across his face.

"Rather a queer piece of masonry, this?" he said in an inquiring tone, turning to old Carl, after having finished his inspection of the vault.

"I don't know," responded the old man; "it is according to how you look at it."

"Well, how do you look at it, if I may be so bold as to enquire?" responded the lawyer, in an inquisitive tone.

"As a very simple matter, without a bit of mystery about it," was the reply. "In their better days, the family had many valuable articles, and it was very natural that a great house like this should have a private strong place, where valuable papers or articles could be kept safe from prying eyes and fire."

"So, so—very keen, very sagacious, Mr. Crum," replied the lawyer, who saw at once that old Carl was not disposed to encourage him in any curiosity about the vault. "And now, if it is just as agreeable to you, I should like to be left alone here a few moments, that I may carry out certain instructions of your young master."

Mr. Saybrook had taken a fancy that he would like to closely examine the old cellar, and hence his request to be left alone.

But old Carl had no notion of indulging him in his curiosity.

"It would afford you little pleasure, methinks, to be left alone here in the dark," he answered. "I cannot leave you the lantern, as I am growing old, and it is not safe for me to be wandering around in the dark passages above without a light."

"I will light you up the stairs and through the passage, if that is all," answered the lawyer, "and then return and fulfill my duty here."

Seeing that any attempt to evade the request would prove useless, the old man replied, somewhat bluntly:

"It is not in accordance with my instructions to leave you alone here."

"Instructions from whom?" demanded the lawyer, sharply.

"That question concerns me and not you," responded the old man, with a suspicion of warmth in his tone. "But to save words, I will say that my instructions were to accompany you down here once each year, on New Year's Day, until I received orders to the contrary; but under no circumstances to allow any one in here alone, or, in fact to allow anybody in here except yourself, at the time and in the manner I have stated."

Anthony Saybrook was too shrewd to pick a quarrel with the old man under the circumstances. He was surprised and annoyed that Claude should have left any such instructions, but a moment's reflection convinced him that it did not necessarily imply any suspicion of himself, but might have been the result of extra care in so instructing old Carl that he would guard well the vault.

"Well, well, Mr. Crum, we will not quarrel over the matter," he made haste to reply. "Please hand me your lantern a moment, and I will more carefully perform my duty of inspection."

The old man handed him the lantern, and he critically examined the vault again, and, in doing it, managed to so throw the light as to allow it to penetrate the recesses of the old cellar. But the furtive glimpses of dark recesses in the heavy stone wall, and of the steps in the outer wall, afforded him only so much satisfaction as to increase his curiosity. In a far corner, he saw what seemed to be several heavy chests piled one upon another. He would have given a good round sum to have stayed and critically examined the old cellar, but Carl's eyes were fixed on him with a steady and observing gaze, so he suppressed his curiosity, and handing back the lantern, followed his guide up to the great hall again. Here he took a prompt leave, and was on his way home again.

"The old watch dog," he muttered, as he strode along, "he was suspicious of me as if he knew my secret resolves. My first step must be to get him out of the house. Ah, if events only favor me, there will be no trouble. I fancy, however, that I can manage the matter. Let me think—let me think."

And so, planning and gloating over his anticipated triumph, Anthony Saybrook soon reached home.

CHAPTER XI.

Old Farmer Bruyn returned home rather late one evening from the village, some ten weeks after Claude's departure for Europe, and entered the family room, with its bluish whitewashed walls and sanded floor, where his wife and daughter Rosa were sitting beside a stand busily sewing and knitting.

A cloud was on his brow. His square-cut, heavy face, with its natural expression of obstinacy and self-will, appeared sterner than was its wont, and his countenance more flushed than usual. Truth to tell, he had spent a portion of the evening in Lawyer Saybrook's office, and that worthy had produced a bottle of old wine, and, on his way home, he had stopped at Ronk's Tavern, and a brimming glass of hot punch had added to the fever in his blood and brain. It was not the custom of the old farmer to indulge very freely in strong drink; but indulgence was the habit of the times, and he had found himself unable to refuse the hospitality of his friend the lawyer. On his way home he had stopped at Ronk's Tavern, which was also the post-office of the little place. A letter was handed him, with a European postmark, and directed to Rosa, in his care. He studied the superscription intently, and a cloud gathered on his brow. After a time he called for a glass of punch, and tossing it off, left the tavern and bent his steps homeward.

Mrs. Bruyn had gazed up mildly through her heavy silver-bowed spectacles as her husband entered. She saw at once that something had disquieted him, and, with womanly tact, bade Rosa at once to bring his slippers, while she opened the door of a little closet, set in the wall almost out of her reach, and produced his tobacco pouch and pipe, and placed them beside him on the table near which he took his seat.

A pleasant, mild-faced woman was Mrs. Bruyn. It was easy to see where Rosa had got her clear complexion, her liquid blue eyes, and her soft brown hair. A round, full face, small and regular features, and an expression of patient cheerfulness characterized the countenance of the good dame; and, withal, it was evident that she was a woman of more than usual intelligence and refinement. How, then, could she have ever married the rough, rather scarse, domineering old farmer? Ah, such mysteries are among the commonest of human life, and it is as well to ask why flowers will bloom and vines trail over the roughest and most uncouth rocks.

Farmer Bruyn filled and lit his pipe, and drew his chair up to the blazing log fire, and puffed away without apparently reaching a much more peaceful frame of mind. Rosa, after a time, lighted a candle, kissed her parents good-night, and retired to bed. After she had been gone some few minutes the farmer drew the letter from his pocket, and, turning to his wife, handed it to her.

She took it, studied the outside for a few moments through her spectacles, and then said:

"Why, it must be from Claude."

"Yes," replied the old man, his face growing perceptibly redder, "the villain—to write to her without my consent!—yes, without even ever having so much as spoken to me about her. Huh! he'd carry things with a high hand. He's a bold one—a high-headed one. He'll ruin my daughter, eh?—the spendthrift, the rake, the vagabond! Well, we'll see. He'll find I know how to measure such worthless rogues as he is, aye, and to match them, too."

Mrs. Bruyn did not immediately reply. Her cheerful face grew pale and quiet, and she seemed to be thinking deeply. Finally she said as she handed back the epistle:

"The letter is directed in your care, husband. Surely, there is nothing so wrong in that; he evidently did not intend to evade your knowing of his writing. Besides, you know he has been brought up as a neighbor's son, and he and Rosa played together as children."

"The more reason that he should treat me with the respect due me," answered the farmer, puffing fiercely on his pipe. "I once had a notion for the lad; but—so—what's bred in the bone will come out in the flesh. He's gone to the wrong, and his pride will carry him to the devil all the sooner because he's had a fine property left him to waste. I've heard enough of his recklessness and his boasts of how he would run wild once he got out in the world. But isn't it enough for him to scatter and riot without breaking our innocent girl's heart? No, no—the scamp; I'll match him. Look ye, wife, she must never hear of this letter. I'm afraid that she's only too fond of him now. There must be no more of it. It's gone too far. Now he's away, and scattering his wild oats, let's have an end of it. It's easy now to nip the thing in the bud. There!"

With this exclamation he gave the offending letter a toss among the flames of the great, crackling fire, where it blazed up a moment, then twisted and curled, red and glowing, the superscription standing out with luminous distinctness for a minute, showing Claude's bold and neat chirography, and then it faded, and the fiery folds of the fated epistle grew dark, then white and feathery, and were whirled up the chimney or found a resting place among the chinks of the logs.

"That settles the matter," he muttered. "So I'll treat any more of them, if he has the impudence to send them. 'Tis the best way. The girl will soon forget him, and we must see to it that her next beau is steady and worthy."

Mrs. Bruyn did not reply at once. She sat still and apparently somewhat stupefied by her husband's hasty action. Long habit had accustomed her never to oppose or even criticize his whims; but now, as she slowly took in the situation, her face flushed slightly, and after a moment she said:

"It seems to me that it would be better not to attempt to conceal anything from Rosa, but to treat her as if we had confidence in her and could trust her. I feel certain that she would never be disposed to oppose our wishes in any way; but our deception, if she should ever discover it, might be the means of hardening her feelings towards us. Besides, I am disposed to think that you judge of Claude harshly. He has been unwise, no doubt, but I do not believe he would do anything wicked or criminal. We should not believe every bit of idle gossip we hear about him."

Farmer Bruyn raised his eyebrows slightly, and gazed at his wife a moment with the faintest suspicion of surprise in his countenance. Then he said doggedly:

"My mind is made up. That boy is cut out for a rascal, and I know it. In two years from now he will have wasted every cent of his property, and be nothing but an idle, penniless vagabond. But he's just got the face and tongue to impose upon women; and you're no more to be trusted than Rosa to see him as he is. That girl has just got her head turned about him. I can see it plain enough; and if he's allowed to write to her she will soon be beyond cure. No, no; it won't do to play with this matter. Just let us burn the letters, and say nothing about it, and in a year he will have forgot all about her and she about him; and so there'll be an end of it. If he'd stayed at home, taken care of his property, and tried to make a man of himself, 'twould have been different. But I always had a suspicion of him. I knew he was cut out for a scapegrace. Already he's tied up every inch of his land, and, as soon as his money is gone, he's a beggar. I won't have him trifling with Rosa. Let that be the end of it. The least said the soonest mended."

With this wise saw by way of conclusion, Farmer Bruyn placed his pipe back in his mouth, closed his lips over it, and began puffing in a way that said as plainly as words that the discussion was through as far as he was concerned, and that nothing could change his mind.

Mrs. Bruyn saw that further argument would be wasted upon him in his present state of mind, so she remained still, though a gentle sigh told of the unquiet of her breast, and her brows knitted as though she were deeply considering the matter in all its bearings.

CHAPTER XII.

It is not to be supposed that the designing lawyer, into whose hands Claude Rolff had practically placed his fortunes, was at all remiss in keeping his client informed of events from his own point of view. In fact, he conducted an industrious correspondence. The mail service of the time was not very regular or frequent, but it was for that reason all the better adapted to the peculiar game of hazards that the unworthy member of an honorable and useful profession had resolved to play.

The first object Mr. Saybrook had in view from his correspondence was to secure the removal of old Carl Crum from the guardianship of Rolff House. For this purpose, he spent some days in constructing a letter so flattering to the young student of art, and so artfully designed to augment the confidence already posed in him as guardian and adviser, that he had no doubt of its success.

Several weeks elapsed before he received a reply, but when it came he was more than delighted with the result. The letter was as follows:

Venice, Feb. 16, 1812.

My Dear Mr. Saybrook: Yours of the 2d of last month was duly received. I must express my satisfaction at the promptness with which you have satisfied my curiosity in a matter that necessarily caused me considerable anxiety. I begin to be a thorough convert to your theory of my aunt's last instructions. Perhaps my interests as well as my judgment incline me to the opinion; for I must confess that after a short experience in this pleasant old Italian city, in the pursuit of my chosen art, I would view with particular distaste any developments that would call for my early return to my native country. I trust I am too patriotic to ever think of adjuring or depreciating my native land; yet I must confess that Europe is the only place for the young artist, and I fear that I must either abandon the study of art or else spend several years here.

It gives me great pleasure to know that you so thoroughly approve of my object in coming here. To be sure, not even your opposition could have induced me to abandon my darling ambition; but how much more pleasant is it to me to know that I am acting in full accord with the judgment of the only adviser my aunt recommended to me before her death.

Your statement as to your reception by Carl Crum has caused me considerable anxiety of mind. I must confess that the faithful old fellow was simply following my instructions. But I can easily understand how his very faithfulness to what he deems my interest might have led him to assume an impudent and even overbearing demeanor toward you. I cannot blame him, and yet I feel rather chagrined over the result. However, nothing has been done that cannot be remedied. There is no particular reason that Crum should remain in the house, providing it is displeasing to you. I certainly do not wish you to think that I have any lack of confidence in you. I have written to him, directing him to remove from Rolff House to the tenant house at the ferry, and hereafter to devote his entire attention to the ferry. I authorize you to select some suitable man to take his place in charge of Rolff House—somebody who will be both careful and trustworthy. Of course, I desire old Margaret to remain, and to be treated with all possible kindness and consideration.

I perused your suggestions in regard to my social conduct with considerable amusement if not edification. But I fear I shall not have much time to devote to general society, notwithstanding your opinion as to the advantage it would be to me in advancing me in taste and refinement. Moreover, you should be aware that I have already set my affections on a most "exacting mistress," and that I worship her above and before all else. She is the constant object of my thoughts, my daily companion, my divinity, in the presence of whom all other earthly devotion pales. What! and shall I seek other shrines of devotion, or admit rivals into my affections? No, no; I have sworn a devotion so complete, that it is not permitted me even to place myself in the way of temptation of being led astray from the pledged object of my worship. Your advice may be good; but for once I shall risk going contrary to your suggestions, and, instead of becoming a gay Lothario of society, shall rather choose to be an exclusive and romantic Romeo, with no thought save for the one Juliet of my heart.

(To be Continued.)

Sunlight Soap will not injure your blankets or harden them. It will make them soft, white and fleecy. 78

Blood only serves to wash ambition's hands.—Byron.

Ask me no questions and I will tell you no fibs.—Goldsmith.

Courage from hearts, and not from numbers, grows.—Dryden.

Curses, like young chickens, come home to roost.—Southey.

Only they know how to live who live to die.—Whyte Melville.

All argument will vanish before one touch of nature.—Colman.

Dangers breed fears, and fears more dangers bring.—R. Baxter.

Character must be kept bright, as well as clean.—Lord Chesterfield.

Custom is the pillar round which opinion twines, and interest is the tie that binds it.—T. L. Peacock.

SICK STOMACH IS WORKING SICK OWNER IS IDLE

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

DR. VON STAN'S PINEAPPLE TABLETS

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

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

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

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

"Why is it," asked the curious guest, "that the poor men usually give larger tips than the rich men?"

"Well, suh," said the waiter, "de po' man don' want nobody to fin' out he's po', an' de rich man don't want nobody to fin' out he's rich, suh."—Chicago Tribune.

Lever's Y-Z (Wise Head) Disinfectant Soap Powder is better than other powders, as it is both soap and disinfectant. 34

ENGLISH SPAVIN LINIMENT 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, SEPT. 26TH. 1903.

The Northwest is growing faster than many realize, the great developement and unparalleled success of the various enterprises are surely but slowly placing Canada where she belongs.

The Quebec Daily Telegraph, in a startling editorial, declares Canada a nation rather than a colony, and the Saturday Evening Post, Philadelphia, says:

"This Northwest is rapidly filling up with a new life from Eastern Canada and from our own Northwest. Farmers in Iowa, Kansas, Nebraska, Minnesota and the Dakotas are selling their valuable farms and are moving, with their families and farming implements and live stock, up into this great harvest-field, and are receiving a most generous welcome. American capital has gone in there and bought up great tracts of land, and large profits have already been made by the pushing, wide-awake Americans. But the brave and enterprising young men of Western Canada show a most noble and generous spirit. It is truly wonderful. They see our people making millions of money there in the last three years, but they say: "We welcome you; we need your money; we need your enterprise, your daring, your experience; come in and help us develop this great empire!" No one in all the world, England not excepted, receives the broad and generous welcome from the Canadian Northwest that is so cheerfully and unselfishly given the American farmer, merchant, manufacturer and capitalist. They wish us to settle down and live with them and work with them. But to the capitalist, or the land speculator, many in this great Northwest, one big enough and broad enough to say: "Even though you come in to skim off the cream, and then perhaps leave us, still we welcome you. You are crowding our lands into the market; you are feeding the stream of immigration pouring in upon us; you are helping to develop our country. We welcome you" It is a wonderful spirit and courage, this, and Western Canada is charge full of a great New World electric life."

American capital is opening up a great many of our mines here and we are glad to have our cousins from across the line help to prove our District one of the greatest mineral countries on the face of the globe.

A PUBLIC MEETING of the Liberal Conservatives will be held on Monday Sept. 28th. at the Balmoral Hall, Discovery.

Sluice Boxes Looted.

Dust to Value of Eighteen Hundred Dollars Taken From Sulphur Creek.

News comes from the North that two bold sluice box robberies were were committed on Sulphur creek early on the morning of August 30th or the previous night, the dust stolen amounting to about $1,800. From the boxes on No. 20 above, about 75 ounces were taken. The smaller amount was taken from No. 16 below. The discovery of the losses was made when the men went to work in the morning. Both thefts were reported at about the same time to the Sulphur police detachment.

Whether the two robberies were committed by one man or a party of men is not yet known. It appears most likely that such was the case, but the thefts on the same night may be merely a coincidence.

VICTORIA TIMES.

NOTICE.

PART IV. "WATER CLAUSES CONSOLIDATION ACT, 1897."

1. This is to certify that "The British American Dredging Company, Limited," a Company incorporated under the "Companies Act, 1897 and," which has complied with the provisions of the "Power Companies' Relief Act, 1902," and is in the same position as if it had been specially incorporated as required by Part IV. of the "Water Clauses Consolidation Act, 1897," has submitted its undertaking to the Lieutenant-Governor in Council for approval, and that the said undertaking, as shown by the documents and plan filed, has been approved, and that the same is as follows:

The acquisition by purchase or under powers conferred by the "Water Clauses Consolidation Act, 1897," of two acres, more or less, of ground situated on the south side of Pine Creek, at the foot of Pine Creek Falls, in the Atlin Lake Mining Division of the Cassiar District, which forms part of the mining ground leased to the "Pine Creek Power Company, Limited," for the purpose of hydraulic workings.

This piece of land is intended to be acquired as a site for the erection thereon of a power house and the necessary buildings in connection therewith, for the generation and distribution of power by electrical methods for the operation of a bucket dredge capable of treating three thousand cubic yards daily, for lighting and any other purposes for which such power may be used under the provisions of Part IV. of the "Water Clauses Consolidation Act, 1897." The generality of any words in this clause, are not to be limited by any words in the same clause, or any other part of this Certificate.

For the purpose of the proposed works the Company has acquired from H. W. E. Canavan a record bearing date the 7th day of April, 1900, of one thousand inches of water to be diverted from Pine Creek above Pine Creek Falls, and which is to be returned to the stream at the falls.

2. And this is further to certify that the Company propose to begin their undertaking by acquiring title to the said site in manner aforesaid, and by commencing the erection thereon of the said power house.

3. And this is further to certify that the amount of the capital of the Company which will be duly subscribed before the Company commences the construction of its undertaking and works, or exercises any of the powers of the "Water Clauses Consolidation Act, 1897," Part IV., in that behalf, is hereby fixed at the sum of twenty-five thousand dollars, being the whole of the capital stock of the Company, and that the difference between the said sum and the amount required to complete the undertaking and works shall be raised by the issue and sale of debentures of the Company, such difference being estimated at the sum of seventy-five thousand dollars.

4. And this is further to certify that the time within which the said undertaking and works are to be commenced is fixed at sixty days from the date hereof, and the time within which all the proposed undertaking shall be in operation is fixed at six months from the date hereof.

Dated this 26 th day of June, 1903.

A. E. McPHILLIPS,
Clerk, Executive Council.

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.
Billiards and Pool.

THE GOLD HOUSE,
DISCOVERY, B. C.
A STRICTLY FIRST CLASS HOTEL.
CHOICEST WINES LIQUORS & CIGARS.
Mixed Drinks a Specialty
DINING ROOM SUPPLIED WITH THE BEST THE MARKET AFFORDS.
Vegetables Daily From our own Garden
Breakfast, 6 to 9. Lunch, 12 to 2. Dinner, 6 to 8.

THE WHITE PASS & YUKON ROUTE.
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
TRAFFIC DEPARTMENT, SKAGWAY.

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

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

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

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

ATLIN, B. C. SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 26, 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.

The Cumberland colliers have abandoned the Western Federation and reluctantly surrendered their charter.

Bulgaria says she must go to war unless the Great Powers intervene. The majority of the Latter declare, however, for a strictly neutral attitude.

A monster nugget of silver, weighing more than a ton, the largest single piece of silver ore ever taken from the ground, will be one of the features that the State of Idaho will display in the Mines and Metallurgy Palace at the World's Fair in St. Louis. In the center of the mining exhibit will be the huge boulder taken from the silver mines at Hailey.—M. & E. Review.

The Dominion Parliament will probably prorogue first week in October.

Seismic disturbances were experienced all along the Puget Sound; Seattle, Portland, Tacoma especially felt the tremors which is reported to be the most emphatic earthquake shock ever felt on the Sound.

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 30 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.

Wanted to See How Dredge Worked.

Mr. Richardson, our well known Dry goods merchant, accompanied by Dr. Keller, of Skagway, paid a visit to the Big Dredge on Gold Run, and were greatly impressed by the monster apparatus. They evidently wanted to see how the buckets worked under water; both of them taking a plunge into the dam from the plank between the dredge and the bank. Beyond a good ducking no damage was done.

They are somewhat reticent about giving particulars of their impressions of the under water working of the machine.

Poplar Caeek is becoming the greatest Gold camp on the coast.

Dissolution of Partnership.

NOTICE—is hereby given that the partnership hitherto existing between Ed Sands and Thos. Hinchcliffe is dissolved. All debts due to and by said firm will be collected or paid by Ed. Sands.

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 Bonnett, 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

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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. 30 "
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.

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FIRST-CLASS RESTAURANT IN CONNECTION.

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

Finest of liquors. Good stabling.

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Home-made ice-cream sometimes turns out buttery, to the dismay and surprise of its producer. To prevent this condition, it is obligatory that the scalded and unbeaten cream should be put together and thoroughly chilled before the dasher of the freezer is turned.

A course often served just before dessert is cheese custards, thin brown bread sandwiches being sent around with it.

With sweet potatoes now approaching their season of perfection at least in our Northern markets, a word as to their cooking is timely. Only Southern cooks apparently can bring out the real flavor of these tubers, as those who have eaten them in the South can testify. A baked sweet potato after it has left the supervision of an old plantation cook is a thing to remember. Its heart, tender and mealy, encased in a crisp brown shell, from which oozes the "candy," as the rich sweet crystallized juice is called, makes as toothsome a morsel as is often partaken of. Another way, and this is the Southern style of the cook books, serves them in a sort of stew. The Boston Cooking School gives the following as the procedure in such preparation. Into a large flat-bottomed saucepan or cooking pot, put two tablespoonfuls of butter and one of sugar. When hot lay in enough raw sweet potatoes (pared, cut in two lengthwise and seasoned with salt and pepper) to closely cover the bottom, and another layer (not close) on the top. Pour on enough water to half-cover the lower layer, cover the vessel tightly and place where the heat is gentle, that the cooking maybe slow. When the lower layers are brown, change them to the top, letting the others brown. By the time both are done, the water will have evaporated, leaving a very little butter sauce to pour over the potatoes in serving.

It should not be forgotten that a little salt makes a poor apple eatable, and a good apple better.

Every autumn revives the discussion of the therapeutic value of grapes and discovers anew the grape-cure enthusiasts. It is satisfactory to know, at least, that the delicious fruit is certainly one of the most wholesome, even while its properties as a cure-all may be doubted. In the matter of a fruit diet, an authority asserts that one meal a day exclusively of good fruit is more effective than the same quantity taken with other food.

When the holland shades have passed their usefulness as such, they may be denuded of sticks, fringes and fixtures and polled thoroughly to take out the stiffening. After they are reduced to a state of pliability dried and ironed, they serve a variety of uses. They make among other things the best of cleaning, washing and dish cloths.

At london periodical notes with interest that American green corn can be had at Covent Garden Market. The paragraph goes on to rhapsodize over the vegetable as grown and served in "the land of the stars and stripes," and welcomes eagerly its advent in the home larder. A tourist this season in rural England, reports having seen more than once on farms by which she drove, single fields of American corn, evidently an experiment among acres devoted to the cultivation of wheat and barley.

Seeing to Things.

One of our great dailies has this to say about how women wear themselves out: "The 'seeing to things' idea is distinctly feminine. No man ever had it. Every woman is born with it.

"Men sit in a street car and watch the driver of a truck groan and tug and try to get his wheels off the track, and not a man will move to help that driver, or even sigh in sympathy. Every woman in the car is edging and peering and wishing she dared go out on the platform and 'see to that truck.'

"'That's the thing that kills women. They try to carry the world on their shoulders, and they don't realize that the world is a great deal better off without their puny strength under it.

"When a business man gets up in the morning he takes his bath, goes into the dining room and eats his breakfast, kisses his family good-by and goes down town like a sensible man. I'll tell you what the business woman does. She gets up early and goes into the children's room, and fusses around for about half an hour or so. If you ask her what she is doing, she'll say she's 'seeing to things.'

"She hires a servant—and waits upon her. She pays a dressmaker—and sits up nights, studying fashion-books for a new way to have a dress made. She buys a hat—and takes it home and tears it all to pieces and makes it over again. She dictates to a typewriter—and then takes the copy and corrects it herself. She worries over other people's troubles. She frets over other people's children. She almost takes medicine for other people's headaches, and she puts all her friends into nervous irritation trying to 'see to them.'"

There is little doubt that a man wrote the foregoing, and we cheerfully grant that he has, evidently, not only been an observer of women, but has been associated with woman who have been little less than omnipresent and ministering angels, who have not only performed their duty faithfully, but have taken upon their shoulders and into their hearts much that women ought not to do, and which they would be much happier were they so situated that they need not have it to do; but women have a way of making the most and the best of things, and letting the men have an easy time.

When a man is ashamed of the fact that he is about to get married he will make a poor husband.

HOME THOUGHTS.

What the Dismantling of an Old Home Teaches.

If every young couple, rich as well as poor, could be brought face to face with the accumulations of family life which have extended over two generations, they would find themselves freed from many an unsatisfied craving and cease from nourishing many covetous desires.

At a recent "bargain sale" of furniture in a great shop, there was a noticeable sprinkling of very young purchasers; so few years had passed over their heads that a looker on felt perplexed to imagine the stripling husband and the girl wife seated at the head and foot of the dining tables they were scrutinizing. They walked apart to consult as to whether they could make the slender purse cover the additional ten dollars which was demanded for some bit of mirror inserted in the sideboad or an extra monstrosity of machine carving on the back of the chairs. Everywhere around them were more conspicuous, more expensive, more showy things; stretch their few dollars to their utmost limit, the girl wife's eyes still wandered covetously to the things out of reach. All the joy of their plenishing was dulled by a desire for the unattainable. The young man's face lost its eagerness, after all, he could not give his bride her heart's desire.

There was an ascending scale of price; a distinct demarcation of ascend- degrees of wealth, but a common look of regret that each in turn could not have something yet finer than the best within their reach. Descending to the elevator with the looker-on a brown young farmer, holding with distinctive American courtesy his vain little wife's white silk parasol (!) looked utterly disheartened. She who had chosen this absurd piece of finery for the country road had evidently been unwilling to have anything he was able to give her. Her heart had been won by curious adornments and the glitter of glass.

By sharp contrast the observer had been called to decide what was of real value, what of little worth, from the stored belongings of a large family who had gathered accretions of material things from the four quarters of the globe. If there is a method of teaching the folly of accumulation, it is this stern one of sitting in judgment upon the taste and value of the result of fifty years of family purchasing and boarding.

One thing stands out in strong and incontrovertible evidence; only the simple radically good things are of any permanent value. All "make believes," all modern pretenders to antiquity, all inferior copies and shams, take their places in the review like detected criminals. They may still have some smartness left, they may yet have "an air of their own," but you do not want them at any price. The one lovely dignified piece of old solid mahogany, with a little show about it as a duchess in travelling dress, shows its good breeding in every line and tells its "blue blood"; in the dull red glow it caught under the sun of Santo Domingo, and the eager hands of dividing heirs reach out simultaneously toward it among a dozen glided imitations of the Napoleonic era of "mako believe" Louis XVI. sofas and lounges.

A Wall Book Case.

Here is a picture of a handsome wall case for book and bric-a-brac. It is a convenient and tasty article of wall adornment.

Exercise for the Voice.

Exercise is a powerful factor in the development of the voice. It should be taken in the open air. Children, like caged birds, lose their song. Exercise is born of the free field and pastoral hills. A loud shout means a long breath; a rapid race, many deep ones. Thus are the receptacles of the great aerial storehouse opened, enabling us to keep on tap that which is the very essence of speech, without which no sound can be sustained. It is a fact that people reared in the country have clearer and ampler voices than those city bred. The voices of southern nations possess invariably more music and more volume than those of the northerly tribes. Climate stimulates to an outdoor life and deep breathing, and many vocations that in colder climes are carried on indoors are performed outside. Mountaineers have louder voices than the inhabitants of the prairies because of the respiratory development incident to hill climbing. The lesson from this is obvious. The "breath of life" is the one truth in everybody's mouth. It is the great proverb that knows no denial. In her generosity of this vital fluid, Nature would give us good measure, pressed down and running over. Yet how many of the pancake chests that drag the streets like collapsed bellows, know the swell and heave of uncumbered air, the sufficingness of an honest breath. Nothing can supplant nature's developmental gymnastics; but in those unfortunate cases where the conditions of life necessitate confinement, much may be done to expand the chest, increase cell functions and volume of voice, through artificial breathing exercise.—Fayette E. Ewing, M.D.

Europe's Ill-heated Hotels.

Once I nearly froze to death in Naples, writes Jerome Hart in the "Argonaut." Once I piled all my overcoats and rugs and a mackintosh on top of my bed in Athens. And here in sunny Spain I for the first time became cognizant of bed-warmers and warming-pans — objects which hitherto to me had been purely literary. I had read of them in story-books, but supposed they were figments, like the Phoenix and the Dragon. Now I know that they exist, and since I have slept in these shivery Spanish beds, in these refrigerator Spanish bedrooms, in these vault-like Spanish hotels, I bless the man who invented warming-pans. As you go along the gloomy corridors of these sepulchral hotels, your footfalls echoing through the arches above you, with a bone-searching cold rising up from the stone floor under you, you see rows of hot-water bags, coyly clad in red flannel, hanging by the awkward doorknobs of the clumsy Spanish doors. At first you say, "Is this hotel occupied only by invalids?" No—you speedily find that they are not invalids, but that to prevent rigor mortis setting in during the night from the extreme cold, they take hot-water bags to bed with them.

In the larger cities of Northern Europe the landlords have been forced to heat their hotels. They did it reluctantly, but they did it. In London, Paris, Geneva, Lucerne, on the Riviera, and in some Roman hotels you now find central heating systems. Not so in the smaller hotels of Southern Italy, of Spain, of Greece, and of the Levant. There the unfortunate tourists slowly freeze.

So I believe that the North Pole is somewhere around the Mediterranean, and when I look back over the lapse of years to Jimmy Massey and his geographical heterodoxies, I have a fellow-feeling for him.

In some of these hotels you occasionally find a queer stove. It would be amusing—if you did not yourself live in the hotel—to see the miscellaneous way in which the top of the stove is used. Guests come to warm their hands, and go away leaving their gloves on the stove. They set down books, hats, flowers and packages there. In the dining-saloon the waiters put dishes of food on the stove while serving—not to heat them, but using it merely as a table. I have noticed, however, that they never leave the so-called "warm" dishes there—perhaps they fear they might get cold; or then perhaps, on the other hand, they fear they might get hot.

The landlords of these cold hotels display a touching solicitude about the stove. Every man has his weak point. Some millionaires hate to pay for postage stamps. The landlord of a big hotel over here often spends half of his time trying to keep the servants from putting too much fuel on the fire. To prevent Americans and other pyromaniacs from meddling with the fuel they often keep the coal-bin locked. It is a touching spectacle to see a group of Americans shivering around a little stove; to see the servant enter, take out a key, and unlock the coal-bin; to see the freezing Americans grow excited as he puts two or three teaspoonfuls of coal in the stove, and then locks the bin again; to see the gimlet eye of a Granada landlord fastened on him from the office; then to see the hapless Americans sink back into their overcoat collars, and wish they were "back home in God's country."

As an incident of the desperation to which these cold hotels drive people, I once saw in a Levantine hotel an elderly spinster seat herself in front of the stove in the men's smoking-room with her hair down, while an elderly female friend gave her a dry shampoo. To the suggestion of the scandalized servants—Mohammedan males—that she should finish this intimate toilet operation in her own room, she replied briefly that she had found the only warm place in the hotel and she proposed to finish the shampoo there. Which she did.

Surgery Seven Hundred Years Ago.

Surgical operations were performed on the human skull in America two hundred years before the coming of Columbus, says the Toledo "Blade." The work was done in those early days with the aid of shells and flint hatchets. Many skulls have been discovered in Peru which illustrate the methods of these early surgeons. From the appearance of the skull it is also evident that a considerable proportion of those operated upon lived afterward. This trephining was probably performed to save the lives of those who had received a serious wound from a club or a stone. Considering that the surgeons of those early days worked with nothing more effective than sharp shells or flint knives, the work is exceedingly creditable. Human skulls bearing the signs of similar operations also have been found in Europe, dating back to prehistoric times. In the South Sea Islands the operation was often performed with the same primitive implements. The local surgeons not only trephine in the case of fractures, but as a cure for epilepsy and certain forms of insanity. Trephining is also performed in this primitive way even as a cure for headache.

A Forest Fire.

A geologist who explored with two companions a region on the western shore of Hudson Bay had an experience in a forest fire which could hardly be equaled in scope and fierceness farther south, where the woods are broken by settlements. The men had pushed far to the north of Port Nelson into a land inhabited by tribes of Indians, where no white man had left a trace. Their story, as given in the "Youth's Companion," continues as follows:

We had crossed the mouth of a stream, he says, which forked twice some distance from where it opens into the bay, making two long, narrow deltas. By sundown we had gone a mile or so north of the upper branch. The air grew hot and dry. The light in the western sky was more dense and solid than that of the sunset, and it extended round to the north beyond the range of the setting sun. We knew that it was a fire, and halted on a rising slope, where we could get a broader view of the sky.

The wind was from the north-west, and the fire must be coming straight toward us. In the hope of reaching one of the deltas of the stream which we had crossed about a mile to the south, we turned back and walked for our lives.

We reached the upper branch of the stream before the fire overtook us, crossed it, and sat panting on the southern shore. The sun had set, and the fire marked its limits in a wide sweep covering the north-west.

As we sat waiting, the brush across the stream crackled, and five or six deer broke from the woods and stood on the bank, sniffing.

The air grew dense. A dull roar like a distant surf was blown to us from the north. I climbed half-way up a small tree, and then I saw a sight. Perhaps five miles away came the fire, a sea of red flame under a wall of smoke that rolled on in advance.

Before I descended from the tree the smoke was on us. One of my companions, noting that the trees on the delta were of a smaller growth, thought we were safer on the lower delta, with two strips of water and an island between us and the fire. So we moved on a few hundred yards to the next mouth of the stream.

We were wrapped in smoke. The roar of the fire grew like a storm. We waded into the water, took off our coats and wrapped them wet about our heads. Then we noticed that we were not alone. Round us, only a few yards away, stood groups of horned creatures. Behind us a black shape lay in the water, evidently a bear. The danger had made the whole world kin, and fear of the common enemy had made all the driven animals tame to each other.

Ashes and cinders settled over us, and we bowed our heads close to the water. The heat grew intense. Then with a stride the fire burst over the northern bank. We waded to the south shore and waited. Our coats grew hot on our heads, and we "ducked" again and again. I turned and looked at the fire. I mounted, I should say, more than a hundred feet and leaned across the stream which was fully two hundred feet wide. Under that leaning bank of flame we crouched in the water, which grew tepid and was foul with the countless animals that for miles up were seeking shelter in it.

It was impossible for us to push on to the next stream. We were dazed and parched, and if the fire leaped this stream it would have caught us in the woods.

Suddenly I raised my head, and saw the flames like clouds of fire leap over our heads and seize the tops of the trees on the southern bank. The fire had jumped the stream.

For an hour we stayed in the water waiting for the fire to burn out on the northern shore. A great weariness and stupor weighed us down. Presently we felt the air grow clearer and cooler. It was raining, and we dragged ourselves to the northern bank, where we lay with our noses close to the baked earth and slept.

Afterward we learned that the fire had ruined a stretch of timber three hundred miles long and seventy-five miles wide, a tract as long as from Boston to Buffalo and half as wide again as the north-and-south breadth of Massachusetts.

What he Promised to Win her.

She—You will love me always?

He—Passionately, my darling.

She—And you will never cease to love me?

He—Never, my darling.

She—And you will save your money?

He—Every penny.

She—And you will never speak harshly to me?

He—Never.

She—And you will give up all your bad habits?

He—Every one of them.

She—And you will be good friends with mamma?

He—Yes.

She—And papa?

He—Yes.

She—And you will always do just what mamma wants you to do?

He—Yes.

She—And just what papa wants you to do?

He—Yes.

She—And just what I want you to do?

He—Of course.

She—Well, I will be youre, but I'm afraid I am making an awful mistake.—"Pick-Me-Up."

The Venom of Snakes.

The Carnegie Institute has granted $1,000 to the pathological laboratories of the University of Pennsylvania to aid in the investigation of snake poison which is going on there, says The New York Tribune. Upon lines that Dr. S. Weir Mitchell suggested, Dr. Simon Flexner and Dr. Hideyo Noguchi have been studying at the university for two years the venom of cobras, rattlesnakes and other poisonous reptiles. Highly interesting are the experiments that in the course of their work these two scientists have made. They believe that it is possible in time to discover for each kind of venom an antidote.

The choroforming of a snake and the extraction of its poison while it lies unconscious are an operation frequently performed and interesting to see. The snake is first seized with a lasso about the middle. The lasso is a leather loop at the end of a stick like a broomstick, and the tightening of the loop holds the snake securely. After it is caught, its head is pinned down to a table with a notched stick that is pressed upon its neck. A tube one and one-half inches in diameter containing a sponge saturated with chloroform is slipped over the snake's head, as a glove is slipped over a finger, and soon the reptile is unconscious. An assistant then seizes it by the neck, and slips the edge of a saucer under its upper jaw in such a manner as to elevate the two fangs. These fangs now lie, as it were, upon the saucer. The operator takes them one at a time, between the thumb and forefinger of his right hand, and strips them forward—squeezes them, that is to say, from the base to the tip—and thus all their venom is extracted. This venom, yellow, and of the thickness of molasses, runs out upon the saucer, and it is gathered in a vial and sealed up.

In the experiments with live animals that the university carries, it is thought best to inject the venom hypodermically rather than to allow the snake itself to do the injecting in the ordinary manner with its fangs, because a snake does not always strike effectively. Sometimes it fails to elevate its fangs sufficiently to inject into its victim more than a drop or two of venom. Sometimes it strikes fiercely and its teeth are actually fastened for a moment in the animal's flesh, but the fangs are doubled backward, and not a drop of venom is injected into the wound. Yet, to all appearances, the bite has been a terrible one, and an experimenter, administering to the wounded animal a certain antidote, would decide that this antidote was a marvellously potent one—would hold it to have cured the animal immediately—when, as a matter of fact, there would have been nothing the matter with the animal from the beginning.

On small animals the effect of a small dose of venom is almost immediately fatal. A pigeon, for instance, on receiving an injection of three or four drops, walks a few steps, crouches, gasps, rolls over on its side and in one or two minutes, sometimes in less than one minute, is stone dead.

On a larger animal, such as a dog, the poison does not act so powerfully. A thirty-one pound bull terrier was lowered into a rattlesnake's cage and was bitten on the right leg, near the thigh. The bite was a thorough one. The dog whined a little after it was drawn up, moped a while, and in fifteen minutes was so weak that it had to lie down. At the end of twenty-five minutes it could rise when bidden, though it was growing weaker. At the end of fifty minutes it had lost all power over its hind legs. At the end of eighty minutes its breathing was labored. At the end of three hours it was dead.

A man—one of the attendants—was bitten by a rattler at the university by accident. In a few minutes he became sick at the stomach and very weak. His face paled, a cold sweat broke out on him, his breathing was hurried, and his pulse feeble. This was the first stage of the attack, and in it the wound itself gave no pain. In the second stage—the stage of recovery—the wound was painful. The case of this man was typical. He was pulled through without trouble.

One experiment proves that the mechanism which controls the act of striking in the rattlesnake lies in the spinal cord. A snake's head was cut off, and then the physician's assistant pinched its tail. Instantly the neck darted back like lightning, and struck the man's hand a hard blow. This action has often been credited to the beheaded rattlesnake, but usually with a sceptical sneer. Professor Brewer, of Yale, claimed three years ago he was in California and had his tripod and other surveyor's instruments in the field. Stepping along in the bushes he felt a movement under his feet, and found that he was standing on a four and one-half foot rattlesnake—a large, vicious and fighting fellow. But the snake was so pinioned that he could not strike the thick boot that held him fast. Professor Brewer held that rattlesnake's head down with his tripod and cut it off. Then he cut off his rattles. Stepping aside, he saw the body of the snake, partly coiled, lying very still. Taking out his rule to measure its length, the professor took hold of the serpent to straighten him out.

"Quick as an electric shock," said Professor Brewer, "that headless snake brought the neck over and struck a hard blow upon the back of my hand." He added: "I knew that his head was off and that he could not poison me, but that quick and hard blow of the rattler made my hair stand on end."

Did Not Want to Lend.

The late Henry G. Morse, President of the New York Shipbuilding Company, was one day visited by a man who wished to borrow money wherewith to launch a questionable enterprise. Mr. Morse gave some polite excuse for his unwillingness to lend, and the man declared that he regarded this excuse as somewhat fishy. Thereupon, smiling grimly, Mr. Morse said:—

"Let me tell you a little story. Once upon a time an Arab went to his neighbor and said:—

"'Lend me your rope.'

"'I can't,' said the neighbor.

"'Why can't you?'

"'Because I want to use the rope myself.'

"'What do you want to do with it?' the borrower asked.

"'I want to tie up five cubic feet of water with it,' was the reply.

"'How on earth,' the other sneered, 'can you tie up water with a rope?'

"'My friend,' said the neighbor, 'Allah is great, and he permits us to do strange things with a rope when we don't want to lend it.'"

"Mary," said the mother to her little daughter, "I wish you would run over and see how old Mrs. Jones is; she has been quite ill."

In a few minutes Mary came running back and reported: "She said to tell you it was none of your business."

"Why, Mary," said the astonished mother, "what did you ask her?"

"Just what you told me to," replied the little girl. "I told her you wanted to know how old she was."—Philadelphia Public Ledger.

Motor-Intoxication.

The crusaders against intoxicants should turn some of their energy against motorists, observes the Paris correspondent of "Truth." We begin to find out that motor-driving produces an intoxication that may be attended with greater loss of life than the combative violence of inebriates. M. Hachet Souplet, at the last meeting of the Societe d'Hypnologie et de Psychologie, spoke of the intoxicating effect of rapid motor locomotion. The mental and moral state of the driver become abnormal. He grows vindictive, furiously aggressive, and lets himself be carried away by the angry impulse of the moment. The high rate of speed works him up into the very same state of mind which makes the habitual drinker of alcohol regardless of consequences. Both abuse, swear, and use vile language. La bete est lachee as much in the motorist whose pace is checked as in the drunkard in a combative mood. M. Hachet Souplet quoted a number of instances from police reports of trials of automobilists in which self-control and the sense of dignity entirely deserted gentlemen of high education and breeding. Dr. Berillon, an eminent man, corroborated everything M. Hachet Souplet had said. He called attention to the conduct of motorists when arrested for excessive speed. In communications received from police commissioners, they were uniformly spoken of as forgetful of all the restraints their social station required, and in a state of dementia. According to Dr. Berillon, they become as mad under the effect of the onward rush of the motor-car as the dancing dervishes or the Arabs in a fantasia. A human life appears of no account to a motorist going at high speed, to the dervish warmed by a dance, or to the Arab in the intoxication of a fantasia. Dr. Berillon knows a motorist who ran over a peasant and rushed on after he did so as furiously as before. He returned home in the state of depression that follows a long rush forward at the pace of an express train, and never gave a thought to his victim on the road until he read three days after now he had killed him. He then felt very sorry, declared himself guilty of the death of the peasant, and settled an annuity on his family. Dr. Berillon, after investigating into a large number of police cases against chauffeurs, believes they cannot help their reckless driving. The furore steals on them. In setting out they intend to go at a moderate pace, but as they warm to the work they must rush on faster and faster. The flying landscape through which they tear forward produces the kind of giddiness which Arabs say takes hold of them in the fantasia. In this state motorists would run down those nearest and dearest to them as unhesitatingly as though they were so many peasants. M. Berillon thinks that the only cure is to make the manufacturers of motors jointly responsible for the bones broken or lives taken by purchasers of their cars. Machinery would then be so contrived as to render a high rate of speed impossible.

More Intelligent Anticipation.

According to the "Academy," a Scotch newspaper contains the following: "One is inclined to think that the Persian astronomer poet Omar Khayyam has been a diligent student of Shakespeare and Burns; if not, then the literary coincidences are somewhat remarkable." The writer goes on to observe that Omar should be styled the "Persian Burns."

This fresh field in the domain of the Newer Criticism, from which we here gather a sample, clearly promises a rich harvest, thinks "Punch." Thus:

There can be little doubt that Milton was a keen student of Marie Corelli. His picture of "Satan the Hero" is only too obviously a feeble imitation of the greater writer's chief character in her novel "The Sorrows of Satan." Shakespeare, too, in Portia's speech, refers to the "force of temporal power." It is not difficult to guess what suggested the phrase.

Did Homer read Phillips? This question has been agitating the literary public for some time, and interest in the subject has been revived lately by an article in one of the reviews, in which the writer discovers many points of resemblance between the story of Phillips' "Ulysses" and that of Homer's less memorable hero. And yet the Greek made no acknowledgment whatever of his indebtedness!

Scott owed much to Crockett. A great part of "Rob Roy," "Old Mortality," and other novels is strangely reminiscent of the master's work, and some passages seem to have been "lifted" almost entire from the pages of the Wizard of Penicuik.

One of Burns' chief claims to fame is that he wrote "Auld Lang Syne," and yet it seems never to have been pointed out that the refrain of the poem—"The Days of Auld Lang Syne"—is not really his but the glorious Ian Maclaren's. Honor to whom honor is due!

It would be impossible to mention every writer who owes something to Caine. Signs of indebtedness are everywhere. Julius Caesar surely knew Rome through Caine's graphic description, and how often has the mighty Manxman's fine phrase "The Eternal City" been purloined by petty literary thieves! Wolfe, too, who wrote "The Burial of Sir John Moore," has a line, "We left him alone with his glory." Where could he have derived this idea but from the great scenes in which Storm is left in exactly the same way, "alone with his Glory"? But why go on? Instances of plagiarism such as these could be multiplied indefinitely.

An Aged Scholar.

A peasant woman named Madame Huguet, in the Ham Commune of the Somme Department, has just put herself to school at seventy years of age. Deploring her illiteracy, the old dame at last summoned courage some months ago to ask the village schoolmaster if he would teach her to read. "There is not a moment to lose," said that worthy fellow, with tender humor; "we'll begin this instant," and, producing the alphabet, he there and then administered to his aged pupil her first lesson in the mysteries of A, B, C. But Mother Huguet was an apt scholar. By infinite docility and diligence she was able to spell a little at the end of several weeks, could read in a few months, and can now indite a little letter as well as most of her class.

Beware of "Absolute."

Whatever may be the merits or demerits of "absolutely unique"—and it may be noted that the Prime Minister, Mr. Balfour, employed this term in describing the tenure of the Colonial Office by Mr. Chamberlain—there is no doubt that "absolutely" is the most overworked adverb in our vocabulary. Among politicians especially the word is used in the most careless way; Mr. Balfour, in his brief speech, employed it twice. But it is not for newspapers to sneer at politicians in this respect. Only the other day, in a news agency telegram printed in several evening journals, the world was informed that there was an official assurance from the Vatican that the rumor of the Pope's death was "absolutely without foundation." With this one may compare Mark Twain's comment upon the report of his own death—that it was "much exaggerated."

Willing to Pay Half.

In a Scotch country parish not long ago, says Tit-Bits, there lived a church officer who had filled that post and that of grave digger for the long space of fifty years. Suspicion had long been entertained that he was in the habit of helping himself out of the collection plate whenever opportunity admitted. It was difficult, of course, to prove this. At last, however, the sum of £1 was abstracted from a missionary box which stood in the vestry, and everything combined to point out this man as the culprit. The elders told the minister that something must really be done. The reverend gentleman said he would make investigations.

The following Sabbath, after the morning service, the minister was taking off his gown and bands, and, being alone in the vestry with the suspected man, he thought the opportunity was too good to be lost, so he said:—

"Andrew, have you heard of the money that is a-missing from the box?"

"O'ay," said Andrew. "I was hearing something aboot it."

"Andrew," continued the other, very gravely, "this matter lies between you and me. We are the only two who have access to the box. Either you or I must be the thief."

"Deed, sir," rejoined the imperturbable Andrew, "it is just as you say; we're the only two that has had access to the box, and I think the best way'll be for you tae pay the half and I pay the tither, and sae nae mair aboot it."

Is New Zealand British?

Queer points are raised from time to time in courts of law; for instance, one just seriously reserved for consideration by an Australian Judge of the Supreme Court, namely, whether New Zealand is legally a British possession. It sounds like a joke at the expense of that most ardent and energetic of Imperialists, "King Dick" Seddon. At the same time it is possible there may be something in the point. Although Captain Cook repeatedly urged upon the Imperial Government the colonization of New Zealand no practical step was taken until very late in the thirties, when it leaked out that the French were contemplating the annexation of the islands. It was a close race between a British and a French man-of-war, the British ship winning by a few hours. It is conceivable that in the excitement of the moment some formality in the proclamation of British sovereignty over New Zealand may have been overlooked. In 1835 a Frenchman who called himself "Baron de Thierry" proclaimed himself "Sovereign Chief of New Zealand," but his funds failed, ninety-three followers deserted and he sank into obscurity.

A Wonderful Dog.

They were talking about the almost human intelligence exhibited by dogs on some occasions, says The Washington Star. Several anecdotes had been related of the wonderful intellect of canines, when an army officer, who is connected with the cavalry arm of the service, stepped into the ring and squared himself for a good one. He is something of a sportsman and knows a good dog when he sees one, so that his story was listened to with more than usual interest by his friends:—"It was down in Texas several years ago that I came across the greatest dog I ever saw or heard of," he said. "The animal belonged to a friend of mine and was the greatest quail dog you ever saw. We have taken that dog out day after day and he would never go wrong, and would point quail in the most unlooked-for places. One day we were walking into town from the army post where I was stationed, this friend of mine and I, and we had the dog along. As we were walking along the road carelessly a well-dressed stranger passed us. No sooner had the man passed on than the dog stuck his tail in the air, and assumed the attitude recognized as 'pointing.' It was some time before we were able to determine what he was pointing, but finally came to the determination that he was pointing the stranger, which proved to be correct. We called to the man and asked him if he had any quail about him, or if he had eaten any quail, explaining why we asked. He said he had nothing of the kind, and did not remember having eaten any for some months. Turning to my friend, I said:

"'Your old dog has gone wrong.'

"'Not a bit of it,' he replied. 'That dog is right, and I'll bet you $10 he is.'

"I did not see then how the bet was going to be settled, but took it up anyway, and we continued on to town. We went to the biggest hotel in the place to get some refreshments, and there saw the stranger we had met on the road. My friend asked the clerk who the stranger was, and the clerk pointed to the register. As soon as my friend saw the name he gave a yell and called me to come over there.

"'Give me your money, my boy. That dog knew what he was doing when he pointed that man.'

"To satisfy myself I glanced at the register, and saw the stranger's name. It was 'Robert F. Partridge!' Truly that was the most wonderful dog I ever saw or heard of."

Anecdotal.

When the friends of the rival claimants of the discovery of anaesthesia were proposing monuments for each other, Oliver Wendell Holmes suggested that all should unite in erecting a single memorial, with a central group, symbolizing painless surgery, a statue of Jackson on one side, a statue of Morton on the other, and the inscription beneath: "To E(i)ther."

In the days of Louis XIV. even warriors handled epigrams with one another. The Marechal de Grammont had taken a fortress by siege. "I will tell you a secret," said its military governor, after surrendering. "The reason of my capitulation was that I had no more powder." "And, secret for secret," returned the marechal, suavely, "the reason of my accepting it on such easy terms was that I had no more ball."

Chartran, who painted, during his visit to America, the President, Mrs. Roosevelt and Miss Alice Roosevelt, was one day interviewed in Washington on the subject of his work. Chartran talked about his work in a strange way, ignoring his important pieces, and lauding to the skies those that were of comparative insignificance. "Why is it, sir," the reporter said finally, "that you only give praise to your worst paintings?" "Because," was the reply, "they only need it. My best ones praise themselves."

Here is a story, the truth of which is vouched for by an English lady resident in Florence. She has a balcony that overhangs a street in which are some shops, and a few days ago an American mother and daughter paused to look in at the window, and interchanged the following remarks: "Mamie, are you quite sure that this is Venice?" "Why, yes, mamma," was the reply, "you know it says in our itinerary that we are to be in Venice on April 15, and to-day is April 15, sure!"

About half a century ago the author of "Little Women" was in London, and saw the Prince of Wales, then a yellow-haired youth. His Royal Highness impressed her favorably, not a particularly significant fact, perhaps, for Miss Alcott's weakness for all boykind was frankly avowed, but her vivacious comment on her passing glimpse is worth a page of cut and dried history. "Fanny and I waved and nodded to him as he went by," Miss Alcott wrote, "and he openly winked his boyish eye at us, for Fanny, with her golden curls and wild waving, looked rather rowdy, and the poor little prince wanted some fun."

A kindly Massachusetts man was timidly wending his way through the effete West and chanced in a restaurant in one of the frontier towns. The waiter was armed with a sorrowful towel tied about his waist, a dented tin tray and a couple of guns. The Easterner looked him over in a gentle way and asked him if he had any breakfast food. "I guess yes" responded the cowboy waiter. "We got ham and eggs, fried sausage, chuck steak, spare-ribs, mutton chops, corned beef hash, hog and hominy, light bread, heavy bread, toast bread, apple butter, peach butter, cow butter, coffee, tea, buttermilk and beer. Breakfast food? Well, that's our winner. Name your grub."

Father Black, the English clergyman who has been writing letters to the newspapers about the marriage of W. K. Vanderbilt and Mrs. Rutherfurd, visits the London prisons weekly and tries to reform the prisoners. In this good work he is often successful. Sometimes, though, he has odd experiences. A religious paper told recently how on one occasion he devoted a fortnight to the reformation of a housebreaker, and how the housebreaker said to him gratefully at the end of that time: "Thank you, sir; thank you for what you have done for me. There was a time when I knew nothing of God or of the devil, but somehow you have made me love them both."

The Berlin correspondent of the New York "Times" tells us that some ladies were talking to the Kaiser on the position of women in Germany, and the Emperor declared that he accepted his wife's opinion in such matters. "Shall I tell you what she sometimes says?" said he. "She tells me that woman's vocation is nothing but four K's." The ladies were Americans and did not understand, and the Emperor explained that the four K's stood for Kinder, Kirche, Kueche and Kleider, or, in English, children, church, cookery, and clothes. On another occasion the Emperor remarked that "a woman who can make jam puffs is worth more than a woman who can discuss a constitution."

The Rev. Dr. W. S. Rainsford, rector of St. George's, New York, told in Philadelphia, on the day he preached the sermon that caused him to be charged with heresy, of a snub an old lady once gave him. "I had the habit in my youth," said Dr. Rainsford, "of conditioning all my proposed actions with the phrase, 'Deo volente,' or 'God willing,' or something of that sort. An aged woman, the head of an aristocratic family, invited me one morning to dine with her the following night. 'I shall be delighted to dine with you, madam,' I said, 'if I am spared.' The terminal phrase seemed to displease her. Perhaps she thought she sniffed cant in it. She frowned and said: 'Oh, if you're dead I'll not expect you.'"

Joseph Elkinton, the Philadelphia author, belongs to the Society of Friends. He converses as brilliantly as he writes, and never is his society more engaging than when he consents to narrate something from his store of Quaker anecdotes. "The story goes," he said the other day, "that loud talking among the congregation once interrupted a certain Friends' meeting. The women at this meeting sat on one side of the room, the men on the other. The speaker, when the talking became intolerable, paused, and looked at the audience reproachfully. A woman, rising, said to him: 'I beg thee to take notice that the talking you object to comes not from ours, but from the men's side of the house.' The speaker smiled upon her. 'So much the better, good woman; so much the better,' he said. 'It will be the sooner over.'"

Some Human Rodents.

The number of our fellow-creatures, young and old, who feel impelled to gnaw something is much larger than is generally supposed. The chronic nail-biter is well known, but there are others who either through depraved taste or psychic disease gnaw wood, fur, cloth, etc., to the great detriment of their health. From an article contributed to "Cosmos" (Paris), by M. A. Peres, we learn that the nail-biters have been dignified by Dr. Berillon with a jaw-breaking name, that of "onychophages." Says the author:

"In one school in Paris, of 265 pupils examined, there were found 63 nail-biters, or one in five. In a high school the proportion was a little lower. Examination of 100 school children in a village in the department of the Yonne showed but three nail-biters, but in a mixed school of the same department, of 29 boys there were 6 biters (20 per cent.), and of 21 girls there were 11 (52 per cent). In a secondary school for girls, of 207 pupils, 61 bit their nails. About 25 per cent. of children of both sexes probably have this bad habit.

"Now this habit is not only unpleasant; it has the effect, says Dr. Berillon, of constantly carrying to the mouth dusty material gathered in the hand. This ingestion of pathogenic microbes is a source of various ills. Besides, the horny material of the nail (keratin) is toxic, or at least emetic. This is why nail-biters are often attacked by intestinal troubles.

"Various means have been proposed to cure children of this mania; many physicians advise the smearing of the fingers with a bitter substance like aloes or quinine, but this is not always effective.

"The gnawers of penholders, whom it has not been thought necessary to decorate with a Greek name, are yet more numerous than the 'onychophages' In one provincial school 38 per cent. were found; in a girls' college, 59 out of 207 pupils, etc. Happily it is rare that those who are fond of penholders also bite their nails. These two habits exclude one another, the nail-eater being rarely a penholder-eater and vice versa.

"A habit of gnawing hair has not been hitherto generally observed except with animals. . . . Men, however, have the same tastes as their lower brethren, for cases have been reported from various quarters of the world in which tumors have been found in the stomach consisting wholly of fragments of wood and hair collected in the gastric cavity. Thus Dr. Jacobson has published in the 'Medical News' the case of a young girl of eleven years who was accustomed to bite off the ends of her hair, and whose stomach it was necessary to open to remove therefrom an enormous hairy ball weighing 500 grams (about a pound).

"To these divers varieties of biters, Dr. Talamon has added another, that of thread-eaters. Let us hear him: 'I have just observed the following case of a young girl of eighteen, a dressmaker who was under my care for a slight indisposition, when the nurse told me that the patient passed her time in gnawing at her woolen fichu. . . . In four or five days a third of the garment had been eaten. The patient told us that in the previous September, being in the country and at leisure, she had eaten a whole fichu in less than a month.'

"This observation is not isolated; the habit of gnawing cloth or thread is certainly very frequent among workers with the needle, but it has not yet received sufficient attention, although it may have given rise to much graven troubles than nail-biting.

"The biting manias seem to be in the category of those in which the victims eat odd kinds of food, or substances more or less repulsive to the normal taste, and which are classed as neuroses of the digestion. Nevertheless, the specialists who have given them particular study believe that the stomach is not the cause and that they are rather due to psychic disorder, which may even be hereditary and contagious by example.

"'It is rare,' says Dr. Berillon, 'not to find among the ancestors or friends of those who have these habits others who are also addicted to them.' When we have said that the biting habit is a neuropathic symptom, the remedy is at once indicated, namely, recourse to hypnotic suggestion; and, in fact, this has been used with great success in many cases."

"See there, Johnny! That's an old-fashioned stage coach."—"Life."

Mutual Compliments.

A certain man of letters entertained at dinner a number of eminent contemporaries. Several of the courses had been served before it became obvious that Professor Smythe and Professor Browne, who were seated side by side and were on the worst of terms, were apparently oblivious of each other's presence, while assiduously devoting themselves to the viands before them.

Professor Smythe, being rather a sensitive man, presently became cognizant of the attention he was inviting on himself. Therefore, crushing his enmity for the time being, he turned to his adversary and, in a most engaging manner, said:

"Browne, my head rings; can you account for it?"

For a moment Professor Browne's brows contracted, while courtesy and animosity contended. Then he smiled indulgently, as he replied:

"Naturally. It is hollow."

The silence became oppressive. Finally it was broken by Professor Smythe, who asked:

"And does your head never ring, my friend?"

"Never," came the response.

"Ah," reflectively, "so I thought. It is cracked."

And each philosopher applied himself diligently to the course before him.

Tragedian—I can't eat this bread, my dear. It's like lead.

Wife—Why, John, I thought you liked heavy rolls.—"Dramatic Mirror."

An amusing story is being told among lawyers of a Walloon peasant who had gone to law with a neighbor. In conversation with his lawyer he suggested sending the Magistrate a fine couple of ducks.

"Not on your life," said his adviser. "If you do you'll lose the case."

The judgment was given in his favor, when he turned to his lawyer and said, "I sent the ducks." Astonishment on the latter's part turned to admiration when his client continued: "But I sent them in my neighbor's name."—London Express.

Polly, put the kettle on—
(It has been sterilized, I hope?)
Polly, put the kettle on—
(And washed with antiseptic soap?)
Polly, put the kettle on—
(The water's filtered, scrubbed, sun-dried, dusted, polished, shaken, brushed, sifted, pasteurized and ironed, I see!)
Polly, put the kettle on; we'll all take tea.

—Cincinnati Tribune.

In his early days Sir Thomas Lipton denied himself almost every pleasure except that of amassing a fortune. Calling one day on a Consul on business matters, he was offered a cigar by the official.

"No, thank you," said Sir Thomas (then Mr.) Lipton. "Although I am the biggest smoker in England, I never smoke cigars."

"What do you smoke?" was the surprised query.

"Bacon," was the prompt reply.—San Francisco Wasp.

A kind-hearted woman who was walking the other day through one of the streets in the vicinity of Fairmount Park saw a little boy sitting on the curbstone, crying bitterly.

Her heart was at once touched, and going up to the little fellow, she asked him the cause of his grief. Looking up through his tears, he explained that his mother had sent him with some pennies to a nearby grocery store and that he had lost the money.

"Well," said the woman, as she put her hand on the boy's head, "shedding tears will not bring back your money. What makes you cry that way?"

"'Cause," answered the boy, as he looked at the woman, perplexedly, "I don't know how to cry any other way."—Philadelphia Ledger.

"What do you want, little boy?" asked the druggist.

"Say, mister," said the boy, who had been wrinkling his face, scratching his head and rubbing his right foot up and down his left leg in the effort to remember something that had escaped him, "what's the name of that place where we've got so many soldiers?"

"Fort Sheridan?"

"No; it's a good deal furder away than that."

"The Philippines?"

"That ain't just it, but it's somewhere around there."

"You don't mean Manila?"

"Manila! That's right! I knowed I'd get it after awhile. I want a bottle of Manila extract for flavorin' ice cream. How much?"—Chicago Tribune.

SICK TWO YEARS BUT WAS CURED

Dodd's Kidney Pills Credited with Another Victory over Lumbago

John Ball, a Quebec Bricklayer, tells how his Troubles Vanished when he Tried the Great Canadian Kidney Remedy.

Quebec, Aug. 10. — (Special).—One more remarkable cure has been marked up to the credit of Dodd's Kidney Pills in this city. John Ball, bricklayer, of 57 Little Champlain street, is the man cured. Interviewed regarding the matter he said:

"I have been troubled with Lumbago for two years and could not do my work. I was also suffering from urinary troubles and had to get up at night so much that my rest was spoiled.

"I bought one box of Dodd's Kidney Pills and after I had used them began to see and feel a change. I have used three boxes and I am now cured."

Similar cures by Dodd's Kidney Pills are reported so frequently that it seems safe to say that Dodd's Kidney Pills will cure any form of Kidney Complaint or any disease caused by disordered Kidneys.

PICKED UP HERE AND THERE.

Church of England.

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

Rev. F. L. Stephenson, Rector.

St. Andrew's Presbyterian Church holds 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. B. Turkington, Minister. Free Reading Room, to which all are welcome.

Bicycles for rent—bicycle repairing—Pillman & Co.

The last trip out of Atlin this fall will not be later than Monday, November 2nd; so says the advice from the Supt. of the W. P. Ry.

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

C. R. Wilcox, of Greenwich, N. Y. and Volney Kinyon of the McKee Consolidated Hydraulic Company arrived on Wednesday.

Dr. I. L. Benson, Dentist, will visit Atlin in a few days. Dr. Benson will take offices in Atlin and Discovery; anyone requiring the services of a thoroughly qualified Dentist will do well to watch for the doctor's further announcement in these columns.

Mr. B. Leighton and wife, England, arrived on Wednesday. Mr. Leighton and wife will go on a hunting trip accompanied by W. Aitken and John Ronayne.

The Balmoral Hotel, of which Messrs. Anderson and Sabin are proprietors, is all newly finished and is probably the most comfortable and best equipped hotel in Discovery. It has in connection a fine Hall with imported fir floor and platform, suitable for meetings, dances and entertainments.

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

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

Mr. Ray McDonald left on Friday for Seattle.

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

Mr. Trotman left for Wells, in the Porcupine, with ballots and ballot boxes for the coming election.

A full line of silverware, also 1847 Rogers table ware at Jules Eggerts.

D. G. Stewart, of Discovery, has purchased Mr. Norton's store and business on Boulder Creek.

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

HOUSEHOLDERS Attention.

Household Furniture for Sale.

An opportunity will be offered to those who desire to obtain household furniture. Mr. Todd Lees, having decided to leave Atlin for the winter intends selling by private sale the furnishings in his house on Rant Ave. between First and second Streets. The goods, which consist of sitting room, bed room and kitchen furnishings, can be seen on Monday and Tuesday of next week.

Mrs. Bruce has bought out the branch store of E. L. Pillman & Co. at Discovery.

Mrs. Pillman and daughter will leave for Vancouver on Monday; they will spend the winter on the coast.

A PUBLIC MEETING

OF THE

ELECTORS OF ATLIN DISTRICT,

and the Supporters of

JOHN KIRKLAND

Will be held at the

BALMORAL HOTEL

DISCOVERY

FRIDAY, OCTOBER 2ND.

AT 8 P.M.

To discuss the Political issues of the day.

Several prominent Speakers will address the meeting.

W. E. HADDON, Secretary.

The Rise and Fall.

The lowest and highest temperatures recorded for the week ending 12th inst, are as follows:

Sept. 19	33	54
20	30	46
21	26	48
22	29	48
23	31	46
24	36	42
25	37	51

W. J. SMITH.

AUCTIONEER.

ATLIN & DISCOVERY.—

Sale at Discovery every Wednesday and Saturday evenings beginning Saturday 29 Aug. Over $5000 worth of clothing, groceries etc. to dispose of.

Parties having goods to sell should send in same for quick disposal.

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.

WE give special attention to Mail and Telegraphic Orders.

AGENTS FOR

Standard Oil Co.
Rose of Ellensbury Butter.
The Cudahy Packing Co.
Chase & Sanborn's Coffee.

Groceries, Fruit & Vegetables—Crockery,

Wholesale & Retail.

The Ross-Higgins Co.

Skagway, Alaska.

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.

DAWSON HOTEL.

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