The Miner.

WHOLE NUMBER 401. Nelson, British Columbia, Saturday, April 30, 1898. PRICE FIVE CENTS

THE CITY COUNCIL.

THE MAYOR'S RIGHT TO VOTE QUESTIONED.

A Motion Negatived by the Mayor's Vote.—Summary of Business Transacted at the Meeting.

At the regular meeting of the city council, held on Monday afternoon, all the members were present except Ald. Whalley.

After routine the public works committee asked for an extension of time for one week to report, which was granted.

The finance committee recommended that the chief of police be provided with a uniform and that six batons be purchased for the use of the police force. The mayor was authorized to make the necessary purchases.

The city engineer submitted plans of survey of proposed cemetery site and the mayor was instructed to negotiate with the C. P. R. for the purchase of the same. The proposed site contains 40 acres of which 25 acres are suitable for cemetery purposes.

A letter was received from the owners of the Phair hotel regarding the construction of a retaining wall opposite the hotel on Victoria and Stanley streets. Mr. Phair offered to pay cost of building wall on condition that the city place the required rock on the grounds and do the necessary excavation for the lowering of the sidewalk. Moved by Ald. Hillyer, seconded by Ald. Gilker, that the resolution passed at the last meeting of the council be rescinded and the proposition made by the owners of the Phair hotel be accepted.

Ald. Malone moved in amendment that the city supply the rock for the retaining wall on condition that excavation and lowering of the sidewalk be done by the owners of the Phair.

There was no seconder to Ald. Malone's amendment and on the motion being put, Aldermen Hillyer, Gilker and Teetzel voted yea and Ald. Malone and Madden nay. The mayor objected to the motion being passed and voted with the minority negativing the motion. Aldermen Teetzel and Hillyer objected to the presiding officer voting except in the case of a tie.

The mayor contended that he had as good a right to vote on any question as other members of the council.

Ald. Hillyer held that no other chairman would attempt to over-ride the wishes of the majority of the council in such a manner.

Ald Teetzel said that the mayor had too often acted in a similar manner when things did not go exactly as he wished.

Ald Hillyer moved, seconded by Ald. Teetzel, that the city clerk write to the Attorney General with regard to the legality of the mayor's action.

The motion was negatived in the same manner as the previous motion.

His Worship reiterated his oft repeated assertion, that he had the best interests of the city at heart and no member of the council had any right to question his motive.

Ald. Teetzel said that a person would think from the mayor's talk that he is the only man in Nelson that has the good of the city at heart.

The matter was allowed to drop after a resolution was passed authorizing the city clerk to procure a copy of the Municipal Clauses Act for the use of each alderman.

By-laws No. 29 and 30 were laid over until next meeting for re-consideration.

A letter was received from R. J. Dickson quoting a price for a rock crusher for the use of the city and referred to the public works committee.

The mayor was granted one month's leave of absence to go to Ottawa as a delegate in regard to the imposition of an import duty on lead. Ald. Teetzel was appointed acting mayor during the temporary absence of Mayor Houston and Ald. Gilker acting treasurer.

It was decided to construct catch basins at the corners of the following streets: Baker and Stanley; Baker and Josephine; Stanley and Victoria; Stanley and Silica, the work to be done by day labor.

Council adjourned.

Anniversary Services.

The anniversary services of the Independent Order of Oddfellows held in the Methodist church last Sunday morning attracted a full house. The order was represented by between fifty and sixty members who are said to compose about one-third of the actual number at present in Nelson. The service was throughout of a character particularly applicable to the occasion.

The pastor took for his text Heb. 13:1—"Let brotherly love continue." In the course of his remarks he said that the attitude of the church toward any reputable institution which has for its object the relief of distress amongst our fellows should be one of helpfulness and encouragement. He counselled that in going about the work of brotherly love special attention be paid to the spirit and the method of the work—work with sincerity; systematically; earnestly and perserveringly; unitedly and wisely.

In closing he said that oddfellowship originated in England about 1740. The first lodge in America was organized in Baltimore, April 20, 1819 and called Washington lodge, with 5 members. At present there are about 16,800 lodges in the world having a membership of nearly 2,000,000. Between 1830 and 1886 they paid for relief the magnificent sum of $43,500,000 and are annually disbursing for visiting the sick, burying the dead, relieving the needy and educating the orphan, the sum of $1,500,000.

The surplus collection $11.20 was given to the Kootenay Lake General Hospital.

ANOTHER SHOOTING AFFRAY.

Two Italian Laborers on the Crow's Nest Pass Railway Construction Shot.

On Monday last a report reached Nelson that a double murder had been committed at Kuskonook and on Tuesday morning Gold Commissioner Dennis, Dr. Symonds and Constable Jarvis started for the town at the end of the lake.

Upon investigation it was learned that on Monday morning, Peter Cline, a walking boss in the employ of Contractor Hoskins of the Crow's Nest Pass railway construction dismissed an Italian named Angelo Cirianni for drunkness. A couple of hours later the man again appeared on the scene with a bottle of whiskey and asked Cline to have a drink. Cline refused and Cirianni became very abusive declaring he would "do for him." A brother of Cirisuni then walked up to Cline and asked him why he had dismissed Angelo. Cline ordered him to go to work at once or he too would be discharged. Several other Italians then threw down their shovels and began to threaten Cline, who not feeling safe started off to tell the section foreman how matters stood. As he passed Angelo the Italian struck him. Cline returned the blow and felled the Dago. Angelo's brother then came to the rescue and hurled a stone at Cline, which missed the mark. Angelo got up and again attacked Cline, who again felled him. In falling Angelo drew a revolver and fired but the bullet failed to hit Cline, who then grappled with his assailant for possession of the weapon. Cline secured it and the Italian drew a knife whereupon Cline fired two bullets into his head. The brother then rushed at Cline, who fired again, the bullet lodging in the hip. By this time the whole Italian mob were making for Cline, who fled towards Kuskonook.

On the way he met Mr. Proctor, J. P., and gave himself into custody. The two men then went to Kuskonook. Constable Forrester and a party of men went out to the scene of the tragedy and brought the wounded Italians to the hospital at Kuskonook, where they now lie in a very precarious condition. It is not expected that either can recover.

Cline was brought to Nelson on Tuesday and lodged in the provincial gaol to await developments. A preliminary trial of the case will be held next Wednesday.

JOHN TREWICK'S BODY FOUND.

Snowslide Caved in His Cabin and Injured Him.—Afterwards Perished.

The body of John Trewick who was supposed to have been killed in a snowslide on the north fork of Carpenter creek seven miles from Three Forks was found on Sunday last and interred in the New Denver cemetery on Monday.

From indications in and around the cabin it was evident that the unfortunate man was not killed in the slide, but died from exposure and starvation afterwards. Near the body were found a pocket knife, a pair of scissors, and a piece of canvas with two forked tree branches, which would indicate that Trewick was trying to make a pair of snowshoes, that would help him over the snow, when strength failed him and he slowly perished in the snow. It is supposed that he remained in the cabin for two or three days when hunger forced him to attempt escape and that he then in spite of his injuries dug himself out and attempted to make his way across the slide.

A Fire Alarm.

An alarm of fire from the residence of Mr. and Mrs. Cordingly on Victoria street gave the Fire Brigade a run on Wednesday afternoon. Although the members live in different parts of the city, and the scene of the incipient fire was four blocks from the fire hall, in less than six minutes everything was in readiness to turn the water on the fire. Before this was necessary, however, what might have proven a disastrous fire had been extinguished. Beyond the destruction of a sofa and some window curtains no furthur damage was done.

SHOULDER ARMS!

SPECIAL CORPS TO BE FORMED IN KOOTENAY.

Six Companies of the Kootenay Rifles at Central Points—Capt. Hodgins to Command the Nelson Company.

Capt Hodgins returned on Sunday evening from Ottawa, where he interviewed the Department of Militia in reference to the formation of a regiment in the Kootenay district to be known as the "Kootenay Rifles." The proposed regiment will consist of six companies, one each at Nelson, Rossland, Revelstoke, Kamloops, Vernon and Fort Steele. The companies at Vernon and Fort Steele will be mounted, the others ordinary rifles. The regiment will be a special corps of artillery armed in a special way and having a special uniform.

The men will be armed with the most modern Lee Metford rifles of 303 bore; plain brown leather cartridge belt, 2 inches wide with brass buckle; cowboy hat with badge of corps on hat. Each company will have two six pounders quick firing, and two Maxim guns mounted on protected flat cars, so that they can be taken to any part of Canada whenever required. The uniform will also be a special one. A tunic of Halifax tweed of Kharki color will be substituted for the old time red tunic which is easily dirtied and is a good mark to fire at. Each company will consist of a captain, one lieutenant, one second lieutenant, three sergeants, three corporals, one bugler and thirty-five privates between the age of 18 and 45 years, of the best physique obtainable.

Capt. Hodgins, who will have command of the Nelson company has received instructions from Lieutenant Colonel Peters, D. O. C., for British Columbia, to proceed with the formation of the company and is ready to receive applications from parties wishing to join. Preference will be given to men who have formerly served in the Canadian Militia.

Several months ago a list was sent to the Militia department of over 150 men who signified their willingness to serve in a special corps, so that Nelson could easily turn out three or four companies. While in Ottawa Capt. Hodgins endeavored to get two companies for Nelson but the Minister of Militia, Hon. Dr. Borden, expressed his intention of visiting the Kootenay during the summer and would look into the matter. His Excellency Lord Aberdeen will also visit Nelson this year and Capt. Hodgins promised to furnish the guard of honor from the Nelson company of the Kootenay Rifles. As the towns in which the companies will be located are so far apart, each will be practically independent and it is not likely that any particular place will be selected as headquarters for the present.

Capt. Hodgins spoke to Hewitt Bostock, M. P., in Ottawa, asking him whether he would accept the Lt. Colonelcy of the regiment, for which he would be admirably fitted, being a young man and being so much of his time at headquarters. He would thus be in a better position to keep the government alive to the fact that they have a special corps in the Kootenay to look after.

Capt. Hodgins also brought to the attention of the Minister the advisability of making a grant to a West Kootenay rifle association so that men who did not wish to enlist or who were otherwise hindered could have the benefit of rifle practice.

CANADIAN COMMERCE.

The Customs Returns Show a Satisfactory Increase for the Past Nine Months.

The official returns to the customs department of the foreign trade of Canada for the nine months ending March 31st, are very satisfactory from a national point of view and show an increase of trade for the current year of no less than $38,715,904. The figures are as follows: Imports 1897, $80,539,636; 1898, $93,042,769; Exports for 1897, $96,336,785; 1898, $123,096,078. Total trade 1897, $176,886,421; 1898, $216,138,847.

This shows an increase for 1898 of $39,252,426, exclusive of coin and bullion, which is included in the grand totals, and reduces the excess to thirty eight millions as above. The dutiable imports for the nine months, the duty collected and the free goods are as follows:

	Duitable	Duty	Free
1897	$50,300,000	$15,168,600	$30,246,701
1898	56,534,679	16,585,938	36,508,090

This shows an excess of duty collected for 1898 of $1,417,338 over 1897, the import of coin and bullion for 1897 and the export was nearly a million more.

Premier Turner confirms the statement that he made an offer of assistance, on behalf of his government, to the Yukon Railway, and that Premier Laurier replied that he did not know what could be done about it.

GENERAL LOCAL NEWS.

EVENTS OF INTEREST IN AND AROUND NELSON.

Brief Mention of Happenings in the District During the Past Seven Days.

Mr. and Mrs. Nelson Fell of Victoria are at the Phair.

A teachers' institute to embrace the whole of Kootenay is in course of formation.

Work will commence next Monday on the improvements to the Trail smelter.

Mrs. J. K. Strachan, wife of city clerk Strachan arrived from Regina this week.

Contractors Noel and Thomson have almost completed the grading of Water street.

Twenty Americans took out naturalization papers at Fort Steele in one week recently.

Mr. and Mrs. Hodgins returned on Monday from a two months' visit to Eastern Canada.

The remains of the late Miss Bullock were interred in the Nelson cemetery on Sunday afternoon.

A cricket match at Nelson between the home team and the Rossland cricketers is being arranged.

F. C. Green, C. E, provincial land surveyor has opened an office in Nelson in the Turner-Boeckh block.

W. F. Anderson, travelling passenger agent an the C.P.R. left on Thursday evening for a trip to the coast.

Frank Lavin, has purchased the sawmill and lumber business of the Salmo Lumber company at Salmo.

E. H. Drury, engineer on the Crows Nest railway, and W. H. Armstrong contractor, spent Thursday in the city.

The Board of managers of the Presbyterian church have decided to improve the church to the extent of $1500.

Sol Cameron, of Rossland, who has a large contract for improvements at the Trail smelter spent Tuesday in Nelson.

Rev. Mr. Ingles of Ainsworth will occupy the pulpit of the Presbyterian church tomorrow in the absence of Mr. Frew.

F. C. Fauquier, mining recorder at Nakusp is spoken of for the appointment as gold commissioner for the new district of Duncan.

At a congregational meeting of the Presbyterian church held last week, Messrs. M. DesBrisay and John Hamilton were elected elders.

Navigation is open on the great lakes and steamers now leave Fort William on Sundays, Tuesdays and Fridays for Owen Sound.

The Kaslo News is now published as a morning daily and the Kootenaian as an evening paper. The first numbers of each are dated April 28.

S. P. Shaw, clerk in the customs office, who was transferred to Kaslo at the beginning of April, will, at his own request be re-transferred to Nelson.

Mrs. J. R. Green, wife of the principal of the Nelson schools left on Tuesday evening for a visit to friends at Regina and Moose Jaw in the North West Territories.

Mr. Earle, engineer who is locating the line of the Crows Nest Pass railway between here and Kuskonook has removed his survey party to a point four miles from Balfour light.

No trace of the body of the late Charles Burritt, who was drowned in Kootenay river on April 11th, has so far been found, and it is doubtful if the body will ever be recovered.

The London and B. C. Gold Fields, Limited, have removed their offices from the Masonic block, Baker street, to the building recently erected by Dr. Symonds on Kootenay street.

The snow is disappearing rapidly from the hills and the increased number of new locations recorded this week shows that the prospectors are starting out in search of claims.

E. Mohan, sanitary engineer, of Victoria, who was sent out by the provincial government to examine into the question of the disposal of the sewage of Kootenay cities, is in Nelson.

The regular meeting of the Ladies Hospital Aid will be held on Monday next, May 2nd, in the Presbyterian church at 3 o'clock. All members are requested to attend. The ladies of Nelson are cordially invited to attend.

The first of the C.P.R. Alaska fleet to leave Vancouver was the Tartar which sailed from Vancouver and Victoria on the 28th inst. for Wrangel and Skagway. The Athenian follows on May 5.

The Cody sawmill near Sandon has been purchased by Mr. Bascom and the machinery has been shipped to the line of the Crow's Nest Pass railway where it will be used in cutting construction timber.

An interesting ceremony took place at Rossland on Saturday. St. George's day was observed by the hoisting of the Union Jack at the headwaters of Trail creek. This was followed by a luncheon at which about 40 sat down.

Rev. Robt. Frew of Nelson will spend tomorrow in Kamloops, en route to attend a meeting of the Synod of the Presbyterian church in Victoria on May 4. On Monday evening Mr. Frew will lecture in Kamloops on "Europe Revisited."

The Merchants Bank of Halifax has established a Savings Bank department in connection with the Nelson branch. Deposits of one dollar and upwards will be received and current rate of interest allowed, at present 3 per cent per annum.

The directors of the Kootenay Lake General Hospital wish to thank the following for donations: H. J. Evans, one gallon of brandy; Mrs. Captain McMorris, four books; Mrs. Painter, a number of periodicals; Mr. C. J. Wilson, a quantity of oranges.

Hector Sproat, chief engineer of the Kokanee, has been transferred to one of the five big new C.P.R. boats to be launched at Vancouver next Saturday for the north trade. F. Moore, purser of the S. S. Nelson, also has been transferred to one of these boats.

A SAD CIRCUMSTANCE.

George Cooper Takes his Life but not with Suicidal Intent.

On Friday morning about 9 o'clock W. F. Thompson, chief of the fire brigade found a man sitting on a doorstep on Baker street east, apparently suffering severely. His tongue was hanging out and he was breathing hard. Mr. Thompson assisted him to W. F. Teetzel's drug store and called Dr. Forin. The man expired shortly after being laid on the floor in the room at the rear of the drug store.

The body was taken to the undertaker's and in the afternoon Dr. Arthur, coroner, empannelled a jury consisting of George Steele, foreman, W. J. Ashley, D. A. McBeath, S. A Toy, J. L. Vanstone and A. Enstead for the purpose of holding an inquest. After the jury had viewed the remains the inquest was adjourned until evening to allow the post mortem examination to be held by Dr. Symonds.

At the adjourned inquest Chief Thomson gave evidence as above stated with the addition that the deceased went by the name of George Cooper. When he found the man sitting on the doorstep he could not speak distinctly, but was not intoxicated. He searched the body but found nothing in the clothes.

Dr. Symonds gave evidence as to holding a postmortem examination on body of deceased. He found the tongue protruding from the mouth, with wound on tip about ¼ of an inch long and ¼ inch deep. The tongue was swollen to about three times its natural size and the wound appeared to be proportionately larger than when inflicted. Death appeared to be due to the tongue having fallen back on the respiratory tubes, causing asphyxiation. The vital organs were healthy as far as appeared to the naked eye, except the liver, which was enlarged. This had however, nothing to do with the immediate cause of death.

The wound was a poisoned one. The knife produced, the blade of which was covered with dried blood, was likely to carry poison. There were no external marks of violence.

Wm. Scheverdfegg, miner, said he saw deceased Thursday evening sticking a knife into his tongue. There was blood on his chin and hand.

Lawrence O'Neill, saw deceased at the Tremont hotel on Friday morning after the ball. He was making motions about his neck and tongue. Knew him under the name of Cooper for two years. Deceased was a painter by trade and worked in Nakusp, but was always under the influence of drink. He several times inflicted wounds on himself so that he could get into the hospital.

The verdict of the jury was that the deceased George Cooper alias Bert Sawyer came to his death from wounds by a knife which they believed to be self inflicted but not with suicidal intent.

They added a rider to the verdict to the effect that in emergency cases admission to the Kootenay Lake General Hospital should be on the certificate of any resident practicing physician.

FORMALLY DECLARED.

HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES UNANIMOUS FOR WAR.

The President's Proclamation Regarding Neutrals.—Havana Blockaded by the American Fleet.

On Monday last the United States House of Representatives passed the bill formally declaring the existence of a state of war between the United States and Spain. There was not a word of debate on the bill and there was no roll call, the House being unanimous.

On Tuesday President McKinley issued the following proclamation:

"By the president of the United States of America.

"A proclamation.

"Whereas, by an act of congress approved April 25, 1898, it is concluded that war exists and has existed since the 21st day of April, A.D., 1898, including the said day between the United States and Spain, and

"Whereas, it being desirable that such war should be conducted upon principles in harmony with the views of nations and sanctioned by recent practice it has already been announced that the policy of this government will be not to resort to privateering but to adhere to the rules of the declaration of Paris, now therefore, I, William McKinley, president of the United States of America, by virtue of the power vested in me by the constitution and the laws do hereby declare and proclaim:

"First—The neutral flag covers the enemy's goods, with the exception of contrabands of war.

"Second—Neutral goods not contraband of war are not liable to confiscation under the enemy's flag.

"Third—Blockades in order to be binding must be effective.

"Fourth—Spanish merchant vessels in any ports or places within the United States will be allowed until May 21, 1898 inclusive, for loading their cargoes and departing from such ports or places, and such Spanish merchant vessels if met at sea by any United States ship shall be permitted to continue their voyage if on examination of their cargoes it shall be shown that their cargoes were taken on board before the expiration of the above time, provided that nothing therein contained shall apply to Spanish vessels having on board any officers in the military or naval service of the enemy or any coal except such as be necessary for their voyage or any other article prohibited or contraband of war or any dispatch of, or to the Spanish government.

"Fifth—Any Spanish merchant vessel which prior to April 21, 1898, shall have sailed from any foreign port bound for any port or place in the United States shall be permitted to enter such port or place and to discharge her cargo and afterwards forthwith to depart without molestation and any such vessel if met at sea by any United States ship shall be permitted to continue her voyage to any point not blockaded.

"Sixth—The right of search is to be exercised with strict regard for the right of neutrals and the voyages of mail steamers are not to be interfered with except on the clearest ground of suspicion of a violation of law in respect of contraband or blockade.

"WILLIAM McKINLEY.

"In witness whereof, etc.

"Done at the department of state, etc., this 26th day of April, etc."

Since the declaration of war, very little of importance has transpired. The American fleet on Tuesday blockaded the port of Havana and captured several Spanish vessels that attempted to run the blockade. The Spanish fleet has remained passive at Cape Verde Islands up to to-day when they sailed in a south westerly direction, destination unknown. The Asiatic squadrons of the two powers are expected to engage in a naval battle in the vicinity of Manilla, on the Phillipine islands.

The European nations have all declared neutrality in the war but the moral sympathy is strongly in favor of Spain. Great Britain is the only first class power that supports the position of the United States.

It is expected that next week will witness some exciting developments in the situation and should the destination of the Spanish fleet be the West Indies, one of the greatest naval battles the world has ever seen may be expected. The people of the United States and the whole Anglo-Saxon race look forward to a successful issue. Should the Spaniards win the first battle the war will in all probability be a prolonged one.

One hundred and nineteen hogs afflicted with hog cholera were burned at the pens of J. Catlett near Rossland on Thursday under the superintendence of Dominion Veterinarian Armstrong.

The Miner.

THE MINER is printed on Saturdays, and will be mailed to any address in Canada or the United States for one year on receipt of two dollars. Single copies five cents.

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PRINTING turned out in first-rate style at the shortest notice.

ADDRESS

The Miner Printing & Publishing Co.
NELSON, B. C.

LODGE MEETINGS.

NELSON LODGE, No. 23. A. F. & A. M. meets second Wednesday in each month. Visiting brethren invited.
G. L. LENNOX, Secretary.

I. O. O. F. Kootenay Lodge, No. 16, meets every Monday night, at their Hall, Kootenay street. Sojourning Odd Fellows cordially invited.
WM. HODSON, Secretary.

NELSON LODGE No. 25, K. of P., meets in Castle hall, McDonald block every Tuesday evening at 8 o'clock, All visiting knights cordially invited,
J. J. MALONE, C.C.
(820) GEO. PARTRIDGE, K. of R. and S.

NELSON LODGE, I. O. G. T. Meets in Castle Hall, McDonald Block, every Monday evening at 8 o'clock. Visiting Templars cordially invited.
J. MORLEY HOAG, Chief Templar.
JOHN TELFORD, Sec'y.

NELSONS QUEEN NO. 241 SONS OF ENGLAND, meets second and fourth Wednesday of each month at K. of P. Hall, MacDonald Block, cor. Vernon and Josephine streets. Visiting brethern cordially invited. ERNEST KING, Worthy President.
CHAS. H. FARROW, Secretary.

SATURDAY, APRIL 30, 1898.

OUR NEW DAILY.

The very generous support which the people of Nelson and Kootenay in general have always afforded us since our little journal first made its appearance in June, 1890 has impelled us to give them the best possible paper that could reasonably be produced. And now the time has arrived when the the town and district deserve the complete service of a daily morning paper and we have made the necessary arrangements to supply one,

The new paper will make its appearance early next week and will be supplied besides the ordinary local news with the full telegraphic reports supplied by the Associated Press to such papers as the Victoria Colonist and the dailes of Vancouver. The demand for a daily journal has lately largely increased in Nelson and the sale of papers published elsewhere has became very great. Now Nelson will get in the morning all the news which she has been so eagerly receiving in the evening, and she will have the pleasure of knowing that the work is the product of her local presses.

In addition to the Associated Press despatches arrangements are being made for an independent supply of news of importance from neighboring towns by telegraph.

To begin with the new daily will consist of four pages, of five columns each, which will be increased from time to time as business warrants. The weekly paper will remain as it is and in addition will contain the week s telegrams.

A FEW INACCURACIES.

It is with great reluctance that we enter into the comparison of the of the two towns of Nelson and Rossland, to the disparagment of the latter. But in an article upon the subject of the formation of a regiment of militia the Rossland Miner has been guilty of such rudeness to the other towns of Kootenay and has made such unblushing mis-statements that a great injustice may result if they are allowed to pass unnoticed.

Our Rossland friends will perhaps remember, those of them who were there, that THE MINER was the first to call the attention of the world at large to the healthy promise of the infant city that was born in the Trail Creek Valley late in the autumn of ninety four, and we cannot call to mind any occasion upon which anything but praise of Rossland has appeared in these columns. Even now we by no means intend to disparage either the town or the camp but to refute the blatant utterances of a journalist whose services to a locality are of exceedingly doubtful value.

In the article we complain of, it is stated that Rossland is the only town that contains the material to make good soldiers of, and that therefore the crack corps of the regiment must be there. Now we venture to suggest that there are just as good men in other parts of the Kootenay as there are in Rossland. The town that gets the crack company will do so by attention to drill and esprit de corps, not by gratuitous insults to the other towns. Again the article in question urges that Rossland is the right place for the headquarters of the regiment because it is the most populous and the most central town in Kootenay. The first of these qualifications may be true, but if it is, it is only by a small majority. Nothing but a census can settle whether Nelson or Rossland is the larger. When the census is taken we are inclined to fancy that it will show Nelson to be in the lead. As to Rossland's central position, the statement is absolutely false. Rossland is in a cul de sac up among the hills, leading nowhere. It is absolutely the least central of any town in Kootenay. It is right up against the International Boundary and only connected with the rest of Kootenay by a jerk-water railway which its new owners, the C.P.R., will probably pull to pieces. Only the other day in answer to a letter from the Rossland Board of Trade Mr. Shaughnessey, the Vice-President of the C. P. R. told them that a survey should be made so that if ever his company wanted to build in a branch to Rossland from the Crow's Nest Pass line they might have the necessary information at hand. Rossland is not on a main line leading anywhere, and it has not a branch leading from it. From a strategic point of view Rossland is useless as a military point. It lies in a hollow, commanded on all sides by low hills, and a force to defend it against attack would require to be many times larger than its assailants.

We have been exceedingly sorry to have to say these things, but the fault lies not at the door of Rossland or its people. We know full well the attraction for large concerns of the B. A. C. order which the place exercises. But we felt that it was our duty to Nelson and to the rest of Kootenay to point out the inaccuracies, only too manifest to people who know the place, which a foolish journalist tries to masquerade as facts.

THE OPPORTUNITY.

Hitherto an Englishman has not been exactly what is called a persona grata in the Western States of America. In fact nothing has been too hard to say of him, his habits and customs, his country and government. Today all is changed. The British ensign is cheered as it flutters from a pole in Spokane and the much derided "knee pants" have become a passport to western hospitality. All over the States there is a strong wave of feeling in favor of Great Britain and her sons. This is caused by the evident leaning of British sympathy towards our American cousins in their conflict with Spain.

Right in the midst of this happy occasion, several well intentioned gentlemen are proceeding to Ottawa to urge the government to close the markets of Canada to the lead products of America. It is scarcely likely that their request will be granted, and without going again into the merits of the case, it is a point wide open to dispute whether the end they seek will be accomplished if their demands are acceded to. When the subject was first mooted, we declined to bow down to the protection theory and urged that some opportunity should be taken to get the United States to remove the objectionable duty on pig lead that is causing all the trouble Here is the very opportunity. Nothing of course is likely to be done while the war lasts, but if England is sincere in her sympathy, of which there is no doubt, at its conclusion the United States can scarcely refuse so slight a concession as the removal of an irksome cent or two on a few tons of lead, which is a mere bubble in her vast volume of trade.

THE TESLIN LAKE RAILWAY.

It is sincerely to be hoped that our provincial parliament will turn a deaf ear to any appeal that may be made by Messrs. Mackenzie and Mann for funds to build their railway to Teslin lake. If this scheme deserves support the Dominion Treasury is the proper source from which to draw it, and the Dominion has refused to do so. There is no reason why the Province should step in and give aid out of its poverty when Ottawa has refused to do so out of her abundance. Possibly if the contractors had asked for a reasonable grant they would have got it. But their demands were outrageous and they were very properly rejected. It is said that operations on the work are not suspended. Forty six carloads of rails and enormous quantities of materials and supplies are still going through Vancouver to the Stickine. Possibly the contractors think that the railway in itself will be such a good thing that they are content to build it without any subsidy at all. If that is so it is a complete confirmation of the Senate's action in throwing out the bill granting them princely subsidies.

The Engineering and Mining Journal of New York in its issue of the 16th April contains a very severe article on Mr. Whittaker Wright and the British America Corporation. The Rossland Board of Trade, will, no doubt, in its capacity as dry nurse to the B. A. C., at once write to the New York Chamber of Commerce and have the offending author of the article duly sacrificed, for daring to breathe or write anything but the most fulsome adulation of anything relating to the Trail creek camp.

Restaurant Prices in Dawson.

In a private letter written at Dawson City on Nov. 7, 1897, and received in Nelson on April 16th, 1898, the following rates are given for the bill of fare at the Eldorado restaurant, Dawson, for February and March.

Porterhouse Steak	$5 00
Tenderloin Steak	4 50
Sirloin Steak	4 00
Plain Steak	3 00
Hamburg Steak	3 00
Fried Ham	3 00
Bread, Butter and Vegetables included.	
Pork and Beans	2 00
Coffee and Hot Cakes	1 00
Coffee and Toast	1 00
Coffee and Cake	1 00
Coffee and Pie	1 00
Canned Fruit	75
All dinner orders	3 00

Dinner from 12 to 8 p.m.

Green Tree hotel, rooms per night, $1.00; bed, $300. Terms strictly cash.

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1 Devon Bait
1 Nickel Plated Reel
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NOTICE
On and after Monday, April 11th, 1898, Meals will be served at
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CLUB HOTEL
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FRANCIS J. O'REILLY, Assoc. M. Inst. C.E. P.L.S. for B C. Rossland, B.C.
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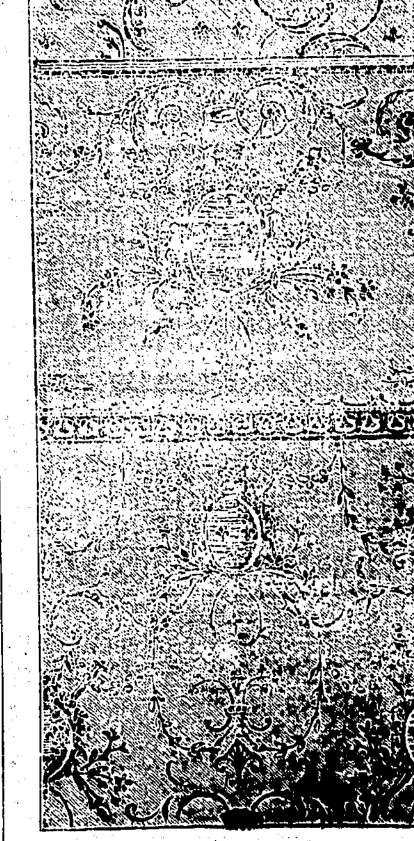

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This Company is now in course of liquidation and any person having any claim against the Company is requested to send it in, with a statement, at once to the undersigned.
H. E. CROASDAILE,
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NOTICE.

In the Matter of the Goods of Charles Kingsley Burritt, Deceased, Intestate.

All persons having any claim or claims against the above named Charles Kingsley Burritt are requested to send the same, duly verified by Statutory Declaration to Oscar Burritt, the Administrator, Mount Pleasant, Vancouver, B.C., together with a statement of the securities and amount thereof, if any, held by him or them, on or before the 20th day of May, A. D., 1898.

The said Administrator will on and after said date proceed to distribute the assets of the said deceased so far as the property extends and the law binds, having regard only to the claims of which he shall have then had notice.

All persons indebted to the said Charles Kingsley Burritt are requested to forthwith pay the amount of their said indebtedness to the said Oscar Burritt, the Administrator.

EDWARD A. CREASE,
Solicitor for the said Administrator.
Dated at Nelson B. C. this 20th day of April, 1898. (April 23—4t)

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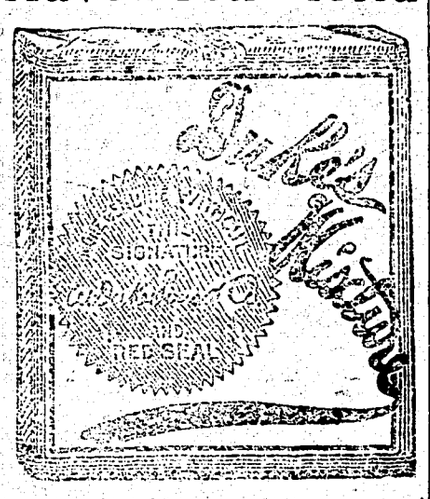

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" 9.35 a. m.	Sproule's	" 2.15 p.m.
" 9.51 a. m.	Whitewater	" 2.00 p.m.
" 10.03 a. m.	Bear Lake	" 1.48 p.m.
" 10.18 a. m.	McGuigan	" 1.33 p.m.
" 10:30 a. m.	Bailey's	" 1:21 p.m.
" 10.39 a. m.	Junction	" 1.12 p.m.
Arr. 10.50 a. m.	Sandon	Leave 1.00 p.m.

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Write for Klondike folder and Map.

MAPLE SUGARING.

Oh, we went maple sugaring
All by some golden hap,
When wounded trees were jeweling
With beads of pearly sap!

We dallied through the waking grove
And understood the spring,
The universal youth that drove
Our very blood to sing.

We peered the drier places out
And skipped the young abysses,
Where last year's leaves lay all about
As thick as next year's kisses.

The little shanty lured us on
With smokelike tresses floating,
And where the sledges smoothed the way
I beau'd you, fondly noting

How like a slender maple tree
You were, though fairer, lither.
Ah, you were bodied spring to me,
As thrilling, nymphish, blither!

Well, over logs and bogs we clambered
To where the caldrons brewed
Mere sap to sirup and enambered
The liquor neuter hued.

The cordial farmer smiled to see
The love that aureoled us,
But neither ear nor heed had we
For aught he may have told us.

I proffered you a pewter spoon,
In sirup dipped and laved,
Which, when your lips but touched, so soon
'Twas golden all and graved.

I simpered, "Sweets unto the sweet,"
And all the stock of youth,
But somehow triteness took new life;
Hyperbole was truth.

Oh, we went maple sugaring
All by some golden chance,
And the clustered trees like bridesmaids waved
Long life to our romance!

—Rupert Hughes in New York Sun.

THE WIFE STEALER.

The Markoff family came from Russia toward the end of the last century, and Demeter Markoff, the third descendant of this family, was already a large landowner in Hungary and could not speak a syllable of the Russian tongue. Demeter III was a famous man in his time, first, because he could ride down the strongest horse in one day; secondly, because he could swallow the largest glass of wine at one gulp (and afterward eat the glass itself); thirdly, because, however large his income might be, he could always spend twice as much, and, fourthly, because, no matter what woman he met, he could always either fascinate her, or, failing that, marry her—and within a twelvemonth the lady in question would punctually be abolished from the face of the earth. When he reached his forty-eighth year, he had just buried his third wife. She was a good soul, they say, never complained, and died quietly and without protest.

By his first wife he had a son, Demeter Markoff IV. At the time of which we write this young man was 24 years of age. In many respects he failed to resemble his father. He lacked that gentleman's heroic qualities, being a quiet and economical young man, fond of reading, painting and music. Wine and tobacco both made him sick, and if a pretty girl looked at him he would blush. Demeter III was irritated by his son's virtues and called him a booby, but he was his only son, all the same, and he could not disown him. Paternal example had no effect upon him. In vain did Demeter III take him to boar hunts—the son simply began to paint the forest scenery; in vain did he give him money to spend—he bought nothing but books or pictures; in vain did he take him to places of amusement—he simply went to sleep while the fun was going on.

One day, however, Demeter III was astonished by the news that his son wished to marry. In the adjoining county there was a charming young girl who was the youngest of six daughters of a small landed proprietor. It was on the occasion of a vintage festival that the youth had first met her and ever since then he had been accustomed, in the soft moonlight, to dream away his time in her company and to talk about the stars and the flowers, as respectable people are supposed to do when they are in love. The name of this young girl was Angelica.

Young Demeter Markoff now came to his father and asked him if he would be good enough to journey into the adjoining county and obtain for him the necessary consent to the projected marriage.

"With pleasure," replied his father. "Is she pretty?"

"Her beauty is transcendent."

"Ah, you think so because she is the first girl you have met! Is she fond of you?"

"She worships me."

"Is she young?"

"Only 18."

"That is the most interesting age. Don't be afraid. I will go and manage it. I will bring her back. You can consider her already here."

Demeter III had his horses swiftly harnessed—five beautiful Arab steeds—and he drove them into the neighboring county at such a terrific rate that they were pretty well lamed before they got there. Directly he set eyes on Angelica he saw that she was indeed the loveliest of women; also that she had a deeply rooted affection for his son.

Angelica, as already said, was only 18, and at that age the fancy rules over the senses. Secret sympathies and inexplicable magnetic influences operate in the soul. These things whispered to Miss Angelica that to be drawn by five Arab steeds was more delightful than to be drawn by two and that it was pleasanter to eat off silver dishes than off china plates, and, indeed, Demeter IV possessed less property than his father, for while the latter owned large tracts of country nothing belonged to his artistic son but the landscape on canvas which he had himself painted in the paternal territory.

In one word, Angelica gave her hand to Demeter III instead of to his offspring. The matrimonial go between kept his word—he brought the young lady home—but Demeter IV was sufficiently astonished when his father told him that she did not come as his wife, but as his stepmother.

The younger Demeter now found it necessary to quit Hungary altogether, for all the inhabitants were laughing at his expense. He went to Russia and lived in an old mansion of his father's at Podolia. Thence he never returned.

After that the people at home told all sorts of ludicrous stories as to the life he was leading in Russia. Some said that he sat all day long in the corner of a room opposite the portrait of the girl he had wished to marry, that the spiders were industriously spinning their webs over this picture, that they had almost covered it from view, but that the eyes of Angelica were still visible, and that Demeter IV would not leave the chamber until they, too, were concealed by the filmy meshes. Others said he was making experiments in chemistry and trying the effect of certain poisons upon dogs and cats. A third party said he had become a vegetarian and passed his life in weighing up the precise amount of food which he considered necessary for his next meal. But they were all wrong, and at length their statements were confuted by a letter which arrived from Demeter IV, addressed to his father.

It should be mentioned, by the way, that the beautiful Angelica had indeed died within the twelvemonth. On the occasion of a ball Demeter III was so drunk that he pointed a gun at his wife because she was chatting too merrily with a good looking young officer. She thereupon fled from the ballroom in terror, rushed out into the cold night air in her muslin dress and satin slippers, took a chill and shortly died therefrom. But she had attained her ambition, and if she had married the younger Demeter she might perhaps still have been alive. As Mrs. Demeter IV she would not have been lying in such a beautiful velvet covered and gilded coffin nor have been drawn to her vault by five such beautiful Arab steeds.

From the younger Demeter's letter to his father it appeared that he had been so far successful in forgetting Angelica that he was about to marry another girl. Years had already passed. The elder Demeter was 58 years old, while his son was still only 34. Thus the latter was now in a position to write to his father in these terms:

MY DEAR FATHER—I again intend to marry, and I have discovered the most beautiful girl imaginable for my wife. I want you to be present at the ceremony. This time I am not afraid that you will carry off my bride, for ten years have elapsed, and you have now lost your power of fascination. Ten years ago I was a mere child and you were a man. Today I am a man and you are getting well on into childhood. Besides, my fiancee loves me with profound devotion. Therefore if you wish me happiness come at once to my approaching wedding. DEMETER.

These words inflamed Demeter III. His pride was wounded. A wicked desire took possession of him.

"What sort of girl is this your master intends to marry?" he inquired of the valet who had brought the letter.

"A most lovely creature, sir," was the reply.

"Is she young?"

"Still almost a child."

"Do they love each other?"

"Like a pair of doves."

"Well, go back and tell my son that I shall be present at his wedding."

Demeter III lost not a moment, but traveled posthaste. Reaching Lemberg, he there happened to meet his son's coachman.

"What are you doing here, Dimitru?" he inquired.

The servant stammered and showed that he would like to lie, but a handful of gold, promptly administered, induced him to tell the truth. He said that his master got quite alarmed on hearing that the father did not mind taking the trouble of journeying to Podolia, and he had therefore arranged that the wedding should take place two days earlier, sending his coachman to Lemberg to buy certain Hungarian commodities for the marriage feast.

Demeter III leaped upon a swift horse, for his carriage was not quick enough, and galloped furiously toward Podolia. Two horses fell beneath him, and he arrived at the church just as the marriage was about to be solemnized. He dismounted, and the ceremony was interrupted in order that father and son might greet each other, while the bride remained near the altar. She was covered with a thick veil which completely hid her features. Demeter III looked with proud contempt upon his son, whose face was sunk with a lingering ailment and from whose color it could be seen how many months he had to live, whereas he, the father, was still vigorous and robust. Demeter IV threw an imploring glance at his paternal relative, who simply received it with a smile and then walked up to the waiting bride and whispered in her ear:

"Beautiful woman, I am Demeter Markoff III, while that man is my son. His hands tremble, mine are steady; his are empty, mine are full of gold. Compare us together and choose which you will prefer to lead you to the altar."

Didora—such was the lady's name—made her decision with very little hesitation, and it was the father whom she allowed to take her to the altar and make her his wife. She swore to him eternal devotion. Demeter III was radiant with victory and glanced round the church to see what had become of his son. The latter was standing with his back against a pillar, watching the ceremony from thence. He was not weeping, as on a former occasion.

As the party was leaving the church he whispered in his father's ears, "Good luck to you, Demeter III!"

The elderly bridegroom took off the veil from the face of his bride. He beheld, not a thing of beauty, but an ugly, crooked mouthed, one eyed horror—an object so very ugly that you could not find another like it if you searched all over the earth.

From this wife he could not escape so easily as from the others. He could not drive her away from him and she refused to die. He lived with her till his own death. She was not afraid of his anger, for she could swear better than he. If he drank, so did Didora; if he attempted to beat her, she gave him a worse thrashing in return. Demeter found it necessary to shave off his beard; otherwise Didora was fond of pulling it out for him. She insisted on accompanying him whenever he visited his friends, and, being generally in drink, she would quarrel with him in their houses and expose him to the keenest ridicule. At length he decided never to go out of doors again, and he died in seclusion.—Englishwoman.

The Man Who Flew In 1713.

He wrote to Mr. Ironside of The Guardian: "I have made considerable progress in the art of flying. I flutter about my room two or three hours in a morning, and when my wings are on can go above a hundred yards at a hop, step and jump. I can fly already as well as a turkey cock * * * Upon the next Thanksgiving day it is my design to sit astride the dragon upon Bow steeple, from whence, after the first discharge of the tower guns, I intend to mount into the air, fly over Fleet street and pitch upon the maypole in the Strand. * * * This I doubt not will convince the world I am no pretender."

Well, this was written in 1713, and yet the public still awaits the long promised flying of man. Surely it cannot be that Mr. Maxim and other inventors with flying machines up their sleeves can have taken umbrage and hold back because we no longer have a maypole in the Strand for them to "pitch upon," for we know, as a matter of fact, that most flying men have found it easier to pitch upon their own poles than to steer for any particular goal. So the patient but tired world must perforce still wait perhaps for a few more centuries, and meanwhile scoff mildly just to shame inventors to greater efforts. Of course the inventors will resent this as they ever have done.—Saturday Review.

IN ÆTERNUM.

When I was still a living man,
And ere the years of life were spent,
My fearful fancy often ran
On what would be my punishment.

For I had sinned as only few
In human form have sinned as yet,
And, though suspicion slept, I knew
That God would wait and not forget.

—Harry Thurston Peck in Bookman.

MY REVENGE.

I hated the boy. Oh, of course it was not right and Christianlike! I never said it was, and no doubt I ought to have loved him the better for having such a large supply of the good gifts that fate had denied to me, only I did not.

He was my stepbrother. My mother married the second time when I was a little chap, and a year later Claude Eccleston was born.

He had the better of me even from birth. I was a wizened bit of a boy, dark haired, dark eyed—sallow like my father, my mother always said—and he was like his father. He had laughing gray eyes, hair with a wave in it, a fresh, clear skin, which made the women want to kiss him. Nobody evinced any longing to kiss me, except the child himself, and I hated him.

He was the only child, and Boddisfield would be his after his father, so there was no need for him to earn his living, as there was for me. I was to be a lawyer and to study hard to fit myself for the work while Claude picked up a gentleman's education in leisurely fashion. I felt that to be another injustice.

It cannot be laid to my charge that I simulated an affection that I did not feel. I always held as far as possible aloof from him. I did not return the caresses that as a child he lavished upon me. I never encouraged him to grip my arm and pour his schoolboy confidences into my ear. Later on I never invited him to join me in my evening smoke. My reserve did not seem to rebuff him. Whatever I did I was always "poor old George" or "dear old George," and when I uttered my true sentiments he laughed at my cold blooded cynicism.

He was, of course, my mother's favorite son. The cup of injustice would not have been full without that.

When I was 25 and he 19, there occurred a fresh cause for hatred. The Rise, a pretty little place just out of Boddisfield village, was taken by a young and fascinating widow, Mrs. Sinclair.

She was tall and slim, with fair hair and blue eyes with remarkably long lashes, and she suffered it to be understood that her married life had been short and unhappy. Short it must have been, for she did not look more than 23. Altogether she was a most interesting person.

My mother and her husband took to her at once. I had already heard of her winning ways and of her pretty gratitude for all kindness shown her before I went down to Boddisfield for Christmas. She dined at the hall on the very evening of my arrival, and before the evening was over I found myself also entangled in the meshes of those long lashes.

It was a keen, frosty night, and she expressed her intention of walking home. It was so delightfully moonlight, and she was not nervous, oh, no! Of course, I had to escort her, and, of course, on my return my mother rallied me on an attention that I had certainly never shown to any woman before.

I had seen her twice before Christmas day, and, on the second occasion, after skating with me all afternoon, she had taken me into her house for a cup of tea. I detest tea, but I had begun to entertain a feeling that was distinctly not detestation for Adela Sinclair.

Christmas eve brought Claude. Adela Sinclair's caresses were expended now upon him. I was still "dear Mr. Holland," and my taste and judgment were continually appealed to, but I knew that the glances through the eyelashes were not for me.

Certainly the boy was amazingly fresh and handsome. I knew that my face looked cloudier and more sallow by contrast with his. I knew also that he was heir to some thousands a year, while I could only hope to count my income by hundreds. Of course, I could not expect to be loved for myself.

There was some satisfaction for me in perceiving that my mother and the squire were as little pleased by the widow's attentions to Claude as I was. It amused me to make her own, indirectly, of course, that she considered the widow very suitable for me, but not good enough for Claude. I betrayed no sort of feeling over the matter myself.

Two days after Christmas I left Claude at Boddisfield to enjoy Mrs. Sinclair's society, but I was to run down again for a couple of days' hunting before he went back to Oxford.

When I came back these few days later, I found that Claude had been making the most of his time. He had spent part of every day at The Rise, notwithstanding that Mrs. Sinclair had also been to the hall, and he spoke of the lady as Adela.

"If only I were as old as you, old boy!" he said regretfully. "I suppose she'd laugh at me if I made a regular proposal at 19. I shall be 20 in a month or two and then I'll do it."

Whereat I laughed quietly. Away from Boddisfield I had somewhat thrown off the spell of the widow's charms, and it might be that Claude would go through the same experience. In the meantime, I intended to have an eye on the lady in a different sense from that in which I had hitherto indulged in the practice.

"She has a cousin down here now, confound him!" Claude went on. "I dare say he is a nice fellow enough, but one can't see her without him hanging around."

"I thought she said she had no one belonging to her."

"I suppose she would not count cousins as anybody. Anyway the fellow is there and seems pretty intimate. The mother does not quite approve of her having male cousins to stay."

It seemed a little queer to me after vowing that she was alone in the world. You cannot be exactly that when you have a cousin privileged to stay in the house. However, nobody ties a woman down to absolute accuracy of speech.

Claude was missing during the evening—down at the Rise, my mother supposed, with a sigh. He was there too often. Perhaps my influence might do something to stop it. I turned over a page or two of my book. If Claude was doing anything likely to get him into any sort of trouble, I was most distinctly not going to stop it.

When my mother retired, I strolled out into the wintry darkness. I might as well see what was going on at the Rise for my own satisfaction.

Within five minutes' walk of the widow's house I passed Claude, or rather stepped back into the shadow to let him pass me. He was whistling rather ruefully. I went on and looked for a chink in the enchantress' shutters.

As luck would have it, the cousin had drawn back the curtains to look out at the night. I saw into the room. The table was covered with evidences of card playing and of whisky drinking. It struck me that the lady had been sharing in both pursuits. The cousin's appearance did not appeal to my taste.

"Well, Addie," he said, dropping the curtain so that I could only gain a chance glimpse of either of them, "your pupil comes on promisingly. He'd marry you in a minute if it weren't for the little obstacle that he doesn't know of, but as that can't be we must make what we can of him otherwise. We have more than emptied his pockets tonight, only unluckily the contents of a boy's pocket won't go far with us. What a pity you didn't catch on with the other one!"

"It was no use," answered Adela, with an air of apology. "He is too shrewd and cold blooded. There's no turning him round your little finger like Claude. I like the boy, John. You must not go too far with him."

The man laughed brutally.

"I'll go no farther than his money goes. Come, I'm ready for bed. I have done a good day's work."

I stepped back quietly out of the garden. I knew enough. Claude was likely to pay dear for the widow's favor, but I was not called upon to intervene.

After that I heard little or nothing of Mrs. Sinclair. My mother rarely mentioned her and Claude never. I worked steadily at my profession and had little room in the multitude of my thoughts for women or love.

One evening at the beginning of June Claude came in upon me abruptly. His dress was unusually careless, his eyes were red, and his whole appearance showed signs of distraction.

"I'm in awful trouble, George," he said, sinking into a chair in front of me. "I don't know how to save myself, and I'm come to you for help."

The boy looked wretched enough, but I concealed my gratification at the sight of his misery.

"It's through Brereton, Mrs. Sinclair's cousin," he explained. "She did give me a hint to be careful, but it was too late then. He turned up at Oxford and made me introduce him to a lot of the men, and he's fleeced them as well as me, and"—Here the boy broke down, and the rest of the story I got from him piecemeal.

Brereton had got him so deeply in debt that his father, after paying one demand for extra money, had refused to allow him more. He tried, as gamesters will, to mend his fortune by continuing to gamble, a hopeless speculation in most cases and certainly fatal with such an opponent as this. Then came a night when Brereton, after his usual success, taunted his miserable debtor, and, having muddled him with drink and threatened him with exposure to the squire and the college authorities, terrorized him into forging his father's signature to a check for a considerable amount.

He should not use the check at present, he said, but kept it in reserve, in case he found it necessary to enforce obedience to his commands.

Claude had by this time formed an attachment for the daughter of a certain professor. Brereton demanded an introduction to the members of the family, which Claude flatly refused, and, being told that if in three days he had not yielded the check would be presented for payment, he fled to me as his last hope.

I listened to the story with inward triumph. My hatred was in a fair way to be gratified now. His sole chance, if I left him alone, was to confess everything to his father before Brereton had time to act, and let the squire communicate with the bank. Knowing the squire's horror of any kind of gambling, I was aware that Claude would have a bad time of it if he did that. Mother's pet and fortune's darling as he was, he had come to such a pass now that his bitterest enemy might feel gratified.

I could free him if I chose, for it chanced that I had recently become possessed of information concerning Mr. Brereton, by use of which I could compel him to almost any course of action, but why should I stir myself for the boy I hated? I looked at him as he sat before me with a miserable, hunted look on his face, and I sat for a minute enjoying my triumph.

"I don't see that I can help you," I said harshly.

"I only know that if you can't nobody else can," answered Claude, with a sort of half sob. Then he flung his arms, boy fashion, round my neck and hid his face against me. "George, dear old George! You have always been so good to me! I know you will save me!"

Good to him! I had always hated him, but there was something I could not stand in his utter confidence in me, in the touch of his clinging arms and the recollection of the hundred times he had clung in like fashion before.

Something in my heart seemed to give way. I pushed him back and actually kissed him—the kiss of peace—and then straightway went out and settled Mr. Brereton's pretensions.

Next morning Claude had the satisfaction of burning that check, and at the present day I have no dearer friend than my brother.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

What's In a Name?

Shanks is a man of theories. He is continually springing them on his friends, who do not appreciate his attentions and have been trying to upset him for a long time. The other night they succeeded.

Shanks' latest was that Christian names are indicative of the general character of the persons who bear them.

"But that can't be right," objected Banks. "We don't christen ourselves."

"It is quite true that our names are given to us by our parents before our characters are developed," said Shanks, "but we have all learned something of the doctrine of heredity, and that explains it. If a man has high flown notions, he will give his offspring some grand name. The child inherits the notions from its parent, and the Christian name suits the child's character. It's as simple as can be. Can't make out why some of the clever men haven't thought of it before."

"But suppose a girl's name is Ann. What then?" asked Banks.

"That's a nice short name, and, according to my theory, it indicates some one who likes things put in order—precise, definite."

"That's where you are wrong," exclaimed Banks, seizing the opportunity. "We have on the authority of Lindley Murray and many others that 'an' is an indefinite article."

Shanks retired in disgust.—Pearson's Weekly.

Just a Trifle Altered.

"What an absolute tyrant your brother John used to be."

"Yes, but he got married, and now he's an obsolete tyrant."—Detroit Free Press.

ON THE HORIZON.

Two ships stand on the horizon,
Each shows a lighted sail.
One rises out of morning red,
One sinks in twilight pale.

Two ships stand on the horizon,
Faint sail gleams far at sea.
One bears away my sweet lost love,
One brings new love to me.
—John James Piatt in Chap Book.

"OLD BLOOK."

The colonel was very long and gaunt. Ditto his mustache, which was as black as his wig, and it was whispered that the latter, as well as many another which his customers wore, had been manufactured with his own fair hands long before "grim visaged war" had called him to the "wrinkled front." His name? Well, it began with a B. What the rest of it was is not to be told here, but his signature in its general illegibility suggested Blucher, and this stuck to him, until, through mere erosion, it became Old Block.

It would be a delicate matter, or the reverse, to describe by what species of political bird lime the silver eagles of a colonel had been fastened to his shoulders. As the Turk has it—cherchez la femme! At first the officers, who were a swell lot of fellows, used to jest cynically at the prospect of being led into the fray by one whom they had dubbed as "The Knight of the Shining Shears." And the men, who were of that polyglot order only to be met with in a regiment that had been evolved from the slums of New York, when speaking of him dropped easily into a vernacular that can best be left to the imagination.

But this did not last long. The first assault on Port Hudson found the One Hundred and Something New York endeavoring to flatten its numerous noses against the glacis of that fortress in more or less unsuccessful endeavors to avoid the assortment of battle and murder and sudden death that was being served up by the gentlemen on the other side of the parapet. But the colonel was standing up! One of the two smiles ever seen to flit across his rugged features imparted a sort of flicker to his dyed mustache, as his high pitched voice drawled, "Youse fellers seems to be a little skeered, b'gosh!"

The colonel, always terse, was never euphemistic. Yet it may be doubted if William the Norman's "Per la resplendar De!" meant more than the two corrupted words in which this more recent paladin was wont to emphasize the little he had to say.

At this moment one of the many budding Napoleons who then infested the service displayed the flag of truce that put a temporary stop to our advance and gave the chivalry an opportunity to stick its haughty head above the breastworks and respond to the "Hey Johnnies!" of our affable hoodlums. And during this intermission of 20 minutes for refreshments the colonel, who had slowly realized that "the shootin had quit," as leisurely turned his back upon us all and went to the rear, where the cooks were making soup for the survivors.

Just as the ball reopened the colonel's tall form reappeared on the line of battle. In his right hand he bore a tin cup containing a quart of steaming bean soup—his left sustained a bit of hard tack. In the midst of the leaden hail, the shower of fractured iron, the smoke, the yells, the cheers, the groans, he calmly stood, now sipping the scalding soup, now nibbling the brittle bread and occasionally (for the soup burned his lips a little) murmuring "B'gosh!"

At the close of the fiery debate, some seven weeks afterward, we had forgotten that he had ever been a barber, and the men, who still spoke of Old Block in varying forms of profanity, now added slum flavored notes of admiration. We now had a few days of rest, during which the colonel redyed his mustache, but his professional hand had lost its cunning, for some of the pigment got upon his nose and beneath his eyes, so that he looked as if he had just "made up" for a part in a drama that was less real than the one in which many of us were then playing what might be our last engagement.

Next came the Red river fiasco of 1864, and through its disasters the colonel advanced to the command of his brigade. This was at Cane river crossing, where the exultant enemy had interposed to prevent our retreat. The position was a commanding one, and just as our attack upon it had begun, the brigade commander dropped with a shattered leg. The colonel galloped to the front and center, where he reined back his big, ungainly chestnut till that usually sedate beast assumed the attitude ascribed by Sergeant Buzfuz to the late Mr. Pickwick—that of "a being erect upon two legs." The old man yelled, "Come on!" and, as the relaxed reins suffered his steed to become a quadruped and move forward at a trot, the brigade followed with a cheer. Our color bearer—the fifth in as many weeks—holding Old Glory with his right hand, his left being occupied with the regimental goat, who always stood by the colors, kept close at the colonel's heels.

A shell burst in front. The color bearer pitched forward with so wild a shriek that the colonel half turned in the saddle, and just in time to bend and grasp the flag as the dying sergeant held it up toward him. The old chestnut gave a shy and the colonel's cap fell off. The horse reared and plunged and snorted—the colonel's hands were full of flag and of reins, his saber dangled by the sword knot from his wrist, and, as he tried to save his cap, away flew his wig. The whole brigade roared one mighty gust of laughter, but when the colonel, after planting the heel of the staff upon his stirrup, shook out the standard to the breeze and screamed "Follow me!" the laugh turned into a cheer. There was no firing on our front. With leveled steel and at the double step, keeping a line as straight as a fence, the Third brigade drove the rebels from their position and held it until the others came up. The battle was won. The goat was cropping grass close to the hoofs of the old chestnut. The colonel hailed a big sergeant, to whom he surrendered the color, with "Take keer of it an Billy, too—b'gosh!" Then he tied a red bandanna around his glistening skull and glared at us all as if to ask, "Any remarks about my appearance, gen'lemen?" When we went into camp that night and counted noses, a good many turned up missing.

Among the brilliant array that constituted the staff of our commanding general were many who had been imported from beyond the seas. These gentlemen were barons and counts and princes and things, but in deference to existing prejudices they consented to be known by their family names, which were as unspeakable as the more or less Volga tongue in which they disapproved of the country that paid them their wages. Their uniforms bent beneath a load of gilt, and their hair and beards had never been cut.

When one of these dazzling creatures appeared before the colonel with a message of congratulation from the general, the contrast was vivid. The eminence usually occupied by the colonel's wig was still concealed by the red bandanna and surmounting this was a torn and bedraggled straw hat which had been picked up on the field. A short halt had given the colonel an opportunity to redye his mustache, and the black streaks which the operation had left upon his grim features reminded one of the style of war map with which our newspaper friends tempted the unwary. Just as the colonel had murmured querulously to the adjutant, "One of them d——d Cossacks—b'gosh!" the gentleman from the steppes halted, brought his heels together with a snap, made a salute that might have reopened the eyes of the happily defunct Frederick and then, with a profusion of bows and the accent of Svengali, fired off a dozen phrases in French. The adjutant translated, Old Block was to be a brigadier! The colonel, who had been steadily regarding the apparition, squeaked "Adj'tint, tell him to tell the gineral much obleeged —b'gosh!" Then, with a stiff salute, gasped something like "Oh reservoir!" and disappeared into his tent.

When the adjutant, after a respectful knock against the tent pole, looked within to congratulate his chief on the attainment of the general's star, and also upon the other agreeable fact that the serene highness had taken itself off, the straw hat was on the ground, the red bandanna bent over a pair of open saddlebags, and in one tremulous and wrinkled hand glittered the miniature of a little child. A tear was rolling down the old hero's nose, and he was heard to whisper, "The little gal'll be glad ter see ole daddy wearin stars."

The adjutant on tiptoe stepped away.

We had joined the Army of the Potomac, and Early's maneuverings had brought us into the smiling valley of the Shenandoah. The colonel—a general now—was with us in all the glories of his twinkling stars and a new wig. To the hint that he should provide himself with a staff commensurate with his exalted rank he had replied as his lank fingers harrowed his mustache: "Don't want no aids! The adj'tint gineral does the writin. Me an the rest of youse does the fightin—b'gosh!"

The evening of the 18th of October, 1864, the night before the battle of Cedar Creek, was quiet enough. But it became very noisy before daylight, for the people who had the security of the army in charge had allowed themselves to be surprised. We formed line in the mystifying mist of the dawn, and, led by the general, moved against an enemy whom we could not see, but whose presence within our lines was accounted for by the flanking fire which struck us. But the brigade held together. The sun suddenly dispelled the fog, and now columns of the enemy could be seen marching to our left.

All at once we became aware that a body of his troops was close upon our rear. "Rear rank—about face!" yelled the general, and thus we fought, facing both ways, for some exciting moments. An English gentleman, who belonged to the color company and who always wore the bottoms of his creased and tattered trousers turned up, said the "'ole thing was like a bloody sangwitch," but he dropped with a sudden shiver as one bullet pierced his heart, while at the same instant another snapped his spine. Then orders came to fall back, when we simply elbowed our way through swarms of the enemy. There was no stampede, for we knew that the "old man's" eye was upon us. But when we had come to where we could touch upon the rest of the slowly receding mass, our chief was not in his accustomed place. And throughout that gloomy morning the men, in the pauses of the fight, would lament that Sheridan was away and that "the rebs had got Old Block!"

When General Sheridan rode on the field and the word was passed that the army was to move to the attack, the testy old gentleman who commanded the corps and whose hirsute adornment had won for him the name of Bricktop, remarked that "No one would now give a chew of tobacco to insure the success that was certain." Content took the place of doubt, and while dispositions were being made on the flanks, men in the center read newspapers; some made entries in their diaries and others took a nap. The enemy assaulted, but was repulsed. And then some of us went to sleep again. The command, "Forward!" pealed from voice and bugle and our people advanced. The enemy resisted, but in vain, and soon we came in plain view of the position from which we had been swept in the morning.

More than 30 years have gone by, and the mellowing hand of time has softened the asperities, but this is what we saw as we passed over the field of the early struggle—a row of half clad bodies. Most of them were dead, but some of the others hailed us faintly as we charged by.

Just as the sun sank our victorious army went into camp on the ground where we had slept the night before. At once a half dozen who belonged to his old regiment started back to hunt up the general. Some hoped to find him yet alive, others that he might have been taken prisoner, which latter was just a shade better than being killed. As we drew near to the array of half stripped corpses we heard loud notes of wailing, mingled with imprecations, and then recognized the voice of the general's negro servant. Another moment brought us to what we, at first, thought was our old friend's corpse. His boots were gone. His coat had been taken. And the poor old darky sobbed with tears and groans and curses, "Dey done tuk dat new wig!" The adjutant knelt beside the body and placed his ear close to the heart. Then he took up one long, lean and clammy hand and gazed sadly on the gory features—there was a horrid gash across the face and a small blue hole in the breast. The general's eyelids trembled. He opened them and strove to speak, but only a faint, whistling sound came through the swollen lips. A few drops from a canteen served to afford relief. Then the old man smiled—for the second time—and the adjutant could just hear the last whisper, "Tell—lit' gal—ole dad—wearin—stars."—Captain John Leefe in Short Stories.

History In Postage Stamps.

M. Deroulede, a French politician, has been reading history in postage stamps. For instance, he calls attention to the first two issues of Germany. He says: "Look at the eagle on the 1871 issue, how lean it is! Then look at the 1873 issue, where the eagle looks fat and arrogant after having devoured our $1,000,000,000 which we paid Germany as indemnity at the end of the war."—Harper's Round Table.

Nothing to Eat but Food.

A hobo pleaded at a South Bethel farmhouse that he'd had nothing to eat for 48 hours. While he was talking a doughnut dropped through a hole in his pocket and rolled away on the grass. Without the slightest embarrassment he picked it up and continued his plea.—Kennebec Journal.

"FRITZ."

Has anybody seen my Fritz?
You may not think him pretty,
But he's the dog that I love best
In country or in city.
His hair's a sort of grizzly gray,
And not so very curly,
But he can run like everything
And bark both late and early.

Sometimes he minds me very well,
And sometimes when I call
He only sits and wags his tail
And does not stir at all;
But the reason why he acts that way
Is very plain to see—
Fritz doesn't know that he's my dog;
He thinks that he owns me.

So, though he has a heap of sense,
'Twould be just like him now
To think that I'm the one that's lost,
And with a great bowwow
To go off hunting for his boy
Through alley, lane and street,
While I am asking for my dog
Of every one I meet.
—Rebecca Palfrey Utter in St. Nicholas.

A MAN OF BUSINESS.

John Green and Cicely Walters were married in the new year, and for a time the affairs of Green, Richards & Van Schaacht were left to the careful carelessness of clerks.

John was rich, and Cicely had something of her own, but he disliked what he called "show" and urged Cicely to be content with a small house and three maids. He was not stingy, though, for he ordered a carriage and horses and gave her a very liberal allowance in addition to her own income.

The first year of their life together was a delightful time of happiness to both. It was necessary, of course, for John to be away all day, but Cicely mightily enjoyed the novelty of being married and found it very amusing to order things at shops and give her name as Mrs. Green. Her mother had not allowed her to read many novels, deeming them pernicious, and so a subscription to Mudie's seemed like Aladdin's lamp for richness of possibility. John left the city as early as possible and was generally home at half past 6.

Frequently they went to a theater or dined out, and there were Saturdays to Mondays at Brighton or Eastbourne, besides visits to the Hendon House, where William greeted them with a smile anticipatory of half a sovereign.

As the second year wore on John found it necessary to give more attention to his business. One or two matters had lately gone amiss, giving rise to an urgent request from the "firm's" New York correspondents that their instructions should be more closely attended to.

John Green showed the letter to his head clerk and said no more about it, but he gradually fell back into his old practice of staying late and seeing to things himself, instead of leaving them to those less competent or less interested.

One night John had promised to get home early, as they were going to a theater, but it was nearly 8 o'clock before his key sounded in the door.

Cicely met him with a reproachful glance. He kissed her and sat down wearily on the sofa.

"I am dreadfully sorry, dearest, but it was impossible to leave earlier."

"You promised, John, and we shall be so late!"

"Yes, dear, yes, I know. Now, you go and have dinner, and when I am rested a little I'll run up and dress and be ready as soon as you are."

"But you can't go without dinner."

"Yes I can. You run along."

He put his hand to his forehead and pushed back his hair.

"Are you so tired, dear?" Cicely asked gently, bending over him.

He smiled up at her and took her hand.

"Then we won't go, dear," she said.

"Yes, yes. I promised to take you, Cicely."

"I'll forgive you. You are very tired, I can see, and will be much happier at home."

"Dear child," he answered, kissing her hand. "You really don't mind?"

She turned away and rang the bell for dinner. She was bitterly disappointed at not going, but she concealed it from John and after dinner played the piano to him while he dozed in a chair.

That night was the beginning of many things. Cicely sought amusement more at other houses and went about with friends instead of with her husband. That is the beginning of the end with many a love match.

John was now very busy. He seldom got home before 8 and very often found Cicely either going or gone to some entertainment to which he was disinclined to follow her.

They gradually drew apart, living different lives and asking less and less of each other. John grew daily more absorbed in his business. He was very fond of Cicely, but he had given up showing it, and this is what a woman hates. Occasionally, after leaving him to a lonely evening, Cicely would come down to breakfast in a repentant mood, wishing to put things back as they had once been. She would make some pleasant remark, and John would say, "Yes, dear," or "No, dear," in his quiet tone and would ask her if she would have bacon or fish and then would open The Times and spread it before him like some hideous barricade without a loophole till her warm intentions iced to pride and she finished her breakfast silently.

Cicely, like all women who fancy themselves neglected, craved for excitement and sought intimacy at houses to which a year back she would not have cared to go. She grew extravagant in dress, wearing clothes for effect rather than for adornment and walking consciously.

In her new "set" it was fashionable to play roulette, but the stakes were moderate, and, with her supply of money, the trifling losses were no inconvenience. The excitement, though, told on her, and perhaps, after a long evening's play, she would allow a compliment to pass unchecked which would have annoyed her in a calmer spirit. More especially was she lenient to one man, George Proctor, who of all her friends was the most agreeable. He was a man in whose nature the animal somewhat predominated. He had that sort of cunning which is wrongly called patience, and he was subtle, making himself useful to Cicely with the purpose of becoming indispensable.

Cicely liked him. Any woman of her age and experience would probably have done so. He met her very frequently and often came to the house. After a few months he let fall some remarks on the "yoke" of marriage and the injustice of all laws. By degrees he gained her confidence. He learned that her husband was much away from her, and he treated her as a "neglected soul," offering silent sympathy. Poor Cicely! She was only 22, and the desire of life was denied to her. She had no child. Matters drew on to a climax at the end of November. A lighted taper soon burns down and hurts one's fingers.

John breakfasted alone one morning. Cicely had been at a dance the night before and was too tired to get up so early as 8 o'clock.

When he reached his office, he found he had forgotten some most important papers which he had taken home with him the night before. He had left them in his safe in the bedroom, and there was no one to whom he cared to intrust the key. He sent for Phillips, his head clerk.

"Oh—er—Phillips, I find I must go home again. I have left some papers behind me. Will you do these orders and see that man with whom I have an appointment this morning? Tell him I was obliged to go and shall be back soon after 12. I shall be off as soon as I've got through these letters, so just ask the boy to get me a cab."

John told the cabman to drive quickly. When they turned into the street, he noticed a hansom standing before his house. He supposed Cicely had an early caller. In the hall a canvas trunk was lying. He ran up stairs to the drawing room to see who had come. He had not heard that any guests were expected.

Cicely was standing on the hearth rug buttoning her glove. As she looked up and saw him her face became awfully white, and she swayed backward.

"Cicely!" John was just in time to catch her as she fell. He put her on the sofa and shut the door. There was some water in a vase on the piano, and he sprinkled some on her face. After awhile Cicely opened her eyes. There was a look of horrible fear in them.

"The letter," she said, trying to sit up.

"What letter?"

"On the chimneypiece. Give it to me."

John looked around. A letter was resting against the clock addressed to him in Cicely's handwriting. At once a fearful intelligence seemed to light up within him. Little occurrences of the last month, a word here, an act there, the fear in Cicely's eyes, the letter in his hand, drew sharply together in his mind, like the figures in a kaleidoscope, and made a horrid pattern. He tore the letter across and across and knelt down beside her. The fear was still in her eyes as she looked at him, but in a moment came the relief of tears. John took her in his arms, soothing her gently as a man can do.

"What a fool I've been," he thought—"what a bitter fool I've been not to have seen it long ago!"

While she was crying he had time to think what should be done, and as she grew calmer he said reassuringly:

"There, dear, don't cry any more. It is all right now. I'll tell you what we'll do. There's a cab at the door, and we'll just run down to Brighton for a week and enjoy the sea. Shall we? Would you like that?"

"Oh!" Cicely nestled closer to him and began to cry again.

"Now, will you be ready in five minutes? I must go to the city first, so we can start from London bridge, Cicely, dear," he said, kissing her.

He rang the bell for the servant.

"Put Mrs. Green's trunk on the cab and come up for my bag, and just pay my cabman, will you, please?"

He ran up stairs and hastily thrust into his bag a few clothes. Happening to look in the glass, he drew back in surprise. His face was pale, and there were new lines upon it.

"By Jove!" he said. "I didn't know I looked like that! Well, the sea will bring the color back, but I expect those lines will help me to remember today whenever I brush my hair." At the office he asked for Phillips, and, hearing he was in the market, went to see him. "Look here, Phillips," he said, pulling him into a quiet corner, "here are those papers. I'm going to Brighton for a week, and you must get along by yourself. If you want anything, come down for a night. I shall be at Bedford, and, Phillips, when I come back I must have a talk with you. I find I want a partner."

He drove on with Cicely to London bridge. They had a carriage to themselves, and as the train rushed along through the hedges Cicely said, after a long pause and in a very tearful voice:

"John, I ought to tell you"—

He interrupted her, putting his finger lightly on her lips.

"No, dear, no. Let's bury the past year at the root of the coming one. We have both been wrong, and now we will both be right."

"But I ought to tell you," she persisted.

"Then you shall write me a letter all about it, and we will go out together on the downs with a box of matches and burn your sacrifice in the sight of heaven."

She reached up and drew his face down to hers, whispering, "John, dear John!"

And the sun looked through the window, and his beams widened in a smile because he had found two happy people.—Argosy.

Public Speaking Agreed With Him.

Mr. C. W. Radcliffe Cooke, a member of the British parliament, tells in The English Illustrated Magazine the story of an experience that was more amusing in the telling than in the experiencing. He was to speak at an evening meeting in a country town and was first to dine with two elderly ladies of the place. Not until he was dressing for dinner did he discover that his servant had neglected to pack his waistcoat.

There was no gentleman in the household of whom he could borrow, but the butler, a stout man, had a spare waistcoat, which, though not a match for the rest of the clothing, was near enough to pass muster. But, alas, the waistcoat was a mile too big.

He found a sympathetic housemaid who took up a large plait at the back of the waistcoat and fastened it securely with pins. Dinner over, the party drove to the meeting where the parliamentary candidate was to make the principal speech. The candidate had been speaking ten minutes and had warmed to his work when suddenly he felt a pin give way and then another and another. Slowly the borrowed garment expanded until its wearer appeared in all the capacious bulk of the true owner.

Luckily the main body of the audience did not perceive the change, but a distressing titter was heard among the ladies in front. The best comment came from a gentleman who greeted the speaker after the meeting.

"Public speaking evidently agrees with you, sir," he said in a complimentary tone, "for when you sat down you were twice the man you were when you rose."

An Unnecessary Safeguard.

Dumleigh—Fogg has a nasty way of talking sometimes. The way he spoke of my new story was mean enough.

Copleigh—Did he say it wasn't a good thing?

Dumleigh—No, he didn't go quite so far as that, but he expressed the opinion that I was excessively cautious in getting it copyrighted.—Boston Transcript.

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April 21—
British Thunderer, Seattle Chief, Helena—J F Harbottle to A W Tidmarsh, ½.
April 23—
Red Rock—John W Johnson to J P Swedberg ½.
Blue Grouse—J P Swedberg to John W Johnson, ½.
Red Lion, Commonwealth, Whale, Vermont—W L Bannon and Jacob Stierle to Wild Horse Gold Mining, Company, Limited,
April 23—
Nebraska Girl, Big 2, Molly F, M E T—Jos B Dabney to Wild Horse Gold Mining Company, Limited.
Jim, Canada Lilly—F R Twigg to Joseph B Dabney, ½.
Flying Dutchman, Phoebus, Pilot Knob, Independence, Mars, Venus—T A Lassley to Frank Lassley, ½.
Etruria—J A Noach to Fern Gold Mining & Milling Company; Limited,
April 26—
Granite, Red Rock Fraction, Blue Grouse, White Swan, Tamarack Fraction—J P Swedberg, J M Johnson T J Duncan, option to purchase,
April 28—
Hudson, Dandy, Victoria—P Hjortman to A B Irwin, ½, $5.
Idaho—P Hjortman to A B Irwin, $5,
Amalia—P Hjortman to A B Irwin, 3-5, $5,
Deer Trail—F W Heslewood to W M Anderson, ½.
Deer Trail—F W Heslewood to Fred Heslewood sr., ½.
Deer Trail—F W Heslewood to J Cearns, ½.
Hancock, Houghton, Franklin, Quincy—Clive Pringle to P R Ritchie,
Lina—A Hodson to W Calbich, ½.
Big Bump—George Dougherty to John McMann, ½,

NEW LOCATIONS.

Nelson.

April 21—
Water Fall—F Kettner, ½ mi s of mouth of Slocan river, adj. Ada A.
Grand Prize—M Kealey, e si of 49 creek, adj Mayflower.
April 22—
O. K.—J Chipman, ½ mi s of Kootenay river, between Sandy and Eagle creeks adj Golden Queen.
April 28—
Bunker Hill—J. Waldbeser, on Salmon river, 1 mi north of Jack Wilson's cabin.
Katie H—A J Smith, McD Hershberger, w si of N & F S railway, 2 mi s of Hall Siding, adj Diable Noche.
April 25—
Manhattan—W E Cox, on N & F S railway, 2 mi e of Nelson and ½ mi north of Anderson creek, formerly Johannesburg.
Unicarn—A D Heriot, 4 mi from Lower Arrow lake and 1½ mi from Deer creek, formerly Iron Cross.
Lion—E F Houson, 4 mi from Lower Arrow lake and 1½ mi from Deer creek, formerly Good Hope.
Copper Queen—J McAlman, on Beaver creek mi from C & K railway.
Copper Prince—E Gilchrist, on Beaver creek, mi from C & K railway adj Copper Queen,
April 26—
Elkhorn—F Irvine, between Eagle and Sandy creeks, 2 mi s e of Poorman mine, adj Star.
April 27—
Gold Hill—P McLean, G Pollock, on s si of Sheep creek, opposite Elk creek, 1½ mi s of Salmo Consolidated.
Velvet—T A Gossett, s fork of Salmon river, ½ mi e of Salmon Siding.
Yukon—J W Morrow, s fork Salmon river, 2½ mi e of Salmon Siding.
Bunker Hill—E M Peters, J W Ruddy, on Stewart creek ½ mi w of N & F S railway, 2 mi of Ymir.
Lake Erie—W S T Ross e si and 10 mi up Wild Horse creek, adj Big Chief.
Haldimand—J W Ross, e si and 10 mi up Wild Horse creek, adj Lake Erie.
Little Nip—J H Graham on Dundee mountain 1 mi n e of Ymir, adj Lightheart.
April 28—
Belle of Ymir—J H Graham, D E Gorbe, W J Southworty, n si of and 1 mi up Bear creek adj Klondike, formerly Pinto.
Battleship Maine—W J Hughes and D A Mackenzie, n si of and 7 mi up Wild Horse creek, adj Lost Boy, formerly Sunday.
Kokoma—T J Alexander, 2½ mi e of Deer Park, formerly Genoa.
State—T McCardell, 1½ mi from Lower Arrow lake formerly Vega.

Extra-Provincial Companies.

(REGISTRATIONS)

Evening Star Mining Company. Capital $1,500,000 in $1 shares. Head office Spokane, Wash. James Hunter, Rossland, Attorney.

Salmon River Consolidated Mining Company. Capital $1,000,000 in $1 shares. Head office in Spokane. Fred Suttie, Waneta, Attorney.

Mining News.

The Porto Rico will start up work in a few days with 50 men.

J. Piccolo has started work on the Buffalo group on O. K. mountain.

Work on the California mine near New Denver will commence shortly.

The Number One mine at Ainsworth has lately been equipped with a boiler and hoist.

Dr. Bowes of Rossland has been appointed medical officer for the British America Corporation.

The recent strike in the main level of the Iron Mask gives values of $30 in gold and 11 per cent copper.

It is estimated by mining men of experience that 1000 miners will be employed in the Ymir camp before August 1.

The negotiations for incorporating the Cliff, one of the oldest and best known mines in the Rossland camp, have fallen through.

The Whitewater Deep has 18 inches of solid ore and the indications are that under development it will be one of the best properties in the country.

The B. A. Corporation is said to have recently consummated a deal in the way of an option on the Winnipeg group of claims in the Boundary creek district.

The ton of ore from the Last Chance mine near Kuskonook that was run through the Kaslo sampling works, gave returns of $2 in gold, 92½ ounces of silver and 20 per cent. lead.

H. E. D. Murray, late assayer and metallurgical chemist for the Kamloops Mining and Development Company has accepted a position with the British America Corporation.

The workingmen of the Republic camp have issued notices to miners and other workingmen that the camp is now overcrowded with men without money seeking employment.

Shaft No. 2 on the Salmo Consilidated at a depth of 60 feet encountered a body of high grade ore. Recent assays give $24 in gold, $60 in silver and a quantity in lead, which runs from 35 to 50 per cent.

The Fairie Queen group on Trout creek 12 miles from Rosebery, is a very promising property of quartz porphyry, and the owners are going to push work on it this season. They find silver, lead, gold and copper in the vein.

A strong English company which has acquired two very promising claims near the Lanark in the Lardeau district will start work on them this season as soon as the snow permits. A force of from 20 to 30 men will be employed.

The Royal George mineral claim on the eastern slope of the Columbia and Kootenay mountain and about two miles east of Rossland, will be extensively opened up by the owners, Horace J. Raymer, William Cunn and Mike Sullivan.

The Lookout Mountain Mining company elected, R. T. Daniel, president; Chas Dundee, vice president, and H. E. Robertson, secretary, for the ensuing year. They together with Ralph White were chosen directors. The company own the Pink and the Joker on Lookout mountain,

Charles Parker, mining engineer, recently made an examination of the Jubilee property, near Ymir, which is now being operated by the Mountain Goat Mining company, and has filed a favorable report with the company. The Jubilee is the property from which such high assays were secured, some of them running over $3000 per ton.

Ore Shipments.

The shipments of ore from Rossland from the 16th to the 22nd April inclusive were as follows:

To Trail—War Eagle, 195 tons; Centre Star, 75 tons.

To Nelson—War Eagle, 240 tons.

Neither Le Roi nor Iron Mask shipped any ore during the week. In the case of the former this is to be accounted for by the cave-in underground last week.

Rossland Ore Shipments.

Following are the ore shipments from the mines adjacent to Rossland from Jan. 1, to April 23, 1898:

Le Roi	17,991
War Eagle	2,601
Centre Star	550
Poorman	308
Iron Mask	1,123
Cliff	140
Velvet	350

KASLO BOARD OF TRADE

Opposes the Charter to the Nakusp and Slocan Railway Extension.

The Kaslo Board of Trade has filed a protest against the granting of a charter to extend the N.& S. from Three Forks to Whitewater, a distance of eight miles At a meeting of the board held on Thursday last the following resolutions were passed and forwarded to G. O. Buchanan at Ottawa:

"Whereas, The K. & S. Railway Co. is a company working under a charter from the Province, and capital has been invested on the faith of that line being not paralleled; and

Whereas, The building of a parallel line from Three Forks to Whitewater will cut into the most profitable portion of the K. & S. traffic and leave the balance of the railway of comparatively little value; and

Whereas, The strangling of this railway by the C.P.R. will destroy the hope of getting capital interested in independent lines here in British Columbia and all competition with the C.P.R. and leave the Province at the mercy and under its dominance; and

Whereas, The Slocan district has been developed by the building of the K. & S. railway, and its requirements are satisfied by said railway, and it is believed that the building this year of a line of railway into the Lardo-Duncan country and other enterprises tending to develop the country will be defeated if this charter be granted; therefore be it

Resolved, that the President of the Board of Trade be instructed to oppose the granting of said charter as strongly as possible.

What Becomes of Metals.

The greater portion of the lead mined is converted into white lead, red lead and orange materials which are used as pigments for paints. Much lead is manufactured into sheets, some into bullets and other projectiles and the only lead which comes back into the market in the form of scrap is that used for lead pipes.

Zinc is largely used in galvanizing steel or iron, in the manufacturing of brass, as sheet zinc, and as oxide of zinc used in paint. The only zinc available for the new use is that used in making brass. Next to scrap iron and steel scrap brass is found on the market.

Most of the world's tin produced is used in tin plates. The scrap is not available, and, though many efforts have been made to utilize tin scrap, no considerable amount of metal has been obtained in this way.

Next to iron and steel, copper is most used in metallic form, only a small proportion being used in the salts of copper and blue vitrol. The great mass of it is used in the manufacturing of brass, of which it forms two thirds, in electric conductors, sheet roofing, cooking utensils and pipes.

Just what becomes of the enormous amount of metal mined every year is a mystery, as a very small proportion is returned in the form of scrap material.

Returning Klondikers.

J. F. Braid, of Vancouver who has just returned from Lake Bennet, says that the rush into the interior is falling off and every steamer leaving Lynn Canal for the south for some time to come will in his opinion be crowded with people returning to their homes. The terrible calamity which befell those travellers over the Chilcoot pass is given as the chief reason of the exodus.

ENJOYABLE EVENT.

The Nelson Club Ball an Evening of Pleasure.

The ball given by the members of the Nelson club on Wednesday evening was a brilliant affair. Nearly one hundred guests were present and every detail of the arrangements for their entertainment was perfect. Mr. and Mrs Croasdaile and Mr. and Mrs. Holt received the guests in the large billiard room, which was for the time being converted into a brilliant ball room.

The following description of the costumes of the ladies, written by a talented literary lady and reproduced from the columns of our Wednesday evening contemporary is interesting.

Mrs. Croasdaile wore a most handsome costume of rich silk shading in figures into a pretty Persian or Paisley effect, and besides some beautiful jewels, wore a corsage of lovely flowers; Mrs. Holt's gown was of heliotrope silk broche en traine; Mrs. Roderick Robertson, handsome black satin with beithe of rare lace caught with diamond clasp; Mrs. Day an exceedingly becoming gown of white satin en traine with girdle and sash of yellow roses; Dr. Isabel Arthur, beautiful shade of pale blue brocade with beithe and empire sash of soft white chiffon; Mrs. R. M. Macdonald, a lovely shade of sheeny green silk, made most becomingly with plain bodice and trained skirt, and her sister, Miss Hedley, wore a very handsome light silken brocade. Mrs. A. L. McCulloch's gown was of handsome white whip cord silk with corsage of cob-webby lace, prettily relieved by a cluster of crimson roses; Mrs. Troup, (Vancouver) a magnificent gown of white satin, with surplice clasp of wrought gold and trimmed with tawny gold chrysanthemums; Mrs. Akehurst, beautiful Nile green silk, with chiffon girdle and sash of same color and shoulder trimmings of pale pink ostrich tips; Mrs. W. A. Macdonald, a dainty little figure in white satin en traine; Mrs. Goepel, pretty blue silk; Mrs. Whalley, blue silk with trimmings of passementerie; Mrs. McKillop, handsome white satin with tunic vest of jewel and gold lace embroidery and bands of the embroidery trimming the skirt and looping the cleeve puffs; Mrs. Abbott (Rossland) white silk, with side sash of soft flannel ribbons; Mrs. Heathcote, a dainty picture in white satin and beautiful lace; Mrs. Sutherland, creamy silk with sash of moire antique ribbons; Mrs. George Johnstone, pink silk with plain skirt and figured bodice; Mrs. Cummins, yellow silk with bunches of golden-brown velvet; Mrs. J. Hamilton, pretty pink satin with chiffon of same color; Mrs. Hickling, lavender satin; Mrs. Jameson, black silk prettily relieved with blue ribbons; Mrs. J. J. Campbell, black silk grenadine with accordion pleated bodice ran through with bebe blue ribbons; Mrs. West, handsome silk broche; Mrs. Appletwhaite, white satine en traine with diamond neck spray and diamond pins; Mrs. Gamble, smoke grey velvet bodice, with skirt of same shade; Mrs. McFarland, gown of pink striped silk; Mrs. Sherwood, ashes of roses silk en traine; Mrs. Rowley, black silk with jeweled hair band; Mrs. Beasley, dainty organdie of Dresden design; Mrs. Fletcher, yellow silk brocade; Mrs. Quinlan, flame colored silk with berthe and long sleeves of white chiffon and sash and skirt trimmings of black chiffon; Mrs. Frank Peters, white silk and chiffon; Miss Clark, white muslin over pink; Mrs. Cambie (Vancouver) figured Dresden silk; Miss Robertson (Vancouver) white silk and carrying a bouquet of exquisite roses; Miss Sykes, white silk with crystal trimming; Miss Little, white silk and chiffon; Miss Palmer, black silk with bodice of pale blue; Miss Haughton, dark Dresden figured silk on black ground.

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Nelson B. C. August 14th 1896. (419)

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View of Nelson.

The newest thing is the bird's eye view of Nelson, which is up to date in detail, showing every house and building in town. Lithographed in colors. May be seen at Thomson Stationery Co's Bookstore. A few copies on sale at a low price. Ask to see them.

Paradise of the Pacific.

What will probably prove a most interesting affair is billed for Tuesday evening next in the English church Mission room. Mr. D. M. Crowley, for many years a resident in Honolulu, will give a lecture, illustrated by about seventy lantern slides, on the Hawaiian islands, which are known as the Paradise of the Pacific. The beautiful scenery of these islands, the volcanoes and lava flows, the old temples and many other features of interest will be illustrated; and some music composed by ex-queen Lilliuokalani will be rendered during the evening. Admission 50 cents. Proceeds to be devoted to the church building fund.

NEWS IN BRIEF.

The General News of the Week Briefly Summarized.

Spain has called for 80,000 reserves.

Capt. Lee of the Kingston Royal Military College will observe the operations in Cuba on behalf of Great Britain.

By Order-in-Council Major General Gascoigne, who since September 1895 has commanded the militia of Canada, has been relieved of his command.

Hotel proprietors and others in Toronto are receiving communications from United States war refugees inquiring for accommodation. A New Orleans judge asks whether or not accommodation can be secured for several parties for a few months.

NO RELIEF FROM VICTORIA.

The Provincial Government Refuses the Request of the Nelson School Board.

A couple of weeks ago a resolution was passed by the South Kootenay Board of Trade endorsing the request of the Nelson School Board to the government, that an additional sum of $2000 be placed in the estimates for the current year to provide a new school building in Nelson. A copy of the resolution was forwarded in a letter to the Department at Victoria by Dr. Arthur, Secretary of the School Board, to which he received the following reply:

"Education Office,
"Victoria, April 21, 1898.

SIR—I have the honor to acknowledge the receipt of your letter of the 15th inst, asking that a further sum of $2000 may be placed upon the estimates for the increased accommodation of the Nelson school.

"In reply I may say that the Inspector of schools has been requested to send a full report upon the situation. You must understand that the government cannot place on the estimates any sum of money in anticipation of what the increase of children may be in any school district. The amount of $4000 is considered adequate for present requirements, but should it be found, that the number of children are increasing to such an extent as to require further accommodation the matter will receive the favorable consideration of the government.

"This is the only answer I am able to afford you pending the report of the Inspector of schools. I am, Sir,

Your obedient servant,
JAMES BAKER.

E. C. Arthur, Esq.,
Sec. Board School Trustees,
Nelson."

By the same mail Dr. Arthur received a letter from J. Fred Hume, M.P.P., in which he stated that he had an interview with Col. Baker, Minister of Education and that he most emphatically refuses to comply with the request of the School Board to make Nelson a separate school district or make any further increase in the appropriation for school purposes. The Minister claimed that he had received a delegation from Rossland asking for the same as Nelson had asked, but the government had refused the request. He claimed that next year the government would take the matter up and bring in a bill to cover the question.

From the above letters it will be seen that the government are pursuing a "dog in the manger" policy in regard to this matter and will neither provide sufficient funds to erect a suitable school building to accommodate the school population of Nelson, nor place the district in a position to raise its own funds.

In THE MINER of April 9th it was pointed out that the number of pupils then enrolled was about 240, since which time new pupils have been coming in almost daily. The rooms are at present very much overcrowded, which fact could not have escaped the attention of School Inspector Burns on his recent visit. What his report to the government will be remains to be seen but the facts of the situation cannot be overlooked.

City Morality.

Editor MINER:

I reluctantly take it upon myself to call the attention of THE MINER and the respectable people of Nelson to a subject which involves not only a question of morality, but one which, from a business standpoint, demands the attention of the citizens as well.

I refer to the present undesirable location of the houses of ill-repute on east Baker street; and, I think, sir, that when we consider the progress Nelson has made in the past eighteen months, and that the district in question instead of being somewhat isolated as formerly is now surrounded upon all sides by a respectable element, and that the business interests of Nelson require that east Baker street be used for legitimate pursuits. I think, in the face of these reasons and many more that the question of the removal of these houses to a more suitable location either within or without the city limits should be taken under advisement by the city council.

I do not wish to be understood as desiring to impose a hardship upon the unfortunate women occupying these houses, and I realize that it would be unwise and uncharitable to inaugurate a crusade which might ultimately scatter them indiscriminately throughout the town.

I merely wish to say that the women should be removed to another part of the town where the plying of their vocation cannot be so publicly and flagrantly displayed. Decency demands it. The interests of the city require it.

Another feature objectionable to many people who are compelled to traverse that part of the town, and who reside in the vicinity, is the uproar emanating from these houses, particularly at night, and which is largely contributed to by the performance of so-called professors (?) who are hired to unmercifully hammer a piano and to sing ribald songs for the amusement of the depraved. This is not the Nelson of pioneer days. If the social evil must be maintained, curb it to a certain extent.

Yours truly,
CITIZEN.

Nelson, April 27th, 1898.

ORE SHIPMENTS.

Summary of Amount of Ore and Matte Exported from the Port of Nelson.

The Mollie Gibson mine shipped 20 tons of ore valued at $3127 this week, and was the only shipper from the port of Nelson for the week.

	TONS	VALUE
Total for April	2,003	$ 271,300
Total for March	11,749	$ 698,415
Total for February	8,678	949,138
Total for January	9,500	1,197,489
Total so far for 1898	31,929	3,116,342
Total for 1897, via Revelstoke		719,134
Total for 1897, port of Nelson	55,271	7,613,324

BIG EXPLOSION NEAR HULL.

Great Damage to Property in the City of Ottawa.

On Monday night of last week the citizens of Ottawa and Hull were awakened from slumber by a terrific noise resembling the report of the heaviest guns of a first class battle ship. The cause was the explosion of the storehouse in the nitro-glycerine factory of the Ottawa Powder Co., situated on the Wright property near the Chelsea road, across the river from Ottawa. A considerable amount of damage was done to the cities of Ottawa and Hull and according to an expert it is said that had the whole amount stored in the building exploded it would have wrecked the parliament buildings, three miles away.

Kuskonook Ore.

Ed Chape, brought into the city last night some very fine samples of ore from Boulder creek, two miles from Kuskonook. The ore is being assayed and looks as though it should carry good values in silver and lead. The vein is three feet wide with 14 inches of solid ore.

Nelson Boating Club.

The annual meeting of the Nelson boating club was held in the Hume hotel on Friday evening when the following officers were elected for the ensuing year: Hewitt Bostock, M.P., Hon. Pres.; A. H. Buchanan, President; J. Roderick Robertson and H. J. Evans, Vice-Presidents; G. C. Hodge, Sec.-Treas.; R. W. Day, Captain; E Senkler, Vice-Captain; Committee, Messrs Brown, Beer and Winter.

The club is in a very flourishing condition and are making arrangements for several regattas this year and also to purchase a racing shell. It was decided to hold an auction at the boat house at 3.30 on Saturday, May 7th, for the choice of racks. The question of enlarging the boathouse and moving it to a more suitable locality was discussed and referred to the committee to report at next meeting.

Local and General.

Mayor Houston, representing the city of Nelson, and John A. Gibson representing the South Kootenay Board of Trade left on Monday night for the Dominion capital to urge upon the government the advisability of imposing an import duty on lead products.

The Salvation Army held a very pleasant religious entertainment in the barracks on Victoria street on Friday evening at which there was a large attendance. The programme consisted of the cantata, "The ten virgins," which was very creditably rendered.

The rumor about the western telegraphic service with Cuba being interfered with has brought out the fact that the C.P.R. has a direct service over British cable by way of Halifax and Bermuda. Unless Great Britain be drawn into the row the service will not be interfered with.

The first annual ball given by the Nelson lacrosse club in the dancing hall of the Hotel Hume was largely attended and thoroughly enjoyed. The music was perfect, the floor in good shape and the arrangements for the entertainment well conducted. Dancing was indulged in from 9 o'clock to 3 a.m.

The Canadian Pacific railway company has issued a circular to merchants, storekeepers and dealers along its lines of railway announcing a list of banks which have arranged to cash, without any charge, paymasters' wages checks of the company within the several divisions of the railway in which the checks are issued.

HON. JOSEPH MARTIN.

Almost Persuaded to take the Leadership of the Provincial Opposition.

A despatch sent out from Vancouver last week says: "At a caucus of prominent citizens in Vancouver Jos. Martin, ex-Attorney General of Manitoba was all but persuaded to declare himself leader of the Opposition in Provincial politics. The C.P.R. was among those who were most powerfully urging Mr. Martin to accept. Mr. Martin committed himself to the extent that he stated that he would steer the destinies of the new Opposition party in B.C. entirely independent of Federal party lines if the present legislature passed the Yukon railway subsidy He preferred the friendship of Mr. Cotton as present leader, but he must lead and rally round him those who entertained his views of treating questions of the day entirely independent of party lines."

CHURCH NOTICES.

CHURCH OF ENGLAND. Matins 11 a.m. Even Song, 7.30 p. m. every Sunday. Holy Communion on 1st and 3rd Sundays in the month, after Matins; on 2nd and 4th Sundays, at 8 a. m.. Sunday School at 2.30 p. m.

PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH. Services at 11 a. m. and 7.30 p. m. Sunday School at 2.30. Prayer meeting Thursday evening at 8 p.m. Christian Endeavor Society meets every Monday evening at 8 o'clock.

METHODIST CHURCH. Corner Silica and Josephine Streets. Services at 11 a. m. and 7.30 p. m. Sabbath School 2.30 p. m. Prayer meeting on Friday evening at 8 o'clock. Epworth League C.E. Tuesday at 8 p.m.

ROMAN CATHOLIC CHURCH. Mass at Nelson every Sunday at 8 and 10.30 a. m. Benediction at 7.30 to 8.00 p. m.

BAPTIST CHURCH.—Services morning and evening at 11 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. Prayer meeting Wednesday evening at 8 p. m. Meetings are held in the school house. Strangers cordially welcomed.

THE MERCHANTS' BANK OF HALIFAX.

INCORPORATED 1869.

CAPITAL PAID-UP — — $1,500,000.00
REST — — — — 1,175,000.00

HEAD OFFICE, HALIFAX, N.S.

T. E. KENNY, ESQ., President,
D. H. DUNCAN, Cashier.

Branches and Correspondents in the principal Cities in the Provinces, United States and Great Britain, and at Vancouver, Rossland Nanaimo and Nelson, B.C.

A general banking business transacted. Sterling Bills of Exchange bought and sold. Letters of credit, etc, negotiated. Accounts and deposits received on most favorable terms.

GEORGE KYDD,
847 Manager Nelson Branch.

NOTICE.

PICTON MINERAL CLAIM.

SITUATE IN THE NELSON MINING DIVISION OF WEST KOOTENAY DISTRICT.—WHERE LOCATED:—ON ANDERSON CREEK ABOUT TWO MILES FROM THE CITY OF NELSON.

TAKE NOTICE that I, George Luther Lennox, Free Miner's Certificate No. 97838, as agent for and on behalf of the Picton Development Syndicate, L'td. L'bty., Free Miner's Certificate No. 1089A., the lawful holders of said "Picton" Mineral Claim, intend, sixty days from the date hereof, to apply to the Mining Recorder for a certificate of improvements, for the purpose of obtaining a Crown Grant of the above claim.

And further take notice that action, under section 37, must be commenced before the issuance of such Certificate of Improvements.

G. L. LENNOX,
Agent for the Picton Development Syndicate.
Dated this 27th day of April 1898. 903

Notice of Dissolution of Co-partnership.

The firm of Holbrook & Chase, City Scavengers, has this day dissolved partnership by mutual consent. C. E. Chase retiring.

George Holbrook will continue the business and all bills against said firm will be paid by him. All moneys due said firm are to be paid to George Holbrook. GEO. HOLBROOK,
C. E. CHASE.

Nelson, B. C., April 30, 1898.

Manufacturers of HOISTING MINING and SHIP'S RIGGING Wire Ropes

BLEICHERT TRAMWAYS

The Dominion Wire Rope Co'y., Ltd., Montreal, Que.

835 STOCK CARRIED IN ROSSLAND, B. C., BY J. D. SWORD, AGENT.

Manufacturers of "Lang's" Underground Haulage and Colliery Wire Ropes

Your Blood

Is Thin and Impoverished after the long winter. : : : : :

Century Sarsaparilla

Combined with Iron is the best purifier and enricher. Take it now and you will not be troubled with that Tired Feeling. : :

SOLD ONLY AT

Vanstone's Drug Store

Cor. Baker and Josephine Streets. 892

A Few ✳ Good Investments.

$2000—Takes a good one and a half story house, 11 rooms and bath, stables in rear, freshpapered and painted. This is a snap.

$3000—For a nice two story house 20x28, 8 rooms The house is nicely fenced in and a fine garden with fruit trees, berry bushes and plants. Ground is 130x120, Hume Addition.

$2300—For a new 8 roomed house on Stanley Street.

$1300—For a fine 50 foot lot on Vernon street.

$ 325—For a 25 foot lot on Vernon street.

A good Milk Business in Ymir can be bought cheap.

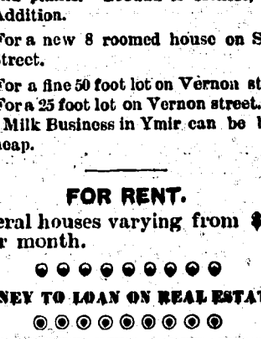
FOR RENT.

Several houses varying from $15 to $35 per month.

MONEY TO LOAN ON REAL ESTATE.

C. D. J. Christie
Real Estate and Insurance Agent.
Office Opposite Post Office 84

JERSEY CREAM



UNSURPASSED FOR HOME USE, HOTELS AND MINING CAMPS.

ASK YOUR GROCER FOR A CAN.

THE TRURO CONDENSED MILK CO.

NOTICE

NEW SCAVENGER BUSINESS.

Holbrook & Chase having dissolved partnership as City Scavengers, I will start an independent Scavenger Business on May 1st, having bought out the scavenger business of Math Nelson. I will try to give entire satisfaction to all who wish to patronize me.

Yours truly.
905 C. E. CHASE.

THE GENELLE & CO.
Lumber Company.

Have all kinds of Rough and Dressed Lumber,

Sash, Doors and Turned Work
Kept in Stock.

OFFICE NEAR C. P. R. STATION. . . .
824 A. E. YOUNG, AGENT.

Another Drop

20 cts. per doz Fresh Eggs 20 cts. per doz

Please bear in mind we are ever ready to give the public the benefit of any decline in prices. It was

The . . .
B. C. C. O. D. GROCERY

that first brought the price of Eggs from 40 cts. to 25, and now from 25 to 20 cents.

Farley & Simpson, Props.

822

When People are Sick Enough

To have to take Medicine, if they are sensible they do not look for cheap Medicine, but for good reliable Drugs or Medicines. Our aim is like the motto of a well known Bicycle firm, "Not Cheap, But Good." And at reasonable prices, we sell and dispense only the Purest Drugs and Goods of the Highest Quality. : : : :

W. F. Teetzel & Co. : : Nelson.
Drugs and Assay Supplies.

LONDON & BRITISH COLUMBIA GOLDFIELDS, LIMITED.

HEAD OFFICE, LONDON, ENGLAND.

All Communications relating to British Columbia business to be addressed to P. O. Drawer 505, Nelson, B.C.

J. RODERICK ROBERTSON, General Manager
S. S. FOWLER, E. M., Mining Engineer
NELSON, B. C.
893

GLOBE Savings and Loan Company.
73 and 75 Victoria St. Toronto, Ont.

Subscribed Capital..... $3,200,000.00
Assets..... $7,000,000.00

Loans made for Building Purposes on easy

Terms of Repayment

You have not to take shares in this company before you get a Loan, and there is no delay in having your Loan paid over as the money is in the Bank HERE. When title is passed you can draw your Money.

GAMBLE & O'REILLY, Agents.

ALSO REPRESENTING
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. . . "Hume" and "A" Additions . . .
NELSON TOWNSITE, B. C.

GAMBLE & O'REILLY

INSURANCE, REAL ESTATE and GENERAL AGENTS
CIVIL ENGINEERS and
PROVINCIAL LAND SURVEYORS.

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