

Through Storm and Sunshine

CHAPTER XIII.—Continued.

Another little occurrence took place which increased her annoyance. She was in the library one morning with Sir Arthur and Mr. Dorman, when the family solicitor, Mr. Greston, was announced. He had come from London on business connected with the estate. Lady Neslie received him very graciously. It was part of her policy to be civil to every one. She never felt sure what might happen, what friends she might need, and she therefore deemed it best to conciliate all. She paid little attention to what was passing until she heard Mr. Greston say—

"You cannot do that," Sir Arthur without Miss Neslie's consent," said Sir Arthur. "We have talked the matter over. She gives her consent on certain conditions."

"We shall require Miss Neslie's signature then," observed Mr. Greston. "As heiress of Lancelwood, she must sign these papers."

Lady Neslie looked up quickly. Of how little account she seemed! She did not even know what was passing. She rebelled against such a state of things. Surely she had a right to know what was going on. She would not be ignored. She went over to Sir Arthur and laid her jewelled hand on his shoulder.

"What are you doing, Arthur?" she asked. "You do not seem quite like yourself, my darling. Do you know what I was thinking about?"

"No," she replied, listlessly. "Last May," he said, "you gave six picnics—only imagine, six picnics in one month—you had a picnic mania—and this May you have not given one."

"No," she replied, "I have not, Miss Smeaton was reproaching me yesterday."

"What is the reason, Valerie?" asked Sir Arthur. "I do not know," she replied, indifferently; "I do not feel so full of life this year as I did last."

Sir Arthur looked anxiously at her. "Not so full of life, Valerie? Surely you are not ill?"

"I do not know," she repeated; "I only know that the world seems quite different."

Her tone of voice was despondent; it had lost its joyous ring. Looking at her, he saw that the bright smile had died from her face. The master of Lancelwood grew anxious.

"Shall we have a picnic next week?" he asked. "Gayton's Craig would be a charming place to visit; you have not been there, I think."

"I do not feel equal to it, Arthur," said Lady Neslie, wearily—and when it happened that "mildly" was unequal to anything in the shape of pleasure, her husband felt sure there was something amiss.

Vivien, prejudiced as she was, could not help seeing that the young wife dropped and faded daily.

"Valerie," said Sir Arthur one morning, "you are losing all your color. You look like a lily, and I prefer to see you like a rose. Would you like to go anywhere for change of air?"

No; she preferred remaining at Lancelwood. "It is the purest air in England," said Mr. Dorman, who was present.

"That it is. But perhaps Lady Neslie would be benefited by a change."

"I shall not leave Lancelwood," said Valerie, decidedly; and when she spoke so her husband knew that all further discussion was useless.

On another day he was distressed and anxious about her. She had been the life and soul of the house; she had been used to fit like a sunbeam from one room to another; she was always singing, laughing, or talking; no one had ever seen her dull, out of spirits, or even quiet. But one morning Sir Arthur, going unexpectedly into her boudoir, found her sitting with her arms laid on the table and her face hidden on them, her whole attitude so full of despair, so utterly despondent, that he was first startled and then frightened—a what could have happened to his gay young wife?

"Valerie, my darling, what is it?" he asked, tenderly. "I do not know; I feel very ill, Arthur," she continued, in a low, frightened voice; "do you think that I am going to die?"

"To die!" he repeated, in alarm. "I pray Heaven not. Why, my darling? What a question! I see no sign of death about you. What makes you think of such a thing?"

"Because I feel so ill, so strange," she replied. "Valerie," said her husband, gravely, "I shall send for a doctor."

"No," she urged, with a shudder; "I dread doctors; I am afraid of them; the very sight of one makes me feel ill."

"But something must be done," said Sir Arthur. "She rose, and he was horrified to see how weak and ill she seemed. She looked at him, trying to smile her old bright, gay, defiant smile; but the effort was a miserable one."

"I will not have any doctor," she said; "let me die a natural death, if I am to die at all. I feel better—I shall soon be better; perhaps I have over exerted myself—and on the subject of her health she would not say another word."

That same evening—a wild, boisterous evening—when the wind was wailing round the Abbey and bending the tall trees in the park, Sir Arthur had a serious fright. Dinner was over, and the baronet and his wife and daughter were in the drawing-room. Vivien was singing. Lady Neslie had lain down on a couch, as though tired. She rose to find a novel that she had been reading, and when she was halfway across the room she fell, with a low cry, to the ground. Sir Arthur

hastened to raise her, crying out to Vivien for help. They laid her down again on the little couch, and were started at her white face and lips. "Papa," said Vivien, "I should not let anything prevent my sending for a doctor, if I were in your place. I am afraid Lady Neslie is seriously ill."

"Late as it is," decided Sir Arthur, "I will send directly," and a servant was dispatched at once to Hyde Park in search of Dr. Armstrong. When he arrived Lady Neslie was better, and laughing at the fright she had given them.

"I have never fainted before," she said; "it is a most curious sensation—I do not think that dying can be much worse."

She received Dr. Armstrong kindly, although she felt annoyed at his being sent for.

"I am better," she said. "I have over-exerted myself, doctor. I will not be an invalid. I refuse absolutely!"

But Dr. Armstrong looked gravely at her. "I should like to speak to you," he said, "if you will permit me"—hearing which Vivien withdrew, leaving the doctor and his refractory patient together.

It was a long interview, and at its close Dr. Armstrong quitted the room with an expression of anxiety blended with amusement on his face. "There is nothing serious, I hope, doctor," said Sir Arthur.

"No," he replied; "but allow me to say, Sir Arthur, that Lady Neslie is one of the most extraordinary patients I have ever attended."

The baronet smiled. "I can believe it," he said. "Lady Neslie has a great dread of illness, doctor. I am glad you think there is nothing very wrong. Would you advise change of air?"

"No; let her rest and live more quietly—have less gaiety and keep earlier hours—she will soon be well then."

The doctor might have thought her ladyship a wonderful patient if he had seen her as she appeared after he left her. She was standing by the fire, a flush on her face, her eyes flashing; her red lips curved in a strange smile.

"Can it be true?" she said to herself. "Is my prayer really answered? Can it be true? I will not say one word to them until I am quite sure. And if the doctor does not say he will not bid him. Can it be that my prayer is granted? Now for my victory—now for my revenge! There shall be Lady Valerie's Drive without asking Miss Neslie's consent. Miss Neslie will not always be able to sneer at me—to look at me with calm proud eyes, as though I were immeasurably inferior to her. She will not be able to live at the Abbey while I am sent from its doors. She will not be consulted again, while I am told indifferently that it is upon business I do not understand. Farewell to Miss Neslie's heiress-ship and grandeur if this be true! But I will keep my secret yet awhile."

"You are better, Valerie," said Sir Arthur, entering the room and going up to her. "You have found some of your roses again. I was terribly frightened about you."

"I was frightened myself," she admitted, laughing; "but I am better now."

"Now, Valerie," said her husband, "you must listen to reason. I know you will not be willing to submit to what I am going to say, but I must enforce obedience. You must live more quietly—you must have less society—you must keep earlier hours—you must go out less. We never have a quiet day at home. You have carried your love of gaiety a little too far, and you have made yourself quite ill."

To his surprise, she received the little lecture very meekly.

"You are right," she returned—"I see my folly, and I mean to be different. You shall see that I will follow your advice, Arthur."

"What a docile little wife! You may develop into a patient Griselda soon, Valerie."

To his great surprise, he found that she kept her word. She refused half the invitations that came. She said nothing more about giving dances or balls. She was delighted with the change; even Vivien was compelled to acknowledge the improvement. Lancelwood became more like itself again. Later on Sir Arthur proposed going to London for a short period, but to his intense surprise Valerie resolutely declined.

"You may go if you like," she said. "I have had enough of gaiety; I want to be quiet at home."

"I shall not leave you," declared Sir Arthur. "London has no attraction for me—I would far rather be at Lancelwood. But there is Vivien, she ought to have a change."

It happened most fortunately that the difficulty was soon solved. Lady Smeaton was about to visit town and hearing that the baronet and Lady Neslie wished Vivien to go, but were unable to accompany her, she invited Miss Neslie to join herself and her daughters; and Vivien consented. Then, when the golden promise of summer filled the land, Lady Neslie told her husband the secret she had been keeping from him; and the secret was, that before many months had passed, there would be given to her the sweetest gift Heaven can give—a the gift of a little child.

To be continued.

NOTE IN BLACK AND WHITE.

A great French artist is the author of a rule well known among students that to obtain effective results a portrait painter should always mass the blackest black and the whitest white in his picture about the face. It is a rule that may not be over-looked in the study of dress.

SCHOOL CHILDREN RIDE GRATIS.

School children in Victoria, Australia, are carried on the streets cars free of charge.

British Barmaids.

There are 120,000 barmaids in England, and at various times sundry folk have dreamed of having a law passed which should prevent the employment of girls as bartenders, says a London letter. But the efforts in this direction have had little public support, partly because an English institution is not easily set aside, and partly because of a general conviction that the girl behind the bar is not necessarily a bad lot. So an attempt in a new direction has been begun on behalf of the barmaid. Instead of being told that she is probably a sinner, or soon will be one, she is merely invited to come and take tea on Sunday afternoon with a woman who doesn't intend to preach to her and who would like to be a good friend, and, to quote her own words, would like "to give her a bit of blue sky to see."

Mrs. Cholmeley, the leader of this new work is wealthy, and one of the honorary workers in the Church Army, the organization with which the Church of England is unintentionally rivaling Gen. Booth's Salvation Army. She has received contributions from the Church Army and from other sources and engaged four or five girls who have been trained as mission workers to help her. The work, of course, makes it necessary that the barmaids should be visited at their places of business, for these girls work from 7 in the morning until half-past 12 at night, and, naturally, Mrs. Cholmeley has found it difficult to enlist women of her own social position to undertake making the rounds of such places. Another drawback is that there are really only about four hours in the day when this work can be attempted, for the girls are too busy with customers from 12 o'clock until 3 or 3 in the afternoon, and even busier all the evening. In spite of these difficulties, Mrs. Cholmeley and her assistants have succeeded in the last six months in visiting 4,000 barmaids and talking with them. They take with them a little letter, inclosed in an envelope, attractively printed and as little like a tract as possible, written simply yet calculated to interest the girl who receives it and to make her think.

Some of the larger public houses employ as many as twenty-five barmaids, and in others the girls are kept busy from morning until night, but in every case the workers try to have a few words with each of them, as well as to hand them the letters. Every letter is signed with Mrs. Cholmeley's name and bears her address, and the girls are told that she is at home every Sunday afternoon and will be pleased to have them take tea with her whenever they can. At these teas she sometimes has three or four girls, sometimes only one, more often none. Considering that the girls' only breathing time in the whole week comes on Sunday afternoon and then is only five hours long, it is not strange that Mrs. Cholmeley's little receptions are not better patronized.

Mrs. Cholmeley says that there are many more good barmaids than evil ones. The girls usually enter the business for the simple reason that almost all the other lines open to women are paid so wretchedly that the \$2.50 a week, with meals, that barmaids receive seems like a fortune. Then, there is nothing degrading about the work, for every barmaid is called "Miss." In their visits, Mrs. Cholmeley and her girls have discovered four barmaids who were formerly teachers in Sunday schools, and several who keep a little box on the bar and make men who swear in their presence drop into it a penny, whenever they offend. One girl collected \$4, and sent it to a charity fund.

As for the girls the great majority of them would leave in a moment if they could make as much money elsewhere in a more elevated calling. The hours are terribly long; they are obliged to stand all through them. There is dirty work to be done in the morning, sometimes insults to put up with, and always the temptation to drink. Mrs. Cholmeley says fewer of them yield to this temptation than would be expected. The girls are usually related to the proprietor or his friends and some of them enter the business as early as the age of 14. They find their husbands in the public houses. If they don't get married and retire they die young, the result of the hard work and long hours. At least, that was what the girls said when asked what became of the old barmaids.

What Mrs. Cholmeley hopes to accomplish eventually she hardly knows. Her ideal is, finally, to divide the city of London up into districts and enlist women workers enough to look after the girls rather carefully, in case any of them is ill or in trouble, then to find a woman of some prestige in each of those districts who would receive the girls on Sunday or whenever they could come and counsel them if they needed it. At present \$5,000 has been spent in the work.

THE SMALL-MINDED MAN.

Well, said the Small-Minded Man, I have found out another woman's age. How did you do it? asked the listener.

Why, I asked her suddenly how many years it was since 1873.

But how did you find out her age? She figured it up subtracting five from thirty-two before she thought.

ONE WOMAN'S WISDOM.

Station Agent—Do you wish your baggage checked, madam?

Lady—Certainly not. I want it to go.

From Pain to Health.

A CHIPPEWA LADY TELLS A STORY OF SUFFERING AND RELEASE.

suffered From Heart Trouble for Years—Her Misery Further Aggravated by Kidney and Stomach Trouble.

From the Star, St. Catharines, Ont.

In the villages of Chippewa, and along the Niagara frontier, there is probably no better known or respected residents than Mr. and Mrs. David Schabel. Both are of German descent and display much of that old-fashioned hospitality so often found in the fatherland. To a correspondent of the St. Catharines Star, who recently called at Mr. Schabel's home Mrs. Schabel related the following story:—Years ago my physician told me I had heart disease. I have been troubled at intervals with palpitation and severe pains, and sometimes my heart would almost cease to beat. I would become dizzy, restless and frightened. At other times I slept badly and had troublesome dreams. I lingered in this state until last winter when exposure to cold affected my kidneys and completely prostrated me. The spring came, when my complaints were further aggravated by stomach trouble. I fasted food and could realize that I was daily growing weaker. My physician's treatment would sometimes slightly benefit me, then again I was worse than ever. Finally, after all hope was apparently gone and a large sum of money had been thrown away for medicines that did me no good, a friend strongly advised me to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, two boxes of which were brought me at the beginning of the summer of 1899. I used them and to my joy noticed improvement. I continued the use of the pills faithfully until I had taken eight boxes. I am now able to attend to all my household, feeling entirely cured. I have never had better health than I am now enjoying, and since discontinuing the pills have had no symptoms of the old complaints. I feel that I am under lifelong obligations for the benefit I have derived from Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and will continue to praise them when opportunity offers."

DOORSTOOP GARDENING.

Investments ranging all the way from \$10 to \$300 are now made by city residents for the purpose of decorating the exterior of their home with ornamental greenery. This fashion comes from Italy and France where, since time immemorial, it has been the custom to embellish the entrances of the great houses of Rome, Paris, &c., in shrubbery, clipped and grown and potted in big tubs for the special purpose of threshold embellishment.

English ivy, Italian laurel, privet dwarf cedar, Canadian spruce, English yew or hawthorn and Dutch box are some of the most popular, and serviceable shrubs for doorstep use just inside the glass storm doors or outside on the stone landing of the street steps. Mop-headed Italian laurel trees are the most expensive in this kind of verdure, for a good healthy pair cost all the way from \$50 to \$75. Fine specimens of English yew come next in estimation, while a richly leaved and quaintly shaped pair of Dutch box bushes are wonderfully ornamental, sturdy and valuable. Plain, green-painted boxes or tubs give the proper foothold to any of these species of evergreen, though now the brick-brac dealers, keep to seize a fresh opportunity for trade, are importing from Italy, France and England time mellowed but beautifully chiselled old marble vases that glorified eighteenth century gardens once.

Early in the spring the smartly kept city house will display a brace of fine privet or prettily blooming hawthorn bushes in green tubs, while pots on the stone posts of rough green pottery are filled with dwarf cedars and at the bases of these scarlet geraniums bloom. In the lower windows handsomely tiled window boxes of geraniums and green vines are set, and such an exterior decoration costs the owner \$50 or \$75. In the autumn laurel trees in tubs replace the privet, until there is danger of a heavy frost, which the laurel does not often weather, and then come a couple of four or six sided box pyramids or handsomely shaped steeples pointed yews, and the window boxes are cleared and replanted with little pines and sturdy spruce and cedar well bedded and draped with the richest furs. The result of all this is to take in no small degree from the stony hardness and monotony of close-set residence streets, and against the new houses or cream brick, gray stone and white marble the display of greenery is delightful.

GAMBLING ON RAIN.

The English government has recently prohibited in India the peculiar hazard game called "Barsa ka satta." This game cannot be played, except when it rains, for, in fact, it consists of betting on the date of rain, and the quantity that may descend from the skies. On all the porticos, or "altans," as they are called in India, there are certain tubs introduced which have a perpendicular pipe in their centres, the pipe being provided with equal division marks or notches. The point of the game is to determine in advance just at what time a certain height will be reached by the water. The natives have pursued this method of gambling with such passion that quarrels, and dangerous ones, often resulted, and hence the ruling of the English government to make the play illegal.

IN DUEL WITH THREE BOERS.

Georgeant Mason of the Colonials, Did Some Fine Shooting.

Writing of the fighting around Pot-gieter's Drift, Bennett Burleigh, correspondent of the London Daily Telegraph, says:

"Sergeant Mason, a former Glasgow man and Durban hansom cab driver, did some fine shooting. He and other Colonials by adoption are crack shots. While potting Boers at 1,500 yards range, he chanced to turn and saw three creeping up the mountain side upon his left rear. Dropping his sights he bowled one over, the man falling across a rock and never stirring, for he was shot through the heart. An instant later he fatally wounded the second, who tumbled headlong down hill. The third caught sight of his helmet and rifle and dodged behind a boulder.

Then a duel ensued between the Avain, Sergeant Mason and the Boer. Every time Mason tried to peep around the Boer banged at him. The Sergeant returned the compliment. Five Muser bullets were put through Mason's helmet, cutting his hair once or twice, but leaving him uninjured. Others came perilously near his throat, arm and hands. Finally the Boer drilled a hole through Mason's shoulder. Wounded, he changed the rifle to his left, resting it upon the rock. A lucky shot of the Sergeant's touched the Boer, who fell forward, with his head between the rocks. Then Mason "made soccer," putting a shot or two into the head, which never budged. Weak from loss of blood, Mason arose, retired, had his wound dressed and then walked out of the action."

President Feiner, of the Department, says that the State Board of Tax Commissioners will add at least \$100,000,000 to New York city assessments.

THE FLETCHER CASE

A Petrolia Lady Vanquishes a Stubborn and Persistent Enemy.

She Was for Months a Martyr to Inflammatory Rheumatism—Dodd's Kidney Pills Cured Her.

Petrolia, April 2.—No lady resident in this town is more widely known, and more highly esteemed for her many good qualities, than is Mrs. A. Fletcher, of the Fletcher House, throughout the adjacent country district also, she has a very wide acquaintance.

All who know this estimable lady, know that for months past, she has been a ceaseless sufferer from Inflammatory Rheumatism. So severe did the disease become that her finger joints and fingers were so terribly swollen that she could not bend them. She was unable to get downstairs without assistance, and every impending change of weather brought her the most indescribable agony.

Many remedies were used, in efforts to effect a cure. Different medical men were called in to attend her, but all failed dismally. At length Mrs. Fletcher, having read of Dodd's Kidney Pills, decided to give them a trial—as a final effort. She did so and the only possible result followed. The first dose soothed her awful pain. Every succeeding dose did more and more good, and five boxes left her a sound and healthy woman. Not a vestige of her old disease remains.

Rheumatism has no terrors, when Dodd's Kidney Pills are used. Dodd's Kidney Pills cure Rheumatism, and all other Kidney Diseases, just as certainly, easily, quickly and naturally as a drink of water cures thirst.

There are a number of deep places in the Hudson, as every one is aware, but few know that spots ranging from a depth of 20 to 24 fathoms are frequently met with south of the Highlands.

10,000 FREE SAMPLES.

Guaranteed Cure for Catarrh, Bronchitis, Asthma, Throat Irritation, Colds, &c.

Don't let that Catarrh or Bronchitis run on. Root it out before it becomes chronic. The best, simplest, and quickest remedy for these complaints is "Catarrhazone." It costs nothing to test, for we will send you, free, a 25 cent outfit, sufficient in many cases to cure, and one thousand testimonials. Enclose 10 cents for boxing, postage, &c. Polson & Co., Kingston, Ont.

A movement is on foot in Albany to erect a statue to General Philip Sheridan. It is rather strange that this warrior's birthplace has not already done him that honor.

SALADA

CEYLON GREEN TEA

will displace all Japan Tea the same as Salada black is displacing all other black teas.

One man in American history—Justin S. Morrill, of Vermont—had a longer public career than that to which John Sherman can point. Mr. Sherman was for forty-three years prominent in national office. He was secretary of the Whig convention which nominated Taylor for President in 1848. His career on the national stage began with the birth of the Republican party in 1854, when he was first elected to Congress.

There are in the United States, 30 Berlins, 21 Hamburgs, 23 towns bearing the name of Paris, and 13 Londons.

Governor Nash, of Ohio, is an authority on the history of that State, which he has made a lifelong study. His library of works on this subject is probably the largest and most valuable extant.

FREE TREATMENT.

Liberal Offer to Sufferers from Catarrh, Asthma and Bronchitis.

Until Catarrhazone method of treatment for catarrh, asthma, and bronchitis was introduced, these diseases were thought incurable. Now it is different. This wonderful treatment is constantly curing thousands of afflicted ones who had long ago given up hope. It cures by the inhalation of medicated air. You simply breathe; it does the rest. One trial of Catarrhazone will convince you of its merit. Take advantage of our special offer now; it will only last a few days. Send 10 cents in stamps to cover the cost of the mailing, and we will send you a 25 cent outfit free. N. C. Polson & Co., Kingston Ont.

Three men who have been newspaper reporters in Albany have become members of the Cabinet. The late Daniel Manning, Daniel S. Lamont and Charles Emory Smith.

"Pharaoh 100." 11 Years of Grand, Clear Manufacture.

There are 6,750,000 volumes in the libraries of the American colleges and universities. Harvard has 500,000 volumes, Chicago University, 350,000, Columbia, 275,000, and Cornell 225,000.

There is more Catarrh in this section of the country than all other diseases put together, and until the last few years was supposed to be incurable. For a great many years doctors pronounced it a local disease, and prescribed local remedies, and by constantly trying to cure with local treatment, pronounced it incurable. Science has proven catarrh to be a constitutional disease, and therefore requires constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure, manufactured by F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, Ohio, is the only constitutional cure on the market. It is taken internally in doses from 10 drops to a teaspoonful. It acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. They offer one hundred dollars for any case it fails to cure. Send for circulars and testimonials. Address: F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O. Sold by Druggists, 75c. Hall's Family Pills are the best.

An agent for the American Bible Society says that the first book printed in Minnesota was a Bible. It was printed in 1836, about 18 years before the first issue of a newspaper in St. Paul.

O'KEEFE'S MALT

Lieut.-Gov. Woodruff, of New York, is well pleased with the result of his western trip and is now contemplating a tour of the south, hoping to thereby still further strengthen his boom for the Republican nomination for Vice-President.

MONTREAL HOTEL DIRECTORY.

The "Balmoral," Free Bus Am. Plan. \$1.25 a day. Hotel Carlslake, European Plan, Rooms \$1.50 a day. G.T.R. Station, Montreal. Geo. Carlslake & Co., Prop'rs. AVENUE HOUSE—McGill—College Avenue. Family Hotel rates \$1.50 per day. ST. JAMES' HOTEL—Opposite G.T.R. Depot. First-class Commercial House. Modern Improvements—Rates moderate.

M. Anagus, principal of the Perkins Institute for the Blind, in Boston, will be one of the American representatives at the international congress in the interest of the blind, to be held in Paris, next August.

TO CURE A COLD IN ONE DAY
Take laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. All druggists refund the money if it fails to cure. 25c. E. W. Grove's signature is on each box.

GOOD ADVICE.

Frady—She is all the world to me! What would you advise me to do?
Percy—See a little more of the world, old chap!

The amount of National Bank stock held by women in America is estimated at \$130,000,000, and the amount of private and State Bank stock at \$137,000,000.

Trolley lines in Connecticut last year carried 59,064,702 passengers, and the steam lines 50,209,468.

IT IS THE BEST—Always pure—always the same—

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Is in using the best seeds at all times, because you secure more tons per acre in the yield of roots. When you use cheaply grown seeds you sacrifice by poor yield in crop and inferior quality of roots many times the cost of good seed.

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The King of Field Carrots, largest cropper, heaviest and cleanest root, most easily harvested of any Carrot grown. Use Steele, Briggs' Sealed Packages only (see cut), then you get the genuine sort. Price (post-paid) 1/2 lb., 20c.; 1 lb., 30c.; 5 lb., 50c.

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The Steele, Briggs Seed Co., TORONTO, ONT. LIMITED



HOW TO MEND A GLOVE.

When a glove is too small and splits, it is worse than useless to sew up the rent; it must be patched. The patch must be of kid of the same color. Turn the part inside out, having trimmed the hole round so that the edges are even, and cut the patch of kid to the right size. Then with fine needle and cotton sew in the patch, taking care only to take up the inside of the kid and keep the seam flat. W.P.C. 1018

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It's a waste of paint, time and money to use inferior materials. The best costs but little more, and lasts twice as long. The reputation acquired by

RAMSAY'S PAINTS,

which are sold by all first-class dealers, is a guarantee of satisfaction.

They are mixed ready for use, and one gallon covers 360 square feet a coat.

A. RAMSAY & SON, Paint Makers. MONTREAL. Est'd 1842.

LAW

RSills, Mills & Hates Barristers, etc., removed to Wesley Bldg., Richmond St. W., Toronto.

HARRIS

Buyers Scrap LEAD, COPPER, BRASS. Wholesale only. Long Distance Telephone 1172. WILLIAM ST., TORONTO.

POULTRY, BUTTER, EGGS, APPLES, and other PRODUCE, to ensure best results consign to The Dawson Commission Co., Limited, Cor. West-Market & Colborne St., Toronto.

Milohgan Land for Sale.

5000 ACRES GOOD FARMING LANDS—A HENAO 1/2 mile, Ogema and Crawford Counties. Title perfect. On Michigan Central, Detroit & Mackinac and Leam Lake Railroads, at prices ranging from \$3 to \$5 per acre. These lands are close to Enticing New Towns, Churches, Schools, etc., and will be sold on very reasonable terms. Apply to

E. M. PIERCE, Agent, West Bay City, Mich. Or J.W. CURTIS, Whitefish, Mich.

AGENTS WANTED. We want good, RELIABLE, ENERGETIC men to sell our stock of fireworks. This stock guarantees good dividends payable half yearly, or adding to investment. Also to secure applications for good loans. We pay liberal commissions. Apply Sun Savings and Loan Company, Toronto.

WATCH

Stem Set, Stem Wind

FREE

To introduce Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for making blood (or pale people, female weakness, liver and kidney disease, nervousness, weakness of the system, etc.) we give FREE your choice of a 14c Gold Plated Watch, plain or engraved, or a Fine Metal Watch, Ladies' or Gents' reliable time keeper, warranted 5 years. The pills are 30c per box—\$3.50 for 10 boxes. Send this amount and you will receive 10 boxes and the watch, or write for particulars. Agents wanted in every town and city.

THE DR. DENT PILL CO., 29 Adelaide St. West, Toronto, Ont.

THE MOST NUTRITIOUS.

EPPS'S
GRATEFUL—COMFORTING.
COCOA
BREAKFAST—SUPPER.

Blue Ribbon Ceylon Tea is always uniform and always the best. Try it

The Mining Review

SATURDAY, APRIL 21, 1900.

THE CONCENTRATORS AND THE FLUME.

Our city council is now face to face with the probable injury to the flume by the tailings from the Star and the Ruth concentrators. Our readers will remember that when the Ruth people were applying to the city for exemption from taxation, The Review suggested the taking of an undertaking from the company, in consideration of exemption, to take care of their tailings so they could not become in any way a burden on the city. That was the time the matter should have been looked after, but that was the time our suggestion, which fitted the situation exactly, was ridiculed in some quarters where it should have found favor.

Sandon is so situated that the city cannot afford to ignore the convenience of either miners, mine owners or mining industries—all must have liberal treatment from the city, if the place is to prosper according to its opportunities. Concentrators and mining interests cannot be impeded by the city's interests in less important ways. There are now but three things to consider in this connection, as a matter of economy to the city, as the flume must be maintained for natural reasons: First, the cost to the city, as at present; second, the cost of an iron pipe the length of the flume to carry off the tailings by flushing, and third the cost of collecting the tailings before entering the flume and their carriage by team or otherwise out of harm's way, after the streets are all fully graded by them. Estimates of all three propositions should be made by a competent man and the least expensive should be adopted, for the payment of which the mining companies involved might contribute. As the Star was in operation in its present way before the flume was built and before the city was incorporated, the matter then might be very difficult in interfering with its present operation by any process of law. As, again, it was fully understood the Ruth would have to empty into the creek and the flume, when the exemption was granted, it appears reasonable that stoppages or injunctions could now have but little force. The company might be made to contribute a share towards keeping up repairs, but it does not appear reasonable that it could be compelled to do more. Its present operations could not certainly be stopped by any process of law.

JOE'S GALL.

After being repudiated by the Liberals of B. C. in the Vancouver convention Joe tries, to convince the Liberals of the province that he has the endorsement of the Federal Liberals by a perusal of a letter from Premier Laurier which we here insert:

MY DEAR MARTIN.—I have had for some days your last letter. I did not answer immediately because your request required some consideration. On the whole I have come to the conclusion that I should not interfere in any way at all. This will not surprise you after receiving my first letter. I realize the force of keeping party lines, but the reasons which I have given you in my first letter must make it plain to you that if party lines are to be maintained, I will expect that the policy of the Federal Government will be respected. There are no party lines in your programme, and I appeal to you that it would have been easy for you to give way to the policy which we have enunciated. At the same time, whilst I cannot interfere in your behalf, I will not interfere against you. This I do for many obvious reasons, and, moreover, I cannot forget the voice of friendship. I would feel much more pleasure if I could write to you in a different way, but it is preferable that you should know exactly where I stand; and if I do not interfere actively in your behalf you will acknowledge that the fault is not mine. Believe me, as ever, my dear Martin, yours very sincerely,
(Signed) WILFRED LAURIER.

Even this, it will be seen, was not secured until Joe had sent a few bulldozing epistles to the premier. Credulous indeed must even the Liberal be who will accept that as a letter Sir Wilfred would write to a political leader who had his confidence and support. It would be very interesting to the public if Joe would now give to it copies of the letters he wrote to Sir Wilfred imploring his countenance, and that brought forth such a reply. Joe need not look for the endorsement of the B. C. Liberals; they cannot afford

Hale Old Age.



Sad to see people advanced in years suffering from Backache, Lame Back, Urinary Troubles and Kidney Weakness. A hale old age, free from pains and aches, can only be obtained by keeping the kidneys right and the blood pure.

DOAN'S KIDNEY PILLS befriended the aged by freeing them from pain and correcting all Disorders of the Kidneys and Urinary System.

Mr. Thomas Ash, an old resident of Renfrew, Ont., spoke as follows:

"I am 72 years of age, and have been troubled for a number of years with pains across my back. When I would stoop over it gave agonizing pain to straighten up. I was so bad that I could scarcely walk. I have taken many kinds of medicines, but got nothing to help me. Being recommended to try Doan's Kidney Pills I got a box. After taking three doses I noticed a great change for the better, and I can now get around as smart as a cricket. I can split my own wood and am, in fact, just like a new man."

to give it. Voting for Joe is endorsing a man that will not be accepted by their leaders either at home or abroad. Some day the Liberals hope to contest the province with the Conservatives, and endorsing Joseph now would only be throwing a stumbling block in their own way for many a day to come. Their plan now is to join the Conservatives in effectually settling the enemy of friend and foe alike.

Whether it is for the best or the worst, it is an absolute certainty that we are bound to have Federal party lines in our provincial politics. We have all along contended that they have no applicability, but at the same time, there appears to be no other reasonable means of holding our public men to principles. A number of them combine on certain principles today, tomorrow they separate, and they claim it is because of changes in the principles that led to their combination. This often results in most demoralizing consequences. When men unite on Federal lines, this changing is reduced to a minimum—it is not easy for a representative to show why he changes from Grit to Tory. A man in the House, or out of it, may differ with his party on certain issues, just as the Liberals of B. C. differ today on the advisability of accepting Joe Martin as a leader, and may vote on that one issue as they think best, without shaking off party alliances; but when they, though having coalesced on undefined principles, differ for once, they are likely to differ altogether. It is not in the public interest when leagues are so easily broken.

"The Great Northern railway has replaced several hundred of its white section men with Japanese. It has also ordered that the men on work trains shall put in twelve hours a day, no time being allowed for dinner. Is it any wonder that there are labor organizations and strikes?"

The foregoing from the Nelson Tribune is the class of stuff that stirs up strife in any industrial community. It is calculated to show any community that there is a necessity for strikes, the inference being that all employers of labor are alike—that there is no difference between the mine owners of British Columbia and the management of the Great Northern. If, however, we are not mistaken the Tribune has advocated the introduction of the Great Northern system into British Columbia. Are we right?

PNEUMONIA

leaves the lungs weak and opens the door for the germs of Consumption. Don't wait until they get in, and you begin to cough. Close the door at once by healing the inflammation.

Scott's Emulsion makes the lungs germ-proof; it heals the inflammation and closes the doors. It builds up and strengthens the entire system with wonderful rapidity.

100c and \$1.00, all druggists. SCOTT & BOWNE, Chemists, Toronto.

Appeals have been sent in against 592 names on the old list and but 260 of the number are miners. Some 332 belong to other callings, among them being bankers, mine owners, merchants, hotel keepers, tradesmen and laborers, and yet the leaflet wants to convey the impression that it is an attack on the miners. The idea is simply to get off the list all names of men who cannot be expected to vote in the constituency, and thus prevent personalities. No fair man can object to this; but, of course, unfair men and cranks will object to anything. Any reputable man leaving work at this office of unfair appeals against the old list will have the necessary corrections made on the spot.

It would not be out of place, and it might be of some service, if papers like the Nelson Tribune would now drop their eight-hour agitation. It is for the present the law of the land. Mine owners and miners are accepting it that way, for the time being, and it would be well to discontinue agitation. The incoming parliament or the results of experience and trial of the law may suggest changes later on, and if they do they can then be considered on their merits. Dishing it up now every day can only continue strife and bad blood that it is to the interest of all to bury in the past. To be plain we know that later incidents will suggest changes in the present law, but when they are brought forward is time enough to consider their merits before the country.

What has the gulchite, that has been abusing The Review all along for saying that Charles Wilson was not in favor of the present eight-hour law, to say to the following excerpt from that gentleman's speech as reported by the Nelson Tribune of Thursday, 19th:

"Charles Wilson, leader of the Conservative party, dealt very generally with provincial matters in his speech last night on the party platform. He favored the eight-hour law, but not the present one, and proposed what he considered a perfect solution of the Chinese question by the insertion of an anti-Chinese labor clause in contracts, not in acts or private bills.

We repeat that there is not a party leader in the province to-day in favor of the present eight-hour law.

MISS BESSIE NASON,

A well-known young lady of Clover Hill, N. B., writes: "I gladly recommend Laxa-Liver Pills to any one suffering from constipation. They cured me entirely before I had finished the third box."

When the Nelson Tribune is prepared to prove that the mine owners will continue for all time to pay the wages they are now paying for an eight-hour day, it will be in a much better position to crow and croak over the present "settlement" of the labor trouble. It will be even in a still better position to talk as it does when it is able to show that the miners will not strike for \$3.50 should they elect their men to parliament. These are all matters the general public should take into consideration, as they are all possible.

NOTHING LIKE IT.

You should remember that no other medicine is like Shiloh's Consumption Cure in any respect. If other remedies have failed to relieve your cough or cold, that is all the more reason why you should try Shiloh's. Always sold under a positive guarantee. If it does help you, the druggist must give you back your money. 25 cts., 50 cts., and \$1.00 a bottle. Sold at McQueen's Drug Store.

Until Bro. Houston gets a good drubbing in an election contest there will be no let up in the Tribune on the blessings of the eight-hour law. There is no attempt made to show how the business of the drygoods, grocery, clothing and hotel men has increased the past year over the previous one. There is no attempt made to show the number of men employed the past year over the previous one, or the vast increase in the output of the mines, but still for some great unknown cause the law is a great blessing to the country.

A party who professes to know whereof he speaks says the Western Federation of Miners has given positive instructions to the miners' unions of B. C. that they are to support Martin candidates. Of course the people of this country ought to obey a foreign mandate of this importance.

DON'T FORGET

Don't forget to use Doctor Pierce's Favorite Prescription for that backache.

Don't forget that over half a million women have been cured of women's ailments by the use of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription.

Don't forget that "Favorite Prescription" cures diseases of women in their advanced and chronic forms; cures often when all else has failed.

Don't forget that you can consult Dr. Pierce, by letter, free. Tell your story frankly. All correspondence is private. Address Dr. R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y.

Don't forget to write to Dr. Pierce to-day, if you are sick from diseases which afflict women.

"I wrote for advice February 4, 1896," writes Mrs. Lena Holstead, of Claremore, Cherokee Nat. Ind. "I was racking with pain from the back of my head down to my heels. Had hemorrhage for weeks at a time, and was unable to sit for ten minutes at a time. You answered my letter, advised me to use your valuable medicine, viz.: Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription, 'Golden Medical Discovery,' and 'Pleasant Pellets,' also gave advice about injections, baths and diet. To my surprise, in four months from the time I began your treatment I was a well woman and have not had the backache since, and now I put in sixteen hours a day hard work."

Paper-bound edition of Dr. Pierce's Medical Adviser free on receipt of 31 one-cent stamps to pay expense of customs and mailing only. Address as above.

Cook's Cotton Root Compound

Is successfully used monthly by over 10,000 Ladies. Safe, effectual. Ladies ask your druggist for Cook's Cotton Root Compound. Take no other, as all mixtures, pills and imitations are dangerous. Price, No. 1, \$1 per box; No. 2, 10 degrees stronger, \$3 per box. No. 1 or 2, mailed on receipt of price and two 3-cent stamps. The Cook Company Windsor, Ont. No. 1 and 2 sold and recommended by all responsible Druggists in Canada.

Sold in Sandon by the McQueen Co. and F. J. Donaldson, Druggists.



Better stop that cough now with a few doses of Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup than let it run on to end perhaps in Bronchitis, Pneumonia or Consumption. It's a wonderful lung healing remedy that cures the worst kinds of coughs and colds when others fail.



Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup.



Price 25c. & 50c. All dealers.

LAXA-LIVER PILLS Cure constipation, biliousness, sick headache and dyspepsia. Every pill guaranteed perfect and to act without any griping, weakening or sickening effects. 25c. at all druggists.

MINING STOCKS

AND OTHER INVESTMENTS.

Every Representation Guaranteed.

J. M. Harris

SANDON, B. C.

ALTA LODGE, NO. 29.

A. F. AND A. M. Regular Communication of the lodge. Meets 1st Thursday in each month at 8 p. m. Visiting brethren cordially invited.
THOS. BROWN, Secy.



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CONTRACTORS AND BUILDERS.

Plans and Estimates Furnished on all Classes of Building.

Factory opposite the C. P. R. freight shed.

P. O. Box 155.

Sash and Doors, Frames and Mouldings on hand or to order on short notice.

Dealers in Rough and Dressed Lumber, Shingles, Lath, Lime and Brick.

CALL AND GET PRICES.

SANDON, B. C.

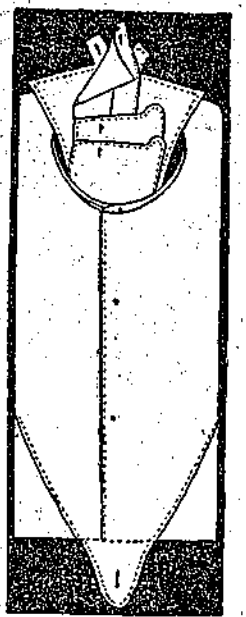
The Sandon Steam Laundry.



The machinery is the best to be had in the country—the workmen are all experienced,—so that nothing but the best work is turned out.

Orders from a distance solicited.

Goods sent in by express or otherwise have immediate attention and are promptly returned.



Dry Goods! Dry Goods Dry Goods!

We have just received a large shipment from the east.

NEW DRESS PATTERNS. NEW FANCY SILKS. NEW FLANNELLETES. NEW EIDERDOWN.

Ladies', Misses' and Children's (Health Brand) Underwear.

We also carry a full line of Carpets, Linoleums, Floor Oilcloths, Curtains and Window Shades.

HUNTER BROS.

A WORD WITH HUSBANDS.

Give Your Wife a Little Praise Once in a While and See How It Works.

"If husbands only knew, or, if knowing, only cared, how very much their words and manners affect the temperature of the home world, they would never by word or deed leave it enshrouded in gloom," argues Mrs. A. M. Marriott in an article entitled "Praise Your Wife" in Woman's Home Companion. "To most wives the husband is the sun around which every thought revolves. There is scarcely an instant in which his presence is not felt as she goes about her work or even when at rest. If she is preparing the meals, the way John likes this or that or some remark he has made about some article of food is recalled to mind. If she looks about her, she sees his hats and coats hanging on the hooks, and the hats invariably wear the same expression John's face wore when he left in the morning—a jolly, good humored look if he went away pleasant; if angry, a gruff, defiant, attend to your own business air takes the place of the so lately gentle pliable shapes in felt and fairly bristle with wrath over some trifle, but still enough to obscure the sun in the little world for many a weary day, perchance, ere it is seemingly forgotten.

"There is no true woman but will repay her husband over and over again for kind, thoughtful treatment. He is ready to call her childish, and she may seem so to him; but one thing is sure—a woman never forgets.

"All little deeds of love or thoughtfulness sown by his hand yield a certain and abundant harvest. She may love her home better than any other spot on earth, yet she sometimes gets so weary of the daily routine of never ending duties that fall to her lot that she cannot help an occasional feeling of envy for those who have more time for recreation, for going abroad, for all the little things dear to the heart of every woman, but which the stern hand of duty most effectually debars her from enjoying. Still, for all that, she would not for the whole world exchange places, even if she could, with any other woman, leaving home and John—dear old John—as the price of her freedom from care.

"If your wife has been a faithful and true wife to you, tell her so. Do not think it lowers your manliness any to let her know that she still has a place in your affections. She has toiled early and late for you and your children, through sickness and health, and self denial has grown to be her motto. It takes but little from her loved ones to make her happy, so do not begrudge her a word of praise now and then as her just reward, and of far more value to her starving heart than gold. There are some things which money can never buy, and wounds which it cannot heal, but love levels all obstacles, overcomes all difficulties and immeasurably sweetens life."

The Basis of Credit.

A man's past record, with but few exceptions, should determine the question of his eligibility for credit in the future. If he has been slow pay in the past, he will probably be slow pay in his next purchases. If he has been prompt and satisfactory, he will likely be the same again. As an instance I might mention a case which recently came under my notice. A trader who had gradually got to be slow and unsatisfactory was compelled to assign. His failure was not due to any misfortune, such as fire or flood, but seemed the natural consequence of his incompetence and lack of management. A wholesale house which had been supplying him lost heavily, but compromised, and as he continued they still sold him, but on 80 days' time. For awhile he promptly attended to his payments, but after a time he got slower and slower, and as he was a liberal buyer and his purchases were allowed to accumulate he soon owed a bill far larger than his means would warrant. As this dragged along for some years a compromise was granted upon this indebtedness also. Still he clung to his old creditor and again ordered goods, promising to send the money within 30 days. But his past record was too much even for so lenient a creditor. He was told plainly that he would get no more goods on credit and that if he ordered anything cash must accompany the order in every case. Now, a man of this stamp is a positive detriment to a man who pays his bills. After thus being refused credit by the old house he will try and get it elsewhere and no doubt will succeed. But if his record is known it should be a final answer to the question of granting him credit.—Hardware.

A Great Polyglot.

Solomon Caesar Malan habitually conversed with his children in Latin, but on his deathbed, when Solomon, his son, began to recite a psalm in the familiar Vulgate of his youth, the dying man, sobbing to the last, muttered, "Non ita, non ita! Hebraice;" so the son repeated it in Hebrew.

He could, for that matter, just as well have said it in Coptic or Chinese, for to him all tongues came naturally. At 18 he could write in 13 languages, oriental and European, and among his published works we find translations from the Arabic, Persian, Syrian, Ethiopic, Hebrew, Coptic, Armenian, Georgian, Mongol, Chinese, Korean, Japanese, Greek, Russian, Welsh and Gothic. He is said to have learned to speak Armenian fluently in a fortnight, and he preached in Georgian to a Georgian congregation in the cathedral of Kutais.

Manly Vigor==No Drugs.



When I started out thirty years ago as a young doctor, in treating weak men I gave drugs. I didn't know any better. But when I found

there was really so little reliance to be placed in medical treatment I commenced to cast about for other remedies.

One time I experimented with the galvanic current of electricity, and from that to the present day—25 years—I have not written a prescription for weak men. I have demonstrated the fact that a general treatment is required to regain lost strength, because these troubles come on slowly and involve not alone the nervous system and glands, but the Heart, Stomach, Kidneys, Liver, Bladder, &c.

Electricity, I found, came up to the requirements of general treatment, because Electricity is strength or nerve force, and is supplied the system with this lacking element; it built up slowly but surely the whole organism without the least stimula-

tion, without a particle of danger. In the beginning I gave a battery treatment, but I soon found that a home self-appliance was needed. I knew then that a portable battery was required—one which would give plenty of electricity and at the same time be light and convenient. This led me to invent a chain of cells which was worn around the patient's waist.

The first chain of cells was the beginning of what has developed into my 1899 model Dr. Sanden

ELECTRIC BELT

with suspensory, the great treatment for weak men. Now known the world over.

Last year I restored 7,000 to strength who suffered from the

results of youthful errors or later excesses, having had Looses, Nervous Debility, Lame Back, Impotency, Varicocele, &c. Currents instantly felt, but under complete control of wearer; simply turn the regulator screw to make mild or strong. Put it on at night when going to bed, and take it off next morning. Keep this up 60 to 90 days. This will bring back the lost vigor.

Drop in and consult me free of charge, or write for

FREE BOOK

"Three Classes of Men," which explains all and is sent free by mail in plain sealed envelope. I answer all letters personally. Write or call to-day.

DR. S. SANDEN

474 MAIN ST., WINNIPEG, MAN.

OFFICE HOURS—9 to 6.

The three great vital factors of this body of ours are the heart, the nerves and the blood. It is because of the triple power possessed by Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills of making weak, irregular beating hearts strong and steady, toning up run down, shattered, nervous systems and supplying those elements necessary to make thin, watery blood rich and red, that so many wonderful cures have been accredited to this remedy.



M. L. Grimmett, LL. B.
BARRISTER, SOLICITOR, NOTARY PUBLIC, ETC.
Sandon, B. C.

W. S. DREWRY Sandon, B. C. **H. T. TWIGG** New Denver, B. C.
DREWRY & TWIGG,
Dominion and Provincial Land Surveyors.
Civil and Mining Engineers.
Bedford-McNeil Code.

NOTICE.
Notice is hereby given that the Kaslo & Lard-Lake Railway Company will apply to the Parliament of Canada at its next session for an act to extend the time limited for the construction and completion of its works, and to authorize the Company to convey or dispose of its railway and works.
WHEELER & MARTIN,
Solicitors for Applicants.
Kaslo, B. C., 1st of December, 1899.

Northern Pacific Ry.

TIME-CARD OF TRAINS.

SPOKANE.

No.	Route	Arrive	Depart
No. 1	West Bound	9:50 pm	9:55 pm
No. 2	East Bound	7:10 am	7:20 am
	Coeur d'Alene Branch		
	Monday and Friday	6:30 pm	7:45 am
	Palouse & Lewiston Branch	1:30 pm	8:00 am
	Central Washington Branch	1:30 pm	8:15 am
	Local Freight, west	7:00 pm	5:45 am
	Local Freight, east	3:15 pm	3:15 am

*Daily except Sunday; all others daily.
J. W. HILL, Gen. Agent, Spokane, Wash.
A. D. CHARLTON, A. G. F. A., Portland, Ore.

Kaslo and Slocan Railway.
TIME CARD.

Trains run on Pacific Standard Time.

Going West	Daily	Going East
Leave 8:00 a.m.	Kaslo	Arrive 3:55 p.m.
" 8:32 "	South Fork	" 3:20 "
" 8:59 "	Spoules	" 2:55 "
" 9:45 "	Whitewater	" 2:10 "
" 10:12 "	Bear Lake	" 2:00 "
" 10:25 "	McGowan	" 1:45 "
" 10:53 "	Bentley's	" 1:34 "
Arrive 10:40	Cody Junction	" 1:23 "
	Sandon	Leave 1:15 "

CODY BRANCH.
Leave 11:00 a.m. Sandon Arrive 11:40 a.m.
" 11:15 " Cody " 11:25 "

GEO. F. COPELAND,
Superintendent.
For cheap Railroad and Steamship Tickets, to and from all points, apply to S. CAMPBELL, Agent, Sandon.

SPOKANE FALLS & NORTHERN NELSON & FORT SHEPPA RY.
RED MOUNTAIN RAILWAY.

The only All-rail route without change of cars between Nelson and Rossland and Spokane and Roseland.

LEAVE	DAILY	ARRIVE
6:20 a.m.	Nelson	5:35 p.m.
12:05 a.m.	Roseland	11:20 p.m.
3:30 a.m.	Spokane	3:10 p.m.

The train that leaves Nelson at 6:20 a.m. makes close connections at Spokane with trains for all

PACIFIC COAST POINTS.

Passengers for Kettle River and Boundary Creek connect at Marcus with Stage daily.
C. G. Dixon, G. P. T. A.
G. T. Tackabury, Gen. Agent, Nelson.

A FEW INTERESTING FACTS.

When people are contemplating a trip whether on business or pleasure, they naturally want the best service obtainable so far as speed, comfort and safety is concerned. Employees of the Wisconsin Central Lines are paid to serve the public, and our trains are operated so as to make close connections with diverging lines at all junction points. Pullman Palace Sleeping and Chair Cars on through trains. Dining Car service excellent. Meals served in a Car.
In order to obtain this first-class service, ask the ticket agent to sell you a ticket over

THE WISCONSIN CENTRAL LINES

and you will make direct connections at St. Paul for Chicago, Milwaukee and all points east.
For any further information call on any ticket agent, or correspond with
JAS. POND, or JAS. A. CROCK,
Gen. Pass. Agent, General Agent,
Milwaukee, Wis. 216 State St., Portland, Or.

CANADIAN PACIFIC RY.
AND SOO LINE.

EAST | DIRECT | WEST ROUTE. | WEST

AND TO ALL POINTS.

First-class Sleepers on all trains from Revelstoke and Kootenay Landing.

TOURIST CARS pass Medicine Hat, Daily for St. Paul, Sundays and Wednesdays for Toronto. Fridays for Montreal and Boston. The same cars pass Revelstoke one day earlier.

DAILY TRAIN

8:00 Leave Sandon Arrive 16:30
Connections daily to points reached via Nakusp and except Sunday to points reached via Rosebery and Slocan City.
Tickets issued through and baggage checked to destination.
For rates and full information address the nearest local agent, or
J. C. CRUSE, Agent, Sandon
W. F. Anderson, Trav. Pass. Agt., Nelson
E. J. Coyle, Asst. Gen. Pass. Agt., Vancouver

WALL PAPER
SEASON IS HERE.

We have opened up a new stock of
WALL PAPERS
in Opaque Colored Ingrains and Floral Designs, with Borders and Ceilings to match. The styles are unique, and the PRICES REASONABLE. This stock was selected by a well-known Coast paper-hanger and decorator.

CLIFFE'S BOOKSTORE
BOOKS AND STATIONERY.
SANDON, B. C.

HARRY NASH
PRACTICAL TINSMITH AND PLUMBER.

Manufacturer of Galvanized Airpipe, Powder-towers, Camp Stoves and all kinds of Sheet Metal Work.
With the latest in tools and machines, good stock, I am prepared to do only first-class work.
Personal attention given to all orders.

ESTIMATES GIVEN. MODERATE PRICES.
MAIL ORDERS PROMPTLY ATTENDED TO.
Shop, at present, near Sandon Sawmills.

MRS. JOBSON'S GENEROSITY.

At noon the other day Mrs. Jobson received, per messenger boy, a large fragrant bunch of double violets, with Mr. Jobson's calling card attached thereto, and his affectionate felicitations scrawled on the back of the card.

Mrs. Jobson couldn't understand it. She turned the violets upside down and sideways, and studied them from all points of view. Then she scrutinized the card as if it were written in Arabic and the job of translating it were difficult and slow.

"Violets!" said she to herself, wondering. "And from Mr. Jobson! Let me recall how many years it has been—"

But she couldn't recall. "I wonder if there is anything the matter?" she mused. "Violets! And from Mr. Jobson!"

Another messenger boy rang the bell about 3 o'clock and handed Mrs. Jobson a two-pound box of chocolate creams, nicely done up. Resting on top of the candies was Mr. Jobson's calling card, his affectionate felicitations scrawled on the back of the card. Mrs. Jobson, flustered by the receipt of the violets, was now simply flabbergasted.

"There's something wrong; I'm sure there is!" she said excitedly. "It can't be that he's dead—No, that is out of the question! Perhaps though, his mind is wandering a little—he was flighty when he had that return of the grip in January. What can the matter be? If he has become a little flighty again as the result of the grip, maybe his flightiness has taken the form of 'the delirium of grandeur' that I was reading about somewhere not long ago. I do wish that he'd come home, so that I could put him to bed and put a mustard plaster on him and send for the doctor. Goodness gracious me, there surely is something wrong!"

Thus Mrs. Jobson worked herself up to a high pitch of nervousness. Violets and candies from her husband all in one day. It was all very delightful—but it was too delightful. Mrs. Jobson had a foreboding of trouble. However, she put on her prettiest tea gown, pinned the violets thereto and waited anxiously for Mr. Jobson's familiar step.

Mr. Jobson got home at the usual hour. He wore an expression of benignity as he entered the vestibule, where Mrs. Jobson, in saluting him, found out that he hadn't drunk a drop.

"Why, you dear, old extravagant thing you!" she said to him. "I never saw such lovely violets in all my life and as for those candies, why—"

"But, but, little one," said Mr. Jobson, amiably, "don't speak of 'em. Just happened to think to send 'em up to you, you know, and they're no more'n you deserve at that. I tell you what, if I were a rich man, you'd have everything—"

But Mrs. Jobson scarcely heard what he said. "Little one!" she was saying to herself. "Why, it's been years and years since he—"

"Have you been speculating in stocks, my dear?" Mrs. Jobson asked him, timidly.

"Stocks? Who, me? Well, I'd like to see myself!" said Mr. Jobson, good naturedly. "No, ma'am; no stocks for me!"

Mrs. Jobson looked him over carefully, but he was all right, so far as she could see. His extraordinary good nature sat on him as naturally as if that were his every-day manner. He stepped out into the hall for a moment, got a package that he had dropped on the rack in coming in and opened it.

"Happened to remember, as I was coming up, that you wanted some books," said Mr. Jobson, in an off-hand way. "Brought you up a few. Hope you'll like 'em."

Mrs. Jobson took the books and looked them over in a dazed kind of way. They were just the books she had been wanting for a long while—all good, substantial editions, too. She couldn't refrain from giving him a hug.

"Why you generous, silly old thing!" she said. "Just the books that I've been pining for for ages. Won't you please tell me what it is all about—what I've done to deserve all these lovely presents—"

"Never you mind," said Mr. Jobson, amiably. "I only wish I were as rich as some of those pinheads that don't know what to do with their money—if you wouldn't have them rings and automobiles, and a couple of thousand silk skirts, and—oh, by the way that reminds me. Saw a tailor-made dress in a window as I was walking downtown to-day that I want you to have. Sign on it says that it is a Paris model and that it's been marked down from \$85 to \$50. Don't know whether that's true or not, but it's a dandy, and I want you to get your things on after dinner, and will go down and have a look at it. It's made out of some kind of black stuff, with a lot of this here frilly-wirry, spangley stuff splattered all over the waist and skirt—I dunno if I can give you any idea of it, but I bet a hal' you'll like it. We can look it over this evening, and to-morrow you can go downtown and buy it. I'll just about fit you. I should say from the looks of it."

Mrs. Jobson was stumped.

"Why, you darling old—"

"By the way, you might as well log out in your best to-night," said Mr. Jobson, interrupting her. "Got a couple of seats for the theater, and after the show you want to go. We'll just make a little night of it. How's that?"

Mrs. Jobson went upstairs and put on her things in a trance. She was almost in tears.

"I don't know what in the world I'd do if anything was the matter with the dear, lovely old—"

Here her mind wandered into speculation over the strange happiness of the afternoon and evening. She got herself up in her best, and when she descended the stairs, Mr. Jobson, himself decked out in his evening clothes, rewarded her with a gaze of admiration.

"By Jove, you do look nice, my dear!" he exclaimed quite enthusiastically. "I'll bet there won't be a woman in the theater looking half so spick and span!" and he gave her a regular old-fashioned kiss.

Mrs. Jobson spent the next few hours like a woman in a dream. The play was excellent and Mr. Jobson was the soul of good nature. He said clever things to her and even made surreptitious love to her between the acts. After the play they went to the hotel cafe and had Newburg lobsters with sparkling liquid accompaniment. Then Mr. Jobson put her into a stylish rubber-tired hansom, and they bowled home.

"My dear," said Mrs. Jobson, pleadingly, "won't you tell me now why you've been so perfectly love—"

A foxy expression crept into Mr. Jobson's face, which she caught as the hansom passed under an arc light.

"Well, I'll tell you, my dear," said Mr. Jobson, "I was rummaging in the trunks in the store room last night, wasn't I? Remember that navy blue serge suit that I wore when we went to Muskoka last summer? Well, in digging through the pockets of that suit I found two twenties and a ten that you overlooked. The bills were in an inside pocket of the vest. I missed that money when we were down at the beach, but I thought I'd lost it, and so I didn't say anything about it to you. Well, seeing as how you'd overlooked all that real, sure-enough money," concluded Mr. Jobson, "with a crafty smile, 'I thought that you were entitled to a good time out of it, anyhow, and—'"

Mrs. Jobson's face during this recital was a study.

"Well," she said calmly, when Mr. Jobson hesitated, in his enjoyment of the situation, "I have had a perfectly lovely time, and I have no complaint to make. But those two twenties and the ten were the bills that you gave me to put in the bank the day before yesterday. I didn't go to the bank because it was raining too hard, and I put them in that vest for safe keeping!"

THE WEDDING RING.

There are few more universal customs among the modern nations than that of the wedding ring. Yet it has come down to us from very early times, even from ancient Egypt, whence it came to be prevalent among the Hebrews. It is supposed that Tubal-Cain, the worker in metal, taught the art of ring-making to his fellows and descendants. The ring was first worn as an ornament and came to be an emblem of authority in the case of kings and those in high places. Messengers carried the king's signet to insure recognition. Physicians wore rings to prevent contagion and the common people to insure themselves against the influence of evil spirits. In the civilization of the ancient Egyptians the circle was a symbol of eternity and it was so used in the picture writing. There is, perhaps, something to this idea in the sentiment that has applied the finger ring to the union of two souls by marriage. The position of the ring on the hand has been often changed. The Romans and Greeks wore it on the forefinger, and this seems to have been the custom even in the time of Charles I. of England. But previous to his reign, in the time of Elizabeth, the custom was for the ladies to wear their wedding rings on their thumbs. When George I. came to the throne the finger had been changed to the third. The left hand is chosen for the ring, perhaps because it is emblematic of submission, whereas the right stands for authority. The Greek church still authorizes the wearing of two rings, both on the right hand.

It was in the fourteenth century that an Italian astrologist invented a system of wedding rings to insure good fortune. The nature of the ring was to depend on the month in which the bride was born, as follows: If in January, a garnet would win her friends; February, an emerald would protect her from poison; March, a bloodstone would make her wise; April, a diamond would keep her heart innocent; May, an emerald would insure her happiness; June, an agate would give her health; July, a ruby would preserve her free from jealousy; August, a sardonyx would prevent quarrels; October, a carbuncle would increase her love of home; November, a topaz would keep her truthful and obedient; December, a turquoise would keep her faithful. At some places in Spain and Portugal three rings are given, the custom being closely associated with religious ideas, as one is given in the name of each member of the Trinity.

CRUEL!

Mrs. Mouse—Oh, dear! I've had such a start!

Mr. Mouse—What's the matter?

Mrs. Mouse—I met a great big horrid creature upstairs that jumped on a chair and waved her clothes at me and seemed so frightened me almost to death!

THE WOMEN OF HUNGARY.

INTERESTING PICTURE OF PEASANT LIFE IN THAT COUNTRY.

No Weddings With Them During the Summer Season—The Home of a Famous Magyar Peasant—A Most Hospitable People.

A correspondent, writing from Szegedin, Hungary, presents a very interesting picture of the life of peasants of that country.

To see the Magyar peasants to better advantage, says the writer, we pushed far into the wilds of Hungary, and arrived in Vasarhely late one afternoon. Before dining we despatched letters of introduction. Although the message was couched in this most difficult of European languages, it proved effectual, for while we were drinking our black coffee the mayor was announced. As he spoke no language but Hungarian, he brought with him, as interpreter, an Advocate, who spoke German. Plans were discussed and arrangements made to visit some Magyar farms the next day. At 9 o'clock we took our seats in the "city carriages," yellow and brown vehicles drawn by two rough-looking, but fast horses, which were urged over the frozen ruts at an uncomfortable speed by the Magyar coachmen, who looked very important in their light blue uniforms ornamented with silver braids. Cone-shaped, black astrakhan caps and high black boots completed their costume.

After driving an hour our coachmen drew in their horses before a new frame house. Three young peasants stood in the door to welcome us—the owner and two neighbors. The mayor had selected this as a typical Magyar farm, and notified the owner of our intended visit. Like many of the prosperous farmers, he lived in the village in the winter.

BUT EAD DRIVEN OUT

that morning to receive us.

The house, like all belonging to Magyar peasants, had no hall; instead each room opened on the porch, which is very roomy, serving in summer as a place to eat. "Now, that he has built his house our host will be looking for a wife to marry next Christmas time," the Advocate explained, adding, "among the peasants no wedding takes place in summer; every one is too busy." We were conducted into a small room, heated by an enormous earthen oven shaped like a sugar loaf, and fully four feet in diameter at the base. One-half of this erection extended into the next room, as is the custom of ovens in the rural parts of Hungary. A bed occupied a large part of the room, and a long sofa was placed against the wall, with a table in front of it. There the mayor seated himself, being the guest of honor, while wooden chairs were brought in for our use. Our young host produced beer and a loaf of brown bread, the size of a barrel top, from a cupboard. "Huge chunks of the bread were hacked off with a jackknife and offered us! There was not a woman to be seen. This did not surprise us, for we learned soon after coming to Hungary that not only among the peasants, but among the middle class, the Hungarian woman figures merely as a homemaker, sharing to a very insignificant extent the life of her husband, father, or brothers. This farm was noted for its fine merino sheep, and the owner was

PROUD TO EXHIBIT THEM.

It was early afternoon when we drew up before a low, white plastered house, hatched with reeds, one of a group of thirteen buildings which comprise the home of Maczelka Jozsef, a Magyar peasant of considerable fame. He has a typical Magyar farm of the ancient sort, where customs and manners are as they have been for several hundred years. He came out of the house to assist us in alighting from the carriages, and gave us a hearty welcome in Hungarian. As Maczelka's married daughter and his granddaughter also welcomed us, we concluded that here, if nowhere else, woman took her place by the side of man. We soon discovered our mistake, however.

A covered porch, with thatched roof, extended across a part of the building, and by way of this we reached what appeared to be the living-room, the floor of which, as of all the rooms, was of clay. In one corner rose a huge oven, so shaped that the lower part served as a bench upon which the family might sit and warm their backs. A long dining table stood at one end of the room, under the windows, with a green bench behind it. Four beds occupied the four corners, each one piled high with feather beds and linen enough to furnish as many more. Proudly old Maczelka lifted the outer cover, to enable us to see how beautifully the bed linen was embroidered in blue and red. Above the green bench, upon the wall between the windows,

HUNG RELIGIOUS PICTURES.

The country of those simple people was exquisite. The two women assisted us in laying aside our wraps in a room of another building, where a fire and hot water warmed and refreshed us. Having been informed that we were interested in everything connected with their mode of living, they took us from room to room in the main house. In an open kitchen, Maczelka's son-in-law was busy cooking

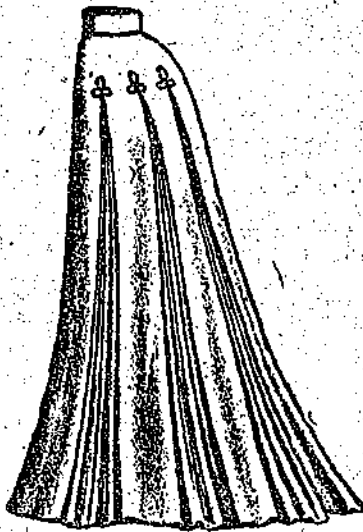
the famous paprika dish with which we were to be honored. No woman is considered equal to this work of art! Paprika fish is one of the national dishes of Hungary. It is very much like our fish-chowder. A large iron pot held the corn-cob fire; over it was suspended a kettle, into which had been put fish caught in Maczelka's own section of the River Theiss; onions, potatoes, and a plentiful supply of ground paprika, which dyed the whole a bright brick-red. In one room a sweet faced old woman, in Hungarian costume, was busy making what looked like pie crust. We afterward learned that she was Maczelka's wife.

As we were passing two beds which stood along the wall, one of the younger women signed to us to wait, and, stooping, drew from under them several baskets, in each of which a goose was sitting. The woman's face beamed as she slipped an egg from under one cross old goose to prove to us that these feathered members of the family were no more idlers. In the large kitchen several maids were busy preparing dinner. Immense ovens occupied one side of the room. These were built with the chimney outside, and were for summer use. In winter the cooking is done in the great round oven which heats the living-room. The oven door is in the kitchen, and as we entered a maid was raking out the hot coals, that there might be a clear place for baking. An old goose and her tiny flock wandered around

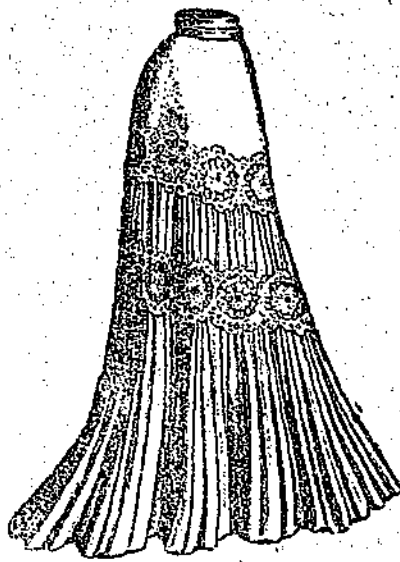
IN SEARCH OF CRUMBS.

When we re-entered the living room it was blue with tobacco smoke. Maczelka, rose, and with the grace of a man of the world offered us liqueur of his own making. Through our German-speaking companions, we were able to converse with the old man. In speaking of his family, he said that he had "enough grandchildren to fill three wagons," and when we commented upon his youthful appearance, he assured us that it was due to the amount of fresh air which he had breathed all his life.

As we talked the daughter spread a white cloth over the table and then covered it with a piece of brown oil-cloth, which came only to the edge, the white appearing below like a flounce. Instead of the really artistic earthenware, resembling that of Brittany and Thuringia, which we had seen in the kitchen, white ware, "the best," was placed on the table. None of the family except Maczelka sat down to the meal with us. When we inquired for our hostess we were told that among Hungarian peasants the women never sit down to eat with the men; they serve the man and eat later. The first course consisted of noodles floating in sour cream, after which came the piece de resistance—paprika fish, really delicious, and as a dessert, pierogie smeared with sour cream, sauté strips and baked in the oven. This process melts the cream and gives it a peculiarly oily quality, to appreciate which one must have a Magyar palate. A fine home-made white wine was served with the dinner; with it Maczelka drank to us and our country many times. After dinner we were shown the animals—four hundred and fifty merino sheep, Hungarian oxen, snow-white, with slightly curved horns of great length, and beautiful, mild faces.



Skirt of blue voile; it is cut round with plaits inserted; the upper part being finished with an ornament. Material required; 6 yards voile 45 inches wide.



Skirt of ecrú batiste; the lower part is plaited to a fitted yoke, the joining being concealed under a band of embroidery, which also trims the skirt a few inches below. Material required; 8 yards batiste 45 inches wide.

HONEYMOONS AWHEEL.

Bicycle wedding trips are all the rage in France. One couple recently returned to Paris after a tour of 1,100 miles, all made on their wheels. They were absent seven weeks, and had visited 314 villages.

Advice to Mothers

Girls naturally crave sympathy, and in order to satisfy this longing, we have our chums. Mothers are jealous of "these dear girls" that come between them and their daughters, but allow me to tell you, mothers, that the matter lies in your hands. You should be our natural confidantes, and we long to tell you our plans and desires. Have we not often come to you and been checked at the very outset by your indifference, or lack of sympathy? "Mother would only laugh at me," or, "Mother wouldn't understand, I couldn't think of telling her," or, "Why, she would be awfully angry at me, and I'm not doing a mite of harm!" These are only samples of the answers you would get from girls if asked why they did not confide in their mothers. Just pause a moment, mothers, and ask yourselves if it is not true.

Tell some one we must, however, so we get a bosom friend and pour into her ears tales of our friendships, loves, aspirations, and desires. She listens, entering into our very spirit. Therein lies the secret of it all. If she were not eager and enthusiastic we would not be so ready to take her into our confidence. Our little secrets are not "silly" to her, because she fully sympathizes with us. We discuss all manner of questions, forming our opinions of right and wrong.

There is a serious drawback about a chum, and it lies right here. She, lacking experience like ourselves, is not fitted to help us decide on right and wrong. This is just where mothers could come to our aid if they would. We don't want advice given in the usual way. Our chum knows too much to offer it in that way. She listens to us, slipping in a suggestion once and a while. We finally ask her opinion. In replying, she prefaces her advice with a remark similar to this: "My dear girl, you know far better than I do. You have done all right, but I think I would—". Then she goes on to tell us what she would do. We are as much above flattery as most of the human family, yet we like to be told we are doing well.

Now mothers, I beg of you to become our chums. Don't object to the word; for every girl knows just what that means. It has come to mean far more to us than the term "friend." We are in great danger of becoming loose in our ideas. Our very freedom is telling against us. Force won't win our confidence. It must be courted. You must come down to our level, and enter into our thoughts and sympathies. Encourage us to tell you our plans. Discuss our friends with us on our level, using your tact to point out the undesirability of certain lines of action. Be very patient with us. Let us feel your love and sympathy throbbing through all your advice.

Is not the end worth striving for? You have our best interests at heart, yet you fail to influence us as you might. You are so engrossed with social functions, dress, or the work and management of the home, that you have no time to devote to the study of our characters. Are not our lives of more consequence than food or raiment? I would not say one word against the influence a mother has over her child. It cannot be measured, but might it not be increased? You think that we should take your love and sympathy for granted, when we are pining for some outward expression of it. By wooing us in this way how many foolish, if not sinful, friendships you might stop. How many unhappy marriages you might prevent. Girls feeling the lack of love in the home are ready to listen to the professed love and admiration of their gentleman friends. So pleasing are a few demonstrations that character is forgotten, and they sell themselves for endearments, only to find after marriage that these things cease. They are then left to fight the terrible battle of life alone, hindered rather than helped by their husbands.

"As the husband is, the wife is; thou art mated with a clown, and the grossness of his nature will have weight to drag thee down. He will hold thee, when his passion shall spent its novel force, something better than his dog, a little dearer than his horse."

Do not say, mothers, that we should give you our confidence unsought. Confidence begets confidence. Confide in us and allow us to confide in you unchecked. Do not let pride or indifference prevent you, for it is so important. We are really afraid of our mothers, so the advance must be from your side. Take the place of our chums and guide us smoothly over the rough places. La Riviere, Man.

TWELVE THOUSAND FEET DOWN FOR GOLD.

After the unfortunate war in South Africa is over, a scientific problem of much interest will be presented to the engineers of the Transvaal gold-mines. Some of the shafts recently opened on the Rand are expected to go down 4,000 or 5,000 feet in search of gold-bearing veins, but in the future, Mr. John Yates says, it may be necessary to descend 12,000 feet. That, he thinks, will be about the limit of depth at which men can work, because the temperature there will be at least 100 degs. Fahrenheit. Other engineers think the shafts could be sunk several thousand feet lower through the adoption of devices for cooling the air.

MOUNTAIN ECHOES.

Lovatt's mill is expected to be running about the 1st of May.

Judge Lilly has been gazetted a corner and E. M. Sandilands a J. P.

A break has been made in the beautiful weather of the past few weeks.

The miners' union of Silverton give a ball on the evening of the 24th of May.

Miss Murcott, a talented W. C. T. U. lecturer, finished her series of lectures here on Thursday last.

The C. P. R. bridge gang are in the city and are making some repairs to the trestle near the depot.

Half holidays were made of Good Friday and Easter Monday, by most of the local business houses.

Very few idle men are now seen around the streets. They have nearly all gone to work in the mines.

Mr. Stutz has been asked to produce, after "A Bitter Attonement," the melodrama, "Meet Me in the Gloaming."

Comr. Bro. Houston, for once show us how the 8-hour law has developed the country. That is what the people want to see.

Slocan City's patriotic citizens will give a grand concert on the evening of the 27th inst., to help "the absent minded beggar."

There is no war news this week of any particular importance, except the scathing criticisms of "Bobs" on the Spion Kop affair.

Easter Sunday brought out good congregations to the churches. It is not for the new bonnet phase of it our preachers would like to see Easter come often.

Don't forget the queen of dramatic productions and most popular play of to-day, an adoption of Bertha M. Clay's (Charlotte M. Breaime) great life work, "A Bitter Attonement."

Our firemen had a run to O. McLaughlan's residence, Wednesday, the roof of which was ablaze. Before they got there, however, neighbors had the flames out by a bucket brigade.

Mrs. Thos. Tracy, Byrnedale, Ont., writes: "We have used Dr. Low's Pleasant Worm Syrup and find it to be better than any other remedy. It is easy to take and always effectual."

The members of the band wish to express their appreciation of the kindness of ladies in baking for their dance, and all others who assisted in making it a financial as well as a social success.

The Rev. Mr. Beer, of Kaslo, Episcopalian, preached an excellent sermon in the Presbyterian church here, Monday evening. There was a fair attendance notwithstanding other attractions.

The liberals of the city held a meeting Thursday evening and decided to form an association. A committee was appointed to draft a constitution and by-laws and report at a meeting to be held later.

The fire brigade are preparing to carry off some prizes at the Kaslo 24th of May celebration. They are speeding with the reel on Slocan Star street these evenings, with the customary crowd of spectators.

The old city council were all re-elected by acclamation on Tuesday. The members are perhaps as good a lot of men as can be got in the place, and when they are willing to work for nothing it is quite as well to let them do it.

It is said that Hackett of Donnelly group fame was a great union man, and by means of his brotherly feeling got into several union sympathisers to the tune of several hundred dollars in loans, to say nothing of bills to stores and employes.

A GOOD THING.—Our great grandmothers' garrets contained the same herbs of all healing found in Karl's Clover Root Tea. They gave our ancestors strength, kept the blood pure, and will do the same for you if you say so. Price 25 cts. and 50 cts. Sold by McQueen, the Druggist.

IS THIS PLAIN ENOUGH?—If you have a nagging cough and are losing flesh, go to a drug store and get a bottle of Shiloh's Consumption Cure. Take two-thirds of it, and then, if you are not benefited, return the bottle to the druggist, and he will return your money. Isn't that fair? No one could ask more. 25c., 50c. and \$1.00 a bottle. Sold at McQueen's Drug Store.

For purity and grandeur that "Bitter Attonement" has not an equal. The comedy is bright and sparkling which causes the most sober minded to burst into laughter. A play never to be forgotten. Sweethearts, husbands and wives, children, all should see it. A lesson (with two hours solid amusement) to the old and young.—San Francisco Call, October 20th, '97. Will be produced at Spencer's Opera House at an early date.

WORSE THAN WAR.—Hundreds are killed in war, but hundreds of thousands are killed by consumption. There would be no deaths at all caused by this terrible disease, if people could be made to understand that Shiloh's Cough and Consumption Cure is a sure remedy if taken in the early stages. 25c., 50c., and \$1.00 a bottle. Druggists will refund the money if a cure is not effected. Sold at McQueen's Drug Store.

There is a premonitory tinkle of wedding bells in the land again.

The street scavengers are putting an improved appearance on the streets.

Premier Laurier tells the country he will not exclude Japanese immigrants, and that settles it for the present.

The Silvertonian gives an instance of the interference of Providence to save the lives of miners. Wonder if he ever did as much for editors?

For all kinds of coughs and colds, bronchitis, croup, asthma and whooping cough there is no remedy equal in curative properties to Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup.

A boxing contest for \$500 a side, and gate receipts, between J. H. Leedham, of Halifax, and J. H. Wood, of Butte, Mont., will take place this evening at the Central Music hall.

J. W. Manning was working on his shift at the Star at 8 o'clock yesterday morning when a piece of rock came down and injured his ankle sufficiently to lay him up in the hospital for some days.

BUSHELS OF MONEY—Thrown away by women annually in the purchase of cosmetics, lotions and powders, none of which ever accomplish their object. Beauty depends on healthy blood and good digestion, such as Karl's Clover Root Tea guarantees you for 25 cts. and 50 cts. per package. Take it and we guarantee your complexion. Sold by McQueen the Druggist.

And so Joe Martin has found out that it is well for him to keep his hand out of that Vancouver coal transaction. It is a case of discretion overruling political zeal.

FOR OVER FIFTY YEARS.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup has been used by millions of mothers for their children while teething. It disturbs at night and brooks of your rest by a sick child, suffering and crying with pain of cutting teeth. Send at once and get a bottle of "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup" for children teething. It will relieve the poor little sufferer immediately. Depend upon it, mothers, there is no mistake about it. It cures diarrhoea, regulates the stomach and bowels, cures Wind Colic, softens the gums and reduces inflammation, and gives tone and energy to the system. "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup" for children teething, is pleasant to the taste and is the prescription of one of the oldest and best female physicians and nurses in the United States. Price twenty-five cents a bottle. Sold by all druggists throughout the world. Inquire and ask for "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup."

SCALDED HAND.

Some years ago I scalded my hand very badly, then took cold in the burn, my hand swelled and was very painful, but half a bottle of Hagyard's Yellow Oil cured it completely. Mrs. Wannamaker, Frankford, Ont.

ERYSIPELAS.

This dangerous Blood Disease always cured by Burdock Blood Bitters.

Most people are aware how serious a disease Erysipelas is. Can't rout it out of the system with ordinary remedies.

Like other dangerous blood diseases, though, B.B.B. can cure it every time.

Read what Rachel Patton, Cape Chin, Bruce Co., Ont., says:

"I wish to state that I used Burdock Blood Bitters for Erysipelas in my face and general run down state of my health. I tried many remedies but all failed to cure. I then tried B.B.B. Two bottles nearly cured me and four bottles completely cured me."

NOTICE.

Notice is hereby given that the Map or Plan and Book of References of the extension of the Kaslo & Slocan Railway from Sandon, have been deposited in the Department of Lands and Works at Victoria, and in the Land Registry Office at Victoria, as provided by the British Columbia Railway Act.

PRIVATE LESSONS.

In French, German, or on the Violin, by T. J. Barron, B. A. (McGill), and violin pupil of Jules Hone, Montreal. Terms, &c., on application at Cliffe's bookstore.

W. W. WARNER, M. E. MINING CONTRACTOR.

PROPERTIES HANDLED ON COMMISSION

Mines and Mineral Claims examined and reports made. Interests taken in part payment, or services rendered. Contracts taken for opening up lost or invisible ledges. Twenty years' experience.

SANDON, B. C.

JOINTS SWOLLEN.

My little boy 8 years old, had a bad attack of rheumatism. His joints were swollen and he couldn't sleep with the pain. One box of Milburn's Rheumatic Pills completely cured him. F. Bissonette, Port Hope, Ont.

THE WM. HAMILTON MANUFACTURING CO. LIMITED.

MINING MACHINERY

PETERBOROUGH, ONTARIO, CANADA.

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HOTEL RECO—65 rooms, well furnished, steam heated electric lights, hot and cold water. HOTEL GODFREY—27 rooms, best furnished hotel in the Kootenays, steam heated, electric lights, will receive suit tenant. GODFREY STORE—31 x 20, with cellar same size, steam heated, electric lights. SANDON STEAM LAUNDRY—In first-class running order. Has Fulton wheel for power, and can be run at moderate expense. Rent cheap. STORES AND OFFICES—In the bank building, water, steam heat and electric lights. ONE STORE—In the Virginia block, large plate glass front, including water and steam heat. OFFICES—In the Virginia block, \$15 per month, including water, steam heat and electric lights. ONE STORE—For 12 horses, 2 story. Cheap. THE QUEEN LODGING HOUSE—3 small stores, and living rooms on second floor. SEVEN FIRST-CLASS LIVING ROOMS—Second story, opposite Clifton house, electric lights. TWO STORY BUILDING—Next door to above, 2 small stores and living rooms on second floor. FIRST-CLASS PLUMBING SHOP—Including 25000 stock of tools and fittings, and good will of the Waterworks Co. and business. FIRE-PROOF CELLAR—Opposite Kootenay hotel. FIRST-CLASS TWO STORY BARN—30 x 60. ONE COTTAGE—4 rooms, next door west of conque, \$10 per month. Several other cottages and buildings furnished and un-furnished, or will build to suit tenants. Apply to J. M. HARRIS, Virginia block Sandon, B. C.

CERTIFICATES OF IMPROVEMENTS

NOTICE. Movich Mineral Claim, situated in the Slocan Mining division of West Kootenay district. Where located: On the Movich slide, Carpenter creek.

Take notice that we, James H. Moran, Free Miner's Certificate No. 18901, Charles W. Moran, Free Miner's Certificate No. 18902, and John A. Bloch, Free Miner's Certificate No. 21761 A, 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. Dated this 29th day of March, 1900.

NOTICE. Rollance, 7 onto Annie, Bessie, Anchor, Century, Edison and Elaghar Fraction Mineral Claims situated in the Slocan Mining division of West Kootenay district. Where located: About three-quarters of a mile north of Bear Lake.

Take notice that J. W. S. Drewry, Free Miner's Certificate No. B 1888, intend, sixty days from the date hereof, to apply to the Mining Recorder for Certificates of Improvements for the purpose of obtaining a Crown Grant of each of the above claims. And further take notice that action, under Section 37, must be commenced before the issuance of such Certificate of Improvements. Dated this 11th day of January, 1900.

NOTICE. Estate, Betsy Ross, Lost Tiger and Link Fraction Mineral Claims, situated in the Slocan Mining division of West Kootenay district. Where located: On Silver mountain.

Take notice that J. W. S. Drewry, acting as agent for Herman Clever, Free Miner's Certificate No. B 1878, intend, sixty days from the date hereof, to apply to the Mining Recorder for Certificates of Improvements for the purpose of obtaining a Crown Grant of each of the above claims. And further take notice that action, under Section 37, must be commenced before the issuance of such Certificate of Improvements. Dated this 6th day of March, 1900.

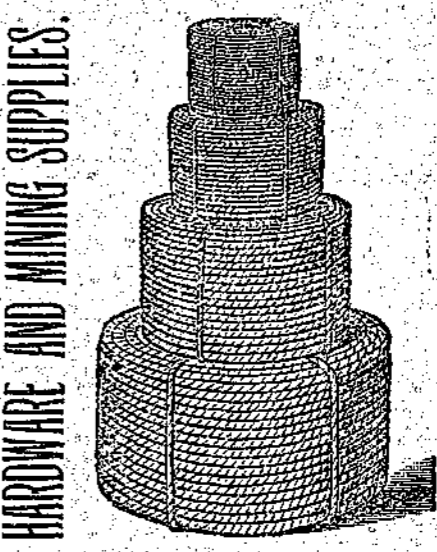
NOTICE. Hoodo Mineral Claim, situated in the Slocan Mining division of West Kootenay district. Where located: On south fork of Carpenter creek.

Take notice that J. H. B. Alexander, for myself and as agent for F. W. Godsal, F. M. L. No. 2478 A, Free Miner's Certificate No. B 2611, intend, sixty days from the date hereof, to apply to the Gold Commissioner 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. Dated this 30th day of March, 1900.

NOTICE. Broken Lick, Fidelity Fractional and Crack Jack Mineral Claims, situated in the Slocan Mining division of West Kootenay district. Where located: About one and one-half miles south of New Denver, adjoining Fidelity.

Take notice that J. W. S. Drewry, acting as agent for the Boston Mines, Ltd., Free Miner's Certificate No. 2653, intend, sixty days from the date hereof, to apply to the Mining Recorder for such Certificate of Improvements for the purpose of obtaining a Crown Grant of each of the above claims. And further take notice that action, under Section 37, must be commenced before the issuance of such Certificate of Improvements. Dated this 12th day of April, A. D. 1900.

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