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The Mining Review.

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THE DIAMOND DRILL.

Advantages of This Process of Proving a Mine.

As to the method of applying the drill in prospecting, let us suppose that we have, what often occurs here, a showing on the surface that seems to some extent promising and yet we are not sure whether there is any extent of vein, or whether it holds out in depth. We want to find out at the least cost of money and in the shortest possible time. In a district or locality where there has been considerable surfacedisturbance, and in a position to be to a certain extent positive of the nature of our deposit, if we sink a shaft to a depth of 100 feet the total cost will be very close on $3,000, and the time consumed will be at least four months. If the shaft is made large enough and properly timbered it will cost more and take longer. If the property turns out good, then the shaft is all right, but if not we are out the $3,000. With the same amount of money ten holes might have been bored with a diamond drill to the same depth at intervals of say 10 feet apart along the strike of the vein, sampled for a length of 100 feet, and the work done in two and a half months. But as the holes are seldom bored in the plane of the vein the machine placed on the vein at a distance of say 100 feet or so to one side and the hole bored at such an angle as to cut the vein at a given depth we have the additional advantage of crosscutting the country for a considerable distance on each side of the vein and encountering any parallel veins which may exist, or finding our own vein should any slip or fault have occurred in it. In addition we have a clean, neat, continuous sample of ore across our vein from wall to wall at the point where it is cut, and also samples of thewall rock, and from these can be learned a great deal of what we may expect to find when mining is begun. If the ground is seamy and the rock is very schistose the core will be broken up into small pieces, and this would indicate that the ground is leaky and that we may have trouble with water in our mine, consequently when buying our first machinery we will provide sufficient boiler capacity and a pump of good size to handle the water. On the other hand the core may come out in long, solid pieces and the hole may hold the water from the drill all the way down, and this will be a very good indication that we will have a dry shaft. I found this to be the case in sinking a shaft to a depth of 150 feet, 80 feet below the level of the lake which was only 100 yards distant, and the shaft was quite dry. Of course it will be remembered these are only indications.

One advantage of the diamond drill is that it does not at one hole show any considerable area of the cross-section of the vein, and this is often urged against its use, as it is said you may hit the vein at a particularly rich spot or at a particularly poor spot, or you may hit it where the vein may have suddenly narrowed in or widened out, and thus get a totally false conception of the value or size of the vein, and that a few feet either way would show quite a different result. This is quite true, but the way to overcome that is to bore a number of holes along the strike of the vein, and in this way a great area of the vein may be sampled very cheaply, and in a short time, or a few holes, may show from the nature of the vein matter that the deposit is of no value and money may be saved by not developing it. In the case of prospecting and locating ore bodies of minerals which do not occur in veins but in irregular massive deposits such as iron and nickel the diamond drill is extensively used; in fact, for the determination and the extent of these particular kinds of mineral bodies they are almost exclusively used in making sections in preference to shaft sinking.

I must say in conclusion that I am of the opinion that a diamond drill skillfully and judiciously used is a splendid scheme for cheaply and quickly prospecting a property, and that the disadvantages are largely outweighed by the advantages.—R. Beacon in Rat Portage Miner.

New Smelters in B. C.

Smelter talk is about the only conversation heard in Greenwood and camps adjacent these days. Well, it ought to be well discussed and understood, as nothing will open up this country so soon nor so satisfactorily nor prove to the outside world the immense values of our ores as will smelter returns. J. P. Graves, whose sayings have been so voluminously quoted throughout the Boundary newspaper field for the past week, is a smelter man of vast experience and wealth, and if one-half of the promises accredited him by the papers be true, a smelter will soon be erected near enough to Greenwood to handle a large portion of the ore from this camp.

As a Boomerang.

In its review of the recent sessions of the British Columbia Legislature the Colonial Goldfield Gazette says:

"We may be wrong in contending that this measure was responsible for the unyielding attitude of the United States Commissioners in regard to the Alaska boundary question, but there can be no denying the fact that the Aliens Act has proved a veritable boomerang. It has inflicted a grevious blow to the trade of Victoria and Vancouver, and has not put a single extra British subject into possession of the placer mines at Atlin and elsewhere. It was a 'dog in the manger' policy, for which the two leading cities of the province are paying a dear price. Its baneful effects may extend beyond the limits of British Columbia, for it is quite possible that in Alaska, which has hitherto been as free to British miners as to American subjects, the United States government may adopt reciprocal measures. It is rumored that Mr. Joe Martin, the B. C. Attorney-General, forced the Aliens Bill through the House with the deliberate object of raising difficulties between the authorities at Ottawa and Washington. Those who happen to know that Mr. Martin, when resident in Manitoba, aspired to the position of Minister of the Interior, now held by Mr. Sifton, are most likely to give credence to this rumor. It is to be hoped, however, that the measure will be repealed at an early date."

Silverton's Sports.

The Celebration Committee held a meeting on Tuesday evening in the Thorburn House. A general prize list was drawn up, the liberality of the citizens enabling them to put up the following splendid prize list: Baseball match, $100; hose reel race, $100; horse race, $125; drilling contest, 150; Caledonian games, $150; lacrosse match, $100.

Compressor for Rambler-Cariboo.

W. H. Adams, manager of the Rambler-Cariboo Consolidated Gold and Silver Mining company, limited, is in the city for the purpose of purchasing a five drill compressor. The present plant consists of a boiler, engine, hoist and three steam drills. There is considerable dead work to do and, therefore, it has been decided to reinforce the plant by the addition of a compressor. Mr. Adams reports that the Rambler-Cariboo's five properties are looking exceedingly well.—Rossland Miner.

A Nelson Miners' Union Organized.

A number of the miners employed in the mines adjacent to Nelson met last week and organized a union. The following officers were chosen: Charles McKay, president; Frank Phillips, vice-president: Ward Kilpatrick, secretary; Thomas Mitchell, treasurer; Lewis Ottoson, warden. An executive committee will be chosen at the next meeting. This action on the part of the miners was not, they say, prompted by outside parties; but it is intended that the Nelson union shall affiliate with the Western Federation of Miners. This move is in the right direction, apart from any bearing it may have on the eight-hour law. If the business men of Nelson have found that they can best protect their interests by organizing a board of trade, the miners can best protect theirs by organizing a union.—Tribune.

TOBACCO HEART.

Mr. W. J. Judson, Curtis St., St. Thomas, Ont., says: "I had trouble with my heart for two years, caused by excessive use of tobacco. I used one box of Milburns' Heart and Nerve Pills and have not suffered from palpitation since."

DEPARTURE OF MR. BARRON.

The School Children's Farewell Social for Their Teacher.

The following relates to Mr. Barron who has been employed as headmaster of the school in this city, and shows he has been a very successful teacher in his late school:

"The pupils of the Senior Division of the Donald school held a farewell gathering on the 3rd inst., at the Forrest house, in honor of their teacher, Mr. T. J. Barron, who expects to leave shortly for the coast. A very enjoyable evening was spent, amid vocal and instrumental music and games of different sorts. Refreshments were distributed, and a little before closing Mr. Barron was presented with a valuable Webster's International Dictionary by his pupils as a token of their esteem. Master Ed. Forrest read an address, expressing their regret at his leaving.

"Mr. Barron replied thanking his pupils for this hearty expression of their esteem, and appreciation of his efforts in their behalf, and assured them that nothing would afford him greater pleasure than to learn of their success in school life and also in that greater sphere when they should be called on to take their places as citizens. He assured them he would never forget their kindness.

"The following is a copy of the address:

Donald, B.C., April 3rd, '99.

Mr. T. J. Barron, B.A.,
Donald, B. C.

DEAR TEACHER,—We the undersigned pupils of Donald Public School, beg to state that it is with sincere regret we learn you are about to leave us, and your post as teacher of the school.

When away from our midst it may afford you pleasure to have our assurance that in your position as teacher you deservedly had the admiration and respect of all for the thorough and efficient manner in which you discharged your duties; the ceaseless efforts you displayed for our comfort and welfare, and the untiring energy you exerted to make our school a good and efficient one.

We feel that we cannot allow you to depart without giving some tangible proof of our gratitude, and would, therefore, beg of you to accept this dictionary as a slight token of our esteem, and we sincerely trust that in future you may find occupation where your many sterling qualities may be appreciated, as they have been by us, and that you may always meet with that happiness and success to which you are unquestionably entitled and richly deserve.

On behalf of the school we remain yours very sincerly,

Olive Daniels,
A. E. S. Forrest,
G. Jordan
Nellie Dunne,
C. Corson,
Katie Atkinson.

Lead Furnace Started Up.

The Hall Mines, Limited, has commenced the smelting of lead ores in the small furnace. The company is mixing the purchased ores with some of the low grade ore from the Silver King mine which was found not to be profitable to treat in the copper furnace. It will probably take a day or so to get the furnace working nicely and a desirable mixture of the ores, when an idea can be formed of the amount of ore which the furnace will treat each day. The Tribune says the company has enough ore on hand to ensure a fairly long run.

Mining at Windemere.

The Joan group consists of 36 claims situated on Skookumchuck creek, four miles from the Kootenay river in South East Kootenay. This group, which was located May 19, 1896, by James R. McLeod, who with Samuel Brewer and Sinclair Craig now own the property. It is a grey copper proposition bearing a well defined ledge, 35 feet wide on the surface, with a paystreak of 10 feet of grey copper ore. Assays taken from this paystreak average from $85 to $105 per ton. About $1,200 has been spent in development work, and the lead is improving with depth. The claims are situated within two miles of the proposed Windermere branch of the C. N. P. railway, and some 70 locations have been recorded in the immediate vicinity, which are in various stages of development. Development work will be resumed shortly by a force of men under the direction of Samuel Brewer, of Fairwood Springs, an old and experienced mining man. The owners are developing the property out of their own resources, and have refused several tempting offers as they have unbounded faith in their property. Regular shipments will be made as soon as railway facilities are offered. From present indications a great deal will be heard from the Skookumchuck camp during the coming season, which bids fair to be a banner year in the history of East Kootenay.

The Equitable group is situated on Boulder creek, and consists of three claims namely, Sinclair Pet, Equitable and Christina. It is a galena and grey copper proposition and has a well defined ledge of eight feet, with a showing of two feet of galena and grey copper. The lead can be traced for 4,500 feet the length of three claims. The ore assays high. This property is owned by James R. McLeod, Sinclair Craig and John Borman. A force of men will shortly be put on under John Borman.

H. F. Collett, representing a Montana syndicate, has purchased the townsite of Windemere, the main supply point of the now famous Windermere mining district, and lots will be on the market at an early date. Santo, the Fort Steele merchant, will open a large general store on or about the 1st of May.

Drowning Accident.

The drowning of F. B. Jeffery and John O. Todd, two young men of New Denver, in Slocan lake last week, is one of the saddest happenings in these parts of late days. They both had been residents of that town for a few years. The had started to go to Ten Mile to locate some claims they had there, in a light canoe. Their claims were in the Slocan City division, and the intention was after locating to proceed to the office and record them and then return. When they should have reached home uneasiness was felt, and Slocan City was wired. The reply came back that they had not reached there. Then the worst was feared and search parties were organized, only to be rewarded with finding the canoe, some clothes and other effects of the missing men. Probably this is all that will ever be heard of their sad end, as the cold waters of that lake seldom gives up its victims. They were both young men well respected, and both had been quite successful in their mining ventures.

The Duncan Mines Operations.

The Duncan Mines has the shaft on the Granite claim down 210 feet, to the third level, and a station is being put in. The ledge continues to hold its own in size and values. The company has two sluice ditches ready on the Red Rock and White Swan, and as soon as water can be secured the work of ground-sluicing these claims will be commenced, in the hope of uncovering a new ledge, which has been opened up on another claim to the south. Trenching will also be done on the Nevada, to the west of the Royal Canadian, and on the Roy to the north. On the Royal Canadian the company has sunk through the eight-foot dyke in the third level and the ledge was encountered below. It is about two feet wide and shows gold in many samples. Between the levels run on the Royal Canadian the company has now a vertical depth of 127 feet.

PERSONAL MENTION.

Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Sudrow leave shortly on a visit to Coast points.

Mr. Fallows remains confined to his rooms, but reports are encouraging.

Mrs. F. J. Donaldson has returned from her extended visit in the coast states.

Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Brandon have returned from their winter's visit to Ontario.

Dr. Young is making arrangements for his removal to Vancouver at an early day.

F. L. Christie has returned from his visit to the coast, but contrary to general prophecy in his absence, alone.

Mr. Sidney Norman, who is interested in the St. Kevern mine here, was married in Spokane on Wednesday to Miss Maria Winston, of that city. The bride was a visitor in our city last summer.

MINES AND MINING.

St. Kevern stock is slowly selling at 3½ cents.

The Mollie Hughes, at New Denver, will soon be opened up again.

Some placer claims have been located a few miles from Greenwood.

On the Fidelity-Bosun prospect a strike has been made which is new to to this locality.

A. W. McCune has purchased the Freddie Lee Fraction and the Little Joint for $5,000 each.

The Noonday at the present time promises big showings, and will soon be listed on the Silverton shippers.

The bond of the Frisco has been thrown up. Dan Dorsey and Pat Mooney failed to strike the ledge in three month's hard work.

The Mountain Chief will again be opened up some time this spring. The property is in splendid shape for a large force of men to work.

John Duffy, this city, is a quarter owner of the Noonday mine, at Silverton, that is turning out so well. The sale from appearances is likely to go through, in which John will get a windfall of $7,500.

W. H. Brandon of the Canadian group says it is his intention to put a large force men on their property as soon as the snow disappears and the trails in a fit condition to allow supplies to be taken up.

The Bank of England Mining company has six men at work drifting 142 feet from the surface. They are all working at the ore. The Two Friends has the same lead which is there six feet wide, high-grade galena, running from 100 to 200 oz. in silver.

It is reported that arrangements have been entered into by the Last Chance and Noble Five companies whereby they have agreed to allow each other the use of their tunnels as soon as they reach the Boundary line of the adjoining property. The Noble Five will accordingly carry on tunnels Numbers 2, 3 and 4, of the Last Chance from the points where they reach the end line of the Last Chance, where the claim abuts the World's Fair. The Last Chance will have the use of the long cross-cut in No. 4 tunnel of the Noble Five where it cuts the vein at a vertical depth of 900 feet. The Last Chance will also have the use of the cross-cut in A tunnel, where it strikes the Little Widow ground at a depth of 600 feet, and will have the use of all intermediate drifts.

Another Mining Company for B. C.

T. G. Elgie, who has just returned from Toronto and Montreal, was successful in floating a development company of $150,000 capitalization. The company is to start work next week on the Pleasures of Hope mineral claim, in the famous Burnt Basin district. This is one of the first staked claims and adjoins the renowned Mother Lode.

Sandon Ore Shipments.

The following is a list of ore shipments over the K. & S. from Sandon for the week ending April 21:

MINE.	TONS.
Payne	200
Last Chance	80
Total	280

Whitewater Ore Shipments.

The following is a statement of ore shipped from this station for the week ending April 21:

Mine.	Tons.
Jackson	15
Whitewater	96
Total	111

DREADFULLY NERVOUS.

GENTS:—I was dreadfully nervous and for relief took your Karl's Clover Root Tea. It quieted my nerves anp strengthened my whole nervous system. I was troubled with constipation, kidney and bowel trouble. Your Tea soon cleansed my system so thoroughly that I rapidly regained health and strength. Mrs. S. A. Sweet, Hartford, Conn. Sold at McQueen's Drug Store.

The Home

SPRING RELISHES.

A salad made of dandelions is much relished during the early spring months, and as they possess medicinal qualities of a high order, we have them frequently. Gather only those which are well blanched at the heart, at least they are to be preferred, trim away the blackened leaves and tops, wash through several waters until thoroughly cleansed, leaving them for a time in fresh cold water until wanted for use. Boil four eggs hard, take one teacup of vinegar, if too sour, weaken, put it in a saucepan with butter size of an egg, one tablespoon, heaping, of sugar, and a half teaspoonful of salt. Let heat, and when you have put the dandelions in a salad dish and sliced the egg over, garnishing the dish nicely, pour the vinegar over all, and serve.

Potato salad may be served in so many different ways that one may have it several days and yet it will be a comparatively new dish each time. Boil potatoes with the skins on; after they are extremely cold slice very thin. Cut pieces of bacon into small dice, fry quite brown, put into the fryings a large teaspoon of flour, stirring quickly to prevent scorching; have a teacup of vinegar, stir it into the spider slowly, add a tablespoonful of sugarm a little made mustard and a pinch of salt; slice one large onion with the potato, very fine. When the vinegar is well heatedl stir over the potato. Have the salad quite moist; if it is not, just add a little vinegar to your spider, heat and pour over again. The addition of hard-boiled eggs is an improvement, though it is excellent without.

Cabbages that have been kept over winter in a barrel buried in the ground are found to be very much more crisp and tender than those kept in a cellar. They are fine for making salad, using one-half celery. Chop both cabbage and celery very fine, tossing it up with a fork to lighten it. Pour over it when ready to serve the following dressing: One-half cup of vinegar, one tablespoonful butter, a pinch of salt and a tablespoonful of sugar; heat all in a granite basin. Beat the yolks of two eggs to a froth, then slowly, a drop at a time, pour the boiling vinegar over the segg, stirring to keep from curding. When cold, turn over the cabbage.

SOME GOOD RECIPES.

Jellied Custard.—One half package of gelatine soaked in water enough to cover it. When dissolved pour one pint of boiling water over it. Add one cupful white sugar and the juice of a lemon and one glassful of sherry. Set aside to stiffen. Make a custard with one pint and a half of milk, yolks of three eggs, one tablespoonful of corn starch, sugar and flavor with vanilla. When the jelly is set, just before using, cut the jelly into squares laying them in layers at intervals in the bottom of the dish. Then pour in some of the cold custard, another layer of jelly and so on until the custard is all used. Beat the whites of the eggs to a stiff froth, adding two or three teaspoonfuls of powdered sugar, and lay on in pieces with jelly between. In making custard stir constantly until it boils.

To Cook Chicken.—One cup rice boiled until soft. Drain and add one tablespoonfull butter, one fourth cup hot milk, one half teaspoonful salt, one fourth teaspoonful pepper. Line greased molds, packing tightly. Cut up sufficient white meat, of a chicken to measure one pint. Prepare a cream sauce of one tablespoonful of butter, one tablespoonful of flour, one half teaspoonful salt, one fourth teaspoonful pepper and a dash of cayenne. Mix with the chicken. Fill the cavity of each mold with the chicken and put on each an upper covering of rice. Poach 20 minutes.

Tomato Soup.—Cook three pounds of lean soup meat with three quarts of water; then add a bunch of soup greens tied up; when meat is cooked and tender take it out and then strain soup; after soup is strained add one and a half cans of tomatoes, thoroughly strained and one tablespoonful of rice; when rice is cooked add two tablespoonfuls of flour mixed with cold water, and let boil two minutes.

Cream for Boiled Fish.—Melt a piece of butter t size of a walnut and to it add a gill of thick, sweet cream. Season with salt and pepper and just before serving stir in a teaspoonful of finely minced parsley. If cream cannot be obtained use more butter and a little flour. Garnish the platter with slices of lemon and springs of parsley

Minced Oysters.—One quart of oysyers chopped, salt and pepper to taste, four eggs, two teaspoonfuls chopped onions, toasted bread crumbs enough to thicken. Put on fire in stewpan, stir until hot through, add a tablespoonful of butter and little mustard if liked. Fill the shells, sprinkle with toasted bread crumbs, bake until brown and serve hot.

Chicken Sandwiches. — Chop cold chicken very fine and soften it to a paste with butter and cream. Season with salt and pepper and spread on thin graham or wheat bread. Mushrooms added to the paste give it a spicy flavor. They should be stewed and chopped fine.

GOOD CAKES.

Delicate Cakes.—Whites 4 eggs, 1 cup sugar, half cup butter, half cup sweet milk, 1 1-2 cups flour, 1 1-2 teaspoons baking powder, flavor to taste.

Orange Cake: Two cups sugar, 2 cups flour, half cup cold water, half teaspoon soda, yolks of five eggs, whites of 4 eggs, the juice and grated rind of one orange and one teaspoon cream tarter. Filling: The white of 1 egg, juice and grated rind of one orange and powdered sugar enough to make stiff enough to spread well.

Quick Jelly Cake: Cut a thick loaf of sponge cake, bought at the baker's horizontally into four parts. Put between alternate layers a generous supply of tart and sweet fruit jelly, such as grape or currant and crabapple. Fit the slices smoothly into place and cover the whole cake with an icing made by whipping stiff the whites of four eggs with enough powdered sugar to make a consistent icing. Place in the oven for five minutes to harden, but not to color, then in a sunny window. Angel cake or plain loaf cake is suitable for this purpose.

Sponge Cake.—Ten eggs, the weight of eggs in fine sugar and half their weight in flour, half the grated peel and all the strained juice of one lemon. Beat the sugar with the whipped yolks, then the lemon juice and peel, next the stiffened whites and finally the flour, folded rather than beaten in.

Election Cake.—At least two days before the cake is used, cream a pound of butter and half a pound of sugar. Mix two and a half pounds of dried and sifted flour very thoroughly with the butter and sugar. Add a yeast cake dissolved in a cup of blood-warm milk; then add the yolks and whites of two eggs well beaten and another cup of milk. Beat the mixture well and let it rise over night. The next morning beat the dough again and add half a pound of sugar. Now let the mixture rise three or four hours, until it is very light. Add a pound of raisins, one quarter of a pound of citron and a nutmeg. Let the batter rise again for an hour and bake it for about an hour and a half in a moderately hot oven. Ice it very thickly. A second recipe has been used for seventy years. Four pounds of flour, three-quarters of a pound of butter, four eggs, one pound of sugar, one pound of raisins if you choose, half a pint of yeast, wet with milk as soft as it can be moulded on a board. Let it rise over night in winter. In warm weather three hours is usually enough for it to rise. A loaf the size of common flour bread should bake three-quarters of an hour.

TAKE CARE OF YOUR FEET.

If the microbes that accumulate on a shoe in its journeyings and develop in its use were visible to the naked eye what a show it would be! The variety and number would make a microscopic menagerie. And yet we wear the same shoes outdoors and indoors, day in and day out, so long as they hold together. The older they are the more we cling to them.

Who would thing of living in a garment to the extent shoes are lived in, and yet what garment is so soiled as shoes?

A good "shine" will keep the outside of shoes looking well. It should be the business of the wearer to see that shoes are frequently exposed to sun and air.

Perfectly clean hosiery should be worn. This can scarcely be changed too often. The ill that flesh is heir to would be mightily lessened if men and women were as careful, as fastidious, about their footwear as they are about their hats or collars. Rheumatism and many other ailments would decrease, if not disappear. Nerves would quickly right themselves and sing happy songs to the senses generally, instead of wailing out tiresome misereres if feet were incased in clean coverings at all times.

Who knows the shape of a perfect foot? It is recorded of an artist that he passed upon 3,000 feet to find a model to work from when he wanted to restore a Venus, yet every girl might have perfect feet if she cared for them properly.

"Costly thy habit as thy purse can buy," applies in clothing the feet as well as the rest of the body.

Buy a shoe snug enough to hold the heel and instep without slipping and long enough to afford spring and play with the rise and fall of the feet in locomotion.

Proper walking should be taught in school, and acquired early in life.

Orientals are more reformed about their shoes than we progressive Westerners are. The Japanese do not wear the same shoes indoors and outdoors. The Mohammedans consider it a defilement to enter the mosque in shoes worn outside. Peasants in France slip their shoes from their feet at the threshold and walk about the rooms en chausettes if an errand takes them inside the house.

It is said that French women are the best shod women in the world. It is good to look upon a genuine bonne—the "good woman of the house"—on whom the general comfort of the house depends. She looks so comfortable! She wears such comfortable clothes, such comfortable shoes. Her steps are as noiseless as if she walked on velvet—and, indeed, her shoes are often of velvet, with felt or leather soles. If she steps outdoors the sabots at the door are slipped into and taken off again on her return.

EMBALMING.

Among the Egyptians embalming ceased about 700 A. D. About 1,200 years before its recent revival in war practice.

Woman as a Detective

A private carriage recently stood before the door of a fashionable shop in New York, the coachman ready and alert, and the footman eyeing the entrance where his mistress might be momentarily expected to appear. Presently the broad glass doors swing outward and a gracious, comely figure steps forth with that ease of bearing which marks the woman of fashion. She is half-way across the pavement, the carriage door is held open for her, and she is about to step in when a woman's hand is laid upon her arm—a small hand in an unobtrusive tan-colored glove touching her velvet sleeve lightly.

"You have goods belonging to the house that you have neglected to pay for. Come back with me a moment," says the woman detective, for such she proves to be. Instantly the luxurious customer has summoned her best browbeating manner to put down interference.

"Do you know who I am?" she said, loftily. "I have an account at this store and am often given first views of their newest importations. This is nonsense!" and she made as though to enter the carriage.

"I must insist that you come back," was the quiet rejoinder, but this time the tan-gloved fingers were laid on the lady's slender wrist with something of warning and authority.

"Well! It's a bother; but certainly I'll go back," said the lady, with abrupt change of mien. "I'm sorry for you that you should make such a mistake. You work here for your living, I suppose, and the house will not be likely to overlook an insult to me."

"Walk ahead of me, please. I don't care to have people notice us," was the professional woman's only reply, and they made their way through the busy store to the private apartment on the second floor, where business of this nature was habitually transacted.

"She declared to the last that she had nothing, that the house would have to pay for my blunder, and that I would rue the day when I selected her for a victim," the detective told the manager afterwards in making her report of this important customer's case. "She was so stiffnecked and persistent, and took so long to weaken, that, if I had not had my eye on her every minute from the instant she took the goods I would almost have believed she had thrown them away and really did not have them on her person. But I stood by my guns and finally convinced her that I had seen her put two lace handkerchiefs in her bodice and tuck the gloves in her muff. We never search any one without their consent, or without witnesses, I told her, and it is the wish of the house that matters of this sort be conducted as secretly as possible—simply give back the goods and you go scot free, on condition that your account here is closed at once and you never enter the door again. Persist in refusing and the courts and publicity will be the result. Then she handed out the stuff, said she wanted the gloves, three pairs, for a present for her maid, who was a great comfort to her, and intended making gifts of the handkerchiefs. She didn't know why she took the things except that it was easy to take them, and that she had taken several articles before—which fact I knew or suspected without being absolutely certain.

"We have papers in that desk there that the parties concerned would give thousands of dollars to get hold of," said the confidential employe of this exclusive shop when asked as to her experiences. "The papers are all dated and classified, and contain the addresses and signed confessions of the shoplifters, whose transactions with this particular house are closed for ever, but who are swimming along in undisturbed serenity, so far as the public is concerned. Because of the social standing of some, the integrity of their relatives, and the money they are supposed to have at command, their slips were as great a surprise to us as they would be to their personal friends were the facts made public. A high-class store had rather lose hundreds of dollars than become associated in the public mind with police-court trials and sensational arrests, and the detective, to serve them efficiently, must not only be cautious and discreet, but must never make an accusation, unless so absolutely sure of her ground, that the goods can be secured quietly on the spot.

"I seldom arrest anybody in the store, but wait until they are clear of the doors, so that if they offer resistance or make a scene, it won't attract attention, and I never bother with any theft whatever that does not amount in value to $3 or $4. It does not pay, and, besides, the person who will take small matters like that and is not interfered with, will be certain to come in another time and take something more valuable. It is the thieves who operate on a large scale that I have especially to watch for. Jewish and Italian women particularly are adepts at the trade, and a number who have become too well known in London or Paris or other foreign centers, come here to pursue the game. These work regularly on commission and some are notoriously successful. I have known them to take whole pieces of silk, worth $5, $8 or $10 a yard, in quantity so heavy that a strong man could scarcely carry it without effort, and yet they would walk along as naturally as possible. Strong, pliant women they are and with wonderful nerve.

"Some of them wear long capes, falling to the hip, and the only way I can tell they are working, is by the movement of their arms which shows from the back. Their outer skirts are made with long slits down either side, which slits are concealed by the gathers, but admit to the pockets in the 'kick' or working skirt worn underneath. Oftentimes this kick is made of the thinnest open-work material so as to secure lightness in weight. It can hold nearly a dozen pieces of silk, and the shoplifter nearly always has a cab in waiting.

"Other professional shoplifters and the ordinary shoppers who steal so frequently that they become adepts, carry off valuables under their arms. By holding the arm in a certain position really important thefts, can be made. Handsome remnants of costly silk; folded pieces of sash ribbon, feathers, handkerchiefs, passementerie; even books and blocks of stationery can be carried off in that way. I have known women to walk out with two sealskin jackets or fur capes under their dress-skirts, which they secured in the fitting-room and many a one has got off with expensive undergarments they have contrived to appropriate, while trying on the different styles, even with the saleswoman right there in attendance. Coolness and assurance are the main essentials for the shoplifter. Some of them, I believe, like the excitement of stealing, just as a gambler likes the excitement of a game of chance.

"Being a detective makes you grow softer-hearted," went on this astute woman, as she straightened out the gloves she had rescued from her carriage customer. "When I first went into the business six years ago I was hard as flint. I had no pity, and thought in every case that thieves just got what they deserved. I know the world better now, and know people's temptations and so am not harsh. The other day I saw a pretty young girl fingering a gold pin, one of several unusually pretty ones stuck in a cushion. She examined it again and again and finally, when she thought no one was looking she slipped it in her muff. She was refined looking, and I was as sorry when she put that pin away as though she were some relative. She moved about examining other things, bought some little knick-knacks or other, and then I saw her watch the chance to put the pin back on the counter. I thought her conscience wouldn't let her keep it, and turned my attention elsewhere, but in a little while I saw the same girl before that cushion of pins again; she looked longingly at the one she had previously selected, stretched out her hand, and was just going to take it when I touched her on the arm. 'My dear you don't want that,' I said and I looked at her for a moment, and then moved away. She followed me, her face crimson, and thanked me effusively. 'I don't know who you are,' she said, 'but you have saved me from becoming a thief. I was crazy for that pin, but had not the money to get it, and I should not have lingered round and looked at it as I did.'

"Children not more than eight or nine years old are among our shoplifters. Some carry off things of their own accord, planning their own mode of doing it, and others are instructed by their mothers before they come, and frequently fix the goods for the mothers to get hold of, doing this while the women engage the clerk in conversation or otherwise divert attention. I saw a woman pinch a child's arm sharply one day when the little one did not take the beaded pocketbook that had been shoved just in front of her. It had probably been a prearranged trick that the child was to take certain things, and when she failed to do this the pinch reminded her. One successful woman-thief comes in here with two beautifully dressed children a girl and a boy, the latter only about four years old. She slides different small articles that she took down the child's back, and was carrying off several remnants of fine embroidery and pieces of nainsook when I stopped her out on the pavement.

"Every detective has to be especially careful about guarding her identity, because once her face and figure become familiar to the clan her usefulness is gone. My name is never called in the store, and if a friend of mine should come and ask for me, they are careful to make sure she is really a friend before she is granted an interview. All sorts of pretexts are resorted to by those who wish to discover the detective's identity. One of a clan of detectives will pretend to have lost her purse, and ask to consult with the detective about it. Another will come with some cock-and-bull story about some relative being ill and having sent for me in a hurry.

"When two women work together they can perplex a detective, and one not long at the business, no matter how clever, would be very likely to fall into their trap. One trick is for a woman to take some article, while ostensibly trying to divert the clerk's attention from her motions, and to do this so clumsily that he takes note of the occurrence and warns the detective. Later, when the counter from which the woman took the goods is crowded she puts the article back. If the detective was not sharp enough to see this; she accuses the woman wrongfully and gets into trouble.

"One day when I was working in a store where arrests were frequent, a woman sent in an urgent request that I would see her upon important business. I found her closely veiled, and, although neatly dressed, I could see enough of her face to feel a sort of horror at its expression. She spoke very well and stated that she had reason to suspect a person living in the same apartment house with her, of having designs on some valuables that she had in her flat. She was anxious to get a woman detective to stay a night or two with her, and offered good pay for the service. She was afraid to stay alone. I not only refused the offer then, but refused on two subsequent occasions to go to this same address on the same errand. Something told me to let the police investigate the matter, and the address proved to be, the rendezvous of a gang of notorious outlaws, river thieves, shoplifters, etc. The plan was never revealed; but there is no telling what would have happened if I had gone there. I was causing the arrest of too many crooked dealers to suit this gang, and so was to pay the penalty."

CLASSICS LOST TO US.

Not One Work of Menander or Varro Remains to the Present Day

What with barbarism, religious intolerence and indifference, little could have remained to us of the literatures of Greece and Rome, but for their almost inexhaustible wealth.

Of Sappho, we possess only an ode or two and quoted fragments. Her works were burned in the eleventh century, by order of the great Hildebrand. Addison says, by way of consolation, that they were "filled with such bewildering tenderness and rapture, it might have been dangerous to give them a reading."

Of 108 comedies of Greek domestic life, the work of Menander, a writer whose field was never occupied by anybody else, and whose purity of style Plutarch declares to have been surpassed by Homer alone, not even what may be called a fragment remains. Stray lines are quoted here and there. Twenty-four of the plays are known to have existed until the seventeenth century, when they were erased from their rolls to make space for the works of an ecclesiastical writer.

Of the 276 dramas of the great Greek tragedians, Aeschylus, Sophocles and Euripides, only thirty-two are possessed by the world to-day.

The brilliant Livy, to whom Macaulay, among moderns, is often likened, wrote 140 volumes, or rolls, of his "Annals" of Rome. Of those only thirty-five remain to us.

Of the thirty historical volumes of Tacitus we have four.

Of Pliny the Elder, the sole great naturalist of the Roman race, but one work has escaped destruction.

Varro, a Latin biographer, placed by common consent beside the otherwise incomparable Plutarch, is totally lost to us.

Of Caesar's orations, for which his contemporary fame was as great as for his generalship or statesmanship not one has been preserved.

WOMEN OF THE COMMISSION.

Whatever may be the outcome of the deliberations of the male members of the Canadian-American Joint High Commission, the social relations of the ladies of the Commission, the wives and daughters on each side, appear to leave nothing to be desired. They have been mutually entertaining each other at Washington, travelling about together, even getting photographed together.

The New York Tribune contains the following about the women of the Canadian side:

Lady Laurier is a charming gentlewoman, of French extraction. She is unassuming in her manner and possesses a cordiality of address which wins friends for her at once. She and Sir Wilfrid have spent most of the thirty-one years of their married life in Quebec. They have no children, and while in Washington were often seen out riding together on their wheels over the city's smooth asphalt pavement.

Lady Davies and Sir Louis are natives of Prince Edward Island. She is a bright and witty conversationalist, and exceedingly proud of her talented husband. The couple have several children, and their eldest daughter has been attending the Emerson School of Oratory, in Boston, for the last two years.

Miss Cartwright is a decided blonde, with the typical English girl's exquisite colouring.

Mrs. Charlton is an American by birth, who spent her girlhood in Portage, N.Y.

On their return from Canada in November, Senator and Mrs. Fairbanks, the former of whom is the junior Senator from Indiana and the chairman of the American branch of the Commission, took Baron Herschell out to their Indianapolis home for a few days. On coming back to Washington they gave two elaborate dinners and a reception in the Commission's honor, and one evening, while the men were at a stag dinner elsewhere, Mrs. Fairbanks entertained the women with an improvised "Ole Virginny" minstrel show in the spacious hallway of their Massachusetts avenue home.

Senator Faulkner, of West Virginia, who ranks second on the Commission and Mrs. Faulkner, were also generous entertainers. They gave a delightful old-time house party at their home in Martinsburg. The Faulkner hospitality is proverbial in their own State.

Mrs. John W. Foster opened her beautiful home repeatedly for the entertainment of the Commission. Mrs. Dingley, the wife of the distinguished representative from Maine, and her accomplished daughter, were untiring in their efforts to add to the pleasure of the visitors.

In return, just before the Commission adjourned for the holidays, its members gave a dinner at the Shoreham, in Washington, to the different hosts and hostesses who had done so much for their enjoyment.

LORD HERSCHELL'S LITTLE JOKE.

Three Dollars Ahead on Account of Guide's Ignorance of Value of an English Sovereign.

Lord Herschell had a fondness for going around and looking at things on his own hook, says the Washington Post. When he first came to Washington he was driven over the city numbers of times and shown the points of interest, but he liked walking better, and he took numerous long prowls about the city quite unaccompanied. On one of these occasions he was accosted in front of the Smithsonian Institution, by a guide. The guide's manner of mixing his negatives probably appealed to the Englishman's fancy, for he consented to be shown through the Smithsonian Institution and the National Museum by the man. A member of the Smithsonian Institution's scientific crops, who was no great distance from the titled Englishman and the guide as they went around among the exhibits in the two buildings, says that it was delicious to observe Lord Herschell's solemn reception of the guide's misinformation. The guide knew absolutely nothing about the exhibits, but the fashion with which he decanted upon them, says the scientist, who overheard him, was gloriously pompous and ridiculous. Lord Herschell listened to the man as if he were "sitting under" some famous lecturer, only occasionally regarding the guide with a sly twinkle in his eye when the wealth of misinformation and tommyrot was flowing particularly free. After an hour or so thus spent the Englishman dismissed the guide and handed him a sovereign from among a number that he fished out of his trousers pocket. The guide looked at the coin suspiciously, sized up both sides of it and then handed it back to Lord Herschell.

"That's dago money, ain't it, sir?" he asked the member of the Joint High Commission.

"Why, no," replied Lord Herschell. "That's an English sovereign — the equivalent of about $5 in American money."

"That so?" said the guide. "Well, it don't look exactly right to me, sir, and I'd rather have the American stuff if you've got it handy."

Lord Herschell then pulled out his wallet, took a new $2 bill therefrom, handed it to the guide and went his way with a smile.

ISN'T THIS PROOF

Clear and Convincing that Dodd's Kidney Pills Cure Diabetes.

Engineer James Graham's Case Was Pronounced Incurable by a Leading Montreal Physician—Yet Dodd's Kidney Pills Cured It.

Montreal, P. Q., April 3.—Thick and fast come the most convincing proofs of the really marvelous cures of Kidney Diseases, in this city, by Dodd's Kidney Pills. Not a day passes on which we cannot read reports of several cures—at home, right here in Montreal, at our own doors.

In the face of this vast mass of proof, we must believe what such an enormous number of our fellow-citizens write of the subject, viz.: That there is no other medicine known to science, that can at all equal Dodd's Kidney Pills, as a cure for Kidney Diseases of all types.

Many hundreds of Montreal people have been cured of Diabetes by Dodd's Kidney Pills, but there are in the city, still, hundreds of other sufferers who do not know that by using this famous remedy, they can be cured, positively cured, for all time and at almost no expense.

That such is the case, let the experience of Engineer James Graham, of No. 50 Victoria Square, prove.

Mr. Graham had Diabetes for six years. One of the most eminent of Montreal's physicians examined him, and informed him that his case was beyond all aid—incurable.

No wonder the sufferer grew despondent. But one day he read of a wonderful cure of Diabetes, effected by Dodd's Kidney Pills. He at once bought a box and began to use them. They caused marked improvement, and he used two boxes more. Now he is as healthy as he ever was, robust and hearty.

Isn't this proof enough that Dodd's Kidney Pills will cure Diabetes?

It ought to be, surely!

MIKADO'S FAD.

The favorite sport of the Mikado is, like that of most of the Indian Princes, horse racing, but he allows no betting, and the price of admission to the races is placed so high that only the upper classes can attend. The Mikado's stables accommodate about 3,000 animals.

SWELL THIEVES.

A Princess, a Countess, a Duchess, and the daughter of a reigning Prince were among the 4,000 thieves, professional and unprofessional, who were arrested in Paris during last year.

An Easter Greeting.

For those who have thought that catarrh is uncurable and to whom the constant use of snuffs and ointments was almost unbearable, Catarrhozone comes as a sure and delightful cure. No need for fetid breath, broken voice, and dropping in the throat. Send for Catarrhozone and be convinced. Outfit, $1.00. Sample bottle and inhaler, 10 cents.

N. C. POLSON & CO.
Kingston, Ont.

"Every Well Man Hath His Ill Day."

A doctor's examination might show that kidneys, liver and stomach are normal, but the doctor cannot analyze the blood upon which these organs depend

Hood's Sarsaparilla purifies, vitalizes and enriches the blood. It cures you when "a bit off" or when seriously afflicted. *It never disappoints.*

Dyspepsia—"My husband had dyspepsia and Hood's Sarsaparilla cured him. Our little boy was nervous and the baby had ulcerous sores. It cured both." MRS. EMMA BEBE, Portage, Pa.

Indigestion—"I could not eat for some months on account of distress and indigestion. Hood's Sarsaparilla cured me so that I can eat and sleep well." MRS. G. A. GUNTZ, Taylor and Walnut Sts., Wilmington, Del.

Hood's Sarsaparilla
Never Disappoints

Hood's Pills cure liver ills; the non-irritating and only cathartic to take with Hood's Sarsaparilla.

CRIME IN ENGLAND.

The British Home Office report for 1897, shows that while serious crimes tend to diminish in England, there is a great increase of minor offenses. By far the larger number of criminals convicted during the year have been convicted before—a fact that led the Home Office to conclude "that neither penal servitude nor imprisonment serves to deter the habitual offender from reverting to crime, and it is the habitual offender who forms the bulk of the prison population."

HARD GRAIN.

Silicon is generally spoken of as the element of sand, and little thought of its value in grain growing enters into our usual calculations, yet in conjunction with the potash the acid of silica or silicic acid, forms an important part of the grain, and through it we get the hardening. When we consider that the amount of silicia required to harden grain and give straw stamina is nearly equal to the total aggregation of nitrogen, phosphoric acid and potash, over 90 per cent. and stamina is nearly equal to the total mineral matter of the crop, it assumes some importance—in the light of our softening grains and softer straw.

The fact that there is lots of it in the soil, does not meet the case, as like the other essential inorganic elements it is usually locked up so hard that our plants cannot assimilate it; consequently the valuable Thomas-Phosphate Powder with its available silica comes to our aid, and along with it phosphate of lime, phosphate of magnesia and phosphate of iron. This, and the fact that grains, particularly wheat, take their phosphates largely as phosphate of magnesia, partly accounts for the hardness and quality as well as the great yields of wheat, 77 bushels per acre, obtained from the use of Thomas-Phosphate, as well as the stiff straw of the crops.

NOT VERY MUCH.

Miss Oldgirl—Do you think Mr. Snifkins is sincere when he writes that he loves me more than tongue can tell?

Miss Peachblow—I dare say. He's tongue-tied, you know.

Silica Poultry Grit is the best digester in the market LAURENTIAN SAND & GRAVEL Co., Montreal.

SAME THING.

Mrs. Hyde Park—Have you fed the chickens, to-day?

Mr. Hyde Park—Not exactly! I planted some flower seed, though.

La Toscana, 10c. RELIANCE CIGAR FACTORY, Montreal.

ENCOURAGEMENT.

The Timid Lover—You know the old adage, Faint heart never won fair lady.

Miss Second Season—But I'm a brunette, you know.

Iowa Farms for Sale, $2 per acre cash, Balance ⅓ crop until paid. J. Mulhall, Sioux City, Ia.

SHOWING CREDENTIALS.

Mr. Perkins is a good business man, isn't he, daughter?

I think so, mamma; 10 minutes after he was presented to me he told me he was a widower.

TO CURE A COLD IN ONE DAY
Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. All Druggists refund the money if it fails to cure. 25c.

WORTH WHAT THEY BRING.

The Office Boy, who is reading law—A quibble is an objection that isn't worth anything, isn't it, Mr. Briefly?

The Lawyer—Not at all, James! I have known quibbles that were worth from $10 up.

AN OFF-HAND GUESS.

Uncle Aleck, what is a piano-recital?

Well—one woman pounds the piano and all the rest talk.

For Over Fifty Years
MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP has been used by mothers for their children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhœa. 25c. a bottle. Sold by all druggists throughout the world. Be sure and ask for "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup."

PAPA'S OPINION.

Mamma—The folks next door complain that our boys have been making more noise than usual.

Papa—It isn't possible.

THOMAS PHOSPHATE POWDER

TOO MUCH FOR HIM.

No, I couldn't bring myself to believe that the spirit forms of the dead come back to us.

Why not?

I know too many bill collectors on the other side.

How's This?

We offer One Hundred Dollars Reward for any case of Catarrh that can not be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure.

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

We the undersigned, have known F. J. Cheney for the last 15 years, and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions and financially able to carry out any obligations made by their firm.

WEST & TRUAX, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O.
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Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Price 75c. per bottle. Sold by all Druggists. Testimonials free.

Hall's Family Pills are the best.

PLAYED INSANE, WENT INSANE.

An English burglar who shammed insanity in order to escape trial, after keeping up the pretense for six months has become really mad.

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CALVERT'S

Carbolic Disinfectants, Soaps, Ointment, Tooth Powders, etc., have been awarded 100 medals and diplomas for superior excellence. Their regular use prevents infectious diseases. Ask your dealer to obtain a supply. Lists mailed free on application.

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ONE NIGHT Corn Cure. Ask your druggist for it. Price 10c

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Stammerers Especially those who have failed to be cured elsewhere, write to Dr. Arnott, Berlin who will convince you he can cure you

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Stammerers—My school in Toronto will be closed during my trip west. My book will soon be complete, it will give you full instructions. Price will be $5. W. E. Bate, 392 College st., Toronto

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The Conboy Roller Tops are as near perfect as skilled workmen can make them.

When you order your Buggy, stipulate with your carriage builder that it is to have a genuine Conboy Roller Top, as imitations are never as good.

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THE TORONTO RUBBER CO. Limited TORONTO
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We give this fine 4-Blade Pearl Handle KNIFE for selling 12 of our Bright Light Chemical LAMP WICKS at 5 cents each.
Simply send your address and we will forward wicks post-paid. When sold, send the 60 cents and we will send knife, with all charges paid.
Address,
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FREE! This lovely little Lady's Watch, with guard or chatelaine for selling 3 doz. of our full-sized Linen Doylies at 10c. each; Lady's Sterling Silver Watch for selling 5 doz. Doylies in latest and prettiest design. They sell at sight. Write and we send them postpaid. Sell them, return our money and we promptly forward your watch free. Unsold doylies returnable. LINEN DOYLY CO., Dept., 'Z,' Toronto.

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Send name and address and we will send 2 doz. pkg. special Sweet Pea Seeds, to sell at 10c. per package. Return us the money and we will send you boys' or girls' Stem-wind Watch, guaranteed timekeeper, with chain, FREE.
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HEALTH RESTORED without medicine or expense to the most disordered Stomach, Lungs, Nerves, Liver, Blood, Bladder, Kidneys, Brain and Breath by
Du Barry's Revalenta Arabica Food,
which Saves Invalids and Children, and also Rears successfully Infants whose Ailments and Debility have resisted all other treatments. It digests when all other Food is rejected, saves 50 times its cost in medicine.
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A few years ago Blue Ribbon Ceylon Tea was unknown, today it is a household word. Why?

The Mining Review

SATURDAY.....APRIL 22, 1899

BETTER GET TO WORK, BOYS.

Victoria, April 15.—Minister of mines Hume told your representative to-day that it was very probable that the eight-hour law would never be enforced and before being put in operation one month's notice will be given mine owners. Premier Semlin said the government will go slow in the matter.

The foregoing from the Nelson Tribune, the mouth piece of the Hon. J. Fred Hume, is likely to be correct; and does it not place the government in a humiliating corner. Without the slightest reference to it in the Minister's addresses to the people last election, without an intimation of it in the speech from the throne, in the last hours of the session, and when not more than half the members were present, the government smuggled through one of most important measures, because of its consequences, ever introduced in a provincial legislature, and now they lack the courage to enforce it. After setting the mine owners and the men at each others throats they shrink into an egg shell, and label the opening "Rooms to let." Serious consequences have already occurred from this enactment, but what care the government?

There is no concealing the fact that the mining laws of this country are very unsatisfactory, and still the legislature, many of whose number know nothing of what the country requires and care less, will persist in tinkering with them from their own stand points. As has been frequently pointed out in these columns, no one but those who are actually "in the business" can make proper mininglaws for this or any other country. If the government would select a committee of say 45—15 practical miners, 15 owners and as many more capitalists and business men empowered to draw up permanent laws and regulations, we would have something that would give the country satisfaction. Amendments by non-practical and non-interested men can never fill the bill.

As all our readers are aware, The Review has time and again said that eight hours is a long enough day for most people to work in a tunnel; but when it comes to reducing miners and owners to the rank of infants or Indians, who are unable to take care of themselves, and do not know what is best for them, by legislation, it is time for reasonable people to enquire "where are we at." It would have been an acceptable measure for the government to have made eight hours a standard day, allowing owners and miners to agree among themselves after, as to duration of service in mines without penalties. In time things would work around to the general adoption of the standard day—eight hours—when conditions were accommodated to the change, and overtime would be adopted only where it suited the interests of capital and labor jointly to adopt it. An Indian or an infant may not know what surroundings are conducive to health in a mine, and it might be necessary for a government to employ protection; but surely experienced miners need not be surrounded with protecting penalties—they need not be told that more than eight hours is injurious to health and that legal penalties are requisite to guide them. In all mining countries sentiment is drifting to the shorter day's labor, but it has remained for the B. C. government to adopt penalties for non-observance—no matter how much they were opposed to surrounding interests; and then like snails crawl into shells when asked to worship idols of their own creation. We repeat it the spectacle is most humiliating. It will lead to the adoption of eight hours in some localities and ten in others, producing confusion confounded, and a laughing stock for civilization.

THE PARTY OUTLOOK.

The politics of this province are badly mixed, and if the report that Sir Charles Hibbert Tupper is going to enter the local arena, turns out to be a fact, they will be mixed worse. At present Cotton and Martin are the leading spirits of the Local government—Cotton a pronounced Tory and Martin a pronounced Grit. These positions may again be qualified by the fact that the Conservative party of the province are not unitedly satisfied with Cotton's fidelity to Martin, who is known to be the dominant spirit of the cabinet. On the other hand the Liberal party are not behind Martin unitedly, nor would it be if a contest in the province was run on party lines with Martin as Liberal leader, as it is well known that Martin has his knife in the Liberal party at Ottawa for giving the Department of the Interior to Sifton, which was in all fairness rightfully his.

If Tupper enters the Provincial House it will be as leader of the Conservative party; and he will speedily be at the head of the Conservative members of the House on party lines. Cotton will hardly withdraw from the government and co-operate with Tupper, as he will consider the latter a usurper. On the other hand if he remains with Martin & Co. until the close of the present parliament, he could then hardly join the Conservative ranks, as he would have to repudiate his acts of the previous years, and remain with Martin on party lines, he hardly would.

On the other hand again, it is a question, whether or not, the Liberals of the province would be satisfied with Martin's leadership, in view of his hostility to the Federal government. It is just a question then if party lines are drawn, as they are most certain to be, if there will not be three or four parties in the House, each struggling for supremacy.

The penalties, the main objection by miners and property holders, are the result of speed. Martin wanted to have it said that he put through more Bills in a session than any other "statesman (?)", save the mark, in Canada, and this is the result. The objectionable penalties were in the old Act, that of 1897, and were intended to apply to cases where owners left their works in a dangerous condition threatening the lives and limbs of employes; and as these penalties were neither removed nor modified to meet the necessities of the case, they became applicable to the violation of the eight hour clause as well. Of course no sane man would pass a Bill in this form, but as every thing was haste to pass 101 Bills and close the session up every representative overlooked the damaging feature of the new law. One short clause, setting forth the penalties were only applicable, as at first designed, to affect carelessness on the part of owners leaving man traps for workmen, would have fully met the case. No one objects to eight hours as a statutory day, if there were not penalties where owners and men mutually agree on other terms.

There are three conditions:
When the blood is poor;
When more flesh is needed;
When there is weakness of the throat or lungs.
There is one cure: that is Scott's Emulsion.
It contains the best cod-liver oil emulsified, or digested, and combined with the hypophosphites and glycerine. It promises more prompt relief and more lasting benefit in these cases than can be obtained from the use of any other remedy.
50c. and $1.00, all druggists.
SCOTT & BOWNE, Chemists, Toronto.

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The undersigned having been restored to health by simple means, after suffering for several years with a severe lung affection, and that dread disease, Consumption, is anxious to make known to his fellow sufferers the means of cure. To those who desire it, he will cheerfully send (free of charge) a copy of the prescription used, which they will find a sure cure for Consumption, Asthma, Catarrh, Bronchitis and all throat and lung maladies. He hopes all sufferers will try his remedy, as it is invaluable. Those desiring the prescription, which will cost them nothing, and may prove a blessing, will please address,
REV. EDWARD A. WILSON,
1 yr. Brooklyn, New York.

TO CURE COLD IN ONE DAY.

Take LaxativeBromo Quinine Tablets. All druggists refund the money if it fails to cure. 25 cents.

ANIMALS AS MODELS.

Some of the Experiences of an Artist In Sketching From Life.

"Leaves From the Sketchbook of an 'Animal Artist'" is an article by Meredith Nugent in St. Nicholas. Mr. Nugent says:

There was an elephant in the Jardin des Plantes that would not pose unless he were paid for it, and paid in advance. Then he took payment in buns and pie, but if these were not forthcoming he would deliberately walk to the farther end of the inclosure and turn his back. The only way to get a drawing of this big fellow was to engage some one to feed him meanwhile.

In the same gardens I saw an unusually interesting sight one morning. A little sun bear with a large marrow bone in his shaggy paws was resorting to all sorts of bear devices to get the sweet marrow. Suddenly he lay down on his back, placed one end of the bone in his jaws and with his hind paws tipped the other end of the bone so high up that the choice morsel slipped into his mouth. If the animal could only have understood the shouts of approval that greeted this performance, I think it would have turned his head.

As a rule, I find the models very good natured. True, they keep a sharp eye on me for the first few days, but after that are generally quite friendly. Of course there are some parts of the business they do not like. The oriole never was happy when I held him in my hand for close inspection, but a beautiful cat which rebelled when I first placed her in a birdcage, to keep her in front of me, grew so fond of being there that after I finished my drawings she cried and cried to be put back into the cage.

Intense curiosity is the great characteristic of animals when in the studio. They are as much interested in you and the surroundings as you are in them. This is especially the case with birds. Leave the studio but a few minutes, and these two legged fellows are hopping into everything. Of course they inspect the paper on which you have been drawing, and the paints, and the brushes and occasionally vary these proceedings by taking a bath in the water bowl.

She Believed In Presents.

An old woman in Orkney was noted for selling whisky on the sly. Her house was a few miles from the town, and the excise officers had often tried, but in vain, to get her convicted. A young officer was appointed to the place, who said, on being told about her, that he would soon secure her conviction. Early one morning he left home and arrived at the old woman's house at seven o'clock. Walking in, he saw no one. Noticing a bell on the table, he rang it. The old woman appeared, and he asked for a glass of milk. After a little he rang again, and the old woman appeared. He asked if she had any whisky. "Aye, sir," she said, "we aye have some in the bottle," setting it down before him. Then, thanking her, he laid down a sovereign, which she took and walked out. After helping himself he rang and asked for the change. "Change, sir," said the old woman; "there's nae change. We hae nae license. Fat we gie we gie in presents; fat we tak we tak in presents. So good day, sir." The excise man left the house a sadder but wiser personage.—Strand Magazine.

Lincoln's Kindness to Birds.

The following incident is related by one who knew Lincoln and who at the time of the incident was his fellow traveler:

"We passed through a thicket of wild plum and crabapple trees and stopped to water our horses. One of the party came up alone and we inquired, 'Where is Lincoln?'

"'Oh,' he replied, 'when I saw him last he had caught two young birds which the wind had blown out of their nest, and he was hunting for the nest, that he might put them back in it.'"—Woman's Journal.

An Easy One.

Another problem has been handed in for mathematicians to struggle with. No answers are wanted in this office. We have problems of our own. Tell the answer to the policeman. "A man owed $1 and had but 75 cents. He went to the pawnshop and pawned the 75 cents for 50 cents. He met a friend and sold him the pawn ticket calling for 75 cents for 50 cents. He thus had two 50 cent pieces—$1, in fact—with which he paid his debt. Was anybody out, and how much?"—Minneapolis Journal.

The smallest horse in the world is a Shetland pony owned by the Marchese Carcano, in Milan. It is 24 inches high, and when standing beside its owner the pony's back is only an inch above his knee.

Packages weighing up to 22 pounds and measuring not more than five feet cube are now transported by the French postoffice for 37 cents to any part of France.

The largest telegraph office in the world is the general postoffice building, London, over 8,000 operators being employed.

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"Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry cured my child of a severe attack of diarrhœa, and I highly recommend it to mothers as the best medicine for bowel complaints of children." Mrs. O'Flynn, North Valley, Ont.

Take B.B.B. This Spring.

'Twill purify the system—Give you strength and energy.

Very few people escape the enervating influence of spring weather.

There is a dullness, drowsiness and inaptitude for work on account of the whole system being clogged up with impurities accumulated during the winter months.

The liver is sluggish, the bowels inclined to be constipated, the blood impure, and the entire organism is in need of a thorough cleansing.

Of all "Spring Medicines," Burdock Blood Bitters is the best.

It stimulates the sluggish liver to activity, improves the appetite, acts on the bowels and kidneys, purifies and enriches the blood, removes all poisonous products, and imparts new life and vigor to those who are weak and debilitated.

7 Big Boils. Mr. Wm. J. Hepburn writes from Centralia, Ont.: "I can sincerely say that Burdock Blood Bitters is the best spring medicine on the market. Last spring my blood got out of order, and I had seven or eight good sized boils come out on my body, and the one on my leg was much larger than an egg. I got a bottle of Burdock Blood Bitters, and inside of six days, when only half the bottle was taken, there wasn't a boil to be seen. I have recommended B.B.B. to different people in our village, and all derived benefit from it. I wish B.B.B. every success, as it is indeed a great medicine for the blood."

B.B.B. is a highly concentrated vegetable compound—teaspoonful doses—add water yourself.

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Lambert's Syrup
Douglas Pine
Will cure your cold when all others fail. Try it and prove it. Sold by all druggists.
Price 25c a bottle.

Business Announcement.
Having opened business in the premises opposite the Clifton house, I am prepared to do all kinds of Boot and Shoe Making and Repairing in the latest and neatest style.
A trial order solicited. Satisfaction guaranteed.
NO ORDER TOO SMALL
AND NONE TOO LARGE.
LOUIS, THE SHOEMAKER.
Louis Hupperten.

Groft's Blend—the best Scotch Whiskey in Canada at the Clifton.
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READABLE PARAGRAPHS

From the Mining and Scientific Press.

While rich deposits attract the most attention, it is the low-grade ore that ordinarily pays the best if in sufficient quantity to justify its treatment on a large scale—quantity, not quality, being the main requisite and the surest proposition.

A rule for finding the required length of belts is as follows: Add together the diameter of the two pulleys, multiply by 3¼ and divide the product by 2; add to this twice the distance between the centre of the shafts and the product will equal the length of the belt required. The horse power of a belt may be found by multiplying its velocity in feet per minute by its width in inches and dividing by 1000.

To find the approximate weight of a conical pile of quartz, measure the diameter of the base in feet, square this diameter and multiply by .7854. This will give the area. Multiply this sum by one third the vertical height of the cone-shaped pile and divide by 20. This will give the number of tons in the pile. Example: A pile of ore is 12 feet wide and 4 feet high, piled in circular form; 12x12=144. This multiplied by .7854 equals 113.09x1⅓ feet (one-third the height) equals 154.4 cubicfeet. This divided by 20 (the number of feet in one ton) gives 7.52 tons.

In a recent lecture at the Royal Institute, Sir Robert Ball, the eminent astronomer, stated that we know now the existence of 30,000,000 of stars or suns, many of them much more magnificent than the one which gives light to our system. The majority of them are not visible to the eye or even recognizable by the telescope, but sensitized photographic plates have revealed their existence beyond all doubt or question, though most of them are inconceivably distant, thousands or tens of thousands of times as far off as our sun. A telegraphic message, for example, which would reach the sun in eight minutes, would not reach some of these stars in 1800 years. An average of only ten planets to each sun indicates the existence within the norrow range to which human observation is still confined of, at least, 30,000, of separate worlds, many of them doubtless of gigantic size, and it is nearly inconceivable that those worlds can be wholly devoid of living and sentient beings upon them, probably mortal in our sense, illustrating the insignificance of mankind.

Big Fire in London.

London, April 17.—The metropolis narrowly escaped a calamity to-day, which promised to rival the Windsor hotel fire in New York. Hyde Park, Court Albert Gate, one of the finest and most fashionable blocks of residential flats overlooking the famous Rotten Row, caught fire at half-past nine this morning. The building, which is eleven stories high, was built by the notorious Jabez Spencer Balfour. The fire broke out in the lower part of the building and spread up the elevator shaft with great rapidity. The flames enveloped the upper stories before the occupants were aware of their danger. Then the alarm was raised and the affrighted servants dropped from the top windows to the verandahs on the ninth floor. The defective arrangements of the London firebrigade were again demonstrated, as the fire escapes were too short to reach the people in the upper stories, who escaped with greatest difficulty. The flames were not under control until one o'clock, when the upper part of the structure was gutted. It is considered lucky that the fire occurred in daylight, otherwise it would have resulted in a great loss of life. All the floors were supposed to be fire-proof.

Shot by a Siwash.

Kamloops, April 15.—This evening Philip Walker was shot by Sol Casimer, a Siwash, at his own door. Walker lived 40 minutes after the shoting. The murder was evidently premeditated, and was the result of an old feud. Casimer escaped to the Indian reservation. A large posse is in pursuit.

Safe-Cracking in Montreal.

Montreal, April 17.—Burglars blew open the safe in Man's drug store on St. Antoine street this morning. The explosions shook the whole building. The Oxford restaurant, on University street, was also robbed, the safe being blown open and $1,000 stolen.

CHURCH NOTES.

METHODIST, Rev. A. M. Sanford, A.B., pastor.—Regular services will be held to-morrow at 11 a. m. and 7.30 p. m.

ANGLICAN—Rev. Beers will conduct Episcopal service in the Virginia hall, to-morrow at 11 a.m.

PRESBYTERIAN.—Rev. J. Clelland will preach as usual in the Virginia hall, to-morrow at and 7:30 p. m.

Union Sabbath School in the Methodist church at 12:15 p.m., after close of morning services. Everybody welcome.

Love is crowned triumphant only in the home where a baby completes the tie of matrimony. A childless marriage cannot be a happy one. It takes the final tie of a baby to bind two souls together in marriage for better or for worse. Without this final tie a wedded couple lack the indissoluble interest that makes daily self-sacrifice not only a possibility, but a pleasure.

There are to-day thousands of homes all over the country that were once childless and unhappy, but that to-day echo with the laughter of happy babyhood, as a result of a marvelous medicine, known as Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. This is the greatest of all medicines for women who sufferer from weakness and disease of the delicate and important organs that bear the burdens of maternity. It makes them healthy, strong, vigorous and elastic. It makes them pure and virile. It allays inflammation, heals ulceration, soothes pain and tones and builds up the shattered nerves. It banishes the discomforts of the expectant period, and makes baby's coming easy and almost painless. It insures the little new-comer's health, and a bountiful supply of nourishment. It transforms weak, sickly, nervous invalids into happy, healthy mothers. An honest dealer will not urge an inferior substitute upon you.

"I am now a happy mother of a fine healthy baby girl," writes Mrs. F. B. Cannings, of No. 4320 Humphrey Street, St. Louis, Mo. "Feel that your 'Favorite Prescription' has done me more good than anything I have ever taken. Three months previous to my confinement I began using it. I was only in labor forty-five minutes. With my first baby I suffered 18 hours then had to lose him. He was very delicate and only lived 12 hours. For two years I suffered untold agony and had two miscarriages. The 'Favorite Prescription' saved both my child and myself."

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Always ask for D-O-A-N-'S Kidney Pills—the pills that quickly and thoroughly cure all kinds of Kidney ills after other remedies fail.

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Mrs. Geo. Small, Sligo Road, Mount Forest, after giving these pills a thorough trial, thus expresses herself:—"Laxa-Liver Pills are the best remedy I ever took for biliousness; and as a general family cathartic, they are far superior to anything in the market for that purpose."

Laxa-Liver Pills are mild in action, harmless in effect, and do not weaken the system.

They act promptly on the Liver, tone up the digestive organs, remove unhealthy accumulations and cut short the progress of disease. Price 25c.

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" 10.12	"	McGuigan	" 1.45	"
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Arrive 10.40	"	Sandon	Leave 1.15	"

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Leave 11.00	a.m.	Sandon	Arrive 11.40	a.m.
" 11.15	"	Cody	11.25	"

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IT WILL OUT—

OR,

A GREAT MYSTERY.

CHAPTER V.—Continued.

For some months Jefferson Hope lingered among the mountains, leading a strange, wild life, and nursing in his heart the fierce desire for vengeance which possessed him. Tales were told in the city of the weird figure which was seen prowling about the suburbs, and which haunted the lonely mountain gorges. Once a bullet whistled through Stangerson's window and flattened itself upon the wall within a foot of him. On another occasion, as Drebber passed under a cliff, a great bowlder crashed down on him, and he only escaped a terrible death by throwing himself upon his face. The two young Mormons were not long in discovering the reason of these attempts upon their lives, and led repeated expeditions into the mountains in the hope of capturing or killing their enemy, but always without success. Then they adopted the precaution of never going out alone or after nightfall, and of having their houses guarded. After a time they were able to relax these measures, for nothing was either seen or heard of their opponent, and they hoped that time had cooled his vindictiveness.

Far from doing so, it had, if anything, augmented it. The hunter's mind was of a hard, unyielding nature, and the predominant idea of revenge had taken such complete possession of it that there was no room for any other emotion. He was, however, above all things practical. He soon realized that even his iron constitution could not stand the incessant strain which he was putting upon it. Exposure and want of wholesome food were wearing him out. If he died like a dog among the mountains, what was to become of his revenge then? And yet such a death was sure to overtake him if he persisted. He felt that that was to play his enemy's game, so he reluctantly returned to the old Nevada mines, there to recruit his health and to amass money enough to allow him to pursue his object without privation.

His intention had been to be absent a year at the most, but a combination of unforeseen circumstances prevented his leaving the mines for nearly five. At the end of that time, however, his memory of his wrongs and his cravings for revenge were quite as keen as on that memorable night when he had stood by John Ferrier's grave. Disguised and under an assumed name, he returned to Salt Lake City, careless what became of his own life, as long as he obtained what he knew to be justice. There he found evil tidings awaiting him. There had been a schism among the Chosen People a few months before, some of the younger members of the Church having rebelled against the authority of the elders, and the result had been the secession of a certain number of the malcontents, who had left Utah and become Gentiles. Among those had been Drebber and Stangerson; and no one knew whither they had gone. Rumor reported that Drebber had managed to convert a large part of his property into money, and that he had departed a wealthy man, while his companion, Stangerson, was comparatively poor. There was no clue at all however, as to their whereabouts.

Many a man, however vindictive, would have abandoned all thought of revenge in the face of such a difficulty, but Jefferson Hope never faltered for a moment. With the small competence he possessed, eked out by such employment as he could pick up, he traveled from town to town through the United States in quest of his enemies. Year passed into year, his black hair turned grizzled, but still he wandered on, a human blood-hound, with his mind wholly set upon the one object upon which he had devoted his life. At last his perseverance was rewarded. It was but a glance of a face in a window, but that one glance told him that Cleveland, in Ohio, possessed the men whom he was in pursuit of. He returned to his miserable lodgings with his plan of vengeance all arranged. It chanced, however, that Drebber, looking from his window, had recognized the vagrant in the street, and had read murder in his eyes. He hurried before a justice of the peace, accompanied by Stangerson, who had become his private secretary, and represented to him that they were in danger of their lives from the jealousy and hatred of an old rival.

That evening Jefferson Hope was taken into custody, and not being able to find sureties, was detained for some weeks. When at last he was liberated, it was only to find that Drebber's house was deserted and that he and his secretary had departed for Europe

Again the avenger had been foiled, and again his concentrated hatred urged him to continue the pursuit. Funds were wanting, however, and for some time he had to return to work, saving every dollar for his approaching journey. At last, having collected enough to keep life in him, he departed for Europe, and tracked his enemies from city to city, working his way in any menial capacity, but never overtaking the fugitives. When he reached St. Petersburg they had departed for Paris; and when he followed them there he learned that they had just set off for Copenhagen. At the Danish capital he was again a few days late, for they had journed on to London, where he at last succeeded in running them to earth. As to what occurred there, we cannot do better than quote the old hunter's own account, as duly recorded in Dr. Watson's journal, to which we are already under such obligations.

CHAPTER VI.

Our prisoner's resistance did not apparently indicate any ferocity in his disposition toward ourselves, for on finding himself powerless he smiled in an affable menner, and expressed his hopes that he had not hurt any of us in the scuffle.

"I guess you're going to take me to the police-station," he remarked to Sherlock Holmes. "My cab's at the door. If you'll loose my legs I'll walk down to it. I'm not so light to lift as I used to be."

Gregson and Lestrade exchanged glances as they thought this proposition rather a bold one; but Holmes at once took the prisoner at his word, and loosened the towel which he had bound round his ankles. He rose and stretched his legs, as though to assure himself that they were free once more. I remember that I thought to myself, as I eyed him, that I had seldom seen a more powerfully built man; and his dark, sunburned face bore an expression of determination and energy which was as formidable as his personal strength.

"If there's a vacant place for a chief of the police, I reckon you are the man for it," he said, gazing with undisguised admiration at my fellow-lodger. "The way you kept on my trail was a caution."

"You had better come with me," said Holmes to the two detectives.

"I can drive you," said Lestrade.

"Good! and Gregson can come inside with me. You, too, doctor; you have taken an interest in the case, and may as well stick to us."

I assented gladly, and we all descended together. Our prisoner made no attempt at escape, but stepped calmly into the cab which had been his, and we followed him. Lestrade mounted the box, whipped up the horse, and brought us in a very short time to our destination. We were ushered into a small chamber, where a police inspector noted down our prisoner's name and the names of the men with whose murder he had been charged. The official was a white-faced, unemotional man, who went through his duties in a dull, mechanical way. "The prisoner will be put before the magistrates in the course of the week," he said; "in the meantime, Mr. Jefferson Hope, have you anything that you wish to say? I must warn you that your words will be taken down and may be used against you."

"I've got a good deal to say," our prisoner said, slowly. "I want to tell you gentlemen all about it."

"Hadn't you better reserve that for your trial?" asked the inspector.

"I may never be tried," he answered. "You needn't look startled. It isn't suicide I'm thinking of. Are you a doctor?"

He turned his fierce dark eyes upon me as he asked this last question.

"Yes, I am," I answered.

"Then put your hand here," he said, with a smile, motioning his manacled wrists toward his chest.

I did no, and became at once conscious of an extraordinary throbbing and commotion which was going on inside. The walls of his chest seemed to thrill and quiver as a frail building would do inside when some powerful engine was at work. In the silence of the room I could hear a dull humming and buzzing noise which proceeded from the same source.

"Why," I cried, "you have an aortic aneurism!"

"That's what they call it," he said, placidly. "I went to a doctor last week about it, and he told me that it was bound to burst before many days passed. It has been getting worse for years. I got it from over-exposure and underfeeding among the Salt Lake mountains. I've done my work now, and I don't care how soon I go, but I should like to leave some account of the business behind me. I don't want to be remembered as a common cut-throat."

The inspector and the two detectives had a hurried discussion as to the advisability of allowing him to tell his story.

"Do you consider, doctor, that there is immediate danger?" the former asked.

"Most certainly there is," I answered.

"In that case, it is clearly our duty, in the interests of justice, to take his statement," said the inspector. "You are at liberty, sir, to give your account which I again warn you will be taken down."

"I'll sit down, with your leave," the prisoner said, suiting the action to the word. "This aneurism of mine makes me easily tired, and the tussle we had half an hour ago has not mended matters. "I'm on the brink of the grave, and I am not likely to lie to you. Every word I say is the absolute truth, and how you use it is a matter of no consequence to me."

With these words, Jefferson Hope leaned back in his chair and began the following remarkable statement. He spoke in a calm and methodical manner as though the events which he narrated were commonplace enough. I can vouch for the accuracy of the subjoined account, for I have had access to Lestrade's note-book, in which the prisoner's words were taken down exactly as they were uttered.

"It doesn't matter much to you, why I hated these men," he said; "it's enough that they were guilty of the death of two human beings—a father and a daughter—and that they had, therefore, forfeited their own lives. After the lapse of time that has passed since their crime, it was impossible for me to secure a conviction against them in any court. I knew of their guilt, though, and I determined that I should be judge, jury and executioner all rolled into one. You'd have done the same, if you have any manhood in you, if you had been in my place.

"That girl that I spoke of was to have married me twenty years ago. She was forced into marrying that same Drebber, and she broke her heart over it. I took the marriage-ring from her dead finger, and I vowed that his dying eyes should rest upon that very ring, and that his last thoughts should be of the crime for which he was punished. I have carried it about with me, and have followed him and his accomplice over two continents until I caught them. They thought to tire me out, but they could not do it. If I die to-morrow, as is likely enough, I die knowing that my work in this world is done, and well done. They have perished and by my hand. There is nothing left for me to hope for or to desire."

"They were rich, and I was poor, so that it was no easy matter for me to follow them. When I got to London my pocket was about empty, and I found that I must turn my hand to something for my living. Driving and riding are as natural to me as walking, so I applied at a cab-owner's office, and soon got employment. I was to bring a certain sum a week to the owner, and whatever was over that I might keep to myself. There was seldom much over, but I managed to scrape along somehow. The hardest job was to learn my way about, for I reckon that of all the mazes that ever were contrived, this city is the most confusing. I had a map beside me, though, and when once I had spotted the principal hotels and stations, I got on pretty well.

"It was some time before I found out where my two gentlemen were living, but I enquired and enquired, until at last I dropped across them. They were at a boarding-house at Camberwell, over on the other side of the river. When once I found them out I knew that I had them at my mercy. I had grown my beard, and there was no chance of their recognizing me. I would dog them and follow them until I saw my opportunity. I was determined that they should not escape me again.

"They were very near doing it, for all that. Go where they would about London, I was always at their heels. Sometimes I followed them on my cab, and sometimes on foot, but the former was the best, for then they could not get away from me. It was only early in the morning or late at night that I could earn anything, so that I began to get behind with my employer. I did not mind that, however, as long as I could lay my hand upon the men I wanted.

"They were very cunning, though. They must have thought that there was some chance of their being followed, for they would never go out alone, and never after nightfall. During two weeks I drove behind them every day, and never once saw them separate. Drebber himself was drunk half the time, but Stangerson was not to be caught napping. I watched them late and early, but never saw the ghost of a chance; but I was not discouraged, for something told me that the hour had almost come. My only fear was that this thing in my chest might burst a little too soon and leave my work undone.

"At last, one evening I was driving up and down Torquay Terrace, as the street was called in which they boarded, when I saw a cab drive up to their door. Presently some luggage was brought out, and after a time Drebber and Stangerson followed it and drove off. I whipped up my horse and kept within sight of them, feeling ill at ease, for I feared that they were going to shift their quarters. At Euston Station they got out, and I left a boy to hold my horse and followed them on to the platform. I heard them ask for the Liverpool train, and the guard answer that one had just gone, and there would not be another for some hours. Strangerson seemed to be put out at that, but Drebber was rather pleased than otherwise. I got so close to them in the bustle that I could hear every word that passed between them. Drebber said that he had a little business of his own to do, and that if the other would wait for him he would soon rejoin him. His companion remonstrated with him, and reminded him that they had resolved to stick together. Drebber answered that the matter was a delicate one, and that he must go alone. I could not catch what Stangerson said to that, but the other burst out swearing, and reminded him that he was nothing more than his paid servant, and that he must not presume to dictate to him. On that the secretary gave it up as a bad job, and simply bargained with him that if he missed the last train he should rejoin him at Halliday's Private Hotel; to which Drebber answered that he would be back on the platform before eleven, and made his way out of the station.

(To Be Continued.)

PECULIAR ENGLISH CUSTOM.

The most part of the English usages some of us copy, and the rest of us can get used to; but there is a feature of formal dining there which is different. We refer to the failure to introduce all the company to one another. There are no general introductions at an English dinner, or even at a house party in the country. If all the guests are acquainted there is no need to introduce them, but if they are strangers they must remain so, or trust, to chance or personal magnetism for making acquaintanceships. Every man is introduced at a dinner party to the lady he is to escort to the table. There it stops. It is a custom which has some close relation to the experience of an ancient race through many centuries. We leave the reader to analyze it.

GREATEST GLOVE TOWN.

Grenoble is the place where most of the kid gloves come from. At this place alone 1,200,00 0dozen pairs of gloves are manufactured annually. This represents a value of $7,000,000, and gives employment to 25,000 working people of both sexes.

ANARCHISTS ARE ACTIVE.

THEY AGAIN THREATEN THE LIFE OF KING HUMBERT.

Strong Repressive Steps Adopted—London Surveillance Prevented Assassination of the King—Strict Guard Kept on the Riviera.

No one need be astonished to learn at any moment of some attempt upon the life of King Humbert. For some time the gaolers of the Anarchist Acciarito, who exactly two years ago attempted to assassinate the King, have been endeavouring to exasperate him into making revelations by taunting him with the fact that while he was in prison those who had instigated him to undertake the dead were at liberty, enjoying the good things of life, and making fun of him.

About four weeks ago these tactics resulted in the convict confessing to the Governor of the penitentiary the names of four leading Anarchists who had selected him to assassinate the King, and from whom he had received his instructions. Two of them were arrested in Rome, a third in Austria, and a fourth in London. The results of this has been a determination on the part of the Anarchists to strike some fresh blow with the object of terrorizing society, and had it not been for cipher telegrams received by the police at Rome from Inspector Melville, of the English police, who is especially entrusted with the duty of keeping watch on foreign Anarchists in London, it is probable that some tragedy similar to that which resulted in the death of Empress Elizabeth last autumn might have occurred the other day.

THREE ANARCHISTS

of the type of Acciarito and of Luccheni arrived in Rome the other day for the purpose of committing some outrage, either in the shape of an attempt to murder the King or to blow up some Government building or the Royal palace. Having been shadowed from the time they left London, they fell into the hands of the police as soon as they alighted from the train at Rome. Inspector Melville might have never known anything about the matter and have failed to warn the authorities at Rome had it not been for the fact that his attention was drawn about a fortnight ago to the presence of several strangers at the ordinary meetings of the various Anarchist societies in London. This convinced him that there was something in the wind. Accordingly, he took special pains to secure information as to what was in progress, and ascertained the purpose to again attempt the life of King Humbert, not only as a response by the Anarchists to the recent arrest of those of their leaders who had been denounced by Acciarito, but as a punishment for the prominent part which the Italian Government has taken in connection with the recent anti Anarchist conference. That the police authorities in the various capitals of Europe apprehend some revival of Anarchist outrages is apparent from the extraordinary precautions which have been adopted in Rome for the protection of the King and Queen and of the various Government offices, while on the Riviera never before has such an elaborate system of police guard surrounded Queen Victoria as on the present occasion. So strict is the watch kept that the moment a stranger whose appearance seems suspicious to the police officials arrives by train, either at Nice or at any of the Riviera stations, he is forced to leave at once.

THE RUSSIAN FAMINE.

The Peasantry Living on Weeds and Chopped Straw.

A London correspondent, referring to the famine in Russia, says:—"Owing to the rigorous press censorship which prevails in the Czar's dominions, not much has been heard of the Russian famine. There is no doubt, however, that it has attained most serious and even appalling dimensions. The whole of four great provinces to the east of the River Volga is now involved, and the peasant population, numbering several millions, is reduced to the last extremity of want. West of the Volga the famine district extends almost to Moscow itself. Throughout this large area the failure of crops is said to be more complete than even during the terrible visitation of 1891-92. The unhappy peasantry are endeavouring to support life on a mixture of weeds, acorns, and chopped straw, and are being decimated by the effects of typhus and excessive cold on constitutions enfeebled by insufficient nourishment.

"The Russian Government, notwithstanding previous warnings, has not imitated that of British India in organizing and insuring against famine in time of comparative plenty, and the consequence is that this terrible catastrophe has caught it almost unprepared. Much is being done by private agencies, and the Red Cross has been distributing relief to more than 70,0 0 persons for the last two months in one province alone, but Government measures to cope with the distress are still on a very inadequate scale.

"The Times notices as significant the fact that in a country where 85 per cent. of the population subsists entirely by agriculture, the whole expenditure on the agricultural department of the Government is £4,500,000, while the army and navy cost £52,000,000."

THE RETIRED BURGLAR.

He Tells How Easy It Is for a Man to Be Upset by the Unexpected.

"It is the unexpected," said the retired burglar, "that upsets us. A man who would walk straight into battle with perfect readiness and calmness might be greatly startled by the explosion of a toy pistol close by when he wasn't looking for it. A man who was looking for tigers might walk up to a tiger without a tremor and yet be scared half to death by a cat. I was once myself not scared exactly, but certainly thrown clean off my balance by so simple a thing as an ordinary domestic cat, met under unusual circumstances.

"I was prospecting the interior of a house in the usual way and at the usual hour of my profession, and in due course had reached an upper chamber, in which I sat my lamp down upon the bureau preparatory to work. There was a man asleep in the bed at my back in this room, but he was to all appearances sound asleep, and I apprehended no trouble from him. There were in the top drawer of this bureau a few trinkets worth removing, and when I had got them into my bag I shut that drawer and started to open the next. It was a good bureau, drawers working slick and smooth, and I pulled the second drawer out as far as I wanted it at a touch. As I looked down into it I saw something gleaming there in a dim sort of way in the dark and the next minute I heard a sort of a zoop! in the atmosphere, or thought I did, and something leaped out of that drawer and went up over my shoulder, just touching my face as it passed.

"It was a cat. That's all. Just a cat. I suppose it had been around the room there in the afternoon, and that drawer had been left open and the cat had jumped into it and gone to sleep there, and had been shut in there, still asleep when the drawer was closed, after dusk, maybe, and the cat was not noticed. All those things I realized as the cat went over my shoulder, which was only a fraction of a second after the time when I had seen its eyes—as I now know them to have been—shining in the drawer. But in that very brief period I had involuntarily started back. I don't suppose any man is absolutely proof against surprise. But, even so, I should have been all right in half a second and nothing would have happened if I hadn't caught my heel in a rug in stepping back. I couldn't recover myself, though I had completely recovered my mental self-control before I had fallen.

"I went down with a crash that just made the house rattle, falling with my head on the floor close up by the side of the bed. The man in the bed was lightning. He woke up, turned over, and swung his arm in a sweep down from the side of the bed while I was turning over on the floor. His hand just licked my head as I turned away from it, only a touch, but it was the touch of a man that wasn't shy, and in one instant I heard the spring of the bed crash under him as he bounced up out of it. He was after me, but by this time I had gone.

"I had hung on to the bag through it all by instinct, and so I got away with the few trinklets I had found in the top drawer; but in place of them I left for him, on top of the bureau, my lamp for a souvenir."

A DEPRESSING SEASON.

It is Just Now People Feel Most the Effect of Long Months of Incarceration.

Winter is the most trying season of the year so far as health is concerned. Confinement indoors and overheated and impure air, makes even usually strong people feel dull, languid and generally run down.

A tonic is needed to assist nature in regaining lost energy. April is the month of all months when a tonic is of the most service. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People is the only true tonic medicine. They do not purge and thus further weaken the already enfeebled constitution. These pills make rich, red, energy-giving blood, and transform listless, tired and worn-out men and women into smiling, healthy, happy work loving people.

E. Sims, of the Salvation Army, Kingston, writes. "At the time I ordered some of your Dr. Williams' Pink Pills I was physically run down. I felt a lack of energy, and always had a tired feeling. After using your pills for a time I felt as well as ever I did."

Thousands — some of them your neighbors—have been made well by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, but you must get the genuine, which are sold only in boxes the wrapper around which bears the full name. "Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People." Sold by all dealers or direct from the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont., at 50 cents a box or six boxes for $2.50.

LADY BROOKE'S HORSES.

The Countess of Warwick drives a magnificently matched pair of white Arabians, which are known as the "Rothschild ponies." One of the pair was presented to her by the late Baron and the story of the presentation illustrates his keen admiration for horseflesh and his gallant generosity. The Countess had one white Arab and the Baron another, and the Baron discovered that the two were a perfect match. He was anxious to make a pair of them, and he offered to purchase the Countess' treasure at her own figure. But Lady Warwick refused all offers. The Baron had set his heart upon matching these two equine beauties, and rather than be disappointed he presented his to the Countess.

The Home

ABOUT HOUSEKEEPING.

I do not know of any home in which the spirit of unrest and discontent is so manifest as in the home of one of my acquaintances who is regarded as a "beautiful housekeeper," says a writer. There is about her house that spotlessness, that immaculateness, that absolute orderliness, that only unceasing care and watchfulness can give to a house and particularly to a house in which there are little children. It is in that home as if the chief end and aim of existence was the maintaining of perfect order. An undusted mantel, a corner of a rug turned up, a book out of place, a tiny soiled spon on the tablecloth—these fret and vex the soul of that housekeeper more than the defects in the characters of her children. She is ever on guard to see that her husband and children do not track dust or mud into the house, and from June until November she fights flies with a degree of fidelity and persistency worthy of a better cause. She is sacrificing her entire time and thought and strength to material things. She is a housekeeper, but not a home keeper. She is constantly tyrannized by trifles and she knows nothing of the true art of living. Her children will not be sorry to go from the home she is wearing her life away to keep spotless for them, and they will remember her constant fretfulness and almost nagging admonitions to be orderly longer than they will remember her labors in behalf of an immaculate house.

I know another home, and more than one such home, in which the wife and mother is a homekeeper as well as a housekeeper. In this home the mother is too wise to think that the foundation of true home life depends upon absolute order and immaculate cleanliness in the house. Sometimes the corners of rugs are turned up, sometimes it would be possible to find dust on the mantel, sometimes books and papers are not in their appointed place, sometimes the tablecloth has a spot on it, sometimes the husband and the children "track in" dust and dirt, sometimes a fly is permitted to buzz undisturbed in the parlor itself. This homekeeper witnesses these things without once losing her serenity and self-poise. There is no all-prevailing and distracting disorder in her house and real dirt has no place in it. But this wise homekeeper knows how to eliminate unnecessary burdens from her busy life. She recognizes the fact that home comfort is not always allied with the highest degree of order, and that something besides order is needed to make home really and truly home for the spirit.

There are homes that are being desecrated by the fetich of order. There are so-called "beautiful housekeepers" who know nothing and whose families, alas! know nothing of the surpassing joy and peace and beauty of homekeeping.

INVENTORY BOOKS.

An "inventory book" is the latest convenience for the housekeeper. This is a printed list, with columns for date of entry, value and description. It is systematically arranged and makes the list complete in case of fire, theft or death. It is next to impossible to remember all that was in a room before a fire, and the insurance companies always require a sworn list before settling. This housekeeper's inventory will settle the matter quickly.

Articles likely to be found in any room of the house are arranged in alphabetical order, with the name and location of the room heading the page. Two pages are given over to each room beginning with albums, andirons, brackets, bric-a-brac, book shelves, bureaus, bedsteads, etc., and running through to wardrobes and window seats. Special lists are also arranged for bric-a-brac, books, clothing, jewelry, ornaments, paintings, pictures, silverware, dishes, chinaware, glassware, kitchen utensils, bedding and linen, while a miscellaneous list and recapitulation of the value of the whole finishes the book.

Every room in the house has its place in the book—chambers, parlors, reception hall, other halls, dining room, library, kitchen and pantries, laundry and cellar, attic or store room and even the closets. Trunks, boxes and barrels have their places and space for lists of their contents. Nothing is left out.

WASHING COTTON FABRICS.

All dark colored cotton fabrics may be beautifully cleaned, without discoloring, if washed quickly through warm suds to which a little powdered borax is added, rinsed in borax water, dipped in thin starch, dried and ironed on the wrong side.

Coffee stains may be removed from a white dress, or from table linen, by rubbing with the yolk of an egg and glycerine, then washed through warm suds.

A tablespoonful of powdered borax, added to rinse water, will brighten and restore the color to blue and purple muslins or ginghams, and a teacup of vinegar put in the water will have the same effect with green and pink cottons. Black or navy blue lawns and percales should be washed in hot borax water, starched on the wrong side with very thin well boiled starch, dried in the shade and ironed on the wrong side.

All delicate colored gowns and shirtwaists may be kept bright and fresh by washing quickly in warm suds, starching with thin starch, drying in the shade, and ironing on the wrong side. The work of thus caring for one's pretty belongings is not hard, and the result is most satisfactory.

A HINT IN HOUSECLEANING.

In the grand spring cleaning, when nails and screws refuse to fasten securely in the plaster, and life looks dark and dread by reason of their obstinacy, look up and try this simple remedy, given by a professional picture hanger: Enlarge the hole made by the screw, and thoroughly moisten the edges of the plaster with water. Then fill the space with plaster of Paris and press the screw in the soft plaster. When it hardens the screw will be found to hold firmly.

GLOSS STARCH.

To give high gloss to shirts, collars and cuffs, add a little dissolved gum arabic to the starch. A bottle of this should be kept with the laundry supplies. Prepare by pouring an ounce of boiling water over two ounces white gum arabic, add a teaspoonful powdered borax and bottle before it gets quite cold. One tablespoon of this added to a quart of starch gives a nice gloss.

THE EXILED EMPRESS.

The Empress Eugenie has left her beautiful Hampshire home at Farnborough for a long stay on the Continent. She first paid a short visit to Paris and then went on to the South of France. The Empress intends to spend the next five months at the Villa Cyrnos her beautiful residence on Cap Martin, and when she leaves the Riviera she will proceed on a cruise in the Mediterranean in her steam yacht Thistle, which was owned for many years by the late Duke of Hamilton. The Empress will be absent from England for about eight months.

The English home of the Empress is the loadstone that attracts the eager attention of thousands of people all the world over. The chequered career of the fallen sovereign is a source of never-failing interest, and there are few who will grudge her the peace which has fallen on her closing years in the shelter of her quiet English home.

I went down from London to Farnborough last summer, writes a correspondent, to see the place where the exiled Emperor and the ill-fated Prince Imperial are sleeping. Farnborough station is a small place. Up the hill one goes and over a dusty road. There is a lodge at the gate, and a smiling Scotch lassie in a clean frock, gives me a gentle curtsey as she leads the way up the gravel walk, through rows of majestic yew trees to the top of the hill, and I come into full view of the church, and also the house where live the white-robed and white-capped monks, who guard the place. It is a pretty spot. No one could wish for a lovelier place to be buried in. Across the road, hidden almost from view, is the home of the ex-Empress. Like the church, it is built on the elevation of a hill, and Eugenie can see from her windows the spot where her dear ones rest.

While I am looking and wondering, there appears a stout monk, who respectfully bows and bids me follow. He does not ask my business for he has many visitors. I follow him down a small flight of stone steps, to the rear of the church. Ivy and rich wisteria have twined themselves lovingly together and are gently creeping up the sides of the sacred edifice. All around the church have been planted flowers; but always and everywhere I see shy violets rearing their heads. They are Eugenie's favorite flowers, and the monks have planted them there for her sake.

The door leading to the mausoleum swings back at a touch from the monk, and we are soon standing on a tiled floor that is scrupulously clean. There are a few chairs and a handsome altar, where the monks say mass, and where the only other person every present on such occasions is the ex-Empress. It is in fact, a private chapel. To the right of the altars is the granite sarcophagus containing the remains of the Emperor.

As I looked from the church to the house I saw the dark-robed figure of the ex-Empress picking her way along, leaning upon her cane. A private path leads from the house to the church, and ito make it more convenient, a small footbridge has been constructed over the railway track. Slowly, and oh! so painfully, she mounted the steps and crossed into the churchyard. She was alone. Her eyes were fixed upon the ground. One of the monks hurried to meet her and received from her hands a bunch of violets. The ex-Empress greet him cordially. Following at a respectful distance, he left her at the door of the tomb.

I loitered around the ground for quite an hour and then she reappeared. I had an excellent opportunity to get a good look at her as she slowly moved about. When she straightened her form she seemed to be tall. Her figure is quite full; her waist has lost its gracefull curved lines; her hair is silvery grey; her cheeks are wrinkled; and there is no longer beauty in the face that all the world at one time was willing to concede was the freshest, fairest and loveliest, of all faces.

Her black cashmere cloak, trimmed with crape, her widow's bonnet with its long veil falling over her shoulders and her black gloves, made her a striking figure, as she walked in the sunshine. Her face was ashy pale, and never a smile passed over it. As she passed me she looked up into my face and bowed with just an approach of a smile. It was a strange contrast to those other faces that Winterhalter has placed on canvas—a young woman, with a mass of golden hair, shoulders that gleamed lick polished marble, and eyes of marvellous beauty and bewitching expression—Eugenie in her prime. It was all so strange, and recalled Burke's lines:

"What shadows we are and what shadows we pursue!"

Leaving her, I walked over to her mansion, Farnborough Hall, across the railroad track. It is no flimsy, inconsistent structure, but a substantial and admirable specimen of early English, the lower part of red brick, with dressings and mullioned windows of stone and the upper also of brick, picturesquely relieved by columns in teak. The whole building has a comfortable, homelike look, and the eye rests with content on the beautifully-wooded and park-like grounds surrounding it. It is, in short, a typical English country seat.

All the gas used in the house is made on the estate the water is supplied by steam power, and their are hydrants both inside and out in case of fire. There are pleasure grounds all around the house—some 6 acres of velvet lawn and emerald turf, lawns and flower-beds, terrace walks, shrubberies, lawn-tennis and croquet-grounds, all in extremely good-taste and skilfully planned. The park, which alone covers 68 acres of ground, and the woodlands have serpentine walks and drives; the timber is remarkably fine, and besides the ordinary trees, there are some specimens of very rare coniferae.

It is in such a house as this that Eugenie lives and mourns. Her days are long and tedious. She is an early riser—a victim to insomnia, and sometimes she never closes her eyes in sleep for three nights. She has two tried women friends who are with her, take care of the house, and do what they can to make cheerful her days. A force of ten servants completes her household. Breakfast is served early and after this meal there are letters to be read, and answered, newspapers from London and France, and perhaps a visit to be made to some one in the village who is ill. Then before luncheon, comes the daily visit to the mausoleum, and, after this, luncheon and a walk through the beautiful grounds. Dinner is served at seven o'clock and, after this more writing, reading, and perhaps some simple game until bed-time.

The wealth to keep up this quasi-royal state must be considerable, but the Empress is credited with having plenty, and something to spare. The savings from the wreck of the Empire are said to have been large and her possessions set down as yielding her a considerable income. There seems no danger that the style of her establishment will be marred in the slightest, for the remaining years of her life. It is, perhaps, fitting that this should be so, for besides the good she has done to the laboring people, with the expensive establishment she keeps up, she gives liberally to charity, and the poor in Farnborough have reason to bless her every day.

Sometimes the ex-Empress goes to London for a brief visit. When she does, four servants accompany her. She seldom makes any visits, except upon her most intimate friends, and rarely invites any one to see her. She goes to Paris, too, quite often, the scene of her triumphs and defeats. But few care for her in the gay city, where her most constant followers nowadays are the police agents told off for her protection. The Parisians used to hoot her, but they do not even notice her now.

TO TEST DRINKING WATER.

Simple Way By Which You May Detect Impure Water.

An exchange says that all drinking water should be tested in town or country frequently, as there are other impurities beside sewage which are quite as deadly, and every cistern of water is liable to be a source of blood poisoning,— mice, rats and other pests must have water, and many a case of typhoid is set up by such as these falling into the cistern and remaining there for months in a decomposed state. To detect this impure condition is very simple and unfailing. Draw a tumbler of water from a tap or pump at night, put a piece of white lump sugar into it, and place it on the kitchen mantle shelf or anywhere that the temperature will not be under 60 degrees Fahr. In the morning, the water, if pure, will be perfectly clear; if contaminated by sewage or other impurities the water will be milky. This is a simple and safe test and easily made.

OFFICIAL KISS.

The official kiss is not exclusively a masculine prerogative. There are times when court etiquette demands that women, too, shall kiss. On the occasion of the Crown Prince of Greece's wedding, the bride Princess Sophie of Prussia, the Kaiser's sister, was obliged to bestow no fewer than 150 kisses. The King of Greece received three kisses, so did the Queen, so did the Empress Frederick and the Queen of Denmark and the Kaiser Wilhelm and the Empress, while all the Princes and Princesses present received one kiss apiece.

Young Folks.

A SPECTACLED DOG.

Not long ago an account of a dog who wore spectacles went the rounds of the press, but it was without the interesting conclusion which a similar story, recounted by a Frenchman, Ernest Blum, has. Monsieur Blum relates that, being somewhat fond of the chase, he was presented by a friend with a magnificent hunting-dog.

This animal proved to have the great qualities of a dog of that profession, his scent was keen and discriminating he was obedient, he was brave, not in the least gun-shy, and would retrieve to perfection. He had, indeed, but one fault, and that was serious.

In coursing through the woods he often ran against trees, and in the house would strike against chairs, tables, doors, and other objects, that came in his way. His owner wondered what could be the matter with him, and he took him to a veterinary. This man kept the dog a few weeks and returned him with his bill and the information that he was near-sighted.

"He needs a pair of glasses," said the veterinary, with a grin.

The advice was good, and the dog's master acted upon it at once. He reflected that by doing so he might make himself somewhat ridiculous in the eyes of the world, but it would be greatly to the dog's benefit and it would make him very interesting. So he had a pair of sufficiently large lenses made and adapted to the dog's wear by an ingenious artisan; the bows of the glasses went round the animal's ears and were securely fastened there.

At first the dog was much surprised at these instruments, and tried to get them off. Soon, however, it seemed to dawn upon him what they were for, and he then wore them with great pride and satisfaction.

They had a wonderful effect on his vision, enabling him to see as much as any other dog. When he went hunting he no longer had to depend wholly on his scent, for his mastery of the game, but saw as well as scented, and pursued his game with swiftness and sureness. People began by laughing at the animal, and ended by admiring him and envying his possessor.

The dog appeared to gain every advantage from his glasses which human beings have not; he could lick his glasses with his tongue. This was very convenient in times of fog and rain, since he had no handkerchief to wipe them with.

One day, alas! the dog's owner went to hunt with him in a wood where there were wild boars. The dog came upon one of these ferocious creatures and valiantly attacked him. In the midst of the combat the boar drove his tusk through the glasses, and not only this, but so filled the poor dog's eyes with the fragments of glass that from that time he was totally blind.

BRUNO AND PIGGY.

Bruno is a great Newfoundland dog, so large that when he stands on his hind feet he can rest his paws on the shoulders of his mistress. But though so tall, he is only a year old, merely a puppy, and as full of fun and play as you can think. His mistress and he are great friends, and he seems to think she belongs entirely to him.

For a long time she had no other pet, so Bruno was petted to his heart's content. But one day his master brought home a pig—a little, pink-skinned fellow, with white bristles, looking pretty enough for any lady to take into her lap. His mistress was charmed with the pig, and made a pet of him at once, much to Bruno's disgust. He became as sulky and jealous as could be whenever she petted piggy, and would never notice the little fellow, unless to give him a spiteful little nip whenever he had a good chance.

Piggy was so little that they gave him the run of the yard. One day his mistress heard a fearful squealing and stepped out to see what was the matter. What do you think? Bruno had the poor little fellow in his mouth, and he carried him to a puddle of black, sticky mud and dropped him into the very middle, where he stuck fast, squealing louder than ever.

Then Bruno came running to his mistress, with his tongue lolling out, and his brown eyes twinkling as much as to say, "I've settled that little dunce, now, haven't I?" "Shame on you, Bruno!" said his mistress. "A great dog like you, teasing that poor little piggy! Go straight and get him out!" Bruno turned and scampered back to the puddle. He fished out the little pig, brought him back, and laid him at his mistress' feet, the dirtiest little pig you ever saw. She had to get warm water and a broom and scrub him. And all the while Bruno sat there, with his head on one side and tongue hanging out, watching her. And one could almost think they could see that dog laugh!

HOW JANET WAS CURED.

It was the uneasy time of day. It was likewise the time when the hands of the clock went around altogether too fast to suit Janet.

"You seem to love to say it's my bedtime," she said, looking crossly at the big clock. "I wish I could sit up once in a while and see what a good time the grown folks have after we have gone to bed."

"We" meant Janet and her dolls.

"You can sit up to-night if you wish, just as long as you like," said Janet's mother.

"Truly?" asked Janet.

"Truly," said her mother.

"Oh, thank you, mamma. Won't we have a good time, though?"

Then she went to tell the dolls.

"Dear ones," she said when she had collected them together, "I know and I long have known just how you feel about going to bed so early. So to-night you shall sit up just as long as you like, and we will see for ourselves just what good times the grown-up people have."

Then they all went down-stairs to the library, where the family were. It was very quiet there, Janet thought. The older children were studying their lessons for the next day, grouped around the long table in the middle of the room, and her father and mother were reading.

"Do tell me a long story, please, mamma," said Janet, bringing her little chair up beside her mother's; but her mother shook her head.

"It would disturb the children studying," she said.

"Can I have an opera with my dolls?"

"No, dear."

"Isn't there anything to amuse me?" and there were tears in Janet's voice.

"No, little daughter, this is the quiet hour for the grown people and you will have to keep still."

So Janet sat down and looked soberly at the fire.

By and by her head rested against her mother's knee.

"I don't think grown folks—" she began, and that was all, until her father was carrying her up-stairs—"have a very good time at all," she murmured sleepily.

Since then she goes to bed cheerfully.

"For it's really better for all of us my dears," she told the dolls.

ITEMS OF INTEREST.

A Few Paragraphs Which Will Be Found Worth Reading.

Many of the Manila dead are entombed in the cemetery of Taco, one of the suburbs. The bodies are placed in niches of a thick wall, and the surviving friends pay rent for the dead for four years. If the rental is not renewed before the end of that period, the remains are removed and thrown into a bone pit.

A three-year-old colored boy named James Hughes, of Reading Pa., was delighted with the recent additions to his family, twin brothers. During the absence of his mother, James made a mixture of laudanum and arsenic, and "played doctor," with fatal results. The mixture killed the twins.

A valuable dog belonging to G. W. Goebel of Hackensack, N. J., showed signs of illness. The owner opened the animal's mouth to examine his throat. He chanced to have chapped hands, and the dog's saliva penetrating the skin, caused Mr. Goebel to manifest symptoms of hydrophobia.

A malady puzzling to the doctors prostrated William Dickerson of Chester, Pa. After three days suffering he lay helpless on a lounge, when in a coughing fit he ejected a lizzard from his mouth. It is thought that while drinking from a spring he took the reptile into his stomach.

A rare experience is that of Miss Mary Spooner, of Acushnet, Mass. She has lived in three different towns without changing her residence. A change of the boundary lines removed her dwelling from New Bedford to Fairhaven and then to Acushnet. Her age is 105 years.

A spring of natural ink, jet black in tint flows from the base of Hennesaw Mountain, near Marietta, Ga. For many years Alexander Stephens used this ink for his composition and correspondence.

A telephone girl in Owensboro, Ky., was recently cowhided by an enraged patron, who charged her with having disclosed an important conversation she had overheard over the wire.

A mountain of salt is one of the natural curiosities of San Domingo. The mountain is about five miles square at the base, and is estimated to contain about 90,000,000 tons of salt.

Boarding houses in Berlin are usually numbered with luminous figures. This is to enable boarders who return at night overloaded with beer to easily recognize their lodging place.

Fifty years ago there were in the United States only fifty occupations open to women; now there are several hundred branches of industry in which they are employed.

A tricky firm in Herndon, Pa., advertised to "send ten yards of silk on receipt of $1." All who answered the advertisement received ten yards of silk thread.

A Buffalo hotel has a library of 800 volumes for the use of its guests. It also keeps files of the popular magazines and weeklies.

The advance of civilization is already evident in the Philippines. One million bottles of beer have just arrived at Manila.

Chewing gum valued at $6,000,000 is annually consumed in the United States.

One-third of the population of the world speak the Chinese language.

BRITON'S DRINK BILL.

The Briton's drink bill, published recently shows, a yearly expenditure on intoxicants of $19 for every man, woman and child in the United Kingdom. Irishmen and Scotchman, it seems, have been much maligned in this connection, for while the Englishman drinks 2.31 gallons of alcohol yearly the Scotchman manages with 1.65 and the Irishman with 1.51. The Englishman spends $20.59, the Scotchman $15.25 and the Irishman $13.25.

MOUNTAIN ECHOES.

Our April show-rs this year are anything but conducive to May flowers.

Tom Milne is around again, but not so good on his pins as he used to be.

Cribbing the creek below the flume is going ahead rapidly. The contemplated work will be finished before the freshets set it.

Dr. Milloy, dentist, leaves on Wedday for the Boundary country, and will be away a month, so get your dentistry done before he goes.

Commencing Monday, April 24, the C. P. R. passenger train will leave here at 7:45 instead of 9 a.m. Nelson passengers will arrive there at 2:20 p.m.

Mr. H. B. Williams, of the Queen Bess, and Mr. Stuart Todd, of the Evening Star, are among the mining men visiting the city.—Nelson Miner.

The wall paper now being opened up at Cliffe's bookstore, Sandon, is sufficient to supply the needs of the whole of Slocan, and much of the outside world besides.

Mine Inspector McGregor left town on Tuesday. He says the only instructions he got from headquarters were not to enforce the eight-hour system in the Slocan.

Karl's Clover Root Tea, for constipation it's the best, and if after using it you don't say so, return the package and get your money. Sold at McQueen's Drug Store.

The B. C. Gazette of the 3rd instant contains the announcement that a court of assize, nisi prius, oyer and determiner and general gaol delivery will be holden in Nelson on May 30.

The Metropolitan Opera Co., after having scored great successes all over the country, will again appear in Sandon at Spencer's Opera House on Tuesday and Wednesday, April 25 and 26.

For Constipation take Karl's Clover Root Tea, the great Blood Purifier. Cures Headache, Nervousness, Eruptions on the skin, and makes the head clear as a bell. Sold at McQueen's Drug Store.

The Kaslo correspondent of the Nelson Tribune is over clever. He says, "It is stated that Mr. Cliffe has purchased the Prospector plant and will remove here," neither of which statements is a fact.

Athletes, bicyclists and others should always keep Hagyard's Yellow Oil on hand. Nothing like it for stiffness and soreness of the muscles, sprains, bruises, cuts, etc. A clean preparation, will not stain clothing. Price 25c.

There are many children in the city doing nothing that ought to be at school. We have now two excellent teachers in the public school, so there is no excuse. Besides it is necessary to increase the attendance to retain the second teacher permanently.

The bachelors of the city established a record as entertainers at their ball on Tuesday evening. The refreshments served were not the least upon which the boys were congratulated, and on the whole the dance was pronounced to be the equal at least of the Curlers' ball, which is saying a good deal.

Mr. W. H. Brandon says that in the Guelph district, where he spent most of his eastern visit, there is much enquiry about the mining properties of this district. As we stated last week, the Canadian group, in which he is interested, is taken over by a strong company who have all the capital necessary to push operations on that property, and they will be pushed during the coming summer.

It is not true, as the Nelson Miner puts it, that the Sandon Miners' Union sent over men to fill the vacancies at the Athabasca mine caused by the recent strike there. The Union here is growing in strength every day, and the men are going to go strictly by whatever is defined to be the law of the land in mining matters, though neither the people nor the government know what the law is at present.

It is now definitely settled that our brass band are going to Silverton on the 24th, and as many of our athletes and local sports, including some of the fire brigade in the band, there will be but a poor contingent to go elsewhere. The fire brigade would like to go to Kaslo as a return for past courtesies, if they had strength enough left after the Silverton drain, to do effective work there. Many, however, are thinking of going yet, and it will only be when the 24th draws near that they will come to a finality.

The social in Virginia hall, Thursday evening, in behalf of the Methodist church was quite a success. In all, young and old, over 80 people were present. In addition to the parlor games and pastimes, which amused young and old, the orchestra composed of Messrs. Griffith, Trenary, Barron, Sewell and Cliffe gave some interesting musical selections; Mesdames Sanford and McMartin, a duett; Mr. Parry a solo; Mr. Bert Sharpe, a recitation; Messrs. Grimmett and Sewell and Mesdames Sanford and Nicholls, a quartette, with Mrs. O. White as accompanist. Refreshments filled up an interesting interval. Gatherings like that do good in that they bring people together for better acquaintance.

The Lyceum Dramatic Co. will appear in Spencer's opera house May 1st, 2nd and 3rd.

Lilly Hutton, colored, drunk and disorderly, $15 or 30 days; J. Mason paid $10 as a d.d. This is the police court record.

R. H. Trueman, photographer, will be in Sandon for two weeks beginning Saturday April 22nd. Studio opposite C. P. R. depot.

Stop that Cough! Take warning. It may lead to consumption. A 25c. bottle of Shiloh's Cure may save your life. Sold at McQueen's Drug Store.

The Miners' Union here have ordered a very handsome Union Jack and a neat banner from the east. These they will use at celebrations and on formal occasions.

Catarrh cured. A clear head and sweet breath secured with Shiloh's Catarrh Remedy. We sell six bottles for $3 and guarantee an absolute cure. Sold at McQueen's Drug Store.

Although Mikado is advertised for the first night of the Metropolitan Opera Co.'s engagement, Manager Spencer says that if a number request any other he will have it put on.

Shiloh's Consumption Cure cures where others fail. It is the leading Cough Cure, and no home should be without it. Pleasant to take and goes right to the spot. Sold by McQueen the Druggist.

Mrs. Joe Doty, Port Gilbert, N.S., says: "My little girl would grind her teeth so I concluded she had worms. I gave her three doses of Dr. Low's Worm Syrup which acted with good effect." Price 25c.

RHEUMATISM—Have you tried all the remedies you ever read or heard of hoping for a cure? If you're afflicted still, take Milburn's Rheumatic Pills. They never fail, guaranteed to cure or your money back. Price 50c.

Work has been commenced on the foundation of the Presbyterian church building at the crossing of the K. & S. by the Reco trail. It will be a most commodious and well-finished structure when the finishing touches are put on.

On April 24th daily service on the Columbia River, between Nakusp and Robson, will be resumed, and the present service via Slocan Lake route will be discontinued. As a result of this, service between Nelson and Slocan City, on Slocan Lake, and on the N. & S. branch, will be the same as was in effect previous to the inauguration of the present service.

Gowan, "the Wizard of the Banjo," will appear in Sandon for one night only, Saturday April 29th. Mr. Gowan's reputation as a Banjoist is thoroughly established and his entertainment affords some wonderful revelations of the possibilities of this instrument. Mr. Gowan will be ably assisted by local talent, the whole forming one of the most enjoyable musical event of the season. Mr. Gowan appears under the auspices of the Ladies Aid Society of the Presbyterian church.

SPENCER'S OPERA HOUSE—Return engagement of the Metropolitan Opera Co.—30 people—for two nights, Tuesday and Wednesday, April 25 and 26. First night, Mikado; second night, Bohemian Girl. Edison's Dream Realized by Edison's latest invention with moving pictures talk, act and sing will be introduced. Sydney R. Lover, baritone, will sing. The principals in the company are: Will Rising, Maurice Hageman, Eddie Smith, Charles Walters, Blanch Aldrach, Jeanett Lincoln, Alice James, Lillian Kemble. Prices 75c and $1.00.

Thawing out the water pipes, between the C.P.R. depot and Giegerich's store, by electricity has been tested by Johnson and Fawcett, electricians, and which has proved to be a success. We hope the plumber's gasoline blower is a thing of the past for that purpose. Mr. Bade, the plumber, shows great aptitude in becoming an electrician, were he not so much afraid of getting his fingers burned by the current; but in digging the holes for making connections to pipes, we will give Mr. Bade credit for doing very pretty work. We feel confident that by the practical work of Chief Johson in connecting the wires and the carefulness of Fawcett running the dynamoes in the future, we will have no more trouble with frozen water pipes.—Com.

FOR OVER FIFTY YEARS.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup has been used by millions of mothers for their children while teething. If disturbed at night and broken of your rest by a sick child, suffering and crying with pain of cutting tooth. Send at once and get a bottle of "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup" for children teething. It will relieve the poor little sufferer immediatly. Depend upon it, mothers, there is no mistake about it. It cures diarrhœa, 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. Be sure and ask for "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup."

IMPURE BLOOD

Always cleansed, purified and enriched by Burdock Blood Bitters. Mrs. John Douglas, Fuller P. O., Ont., says: "I have used B.B.B. for impure blood, pimples on my face and sick headache. Four bottles made my skin clear and free from eruption and cured me completely."

SOME HINTS.

How often mothers are perplexed and driven nearly to despair by their little ones losing appetite and refusing all manner of food when children will take

...BOVRIL...

at nearly any time. A cup of Bovril between or at meals is the most perfect of nourishment to give the children for

HEALTH AND STRENGTH

GRIPPE'S LEGACY.

Shattered Nerves and Weakened Heart--A St. John Lady Tells About It.

Mrs. John Quigley, who resides at 30 Sheriff St., St. John, N.B., states: "Some time ago I was attacked by a severe cold, which ended up in a bad attack of La Grippe. Since that time I have never regained my health, being weak, nervous and run down.

"I suffered very much from Indigestion, accumulation of gas in the stomach, and was in almost constant distress. I doctored with some of the best physicians in this city; but got no relief until I began using Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills, and am pleased to say that they have completely cured me.

"My appetite is restored; my nervous system has been toned up to its old-time condition, and I have no more trouble from the Indigestion and can eat anything I choose.

"I am only too glad too testify to the merits of such a marvellous remedy as Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills for the cure of nervousness, heart trouble, Indigestion, etc. Price 50c. a box, all druggists.

ALTA LODGE, NO. U. D.

A. F. AND A. M.

Regular Communication of the lodge. Meets 1st Thursday in each month at 8 p. m. Visiting brethren cordially invited.

W. H. LILLY, Sec'y.

I. O. O. F.

Silver City Lodge, No. 30, meets every Friday evening at 7:30 o'clock in Crawford's hall.

W. J. GARBUTT, N. G.
GEO. WAITE, V. G.
REV. A. M. SANFORD, Rec. Sec.

All sojourning brothers cordially invited to attend.

Certificate of Improvments.

NOTICE.

Kitchener Fractional Mineral Claim, situate in the Slocan Mining Division of West Kootenay District. Where located:—In the Ivanhoe basin, adjoining the Admiral Nelson and Great Eastern Mineral Claims.

Take notice that I, W. S. Drewry, acting as agent for W. H. Yawkey, Free Miner's Certificate No. 5619 a, and P. J. Hickey, Free Miner's Certificate No. 33199 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 9th day of February, 1899.

W. S. DREWRY.

NOTICE.

Admiral Nelson Mineral Claim, situate in the Slocan Mining Division of West Kootenay District. Where located:—In the Ivanhoe basin, adjoining the Ivanhoe, Elgin and Great Eastern Mineral Claims.

Take notice that I, W. S. Drewry, acting as agent for W. C. Yawkey, Free Miner's Certificate No. 5618 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 9th day of February, 1899.

W. S. DREWRY.

THE....
GOODENOUGH
SANDON, B. C.

STRICTLY FIRST-CLASS.
Furnished Rooms.

H. BYERS & CO.

Manufacturers of

GALVANIZED AIR PIPE.

We carry

THE CELEBRATED
WESTERN CHIEF BLOWERS
and
BUFFALO BLOWERS.

Agents for

HAMILTON POWDER CO'S
POWDER, CAPS AND FUSE,
CANTON RIBBED STEEL
for Powder Drills.

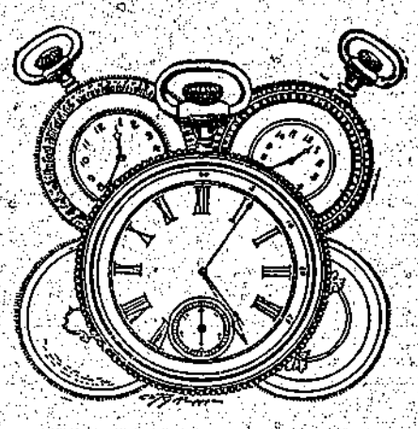
TRUAX ORE CARS.

Mine Hardware of every kind.

H. Byers & Co.

Nelson, B.C. Kaslo, B.C. Sandon, B.C.

THE SANDON HOSPITAL
FOR SICK WATCHES.



Will not be closed as per previous announcement, owing to a complete change in my plans—my business will be continued as heretofore.

Bring or send your sick watches; all work guaranteed. I will continue to give special bargains in sales for three weeks more.

New lines of beautiful goods will be added shortly.

G. W. GRIMMETT.

JEWELLER AND OPTICIAN.

Finest Line of GROCERIES Ever Brought to Sandon.

Table Novelties too numerous to mention.
Salted and Preserved Fish of all kinds.
Jellies, Jams and Fruits, all very dainty and appetizing.
Fine tender Hams and Breakfast Bacon.
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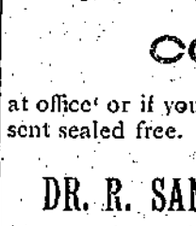

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