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The Mining Review.

VOL. 5.—NO. 8. SANDON, B. C., SATURDAY, AUGUST 10, 1901. $2.00 PER YEAR.

THE LOCAL BUDGET.

Oscar White was in Nelson a few days this week.

W. H. Yawkey left yesterday on a trip to Utah.

Chas. Callaghan left yesterday for San Francisco.

Phoenix pay roll will run close on to $40,000 a month.

Mr. H. Smedley is back from the Okanagan section.

Born—On Sunday morning, Aug. 4th, the wife of Geo. Petty, Three Forks, of a daughter.

Secretary Higbie, of the Hartney group, returned to Rochester, N. Y., this week.

H. Byers & Co. received two cars of powder, containing 200 cases in all, the other day over the K. & S.

Robt. Irving, manager of the K. & S. passed through Sandon on Wednesday, from Kaslo, on a trip to the coast.

Little Herbie Cliffe had a very successful operation performed on his eye, in Toronto, by Dr. Burman, last Monday week.

Wm. Karr has secured the contract for re-building the Harris sidewalk destroyed by the bursting of the flume during the freshet.

The public school will re-open next Monday. Miss Dalby has been engaged for the First Division and replaces Miss English who resigned some time ago.

E. Rammelmeyer has resigned the position as manager of the Emily Edith and will accept the management of the Fairview Gold Mining & Milling Co.

The strike at Pittsburg, Pa., among the steel workers is now likely to be a fight to a finish. There is unlimited capital on one side, and all told nearly 100,000 men on the other.

Business is rushing on the K. & S. these times. A few days ago agent Huston sent out nearly ten tons of supplies to points along the line. Miners are going to McGuigan, Whitewater and other points in parties of five or ten a day.

There was a "hold-up" in a hotel at Sirdar last Sunday night by two masked men, while a game of poker was under way, and by which the participants were relieved of $200. In all such cases the robbery is the work of men who are familiar with the premises.

Public Notice.

Re Municipality of the City of Sandon, B. C.

Whereas, the appointment of Mr. C. E. Lyons to the office of city clerk is illegal and not in accordance with the statutes as therein provided, consequently I have forbid him to transact any business on the city's account, and have caused him to deliver up the keys of office, &c., to me.

Citizens will please take notice of the above, and govern themselves accordingly.

For further particulars, or on urgent city business, please see me at city hall, at 10 a. m., Monday the 12th inst.

Signed, GEO. LOVATT,
Mayor.

Harry Cleve has taken a position with A. David, the tailor.

The Dowager Empress of Germany died on Monday evening last.

J. Irvin has removed from New Denver to Pilot Bay, where he will take charge of the school there.

The estate of James Williamson, deceased, has been taken over by his wife, who will continue the business.

The K. & S. Ry. has installed a telegraph system on their line from Sandon to Kaslo. No outside connection has as yet been made but hopes are entertained for it. It is expected that a commercial service will be established between Sandon and Kaslo in the near future.

A number of children received their First Communion in St. Joseph's church last Sunday. In the evening Father Cote established the League of the Sacred Heart, with about 40 members, and enrolled about 15 persons in the Scapular of Our Lady of Mount Carmel.

There is to be a meeting of the press representatives of B. C. shortly, to organize a B. C. association. The meeting will likely be held at the Halcyon Hot Springs. If such an association can accomplish anything in the way of helping out the newspapers of the province, it cannot come a day too soon.

The owners of the Heber & Rabbit Paw mining claims are applying to the courts for an injunction restraining the Slocan Star from mining certain ore got over the apex of the vein, alleging it is theirs. The suit is value by contention of $500,000. They also ask leave to inspect the workings of the Slocan Star, and the appointment of a receiver for the Slocan Star, for damages and other relief. The suit is a heavy one.

The Whitewater.

The Whitewater has started up with 22 men and will likely increase the force at the mine. The roads and buildings have been repaired and fixed up in good shape. This property has been closed a long time on account of having no market for the ore and the low price of lead. Large quantities of the output had been stored away until there was a contract with the Trail smelter. Before the shut down the mine was working a large force of men and shipping was increasing. The mine all through was looking well. The concentrator will be kept going, and after a while will be worked to its full capacity.

Scientific Miscellany.

It is reported that nitrate deposits of great value and quite extensive have been discovered in Death Valley, Cal., whence the principal supply of borax comes from.

Antimony in any form and copper carbonates make fire assays for lead entirely unreliable. Wet methods must be resorted to where their presence is known or suspected.

The secretary of the Copper Producers' Association places the output from the mines of the United States for the year at 300,937 tons (2,000 pounds), and the exports at 178,754 tons.

Contracts have been made for the exportation to Europe of 50,000 tons of high grade zinc ore from the mining districts of Missouri and Kansas. Zinc ore has been growing scarce in Europe for several years, while the district in question has been yielding more than American smelters could handle. The disposal of the surplus in Europe will tend to keep up prices.

The Farce Continues.

If it were not for the consequences to to the city, the child's play now going on in municipal matters would be amusing. The mayor called a public meeting of "taxpayers" for Monday evening, and as usual the non-taxpayers, who have always the most to say, were there in profusion. As this was the usual night for council meeting, the move on the part of mayor would have been impolitic but for the fact, the statutes, the city solicitor, and all whose opinions on such matters are worthy of attention, say the council has been an illegal one from the first of the year, because of disqualified men taking seats as aldermen, and rendered more so by recent elections and recent acts. The sooner the council is then ended the better for the taxpayers.

At the outset the mayor read the city solicitor's opinion setting forth the council was illegal as several of the aldermen were disqualified; that the clerk's bonds were improperly signed, and that the special meeting at which the city clerk was installed was illegally called. At this juncture war to the knife was threatened, the aldermen insisting on going on with the council and the mayor going on with the public meeting. The mayor, however, held the fort for over half an hour rubbing it into the alderman in turn in his own peculiar way, and showing everything done by the council of late was invalid—even worse a loss to the city. Several citizens were called on to speak, but as the crowd of non-taxpayers were in no humor to listen to reason or anything else that did not endorse the illegal proceedings of the council, no one spoke. At about 9 o'clock the mayor closed, the taxpayers left, and the rest of the council went on with "the business."

As we see matters, this kind of thing can only end in piling up debt for the property holders, as for others debt has no concern. The government cannot disincorporate while there is a debenture debt, so that recourse to a receiver is the only course available, and the sooner he is appointed the better for the place. Every day is only increasing the debt of the place, and the avenues for extensive litigation, and but little revenue coming in, as property holders will no longer pay taxes into such a bottomless vortex. We presume the aldermen "carrying on business" are working on the principle they are legal until pronounced illegal by the courts, but this is only courting costs for nothing.

The Rambler-Cariboo.

The Rambler is now the busiest mine in the camp, and is shipping steady. Another hoist plant is now being put in, which will help the mine materially. Carpenters are at work on the Washington mill, and when completed will cost the company somewhere in the neighborhood of $10,000, by the middle of the month it is expected to be in running order, when the dumps will be concentrated. The new electric light and power will be installed as soon as the company are ready to put it in. There is at the present time a steady pay roll. It is the intention to have a tram built from the mine to K. & S. Railway, but this will not be done for some time.

Sandon Ore Shipments.

The following are the ore shipments from Sandon, for the week were:

Mine.	Tons.
Slocan Star	127
Wonderful	40
American Boy	20
Last Chance	20
Sunset	20
Total,	227

MINING NEWS

The Enterprise is making regular shipments.

The Silver Hill, at Ainsworth, is to have a tram.

The Hoodoo, on Springer creek, is to be developed.

The Slocan Star are going to put in a labatory at the mine.

It is reported that the Tamarack has a dry ore payshoot of 16 inches.

Twenty men are at work finishing up the Silver mountain wagon road.

A contract has been let on the Hartney which will keep the property working for some time.

The Capella has made a few trial shipments. Six inches of ore are in the 100-foot tunnel. Six men are being employed.

A New York syndicate proposes to buy up some ten groups of claims that are situated in the Burnt Basin, near the Bannockburn group.

The local shareholders of the Similkameen Valley Coal Co. received word on Saturday last that the deal had gone through in Toronto for the disposal of a portion of their coal lands to capitalists in that city. The money realised will be spent in developing the property.

The big tunnel of the Highlander is now in about 1700 feet, and is said to be the longest in the province. Compressed air is being supplied by the patent hydraulic plant on Coffee creek. Cross-cutting on the ledges has been under way for about two years, and about two months the Highlander vein was encountered 1570 from the mouth of the tunnel, and in the face of the ledge there is 3½ feet of galena.

The Ivanhoe.

There are 30 men employed at the mine and concentrator. For the past month the staff was increased with a few men at a time, every few days, with the idea of just doing development work at the present time. The mill and tram are working satisfactory, and the dump is being concentrated. Manager Hickey says it may be some time before the mine will be working with a full force. Enough of ore is being handled to make occasional shipments.

A PURE GRAPE CREAM OF TARTAR POWDER

·DR·
PRICE'S
CREAM
BAKING
POWDER

Highest Honors, World's Fair
Gold Medal, Midwinter Fair

Avoid Baking Powders containing alum. They are injurious to health

About the House.

FROZEN DAINTIES.

To the casual observer who eats whatever is set before him, provided it is good, asking no questions—the difference between sorbets, granites, frappes, sherbets, and water ices seems as inconsequential as that between tweedledum and tweedledee. To the initiated, however, there is a considerable differentiation.

A water ice is simply a lemonade or fruit juice and water frozen without stirring. Motion interferes with the clearness. A sherbet is a water ice to which white of egg or gelatine has been added to give it a creamy consistency. Sherbets should be frozen more rapidly than ices.

A sorbet is frozen more like water ice, not so hard as a sherbet, and usually has liquor added.

A frappe is simply a half frozen ice. Its distinguishing characteristic is mushiness. If liquor is added to a frappe it becomes punch.

Granites are fruits or water ices frozen without much motion and with equal parts of salt and ice, so as to ensure a granular texture. They are not frozen hard. Small fruits or large preserved or candied fruits cut in small pieces may be added just long enough before serving to get thoroughly chilled.

A mousse is frothy mass-like cream prepared by freezing whipped cream without stirring. It should be made a number of hours before using and packed in salt and ice, using a greater proportion of salt than for ice cream.

VALUABLE RECIPES.

Almond Paste for Cakes.—Beat the whites of three eggs to a stiff froth; grind and pound very finely one pound of best almonds, and add to this one pound of caster sugar. Lay the paste over the cake, and let it dry in a slow oven.

To Clean a Leghorn Hat.—Stir a teaspoonful of powdered sulphur into the juice of a lemon. Brush this thoroughly into the hat with a tooth brush, and when clean place it under a tap and let the water run over to free it from the sulphur. Dry in the air out of the sun. Brush over with the white of an egg.

Mixing Salad Dressing. — Many housekeepers complain of the trouble they have in mixing the French dressing. Put the ingredients (one tablespoonful of vinegar, three tablespoonfuls of oil, a saltspoonful of salt and quarter that amount of mustard) into a bottle. Cork tightly, then shake the bottle vigorously for a few minutes, and you will have a perfect emulsion. This is by far the easiest way to mix the French dressing.

Potted Beef.—Slice thinly two pounds of thin, raw beef and beat the slices with a rolling pin, sprinkle over them about a teaspoonful of powdered allspice, pepper and salt to taste and add a pinch of cayenne. Leave the meat in a cold place with the spices and turn it once or twice. Then place in a jar and add only just enough cold water to cook it. Tie some paper over the top of the jar, cover with a saucer, and cook in a very slow oven all night. Let the meat stand in the jar till cool, then pound it to a paste, using a little of the gravy in the process and adding more seasoning if necessary. Place the meat in small jars and run a little melted butter over it. This will keep for some time in a cool place and when served may be cut in thin, delicate slices with a very sharp knife.

Mushroom Ketchup.—Take a peck of fresh mushrooms and half a pound of salt, place them in a deep pan in layers with salt sprinkled between. Let it stand six hours, then break up the mushrooms with a wooden spoon and allow them to stand in the cool for three or four days, stirring daily. Ascertain as nearly as possible the quantity of liquor there will be when strained, and to each quart allow a quarter of an ounce of cayenne, half an ounce of allspice, quarter of an ounce of ginger, half a teaspoonful of powdered mace. Place all in a jar, cover closely, place in a saucepan of boiling water and boil for three hours. Then pour the contents of the jar into a saucepan and boil slowly for half an hour. Pour the ketchup into a jug and strain into small bottles for use. Do not squeeze the mushrooms and be careful to leave all the sediment in the jug. Before corking the bottles and covering them with sealing wax, add a few drops of brandy to each. Examine the ketchup from time to time to see that it is keeping well. Should it ferment, boil it up again with a few peppercorns.

WORTH KNOWING.

Paint made with turcentine is a better protection to iron work than paint mixed with linseed oil.

For a refreshing bath dissolve a tablespoonful of rock ammonia in it. The water is thus made soft and invigorating.

A little vinegar put into a frying pan and heated on the stove removes the odor of onions or fish from the utensil.

Lettuce for salad is greatly improved by being put in cold water for several hours before it is to be prepared for the table.

Soiled photographs may be cleaned by sponging with clear cold water. The cardboard mounts may be cleaned by rubbing with dry bread.

To cool butter in warm weather, such as we are at present experiencing, you will find the following a good plan. Plunge jars containing it to the neck in an airtight box that has wet sand fitted closely round the butter jars. Salt may be mixed with the sand with great advantage. Keep the sand wet with plenty of cold water; a biscuit tin is quite large enough to hold the necessary jar.

To Clean Oil Paintings.—Take some old potatoes, and peel carefully. After rubbing the potato over the painting (with very little water) a slice should be cut off and the rubbing continued. As you go on the lather should be wiped off with a very clean, very soft, wet sponge. When the whole surface has been thoroughly rubbed, the painting should be well washed with luke warm water, and then rubbed with cotton wool, which will remove all dirt. Finally polish by gently rubbing with a silk handkerchief.

DISINFECTING A ROOM.

Sometimes a doctor orders a room to be disinfected and if this is not done properly it might as well not be done at all. An exchange gives the following directions: Soak two teaspoonfuls of powdered gum tragacanth in a pint of cold water for an hour, then place the bowl in a panful of boiling water and stir frequently until the gum is dissolved. Have newspaper cut into strips about two inches wide and paste six thicknesses together. Paste these over the cracks of doors and windows, leaving the door by which you leave the room to be sealed after the fumigator is lighted. If there is a fireplace in the room, it must be covered with several thicknesses of brown paper. The gum tragacanth is easily washed off and does not discolor either paint or woodwork.

EATING FRUITS.

Sickness may be produced by irregular and excessive use of fruits and vegetables but there is no danger when they are eaten in proper amount and regularly.

Children are, as a rule, exceedingly fond of fresh fruits and green vegetables, and if they are allowed the free and prudent use of wholesome fruits and vegetables they will not eat them in excess. The greatest danger lies in eating these foods when they are not in proper condition.

Select only those that are properly grown and ripened and of the freshest, otherwise they will excite disease. Never consider perishable foods cheap which are not strictly fresh and sound.

A SURE RESULT.

"Say, old chap, Coffup and I have a bet we wish you would decide for us."

"No, thanks."

"Why, why not? We're both friends of yours."

"Exactly. So what's the use of my making an enemy of one of you?"

DON'T BE A MILLIONAIRE.

IT IS REALLY NOT WORTH THE TROUBLR.

You Can Be Quite as Happy on One Thousand Dollars a Year.

Keep fresh. The man who can come fresh to his work will always go one better than the fellow who sticks too long at it.

Nature's laws on the subject of money-making are inexorable. They can be summed up in the one phrase —"Thus far, and no further." The wise man is he who knows his "Thus far." He seldom becomes a millionaire; but he lives to enjoy what he has made, and he takes pleasure in the making of it.

The fool may die a millionaire, but his millions cannot buy happiness. The man who devotes his life to his business may in course of years become oblivious to everything else. But this oblivion is not happiness; it is merely a species of mania.

Just now it is fashionable. It has built up a race of touchy, nervous gold-seekers whose one object in life is to get richer. These men have existed in all ages, but although today they can amass wealth more quickly than ever, it is safe to say that never was the process more wearing upon health and mind. Their lives are lived upon the brink of a precipice, a position which is not without its little excitements, but which no wise man will envy them.

DON'T WANT TOO MUCH.

Be satisfied with your fair share. Rest assured that the moment you seize more you will make enemies, who, though puny, perhaps, as individuals, are strong enough collectively to pull you down a thousand times over. Most millionaires have experienced this.

Remember, the Carnegies and Pierpont Morgans are few. They are merely the fittest, who have survived. In that struggle were thousands of others of equal promise. They have broken down and gone under. The chances against your becoming a Carnegie are hundreds of thousands to one; is it good enough to risk your health and strength in so unequal a contest?

Everyone likes to make money, if only for the comforts it can procure. But if the making of it entails more discomforts than it will repay you, where does your gain come in? There is a medium, of course, and this medium must be governed by the workers' capabilities.

Brown and Jones are making $1,000 a year apiece in similar businesses. Both want to add another $500 a year to their incomes. Brown is a smart chap, and by stopping an hour later every night at his business easily puts on the required increment. Jones, however, was already hard put to it to make his $1,000. The extra pressure worries him to a skeleton, and finally hurries him into an early grave twenty years before his time.

THE MORAL IS OBVIOUS.

Brown could stand the strain, Jones couldn't. Jones was no lazier than Brown, but he was less capable. It was absurd for him to measure himself with Brown's standard, for Brown can still make his $1,500 a year and keep in good health. It is his normal output, he knows it, and he refuses to work any harder. Jones' normal output was worth $750 a year. Had he stuck to that figure he would have been alive and well to-day. But he couldn't stand by and see Brown passing him, so he said. It was natural but it was suicidal. Look around and you will see it everywhere.

How do you stand personally? If you are in Brown's shoes and working at $500 a year below normal you are wasting time. Come, now, hustle around and earn that surplus. If, on the other hand you are already making $250 more than your true working value and are contemplating making another $500, pull up at once while you have time.

"It is easier to say than do," you think. Nonsense! It is easier to be proud than to acknowledge one's limitations, perhaps; but the latter is the wiser. You can be every whit as happy upon $1,000 as upon $1500 or $2,000 a year, if you go the right way to work. Most people don't, of course; but why should that affect you?

Live in a cheaper house. It is only a matter of pride, miscalled "self-respect," and the comforts are at once apparent. It is surely better to be the best off man in a small road than to be straining every nerve and penny in the vain endeavor to keep up appearances amid richer neighbors in some larger house.

Find out for yourself just how long you can work without feeling any deleterious after-effects. Try and fix a regular hour for shutting up your desk every night, and, having fixed it, stick to it. Above all things, start a hobby—it will help to bring you back fresh to your work.

Be careful in your choice. Your hobby should differ entirely from your employment. If you are rushing about the city all day, try something not too fatiguing, such as gardening. If, on the contrary, you are sitting all day at a desk, try a complete change, such as cycling, or any robust outdoor exercise.

WOMEN EXECUTIONERS.

Belgium Had One Recently, and America Had One Years Ago.

What do you think of a woman who voluntarily offered herself to the Government as the public executioner?

A few years ago the official public executioner at Brussels died; and a substitute was temporarily appointed. On one occasion this person was ill and unable to attend. But at the appointed hour a stout, middle-aged woman presented herself at the central police-station and quietly remarked to the assembled functionaries:

"I've come for the execution. My husband is not very well this morning and has asked me to take his place. Please let us get to business."

The general stupefaction may be more easily imagined than described, which, being noticed by the lady executioner, she added in a reassuring tone:

"Oh, this is not by any means the first time."

It afterwards transpired that the woman, whose name was Marie Rege, had officiated on several occasions in lieu of her husband. Dressed up in his clothes, and her face masked, she had been the public executioner at several executions, and never had the proceedings been interrupted by a single hitch. It is needless to add that the police authorities were unable to avail themselves of her offer on this occasion, however.

Just before the American Revolution a woman was sentenced to death for a murder she had committed in Virginia. The death sentence was respited on her offering to become public executioner, and, known as "Lady Betty," she performed these duties for many years. She officiated on the scaffold without any mask or disguise, and flogged criminals through the streets with enthusiastic vigor.

ARE CHILDREN CRUEL?

A well-known Catholic priest, in the course of a letter, says that children often inflict considerable pain without seeming to be cognizant of the fact. He has known a little Italian boy quietly trim a butterfly's wings with a pair of scissors as unconcernedly as if it had been paper; and attach a tuft of thistle-down to a bluebottle's leg, and then stand and watch it borne through the air, his dark eyes sparkling meanwhile with delight, but with no expression of malice or ill-nature, though it generally ended by the insect getting entrapped and entangled the first time it ventured to alight. A Belgian once informed him that he had known youngsters in Flanders sew frogs together by the legs in pairs, to prepare them to take part in a miniature three-legged race, "such as they had seen run by the boys at the village sports."

The British soldier is in the hospital an average of 18 days a year, the Austrian only 13, but the Russian 28 days.

DREADFUL MISTAKE BARELY AVERTED.

THOMAS HARRISON OF ST. MARY'S, N. B., MIGHT HAVE BEEN OPERATED ON FOR APPENDICITIS.

His Case Was Wrongly Diagnosed —He Realized the Fact in Time —Dodd's Kidney Pills Probably Saved His Life.

St. Mary's, N. B., July 22.—(Special).—Thomas Harrison of this place considers himself a fortunate man that he is alive and well to-day. For months he was suffering, as everybody thought, with appendicitis. That's what he was told and that's what he was being treated for. But he grew worse in spite of the efforts exerted to help him.

In appendicitis it is generally thought necessary to perform an operation. That Mr. Harrison was not required to undergo the surgeon's knife and that for a disease he never had, is in all probability nobody's fault but his own. For it was not appendicitis that afflicted Mr. Harrison. It was Stone in the Bladder, and it was Dodd's Kidney Pills that restored him to the perfect health and strength he enjoys to-day.

"About a year ago," he writes, "I began to suffer from pain in the back accompanied by a lethargy impossible to overcome. I employed a physician who named my disease appendicitis, but in spite of his treatment I grew worse and began to pass bloody urine.

"About this time an anxious friend advised me to use Dodd's Kidney Pills and by the time I had finished the first box I passed a stone of unusual size which is now in the doctor's possession.

"I began at once to feel better and you may judge of my gratitude for my escape thus promptly and safely. Having taken only three boxes I am happy to state I am absolutely cured with no sign of the return of my old trouble."

TRAINING THE SILKWORM.

Methods Adopted by a Tribe of South American People.

How would you like to have a silken garment spun upon your body, direct from the silk-worm to the finished product? It ought to be economical, for there would be no manufacturers' or middlemen's profits to divide, akd it ought to give satisfaction as to fit.

But the chances are that you would be tickled to death, for, in order to accomplish this result as it is done by a tribe of South American people, you would have to allow the silk-worm to crawl over you, forth and back, until the silken fibres enveloped you.

The people who clothe themselves in silk in this remarkable manner live far up the Amazon, and are called the Silvas. They collect the eggs of the silk-worm moth, and carry them about in their belts about their bodies. Thus the warmth of the body helps to hatch the eggs. When the caterpillars come forth, they are not allowed to leave the body, but are trained to roam over it and make it their home

About one minute of these crawlers about a white man's body would be enough to tickle him to death, but the natives have them crawling about for two months, a whole army of them. Leaves are stuck upon the body for the worms to feed upon, and while they are feeding the natives assist each other in placing the food upon the body so that the worms will form the habit of going round and round while eating.

After a sufficient period of feeding, quite naturally the worms want to spin their cocoons. In this, however, they are prevented by the outer shell being destroyed, because if it formed it would spoil the silk. The caterpillars do not know what to make of this for a time, but eventually they conclude it isall right, and they begin spinning the silk.

This end attained the native is delighted, and they make the worms crawl about them rapidly, spinning the delicate silken thread as they go, each worm spinning perhaps four thousand yards of shining filament Round the neck, and chest, and arms and legs they go, as though racing each with the other, and presently the work of the worm is over.

The transformation is complete. From a naked savage, the native is turned into a perfectlyclothed being, with a garment of silk that in fit and appearance would make him envied of every ballet dancer.

HOW JACK FOUND HIS BEARINGS.

The following story is told concerning two sailors who happened to be ashore. One of these decided that after visiting his own friends he would spend a few days with his messmate. Arriving in the locality of his mate's home he was horrified to find that he had forgotten the number of the house. After asking in vain policemen, postmen, and pedestrians for his friend's house, he caught sight of a toy windmill-man, and, hailing him, he offered five cents for "a blow on his bugle."

The man agreed, and Jack Tar then gave the ship's call. A crowd quickly gathered and stared at the musical sailor. Immediately a window was thrown up and a well-known voice exclaimed, "Ship ahoy! Why, mate, your pipe's been waiting hours!" Amid great cheering of the crowd he very quickly joined his friend and his pipe.

In no place is an even temper more essential to good work than at the bar. There is a serenity about Lord Alverstone, the Lord Chief Justice, that has prompted the statement that he is the most amiable and even tempered judge who ever sat on the English Bench. One of his oldest friends, Mr. Hope, K. C., has said. "I don't think the man ever lived who could rouse Dick's temper, for I honestly believe he hasn't one."

TORONTO'S BIG EXHIBITION.

The Prize List for Toronto's great Annual Exposition and Industrial Fair, which this year will be held from August 26th to Sept. 7th, has come to hand. It is printed in yellow shaded with green, and presents a very handsome appearance. Upwards of $35,000 will be distributed in premiums, and $30,000 will be spent in features and special attractions. The live stock classes have been rearranged in some instances and the premiums increased in others. A class for French Canadian cattle has been added. Copies of the Prize List and all information desired can be had on addressing H. J. Hill, 82 King St. East, Toronto. Special efforts are being made to increase the excellence of the Exhibition this year on account of the close proximity of the Pan-American.

Mr. Jonewhedde (on returning home from business, hopefully): "You are so cheerful, I take it you have got a new cook, Harriet." Mrs. Jonewhedde (gaily): "No; no such luck. But I just heard that our neighbor, Mrs. Bensonhurst, has lost hers."

MONTREAL HOTEL DIRECTORY.

AVENUE HOUSE—McGill—College Avenue. Family Hotel rates $1.50 per day.

First Tramp: "Why didn't you swipe that fellow's chainless bicycle you went after last night?" Second Tramp: "Well, I found out there was a chainless dawg in the yard."

"How do you like this style of cuff?" asked the detective, snapping a pair of steel bracelets on the wrists of the prisoner. "I am a good deal taken with it," responded the other.

I was cured of a severe cold by MINARD'S LINIMENT.
Oxford, N. S. R. F. HEWSON.

I was cured of a terrible sprain by MINARD'S LINIMENT.
FRED. COULSON,
Yarmouth, N. S. Y. A. A. C.

I was cured of Black Erysipelas by MINARD'S LINIMENT.
Inglesville. J. W. RUGGLES.

Spinning and photography are the favorite indoor recreations of her Majesty. She is specially fond of photographing horses.

Ask for Minard's and take no other

BENEFITS FORGOT.

Man is an ingrate. When it's hot
His soul to wrath is stirred;
But when it's cool, as like as not,
He never says a word.

Beware of Ointments for Catarrh that contain Mercury

as mercury will surely destroy the sense of smell and completely derange the whole system when entering it through the mucous surfaces. Such articles should never be used except on prescriptions from reputable physicians, as the damage they will do is ten fold to the good you can possibly derive from them. Hall's Catarrh Cure, manufactured by F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, O., contains no mercury, and is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. In buying Hall's Catarrh Cure be sure you get the genuine. It is taken internally, and made in Toledo, Ohio, by F. J. Cheney & Co. Testimonials free.

Sold by Druggists, price 75c per bottle.
Hall's Family Pills are the best.

A SURE SIGN.

McJigger—"What makes you think he isn't a gentleman?"

Thingumbob—"He insists that he is."

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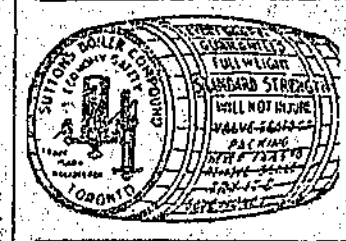

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MILITARY TATTOO, AUGUST 27th.

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TORONTO.

The Mining Review.

SATURDAY, AUGUST 10, 1901.

WITH ONE EYE.

It is notorious that the mining business of this country is almost invariably looked at, no matter by whom viewed, with but one eye, and the interests of the country are forced to suffer in consequence. The average local newspaper scribbler sells more papers to the miners than he does to the owners; he gets more business from the saloon keeper, the retail dealer and the customs manufacturer than he does from the mine owner, and he joins in the cry "Salt the mine owners; make them pay even with wry faces the taxes and whatever objectionable legislative restrictions may be imposed upon them, make them pay whatever wages are asked, &c., &c. Who cares for them? They never leave us any of their money." This is looking at the business with one eye only.

It is quite true, on the other hand, there are some mine owners and managers who would like to get men to work for $3.00 a day and even less, and long days at that, no matter what profits their mines were paying. These men look with but one eye also; but happily there are but few men in the country of this class.

Now, here is the history of operations in the country, and if all classes were to study it honestly, carefully, and act accordingly, it would soon change conditions in the country. Nearly all the investments are with borrowed capital. Tom Jones goes to England, eastern Canada or elsewhere, and he borrows $250,000 to invest in mining. He then buys ten prospects at an average of $10,000 each, (none too much for the prospector, who may have spent years of time and much money on their claims.) Jones next spends $5,000 on each in trails, bunkhouses, &c. He next spends $10,000 on each (the last of his money) in machinery, tools, the feed of men, powder, &c., and out the of ten properties he has found one that pays. The moment this fact is known, the miner wants higher pay because the owner is making money. The saloon keeper, the retailer, the customs manufacturer and the newspaper scribbler join the miner in the declaration the owner is rolling in wealth out of the money made for him by the men, and no matter what restrictions, obligations or burdens are placed on him, he should be forced to meet them all without a murmur. These men never once stop to think that the owner must make the full $250,000 borrowed, interest on the money, and pay for his time the same as the miners and the public generally have got, from the start, or say $300,000 before he is even with the world. Those who look at this matter in any other light only see with one eye. Before Jones has made this $300,000 out of one successful prospect, Smith goes to the money market to borrow another $250,000 for mining also, and is met with the reply, "No sir; Jones borrowed money from us five years ago, and we have not seen interest on it yet to say nothing of the principal. You must show us your wages, hours of labor, mining laws and all conditions affecting the industry are of a class to make our money and interest sure to us before we can lend more." These men see if with but one eye, at least with a practised business eye. These conditions force a few facts stubbornly upon us, that all should carefully examine.

FAT BABY

Fat is the cushion that nature fills out and surrounds the little ones with, to protect their tender parts—the same with kittens and puppies—fat is not tender. Fat they must have; and fat they must be.

If your baby is anyway short of his rights, give him Scott's emulsion of cod-liver oil.

We'll send you a little to try if you like.
SCOTT & BOWNE, Chemists, Toronto.

We are shown that if mines are not made to pay, capital cannot be got to work more. We know also that if mining is not extended, labor cannot be employed, saloons, stores, customs manufacturers, newspapers, &c., cannot be supported, agriculture, lumbering, &c., cannot be extended—in a word the country cannot be developed. The success of everything, industrial, commercial, professional, &c., depends wholly on the mining industry. Are all classes then doing what they can to make the mine owners fairly contented and mining a success? As a class of people, no matter what men who see with but one eye may say to the contrary, this paper cares no more for the mine owners than for so many navvies working on the railways. All that we are looking for is the growth and development of the country. It is not a question with us in the abstract, whether the eight hour day as a principle is true or false, or wether other legislative restrictions complained of work well or ill in other countries, the questions at the present are: Are they extending mining operations? Are they increasing employment for labor? Are they multiplying the trade of the saloons, stores, manufactories and newspapers? If they are they know it and it is well. If they are not they are prejudical directly or indirectly to the welfare of the entire country.

There is nothing in the contention that such and such legislation works well in other countries unless it works well here. Let the government and the people, as far as they can, free the industry from all vexatious restrictions until the properties under work become profitable, and they will then be worked, bringing in the capital the country requires, expanding business in every channel, and developing the country. When the mines all become established and paying, the legislation working well abroad under similar conditions, will work well here; but until then let the people and the governments, for God's sake, have some sense, and endeavor to see with both eyes.

One Man Saved

From a wreck will attract the world's attention to the life-saver. Yet let the life-saving be continued every day, and very soon it attracts no public attention. If the scene of the saving of one life by that life-saving remedy, Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, could be made to stand out alone, like a picture on a screen, it would attract the notice of the whole nation. By a curious contradiction the very frequency with which the "Discovery" saves life, robs the fact of general interest. For obstinate coughs, bronchitis, weak lungs, and other diseases of the respiratory organs, "Golden Medical Discovery" is the one medicine which offers certain help, and almost certain cure. It contains neither alcohol nor narcotics.

"Only for Doctor Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery I think I would be in my grave to-day," writes Mr. Moses Miles, of Hilliard, Uinta Co., Wyoming. "I had asthma so bad I could not sleep and was compelled to give up work. It affected my lungs so that I coughed all the time, both day and night. My friends all thought I had consumption. My wife insisted on my trying 'Golden Medical Discovery.' I have taken four bottles and am now a well man, weighing 185 pounds—thanks to Dr. Pierce."

The People's Common Sense Medical Adviser in paper covers, is sent *free* on receipt of 31 one-cent stamps to pay the cost of customs and mailing *only*. Address Dr. R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y.

THINK IT OVER.

As we intimated in our last issue, most observing residents of this country are fast coming to the conclusion, that if this country is to grow and prosper, the government must find some other means of raising a revenue besides taxing the mines. When mines meet all expenses incident to development, and become dividend payers, they should of course bear reasonable taxation; but there is no reason they should one way and the other pay half the taxation of the country, as the owners say they are doing at present. The first impressions that should strike our representatives in parliament are that the mining industry is the great moving element of the country; and that if it is not made a success no advancement need be looked for—that without mining a success lumbering becomes dormant, agriculture a failure, and commercial business a losing game. It is not then a question of gratifying the wishes of any class of the community, or of acting on what Mr. So and So suggests as proper legislation on the subject, it is one of simply removing what the owners are in a position to show is the cause of the cessation of operations in the country. Everyone knows the owners are taxed by the Federal government in customs duties, from the time they purchase their first pick and shovel. We all know too they are subjected to heavy charges for freight and treatment. These things the provincial government may not be in a position to directly cure; but what they can help they should help, as the owners say it is not any one legislative act in particular that is crippling operations, but an accumulation of acts.

We pointed out in last issue, that the provincial treasury must have revenue to carry on the expenses of government. Last year it realised but $250,000 from all the lands wild and cultivated, improvements, outside of the municipal corporations, and all the incomes and personal property the province over. From the system of taxation in vogue this is not the one-tenth of the revenue that ought to be raised from these sources. Instead of trying to drag the last cent that can be got out of the mines, upon which the hope of the country for the most part depends, it would be a much better policy to com-

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Connects at Rossland with the Canadian Pacific Railway for Boundary Creek points.
Connects at Myer's Falls with stage daily for Republic.
Buffett service on trains between Spokane and Northport.

Effective May 5th, 1901.

LEAVE.	Day Train.	ARRIVE
9:00 a. m.	Spokane	7:25 p. m.
12:50 p. m.	Rossland	4:00 p. m.
9:15 a. m.	Nelson	7:15 p. m.

H. A. JACKSON, G. P. & T. A., Spokane, Wash.
G. K. TACKABURY, Agent, Nelson, B. C.

bel the general public who meet with success through the operation of the mines, to contribute their portion. If the four assets we have named above were assessed at reasonable values—taxed at 1½ cents on the $ instead of one-half of one per cent. as at present, and all the taxes were collected, which has never been the case, the treasury would have plenty of money to meet necessary demands, and mining would flourish. What flourishing mining and contentment of owners would mean for the province in the money markets of the world, is known to everyone—it would mean plenty of money for all legitimate enterprises of the country.

It is a clear case to us proper assessment and collections can never be made in the present long range system from Victoria—they can only be done by local men. If the legislature would only pass an Act giving the most primitive form of municipal government to the unorganised parts, say three commissioners to each electoral division, empowering them to make the assessments, collect the revenues, build the bridges, trails and roads, contribute to the schools and hand a certain percentage over to the province, present ills would at once be removed. We have plenty of men in the legislature ready at all times to build mantraps to catch votes, but none of them rising equal to necessities for developing the country.

The Bluestreak is out with a declaration that if "Bob" Green be elected Minister of Mines now the electors of the Slocan may not have another chance to vote in four years. This is altogether misleading. There was a general election in June last year, and no matter how many bye-elections may be held in the interval, it must participate in a general election in four years from June, 1900, or in less than three years from date.

One would think the government would gain wisdom from their own published records, if from nothing else. For the last three years they have been increasing the tax on mining operations as they say themselves, and here are the results under four separate heads:

	1897	1900
Free Miners' Certificates	139,756	133,765
Mining receipts, general	159,432	194,393
Mining Licenses	64,729	50,197
Mineral Tax	36,061	32,894
	399 978	411,249

After doubling their taxation and driving many of the mines practically out of business, they only receive about $11,000 more last year than they did in 1897 before their high takes were imposed. Should not this be a practical lesson to them?

There was at least quite a flutter of excitement among the residents of the town up by the mill on Tuesday last. It appears that Geo. Lovatt has the only water supply in the locality, and that all the residents of both hills have been going there for a supply. It is known a couple of parties have been in the habit of causing the owner a great deal of annoyance, and at times no little inconvenience. This led to a filling up of the well, a change of water supply, and the fencing up of the roadway by Mr. Lovatt, who claims the road is his private property, though some people say it is a public street. This led to further hostilities, until on Tuesday Lovatt was accused of drawing what was found to be an empty gun, on some trespasser. There surely must be in a civilized country like this some easier and more reasonable way of settling these differences, as a great many innocent people in this instance are forced to suffer for what is alleged to be the sins of a few. If there is an allowance anywhere there for a street or road it should be established at once, to settle disputes, and relieve the residents of the locality. As far as private property goes Mr. Lovatt has, of course, the right to do as he likes with his own, but we are not sure he is taking the easiet way to settle matters and secure the lasting friendship of all his neighbors if he desires it.

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Miners' Clothing
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Application for Transfer of Liquor License.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN that thirty days from date hereof, I intend to apply to the License Commissioners of Sandon for a transfer of the liquor license formerly held by Richard Orando to myself.

JOHN HUBBEY.

Dated at Sandon this 17th day of July, 1901.

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KING EDWARD AT CHURCH

SEVERE SIMPLICITY OF THE SERVICE IN THE CHAPEL.

His Majesty Is Very Regular and Punctual in His Attendance.

The easiest way to see the King is to go to church with him, says a recent London letter. When he is in London he always attends morning services at the Chapel Royal, St. James's Palace; when at Windsor, St. George's Chapel, and when at Sandringham, St. Mary's. No man in England is more punctual and regular in his attendance upon divine worship than King Edward. No matter whether he is at home or abroad, he never passes a Sunday without at least morning prayers and makes it a rule not to attend any service but that of the Church of England.

The people of London, who usually show great curiosity to see their King, let him alone on Sunday and allow him to worship in peace. It was a remarkable fact that last Sunday morning, when there were at least 2,000 people in the courtyard of St. James's Palace listening to the music of the band at guard mount, not more than fifty or sixty people, and they the members of the household, were seated in the Chapel Royal, which opens upon that court. There is an outer entrance and an inner one from the corridor of the palace, so that the King may reach it from his apartments in Marlborough House without going into the open air; but all the worshippers, except the royal family and the ladies and gentlemen in waiting for that day, are admitted at the public doors in St. James's courtyard.

It is a very small and uninteresting church, perhaps there is none more so in all London. There is nothing attractive about it except

ITS SEVERE SIMPLICITY.

It is as plain as one of the Baptist chapels in South London. The windows are set in ordinary glass, without shades or hangings, and need cleaning badly. The altar is an ordinary table, covered with crimson cloth, upon which the cross of St. George and the three plumes of the Prince of Wales are embroidered in gold. The only ornaments are a large brass collection plate, two tall candles in brass candelabra and two brass vases holding bunches of snowballs. There is no crucifix or cross, but over the altar is a fine painting of the Madonna by Rubens, which, however, is too large for its place.

There are sittings for about 200 people—long pews running on either side of a single aisle to the wall. The first pew within kneeling distance of the altar rail is occupied by the King and his family, who prefer to sit with the congregation than to use a gallery of handsomely carved oak, which projects from the palace wall and was intended to insure their privacy.

At 9.30 o'clock, while the King, Queen, and Princess Victoria partook of the communion, administered by the Rev. Mr. Shephard, sub-dean of St. James's, the outside doors of the chapel were closed and locked. A little group of people gathered there to await their opening. They were plainly dressed, serious persons, who did not look distinguished, but may have been such, because appearances are very deceitful. Most of them came on foot, although several of them drove up in carriages that bore coronets upon the panels of the doors. On the minute of ten o'clock an old verger in a black gown, bearing a long staff, opened the doors to admit all who desired to enter. Then he closed and locked them. As soon as the little congregation was seated the verger opened a side door that leads into the palace and a little choir of twelve boys and men entered, singing the processional hymn. The choir boys were dressed in a livery of

RED AND GOLD.

The men wore the usual surplices. Each had a band of crape around his left arm. The minister followed them, with his assistant, one taking the pulpit and the other the reading desk.

Immediately behind them came King Edward VII., dressed in a black frock suit and carrying a silk hat in his ungloved hands. Queen Alexandra and Princess Victoria, both of whom are taller than the King, followed quietly after him, and he stood aside to allow them to allow them to pass into the pew. The Queen wore a gown of plain black, a small black bonnet and a crepe collar, as simple a costume as you could imagine. That of the Princess was similar, except that she wore a black silk hat instead of a bonnet. Both are beautiful women, and the Queen, although past 50 years of age, looks as young as her daughter. Her figure is girlish and graceful, her abundant blonde hair is without a sign of gray, her complexion is fresh and pure as a child's, and she stands and walks with the firm erectness of an athlete. The Princess Victoria is a little taller than her mother, but not so plump. Her face is purely English according to the artists' ideals, although her father is of German ancestry and her mother is a Dane. One would find it difficult to decide which is the handsomer, but no one can look upon the Queen of England without being convinced that she is a woman of intellect, refinement and amiable character.

THE ROYAL PARTY

was attended by a lady in waiting also in plain black, and three gentlemen in ordinary mourning dress, who occupied the second pew back from the King, leaving one pew vacant between them. The first was a man of enormous stature, a large head and striking face, with a heavy shock of hair and a long gray beard. The second was Capt. Tolford, an aide-de-camp of the King, a young man, tall and slim, with a large nose and slight mustache. The third was Sir Francis Knollys, the King's private secretary, a gentleman of medium height, bald, with a gray mustache.

The King uttered the response in a firm, distinct voice, and the Queen and Princess also followed the service carefully. They bowed their heads when the dean read the prayers for "Edward, our sovereign lord," and "Alexandra, our sovereign lady," and one might imagine that their responses were more fervent than usual after the special prayer to God to protect and preserve the life and health of the Duke and Duchess of Cornwall and York while exposed to the dangers of travel on their journey around the world. Both the King and the Queen sang the hymns—at least their lips formed the words, although their voices were inaudible because of the choir. One of the hymns was especially appropriate, the second stanza reading:

What are the monarch, his court and his throne,
What are the peace and the joy that they own?
O that the blessed ones who in it have share,
All that they feel could as fully declare.

At the close of the service, after the clergyman and the choir had left the chapel, the King stood at the entrance of his pew and faced the congregation, while his daughter and wife passed out before him. He brushed the dust off his silk hat with his handkerchief as he followed them through the private door.

Dr. Joachim, the great violinist, who has been honored by English musicians, has been playing in public since 1843, when, after studying under Joseph Bohn at Leipzig, he appeared at a concert and created a furore. He was then only twelve years of age. For seven years he remained in an orchestra, studying hard meanwhile, and then he went to Paris and obtained the appointment of Director of Concerts at Weimar. In 1853 he was master of the Chapel Royal at Hanover, and soon afterwards began his famous tour of Europe, being everywhere received with the greatest enthusiasm. In that tour he laid the foundations of the reputation which has now become world-wide. In August, 1882, he was appointed conductor of the R.A.M. in Berlin, and in 1889, on the fiftieth anniversary of his first public appearance, he was presented with a magnificent violin by his admirers.

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AN OLD-TIME ROMANCE.

How Miss Grisel Held Up the Postman and Saved Her Father.

The Earl of Aberdeen, speaking at a dinner of the United Kingdom Postal and Telegraph Service Benevolent Society at Aberdeen, said that they had to go back to the old mail coach days to get the picturesque aspect of the postal service, and to illustrate this he narrated a romantic incident which occurred in the reign of James II.—more than 200 years ago. Sir John Cochrane, son of a fine old nobleman, Lord Dundonald, was one of those who thought the liberties and interests of the country were in danger, owing to the policy of the Government of the day, and resisted it. Sir John was betrayed into the hands of the enemy and was lodged in Edinburgh jail. One night the door of the prison opened, and he heard the voice of his daughter Grisel, who was allowed to have many talks with him.

Meanwhile the news came that his condemnation had been settled by the council, and that the mail would come next week with his death warrant. Miss Grisel Cochrane told her father that she had to go away for a few days. He said: "I hope you will do nothing rash," and she replied that she would do nothing very rash. She rode from Edinburgh to Berwick, where her old nurse lived, and there she changed her clothes for the clothes of a boy. Then she rode to a place between Berwick and Belford, where she made inquiries regarding the King's mail messengers and where they used to put up.

Arriving at a small inn about four miles south of Berwick, she asked for something to eat. The hostess told her not to make a noise, because in the box-bed the King's mail messenger was asleep. "Do be quiet," she said, "with your knife and fork." She began her meal. "Can you get me some water?" The hostess said: "Why, a braw lad like you should sup ale." "Have you no cold, fresh water? If you give me water I will pay you the same as for the ale." The hostess explained that she would have to go to the well, a long distance off, and it would take ten minutes, but the girl—or rather the apparent boy—persuaded the woman to go for the water.

During her absence the girl went to the box-bed—there was the mail-messenger asleep—a "swack" fellow with his mail bag under his head, using it for a pillow. On the table were his pistols, and very nervously sooner was this done than the host the girl withdrew the charges. No ess returned with the water. The girl finished her meal, went on the road, made a circuit, and met the mail messenger, and they rode together a bit. After a short chat she drew a little nearer and said: "My friend, I have a fancy for this mail bag." "If it is a joke," said the messenger, "it is a pretty poor one." She took out a little pistol and presented it. The messenger pulled out his pistols, and snap!—the first missed fire. He threw it away and drew the other—snap! He had to hand over the mail bag, and she rode into an adjoining wood.

She opened the bag, drew out an official letter, and rode with it to her nurse's house, where it was found to contain the death warrant of her father. It was put into the fire. She resumed her girl's clothes and rode quietly to Edinburgh. That caused so much delay that they managed to get a reprieve, and that incident, as he understood Grisel Cochrane was a direct ancestor of Lady Aberdeen.

"I say," said the business man to the detective, "some fellow has been representing himself as a collector of ours. He has been taking in more money than any two of the men we have, and I want him collared as quickly as you can." "All right; I'll have him in gaol in less than a week." "Great Scot, man! I don't want to put him in gaol; I want to engage him."

The United Kingdom has 727 lighthouses, France 422, the United States 1,991.

Caged by A Lion.

"I can conceive or no human quality more fiendish in its action than jealousy: and of the various kinds of that poisonous power, professional jealousy is the cruellest and meanest."

A look of horror was on the speaker's face and a sort of shuddering spasm seemed to twist his features as he spoke. He was a comfortable merchant, John Jelly by name, and his stout, jolly, good-looking wife was with him. They were in Switzerland, enjoying a well-earned holiday after the rigours of business. Just then they were in company with other holiday-makers on the deck of the steamer that was plying between towns on the Lake of Geneva.

One of the party, a little, dried-up dark man, already notorious for trying to get information on all subjects, scented a story.

Well, perhaps I can give you a yarn. You all know I am a manufacturer and a merchant in a fair way of business. I was not always so well off as I am at present. Once I had not a spare half penny to my name, yet I had in my head the idea for the making and putting on the market of the world-famous articles I manufacture now. Only capital was needed for patenting and floating the things. Capital was as hard to get in the sixties when I was a young man as it is now. I wanted to marry Lucy here. I was working at that time—don't laugh! I'm not ashamed of the fact!—in a wild-beast show, and my duties were mainly to keep the animals clean, to feed them and to be generally useful.

One of the lions was Nero, a famous trick-beast, clever and intelligent, but of an uncertain temper. He was never taken on tour as most of the other animals were in turn, but was always kept at our headquarters, a well-known sea-side resort, where he formed one of the attractions of the permanent menagerie there.

His trainer was a dashing fellow, fearless and utterly careless of danger. His name was really Smith, but as Smith does not look very imposing when billed, he was always known as Signor Arati.

Arati was married, and he had a family dependent upon him. His wife was one of the lady riders, and her ways were of the extravagant order, therefore it took all Arati's really splendid earnings to keep her supplied with all she would have.

With a woman of this kind tied to him Arati's life was not of the rosiest, and it was a perpetual wonder to me how he contrived to keep such a happy-go-lucky air about him. The danger of his calling was as the zest of life to him, and when, in all the trickery of gorgeous circus gear, he entered Nero's cage and put the great beast through his paces, he was as a man intoxicated with a species of strange pleasure.

Nero's tricks took about an hour and a half to go through. He was the star lion. As a rule wild beasts only learn thoroughly one or two tricks, but Nero knew a dozen. Arati had a little play of twenty minutes' duration in his cage, and the lion himself was the principal character during this act. That was after his tricks had been duly exhibited.

One evening when the lion-room was crowded as usual, and a mass of interested spectators with breath-held lips watched Nero perform his feats, a catastrophe occurred. Nero had been sulky. Arati had been obliged not only to use whips but the hot irons that afternoon at rehearsel, and the brute had not forgotten it. The trainer, lithe, graceful, gorgeous, full of quips and jokes, entered his cage and delighted the folk as usual, but he had an anxious face upon him before he went in, and I, with another assistant, had instructions to stand ready behind the scenes with hot iron bars, in case of need.

An instinct told me, and told Arati, too, that there would be need. Nero had been so unwilling to work, so rebellious, so disagreeable in grin, that afternoon, that even careless Arati had said he should be glad when his night turn was done.

A cry from the audience, a horrified catch of all breaths, then shrieks and screams, gave us the signal suddenly. We sprang to the cage, and were just in time. Nero, with ominous growls, had the tamer down and his great paw was on him, just as you may have seen acat's paw on a mouse.

A touch of two hot irons on his nose, a bang of another on his face, and, with growls of anger, succeeded by a roar of agony, the fire-stung lion darted from his victim, shaking his head with the pain that had defeated him. In a second Arati was drawn outside the cage, the door was banged shut and all was safe. The people were dismissed and the lion-tamer seen to.

Arati was hurt, but not so seriously as had been feared. When he was fully recovered in body, however, he remained seriously sick in mind. His splendid nerve was utterly gone; there would nevermore be any quelling of wild beasts by Arati. He had no idea of the mischief Nero had wrought until he tried to take up his work again, and found he was quailing in the face of the quietest lion. He was cowed, and the beasts knew it. That made an end of Arati's work at once.

This was a calamity not to him only who had lost his good livelihood, but to the proprietor who could not afford to lose the spectacle of Nero's cleverness in his twenty minute's play. The lion was quiet again. I, who fed him, could put him through some of his paces readily.

When Arati's broken nerve became evident the proprietor approached me on the subject of taking his place. I was to have the handsome salary hitherto received by Arati, and I was also to take his name, the trainer to take his own name of Smith and to do my work.

This was rough on poor Arati, as, from force of habit, we still called him. The proprietor was a business man and could not afford to do anything else as he pointed out. He increased the salary of Arati's wife, however, and offered to give the poor fellow more than he had given me.

I dreaded the task, but though I was sorry for Arati, I essayed it. I coveted that salary, which would enable me to realize my heart's desire. I should be able to patent my invention, and to put it on the market, if, for a very few months, I could dare this awful task of lion-play and nightly risk my life as Arati had done for years, in ministering to the morbid fancies of a populace desirous of enjoying the spectacle of a life in danger.

So Arati and I changed places and names, for he took mine, or tried to take it, so great was his dislike of his own; yet Jelly was no better.

Arati's manner, hitherto pleasingly patronizing, changed towards me from the first night I entered Nero's cage. His look was murderous, and yet agonized, as I came out and passed him as he stood where once I had been used to stand holding the hot bars.

I pitied him exceedingly, knowing his bitter cause to feel his degradation, for his wife, now she was deprived of his salary as it had been, was known to lead him a direful life at home. At last, however, his conduct grew so bad that I was roused and spoke so plainly that blood was up with both of us, and from words we came to blows. After that I never spoke a word to Arati nor did he to me.

Each afternoon I put Nero through his act, enticing him by gifts of meat, and using the whip less than Arati had used it, though I had to lay it upon the animal sometimes when he was ugly, just to let him feel he had his master.

One afternoon as I entered the lion-room I heard an unusual turmoil and roaring going on. Then out, in a great hurry, sprang Arati, with a wild face and terror-filled eyes. I wondered what he had been up to, and eyed him keenly as he rushed past. As I was opening the door I caught sight of his face at the foot of the stone steps, and was struck by the strange look he had.

"Arati will go mad if he keeps on," I said half aloud to myself as I went into the room where the roaring still went on. "I hope he has been up to no tricks with Nero to make the beasts roar so!"

Tricks! Little did I dream of the full devilry of Arati's deeds. I got half way up the room when a sight met my eyes that absolutely froze me into ice. For the most vicious of the beasts, the most intractable of them all, Maris, the evil-natured lioness, whose cubs had been removed from her only that week—Maris was out of her cage, the door of which stood wide.

I took in the horror at one glance, and then I lost my nerve. I felt that death was upon me, and losing my head as I saw the beast crouch, I flung the contents of Nero's meat basket full at her, foiling her leap. Then I turned—a fatal thing to do, but I was in a panic brought by the shock and the surprise—I turned and ran back to the door, reaching it just in time to hear the key turn in the lock.

I seized the handle, shook the door, and screamed in my terror, calling wildly upon Arati to come and open. Never shall I forget that awful moment! I quiver at the horror of it now! For Arati had lost his reason that day, being wife-goaded to his mad deed. He had loosed the lioness and locked me in with her.

Maris was engaged with the meat. Nero's horse-flesh proved my salvation. I had but one chance of safety, which I seized even as the thought came that I was lost—the cage.

With a couple of leaps I reached the empty cage and sprang within, drawing the door towards me feverishly. All the cages shut with springs: caged like a beast, but safe. Then I considered that, should anyone else enter the lion-room, that person would run a terrible risk. Though I might shout my hardest, Maris would be upon the intruder like a flash before he would realize where the voice came from. And I was supposed to be a lion-tamer, yet there I was in that igneminious position! I began to boil as I thought of it. Then Maris came up and stood looking at me with low growls with lip-lickings, with tail-lashings; and I was very glad to be where I was.

I wondered how long it would be before the room was entered. Then I could have howled aloud. For Maris was close to the door and the key was moving in the lock! Someone was coming in. I got ready for a tremendous shout, but my dry throat seemed ill able to utter it, and it died on my lips as I saw a mad face look in—Arati's face. He saw the lioness and, with a miraculous return of his old power he made straight for her.

And, oh! joy, he had repented of his awful deed. He had the red-hot bars. It was again the fearless trainer. He applied the bars remorselessly to Maris. The lioness shrank, whined, retreated. She was cowed. I forgave him on the spot for his late work as I saw him belabor the beast and drive her towards the cage. She went under, but he pulled the door of the next cage to mine open, then drove the lioness from her refuge and beat her into the cage.

But what was Arati doing? He had caged Maris and shut the door. Surely, surely he was not opening the partition between the cages? There is a partition which can be opened between every cage in a lion-row to admit of cleaning. And Arati was now opening the barred side that divided me from Maris!

"Ah! brave tamer, look after your lioness now!" he said, with indescribable malignity; and then I saw his mad face as it glared in at the bars.

"Arati, let me out! Let me out!" I kept crying, but he went away, with wild, mad laughter, rushing from his lips. And I heard Maris move!

Then I knew no more. I came round to find myself in safety outside the cage, with many of the show people round me.

It seemed that Arati had been met running out of the building with wild cries of satisfied vengeance. He was secured, and discovered to be quite insane. He was babbling of what he had done. At once his horrified listeners rushed to the lion-room to find the beasts settling down to quietness, while Maris, who had been badly burned by the madman, sat subdued in a corner of her cage licking her wounded paws and rubbing her injured eyes as she whined with pain; and I was lying in a senseless heap in the next cage, open to hers. They flung the partition shut and got me out. I never again entered a lion's cage, nor ever shall.—London Tit-Bits.

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BATHE YOUR GLASSES.

Simply Wiping Them Will Not Keep Them Clean.

"You don't need new glasses, but your glasses do need a bath," said an optician to a customer, who seemed greatly surprised at the remark.

"I know you wipe them frequently," continued the optician, "but that doesn't answer the purpose. They need a bath as often as you do, and they don't get it. I can see that from an examination. They have been wiped and wiped, and the clinging dirt has been partly removed, while some of it has been simply moved about and piled on older deposits. Give them a gentle bath once in a while with warm water and a little soap, scrubbing them with a brush and afterwards rinsing and drying them. Then you won't think you are losing your sight so rapidly. Your glasses show a fine film of dirt two or three layers thick, that no amount of simple rubbing will remove. Nothing will take this off so well as clear warm water. Don't be satisfied because you think they are clean, but put them through a bath and make sure of it.

"Few persons realise the importance of keeping their spectacles and eyeglasses perfectly clean, and in their ignorance think there is something the matter with the glasses or with their vision."

SIGNS OF VICTORY.

"Casey, the conthractor, an 'is wife wor playing croquet agin yistherday," said Mr. Rafferty.

"Who won the game?" inquired Mr. Dolan.

"I dinnaw. But judgin' be the broken mallet thot cem flyin' over the fince an' the two big welts on Casey's brow, I sh'd say the victor wor Casey's wife."

RESPONSIBLE FOR THE CHARGE

Willie—"Pa, teacher told us to be prepared to-morrow to tell what meter the 'Charge of the Light Brigade' is in."

Pa—"That's easy. Gas-meter, of course."

An Annual Meeting.

The London and British Columbia directors presented the following reports of the Ruth and Whitewater mines to the shareholders at their last annual meeting in London, England.

THE RUTH MINES.

It will be remembered that the principal vein on this property which in the early history of the mine produced such large quantities of ore, was cut off by a huge fault, and appeared to be lost altogether. A considerable amount of development work has since been carried on for the double purpose of again finding the vein, and in looking for others, with the result that two strong veins of high grade have been opened up, which, it is believed, will entirely restore the company's original position, and greatly enhance the value of the interest held by the London and British Columbia Goldfields Co., which remains the same as when last reported.

THE WHITEWATER MINES.

The London and British Columbia Goldfields Co's. share interest in this mine remains practically the same as at the end of 1899.

The miners' strike did not terminate until February, 1900, and as some difficulty was then experienced in getting a suitable labor force together, it was not until somewhat later that the mine was able to resume shipments, which, however, were again suspended at the end of last year, owing to the action of the American Smelter Combination in refusing to renew their contracts for dealing with the silver lead ores in the district.

This latter circumstance was unfortunate, occurring as it did just at the time when the mine had commenced to pay dividends, which, from the appearance of the developments then being carried out, gave every promise of continuance.

From these and more recent developments our engineers report the mine as looking far better than it has done for a long period previously.

Under these latter circumstances, and in view of the assistance recently granted to the local silver lead smelters by the Canadian government, your directors look forward to an early settlement of the question and a resumption of shipments, which, it is believed, would soon put the company again in a dividend paying position.

The Ore Finder.

The ore finder that has worked out wonders at the Last Chance mine and one or two other claim in this camp, is now going over the ground of the Neepawa on Ten-Mile, and the managers say that it is giving satisfactory results, doing away with tunnelling and drifting to find ore. Ore bodies have been located, the value and extent.

The scientific name for the mineral finder is the terreohmeter. The apparatus consists of a battery, the terreohmeter and brass rods and insulated copper wires. The operator directs the work of laying the wire and placing the rods, keeps a record of the measurements, and plans the work as it proceeds, in accordance with the results obtained. The method of locating metals in the earth consists of measuring the resistance of the earth as a conductor between rods inserted in the ground, and where the resistance is light there is sure to be mineral, where the resistance is heavy there will be no metals of any kind.

Secured an Interest.

Dr. Hendryx has secured a quarter interest in the Joe Joe group of four claims on the north fork of Carpenter creek, about 4½ miles from Three Forks, from Thos. Trenarey and associates. The doctor will go up shortly and look over the ground. These claims were staked years ago, with good surface showings, and have since with development done a little shipping, netting good returns. There will be no extensive work done on the property this summer.

STRAYED.

To the stables of the Sandon Forwarding Company, Limited, on the 7th inst, one dark brown pony, with hook brand on nigh shoulder and off hind foot white. Owner may have same on paying expenses.
Dated 8th August, 1901.
THE SANDON FORWARDING COMPANY, LIMITED.

H. Byers & Co.

Jobbers and Retailers in

Hardware

and

Mining Supplies

'T' Rails and Track Iron,
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KOOTENAY COFFEE CO.--

COFFEE ROASTERS
Dealers in TEA AND COFFEE.

We are offering at the lowest prices the best grades of Ceylon, India, China and Japan Teas.
For Prices see Nelson daily papers.

A TRIAL ORDER SOLICITED.

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P. O. BOX 182.
WEST BAKER STREET, NELSON, B.C.

Certificates of Improvements.

NOTICE.

Daniel, Gordon, Galt, Donnelly and Crawford Fractional Mineral Claims.

Situate in the Slocan Mining Division of West Kootenay District. Where located: adjoining the City of Sandon on the North West.

Take notice that the Urban Mining Company Limited, Non-Personal Liability, Free Miner's Certificate No. B 52337, intends 60 days from the date hereof, to apply to the Mining Recorder for Certificates of Improvements, for the purpose of obtaining a Crown Grant of each of the above claims.

And further take notice that action under Section 37 must be commenced before the issuance of such Certificates of Improvements.

Dated this 28th day of June, 1901.

THE URBAN MINING COMPANY, LIMITED, NON-PERSONAL LIABILITY.

Certificates of Improvements.

NOTICE.

Morning Sun and Shogo Mineral Claims.

Situate in the Slocan Mining Division of West Kootenay District. Where located: In the forks of Sandon creek, near the Slocan Star.

Take notice that I, Wm. S. Drewry, acting as agent for the Byron N. White Co., Ltd., Free Miner's Certificate No. B 52335, intend, sixty days from the date hereof, to apply to the Mining Recorder for Certificates of Improvements, for the purpose of obtaining a Crown Grant of each of the above claims.

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

Dated this 4th day of July, A. D. 1901.

W. S. DREWRY.

MINERS' SUPPLIES.

Gold Seal White Rubber Coats | Hip Rubber Boots, leather soles
Black and Yellow Oil Coats | Knee Rubber Boots, leather soles

Blankets, Pillows, Quilts, etc.

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Fishing Tackle.

We carry a complete line of fishing tackle—the largest and finest stock in the Slocan.

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Boots and Shoes

At Cost and Less Than Cost.

We have a fine stock of Men's Boys', Ladies' and Children's Boots and Shoes which will be sold at cost and under, in order to make room on the shelves for our groceries. We have on hand a good selection of the best makes.

Cody Avenue. **JALLAND BROS.**

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ROSSLAND, NELSON, KASLO, PILOT BAY, THREE FORKS, SLOCAN CITY

Have your work done by experienced hands. We are up-to-date mechanics, skillful in our

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Samples of room mouldings of artistic designs.

See Skales, THE PAPER HANGER.