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The Mining Review.

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A RELEASE DEMANDED.

Canadian Fishing Vessels Held by American Authorities.

Port Townsend, Wash., Aug. 8.—The recent seizure of several Canadian fishing vessels by the revenue launch guard in the vicinity of Point Roberts and Blaine for fishing in American waters, has raised some intricate points of international law. It is claimed that there is no law which prohibits foreign vessels from fishing in American waters and, under this claim, the British embassy at Washington made a demand on the United States government for the immediate release of the vessels. This was referred here for investigation, and the revenue officers say the vessels were seized for landing nets in American waters without complying with the customs laws by entering their certificates. This explanation was not satisfactory and advices to-day from the treasury department at Washington say that United States Consul Smith, of Victoria, has been ordered to proceed to Point Roberts and Blaine immediately for the purpose of making a thorough investigation and report without delay to the department.

WARNED BY RUSSIA.

China Told to Beware of an Alliance With Japan.

Pekin, Aug. 8.—M. Degiers, the Russian minister, has addressed a note to the Tsung-li-Yamen, warning that body that the conclusion of an alliance with Japan would give great offence to Russia, and that the consequences to China would be most serious.

Chinese Fooled After All.

Victoria, August 9.—Since the Privy Council has decided that the act prohibiting the employment of Chinese underground in coal mines is beyond the authority of the provincial legislature, the government has determined to accomplish the same result in a different way. This decision is announced as the result of an interview with Ralph Smith, as representative of the miners' union. The mine inspector will be ordered to prohibit the employment underground of any person not able to read and understand the coal mines regulations. This rule not to effect any persons so employed before the 1st of August.

Weird Political Forecasts.

Victoria, August 8.—Advices from New Westminster are that a combination has been formed against Henderson strong enough to defeat him. In a preliminary caucus R. L. Reid and D. J. Munn were chosen as likely candidates and both consent to run if desired. The choice will be made by a committee of friends at which Reid and Munn will be equally represented. Each pledges himself to work for whoever is chosen.

The latest named aspirant for the premiership, in the event of Semlin's retirement, is Peters, ex-premier of Prince Edward Island, but now a resident of Victoria, and member of the firm of Tupper, Peters & Potts. He is now visiting Vancouver and taking active part in a political conference in progress there and at New Westminster.

Here and There.

The British steamship "Holbein," which recently arrived at Liverpool, picked up Capt. William A. Andrews, known as the "lone navigator," who left Atlantic City on June 18 in a little vessel barely twelve feet in length, to attempt to cross the Atlantic. He was found in an exhausted condition on July 12, about 700 miles from the Irish coast.

Henry G. Bryant, of Philadelphia, the well known explorer and mountain climber who led a search party for Lieut. Peary a few years ago, and who has now in view the ascension of Mount St. Elias in Alaska, has left Banff for Mount Assiniboine to make preparations for the ascent of the peak. He has been considering the ascent of the great peak of Assiniboine for some time. He will be accompanied by Swiss guides from Interlaken, who have recently been introduced at the Selkirk glacier and other mountain points for the benefit of Alpine clubs.

A story is now going the rounds to the effect that the Chinese government will soon make a contract for tearing down the Great Wall, which is 1,300 miles long. It is very unlikely that any attempt to do this will be made, because the expense of taking down such a wall, even with the cheapest labor, would amount to an almost impossible figure. The resevoir at Forty-second street and Fifth avenue, New York city, may be compared to the the wall of China in certain ways. It is estimated that it will cost over $100,000 to remove the resevoir, and when its small size is considered, it will be seen that to pull down 1,300 miles of wall would cost a billion or more dollars. It is probable that the wall may, however, be utilized as a quary by those in search of building materials. —Scientific American.

Miss Maud Spencer, of Leeds, Eng., has broken her engagement with Geo. A. Rundel, a young engineer, and secured $250 damages in a breach of promise suit, because her lover returned her letters with errors in spelling and grammar corrected in ink. If the same law is in force in Canada there is a chance for tortunes in it.

A Divine Healer Accused of Murder.

Victoria, August 7.—Captain McCoskri, of the Princess Louse, has given the police information that the so-called divine healer, of whose mission here one Eugene Brooks is head, is responsible for the death of his young son. It seems that Mrs. McCoskri was prevailed upon by converts to give up her regular physician and resort to divine healing, under which treatment the boy died during the captain's absence from the city.

Slocan City and District.

The Chapleau closed down Sunday. It is understood that the company intends laying out plans for work on an extensive scale. Mr. Williams, the superintendent, leaves at once for London, England, to consult with the company.

Mr. Jeffries, expert for Dickenson & Webb, made an examination of the Slocan Chief and Kootenay Queen last week, and as a result a deal is being made with Pearson brothers, the owners.

J. Christopher, who was injured a few days ago in the Arlington mine by a fall of rock, is improving rapidly at the hospital.

The Black Prince men are building boarding and ore houses. Allen & Co. are hauling ore steadily from the mine.

Goat River Mining Division.

The boundaries of the Goat River Mining division have been changed, and now that division takes in all of that part of West Kootenay to the east of Kootenay lake lying south of the height of land between Gray's and Crawford's creeks, thence westerly to Crawford's bay, thence crossing Kootenay lake to Proctor's Point, thence following the height of land between Kootenay lake and Salmon river to the International boundary. The office of the division is at Kuskanook. The necessary affidavits can be made at Kaslo without expense, and mining recorder Keen will cheerfully render claim owners every assistance in making the transition easy, as all the records are now at Kuskonook.—Nelson Tribune.

Guests at the Reco.

A. Smith, Chas. L. Alluner, Jno. F. McIntosh, R F Green, E E Chipman, J W Richie, G E Martin, Alex Menzies, A W Goodenough, J W Cameron, E R Townsend, H A Johnson, L R Lindsay, Chas Dickson, J H Jackson, S A Colson, Little Smith, A B Morris, Wm J Lewis, Henry Geigerich, H E Hodder (Masonic Fraternity), Kaslo; Percy Dickenson, Slocan City; W S Drewery, New Denver; W R Winstead, Whitewater; W M Leetz, Silver Bell; F R C Beer, Nelson; Geo Buscombe, J Jones, Vancouver; W H Vass, Montreal; J F Whitney, Berlin; C E Jackson and wife, Rossland; John McDonald, J M Coombs, Winnipeg; J G McGuigan, Spokane.

A WAY OUT OF THE DIFFICULTY

Is for the Owners and Miners to Hold a Joint Meeting.

It is a pity that the owners and men of the Slocan cannot come together and make some arrangement to break up the present monotony. Even if the men should win eventually, in a lay off of six months they will lose as much as they would gain in three or four years' work, and, of course, the owners are in any event losing the interest on whatever profits their properties may make. Outside of this the country is receiving a set back from which it will take years to recover, and business men, too, everywhere and in every line in the district are losing money. It would be a great thing all around if a conference between the men and the owners was held to see if some solution or way out of the difficulty could not be arrived at. We are confident the business men in the district would do what they could in any way to assist in an amicable settlement of the differences.

HOW IT HAPPENED.

Mr. Crowse Gives to a Review Reporter Particulars of the Sovereign Accident.

Mr. Crowse is now around after his miraculous escape at the Sovereign, and gives the cause of the accident, as nearly as he can get at it, as follows: The tunnel is in about 550 feet and at 400 it makes a jog or drift on the vein about 150 feet. They had just drilled in eight holes in the face of the drift, as indicated by these figures

4	5
3	6
2	7
1	8

The holes were in about five feet, and all ready for the match. He and the deceased were standing close up to the rock setting off the blasts. They had touched 1, 2, 3, 4, 5 and 6. They had 7 and 8 yet to touch and it took a little longer than usual on account of their being wet. They expected after touching 7 and 8 to make the corner, 150 feet distant, for safety, when, in a big, black smudge—it being a bad fuse—No. 6 went off, blowing down all told five feet of rock. How he escaped with so comparatively slight injury he will never know, as the general impression is that any living thing within several feet of the blast should be blown to atoms.

Newspaper Errors.

That newspaper publishers are not always to blame, and in fact very seldom, when errors appear in their papers, is evident from the following: Some weeks ago the manager of a property, well known to most citizens, brought a large piece of ore to this office broken from a rich ledge. He said it came from his tunnel; and he gave a description of his valuable property, which was reported as he gave it. A few days after the secretary of the company called at the office and informed the editor they had not yet found a lead, to say nothing of a paystreak, on their property. He said they had found considerable float and were driving a cross-cut to tap the lead. Of course the editor was not to blame for the falsification somewhere. However, as the manager with the big ledge, has since been fired, we are free to say he did the fibbing.

Payne Stock.

Shares in this British Columbian silver and lead property, when for sale, do not want offers long and as there are three million shares, which would at present prices yield over four million dollars, there are quite frequently on this stock transactions which sometimes involve considerable values. Silver and lead are in constant demand and are likely always to be so. Besides the company working this silver and lead property recommend it as an investment in the best way. They pay out large monthly dividends and doing this keep the stock price above par value. These prices fluctuating never come for any length of time, even at their lowest, near par and they thus add perceptibly to much other cumulative evidence that this mine is a very valuable property. With no indications of lessening values in sight, whether from the ore ledges becoming exhausted or from the market demand for silver and lead becoming small and unprofitable. This week there have been 5,250 shares sold at prices the highest of which was 140 and the lowest 135. Offer was made of 135 and the demand was for 140.—Montreal Mining News.

PERSONAL MENTION.

Jas. Jones, of the C. P. R., was in the city this week.

Miss Webster, of Spokane, is visiting with her sister, Mrs. David.

The Rev. A. M. Sanford attended district meeting in Trail this week.

T. L. Mitchell, concentrator builder, wife and daughter are in the city.

Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Whittier are back in the city after touring East Kootenay.

C. F. Jackson and wife, of Rossland, dropped off at the Reco, the other day, on their way to the Springs.

Mr. Seale, of the Exchange National Bank, Spokane, spent the past week with his sister, Mrs. Fallows.

Mr. Sid. Norman, of the St. Keverne mine, and wife, of Spokane, spent a few days in the city this week.

The Rev. Robertson, superintendent of missions of the Presbyterian church, passed through the city on Sunday.

W. deR. Rose is now working with C. M. Wilson, at the Coin. Mrs. Rose came up from New Denver on Thursday.

Dr. Hendrix and bride arrived in the city, Thursday by C. P. R. They will be the guests of Mr. and Mrs. F. A. Wood while in the city.

Mr. F. L. Christie returned from the Coast Sunday. His marriage is "a sure thing" this time as he brought his bride with him. They will reside in the city, having leased Mr. Wilson's residence.

Mr. I. Crawford and family, Mr. and Mrs. Bernard, Dr. Gomm, and all the other Sandonites camping at Rosebery, have returned to the city. The wet weather had something to do with their hurry.

Mining and Capitalist Visitors.

Jas. Baird, of London, Eng., is making a tour of the country.

Messrs. Scott, Buckley and Burns, capitalists of Chicago, were in the city this week while looking over the mines of the country.

C. S. Drummond and R. B. Archibald, owners of many properties at Nelson, and the Queen Bess here, have spent some days in the city. They have a very high opinion of the Queen Bess, and will commence extensive work on it as soon the present strike is over.

Messrs. Bernard McDonald, T. S. Beique, L. J. Beique, and T. Strachan, of Montreal, owners of the Sovereign and Madison mines, were here the past week looking over the properties and laying out plans for future operations. Mr. Percy Dickenson, of Slocan City, associated with them in lake properties, was also here conferring with them.

City Council.

Council met Monday evening, all present but Ald. Crawford.

The following accounts were ordered paid:—

Paysheet	$258 00
Salaries	329 99
Fire Dept. maintenance	33 30
Hospital	35 70
Office rent	30 00
Water & Light	215 75
H. Byers & Co.	7 60
Trytholl & Co., ptg.	28 50
L. Doolan	16 50
J. Belmain	1 50
P. O. Box	3 00
Paystreak	10 00
Court House, rent	15 00

MOTIONS.

Thompson—McDonald—That the arc lights on the streets be closed off, and the present city office be removed to the Court House.

Hunter—Atherton—In amendment, that the lights be not cut off. Amendment lost; motion carried.

SCALDED HER HAND.

Mrs. T. Wannamaker, Frankford, Ont., says: "I scalded my hand very badly and then took cold in it. It became swollen and was very painful, but half a bottle of Hagyards Yellow Oil cured it completely."

MINES AND MINING.

A tunnel is being run in on the Lone Fraction, near the Ruth.

The Vulture cross-cut is in 180 feet. It is thought the lead will be reached in 60 feet more.

Eleven miners have been imported from Sudbury to work in the Ymir mines at $3.00 a day.

The Marion mine at New Denver has been sold to Toronto parties, but the price is not public property.

It is confidently believed that Red Mountain at Silverton will out rival its namesake in the Rossland camp.

Vancouver parties are negotiating for W. Harrington's property, the Get-There-Eli group on Twelve Mile creek.

Some railway men while blasting near Duncan City exposed a rich gold ledge and located several claims at once.

All told there are about 125 men working in mines within four miles of the city. The usual number is 6 or 7 times that.

The general conclusion of mining men, who have seen the chute of ore lately exposed in No. 5 tunnel of the Payne, say it is the best one yet met on the property.

All the mining operations around Cody are confined to a few men working at the Noble Five, and perhaps seven or eight at the Vulture and four at the Coin. There are several, however, working at prospects of their own in the vicinity.

Mr. B. M. Walton, the conractor at the Ajax Fraction, says there are several men working underground on that property at $3.50 for eight hours. Newspapers get their information from several sources that they believe to be reliable. Very few publishers give anything they do not believe at the time to be true. We gladly give Mr. Walton's version of it, as we know nothing of the circumstances ourselves personally.

Many have heard of the richness of the silver ores of the Slocan country, but few have an idea of how rich these ores are. By a careful computation it was recently shown that the average assay value of several thousand tons of ore from different mines in the Slocan, which ore was treated at the several smelting plants in and out of Canada, ran about 125 ounces of silver and 45 per cent lead to the ton, which would represent, taking the price of the metals at their present values, some $113 to the ton.

Our reporter saw A. R. Brown in town this week and obtained from him the following figures as to men employed and wages paid at the Lucky Jim mine during the month of July: One foreman, $5; one blacksmith, ten hours, $4; one carpenter, ten hours, $4; two engine drivers, $3.50 and $4; eight machine men, underground, eight hours, $3 50; two mining on surface, ten hours, $3.50; three carmen, underground, eight hours, $3; two surface men, ten hours, $3; one cook; $3.—Kootenaian.

Work is to be resumed in the old Albion mine, near Ainsworth, which has been idle for two years. The deal, which has been pending several months for the sale of the property, has fallen through, and the stockholders will levy an assessment to raise funds to continue the development of the property. The trustees have been considering for some time the advisability of resuming work and, as an outcome, called a meeting of the stockholders, which was held yesterday in Spokane, at which methods were to be adopted for the immediate development of the property.

Sandon Ore Shipments.

The following is a list of ore shipments over the K. & S. from Sandon for the weekending August 11:

MINE.	TONS.
Coin	2½
Total	2½

Whitewater Ore Shipments.

The following is a statement of ore shipped from this station for the week ending August 11:

Mine.	Tons.
Jackson	16
Whitewater	33
Total	49

TO CURE COLD IN ONE DAY.

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

HINTS FOR THE FARMER.

BARN CONSTRUCTION.

A gentleman whose barn was recently burned asks us for the names of books devoted to plans of barns and if there are architects who make a specialty of barn construction.

To both of his questions we must answer that we know of none. The reason for lack of publications especially devoted to barn construction is that ideas have been changing so rapidly during the last few years that nothing thoroughly up to date has been published in book form. The most progressive ideas on the subject are in the files of the best class of agricultural newspapers. So far as architects are concerned we know of none who make any speciality of barn construction, for the reason that an architect to understand his business thoroughly must be something of an expert in some of the technical details of the use to which the structure is to be put. The more modern and best arranged barns that we know anything of have been constructed by practical dairymen.

The changing ideas relative to barn construction are due to a growth of the feeling that cattle must have more light, more air, and better air than was formerly supposed to be necessary. Growing out of this feeling has come a condemnation of the former practice of a dark, noisome manure cellar in the basement, cattle above that, and then hay and other fodders above the cattle and manure.

The essential principle of modern barn construction is that there shall be a main building for storage only, with one story ells to be used exclusively for stock.

There are many adaptations of this principle, according to circumstances, the lay of the land, the size of the dairy and the means of the owner. In a number of instances where these modern barns have been built, the land is of such a slope as to allow of a light, dry, airy basement under the whole of the main barn which affords an excellent storage place for wagons and farm machinery. In some instances the lay of the land is such that loads can be driven not only on to the main floor of the barn, but also on to an upper floor. In the latter case much of the grain, etc., can be unloaded so as to drop by gravity to the bins, saving a great deal of manual labor. Many of these new barns are fitted for the use of a fork for unloading hay. In some cases the silo is built in the barn, the silo being rectangular and occupying a corner of the barn, or being circular and enclosed in the barn, according to the tastes of the owner. The circular silo seems on the whole to be growing in favor.

The ell for the stock will be of such length as is necessary to accommodate all the animals to be kept; there may be more than one if needed. This ell is usually of sifficient width to allow room for the passage of a wagon loaded with green crops through the centre, with a row of stalls on each side, and liberal passage ways in the rear. These ells are usually built with monitor roofs, well supplied with windows which can be opened from the barn floor by rods and gears. It is usually customary to open all on one side or the other, according to the direction of the wind. Each side of this stock ell has a row of windows, all of which are stationary at the bottom and arranged to swing inward a few inches at the top, thus any air through them will be given an upward tendency on its entering the barn, and will not come in a sharp draught upon the cattle standing near the window. In addition to this many barns have ventilating ducts for the admission of pure air from the outside. These ducts are useful, particularly in extreme weather, when it might not be considered prudent to open the windows behind the cows. Except in the coldest nights, many farmers keep the windows in the monitor roof slightly ajar for purposes of ventilation.

The floors of these barns for stock are made of wood, cement, or various kinds of artificial stone. In some mangers are built for feeding the cattle, while in others they are fed from the cement floor, a concavity having been shaped in the cement. At the end of the row is a waterpipe, and by turning a faucet running water will flow through the whole of this gutter in front of the cows for watering them, and also for flushing and cleaning the gutter. A similar device is frequently constructed in the rear of the cows for manure. Under this system of caring for cattle the manure must be removed from the barn every day, and in some instances is hauled at once on to the land. Some barns are fitted with a scraper, which runs the whole length for gathering up the manure and depositing it in a cart at the end of the row.

The latest notion as to stalls is in favor of box stalls. These allow the cows greater freedom, the idea being that cows do best when they are in the most contented frame of mind possible; anything that tends to promote absolute content and mental serenity is reflected favorably at the milk pail. Consequently, it is argued that a box stall for the cows pays better.

In the newest barn that we have seen the partitions between the stalls are constructed of two-inch galvanized iron pipe. This is cleanly, and removes any objection that might be raised to plank partitions.

tion of a barn can get more information from these ideas in practice than by any newspaper description.

AN ACRE OF HENS.

Go ahead and build one house that will accommodate one hundred fowls, writes Fanny Field. Put a partition through the middle, and keep your fowls in two flocks of fifty each. Divide your acre into four yards and use the yards alternately. In the fall plough up two of the yards and sow to rye. As soon as it is up a few inches put your fowls in those yards. The rye will furnish green food until snow comes, in winter whenever the fowls can get at the ground, and the first thing in spring. Should the rye be likely to grow too high in the fall, just turn your cow in for a little while, occasionally, and let her feed it down. Keep your hens on these yards until ploughing time next spring, then turn them into the other yards, where the grass will be nice and fresh. Plough under what is left of the rye, and plant the yards to corn and sunflowers. We have kept fowls in that way—fifty in a flock, one hundred in one house—and there was not a case of sickness among the old fowls during the entire year. And we made over one hundred dollars in clear cash from the sale of eggs from those one hundred hens; so we do not hesitate to declare that more than twenty-five fowls can be profitably kept in one flock. No; we didn't sell any of the eggs at fancy prices; they were sold at the average price of twenty cents a dozen. Ask yourself if you have an acre of land within the limits of your farm that pays one hundred dollars, or even fifty dollars.

PREPARING HORSES FOR MARKET.

No fixed rule can be laid down, but it is very necessary that the horses be well fed. They must come to the auction with glossy coats, smooth hair and must be well broken. While horses are being fattened for market they must be given an hour's exercise daily. It is very necessary that they should be taken to town occasionally so as to become accustomed to steam and electric cars. No horse should be younger than five years, nor older than eight to bring a good price.

HOSPITAL FOR BIRDS.

Curious Institution for the Treatment of Suffering Birds Situated at Norwood.

How many Londoners know of the Birds' Hospital down in Norway? says a letter from that great city. A canary with a broken leg, your seedy parrot, your prize poultry with tuberculosis, your racing pigeon with a touch of "liver"—each is welcomed there and restored.

This old institution is in charge of Professor Vale, who was led to the closer study of birds' ailments from the fact that his own died under the ordinary treatment. He made frequent experiments with medicines, and now, after fourteen years of study, he considers himself capable of curing almost any feathered creature suffering from accident or ailment. Smallpox—even the winged bipedsg et it—can be banished, "swelled head," can be reduced, tuberculosis can be exterminated, while minor ills have all their cures.

"I cured a valuable racing pigeon a few days ago," said the doctor. "It came home ill and wasted, and when I sent it back it was gaining flesh and ready to fly for a cup. Larger birds? Yes, swans and turkeys, I have attended both.

"I haven't any canaries on wooden legs here, but I have often set a broken one. I use a large quill, split open, and lined with cotton wool as a splint; it keeps the limb quite firm. Many canaries that I treat are suffering from wrong feeding. Most books on canaries say that canary seed is the best food, whereas it is about the most unsuitable, with perhaps, the exception of millet."

Mr. Vale explained the various constituents of canary seed, and demonstrated that they were in a very different proportion from that required by nature. Starch is the great enemy of the human race, according to Mr. Vale. If the system was entirely free from starchy foods one would throw off disease without effort, and the modern Briton would live, as his forebears, to one hundred and twenty years.

Mr. Vale recounts with glee the history of a white owl which he owned that simply revelled in a diet consisting of the remains of birds that had died of different diseases sent to his master for post mortem purposes, and yet remained healthy.

A VERSATILE MAN.

Maj. Hennery—Want a job, eh? What are you capable of doing?

Applicant—Well, suh, I kin whitewash chicken-coops.

Maj. Hennery—Anything else?

Applicant—Oh, yes, I kin disinfect chicken-coops.

Maj. Hennery—Anything else?

Applicant—Yes, suh; I kin repair chicken-coops.

Maj. Hennery—Anything else?

Applicant—Well, yes, but dat s about all I kin do to chicken-coops in de daytime.

STERILIZING BANK NOTES.

The savings bank in Brussels has recently adopted a process of sterilizing all bank notes which pass through its hands. The money is exposed for several hours to the vapor of formalin. The Paris Revue suggests that books lent out from public libraries should

WHAT UNCLE SAM IS AT.

ITEMS OF INTEREST ABOUT THE BUSY YANKEE.

Neighborly Interest in His Doings—Matters of Moment and Mirth Gathered from His Daily Record.

Congressman Tawney, of Minnesota, began life as a blacksmith's helper.

It is estimated that there are 30,000 pupils in the agricultural schools of the United States.

Congressman Ketcham, of New York, has served in 13 Congresses and never made a speech.

Bishop Potter thinks that the bad system of treating to strong drinks is on the decrease.

Mrs. Celestina Nigro, of Philadelphia, celebrated her 109th birthday by dancing three waltzes.

James J. Hill says luck and laziness do not go together, "Honest effort is bound to win," he declares.

Mrs. Annie Hector, famous under the name of Mrs. Alexander is still living. She has written 35 novels.

Edwin C. Donnell, the 16-year-old grand-nephew of Horace Greeley has invented a wireless telegraph of his own.

Governor Stanley, of Kansas, has appointed his wife one of a committee to investigate the State's charitable institutions.

Senator Ross, of Vermont, was once an expert on snowshoes, and the swiftest racer on them within several miles of his home.

Gen. Irving Hale holds the record of the best average ever attained at West Point, and is one of the best marksmen in the army.

Dr. J. T. Dewey, father of the admiral, used to call his son George "The Hero of the Family. That was when the boy was 10 years old.

The Register, of Marion, Ia., says Col. Henderson is the only man in the country who knows how to say "God bless you," as it should be said.

Francis C. Koehler, of Cherry Hill, N.J., claims to be the youngest magistrate in the United States, being only 21 years of age on his election.

For the first time in a decade every Board of the Presbyterian church begins the fiscal year without debt.

Collis P. Huntington has been recommended by his physician to golf for exercise and has become very proficient in the game,

General Funston says the Twentieth Kansas owes its success to the fact that the officers were given commissions as a reward for good work and not from political pull.

Professor Newcombe, of the Johns Hopkins University, has been honoured by the University of Oxford, which has conferred the degree of D. C. L. upon him.

Prof. Alex. S. Mackenzie, assistant professor of English in the University of Pennsylvania, has been elected to the chair of English at the Kentucky State College, Lexington.

A Georgia convict, working with others in a contractor's brickyard, escaped recently by piling bricks in a hollow square and thus shutting himself in until the convicts had been locked up for the night.

American woman though she be, the Duchess d'Arcos, wife of the new Spanish Minister at Washington, looks almost as much of a Spaniard as her husband. She has a strong face with large dark eyes.

President McKinley has agreed to attend the laying of the corner stone of the Federal building in Chcaigo on October 9. He will be accompanied by his wife and at least four members of the Cabinet.

The United States has about 450,000,000 acres of forest, but this is being rapidly depleted by the ax and by destructive fires. The Govern,ent is now investigating means to prevent or control the latter.

Gen. Phil Sheridan's widow still lives in the house in Washington which was presented to the General by his friends when he took command of the army. It cost $45,000, and has trebled in value.

One of the most attractive literary critics in New York is Mr. Richard Henry Stoddard, who, though nearly 80 years of age, is yet busy with his critical pen. Mr. Stoddard is the oldest American poet alive.

Congressman Champ Clark the other day sold for $125 to Frank L. Hanvey of Washington, a first edition of Eugene Field's "Model Primer," of which but seven copies are extant. Mr. Clark acted for the owner, Mrs. Robert White, of Mexico, Mo. The book was referred to Francis. Wilson, the comedian, who, as an authority on Field's works pronounced it a genuine first edition.

Joseph J. Willet, of Alabama, who made the principal speech at the Tammany Hall 4th of July celebration in New York, is but 36 years old, and the youngest man ever president of the Alabama Bar Association.

President McKinley has been breaking the handshaking record again. No less than 4,816 shakes in one hour and forty-five minutes is his achievement at the latest White House reception. This is at the rate of forty-six shakes per minute.

The intention of the North German Lloyd Steamship Company to secure piers in New York and leave Hoboken, which was announced some time ago, has been abandoned, and its present docking facilities are to be enlarged and improved.

The Declaration of Independence is scarcely read nowadays at celebrations of the "Fourth." Men say they do not desire to hear the arraignment of the King of Great Britain, that he is dead and his acts belong to a dead past, and that no benefit comes from the revival of dead issues.

Madame Lili Lehmann, the grand opera singer has entered into an agreement with the 400 girls attending the New Brunswick, N. J., Public schools, under which she consents to sing in that city next season at popular prices, the girls agreeing on their part to refrain from wearing birds on their hats.

Mrs. McKinley is a great dog fancier and owns the largest St. Bernard in the world. Its name is Washington. A special servant is appointed to take care of the pets of the President's wife and the dogs are groomed every morning in the same way as the pets at Sandringham, England, home of the Prince and Princess of Wales.

A lady at Green Haven, N.Y., secured a separation from her husband on the ground of extreme cruelty. Among other brutal acts he was in the habit of sleeping with a hammer under his pillow, and with this he frequently threatened, during the night, to pound her into insensibility.

An eel was used to clean a two-inch water pipe in Cincinnati. The pipe had become clogged with mud, and a string was attached to the tail of the eel, which was then placed in the pipe. A jerk on the string now and then excited the eel to activity, and it was thus induced to crawl onward, dragging after it a light bunch of rags.

A NEW PROPHET.

He Predicts Dire Disaster for Great Britain.

Another new prophet has arisen, and after the style of the late Mother Shipton, has embodied his prophecies in a more or less "poetical" effusion under the caption of "Cudmore's prophecy of the twentieth century." Its author is an Irish counsellor-at-law, who resides in the United States, and like some others among his fellow-countrymen he has evidently no love for either England or its people. His anti-British feeling is strongly shown in the dire fate which he decrees for England during the next century. He says:—

. . . . "War, devastation,
Famine, plague, and great conflagration;
Then modern Babylon will burn down,
Woe! Woe! to great Sodom—London town!
Then the people will be fierce and mad,
Little they'll care for religion and God!
Then London mob, a fierce, lawless crew,
Will murder and rob the Shylock Jew.
Kings and lords and religion they will deride,
And all kinds of property they will divide;
And great Mammon's temple—London's bank—
London rabble will plunder and sack,
England's trade will come to devastation;
Woe! Woe! to the proud British nation,
England, England, the nations did enthrall,
Like Babylon and Rome she will fall,
Not by vandals — that lawless crew—
But from workshops, colleges and schools."

It must be consoling to Irishmen and to all lovers of the Emerald Isle that Mr. Cudmore's native land is not to share in the disastrous fate which is to overtake Great Britain. On the contrary such an era is promised as should please even the most ardent Fenian. In shaky metre, and still more shaky rhyme, he decrees:—

Then England's fall and devastation,
Will make Ireland a glorious nation,
The Irish Republic will take its station
Amongst the most enlightened nations,
Oh, Erin's son, thou art not forgot,
Emmet's epitaph is writ at last!
Heed you this moral, all true Irishmen,
Believe in prophecy and Columbkille,
Let the watchword now and ever be,
That all nations must and shall be free!

In order that his nationality may not be mistaken, of which there is little danger after one has read his effusion, Mr. Cudmore's last stanza is devoted to himself and his birthplace. He says:—

The place of my nativity
Moorestown is my native land,
Parish of Kilfinane;
Limerick County, rich and grand,
Erin's green dominion.

As they resemble Mother Shipton's prophecies in their versification, so Mr. Cudmore's prophecies are likely to resemble some of hers in their fulfilment particularly that one which says:—

And the world to an end shall come,
In eighteen hundred and Ninety-one.

In his case the wish is doubtless father to the prophecy.

HOMESICKNESS.

A Disease That in the Intense Form Affects Other Races Than the Anglo-Saxon.

There is a malady which boasts of a learned appellation compounded of two Greek words, but which is better known by a homelier and far more expressive name in the vernacular, and yet although this binomial disorder is described in the dictionaries as "A vehement desire . . . . affecting the physical health," it has not been assigned a place in the Nomenclature of Diseases for which the Royal College of Physicians of London is responsible, says the Lancet. The fact, too, that homesickness, if impervious to drugs is nevertheless in the highest degree amenable to treatment, might credibly seem to still further justify its inclusion in the official glossary of the 1,053 natural shocks that flesh is heir to. With regard to the etiology of this unqualified complaint there still remain several points requiring elucidation, albeit in its genesis no bacillus is concerned, nor for its adequate diagnosis is there any need of either microscope or test tube.

Shortly stated the essential factor in the production of nostalgia is an environment differing from that amidst which the affected person passed his or her early days. When this is the case some intangible influence is generated which reacts upon the victim, but just as happens in many official maladies there must first be innate receptivity or preparedness of soil on the part of the individual who succumbs. This receptive state is favored by at least three separate things—race, education and temperament—but of these predisposing causes the last possesses less power than either of the other. Caeteris paribus,

PHLEGMATIC SUBJECTS

are more likely to experience homesickness than their sanguine compeers. A tendency to despond, without sufficient cause undoubtedly subserves toward nostalgia, but ardent, enthusiastic people who continually look forward—who never are, but always to be—have the advantage, if advantage it be, of remaining immune.

Education, or rather the want of it, is more potent than temperament, the trend of civilization, which is equivalent to education, being distinctly in the direction of cosmopolitanism. The deeper the ignorance, the ruder the conditions of life under which a human being exists, the greater the probability when exposed to its influence of his acquiring nostalgia. If an islander from Tierra del Fuego, for instance, were to be transported to the comparative paradise of the Gilbert Islands in the Pacific Ocean which have been described as "a cluster of pearls hung upon the equator," he would very likely bewail his hard lot and pine for his own inclement and inhospitable wilderness, and if in like manner a Pacific Gilbertian were to be promoted to, say, Pall Mall—which, without wishing to, speak disrespectfully of the equator, we maintain to be the more desirable abode of the two—he also would no doubt soon break his heart longing for the delights of his sweltering hut in Micronesia.

But of the three predisponents race it is which is the strangest and most inconsequential. Anglo-Saxons and their Celtic brethren vary their manners and customs while abroad to a less extent probably than people of any other nationality, and yet in spite of this they make the best colonists. There is no human being in existence who can appreciate the charm of a home more exquisitely than the Celtic-Anglo-Saxon, and yet he is to be met with in every corner of the world. He loves his own native place beyond words, but he can endure enforced expatriation without giving in to nostalgia. The fact is he recognises the futility of kicking against the pricks and so makes his mind up to sacrifice a portion of his life or even, if the worst, come to the worst, the whole of it. For nostalgics we must turn to some other tribe. When all is said they remain a narrow-minded crew whose mental processes run in grooves. They may call their failing by the high-sounding name of patriotism, but such it is not.

Nostalgia is the cat's complaint, a purely selfish disorder, whereas love of country can flourish anywhere and takes no account of self. And so after all our masters in medicine are perfectly right. Nostalgia is righteously excluded from a list of the shocks that Anglo-Saxon flesh is heir to.

BETROTHAL.

When first upon her slender hand
He slipped the little shining ring,
A dewdrop trembling on a band,
A costly, slight familiar thing,
She drew the merest space apart;
"I'll nevermore be free," she said,
A half reluctance in her heart;
And flowerlike drooped her golden head.

"Nay, love, forever free," he cried—
"Free at my side, and queen of me;
In all the world so wondrous wide,
You are the only one to me."
He kissed the hand that wore the ring,
The rose flush deepened in her cheek;
If one was queen, then one was king,
What further need for words to speak?

ART HAS NOT ADVANCED.

It is curious to note that wood-tar is prepared just as it was in the fourth century B. C. A bank is chosen and a hole dug, into which the wood is placed, covered with turf. A fire is lighted underneath, and the tar slowly drips into the barrels placed to receive it.

RESULT OF SKIN GRAFTING.

Something Went Wrong, and Now the Patient Must Suffer Another Trial—Interesting Surgical Case.

Louis Henschan, of Cincinnati, was severely burned about the back, shoulder and right arm on February 25. He lay for weeks in the City Hospital at the point of death, but gradually his horrible wounds began to heal, with the exception of the multiple wounds which had denuded the arm of almost every particle of skin. The stubborn resistance offered by these wounds against all known remedies finally decided the physicians to make a skin graft. As quite a large quantity of cuticule was required to cover so extensive an area the physicians were at a loss to know where to obtain it.

In this dilemma Hanschan's sisters volunteered to supply it, and would have done so had not a brother-in-law stepped forward and made the sacrific. Under all known aseptic precautions enough skin was removed from the brother-in-law's thigh to cover the surface. After this the healing of the wounds went rapidly on, and the patient was discharged from the institution in less than a month afterward.

Recently, however, the new skin taken from Henschan's relative has begun to contract, drawing the arm up so that it has become almost entirely useless, the contraction being so gradual that it was scarcely perceptible. But one remedy remains, and that is to remove the shrivelling skin and put other skin in its place. The operation, if consented to by the patient, will be a difficult one and require skilful handling.

NORWAY'S SKATING SOLDIERS.

Newly-Organized Corps for Scout and Picket Duty in Winter.

The Norwegian army has lately organized a highly trained corps of skaters. The men are armed with repeating rifles. They wear a specially constructed skate evolved after numerous experiments with various types. The heel is so shaped as to enable the men to turn with great rapidity. As a matter of fact they perform the "right about" in much quicker time than infantry, spinning round as though on a pivot at the word of command.

The corps can be manoeuvred with a rapidity equal to that of the best trained cavalry, and at a recent review—on one of the fjords—their evolutions astonished the military representatives of other nations who were invited to witness the display.

For patrol and scout duty they are expected to be of the greatest use, as the ice season in Norway is of considerable duration.

The men are the pick of a skating nation, and they are commanded by an ex-champion. They are capable of traveling 80 miles a day on the ice, fully equipped.

ARE YOU JEALOUS.

After marriage jealousy should be striven against just as one battles with fever or any other kind of disease. It creates misunderstandings by the hundreds; it chills love, though it is a sign of love, and it makes the unity of thought and feeling that should exist between husband and wife a hollow mockery.

It is the wife's part to cure this canker. Women are so delicately sensitive and so wonderfully wise and diplomatic, that without throwing their cards on the table, and thus revealing their hand, they can force the game to go any way they will. Jealous husbands are very quick to see when their wives really adore them, and them alone, and the woman who is the victimized wife of a jealous man instead of scorning his weakness, does well to be lenient toward it, and tender, remembering that her conduct alone is its cure, or, on the other hand, its aggravation.

There are wives who argue falsely that when their husbands cease to be jealous they also cease to love them with the passionate fervor of the first few years of married life. Never was there a more absurd mistake. Of a truth, only the woman who has not known the pangs of jealousy would so argue.

Jealousy has been known to kill people. It saps the strength and weakens the vitality of the heart. So, though it does invariably imply love, and real hot love, too, it should be quenched by the sufferer and the object of his or her devotion. Love remains; be certain of it, and more truly it is love where the green-eyed monster has been killed.

EVIDENTLY.

I think the man who works at that place across the street is the most faithful and conscientious workman I ever saw. He never takes a holiday, and always labors away till it's too dark to see any longer.

Faithful workman? Great Scott! He's the proprietor of the shop!

THE WORLD DO MOVE.

Mrs. Henry Peck—First we get horseless carriages and then wireless telegraphy. I wonder what next?

Her Husband, meekly — Wifeless matrimony, perhaps.

A NEW VERSION.

Lives of great men oft remind us
We can be as great as they,
And, departing, leave behind us
All we cannot take away.

A PERSISTENT SUITOR.

Kitty—I can't imagine anything more disagreeable than a proposal from that man.

Ruth—I can.

Kitty—What, for goodness' sake?

Claire—A half dozen.

Date of General Election.

When is it to be? This question is disturbing the souls of politicians. In view of the material alteration in the commercial policy of the country which would be involved in a change of government it is a matter which concerns the general public. Meanwhile the aching corns of the populace cry for a remedy and the government give no heed to the demand. Look here! don't suffer this neglect to delay the use of means open to all and which removes the most painful and obstinate corns in two days. Painless, sure acting corn cure, Putnam's Painless Corn Extractor.

A WONDERFUL COUPLE.

A woman, says the Cornfed Philosopher, wonders why she ever married that kind of a man, while the man wonders why he ever married at all.

"Pharaoh 10c." Payne, of Granby, Que' Cigar Manufacturer.

GIRLS CAN'T MARRY.

Norwegian legislators propose that girls who do not know how to knit, sew, wash and cook should be refused permission to marry. Daughters of wealthy men are not to be excepted.

LUBY'S Gives new life to the Hair. It makes it grow and restores the color. Sold by all druggists. 50c. a bottle.

HER IDEA OF IT.

Housewife—But you have had a good many situations in a short time.

Servant—Yes, but that shows, ma'am, how much competition there is to secure my services.

O'KEEFE'S LIQUID EXT. OF **MALT** Invigorates and Strengthens. W. LLOYD WOOD, Toronto, GENERAL AGENT.

THE RIGHT IDEA.

Weary Willie and his friend Frowsy strolling along the seashore stop before a sign reading: Notice! Bathing Is Dangerous Quicksands. Weary Willie—Dere, Frowsy; dere's true public spirit for yer. I don't know who dat feller Quicksands is, but he's got de right idea uv t'ings an' ain't afraid to say so, an if he wuz here I'd take off me hat to him.

LATEST IN LIFE BELTS.

M. Janet, a Frenchman, of Bauvais, finds that four toy india rubber balloons attached to a yard of whipcord make a swimming belt or life buoy. The balloons should only be half full in order to resist the waves better. This life belt can easily be carried in the pocket and inflated at need.

La Toscana, 10c. RELIANCE CIGAR FACTORY, Montreal

THEY WERE TOUGH PEOPLE ONCE.

When I am in Rome, he said, I shall do as the Romans do.

Well, she answered doubtfully, at least that will be better than doing as the Romans did.

DISCOVERED AT LAST.

A wholesome, nourishing preparation which takes the place of tea and coffee cures indigestion, and all complaints caused by tea and coffee which are poisonous. "Rocko Health Drink" is absolutely pure and is used at your meals instead of coffee. A 10c. package will make 75 cups. Rokco also makes a delicious summer iced drink. For sale by grocers. Ask for it.

GOOD REASON.

Grandma—I wouldn't eat that hard apple in that way, Willie.

Willie—I shouldn't think you would, grandma, I wouldn't either if I didn't have no more teeth 'n you've got.

Hotel Carslake, European Plan. Rooms from $1 a day up. Opp. G.T.R. Station, Montreal. Geo. Carslake & Co., Prop's.

NOW SHE'S COOL.

Mrs. Hiliver—This awful temperature is unendurable.

Mr. Hiliver—Scientists say, my dear that but for greater heat than we know anything about, there would be no diamonds.

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."

UNRECOGNIZED HEREDITY.

Irate Father—There's one thing that is wonderful about you.

Dudeson—Aw! What's that?

Irate Parent—That a spongy head like your doesn't absorb anything.

SAPLING LIFTS TONS.

The power of living seed over the inert weight of tons of rocks is very forcibly illustrated by a little sapling which is growing in Erstberg, Germany. The tree is slight enough to be bent with the hands, but is raising in its irresistible growth a mass of rock weighing four tons.

WHERE CUSTOM FAILS.

In Paraguay a gentleman is enjoined by the laws of good society to kiss every lady to whom he is introduced. This sounds alluring unless you happen to have met a lady in Paraguay.

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 surface. 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.

TREES AND LIGHTNING.

According to a recent investigation of lightning strokes in trees which a German has carried out, the beech tree is less often struck by the flash than any other. It is unwise to take shelter from a thunderstorm under any trees, but if it is a case of needs must the beech is the best and the oak or poplar among the worst.

HE DOUBTED IT.

Mrs. Henpeck—You have been very aggravating at times, and we have not always got along very well together; but still, if I had to do it over again, I'd marry you just the same.

Mr. H., under his breath—I'm not so sure about that.

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Busterbroke—Yes. Last year all my girls brought husbands home from there, and I'm in hopes they'll take 'em back and leave 'em where they got 'em this year.

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The Mining Review

SATURDAY.....AUGUST 12, 1899.

STOP BOOMING.

To say one word against "booming" in a country situated as British Columbia is at present is, in some quarters, regarded as the unpardonable sin; but, none the less, we venture the opinion that the government should take the initiative, to prevent it in a note of warning. At the present time we believe the War Eagle, the LeRoi and the Republic mines are collectively stocked for some $20,000,000. They are without doubt excellent properties, the best in their respective localities, as far as operations have shown; but this a large amount of money. Mining in this country, beyond what may be termed surface work, has not yet been prosecuted, so what depth may do is simply an unknown circumstance. Every one who takes the trouble to look into the matter must conclude that it is a problem if $7,000,000 worth of ore can be taken out of any of the properties named by stoping the entire ground as deep as the greatest depth yet reached; and what is below that depth is simply an uncertain quantity. But all the ore mined in a property does not go to capital account or into dividends. It takes a rich ore body to declare one-third of the output clear profit for dividends. As mining goes in this district, it will take $21,000,000 worth of to make $7,000,000 profits, to say nothing of interest on invests until those profits are realised. It is, therefore, safe to say that caution should be advised, and the government should be the first in the advice.

We believe there are thousands of properties in this country investments in which are as safe as in bank stocks; but as whistles can be bought too dear, so can mining properties.

Now, supposing it should turn out that any of these named mines should give out before this stock was realized by the holders, the amount is so heavy it would mean disaster for many, which would give the province a black eye from which it would take it many years to recover. The government should look at the matter in this light, and take some formal step to give capitalists advice. When large blocks of such stock get into the hands of prominent men, booming to enable them to make money out of the game is the inevitable consequence; and at the inflated figures it is sure to fall into the hands of many whose greed is larger than their pocket book. Shrinkage or loss means ruin to them.

As it is the duty of the government more than that of individuals to guard the interests of the country, upon it should rest responsibility for neglect in all such matters.

As we said at the outset these are all acknowledged the first properties in their respective localities; but deep mining has hardly yet been tried, and, therefore, the probability of realizing such enormous sums of money from any of them is at least a matter of uncertainty, and the government should give the matter the stamp of authority.

NOT PROVEN.

This paper is not the organ of either the mine owners or the miners, and as a consequence we can afford to criticise honestly and fearlessly without "offending our boss." A contemporary, published within a few miles of this city, got off a declaration the other day, which goes to show that all the Slocan papers are not on the same basis. It was this: "That the mine owners association are trying to force a reduction of wages so as to increase profits." To be fair to the owners, we would say it is necessary to back up that statement with proof, which is not, however, given. Before the late law was enforced they got a certain amount of work done by each miner per day, and for which they agreeably paid $3.50. They are, one and all, quite willing to pay the same money to day for the same amount of work—in fact, they have offered rather better. They did not, singly or collectively, ask for a change in the law. A change, however, was made that reduces the value a fifth, or thereabouts, and they are asked to pay the wages they paid before for the reduced work and they refuse to do it. They, singly and collectively, say to the miners to-day, "Give us the former work and we will give you the former pay." Some apologists, with more rashness than common sense, say that miners can do as much work in eight hours as they did in ten. Men who employ labor in any capacity know this is not the case. If a man will do as much work in eight hours as in ten, why stick at eight hours? Why not say he will do as much in six, five or four hours as in ten, and make the latter (4) a day's work? Nobody ever said that, under the old order, the men were under paid. All appeared satisfied until a few representatives, lacking in ability to make a mark in parliament, thought they could make one by a purchase of the electors instead.

If the owners asked for this enactment, or if under it they were offering less for results than they were paying before, they would be open to the censure hurled at them by our confrere, but not otherwise. There is not an owner in the Slocan to-day, that we know of, that would not be better pleased to see the obnoxious law repealed and the men all at work as formerly, than working under the law as it is on $3.00 shifts. All this goes to show that they are making no effort "to reduce wages so as to increase profits."

No one can attach blame to the miners for endeavoring to get the most money for the shortest hours. As things go, that is their side of the contract. Summed up the blame rests on the shoulders of those representatives of the House, who, for lack of ability to make the mark necessary for popularity, resorted to this as a means of acquiring popular strength.

MUNICIPAL INSTITUTIONS.

The more that is seen of the great necessity in the Province for means to develop local public improvements, the more urgent the demand for better self-government under, at least, elementary municipal institutions. While the revenues of the country are comparatively stationary, the demands for better school facilities and local improvements are rapidly on the increase. Even though the country should be well supplied with railways and steamboat service the requirements of the districts are but imperfectly met. If we had not the hills we have, the country would not have the wealth it possesses. This latent wealth is yet bound to make the province the chief one of Confederation, and to develop it heavy expenditures must be made. A mine may not be more than two miles from a railway station or steamboat wharf, as the crow flies, yet it may be distant several miles by conveyance, and the money to make the roads can never be got with resources as they are at present. It is not too much to say that our assessment is very imperfect. On a moderate rate of taxation equitably distributed and no omissions, three times the amount would be realized that is, and this desired change can never be made at the present long range from Victoria—it can only be effected by local officers under municipal institutions. With our sparse population, the territory of each incorporation would, of course, have to be larger than that prevailing in other provinces; but in other respects much the same. Under that system all real, personal and income taxation should be given to the districts. The people would not so much object to moderate taxation if they only knew they had the expenditure of the money in their own midst.

Our schools, too, are becoming a very heavy drain on the government, and cannot long continue as they are. More of the cost of their maintenance must be be thrown directly on the people, and this can only be done through municipal organization.

While under such a change the government would lose considerable revenues they now get, they could make many savings by simplifying government—cutting off many present unnecessary officials, abolishing the provincial police and many other supernumeraries. These changes have got to come in the near future, and the break might as well be made now as later on, giving the public the benefits at the earliest moment possible.

As a last resort, after overtures to a leading Turnerite had failed, the Semlin government has sworn in Mr. Henderson, of New Westminster, as attorney-general. Martin and Higgins have gone into opposition. Prentice is out of the House, so with Henderson elected Semlin's majority would be the casting vote of the speaker, as the parties now stand. With Henderson defeated it would be in a minority of one. How Henderson can hope to be re-elected is a question to most people. He was elected in the first place by Turner's money, and he promised to support the Turner party on a vote of want of confidence. In Governor McInnes' dismissal of the Turner party, he was furnished with a pretext for betraying his friends. It cannot be expected now the Turner vote will go with him; and going against him as a traitor will mean the defeat of the Semlin government. On the other hand it is likely that Brown, who opposed him before, will oppose him again and he ought to get the larger vote of each party. It may, however, be that the ruse is a long reaching one—a dodge to get Henderson out of the way altogether, and give the portfolio to Brown, if elected. Who knows yet? In that event, however, as Brown is not a lawyer, another constituency would have to be opened for another to take that portfolio.

Mr. Harris's proposition to pierce the Payne mountain with a tunnel is not such a difficult proposition after all, considering the advancement made in such work. With appliances now in use the work can be done for $4 or $5 a foot, and by stoping each lead, found on the way, to the surface, fresh air would readily be continued on the way, and an easy discharge for the rock secured. Millions are nothing now in mining, so the means to do it ought to be secured if the importance and feasibility of the scheme were fully considered. No doubt many leads now unknown would be tapped, and as the proposition would afford a lower tunnel for them all, it would be a basis for many new properties for the future. There would be no trouble in securing such legislation as would guarantee the company undertaking it a royalty on the ore of all properties opened in this way, which it is reasonable to suppose would, in a short time, recoup the entire cost of the project.

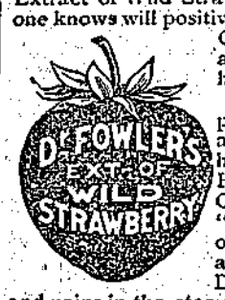
The Nelson Tribune sets this paper down as "the organ of the mine managers' union," and then draws a picture of things in the Slocan to its own delight. The Nelson print has itself so long been the organ of figurehead Hume, that it cannot look upon any other paper other than as "an organ" also. We may here say that The Review is not an organ or even the mouthpiece of the mine managers' union or any other union. With this correction the Tribune may go ahead.

Cramps and Colic

Always relieved promptly by Dr. Fowler's Ext. of Wild Strawberry.

When you are seized with an attack of Cramps or doubled up with Colic, you want a remedy you are sure will give you relief and give it quickly, too.

You don't want an untried something that MAY help you. You want Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry, which every one knows will positively cure Cramps and Colic quickly. Just a dose or two and you have ease.



But now a word of proof to back up these assertions, and we have it from Mr. John Hawke, Coldwater, Ont., who writes: "Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry is a wonderful cure for Diarrhœa, Cramps and pains in the stomach. I was a great sufferer until I gave it a trial, but now I have perfect comfort."

What is Scott's Emulsion?

It is the best cod-liver oil, partly digested, and combined with the hypophosphites and glycerine. What will it do? It will make the poor blood of the anæmic rich and red.

It will give nervous energy to the overworked brain and nerves. It will add flesh to the thin form of a child, wasted from fat-starvation.

It is everywhere acknowledged as The Standard of the World.

50c. and $1.00, all druggists.
SCOTT & BOWNE, Chemists, Toronto.

Every woman should realize that her health is like a bank account. At the outset she has so much deposited to her credit in the bank of health. If she draws out more than she puts in she will soon overdraw her account. An over-drawn account in the bank of health means one of two things, a life of hopeless suffering or an early death.

The woman who neglects her health in a womanly way is making big drafts on her account with the bank of health and will soon be a physical bankrupt. Disorders of this description wreck a woman's general health quicker than anything else in the world. They soon transform a healthy, happy, amiable woman into a weak, sickly, fretful and despondent invalid. They utterly unfit a woman for wifehood or motherhood. For all disorders of this nature Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription is the best of all medicines. It acts directly on the delicate and important organs concerned in maternity, giving them health, strength, vigor and elasticity. It relieves pain, allays inflammation, checks debilitating drains, and quickly subdues all other symptoms. It at once stops the dragging pains and sinking spells, the nervousness, the digestive disturbances and other complications that arise from the same cause. Taken during the months of expectant maternity, it banishes the usual discomforts and makes baby's advent easy and almost painless. It insures the new-comer's health and a plentiful supply of nourishment. Thousands of women have testified to its marvelous merits. An honest dealer will not suggest an inferior substitute for the sake of extra profit.

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FOR WEAK PEOPLE.

AND THOSE TROUBLED WITH

Palpitation, Throbbing or Irregular Beating of the Heart, Dizziness, Shortness of Breath, Distress after Exertion, Smothering Feeling, Spasms or Pain through the Breast and Heart, Morbid Condition of the Mind, Partial Paralysis, Sleeplessness, Nervousness, Anemia, General Debility, After-Effects of Grippe, Loss of Appetite, etc.

Remember Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills cure the worst cases after other remedies fail.

Laxa-Liver Pills cure Constipation.

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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.

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MINING RECORDS.

Recorded at New Denver.

LOCATIONS.

Aug 1—Jerome Fraction, adj London, A C Van Moekerke. Shamrock, Four Mile ck, F Ryan.

2—Rolando, Granite mt, P W Ellis. Cobble Hill, Four Mile ck, A McDonald.

3—Alert, Fidelity Bluff, F Pyman and J A McDonald. Wee Wee Fr, nr New Denver, J C Harris.

4—Spring Hill, Seaton ck, C J Sarin. Ida, Four Mile ck, J B Anderson. Concord, nr Three Forks, G B Dean. Ella B, n fk Carpenter ck. R Thompson.

5—Butcher, Silver mt, J Wiggington. Often, head Slocan lake, W Smith.

7—Atlin Fr, reloc Silverton Fr, Geo White. Silver Button, Four Mile ck, C H Abercrombie. Black Bess, Galena flat, Geo White.

ASSESSMENTS.

Aug 1—O B H, Bendigo, Hewett, Rincon, Wren, Bonaparte, Majestic, Lancaster. 2—Hardscraple, Handy, Kootenay, Ava Fr, Edith. 3—High Rock, Home Joy, Rupert. 4—Jumbo, Bell Fr, Tremont, Osborn, Nicalo, St Lawrence, Delaware Fr, Flag Staff, Cultus No 2, Hope No 4. 5—Flower, May, Rosedale, Stanley, Nancy Lee, Maple Leaf. 7—Central, St Peter's, Fairmont.

CERTIFICATE OF SATISFACTION.

Alturas, Alps and Alps Fr.

Some Curiosities of Our Calendar.

"As we are at the beginning of a year," says La Science pour Tous, "there is still time to recall certain curiosities of the Gregorian calendar. Thus, since the reform of the calendar by Pope Gregory XIII, in 1582, no century can begin with a Wednesday, a Friday or a Sunday. Also the same calendar can be used every twenty years. January and October of the same year always begin with the same day. So do April and July, also September and December. February, March and November also begin with the same day. New Year's Day and St. Sylvester's Day also fall on the same day, except, of course, in leap-years. Each day of the week has served as a day of rest somewhere: Sunday among the Christians, Monday with the Greeks, Tuesday with the Persians, Wednesday with the Assyrians, Thursday with the Egyptians, Friday with Turks and Saturday with the Jews. Finally, the error of the Gregorian calendar, compared with the actual course of the sun, does not exceed one day in four thousand years. As it is quite probable that neither you nor I shall ever verify this, we shall not risk very much by believing the statement."

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.

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

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

The One Thing Needful.

She—What do you think of those songs without words?

He—With a little alteration they could be made divine.

She—How could they?

He—By omitting the music also.—Chicago News.

The Mystery Cleared.

"Well, sir," said the chief of police to one of his shrewdest detectives, "has any one succeeded in deciphering that mysterious paper you found on that suspect?"

"Yes. It was a doctor's prescription."—Detroit Free Press.

Correctly Speaking.

Mistress—Your name is Maginnis, you say. But what is your first name?

Maid—Mem?

Mistress—What is your first name—Mary, Bridget—

Maid—It's me second name ye'd be after That is Mary. I was a Maginnis before I was a Mary, don't ye moind?—Boston Transcript.

In England during the sixteenth century stealing above the value of 12 pence, burning a haystack, killing or stealing sheep, breaking a dike or bridge, breaking a bank of a fish pond, cutting down a tree in an orchard and the malicious tearing or defacing of the garments of a person in the street were all capital offenses and were punished as such.

The Paris theaters give away an average of 8,500 free tickets daily.

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.

20 YEARS TORTURE.

A Belleville Lady, Whom Doctors Failed to Help, Cured at Last by Doan's Kidney Pills.

No one who has not suffered from kidney disease can imagine the terrible torture those endure who are the victims of some disorder of these delicate filters of the body. Mrs. Richard Rees, a well-known and highly respected lady of Belleville, Ont., had to bear the burden of kidney complaint for over 20 years and now Doan's Kidney Pills have cured her when all else failed.

Her husband made the following statement of her case: "For 20 years my wife has been a sufferer from pain in the back, sleeplessness and nervousness and general prostration. Nothing seemed to help her. Doctors and medicines all failed, until we got a ray of hope when we saw Doan's Kidney Pills advertised as a positive cure.

"She began to take them and they helped her right away, and she is now better in every respect. We can heartily recommend Doan's Kidney Pills to all sufferers, for they seem to strike the right spot quickly, and their action is not only quick but it is permanent.

"I cannot say more in favor of these wonderful pills than that they saved my wife from lingering torture, which she had endured for 20 years past, and I sincerely trust that all sufferers will give Doan's Kidney Pills a fair trial."

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

A QUICK CURE FOR COUGHS and COLDS

Pyny-Pectoral

The Canadian Remedy for all

THROAT AND LUNG AFFECTIONS

Large Bottles, 25 cents.

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Dining Car service excelled. Meals served a la Carte.

In order to obtain this first-class service, ask the ticket agent to sell you a ticket over

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Passenger train for Sandon and way stations leaves Kaslo at 8 a m; Daily, returning, leaves Sandon at 1.15 p m, arriving at 3.55 p.m.

International Navigation & Trading Co. Operating on Kootenay Lake and River.

S S. INTERNATIONAL

Leaves Kaslo for Nelson at 6 a m, daily except Sunday; returning, leaves Nelson at 4:30 p m, calling at Balfour, Pilot Bay, Ainsworth and all way points. Connects with Steamer Alberta to and from Bonner's Ferry, Idaho; also S F & N train to and from Spokane at Five Mile Point.

S S. ALBERTA

Leaves Nelson for Bonner's Ferry, Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays at 7 a m, connecting with Steamer International from Kaslo at Pilot Bay; returning, leaves Bonner's Ferry at 7 a m, Wednesdays, Fridays and Sundays, connecting with Steamer International for Kaslo, Lardo and Argenta. Direct connections made at Bonner's Ferry with the Great Northern Railway for all points east and west.

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Steamers call at principal landings in both directions, and at other points, when signalled.

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6.20 a.m.	Nelson	5.35 p.m.
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The train that leaves Nelson at 6.20 a. m. makes close connections at Spokane with rains for all

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Trains run on Pacific Standard Time.

Going West.		Daily.	Going East.	
Leave 8.00	a.m.	Kaslo	Arrive 3.55	p.m.
" 8.32	"	South Fork	" 3.20	"
" 9.30	"	Spoules	" 2.25	"
" 9.45	"	Whitewater	" 2.10	"
" 9.55	"	Bear Lake	" 2.00	"
" 10.12	"	McGulgan	" 1.45	"
" 10.25	"	Bailey's	" 1.34	"
" 10.33	"	Cody Junction	" 1.23	"
Arrive 10.40	"	Sandon	Leave 1.15	"

CODY BRANCH.

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

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To and from European points via Canadian and American lines. Apply for sailing dates, rates and full information to any C. P. R. agent or

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1 New Tubular Boiler—40 H. P.—our own make
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BRANDON, MANITOBA.

AT THE BOTTOM OF THE SEA.

A DIVER'S STORY.

"It was almost enough to craze a man outright," said the old diver.

"Ay, it was a tight fix—that in the Conqueror. She was coming in from the Mediterranean after a three years' cruise, and went down in a gale in sight of home with every soul on board. I was young then and anxious to be the first sent down into her for the sake of the reputation it would give me, for reputation meant money, and money, you see, was the only reason why Hettie and I were deferring our marriage.

"The sea was running high as I was carried down in my heavy armor from the deck of the steamer to the float alongside, where the ropes by which to haul me up again were fastened on. The India-rubber tube through which I was to be supplied with air was adjusted.

"Now, my dear boy," said my old friend and instructor, Lott, the famous deep-sea diver, who came forward to close the little glass window in my helmet, "take good care of yourself, and don't stay long below. The currents are swift."

"I dropped into the waves with a splash, sinking swiftly down through the brilliant sunlit waters which, though rough and boisterous at their surface, suddenly grew calm as I passed below.

"I glanced up at the sun, which appeared as a great ball of fire, but growing smaller and smaller as I sank lower, it finally seemed like a tiny red spark of a candle, and then faded from sight.

"I cleared a bank of thick sea-weed and stood at last upon the bright, sandy bottom.

"Passing round a reef of rocks fancifully honey-combed, I came upon a mass of tangled rigging, and a few steps brought me to the man-of-war half-buried where she lay in the drifting sand.

"Great caution was necessary lest I should become entangled among the ropes or caught under the shifting timbers, and making my way slowly to the companion-way I sent up the signal:

"'I am about to enter the vessel—I shall be in danger—play out rope freely and give me plenty of air.'

"I made my way to the lower deck and found myself in the forward cabin. I groped about for the doorway, knowing that once in the main saloon the deck lights would enable me to see more distinctly.

"Clearing the rubbish and drifted sand from about the doorway I put my shoulder to the door, shoved it back against the waters, and resolutely entered. An awful silence was upon everything—a silence as of death. I was alone at the bottom of the sea, in the saloon of the Conqueror, and close about me were postured, like grim sentinels set to watch me in my work, the officers and a crew of two hundred!

"Yes, there were the ill-fated men, as they stood when death overtook them on that awful night when they were sinking.

"Before they had reached the companionway the mighty water had rushed in upon them, and they died where it had met them at the threshold.

"The eddying waters carried them here and there through the cabin, but still, so close were they to one another that I had to part them now and then to reach the after cabin, and more than one turned and followed in the wake I made behind me. Their faces were often close against my helmet, and it horrified me to notice that they all wore still upon their faces the impress of the terror that had come upon them with death.

"A moment passed and I was terrified at receiving no response from a second or third signal.

"I pulled the rope again violently—waited—still no reply.

"Great heavens! What did it all mean? Had they forgotten me? Were they going to leave me there at the bottom of the sea with that awful crew? I no sooner realized my helplessness than an uncontrollable terror took possession of me. Surely they would not desert me! Surely they had not forgotten me! I pulled madly at the cord once more, and glancing up perceived that there was something steadily resisting my efforts from the mast-head above.

"Was it some monster who was playing with my rope—some great fish that was holding it in his jaws? In my desperation I threw my whole weight on it, and—it gave way, and fell, slowly, silently on the deck at my feet. The ragged, frayed ends which had become entangled in the rigging were in my hands, and the upper half of the rope had floated away with the tide.

"I was alone at the bottom of the sea with no means of signalling my distress.

"The india-rubber tube, which was my only means of breathing, was yet fast to me; but as soon as they should begin to wind in the ropes and tube, on some supposed signal from me, it would snap in two, and the water would come in upon me.

"My terror grew wilder. I knew the men were close to me—only thirty yards above me—yet I must die because I could not reach them.

"I raved like a madman, and tried to tear my armor from me, but its iron rivets held me fast. I shouted piteously, uselessly.

"I fell upon the deck at last, exhausted—in an ominous stupor—a sullen despair—and sank into unconsciousness.

"When I recovered I was calm—prayer came to my lips.

"I closed my eyes quietly and waited for the death I was powerless to defer—waited for it with my head laid on my arms, as I used to sleep in the dear old days at home—waited quietly for its coming, praying God that it might come upon me gently.

"Was I crazed? Was I mad, or was this a new torture for me in my last moments?

"I had lain quiet but a moment when I started up in terror, uttering a cry—a weak, miserable cry, which died on my lips as I sank again on the deck and closed my eyes to a terrible sight before me.

"I had left the cabin door open, and freed the imprisoned men.

"One of the dead sailors had floated up to the deck, and, by some horrible chance, the tide bore him directly toward me.

"Was I to die surrounded once more by those ghastly sentinels, as a death watch?

"He was borne slowly along on the current, his eyes wide open in an awful stare, his arms outstretched as though to embrace me, welcoming me to the unknown world.

"I fell prostrate on the deck in my terror, but he floated on slowly, the tide casting him up against me, when he fell at my side.

"I caught him in my desperation to fling him from me, but his arms closed tight about me in an iron embrace, and his face was close to mine—the face of old Lott, the diver, who had come down through the waters to save me, and in whose stout arms I was borne up and carried insensible to the boats above.

"'We saw what was wrong,' he said to me afterward, 'when the ragged ends of your rope floated to the surface. There was only one way to reach you, old fellow, and I can tell you we flew around quick. We had no "bell" to go down to you in, so we just fastened some weights to my feet and ropes to my arms. I took a rubber mouthpiece between my teeth and dropped overboard. The water oppressed me fearfully, and I couldn't have stood it more than a few minutes. In that few minutes I found you, caught you up in my arms, and signalled to them to haul us up quick. It was killing me.'

"I took his dear hands in mine, and looked into his good, honest eyes.

"With a swelling heart I told him, in such words as I could, of my gratitude for his heroic efforts when he came down through the waters at the risk of his own life to save mine.

"Hettie and I were married a month later."

KNICKERS WORN BY ALL.

With the advent of the bicycle knickerbockers seemed for a time a possibility, but the public sentiment was too strong against this innovation and it died. But while they are tabooed in this country, there are parts of the world where trousers are worn by the women as a matter of course. In parts of Savoy, the peasant girls, gentle, quiet, pious young women for the most part, who have no idea they are doing anything eccentric, and would shrink from attracting notice, wear regular trousers, because their occupations, which involve much climbing, make skirts burdensome and dangerous. Again, in the Tyrol, where the very name of the New Woman is unknown, where wives are still meek and obedient, taking all the roughest labor upon themselves to spare the husbands who rule the roost, the farmers' daughters, dairy maids and working women generally wear corduroy knee breeches, just like the men.

They may be seen by the dozen in Kitzbuhel, a delightful little village, not far from Innsbruck, with a perfect climate resembling that of the Engadine, and celebrated for its nerve-soothing properties. It is now being opened up as a winter resort, and has long been frequented in summer by Austrians. At church or market all wear skirts, but doff them when busy in field or byre. They are tall, well built, broad-shouldered, strapping women for the most part, with well-turned limbs. These they incase in knitted woolen stockings, mostly gray, blue or scarlet, that make a brilliant splash of color against the background of snow. They exhibit a profound indifference to aught save convenience, yet present in general a singularly attractive appearance. In addition to her corduroys each girl wears a print apron, often turned back and tucked cornerwise into her waistband.

THE CHEERFUL FACE.

Next to the Sunlight of heaven is the cheerful face. There is no mistaking it. The bright eye, the unclouded brow, the sunny smile, all tell of that which dwells within. Who has not felt its electrifying influence? One galance at this face lifts us out of the mists and shadows into the beautiful realms of hope. One cheerful face in the household will keep everything warm and light within. It may be a very plain face, but there is something in it we feel, but cannot express, and its cherry smile sends the blood dancing through the veins for very joy. There is a world of blessed magic in the plain, cheerful face, and we would not exchange it for all the soulless beauty that ever graced the fairest form on earth.

LONG-SUFFERING CHILD.

Well, Bobby, what do you want to be when you grow up?

Bobby, suffering from parental discipline—An orphan.

The Home

THE PATH OF WEARINESS.

We all pity the victim in the clutches of a sudden and severe onslaught of illness; our hearts are wrung at the thought of his sufferings and we long to help him. All of us who have a spark of humanity in our make-up are sorry for the really ill. But there is another class of people, who are, perhaps, even more in need of our sympathy, and who too seldom receive it. They are the people who, although not dangerously ill, are yet far from well. Happy is she who, during some period of her existence, has not belonged to the army of martyrs who have been "under the weather" for so long that their friends get used to the fact, and, it may be, in their secret souls rather weary of it.

Perhaps one of the most trying things about being only passively ill, and that for a long time, is that the patient becomes ashamed of her indisposition, and is mortified that she can never truthfully say, "Very well, thank you!" to the frequent inquiries concerning her health. Of course among the lower class there are those who "enjoy poor health," and who may be said to "glory in their infirmites"—though hardly in the Scriptural sense. But this is not the class to be pitied, except as we have compassion for any poor, ignorant creature with distorted views of life.

But she who needs sympathy is the refined, educated woman who would be well if she could, and who keeps much of her discomfort to herself. She is thankful that she is not confined to her bed, to her room, or even to the house. As the phrase is, "She can go about like other people." Like other people! But, oh, with what a difference! Where others awake refreshed in the morning, she drags herself from her bed with a prayer for physical strength to bear her bravely through the hours that must intervene before she can again lay her weary body down. Where others attack work with joy, she spurs or whips herself on to perform it so satisfactorily that nobody may suspect how hard it is for her. She often works with a perseverance and a nervous conscientiousness that, her task accomplished, leave her with flushed cheeks, shortened breath, and trembling hands. "Just a little nervousness," she explains laughing. Or, when urged to participate in some pleasure, she excuses herself with the plea that she is "a little tired." Ah how tired only God and she know! Perhaps if those she loves knew all, they would not speak as did a good woman to such a never-really-ill, but never-well sister.

"I declare, Emma," she exclaimed, in her energetic way, "it would be a comfort to see you once when you did not look tired! It must be a regular nuisance to be forever worn out! It is bad enough to see you feel like that it must be worse to be the victim. Oh, I wish you were well!" with a final outburst of impatience.

Let those of us who have never trodden this long path of weariness be very patient with those who must feel that the road "winds upward all the way."

FRUIT ICES.

Orange Ice.—Juice six oranges, two tablespoonfuls extract orange, juice of one lemon, one quart water, one pound powdered sugar, one gill rich, sweet cream; add all together and strain. Freeze same as ice cream.

Lemon Ice Cream.—One quart best cream, eight ounces white pulverized sugar, three whole eggs. Place on fire. Stir continually, until it reaches boiling point. Then immediately remove and strain. When cold, place in freezer, and flavor with one tablespoonful extract lemon and freeze.

Peach Ice Cream.—One dozen of best and ripest red-cheeked peaches; peel and stone; place in china basin, crush with six ounces pulverized sugar. Now take one quart best cream, eight ounces pulverized white sugar, two whole eggs. Place all on fire until it reaches boiling point; now remove and strain; place in freezer and freeze. When nearly frozen stir in peach pulp, with tablespoonful extract almonds; give few more turns of freezer to harden.

Raspberry Vinegar.—The most simple method is to crush the berries with sugar enough to insure fermentation into a cask with a small opening stopped from below, and from which the plug may afterward be drawn. As fermentation proceeds remove the plug and let the fermenting juice run through into a keg or barrel that has contained spirits. After all the juice has been pressed from the berries into the keg add one pound of sugar and one quart of water to each quart of juice, filling the keg to the brim. Every day or so fill up with sugar water while fermentation proceeds, and when that has subsided pour into a cask that has held white wine vinegar and let it stand till ripe.

ADJUNCTS OF DRESS.

Never wear a pad at the back under a plain-fitting dress-skirt, as it will make an unsightly hump. If you need filling out at that point, a piece of fine crinoline set in at the band in the form of a long ruffle will give a more natural and more graceful fulness. Pads should only be used where there is a gathered fulness to hide where the addition begins and leaves off.

An ill-fitting corset will make the best figure in the world misshapen. A medium-length corset with short hips and low bust suits the majority of women.

The most elegant gown is ruined in good and graceful effect if the front is in any degree too short, and this fault is plainly in evidence in ninety-nine gowns out of a hundred, when viewed from the side. Rather have a dress-skirt long enough to step on it than short.

HOUSEHOLD HINTS.

Molasses will remove grass stains from woolens. Rub in and rinse in clear water. To remove ink stains soak in ripe tomato juice.

A cork that is steeped for a few moments in hot vaseline will serve all the purposes for which a glass stopper is used.

The reason that a cake sometimes "falls" on taking it out of the oven is that it was not done. To ascertain when the cake is done press the cake gently with the finger. If it is firm to the touch, and leaves no dent, it is done; or the surer way is to hold the pan close to the ear, if there is no noise inside the cake is done.

To remove a tight ring from the finger hold the hand in cold water and then apply soap, glycerine or any greasy substance that may be handy, and remove the ring with a circular movement from the finger.

To prevent silver articles from turning black through the effects of gas and fog they should be wrapped in tissue paper and kept in bags made of flannel or soft baize; that is, if they are not provided with velvet or lined cases.

Plated goods that are to be put aside after use should be rubbed with spirits of ammonia and water and then rinsed in clean water; this will keep them bright and prevent any ill effects should any salt have been left on the surface.

In washing knives never allow the handles to get wet or lay in the water, as they will split, the blades will become loose and the bone or ivory discolored. The blades should simply be wiped with a damp cloth and then cleaned.

BLUSHING A DISEASE.

The general idea that blushing is due to fullness of blood in the brain is incorrect—according to the new theory of a French expert. It arises from the relaxation of the arteries, of face, neck and breast, thus allowing an extra quantity of blood to rush to the skin. Those arteries have in their walls a layer of rings of muscular fiber, which contract or relax according to the condition of the patient, and so permit the arteries to become more or less full of blood. When they are extra full which occurs in weakness, the patient blushes.

Blushers are more liable to redden in damp or stormy weather than in the cold days of winter or the hot days of summer. If this glowing of the face were the result of emotion, why this difference? If it be due to weakness, the fact assumes the appearance of probability.

There are two closely allied causes of blushing. One is named "ereuthophobia," that is the ordinary cause—weakness, and the extreme sensitiveness and other conditions caused by it. The other is designated "erythrophobia," and is the fear that one will blush unconsciously at awkward moments.

The latter is a peculiar form of the disease. The individual in question, although not given to blushing becomes gradually possessed with a fear that he will do so at some inopportune time, and this fear grows upon him until it completely masters him and makes him grow red in the face when there is not the slightest reason for it.

At the most simple question the color rises and he is placed in the most absurd situation. He is looked upon with suspicion, because other people accept his confusion as consciousness of guilt, he recognizes the fact, and, of course, his condition grows worse. Weakness is responsible in this case also for the deplorable state of things, for when the sufferer is taken in hand and gets "braced up," he smiles at his former fears.

It must be a very strong emotion that causes a flush to come to the face of a really healthy man or woman. Whatever they may feel they will not show it any more than they will show fear when confronted by great danger. In the latter case there is no doubt about the danger; it is fully understood that there may be a feeling of fear within, but it is not shown by the face. A similar remark applies to the sense of shame under reproach. That feeling will not be betrayed by a blush, because the individual is not afflicted by the disease.

NOVEL WEDDING PRESENT.

One of the recent brides has received a small hand "flash light" as a wedding gift. It may be turned on in a moment by the mere pressure of the thumb, which when removed extinguishes the light. It is of a convenient size for carrying about in one's pocket, and would be fine to flash a light on burglars. The charge gives 8,000 flashes, or will burn steadily for over five hours. It is the most ingenious little novelty for a wedding or birthday present.

Director of Census William R. Merriam was educated at a Racine school modelled on English lines. He there became an expert cricketer, and still retains a great interest in the game.

CANCER NOT A MYSTERY.

MARVELLOUS DISCOVERY BY DR. LAMBERT LACK.

London Pathological Doctor's Declaration—Disease Caused by Injury to "Basement Membrane."

Cancer is no longer a mystery, according to the deliberate verdict of the London Pathological Society. Dr. Lambert Lack, the eminent throat specialist, is credited, by his learned colleagues, with having solved one of the most momentous and perplexing problems known to medical science, says a London letter.

The scientific world is much wrought up over Dr. Lack's discovery, which is pronounced one of the very greatest of modern times. Various European savants have from time to time announced the isolation of the micro organism of cancer—some of them very recently—but their conclusions have been disputed by other scientists, and not one of them has won the support of such a weighty body as the London Pathological Society.

DR. LACK'S THEORY.

Lambert Lack, whose name bids fair to become as famous as that of Pasteur, is honorary surgeon to the Golden Square Throat Hospital, one of the most noted institutions of its scope in the world. For a long time he has been investigating the origin of malignant growths, with particular attention to cancer.

Holding with the accepted scientific opinion that cancer was the result of a germ, he nevertheless worked along lines radically different from those pursued by the majority of investigators in this field.

After a series of tests covering several years, he discovered that the dreaded disease invariably began with an injury of a particular character to what is known as the basement membrane of the mucous membrane and its allied structures.

Having arrived at this important truth, he set to work to produce cancer in the lower animals, and succeeded.

NO CURE FOR IT YET.

To produce a disease at will is the first step toward finding the cure for it—such is the paradox on which the entire fabric of bacteriology rests. Hence it is reasonable to expect that in a short time Dr. Lack will be in a position to give the world a serum for the cure of cancer and thus take rank among the immortal benefactors of the human species.

Like a true scientist he hastened to present his discovery to mankind. No sooner did he consider that his tests were conclusive than he submitted the whole thing to a select committee of the London Pathological Society.

And now the society itself has declared its conviction that Dr. Lack has disclosed that secret for which savants have been groping ever since men first began to enquire into the nature of disease.

CANCER A MYSTERY.

During the past quarter of a century, while medical science has been marching forward nobly in other branches, it has been at a standstill so far as the knowledge of cancer was concerned. The primary cause of this horrible disease was a mystery as deep as the origin of life itself.

Surgery, on the other hand, has progressed wonderfully in its relation to cancer, and in the surgeon's knife has rested the only hope of those afflicted.

It is only a few months since Dr. Bra, of Paris, believed that he had isolated the cancer germ, which was described as a parasite of the fungoid type. This alleged discovery was discredited, however, by the learned Professor Curtis, of Lille.

WOOL FROM STONE.

Wonderful Invention May Revolutionize a Great Trade.

The conversion of the flintiest, roughest limestone into soft, white wool is one of the wonders of the century which will appear in a practical way to the manufacturers. Wonderful and almost imposable as it may seem, this process is being carried on successfully by a man who expects his discovery to revolutionize the wool and cloth manufacturing industries.

The discoverer was making some tests of stone, and was using heat and chemicals to analyze them. He happened upon a limestone which, when subjected to the tests, acted unexpectedly. The usual course of stone under the conditions he was submitting it to is to become quicklime, but in this instance it ran into a lava. To all outward appearance the stone was common building stone. It had been used in many buildings, but it had a chemical quality that was very different. The molten mass was very pliable, like glass when it is in the same state.

Glass may be strung out like silk, and it has been converted into dress goods. The man conceived the idea of carrying his experiment still further. This white lava was subjected to chemical baths, and then to a drawing-out process, by which it was converted into the finest and most pliable white wool.

Forty-five thousand goats have been placed on a ranch at Downey Junction, New Mexico. It is the largest goat ranch in the world. The intention is to produce goatskins for the tanneries in Boston and Philadelphia.

Jeremy York.

Eight months have passed, and the scene is now on the broad equinoctial ocean, with the fiery atmosphere of the Antilles in every cat's-paw that tarnishes the polished heaving mirror let the faint air blow whence it will; a sky of copper brightening into blinding dazzle round about the sun, that at his meridian shines almost directly over the mast-heads, and transforms the vast spread of sea into a sheet of white fire, trembling into the blue distance faint with the haze of heat.

There was a small West Indiaman named the City of Glasgow, that had been lying stagnated on these fervid parallels for hard upon four days. There was no virtue in awnings, in wetted decks, in yawning skylights, in open portholes, and the heels of windsails to render the atmosphere of the 'tween-decks and cabin tolerable to the people aboard the ship. The air was sickly with the smell of blistered paint, the brass-work was fiery hot, and took the skin off the hand that for a moment unconsciously touched it; the pitch was like putty between the seams; the fresh water in the scuttle-butts was warm as newly-drawn milk, but quite without dairy fragrance. It was time, indeed, for the wind to blow. The mere detention was nothing in those pleasant times of groping. In cooler climes the mate would have been satisfied to whistle for wind for a month, and go below every time his watch was up with a feeling that he had done everything that was necessary and that all was well. But the heat made an enforced resting-place off the Cuban heights insufferable.

It was half-past eight o'clock in the morning watch; the hands had come up from breakfast and were distributed on various jobs about the deck. There was not a breath of air; but there was a run of glassy folds from the south-west, which within the past hour had somewhat increased in weight; and upon these long-drawn heavings, the ship, that was a mere tub in form, as all vessels were in those days, saving, perhaps, the piratical barco longos, rolled as regularly as a pendulum swings, swelling out her canvas to one lurch, only to bring it in to the masts again at the next with sounds like the explosions of nine-pound ers in the tops.

The captain of the City of Glasgow was a small fiery-faced man, with deep-set eyes that glowed liked cairngorms under the shaggy thatches of the brows, a nose that not a little resembled a small carrot both in shape and hue, and a mouth with a set of the lips that indicated a highly peppery temper. He walked to the mate, who stood near the wheel fanning himself with a great straw hat.

"When is this going to end, sir?"

"I don't know, sir."

"Blood, sir! Is there no limit to calms? Thunder and slugs! If this goes on, we must tow—d'ye see, tow, I say—get the long-boat over and crowd her with men. What though they frizzle? We must get out of this, or"——

He was probably about to launch into a piece of profanity, but he was interrupted by a cry coming down from aloft, delivered by a man who had been sent on to the mainroyal yard to repair some defect that the vigilant eye of the boatswain had detected, 'Sail ho!"

The little fiery-faced captain started and looked as if he scarcely credited his hearing; then running to the rail, he thrust his head clear of the awning and bawled up to the fellow, "Where away?"

"Right astarn," was the answer of the man, swinging with one hand from the tie as he pointed with the other directly over the taffrail to the gleaming haze of sea-line there.

"Well," said the skipper, "that should be a sign there's wind somewhere about."

"It is some craft," said the mate, "that may be bringing a draught of air along with her."

"Don't talk of a draught of air, sir," said the captain passionately; "what we want is wind, sir, a fresh breeze—a gale—a howling hurricane, by thunder! H'an't we had enough of cat's-paws? Draught of air!" he muttered under his breath with a look of loathing in his eyes as he made them meet in a squint upon the compass card.

But the mate was right on one side of his remark at all events. What the fellow aloft had sighted proved to be a ship climbing the shining slope to the impulse of a breeze; but it was not until her royals were trembling like stars above the horizon, with nothing else under them showing, that the people of the City of Glasgow caught sight of the line of the wind darkening the waters in the south-west. In half an hour's time it was blowing into the canvas of the West Indiaman, raising a pretty tinkling sound of running waters all around her; and though it came warm as the human breath yet, after the long spell of hot and tingling calm, it put a sense of coolness into each fevered cheek turned gratefully to the quarter whence it came. If ever the crew of the City of Glasgow desired an illustration of the ponderous sailing qualities of the clumsy old castellated wagon that navigated, they might have found it in the rapid growth of the stranger astern. By noon she had risen to the reefband of her forecourse, with her flying jib yearning fair over the water-line. She was clearly making the same course as the West Indiaman. Indeed, it took rather the form of a pursuit, for, when first seen, she was apparently headto the north-west; but scarcely had the West Indiaman to the first of the breeze trimmed yards for the northeast, than the stranger was observed to also haul her wind.

The fiery little captain did not like it. What was she? A Spaniard? A Frenchman? A Dutchman? He packed on studding-sails, but to no purpose, for the fellow astern came along hand over hand, as though her crew were warping her up to a stationary object. Presently she was showing fair on the water, a big yellow craft, with great curling headboards and a double line of batteries. Then, when she was plain in view, puff! blew a white ball of smoke from a forechaser, followed by the dull thud of the distant gun; and a minute after, the mate, who was working away at her through a long perspective glass of the period, cried out that she had hoisted the Union Jack at her fore.

"Well, and what's that to me?" bawled the fiery little captain.—"Anybody observe if that gun was shotted?" There was no answer. "What do they mean by shooting at us? Wounds, but it may be a trap! Hoist away our colors and keep all fast.

Five minutes later, the stranger fired again; but observing that no notice was taken of the summons, she waited until she was within range, then, yawing, let drive with such good aim as to bring the West Indiaman's mizzen topgallant-mast down with a run. The sight of the wreckage struck a panic into the soul of the little fiery captain.

"Down stun'-sails; man the braces!" he roared; "bring her to, or he'll founder us."

In a few moments the City of Glasgow lay with her foretopsail to the mast, docilely waiting for what was to happen.

It was not long before the ship had ranged alongside, and she then proved to be a great fifty-gun man-of-war, an Englishman on a West Indian cruise, with crowds of pigtailed heads looking over her bulwarks forward, and a quarter-deck brilliant with the quaint naval uniforms of that day—if, indeed, it can be said that any approach to a uniform was then established. A stout man in a cocked-hat, white silk stockings, handsomely laced coat, and a big white wig, mounting on to the rail of the man-of-war, clapped a huge copper speaking-trumpet to his lips and bawled out, "Ship ahoy! What ship are you?"

The little peppery captain sprang on to a hencoop and answered, "The City of Glasgow of London, from Havana."

"Keep your topsail to the mast; I'll send a boat," cried the other.

"A boat?" cried the little chap, turning to his mate. "What does he want to send a boat for? Does he question my papers?—Zounds! if there be any sort of law still agoing in the old country, I'll make him pay for that mess up there;" and he sent a fiery glance at his topgallant-mast.

The boat plunged from the man-of-war's side; a crowd of sturdy fellows armed to the teeth, jumped into her; a young marine exquisite, with a hanger on his hip, and a cambric pocket-handkerchief in his breast, his laced hat airily cocked upon his head, and a flash of jewels upon his fingers, took his place in the sternsheets, and with a few sweeps of the long oars, the boat was alongside. The dandy lieutenant stepped aboard.

"Why did you not heave to," he exclaimed in an affected drawl, "when you were summoned by our cannon?"

"How did I know what you fired for?" cried the irritable captain. "Look how you've served me;" and he pointed aloft.

"Pon honour!" exclaimed the lieutenant, "you deserve that we should have sunk you." He applied the scented pocket-handkerchief to his nose, as though he could not support the smell of the hot pitch and blistered paint rising into the atmosphere from off the Indiaman, and exclaimed in a voice as if he should swoon, "Muster your men, sir, and for the Lud's sake be quick about it."

The little captain fully understanding the significance of this order, was about to remonstrate, but seemed to change his mind on catching the glance that was shot at him from under the seemingly sleepy lid of the languid, perfumed sea-dandy, and repeated the lieutenant's order to his mate, turning sulkily on his heels afterwards, and starting off into a sharp fiery walk betwixt the binnacle and the mizzen rigging.

The boatswain's pipe shrilled to the silent hollows of the canvas aloft; the men stood along the deck, and the lieutenant with six armed seamen at his back fell to picking and choosing. The man-of-war wanted twenty men to complete her complement, and of these the Indiaman must contribute ten. There was no help for it; and the little captain had presently the mortification to witness ten of his best seamen descend the side with their bundles and bags and enter the boat, which forthwith carried them aboard the fifty-gun ship.

One of these ten men was a tall handsome young fellow, whom no one who had before known him could have failed instantly to recognize as Jeremy York, spite of his assumption of the name of Jem Marloe, of his long hair being cut short in front and rolled into a tail down his back, and of the hue of it, that had been a sunny auburn, being now whitened as though dusted with powder. He was the second of the ten men to step on board. It was not only that he was the most conspicuous of them all by reason of his stature and beauty—for his frame had long since erected itself into its old manly port out of the stoop and depression of ill health; he was specially noticeable besides for an air of profound indifference. Most of the others glanced insolently and mutinously about them, savagely resentful of this impressment and of their liberty as merchant seamen being abruptly ended without regard to wages, to cherished hopes, to their homes, their wives, their sweethearts, their children ashore. A number of the ship's crew stood near the mainmast watching the new hands as they went forwards marshalled by the boatswain. On a sudden Jeremy York was seen to come to a dead stand with his eyes fixed upon one of these sailors; his bundle fell from his hand, his face turned to a deathlike white, shiver after shiver chased his form, they saw his fingers convulsively working, and his eyes, filled with horror, dismay, incredulity, seemed to start from their sockets with the intensity of his stare. They believed he was seized with a fit and would fall to the deck in a minute; and amongst those who sprang to his assistance was the fellow on whom his gaze was riveted. He shrieked out at his approach, and fell upon one knee trembling violently, swaying to and fro, to and fro with his hands pressed to his eyes in the posture of one wild almost to madness.

"Is the man ill?" bawled a lieutenant from the quarter-deck. "If so, bear him, below, and let the surgeon attend him."

York staggered on to his legs, and looking at the man at first sight of whom he had appeared to have fallen crazy, he cried, in a weak, faltering voice, "Your mame is Worksop? You were bo'sun of a West Indiaman."

The other, full of amazement, with a slow bewildered stare at York and then round upon his shipmates, answered in a hurricane note, "That's so: I ain't ashamed. My name's Worksop, and I was bo'sun of a West Indiaman, as yo say."

"Look at me!" cried York. "O man, look at me! What have I suffered through you! Do not you remember me?"

Anyone would have laughed outright to have witnessed the perplexity that lengthened yet the longdrawn countenance of Worksop.

"What's all this?" cried the lieutenant in charge of the deck, coming forward angrily.

"Sir," shrieked York. "I have been hanged for the murder of that man!"

"Mad, by Heaven!" cried the lieutenant, sunstroke, no doubt. Take the poor devil below, and see to him."

"Sir," cried York, clasping his hands, "I beg you to listen to me one minute. I am not mad indeed. Mr. Worksop there will remember that one night more than eight months ago he gave me a share of his bed at an inn at Deal called the Lonely Star."

Worksop started and looked intently at the speaker.

"I quitted the bed to get some water; when I returned, my companion was gone. Blood was found in the bed; there were bloodstains down the staircase, along the roadway to the beach; there was blood upon my shirt, although as God is my witness, I knew not how it came there. They found his knife upon me, which I had taken from his pocket whilst he slept to prise open the door with; and also a gold coin belonging to him they found, though how I came by it, I vow, before Heaven, I know not; and on this evidence they hanged me!"

He faltered, hid his face, and fell to the deck in a dead faint.

"Hanged him, hanged him for me!" shouted Worksop in the voice of a man about to suffocate. "Hanged him for me!" he repeated. "But, lor' bless my soul and body! I was never murdered, mates!" and in a very ecstasy of astonishemnt, he hooked an immense quid out of his cheek, and flung it overboard.

"Rally this poor fellow, some of you," exclaimed the lieutenant, and hastened aft to the captain to make his report.

A bucket of cold water topped with a dram of rum served to restore York to consciousness; and when he had his wits, he and Worksop were conducted by a midshipman to the captain's cabin.

"What is all this?" inquired the gray-haired commander, levelling a piercing glance at York, as though he made up his mind to be confronted by a madman. "D'ye mean to tell us that you've been hanged for the murder of yonder seaman alongside of you?"

"Yes, sir; I've been hanged as his murderer;" and thus breaking the silence, York proceeded. He told his story in good language, plainly and intelligently, with an occasional catch of his breath and a sob or two when he spoke of his sweetheart.

"You were hanged," cried the commander, watching him with a fascinated countenance, for the corroborative looks and nods of Worksop as York delivered his tale had soon abundantly satisfied the captain that the poor young fellow was speaking the truth—"you were hanged," he repeated, "strung up by you neck in the customary style, I suppose, and left to dangle for the usual time. And yet you are alive!"

To be Continued.

"A BIRD."

A parrot, in a remote country district, escaped from its cage and settled on the roof of a laborer's cottage. When it had been there a little time the laborer caught sight of it. He had never seen such a thing before, and after gazing in admiration at the bird, with its curious beak and beautiful plumage, he fetched a ladder and climbed up it with the view of securing so great a prize. When his head reached the level of the roof the parrot flapped a wing at him and said: What d'ye want? Very much taken aback, the laborer politely touched his cap and replied: I beg your pardon, sir; I thought you were a bird!

A young doctor and a girl of nineteen committed suicide in a Vienna hotel, having first bequeathed their jewelry, which they declared was "imitation," to the chambermaid who attended them. The latter cared so little for the trinkets that she bestowed them upon a friend. The friend has discovered that the jewelry is genuine, and worth almost $5,000. The chambermaid has begun suit for the recovery of the gifts, declaring that they were given away under a misapprehension of their value.

THE OUTLAW KANGAROO.

A CATTLE THIEF AND A KIDNAPPER, AUSTRALIAN TALES SAY.

Wicked Bushmen Train the Queer Beasts to Steal Both Men and Horses, It Is Declared—At Any Rate Some Australian Kangaroos Have Ways That Make Hunting Them an Exciting Pastime.

"Years ago I was a rover in Australia," said a former member of the dramatic profession, "and I dallied for a while with the dramatic muse, and somewhat successfully. Then, metaphorically speaking, I piped on oaten straw, like the Arcadian shepherd, and dropped money in wool. Then I delved in the mines for the dross of gold, and didn't find any. At last I made a fortunate strike in tallow, and for a time revelled in the charms of nature and learned to hunt the kangaroo. I learned a good many things about kangaroos that are not in the books—for instance, that the bushmen trained kangaroos to be horse and cattle thieves, kidnappers, highway robbers and the like. I say I learned that, but perhaps I had better say that the good people I met during my career as a gentleman sportsman in Australia told me such was the case. I never had any ocular proof that there were kangaroo cattle thieves or kangaroo highway robbers, but I shall believe in kangaroo horse thieves and kidnappers until my dying day. I'll tell you why.

"While I was living this life of a gentleman sportsman I was quartered at a little settlement at Boort Run, right in the kangaroo country. To hunt kangaroos seems almost like going out to run down and maul the life out of a few of your decent relatives, but

THE KANGAROO HUNT

was the chief recreation of the gentleman sportsman in Australia the time I was there, and as I had become a member of that order of citizens, after making my pile in tallow. I, of course, had to hunt kangaroos. You hunt kangaroos on horseback, and you have to sit on your horse like a star circus rider, too, or you will never hunt kangaroos more than once. You are apt to be lassoed out of your saddle and left hanging by your neck at the end of some drooping vine as you pass through the country, and if you keep your seat as your horse dashes over a stretch of ground made picturesquely irregular by a million big ant hills, you stand a chance of being tipped out of it into an adjoining tract of down timber and treated to a run across country with your foot in the stirrup and your head playing shinny with logs and boulders. Then, when you get into a nob of kangaroos—half a dozen or so "kangs" together make a nob—you may have the luck to tackle what they call a regular up-and-up boomer, and if you do—well, say! If you do, you will begin to have your doubts about your caring to be a gentleman sportsman in Australia. An up-and-up boomer, or a bloomin' old man, as some call him, is a leader in a nob of kangs, and there's more fight in him than there is in a barrel of Sixth ward rum. If the bloomin' old man gets the squeeze on you and is inclined to stop the fight right there and then, he'll put on the pressure and crack your bones as you would crush a soft-shell almond.

"It isn't sportsmanlike to bag your kangaroo with a gun. Your weapon is a short but heavy club, and, as you charge your game, the object is to deliver a blow with the club that will neatly break the kangaroo's neck. Dogs trained for the purpose harass the game and get it in position so that you can the better and surer deliver

THE DEATH BLOW.

It requires a good deal of skill and dexterity to strike the right spot and at the same time guard yourself against the assaults of the kangaroo, for he has his eye on the chance of getting in a blow on you that may send you sprawling from your horse.

"I got so that I could handle the club and the horse pretty well on a kangaroo hunt, and rather liked the exciting sport until one day I ran foul of a kang that was following a life of outlawry, and that spoiled me for kangarooing. A party of us had gone up the run five or six miles kangarooing. We had five dogs and ran suddenly into a nob of seven kangaroos. The leader of the nob was the up-and-uppest boomer, the bloomin'est old man I had ever seen except a tame kangaroo that belonged at the settlement, and that tame kangaroo beat anything, they said, that had even been seen in Australia. It was taken when only a few days old and grew to an enormous size, and had the run of the settlement, and the whole country, for that matter. Everybody knew Danny Dee, as the big tame kang was called, and Danny seemed to know everybody and everything. When I saw the big leader of this mob rise before me, I couldn't help but think that he might be Danny Dee's brother. He rose to receive the attack of three of our dogs, and he stood not less than eight feet high. He gathered in each one of those three dogs as they sprang at him and laid them down in one, two, three order, without a whole bone among them. This bloomin' old man seemed not only willing but anxious to join in a general fight with us. One of our party killed his kangaroo, but all the rest of the nob except the boomer fled to the bush. There were three of us hunters, and we all charged upon the boomer, the two remaining dogs having followed the fleeing nob. I can't tell you how it was done, but that big kangaroo yanked my two companions out of their saddle as

QUICK AS A FLASH,

and away their frightened horses went over the plain. Their unseated riders followed them, and I was left alone to have it out with the bloomin' old man.

"Say, he didn't wait to take breath, but leaped on me and grabbed me round the waist before I could play my club, but he hadn't got his squeeze on me when I brought my club down on his head. That staggered him and forced him to loosen his hold on me and tumble from the horse, but he took with him half of one trousers leg and a big chunk of skin from my thigh. He had no sooner struck the ground than he sprang and caught the horse around the neck, and was effectively shutting off the poor beast's wind when I pounded the kang loose with my club. It seemed to me that old boomer was just more than enjoying the fight, and it struck me that he had an object in all he was doing beyond the simple fact of wanting to win the fight. Failing in his attempt to choke the horse to death, he drew off a few paces, looked me and the horse over, and at once made up his mind. He came toward me with a tremendous bound, and as I raised my club to meet him with a blow he feinted and landed on the horse behind me. Before I could move a muscle he had my arms pinioned to my sides as if they were in a vise. I suppose, from the way the horse sprang backward, that the kang stuck his claws in the horse's flanks. At any rate, away over the plain we went like the wind, headed for the bush. At first I struggled to free myself, but I found that the more I struggled the tighter grew the clasp of the kangaroo on my ribs, until I was afraid he would squeeze the life out of me if I didn't quit, so I quit.

"On we went, deeper and deeper into the dense bush, and further away from succor at every bound. Then it struck me all at once that I was in the clutch of a kidnapper kangaroo, the trained agent of some savage tribe of bushmen, although up to that moment I had rather doubted what had been told me as to the way bushmen induced kangaroos to become outlaws in various lines. With this prospect before me I made up my mind I might as well be killed trying to free myself from the kangaroo as to wait until the bushmen fell foul of me, and I began to struggle more desperately than ever, and

SHOUT LOUDLY FOR HELP,

although I hadn't the least idea there was any such thing as help within ten miles.

"When I began to struggle the boomer began to squeeze, and as I kept on struggling, he had pretty nearly squeezed the breath out of me, and there isn't any doubt but that the next hitch he would have tightened on me would have cracked me in two. But that hitch never came. All I can remember about it is that I saw a giant rise ahead of us, a little to one side of the horse, grab the bridle and fetch us all up a-standing. I felt the boomer release his hold on me and heard him drop from the horse. The giant at the horse's head dropped the bridle, and when I turned my head to see what all the commotion was I saw two gigantic kangaroos in combat. The combat was short. One kang lay stretched lifeless on the ground. The other turned and came toward me. I almost fell out of my saddle, for who should it be but Danny Dee, the giant tame kangaroo of Boort Run settlement. Happily for me he had been on one of his strolls that day, and happened along in the bush just as that kidnapping boomer was rushing me to his destination. Danny recognized the horse and me, knew what the trouble was, and that was enough. He stepped into the rescue, and healt out vengeance with a merciless hand. Danny led the way back to the settlement, and when I told how he had saved me from being kidnapped he was a bigger lion than ever. But that it was a fact that kangaroos were thus corrupted and turned into ways of crime saddened me, and I never went kangarooing after that."

THROWING THINGS AT CATS.

Mr. Glimmerton Notes That the Custom Has Not Been Abandoned.

"It's a long time," said Mr. Glimmerton, "since I've read anything in the papers about throwing things at cats. There used to be frequent mention about how men threw bootjacks, boots, water pitchers, coal scuttles and fire tongs at them. I knew a man myself once that threw a lighted lamp at a cat on a fence. He never touched the cat, but set the fence afire and had to pay $7.

"But the custom has not fallen altogether into disuse. There is a cat in our neighborhood that walks along the back fences at night, weeping and wailing in a manner most distressing to hear. For a long time these unpopular concerts were not disturbed, but night before last we heard the sound of a mighty blow upon the fence; it sounded like the crash of an immense rock. It evidently missed the cat, but it ended the concert. The cat didn't come back that night—we hope it never will. How the man got the rock over there, we don't know. Surely he never could have thrown it that distance. He must have rigged up a catapult of some sort; a catapult would be very appropriate for the purpose."

A CONSIDERATE SON.

Father—Willie, I hate to whip you. It hurts me worse than it does you.

Willie—Let ma do it, then. She can't pound hard enough to hurt me ner ner, either.

MOUNTAIN ECHOES.

The city school will re-open on Tuesday.

Greenwood is going to have the largest smelter in Canada.

Cody ave. is graded and fitted up well as far as the bottling works.

It is said that Mr. Ferland is about to move his branch store to Nelson.

Mr. Riblet has the contract for a 700-foot Finlayson tram for the Wakefield company.

The contract for the new school building will be let in a few days, and most likely to local parties.

The boards of trade of Eastern British Columbia are going to petition the government on the eight-hour law.

Enough Masons came over from Kaslo on Thursday evening's special to eat half of Sandon out of house and home.

Folliett & McMillan got in considerable new machinery for their planing mill this week, including planers, matchers, etc.

It is said the experts, who have been looking at the Star for some time in the interest of the Jeffrey-Cox combine, think well of the property.

Mr. Chas. Johnson, Bear River, U.S., writes: "I was troubled with hoarseness, and after taking three bottles of Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup I was entirely cured."

The Masonic Fraternity had a big time of it Thursday night installing officers and banqueting afterwards. Representatives were here from Kaslo, Rossland and other places.

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.

The trail up Cody creek, from Cody to the south fork of Kaslo river is being improved. Some $500 is being expended on it at present, with more to follow, those most interested hope.

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.

As the Sandon football team could not be induced to leave their respective employments on Tuesday and fight the projected match at Silverton it was called off. Honors are even between the clubs.

SICK HEADACHE—that bane of many a woman's life is quickly cured by Laxa-Liver Pills. They are adapted to the system of the most delicate and never cause any griping, weakening or sickening.

The Nelson Tribune says that a contract made with miners outside of the province is not good in the province. Perhaps not, but if it is renewed within the province after the arrival of the miners, it is good.

Mr. Crowse, who was so badly hurt in the Sovereign accident, has left the hospital and is able to appear on the street again. He had a very close call, and much appreciates the kindness shown him by many.

In the summer time running sores and ulcers are hard to keep sweet and clean. Bathe them with Burdock Blood Bitters and they will be free from odor. Take this remedy internally and soon healthy flesh will supplant the decaying tissue.

The hard times have not been quite able to kill Sandon, as evidenced by the fair audiences drawn by the show, good of its kind, on Saturday and Monday evenings. Prof. Paul Boulon, as a musician, shows considerable talent, and takes the Chinese character to perfection.

"Two little boys of mine were troubled with worms. They would wake in the night and vomit and sometimes were quite feverish. I got a bottle of Dr. Low's Worm Syrup which gave them complete relief from their trouble." Mrs. William Mercel, Teeterville, Ont.

The Nelson Tribune says that the miners brought in from Sudbury came in "on a pass," and in the same article it says it cost the importers $500. This is like the tailor who tried to make a five-yard suit out of a three-yard piece of cloth—something must be sacrificed, and it appears to be the truth in the Tribune's case.

Wm. Harrington and H. Stege had a bet, the other day at New Denver, on some fish the former caught there. While Stege was away hunting for a pair of scales to weigh the fish, Harrington loaded them up to the muzzle with lead sinkers. The result was that Stege lost the bet.

The Nelson Tribune asserts and the Kootenaian copies the assertion that it is reported Mr. Harris is paying $3.50 for eight hours at the Reco mine. It has ever been a proverb that "one swallow does not make a summer," and which is still true. Mr. Harris had employed one man at that figure, who was to work in a particularly wet tunnel. He is also an important member of the city brass band, and this is the second reason for his employment at that figure. Since writing, however, we learn that the party referred to did not go to work at the Reco, having taken a contract at Moyie.

Passengers go now from Vancouver to Dawson in six days.

The school teachers are now all homeward bound, getting new birches for Monday.

G. Gordon, D. A. Docksteader and R. A. McGillis have been elected the first school trustees of Cody.

Some of the officers of the miners' union say that 500 of the old miners could be got together in 24 hours, if the mines started up to suit them.

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 gunner from Galway" has been fined $10 and costs for a disturbance at Robson. He said he would go to gaol first to to study the architecture of the premises.

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.

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.

George Warren, of Verginia, Nevada, telegraphs the Nelson Tribune, saying the wages paid there are: Top and underground miners and underground car men, $4.00 for eight hours; top laborers, $3.50 for ten hours.

The city council have struck an economic vein. They have cut off the arc lights and are moving the city clerk's office into the court house for a cheaper rent. Whatever the taxes are, however, Messrs. Harris & Kelly pay about the half of them.

There are cigars and cigars, but if you really want a good healthy smoke of a cigar that will not rob your purse, you will use the "Interior" or "La Morena" manufactured by the Inland Cigar Manufacturing Co. of Kamloops. One trial carries conviction.

We have heard several versions of the reasons why the miners came down from the Antoine mine last week, and to get the matter right we have enquired of some of the men themselves. Their version is this: Of the five or six men all were non-union but one, and they were working eight hours underground and two hours on surface. A couple of union men from Sandon came down and asked them to come in and join the union. After consulting one another they quit work and went to Sandon. This is all there is about it.

Purely Social.

Mrs. Dwyer gave a pleasant party on Tuesday evening in honor of her sister, Miss Dovell, who has been her guest the past few weeks. Prizes were won as follows in progressive whist: Ladies' 1st, Miss Vallance; Gentlemen's 1st, Mr. Creech; Ladies' consolation, Miss Chisholm; Gentlemen's consolation, Mr. Harris. Mrs. Smith won the prize in the guessing contest.

Mrs. Cliffe entertained a number of friends at a whist party, at her residence on Sunnyside, Thursday evening. The prizes were won as follows: 1st—Lady, Mrs. Farrell; Gentleman, Mr. May; Booby—Lady, Miss Hammond; Gentleman, Mr. Cliffe.

Virginia hall was the scene, on Friday evening, of a very pleasant dancing party given by Mrs. C. J. Smith. With flags, bunting, flowers and card tables, set in cosily draped corners, the hall looked quite homelike, adding much to the gay spirits of the guests. As this is press night with this paper we are unable to make further mention, but venture to say, in anticipation, that the evening was thoroughly enjoyed by all present.

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 teeth. Send at once and get a bottle of "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup" for children teething. It will relieve the poor little sufferer immediately. Depend upon it, mothers, there is no mistake about it. It cures 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."

Certificate of Improvments.

NOTICE.

NORTHERN BELLE Mineral Claim, situate in the Slocan Mining Division of West Kootenay district. Where located:—25 miles west of Kootenay lake, 10 miles east of Slocan lake, about 4 miles south of Seaton creek, and 1 mile north of the R E Lee M. C.

Take notice that I, J. M. R. Fairbairn, of Greenwood, B. C., acting as agent for Edward Murphy, Free Miner's Certificate, No. 23351 a, and Hugh Dohney, Free Miner's Certificate No. 23217 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 on 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 27th day of July, 1899

J. M. R. Fairbairn.

A Word on BEEF TEAS.

Meat extract resembles Beef Tea made at home in the fact that it contains no nourishment at all. Hard doctrine this for the ladies who think that nothing can equal their own make. How is

BOVRIL

Nourishing then? Because it is not a meat extract only; it contains in addition the nourishing qualities of pure lean ox beef highly concentrated and pulverized. Bovril is, therefore, superior to meat extracts or beef tea.

Scrofula.

Another permanent cure by B.B.B. after two doctors failed.

Ask any doctor and he will tell you that, next to cancer, scrofula is one of the hardest diseases to cure.

Yet Burdock Blood Bitters applied externally to the parts affected and taken internally cured Rev. Wm. Stout, of Kirkton, Ont., permanently, after many prominent physicians failed; Cured Mrs. W. Bennet, of Crewson's Corners, Ont., permanently, when everyone thought she would die. Now Mr. H. H. Forest, Windsor Mills, P.Q., states his case as follows:

"After having used Burdock Blood Bitters for scrofula in the blood, I feel it my duty to make known the results. I was treated by two skilled physicians, but they failed to cure me. I had running sores on my hands and legs which I could get nothing to heal until I tried B.B.B. This remedy healed them completely and permanently, leaving the skin and flesh sound and whole."

The D. & L. EMULSION

The D. & L. EMULSION
Is the best and most palatable preparation of Cod Liver Oil, agreeing with the most delicate stomachs.

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Is a marvellous flesh producer and will give you an appetite. 50c. & $1 per Bottle.

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Renovated in all appointments.
A good table always.
Choicest liquors and cigars in the bar.

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Established in 1892.

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Jobbers and Retailers in

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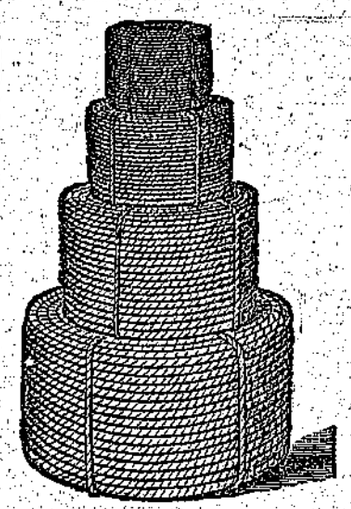

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We can alarm you. Our must-get-up alarm will rouse any one that is not dead.

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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.
Canned and Potted Meats for quick meals.
Fancy Crackers, Biscuits in bulk and in fancy cartoons.

Come and see us, or send us in your orders by mail, as we are noted for prompt attention and careful consideration in forwarding goods.

H. Giegerich,

SANDON. KASLO. AINSWORTH.

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A. F. AND A. M.
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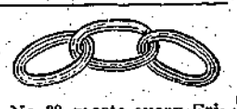
W. H. LILLY, Sec'y.

I. O. O. F.



Silver City Lodge, No. 39, 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.

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Sealed tenders, marked "Tenders for School Building", will be received by the undersigned up to six o'clock Tuesday evening next, for the addition to the Sandon Public School building; plans and specifications may be seen at Cliffe's bookstore.

C. CLIFFE,
Chairman of Sandon Public School Board.
August 3rd, 1899.

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