

The Mining Review.

VOL. 3. NO. 9.

SANDON, B. C., SATURDAY, AUGUST 5, 1899.

FIVE CENTS.

SLOCAN CITY.

Business Begins to Brighten in the Lakeport Town.

It is now evident there are, better days in store for this beautifully situated town at the foot of the lake, nestling snugly within gradually retreating mountains on three sides, and the outlet of Slocan Lake running through it, lending picturesqueness intensified to the scenery. In a word it is one of the most beautiful townsites in the whole country, and large enough for a place of 100,000 people. The native evergreens of the flat afford ample opportunity to make residential plots as beautiful as one can desire there at very little cost. The streams from the hills offer plenty of opportunity for a water system for all purposes at a very moderate cost.

Another advantage the place possesses is the amount of arable land in the suburbs and all the way down the river valley with the railway convenient for any point. There is ample opportunity here for the production at small cost of a large amount of market garden stuff, the maintenance of large dairies and the growth of much hay and grain besides, to say nothing of fruits of all kinds indigenous to the country. In all these respects Slocan City is most favorably situated.

Though a spirit was made in mining operations in the vicinity in the earlier days, it was dropped a couple of years ago, and the place took a relapse that brought unrest to the business people and citizens in general. Now again, however, the wealth of the surrounding is being gauged by the shrewdest capitalists and mining men, and as it is more than standing the most careful tests, capital is coming in rapidly. The surrounding rock is for the most part granite, giving width and, according to the best information, depth to the mineral chutes.

All told it is believed that half a million of outside capital has come in in the past few months, and where investments have been made work is being actively prosecuted. About 75 men are regularly employed on the properties, bought or bonded, and some 50 more are working on properties and prospects of their own. Among the investments and working enterprises are the following:

The Skylark and Ranger have been bought by Percy Dickenson, of New York, at \$80,000, and have now 14 men working.

The Chapleau has been bonded at \$35,000 by J. M. Williams. There are 14 men working, and there is enough ore in sight to pay for the property.

The Arlington is working 15 men under the new directorate of Victoria and Nelson men.

The Black Prince, owned by local parties, is working 10 men and has the best showing of any property in the camp.

The Tamarac is bonded by Eastern men and has 8 men working.

The Bank of England and the Two Friends owned by local parties have 5 men at work.

The Evening Star, owned by Hugh Sutherland & Co., has 14 men working and who have lots of ore blocked out.

The Calumet and Hecla have 4 men working, and are likely to be bonded in a few days.

The Kilo, owned by McNaughton, of Silverton, is likely to be bonded in a few days. It has a large body of free milling ore.

The Exchange is crown granted and owned by the Tupper syndicate. They are starting up again.

The Blendfield claim, owned by Mr. Balko, will soon be on the list of shippers.

The Cameronian has one of the largest ore bodies in the country and is only waiting for capital to take hold of it. Nearly all of these properties have either shipped or have ore ready for packers.

South America's Lofty Peaks.

The result of the hypsometric measurements recently made, by Sir William Martin Conway, of the High Andes of Bolivia seem to determine definitely that Aconcagua, in Argentina, is the loftiest summit of the American Cordilleras, and, accordingly, the culminating point of the Western Hemisphere, says The Nation. Although this was the general assumption of geographers, the rival claims of the Nevado de Sorata and Illimani, which in the older geographies were repre-

sented to have altitudes respectively of 25,200 and nearly 24,000 feet, and even quite recently to approximate these heights, have left the question an open one. The present observations reduce these elevations to 21,710 feet (for the highest peak of the Sorata or Illimani) and 21,015 feet, a result strikingly in accord with that obtained by Michin—21,470 and 21,224 feet—and about equally correspondent with that derived by the English geologist Pentland from his revised triangulation conducted in 1889, which gave 21,286 feet for the Sorata and 21,145 feet for Illimani. The absolute altitude of Aconcagua is, perhaps, still in doubt, but the measurements of Fitzgerald and Zuerbiggen, made during their late successful and unsuccessful attempts to attain the summits, would seem to give the mountain a height fully equal to that which had been assumed, or it by Fitzroy and Darwin, 23,200 feet, and about a thousand feet more than was claimed by the Spanish engineer Pissis (22,452 feet). The Sorata and Illimani now not only possibly also yield second place, as a number of summits, both in northern Chile and in Bolivia, are close competitors, and have at least the advantage of being reputed to be more lofty.

ANOTHER CONCENTRATOR.

The Minnesota Silver Co. to the Fore With Extensive Improvements.

As a result of the recent visit of the Messrs. Yawkey to this city, the Minnesota Silver Company have decided to go on with the construction of their proposed 100-ton concentrator at once. The course of the tram from the Ivanhoe mine to the proposed site for the concentrator, at the west end of the town, has been surveyed for some time. The mill will be situated where it will have an ample supply of water for handling the ores, not only of the Minnesota Silver Co.'s property, but also those of the Sunshine group, lower down the valley, to which a tram will be built from the concentrator later on. Mr. Bartlett, a capable and experienced millwright from Montana, is now in the city to superintend construction on the most approved plans. The best machinery money can buy from the most noted factories will be put in the mill.

The Minnesota Company have now commenced a 1100-foot cross-cut below No. 4, their present lowest tunnel and main entrance to the workings, that will give them 250 feet more vertical depth. They are also fitting in a five-drill air compressor to drive the tunnel and prosecute further work. The Messrs. Yawkey, who went to Spokane some days ago, are returned Thursday and may remain until the workings at both the tunnel and the concentrator are put under way.

The Oro Mining & Milling Co.

The Oro Mining & Milling Company, who played out all the stringers on the Golden Wedge in a vain search for a mine, and built a first-class stamp mill on the property before it was proved, subsequently throwing up their hands, own several claims near Oro and are now at work on the St. Louis, which gives promise of turning out well and giving back some of the \$95,000 spent by the company. The reverses of the Oro people gave a set back to the mines in the vicinity of the Golden Wedge. However, it was a case of mismanagement from start to finish. The affairs of the company are in other hands now and an effort will be made to see that the money of the company is spent where it will do the most good.

TO-NIGHT.

To-night (Saturday) and Monday evenings, August 5th and 7th at Spencer's Opera house, a fine entertainment for Sandon, given by Prof. Paul Bonlon's musicians and comedians. This entertainment has a Pacific reputation as a first-class musical and comedy entertainment. All our exchanges speak highly of these artists. Prices 50c. Children 25c. Reserved seats 72c.

SCIATICA

is one of the most painful and torturing diseases. No one need endure torments any longer. Milburn's Rheumatic Pills have cured some of the worst cases, and never fail to give prompt relief from the pain. 50c. a box, all druggists.

MINE OWNERS' ASSOCIATION

Enrolls More Members at the Meeting in Sandon This Week.

Some five or six more mine owners joined the Mine Owners' Association at the meeting this week, so it means that the mines will be almost a unit in whatever stand is taken on the labor question.

We have no authority for saying so, but still believe our surmise from the first is correct—that the government will be induced to suspend the penal clauses of the act, and that the mines will start within a few weeks as they were before—on eight, nine or ten hours as may be agreed on. The owners do not object to an eight-hour law or eight hours as the basis of payment, but they do to the penal clauses that tie up the liberty of the subject. We should not be surprised if in the meantime, the government and the mine owners jointly submitted these clauses to the Privy Council in England for their opinion as to the validity of the law. The mines, under suspension of the penalties, could be operated all the same while the matter was being considered in England.

It is whispered in some quarters that more than the Slocan owners will shortly be in the association—its influence will be provincial in extent.

There are other matters under the consideration of the union, but at this last meeting the lead question took up most of the time—the consideration of how lead and lead ores may best reach American and other markets with the least restriction.

PERSONAL MENTION.

Rev. Roberts, of New Denver, was in the city Wednesday.

Mrs. Dreyer and sons went east for a holiday the other day.

Mr. Sudrow is taking a short holiday at Malayan Hot Springs.

Arthur Hill is in town again after a long sojourn around Spokane.

Miss Delmage, of Nelson, is visiting her cousin Mrs. (Ald.) Crawford.

J. J. McLachlan, manager of the Whitewater Deep, was in the city this week.

Mrs. Cavanagh went to New Denver Wednesday for a short visit with Mrs. White.

Mr. and Mrs. Cole left this week for a three months' visit among eastern friends.

Miss Skinner returned to New Denver on Tuesday after a few days' visit in the city.

Mrs. Yates left for Silverton on Wednesday, where Mr. Yates has been working, to take up their residence there.

G. O. Buchanan was at the mine owners meeting here on Tuesday. Police Magistrate Carney was also in the city that day.

F. L. Christie, barrister, was married on Saturday. The bride is a Miss Hatt, late of Frederikton, N. B., Mr. Christie's former home.

Mrs. Gooderham, widow of the big Toronto distiller, some years deceased, has been at the Reco the past week, with her daughter, Mrs. Ferrier, of Rossland.

Mr. Williams, brother of the man who was killed in the Sovereign tunnel, is likely to remain in the city and finish the Sovereign contract. He is also taking out administration papers.

PUBLIC SCHOOL PICNIC.

A Pleasant Outing on the Cody Grounds Wednesday Afternoon.

The picnic at Cody on Wednesday afternoon was very successful in every way. All the children seemed to enjoy themselves thoroughly, and the older folks enjoyed the day as much as the children. The weather was all that could be desired. There was an abundant supply of eatables and of milk, tea and lemonade, to which people helped themselves as they felt inclined. The picnics, of all ages, took part in the games or enjoyed themselves at the swings or resting in the grove. Some of the ladies seemed to be able to kick the foot ball as well as the boys. The

games began about 3:30 and with the following results:

Boys' race under 8—1st, Allie McDonald; 2nd, John McDonald.

Boys under 10—1st, Clarence Smith; 2nd, Angus McDonald.

Boys under 12—1st, Frank McKinnon; 2nd, Max Dreyer.

Boys over 12—1st, Walter Cliffe; 2nd, Ernest Crawford.

Girls under 8—Christina McDonald; 2nd, Maria Broshlin.

Girls under 10—1st, Sylvia Warner; 2nd, Margie Hays.

Girls under 12—1st, Tressie Lafavor; 2nd, Sylvia Warner.

Boys' three-legged race—1st, Walter Cliffe and Frank McKinnon; 2nd, Joe Dillie and Ernest Crawford.

Ladies' race—1st, Mrs. Fisher; 2nd, Mrs. Stein.

Men's race—1st, J. McDonald; 2nd, J. Manning.

Boys' long jump, under 10—1st, Max Dreyer; 2nd, Neil McIntyre.

Boys' long jump, over 10—1st, Frank McKinnon; 2nd, Walter Cliffe.

Best kick at football—1st, E. Crawford; 2nd, Walter Cliffe.

Other contests had been arranged for the girls, but the young ladies were not inclined to compete. The picnic broke up about 6 o'clock. There were cash prizes to the amount of \$8.50, besides a number of articles contributed by friends in town.

The managing committee, in behalf of the school children, wish to thank the ladies and gentlemen who so generously assisted in various ways to make their picnic a success.

McGuigan Notes.

McGuigan, Aug. 4—A party of union men from Sandon went up to the Antoine mine yesterday and compelled the men working there to stop work. The Antoine mine was working the men eight hours in the mine and two outside, which was objected to by the union.

J. C. Ryan arrived here last Wednesday from the East and went up to the Tom Moore mineral claim, which is said to be looking very well and has some ore ready for shipment.

A cabin will be built on the Lone Jack and work will be proceeded with this month.

Two men are now working at the Red Fox mine. Some high-grade ore will probably be shipped soon from this mine.

Guests at the Reco.

W. S. Drewry, H. L. Twigg, A. H. Dawson, G. H. Aylard, Alex. Sproat, New Denver; K. J. Ross, W. A. McIntyre and wife, Alfred R. Brown, Geo. Alexander, H. W. Foster, G. O. Buchanan, W. H. Adams, Kaslo; C. D. Blackwood, A. Ferland, H. L. Turner, F. J. Duncan, H. J. Campbell, G. W. Jackson, J. Roderick Robertson, Nelson; E. L. Paterson, E. Rummelmeier, Silverton; J. McGregor, Ross; W. R. Ferrier, J. H. Inkster, Rossland; M. K. A. Rathbone, Whitewater; D. G. McLachlan, J. C. Ryan, Whitewater Deep; Jas. Cr. nin, Moyie; Peter McKigh, Lardo; H. A. Small, Wm. J. McMaster, G. H. Ramsey, Vancouver; E. R. Whitehead, T. G. Brown, Winnipeg; J. E. McPherson, Kingston; A. G. Doucet, Montreal; Mrs. Jas. Gooderham, Toronto; G. F. Bartlett, Butte, Mont; Frank Kelly, Spokane; W. C. Yawkey, W. H. Yawkey, Detroit; C. Becker, San Francisco.

Pert Sayings.

George Selwyn had a strange passion for seeing dead bodies, especially those of his friends. He would go any distance to gratify this pursuit. Lord Holland was laid up very ill at Holland house shortly before his death. George Selwyn sent to ask how he was, and whether he would like to see him. "Oh, by all means!" Lord Holland answered. "If I'm alive tomorrow I shall be delighted to see George, and I know that if I am dead he will be delighted to see me."

Horace Greeley was once discussing in a general company the faults and needs of his own nation. "What this country needs," said he, in his piping voice and Yankee accent, "is a real good kicking!" An Englishman present promptly said with unmistakable English accent: "Quite right, Mr. Greeley, quite right. The country needs a 'kicking.'" But Mr. Greeley, without glancing in the Englishman's direction or seeming to pay any attention to the interruption, went on in the same squeaky tone: "But the trouble is there's no nation that can give it to us."

MINES AND MINING.

The Evening Star, at Slocan City, has closed down.

Experts have been in the city for some days looking over the Star.

Deals are on for the Marion and Mountain Chief properties, near New Denver.

We understand there are but two men getting \$3.50 a day for underground work at the Ajax Fraction.

Manager Sandiford, of the Bosun, refused to sign a paper guaranteeing \$3.50 a day to the miners, and a shut up, save two non-union men on contract, is the result.

Mr. G. W. Hughes bonded a group of claims the other day on Paddy's Peak, close to the Jackson basin, and about five miles from this city. A payment of \$5,000 was made, but the full amount of the bond is not made public.

The compressor plant of the Rambler-Cariboo is now in running order. Last month three car loads of ore were shipped to the smelter, which will average about \$2,800 to the car. It is supposed that dividends will be paid by October 1st.

It is not a fact, as stated by the gulchite last week, that the Selkirk company are going on with operations. They want to raise \$1,000 by the sale of stock, or otherwise, to extend a tunnel to tap the lead. When they get this money they will go on.

Messrs. J. D. and G. Kendall are registered at the Arlington hotel. They arrived here last Friday and have been out to look at the Kilo claim on the first north fork of Lenox creek, for the London & B. C. Goldfields Co. The Kilo's ledge is somewhat similar to the Chapleau and runs in the neighborhood of \$100 to the ton. It was on the strength of Mr. Kendall's report that his company took over the Enterprise mine on Ten Mile, and his presence here now shows that they intend to interest themselves more in this promising division of the Slocan.

P. E. Seelye returned a few days ago from the Alexandra-Dalley mine which is situated on the 2nd north fork of Lenox creek. This property is being worked in a very careful way, and the management has every hope that it will soon prove to be a rich mine. A car track and car have recently been installed in the lower tunnel which is in 230 feet. Five men are at work and are exposing some very rich ore. The last assays went as high as \$378. The vein of this rich ore is 18 inches wide, it can be traced for 900 feet on the surface and gives every promise of being continuous. Sixty feet more drifting on the present tunnel should locate the main ore chute at a depth of 250 feet. No effort is being made now to turn out ore but a larger staff of men will be put on shortly and within a month the mine should become a shipper. The Alexandra-Dalley is situated three miles from the Golden Wedge, where there is a ten-stamp mill, and Mr. Seelye expects to take his ore to this mill for treatment.

Three Forks Ore Shipments.

The following is a statement of ore shipped from this station for the week ending August 4:

Mine.	Tons.
Queen Bess.....	111
Total.....	111

Whitewater Ore Shipments.

The following is a statement of ore shipped from this station for the week ending August 4:

Mine.	Tons.
Jackson.....	41
Total.....	41

McGuigan Ore Shipments.

The following is a statement of ore shipped from this station for the month of July:

Mine.	Tons.
Rambler.....	48
Antoine.....	20
Total.....	68

TO CURE COLD IN ONE DAY.
Take LaxativeBromo Quinine Tablets.
All druggists refund the money if it fails to cure. 25 cents.

Jeremy York.

VI.

When York was searched, they found in his coat pocket a large clasp-knife with a ring through the end of it, capped, where the ring was, by a mounting of copper such as formerly might protect the butt-end of a pistol, upon which the words "Gabriel Workop" were rudely scored. The knife looked to have been newly cleaned. There was no stain of blood or anything approaching such a mark visible upon it. In the pocket with this knife was found a Spanish gold piece minted in the year 1693, with a hole through it, as though the coin was used as a charm or an ornament. His bundle contained merely a few trifles of wearing apparel. They also found upon him four shillings of English money and other articles of no moment as evidence. But when they came to strip him, they found the left side of his shirt heavily stained with blood.

All that he said was, he was innocent of the crime charged against him, but refused to declare more.

The first hearing was before the mayor of Sandwich and a bench of magistrates. The room was crowded; never in the memory of the most ancient inhabitant had anything of the kind excited so much interest, not indeed in the district, but throughout the south-eastern portion of the county. It was universally agreed that Mr. Workop had been murdered, and by whom, if not by Jeremy York? But, then, what had become of the body? The marks of blood proving that it had been dragged to the timber extension were conclusive enough; yet it was almost inevitable that a corpse thrown into shallow water close inshore should be set upon some part of the beach by the action of the tide, unless weighted by heavy sinker, in which case there would be a chance for the grapple. But day after day, a broad tract stretching from Deal Castle to Sandown Castle had been swept without result. Would complete evidence be forthcoming? Would York confess, or make some admission that might help to solve the mystery?

The lady of the Lonely Star, along with other witnesses, proved that the knife and the gold coin had belonged to Mr. Workop. The landlady stated that she had frequently handled the coin, and that on the day preceding his disappearance, or death, she had asked him to sell it to her; but he replied that it had been given to him by a sweetheart twenty years before, and that he would not part with it for a ton of gold. She and other witnesses also testified to Mr. Workop having been in possession of some thirty or forty guineas, which in his cups he had a trick of lugging out by the handful, that the company might know a jolly sailor need never be a pauper. The two boatmen that had rowed Jeremy York ashore gave evidence that he confessed he was only worth half a guinea; that there was a quarrel over the fare, and that they had to be satisfied with four shillings.

York's statement, on the other hand, was as follows: He said that on the night in question he fell asleep, after having lain with the boatswain for about an hour. He was then awakened by the oppression of the atmosphere, which made him fear that he would suffocate; and being parched with thirst, he resolved to seek for the inn's back-yard, where he might hope to find a pump, where he would be sure of the relief of fresh air. As he could not lift the latch of the door, he searched Mr. Workop's clothes, not choosing to disturb the man, who had shown himself querulous and grumbling, as though in pain, and found a knife, with which he succeeded in opening the door. It was a little past two o'clock when he returned to his bedroom; a faint light penetrated the window from the oil lamp outside, which enabled him to see that the bed was empty. He also took notice that Mr. Workop's wearing apparel, that had lain upon a chair, was gone. He was somewhat surprised, but concluded that Mr. Workop had been awakened, as he himself had, by the heat, had dressed and walked forth into the night, and that he would return presently. He got into bed again, but lay sleepless, until, hearing some distant clock strike four, he rose, clothed himself, took his bundle, and left the house, carrying away the boatswain's knife, which he would have left behind, had he remembered that it was in his pocket. He was unable to account for his possession of the Spanish piece of gold, which the witnesses swore had belonged to Mr. Workop; nor could he explain how it was that there were blood-stains upon his shirt, in the bed, on the floor, not to mention the marks which terminated at the waterside.

Having heard the evidence, the magistrate committed him to take his trial for wilful murder at the forthcoming assizes to be held at Sandwich.

There was probably but one person living at that time who believed in Jeremy York's innocence, and this was his sweetheart, Jenny Bax. The widow Bax, after much mental swaying to and fro, arrived at the conclusion that the youth was guilty. How could it be otherwise? she reasoned, as did all others who discussed the matter. The mysterious disappearance of Mr. Workop—the knife and coin in York's pocket—the bloodstains, the incriminating marks discovered on him—if these things did not point to his being the assassin of the unfortunate boatswain, what, in the name of truth, could they signify? But what had he done with the guineas, to obtain which, of course, he had committed the dreadful deed? Well, that was a thing not to be conjectured. It was strange, no doubt, that the money should not have been found upon him when he was searched; for one might well think that if he had been artful enough to conceal his booty somewhere on the road to the widow's cottage, he would have taken care to

hide such damning testimonials to his guilt as the knife and the Spanish coin. But it is always through some oversight on the part of the evil-doer that he is brought to book. However it might be, as regards the concealment of the guineas and the retention of the knife and coin, it was beyond all dispute manifest that Mr. Workop lay somewhere secreted, a murdered man, and that York was his assassin.

Jenny alone believed in his innocence. She and her mother were poor; but had the widow been well to do, she would not have advanced a grain in defence of the man whom she believed a murderer. In the brief time that the arraigned had been together before the arrival of the constable, York had told his sweetheart that he was in hope of obtaining the balance of his wages as second-mate from the owner of the Coella, and this coming to Jenny's mind whilst her sweetheart lay in Sandwich jail, she wrote imploringly to the owners of the brig, of the terrible charge that had been brought against Mr. Jeremy York, and how they had been brought to enable them to procure counsel; and she pleaded with all the might of her little bursting heart, to send her the money her sweetheart said was owing to him that some effort might be made to rescue him from the gibbet. In response to this piteous entreaty, the owners of the brig sent her fifteen guineas, with which money she hastened to Canterbury and there engaged the services of the likeliest lawyer that that ancient city contained. This lawyer had several talks with York, and he was candid enough to represent to Jenny Bax, that though he would do this best, there was little or no hope. Beyond his solemn assurance of innocence coupled with the carelessness which certainly did not look criminal, of his suffering the knife and coin to remain in his pocket, the young man seemed incapable of stating a single point upon which the defence could rely or which it could make anything of. And it turned out as the sagacious lawyer had predicted; the evidence that had been previously tendered was gone over again, and far more diligently examined; the blood-stained shirt, the knife, the coin, were produced. The landlady of the Lonely Star along with her husband and six other witnesses were present to testify to the coin, to the knife, though the name scored upon it, abundantly indicated the ownership, to the money in possession of the boatswain at the time of his disappearance, to the circumstances of Jeremy York having shared the bed with him, to the avowed poverty of the young man, to the blood-marks terminating at the timber extension, from which point beyond all question the corpse had been thrown into the sea.

The judge summed up, making but little of the circumstance of what he referred to as the heedlessness of York in retaining upon his person such incriminating articles as the knife and the coin. The jury conferred a few moments without withdrawing and returned a verdict of "Guilty." Whereupon his lordship put on the black cap, and after a tedious sermon on the hideousness of the crime for which the prisoner was to suffer, sentenced him to be hung by the neck until he was dead.

VII.

In the days in which Jeremy York flourished the gibbet was a much less conventional detail of the civilization of the century than the gallows now is. Pirates and blood-stained smugglers were, to be sure, hanged in chains upon gallows erected on Thames mud. Execution Dock and the lower reaches were fixed points in Jack Ketch's programme when it came to maritime tragedies or felonies committed in the home waters round about the coast within convenient distance; but the ordinary land-going felon was again and again "turned off" in places adjacent to the scene of his wrong-doing. There seemed to the old-fashioned intelligence a sort of poetical justice in hanging a man within view of the spot where, according to the ferocious laws of those days, he had earned his bitter title to the halter.

In conformity then, with this practice, it was decided that Jeremy York should be hanged on a gibbet erected within musket-shot of Sandown Castle; that is to say, within a mile or so of the old wooden structure on to which he had dragged the bleeding body of the hapless boatswain, and from which, with horrid secrecy, he had committed it to the sea.

It was a windy melancholy morning, sombre with the stoop of dusky weeping clouds sweeping out of the north-east, with an edge of frost in their occasional showering of wet. The sea ran a dark hard green under their shadow, with a ghastly glare of froth along the horizon where the surf was boiling upon the Goodwin Sands. The sandhills were dusky with crowds of people, who had assembled to witness the fine show of a hanged man; many full of curiosity, congregated close to the gibbet, that stood back and horrible like a hideous signpost pointing the road to Death, with the rope swayed by the wind dangling from the extremity of it. But the mass of the mob seemed to give it a pretty wide berth, as though it was an object to be best admired from afar.

One might have noticed, however, that amongst the people who fingered in the immediate vicinity of what used to be called the fatal tree was a knot of some eight or ten persons, whom the least observant eye might have suspected were present from a motive that had little reference to curiosity. They were most of them young men, with a certain air of resolution in their manner; they conversed very earnestly; they might have been observed to measure the height of the arm of the gibbet from the ground, the length of the rope, and the sun here the

noose would be when the end of it had been coiled about the neck to the sand beneath. Some time before the arrival of the felon, a woman of slight figure, in deep mourning, her face concealed by a veil, came to the steadfast group of men, conversed with them for a few minutes, then broke away sobbing passionately, and was seen to walk hurriedly in the direction of Sandwich. It was whispered amongst the crowd that she was Jenny Bax, the murderer's sweetheart; and several females who recognised her as she walked away, exclaimed that, for all her mourning and veils, she could not but be an unfeeling person to come and view the gibbet where her sweetheart was to be strangled, even if she had not made up her mind to witness the whole scene from behind one of those sandhills she was skirting in such a hurry.

A little before eleven o'clock a murmur ran through the crowd like the cry of a wave breaking along a mile of shore. The procession was in view! a horse and cart, in which were seated York the malefactor, the chaplain of the jail exhorting him, and the hangman sitting behind, with his legs over the edge, fortifying his spirits with a sly dram from time to time from a flat bottle which he drew from his pocket, for this was a country pageant, with nothing but rooks, and here and there a farmyard labourer, as sightseers; no crowded progress, such as that from Newgate to Tyburn or Newcastle jail to the town moor. On one side of the cart walked the sheriff, on the other three constables, one of whom was Budd, and a small detachment of helpers after the pattern of the one-eyed man. Jeremy York sat cold and silent, gray as tobacco ash, habited in the clothes he wore when taken; he held his eyes bent downwards; his lips were compressed into two bloodless lines; he gave no heed to the chaplain, who mumbled in his ear; he had only spoken once since he had entered the cart, and that was to say to the ordinary: "Sir, before God I am innocent." All the while he lay waiting for the day of execution he had said no more.

The cart rolled up to the gibbet, and the constables and helpers drove the crowd into a circle round it. It was thought that York would make a speech, but he held his peace, never looking up. His arms were pinioned; the hangman hitched the end of the rope round his neck; the chaplain prayed earnestly and devoutly; the crowd held their breath, and not a sound broke the dreadful stillness saving the dreary sweep of the wind, over the sandhills and the seething and hissing of the breakers rising and falling upon the shingle. The sheriff then gave the signal; the driver who held the horse's head started the animal, the cart rolled away, and left Jeremy York hanging.

But scarce had he swung to an erect posture under the gibbet, when it was observed that the hangman had not allowed for his considerable stature; his toes touched the ground; but ere the crowd could well distinguish this, the group of men whom the veiled woman in black had conversed with gathered round the suspended figure in such a way as partly to support it. The sheriff, conversing with the hangman, looked away; no notice was taken of the action of these people, for it was a common custom in those days for friends of a malefactor to gather about him after he had been turned off, to shore him up, and to do their best to keep him from strangling during the half-hour in which he dangled. The crowd looked on; what the group of men were trying to effect they might have guessed; but whether the criminal should be ultimately saved or immediately throttled was all the same to the mob, as it was apparently to the sheriff. It was an execution anyway; this was the sight that the people of Deal and Sandwich and of adjacent hamlets had covered the sandhills to witness, and be the issue of the spectacle what it would, there was nothing to disappoint them in the presentation of it.

At the expiration of half an hour, time was called by one of the men who crowded round the motionless body; the sheriff signed to the executioner, who, springing forward, severed the rope, and the body fell into the outstretching arms of those about it. A minute after, a small cart, containing a shell, was brought to the gibbet, the body was placed in it, five men of the group who had clustered about the pendent form sprang into the cart, and within a few moments the vehicle was being driven rapidly in the direction of Sandwich.

(To Be Continued.)

A YOUNGER SON'S SUCCESS.

The case of a younger son is usually pitied in England, but there was a notable exception in the case of the family of the late Earl of Mansfield, who died worth some \$5,700,000. Viscount Stormont, the father of the first Earl of Mansfield, the great judge, was one of the poorest lords in Scotland, long been a by-word in England. This and "as poor as a Scottish lord" has younger son, William Murray, born in 1705, one of a family of twelve penniless children, rode off to London on his pony to attend Westminster school, and never, it is said, saw his native land again; but he left an earldom and a vast fortune to his eldest brother's heir. The Earl who recently died was the fifth of the title, and the sixth Earl is his brother.

RESEARCHER'S DRAFTY BOARD.

The late Earl of Mansfield was an ardent lover of a game of draughts, and is said to have possessed the most valuable draught board in existence, the squares of which were made of gold and silver, to represent the light and dark squares respectively. The men were made of the same metals, the silver men having the addition of a diamond in the centre, the gold draughtsmen having a ruby inlaid in the centre of each.

LINGO OF THE COOP.

Chicken Talk That Human Beings Can Quickly Learn to Comprehend.

It is a strange language that human ears learn readily to comprehend. For the most part it is instinctive. A fuzzy toddler six hours out of the shell has five distinct calls. The first and loudest of them is the lost note, uttered when he loses sight of his mother or finds himself out in the cold. It is loud and very shrill. The second, the hunger note, is as shrill, but more plaintive. As soon as eating begins it changes to a sort of satisfied chattering.

After eating they grow sleepy, and cry to be hovered. The note is somewhat like that of hunger, with a peculiar tremolo breaking it in the middle. Very rarely do the mothers disregard it, though they may be eager to go foraging over grass plots or down hedgerows.

The fifth note, the chir-r of fright or astonishment, is the quaintest of all. The chicks themselves appear to find something in it distinctly humorous. When they are a few days old, if a big wriggling worm or a fat juicy bug be thrown to them with their usual food, they will first draw away from it, chir-r-r-r in concert, then, after eyeing it a minute, seize upon it and toss it about with faint, immature chuckling cackles. This chir-r develops, at last in the grating call of warning, at sound of which from their mothers even the youngest scatter and scuttle to cover.

Anything, a bird, a kite, even a very small passing cloud sailing in the sky overhead, will evoke this warning cry. Let one hen sound it and every other will take it up. Often, oftener than not, indeed, the alarm is a false one, but centuries of hawks have impressed upon each feathered mind that "danger cometh out of the air," and they govern themselves accordingly.

Everybody knows how hens cluck to their broods; but it may be news to many that, though a hundred hens may be clucking in the same inclosure, the voice of each will be individual and unmistakable to her immediate family. A chick just out of the nest may not be able to discriminate, but let him follow for a day and he is past making mistakes.

Even more wonderful is the hen's ability to differentiate her brood from all the rest. With spiteful, ill-tempered fowls this often leads to pitiful barnyard tragedies. An intruder, feeding peacefully among chicks of his own size, shape and color, has often been slain with one single blow of a sharp and angry beak.

A cock, especially a game cock, or one of Spanish breed, has a wonderful variety of crows. By means of them, indeed, he runs the whole gamut of expression—hope, fear, defiance, triumph, love, hate, rage, vanity, and a fine, ineffable conceit.

It is the hens without families, though, that are the true barnyard gossip. Any fine day, outside moulting time, you may see them, standing in groups, their heads close together, chuckling and chattering like so many blackbirds, or else wallowing in light earth, pecking lightly as they scratch and wallow, and evidently finding it good sport to throw dirt over each other.

A hen, save when setting, will wallow alone. And when setting she is not normal, but a ragged, unkempt and very ill-tempered shadow of herself, scowling and pecking at whatever comes near her.

IMPROVING CIDER.

How It Is Treated in Different European Countries.

The excellent quality of the cider drunk in many parts of Germany, Austria and Switzerland has often been the theme of comment. It appears that this excellence is in a great measure due to the treatment of the fruit before it is pressed. After they have been picked from the tree the apples are well washed. This interferes somewhat with the fermentation, which becomes less active, but the cider itself has a much finer and more pleasing taste. Only the purest water must be used for the purpose. It is said that the small amount of tannin, sugar and pectic matter lost by the fruit during the process of washing is of little moment compared with the general improvement in the quality of the cider. The French method of cider-making presents some radical differences from the foregoing method. The Normans often make cider with dirty water, which they say gives a stronger and fuller flavored liquor. They even pretend that pure water does not make good cider. The popularity of cider as a drink has, if possible, been increased by the discovery by the Pasteur Institute that it is a bactericide. The bacillus of typhoid dies in cider in two to fifteen hours, according to acidity. The cider should contain at least 2 per cent. of malic acid to produce this effect, otherwise the bacillus will exist for three or four days. Ordinary cider, however, possesses at least 3 per cent. of malic acid, and so it can be drunk without danger of typhoid eighteen or twenty hours after its manufacture.

THOUGHT HE MEANT CAMP FIRE.

Denny—The captain told me to kape away from th' enemy's foire.

Larry—Phwat did ye tell him? Denny—I told him the enemy wuz so busy shootin' they hadn't made iny foire yet.

Cured of Epilepsy.

THE STORY OF A ST. CATHARINES LADY WHO IS RESTORED TO HEALTH.

She Suffered Severely, Sometimes Having as Many as Four Spasms in a Week—Several Doctors Consulted Without Benefit.

From the Star, St. Catharines.

Mrs. S. B. Wright, of St. Catharines, has for a number of years been a severe sufferer from epilepsy, from which dread disease she is now happily free. To a reporter who recently called upon her to ascertain the manner of her cure, she said:—"It is to Dr. Williams' Pink Pills I owe my release. It is some years since I had my first attack. At the time I did not know what the trouble was, but the doctor who was called in to attend me at once said it was epilepsy, and that the disease was incurable. After this I had the spasms as often as two, three and four times a week. I had no premonitory symptoms, but would fall no matter where I was. I always slept heavily after an attack. Finding that the local treatment was not helping me, my husband took me to a doctor in Hamilton. He also said that he could not cure me, but that he could give me medicine, that would prolong the period between the spasms. This he accomplished, but I longed for a cure rather than for relief, and I finally consulted a specialist, who told me that he could cure me, but that I must have patience. I asked him how long he thought it would require to effect a cure, and he replied at least six months. He gave me medicine and I took it faithfully, but instead of getting better I was surely growing worse. After following this treatment for some months without avail, I felt that I could not hope for a cure and was about resigning myself to my fate. My sister, however, urged me to give Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People a trial and reluctantly I decided to take her advice. For a time after beginning to use the pills I continued to have the spasms, but I felt that gradually they were less severe and my strength to bear them greater, and I persisted in the treatment until the time came when the spasms ceased and I was as well and strong as ever I had been. I took in all twelve or fourteen boxes of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and although several years have elapsed since I discontinued their use, I have not in that time had any return of the malady. I owe this happy release to Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and will always have a good word to say for them.

The experience of years has proved that there is absolutely no disease due to a vitiated condition of the blood or shattered nerves; that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills will not promptly cure, and those who are suffering from such troubles would avoid much misery and save money by promptly resorting to this treatment. Get the genuine Pink Pills, every time and do not be persuaded to take an imitation or some other remedy from a dealer, who for the sake of the extra profit to himself, may say "just as good." Dr. Williams' Pink Pills cure when other medicines fail.

WITCH DOCTORS.

Two of Them Hung at Harding, South Africa, for Committing Murder.

Last week, in the presence of some eighty chiefs and headmen, at Harding, writes a Natal correspondent, were hung two natives, Umantli and Sibaweni, for a murder which sent a thrill of horror throughout the country. Umantli, and his pupil Sibaweni, followed the repulsive calling of witch doctors, and a few months ago murdered a European farmer, Kay, for the purpose of obtaining certain parts of his body for the manufacture of love charms. The unfortunate man was dragged from his bed by Umantli and Sibaweni, assisted by their two comrades, Tani and Umbonwa, and after being strangled several times with an assegai, his body was cut from ear to ear, and the body left on the veldt. Part of the dead man's neck was cut away and subsequently found in the witch doctor's bag, with other modicums. The flesh of a European is considered by natives a charm powerful enough to compel the love of an unwilling maiden.

Murders of this description, though by no means common, occur from time to time, and, at a recent date a little child, who mysteriously disappeared from its parents in the Barberton district, was supposed to have been stolen away by natives for the same purpose. Umantli, the doctor, who was something of a South African Charles Peace, confessed to other murders which had not been brought to light, including the chief Umshweshwe's sister. His face is in keeping with his character—crafty and cruel to a degree. His pupil, Sibaweni, also, has a repulsive face, while the other two men, Gomfi and Umbonwa, who received life sentences, have a pleasant appearance.

A police trooper, who discovered Kay's body lying in the moonlight, was so unnerved by the ghastly sight it presented, with gaping wounds and cold only in a shirt, that he was unable to sleep or eat for some time after, and at nights awakened his comrades with screams. The execution created a profound impression on the assembled chiefs and headmen, who were summoned purposely by the government. Natives do not believe in such remote spots, where they eventually die.

Capital and labor go well enough together, but the trouble is too many men are trying to get capital without labor.

Alexia's Ruse.

"I am sixteen," said Alexia Ardell resolutely, "and I was put into long dresses last month, and I've a right to come down into the drawing room to see company. And I am sure that papa would let me, if he were here, and I will!"

Alexia stood in the middle of the floor, with her fluffy golden hair falling over her eyes, her cheeks glowing a mild pink, and her whole personelle indicative of resolve and determination in the extreme degree.

Mrs. Ardell looked at the girl in despair. The two Misses Scarlett, her daughters by a former marriage, and Alexia's not particularly beloved step-sisters, sat as stiff and prim as two carved marble images. Alexia's temper was proverbial in the family, and these very proper and precisely behaved young women were wont to affect the greatest dismay at its vehement gusts.

"Alexia," said Mrs. Ardell solemnly, "in your dear papa's absence it is my duty to enforce his precepts and carry out his discipline. You are a great deal too young to receive visitors, like Verena and Ermengarde. You are to go back to boarding school to-morrow."

"But," cried Alexia, in dismay, "my holidays do not expire until Wednesday."

"That is very true," said Mrs. Ardell, compressing her thin lips; "consequently, you can see how far you have abridged your period of recreation by your ungovernable will."

Alexia, forgetting all about the sixteen years and the long dresses, burst into loud weeping.

"Pray, Alexia, don't be silly," said Verena.

"One would think," tartly spoke up Ermengarde, "that you were a child of ten years. Of course, it is all for your own good."

"My own fiddlesticks!" irreverently interrupted Alexia, as she fled from the apartment in floods of undignified tears.

But numbers are certain to conquer in the long run, and so Judge Ardell's daughter was packed remorselessly off to school, and Mrs. Ardell's two girls returned to their consultations with the dressmaker for the coming fall.

Verena, a pallid blonde, with cold, watery-blue eyes and colorless flaxen hair, was to wear blue.

Ermengarde, who had a little more bloom, and ventured to call herself a brunette, had chosen pink satin, while the matron herself, no less exemplification of the poet's ideal of "fat, fair and forty," was to wear ruby velvet, richly trimmed with point applique lace, and a diamond cross, which, in the absence of her husband, she had hired from an accommodating jeweler for the occasion.

While Alexia—poor, broken-hearted Alexia—was sent ruthlessly to the railway station, where Miss Gardiner, the governess, was telegraphed to meet her.

But Miss Gardiner, as it chanced, did not receive the message in time, and was not there; and Mr. Herbert Helullyn was there.

Alexia knew him very well. She had seen him once at her stepmother's. He owned a house near Hyde Park, and a mansion in Hertfordshire, called Helullyn Hall. He drove a pair of superb, high-stepping horses and owned a private picture gallery; and Ermengarde Scarlett had selected him as the special target for the arrows of her hazel eyes.

"Mr. Helullyn recognized Alexia at once."

"Miss Scarlett's little sister, isn't it?" said he.

Alexia furtively whisked away her tears, and answered:

"Yes."

"Is anything the matter?" inquired Mr. Helullyn. "Can I be of service? Pray command me, if—"

"If you could please take me home!" said eager Alexia. "Very silly, indeed, mind—because I've been sent back to boarding school before the holidays are over, just because Verena and Ermengarde and mamma consider me too little to see company and go to the grand ball!"

"This is serious trouble!" said Mr. Helullyn, laughing.

"Oh, it is, indeed!" sighed Alexia. "I am sixteen, you know, and I should so like to be a young lady, like Verena and Ermengarde! But, you see, Miss Gardiner is not here to receive me, and if you would please take me back in your carriage, I could creep in by the area gate, and perhaps—perhaps I shall be at home on the night of the ball, after all. But," her large, dark eyes suddenly blazing into indignation, "you are laughing at me!"

"Not laughing at you, Miss Ardell," he hastened to explain, "only with you!"

"Miss Ardell!"

Alexia's heart leaped at the first delicious tribute to her young ladyhood. She felt prouder still when Mr. Helullyn helped her into his carriage and they drove away.

"Leave me at the corner of the street, please," said Alexia. "It would never do for mamma and the girls to see me in your carriage. And Ermengarde would be so vexed!"

And so the wild little gipsy stole in at the area gate, and bribed the cook with a kiss and a string of amber beads, not to betray her surreptitious re-entrance into the family circle, while Mr. Helullyn went home to wonder what there was so fascinating in Alexia Ardell's round, dimpled face and liquid, dark eyes.

"A child, indeed!" he said to himself. "She is a woman, and a dan-

gerously lovely woman, too—only she doesn't know it! Eyes like pools of deep garnet-brown, hair all glistening like tangles of sunshine. Little Alexia, if you could only see yourself as there see you, you might be tempted to be vain! I shall make a point of calling at Judge Ardell's house on the night of the ball, and if Miss Alexia is not there I shall certainly inquire for her!"

The pink satin dress vindicated Mme. Chausse's fame as an artistic dress-maker, the blue damask came home in time to be tried on and announced "perfect" on Saturday night, and on Monday the Misses Scarlett dressed themselves with judicious care, and many lavings of rosewater and cautious applications of pearl cream and blush pink.

The drawing room, decorated with hothouse flowers, and illuminated, not with vulgar gas, but with the white lustre of many wax candles of myriad-branched candelabra, had been personally inspected by Mrs. Ardell before she went to make her toilet, and the little room at the back, where the Judge ordinarily kept his boots and overcoats and Turkish pipes, had been transformed into a similar-garnished through shades of Nile green glass and the most elegant and aesthetic refreshments were arranged.

And, just at this time, when Ermengarde was saying to her sister: "How do I look, dear?" and Verena was twisting herself into the shape of a letter S to see the back of her false puffs, and plaitings in the mirror, little Alexia was enthusiastically tossing about the contents of an old cedar chest in the storeroom, which contained the long-forgotten wardrobe of the first Mrs. Judge Ardell.

"Oh," she cried, "this is beautiful!" and she unfolded a scented robe of long China crepe, crimped like the shingly bars of the finest sea sand, and embroidered in fantastic figures of scarlet silk. "I'll wear this!"

"But it's so odd and old-fashioned, miss," said Louisa, the maid.

"That is the very charm of it!" pronounced Alexia. "Oh, do make haste, Louisa, with my hair! Are you sure you can do it like the plate in the fashion book?"

Mrs. Ardell was still arranging folds of point lace over her shoulders when Miss Verena rushed upstairs.

"Mamma, Ermengarde!" she cried, "Who is the lady downstairs?"

"The lady downstairs!" repeated both mother and daughter, in amazement.

"Receiving Mr. Helullyn in our drawing room!" cried breathless Verena.

"In the lovely dead-white dress, brocaded in scarlet silk, and long golden hair, braided, with antique Roman pearls."

"My dear," said Mrs. Ardell, "you must be crazy!"

And both she and Ermengarde hurried downstairs, just in time to see the beautiful young intruder courtesying a gracious greeting to two of the most aristocratic and exclusive of the jeunesse doree of West End society.

"Ah!" said Alexia, with the utmost self-possession, "here is mamma, now, and my sisters. Don't move, Mr. Helullyn," she added, in a lower tone. "I'm quite safe now. Mamma won't dare to scold me before company."

And Mrs. Ardell and the Misses Scarlett were forced to digest their rage and mortification as best they could.

For Alexia outshone them, as a real crimson-hearted rose outshines the milliner's false presentment—as the diamond outshines the wretched paste ornament—and they knew it but too well.

But success excuses everything, and Mrs. Ardell could not but perceive that the quaint young beauty, in the antique dress, was emphatically a success.

"Alexia," she cried, when there was a temporary lull in the stream of callers, "how dared you play us such a trick?"

"I did it for fun, mamma," said Alexia. "And if you could me I shall tell Mr. Helullyn. It was he that brought me back from the railway station, and he is my friend."

"I never heard anything so insolent in my life!" cried Ermengarde, turning pale with anger.

"She ought to be locked up for a week on bread and water," said Verena, passionately.

But Alexia only arched her eyebrows and smiled.

During that eventful evening the child had bloomed out into a woman. Alexia had discovered her own talisman of power.

They could none of them ever scold or tyrannize over her again. She had no more fears of being sent back to boarding school.

But Miss Ermengarde Scarlett could hardly conceal her spite the next day when Mr. Helullyn came to ask Alexia out to drive, nor when bouquets, with cards attached, kept arriving for Alexia.

"Mamma," she said, "what is to be done?"

"Nothing, that I can see," said Mrs. Ardell, drily. "The child can't help being a beauty, I suppose."

"She will have to go everywhere with us," said Verena, plaintively.

"I tried my best to keep her back," sighed Mrs. Ardell, "but she has precipitated herself into society."

And pretty Alexia Ardell, signed the belle of the season, and in the Spring Helullyn asked her father for her hand in marriage. The Judge, honest man, stared in amazement.

"I-I thought it was Ermengarde you fancied," said he. "I know she likes you!"

"I am too much honored," said Mr. Helullyn, without changing a feature; "but I have never aspired to that honor. It's Alexia, and Alexia only, that I love!"

"Oh," said the Judge. "Well, suit yourself—suit yourself!"

And so, before she was quite seventeen, Alexia Ardell was married, and Ermengarde and Verena had the drawing-room all to themselves upon the occasion of the next ball.

But they were not satisfied after all. Some people never are satisfied.

About the House.

MY LITTLE BOY.

Against my knee a little head is lying,

Two eyes of blue are looking into mine,

The breath of twilight in the air is sighing,

And twinkling stars amid the azure shine,

With mother love the winsome face I kiss,

And fold the hands so weary of their play,

No sweeter joy a mother holds than this,

Too soon, alas! the little feet will stray.

Again I press him to my hungry heart,

Ah, me! if I might shield him ever so!

Mayhap some day he'll kiss me and depart,

And I shall sorrow as I watch him go,

Secure I hold him in my arms to-night,

And mother-like I lay him down to rest,

His curly head upon the pillow white,

His dimpled hands soft folded on his breast.

I may not go and leave my darling there,

So fair he looks within his cozy bed,

Ere one last touch upon the wavy hair,

One lingering kiss upon the lips so red,

"God bless my darling!" low I whisper then,

And silent as a watcher of the night,

I close the door, low breathing o'er again,

A mother's prayer to keep his steps aright.

A FEW POINTS ON CANNING FRUITS.

To some people canning fruit is one of the biggest bugbears of their household duties, says Emma R. Makemson.

They dread it, and from the time the first berries and cherries make their appearance, until the last peach and pear have been taken care of they live in constant fear of their fruit fermenting and spoiling. With myself, while it is a work that I have no fears as to the result, it is always satisfactory—always what I intend it shall be—a success.

In canning fruit for sauce, I measure into my preserving kettle only enough raw fruit, as near as I can guess, to fill one jar when it is cooked.

This method may seem very tedious to some, but in the end it pays, for in this way the fruit has a chance to be thoroughly cooked without crowding, and the danger of cooking it too much is also lessened. To save time one can have several kettles over the fire at once, but do not try to expedite matters by cooking a large quantity of fruit altogether. I have seen it tried a number of times, with always the same result; if not absolutely sour when opened, it would be a flat failure.

Another important point which should be carefully watched is to have the jars perfectly air-tight, and in using the self-sealers, if the tops do not screw on sufficiently tight with one rubber, add an extra one. This should remedy the trouble which is caused by the jars being uneven or defective at the mouth.

After the fruit is canned, protect from the light by wrapping paper around each jar, or, better still, fill the boxes the jars came in when purchased, and set in a place with as little change of temperature as possible. There will be no danger of its spoiling if it has been properly cooked.

A FAMILY BREAKFAST.

Cereal With Fruit.—To four and one-half cups of boiling water add one and one-half teaspoonfuls salt and, gradually, one cupful of a wheat preparation. Cook five minutes, stirring constantly, then finish cooking over boiling water 15 minutes. Serve with apple sauce and cream.

All cereals should be cooked from a half to three-quarters of an hour, regardless of directions on the package. Always cook in a double boiler or a substitute made by setting one dish inside of another holding the hot water.

Oatmeal Muffins.—To three-quarters cupful scalded milk add one-quarter cupful sugar and one-half teaspoonful salt; when lukewarm add one-quarter yeast cake dissolved in one-quarter cupful lukewarm milk. With the tips of the fingers work one cupful cold cooked oatmeal into two and one-half cupfuls flour. Combine mixtures, beat thoroughly and let rise over night. In the morning fill buttered iron pans two-thirds full; let rise slowly until pans are full. Bake in a moderate oven 25 to 30 minutes.

Omelet.—Beat four eggs slightly, add one-half teaspoonful salt, one-eighth teaspoonful pepper and four tablespoonfuls milk. Put two level tablespoonfuls butter in a hot omelet-pan; when melted turn in the mixture. Cook until creamy; brown quickly underneath. Fold and turn onto a hot platter. Serve with a sauce. Eggs for an omelet must be strictly fresh.

Spanish Sauce.—Cook two tablespoonfuls butter with one tablespoonful finely-chopped onion and one-

eighth green pepper finely chopped five minutes. Add one and three-quarters cupful tomato and cook until the moisture has nearly evaporated, then add one tablespoonful sliced mushrooms, one tablespoonful capers, one-quarter teaspoonful salt and a few grains cayenne.

Buckwheat Cake.—To one-third cupful fine stale bread crumbs add two cupfuls scalded milk, and soak 30 minutes; add one-half teaspoonful salt, one-quarter yeast cake dissolved in one-half cupful lukewarm water, and one and three-quarter cupfuls buckwheat flour. Let rise over night. In the morning stir well, add one-quarter teaspoonful soda dissolved in one-quarter cupful lukewarm water, and one tablespoonful molasses. Cook on a hot griddle the same as griddle cakes. Serve with maple syrup.

Kipperd Hornings.—Remove herrings from can and place in a platter; sprinkle with pepper, brush over with lemon juice and butter, and pour over the liquor left in can. Heat thoroughly, and garnish with parsley and lemon.

French Fried Potatoes.—Wash and pare small potatoes, cut in eighths lengthwise and soak one hour in cold water. Drain, dry and fry in deep fat. Drain on brown paper and sprinkle with salt.

Broiled Tripe.—Wipe honeycomb tripe as dry as possible, dip in cracker dust and oil or melted butter, and again in cracker dust. Broil five minutes, spread with butter and sprinkle with salt and pepper.

Coffee.—Have a clean pot scalded out and the best brand of coffee. To one cup of ground coffee add a beaten egg and the crushed shell. Dilute the coffee and egg with one-half cup of cold water. Then pour on six cups of boiling water and boil three minutes, closing the spout with crumpled paper. After this turn a little coffee out and pour back into the pot and settle with one-half cup of cold water. Set on the back part of the stove for ten minutes before serving.

POT ROAST AND BUTTERMILK.

Farmers' wives cook too much bacon, says a writer. I find occasionally a piece of beef boiled or roasted and sliced cold is a welcome change in diet. It can be cooked in the cool part of the day. If gravy is wanted, save the juices and thicken at dinner time. We are very fond of a "pot roast." Boil a nice piece of beef or mutton, very tender, and boil down almost dry, then fry brown in the kettle, in its gravy. Turn often. When it is brown all over, take up and thicken the gravy. Some people object to pie, but two or three fresh pies baked in the morning are delicious for dinner. Stale pies are not good. Boil plenty of potatoes at noon. Chop and fry in butter or meat fryings for supper. Buttermilk is a good warm weather drink. Have all the vegetables that you want to use brought in before the sun shines hot, and peas, beans, beets and onions can be gathered and prepared the evening before they are to be used. I can rest luxuriously and shell peas or string beans in the evening. I like to have everything as cool and inviting as possible, after the long, hot siege that the men have had in the field. Do not for anything have them eat in the warm kitchen. A lovely place to eat can be made under the shade, with mosquito netting. I can remember long years ago we would eat out on the porch, or in the shade, but I want the flies and other insects shut out.

JAPANESE FREAK TREES.

Some Gargantuan in Ectasy Row London.

At an exhibition of Japanese art now being held in London there may be seen some of the most remarkable trees in the world as regards size. Although perfect in every way with trunk and branches of orthodox proportions, and leaves of correct shape and color, many of the specimens are not more than a foot in height.

By what means the Japanese gardeners managed to stunt the growth of the trees in this way is not known, for English nurserymen have not succeeded in discovering the secret which the wily little Orientals guard so safely.

The miniature trees on exhibition now are not the first to be seen in this country, there have been occasional small consignments of oaks and maples of this kind, which have been brought up eagerly.

Some were as small as from four to six inches, but grew slightly afterwards. They have all the appearance of old trees, and do not look as if they had been forced or cut in any way. The rage for the tiny is characteristic of the people of chrysanthemum land. In every branch of art the more microscopic the work of the artist the more it is appreciated. There is more of art than nature in these diminutive trees now in London. One wonders but hardly admires.

Another Japanese trick with plants is to glorify the roots, and then twist them into fantastic shapes or designs, so that they show above the ground, only the buds being buried in the soil.

How the plants manage to survive the ordeal is a mystery, but they do so, and appear to thrive well. Such distortions are, of course, of no service to horticulture, but they help to gratify the never-to-be-assuaged thirst which some people have for novelty.

Jewels and Superstition.

The magic power of precious stones is a belief dating back to the ancients. The gift of eloquence is bestowed by the sardonyx, and Disraeli wore a ring set with this jewel upon all occasions when he wished to electrify auditors and win new adherents to his cause.

That this belief in the stone goes back into the centuries is evidenced by the fact that Pliny tells a story of an impecunious lawyer who hired a sardonyx with which to defend the cause of a certain fair widow possessed of great wealth, and he succeeded in winning both his cause and the widow at one and the same time.

The Princess Louise of Lorne wears a ring set with sparkling jet as one of her talismans, which is supposed to have singular efficacy in preserving health. So superstitious is the royal lady that sometimes she will not attend public functions, as agreed upon, upon the plea that she knows it will be one of her bad days. Quite as much as she treasures her jet ring does she value and consult the cards which are regularly sent to her from Paris. These cards are issued at the beginning of each year, and give a list of the "days and hours to be avoided" during the coming twelve months.

The ancient theory regarding jet was that if powdered and mixed with wine, it was a sovereign remedy against toothache. It was also a marvelous discoverer of unfaithfulness.

The Shah of Persia is never without his cube of amber, which he wears around his neck. It is reported to have fallen from heaven, in the time of Mohammed. Among other properties it has also the power of rendering its wearer invulnerable. Domitian here used to wear a lock of his wife's hair about his neck, thinking it was beneficial because it was amber-colored.

Although many people believe that pearls means tears, the Rothschilds family refuse to believe that their fate may be influenced by precious stones. Upon the birth of every girl Rothschild baby six pearls are purchased, each costing \$500; upon each birthday six more pearls are added, so that when the young woman makes her debut she possesses a casket of magnificent gems.

M. Zola is embarrassed in the trivial details of his daily life by a host of superstitious fears and a belief in good and evil omens. His fancy takes the form of numbers, and if he abhors, and he carries a bit of coral as a talisman against the perils of flood and field and thunder, and a blood-stone because it means courage and wisdom.

Agate, which insures long life, health and prosperity, is the good omen worn by the German Emperor. The young Czar of Russia wears a ring in which he believes is embedded a bit of the true cross. Once while traveling from St. Petersburg to Moscow he suddenly found that he had forgotten his ring. The train was stopped and a messenger sent flying back in an express engine for it.

That "the ring of death" belongs in Spain is ominous. It is a rare and beautiful ring, but it is never worn nor kept in anyone's possession, as it is considered worse than the evil eye. This fatal ring hangs about the neck of the patron saint of Madrid in one of the most beautiful parks of the Spanish capital. It is of pearls and diamonds, but there is no special provision made for watching it, as a superstitious people like the Spaniards prefer to give it a wide berth, and there is no fear or hope of its being stolen. The story of the ring is a tragic one. It was made for the father of the present boy King and he presented it to Mercedes upon the day of their betrothal. Her married life was short. Queen Christina, the King's grandmother, next wore the ring but shortly after died, and the King gave it to his sister, Infanta del Pilar, who died within the month following. The ring then passed to a daughter of the Duc de Montpensier, and it less than three months she, too, died. The King, fearing its influence, put the jewel in his own treasure box. Before the year was out he died, and it was thought best to put the ring away from the living, hence it was hung about the neck of the statue, where, its history being so well known, it is deemed to be as safe as though surrounded by a cordon of police.

PARADOXICAL PROBLEMS.

The person who sets out to regulate his life according to proverbs will be in a quandary when he realizes how many of them have their "opposites." Here are a few examples:

"Marry in haste and repent at leisure," and "Happy is the wedding that's not long a-doing."

"A rolling stone gathers no moss," and "A sitting hen gathers no feathers."

"A stitch in time saves nine," and "It's never too late to mend."

"There is honor among thieves," and "Set a thief to catch a thief."

"Discretion is the better part of valor," and "Nothing venture, nothing gain."

"The man who is his own lawyer has a fool of a client," and "If you want anything done well do it yourself."

SWINDLED.

De Tanque—Confound that bobol He sumply swindled me.

Guzzler—How?

Why he asked me for the price of a drink and when I gave him a quarter the mean alunk went and bought a meal with it.

The Mining Review

SATURDAY.....AUGUST 5, 1899.

HOW CAN IT BE CURED?

Mr. H. Hirschel Cohen, a mining man of much experience, addressed a meeting of the Board of Trade of Victoria, the other day, and among other things he advised the retention of, as much as possible, our gold at home. This, of course, refers to the other precious metals as well. His advice is that which all patriotic British Columbians endorse, but the idea is, what is a practical plan for carrying it out? It means that our mines be retained by British Columbians, or Canadians, as a limit. Before Canadians to any extent could be induced to see there were minerals in this country worth hunting for, Americans had stepped in and captured many properties. They are in turn transferring many of our larger properties to English capitalists which, of course, they have a right to do. In the operations and deals, from the locations to the shipment of the minerals, all the benefit British Columbia gets is a small provincial revenue and a share of the money spent in wages and purchase of supplies—all the dividends go to enrich capitalists in the United States and Great Britain. This is the drawback to the country, and the way to cure it is the problem.

Eastern Canadians are as a rule slow to step from the old beaten path. Many of them have made a considerable sum in manufacturing for agricultural enterprises and commercial pursuits, and they are disposed to invest it in what they consider the old safe way. They know but little about mining, and as a result they are very slow to invest that way.

It is a fact patent to every one that had British Columbia mining been left to Canadians alone, to the present the Kootenay would be the unknown land, except to the bears and other wild animals a few of which still remain. Instead then of blaming or endeavoring to cripple the American enterprise, that has done so much to develop the country, it should be commended, and our Canadian brethren should be educated to do likewise. Then in this, Canadian newspaper men get, in their rapid flights are doing considerable to educate their constituents to the situation; but the subject is too large and comprehensive a one to be learned even partially in a few flying visits.

It appears to us that if the mine owners, who require capital, and prospect holders of the country would only send samples to all the industrial fairs that will shortly be held in the eastern provinces, with a sufficient quantity of plainly written, comprehensive literature in the hands of a capable representative, who would lecture upon our resources in all the cities and towns of the country, it would be the most satisfactory means of accomplishing the desired end. There is plenty of money in eastern Canada to meet the needs of this country, and their home requirements as well, and if the results from careful investments were only made known in this way by honest, capable lecturers, it would soon arouse sufficient interest to turn ample capital this way. The great benefit in securing capital from Canadian sources is that many of the profits of dividend circulations would flow this way as well as the expenditures for labor and supplies.

DROPPED.

After all the profusion of promises, the Federal government has dropped the Senate reform and re-distribution measures for this session, and, for the welfare of Canada, it is well it is so. The drift of the first measure was a petition to the home government to so amend the constitution that a majority vote of both Houses combined was necessary to defeat a measure passed by the Commons. The idea was suggested by the defeat of the notorious Yukon railway bill by the senate, last session. Summed up it means that the will of the commons should prevail on all occasions regardless of the wishes of the senate, or in other words, that the senate is to register the expression of the commons under all circumstances. In substance it means the senate is useless, and with that idea to the front, would it not be much better, when a change in the constitution is being made, to abolish the senate altogether and save the country a

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 Diarrhoea, Cramps and pains in the stomach. I was a great sufferer until I gave it a trial, but now I have perfect comfort."

quarter of a million dollars a year.

As the senators are selected by the party in power, they will naturally reflect, in votes, the views of the party that selects them; and when the idea is to swamp the independence of that body by the vote of the commons, it would be just as well to leave the legislation wholly to the commons and effect a heavy saving.

A change in the electoral divisions at any time other than when the constitution provides for it, after the taking of the Dominion census, would be a stretch, if not a violation, of the constitution for partisan purposes. It is well that the senate, choked off this evident piece of partisanship. In the natural course of things there need be no general election until after the next census, and as a result there is no constitutional necessity for tinkering with the make up of the constituencies till then.

It would not have been amiss if an inquest had been held on the remains of Ellis C. Williams, who was killed in the Sovereign mine on Friday last, not that there is the least suspicion of foul play or even negligence in any quarter, but there is no coroner in the whole Kootenay country. Until Crouse, the injured man, has sufficiently recovered to talk clearly just how the accident occurred will not be known, as there were but three men around the working at the time, and the third, the mucker, was some distance away when the blast went off. It is evident there was either carelessness or lack of proper precaution somewhere, and quite likely all the particulars would be brought out at an inquest, which might prove of much service in the camp hereafter. As we have said, however, there is no coroner in the district. Lieut. Governor McInnes can get \$10,000 a year to keep up style at Government House, a foreign company can get a million for a cable, but the most important industrial district is left without a coroner, for the sake of economy. Instead of fighting Will of the Wisp in the House, these are the matters that should have the attention of our representatives in the House.

A recent decision of the Privy Council should teach the legislature of this province that it is not all powerful. Some time ago the legislature passed an act restricting the employment of Chinamen underground. The Dunsmuirs carried the matter to the courts of the province, and they were defeated.

Why is it that nearly all aged persons are thin?

And yet, when you think of it, what could you expect?

Three score years of wear and tear are enough to make the digestion weak. Yet the body must be fed.

In Scott's Emulsion, the work is all done; that is, the oil in it is digested, all ready to be taken into the blood. The body rests, while the oil feeds and nourishes, and the hypophosphites makes the nerves steady and strong.

See and try, all druggists. SCOTT & BOWNE, Chemists, Toronto.

They next carried it to the Privy Council and have won, the highest English court deciding that the province has no power to pass such an act. Every man must admit it is not desirable that Chinese labor should be encouraged in the province, yet in dealing with it the local government must be directed by its constitutional power. For the same reason, it is evident to many of the best legal minds of the country that if the eight-hour law was carried to the Privy Council it would meet the fate that overtook the Chinese Act referred to, not that the government has not the power to pass a law regulating a statutory day, but it has not the power to cripple the free will of the subject as the penal clauses of this enactment fully does.

The Silvertonian persists in arguing one side of the labor situation and one side only. It is readily granted that a miner cannot make any too much money here at \$3.50 a day; but the main objection to the law is that it will not allow the miner to earn relatively for the owner also. For instance, he is not earning relatively for the low-grade property, with long packing, that was barely able to run on 10-hour shifts, nor yet for the prospector who has not yet found ore. The damaging feature is, it so cuts off the liberty of two men that they are prevented from making a contract between themselves, that may be equally satisfactory and advantageous to both. Dividend paying properties can meet the changed conditions readily, but all the Slokan properties are not yet dividend payers.

A torchlight procession was given Tarte at Sorel, Quebec, the early part of the year, and since the following account for it has been paid by the government:

275 Japanese lanterns at 17¢ cents.
150 Japanese lanterns at 12¢ cents.
One gross rockets at \$11.67.
450 bucket lanterns at \$20.75.
10 dozen torches at 20¢ cents.
100 torches \$20.
Sundries, \$25.50.
Cases and cartage, \$4.75.

It is a surprise to many that the people stand that kind of monkeying with their finances.

"Fighting Joe" appears to have been nearly deserted at the caucus. Out of the twenty-two members present there were but four who gave him any countenance, and two of these but faintly. Joe has now learned that even in the woolly west the people will not bear with disgraceful men in position. Of course the country has not yet heard the end of it. He has got his knife into Cotton, Semlin and a couple of others, and will use it there while he has a seat in the House.

The Nelson Tribune says, "Joe Martin is not a good man; few able men are." Now, the question is, whether is John Houston good or able? According to the Tribune few men can be both.

Two Capital Stories.

I pass into Arlington street, where Sheridan, sickened with his losses at play, kicked a man over who protested that he was only tying his shoe. "Down you!" said Sheridan. "You are always tying your shoe!" Horace Walpole calls it the Ministerial street, where Politeness and Lady Mary Montagu lived and on both sides of which Sir Robert Walpole had a house, where in my youth the Duke of Hamilton, with a beauty like a god's, was often to be seen.

Turning into Piccadilly, there is the chariot of Lady Peel, who never missed her daily drive with her daughter in the park, and the yellow chariot of the Duchess of Cleveland, with her two tall footmen in breeches and silk stockings and their long canes. She was a lady with a philosophic turn of mind, for when her husband died she asked a relative down to the funeral and told him to bring his gun, adding, "We are old, we must die, but the pheasants must be shot."—Sir Algernon Nest in Nineteenth Century.

A Compensating Condition.

"I deceived you about one thing," murmured the new wife to her husband. "I am older than I told you."
"Don't mention it, my angel. I find that your fortune is fully twice as large as I had supposed."—Detroit Free Press.

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.



When a man gets down flat on his back, so that he has to be carried about like a baby, he finally realizes that he is a sick man. Very frequently he has been a sick man for years, but has recklessly refused to recognize nature's warnings. Severe illness is something that does not strike a man like a flash of lightning. It creeps upon him by degrees, and at every step warns him with a new danger signal.

When a man feels "out of sorts" or "knocked out," or whatever he may call it, he is a sick man. It is time to take warning. Headaches, drowsiness, loss of sleep at night, loss of appetite, nervousness, bad taste in the mouth in the morning, and frightful dreams—all these are warnings of euroaching illness. Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery creates appetite, cures dyspepsia, stimulates the liver, purifies the blood, quickens the circulation and tones the nerves. It makes rich, red, tissue-building blood. It builds firm flesh, but does not make corpulent people more corpulent. Unlike cod liver oil, it does not make flabby flesh. On the contrary, it tears down and excretes the unhealthy tissues that constitute corpulence, and replaces them with the firm, muscular tissues of good health. It cures 98 per cent. of all cases of consumption. All bronchial, throat and kindred ailments, as lingering coughs, spitting of blood and weak lungs are cured by it. Thousands have testified to its merits. At all medicine stores.

It is a dealer's business to give you what you ask for; not to tell you what you want.

Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets cure constipation. Constipation is the cause of many diseases. Cure the cause and you cure the disease. One "Pellet" is a gentle laxative, and two a mild cathartic. Druggists sell them, and nothing is "just as good."



AND NERVE PILLS 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.

W. S. Drewry Sandon, B. C. H. T. Twigg New Denver, B. C.
DREWRY & TWIGG,
Dominion and Provincial Land Surveyors.
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At Sandon, Rossland, Nelson, Kaslo, Pilot Bay and Three Forks.
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THE LARGEST AND FINEST BOOKSTORE IN THE SLOKAN



Overstocked with NEW GOODS. \$700 worth of Wall Paper, Fancy and Wedding Stationery, Sporting Goods, School Supplies, Games, Toys, etc.

The latest Novels and Magazines.

CLIFFE & CO., Sandon.

MINING STOCKS AND OTHER INVESTMENTS.

Every Representation Guaranteed.

J. M. Harris
SANDON, B. C.

The SANDON DAIRY

Has for sale in quantities, Milk, Cream, Butter Milk, Butter and Fresh Eggs. Anyone wanting these can be supplied at moderate prices, by leaving their orders with my milk delivery man.

H. TATTIE.

Business Announcement.

Having opened business in the premises opposite the Clifton house, I am prepared to do all kinds of Boot and Shoe Making and Repairing in the latest and neatest style.

A trial order solicited. Satisfaction guaranteed.

NO ORDER TOO SMALL

AND NONE TOO LARGE.

LOUIS, THE SHOEMAKER.

Louis Hupperten.

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BARRISTER, SOLICITOR, NOTARY PUBLIC, ETC.

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EXPORTERS AND IMPORTERS.

200 to 208 First Ave. No.

MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.

Shipments Solicited.

Write for Circular.

MINING RECORDS.

Recorded at New Denver.

LOCATIONS.

July 24—Silver Tip, Fennell, John Carraher.

25—Rutherford, Four Mile ck, F Ryan, Barbarian, s k Carpenter ck, R McTaggart.

26—Dundee, Fish lake, W H Yawkey, New Jersey, s k Carpenter ck, J V O'Loughlan, Sure Thing, n k Carpenter ck, M McAndrews, Maud May, n k Carpenter ck, J V O'Loughlan, Peacock, s k Carpenter ck, J V O'Loughlan, Minnie Clarke, n k Carpenter ck, M McAndrews.

27—1 X L Fr, Miller ck, F A Davis, Blade, s k Carpenter ck, J H Worton, Resplendent, Silver mt, J Porter, One Shot, relog Jumbo, G Kay, J B Fisher, J Riley, J T Foley.

Eureka, Wilson ck, A Peel, Helen H, F F Libscher, Hastings, Silver mt, H Nelson.

ASSESSMENTS.

July 24—Horseshoe, 25—Unexpected, Ethel Fr, Cross Felt, 26—Learning, 27—Tom Boiling, Victoria No 6, Keno, Pay Day, Violet Fr, Pansy, 28—Emporium, Baltimore, Le Roi, 29—Jehovah Fr, Protection, May Bee, Santana, Potter & McMillan Fr, Alps Fr, Fairhope, Heather Fr, 31—Cedar, St Lawrence, Glencairn.

TRANSFERS.

July 24—Victor 1, A C Allen to G A Petty, Dec 31, 1898.

July 28—Silver Reef 1, P J Russell to M C Monaghan, March 18, 1897.

Adirondack 2-9, W Hunter to R Sloan, H Lowe and Walter Murray, July 17.

Silver Reef 1, M C Monaghan to H W Peel and L H Snyder, July 22.

Rutland Fr 1, W S Drewry to G W Hughes, July 17.

Rutland Fr 1, W S Drewry to Scottish Colonial Co, July 17.

27—Judgment from Supreme Court for Chas Darts against St Keverne Mining Co.

July 28—Notice that I N Peyton, D C and A Corbin have delivered a certain bill of sale to Patrick and Bridget McCue, July 20.

Utica, Andrew Jay, Colorado, 1 in Mountain Glory, Rocky Boulder and Morning Glory, and 1 Alice—P McCue B McCue to Geo W Hughes, option to purchase at \$5,000, July 18.

Battersen, F J O'Reilly to Wakefield Mines, July 27.

One Shot 1, J T Foley to A E Dronard, July 27.

"Kaiser Wilhelm" Breaks the Record.

The speed of the trans-Atlantic steamship continues to advance by steady increments and the time of the ocean passage is curtailed hour by hour. That most successful ship, the "Kaiser Wilhelm de Grosse," of the North German Lloyd Company, has now for the third time, surpassed the record formerly held by "Lucania" for the highest average speed from New York to European ports. This mark stood for several years at 22-01 knots, and was first broken by the "Kaiser Wilhelm," which covered the course at an average speed of 22-3 knots, a performance which she subsequently eclipsed by achieving an average of 22-59 knots.

On her last trip the same vessel ran from Sandy Hook Lightship to Cherbourg in 5 days 20 hours and 55 minutes, the exact length of her course being 3,190 miles. To do this the "Kaiser Wilhelm" must have maintained an average speed, day and night, of 22-65 knots, or 26 land miles per hour. The most remarkable all day run of this vessel was made in May, 1898, when during a west-bound trip she covered 580 knots in one day at an average speed of 24-17 knots an hour. The best previous all-day run was that of the "Lucania," which covered 560 at an average speed of 23-38 knots.—Scientific American.

WHAT DR. A. E. SALTER SAYS.

Buffalo, N. Y.—Gents:—From my personal knowledge, gained in observing the effect of your Shiloh's Cure in cases of advanced consumption, I am prepared to say it is the most reliable remedy that has ever been brought to my attention. It has certainly saved many from consumption. Sold at McQueen's Drug Store.

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 Hagyard's Yellow Oil cured it completely."

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.

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."

LAXATIVE CURE
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. DAVIS & LAWRENCE CO., Limited, Prop's, Perry Davis' Pain-Killer, New York Montreal

J. J. BILLADEAU
PAINTER, PAPERHANGER, KALSO MINER, DECORATOR

Will attend to orders from town or country. Command of the largest and best assorted stock of WALL PAPER in the Kootenay country. Orders may be left at Cliffe's Bookstore or at my residence, Sandon.

JACOB KELSEN
Carries the largest stock of pipes in the Slocan. They must be sold. A reward of \$1,000 is offered for the discovery of any dealer who is selling this class of goods cheaper.
Reco Avenue, Sandon.

CANADIAN PACIFIC RY
AND SOO PACIFIC.

DAILY SERVICE.
BETWEEN ATLANTIC AND PACIFIC BY THE IMPERIAL LIMITED TO BE INAUGURATED JUNE 18

Will give the quickest time between ocean and ocean across the American continent.

Daily express service via Crow's Nest route to and from the Kootenay country

Improved service on all Kootenay local rail and steamer lines.

Globe connections throughout.

Be on the lookout for full details of new service and apply for particulars to

A. C. McARTHUR, Agent, Sandon
W. F. Anderson, Trav. Pass. Agt., Nelson
E. J. Coyne, Dist. Pass. Agt., Vancouver.

A FEW INTERESTING FACTS.

When people are contemplating a trip, whether on business or pleasure, they naturally want the best service obtainable so far as speed, comfort and safety is concerned. Employees of the Wisconsin Central Lines are paid to serve the public, and our trains are operated so as to make close connections with diverging lines at all junction points.

Fullman Palace Sleeping and Chair Cars on through trains.

Dining Car service excellent. Meals served a la carte.

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

THE WISCONSIN CENTRAL LINES

and you will make direct connections at St. Paul for Chicago, Milwaukee and all points east.

For any further information call on any ticket agent, or correspond with

JAS. POND, or JAS. A. CROOK,

Gen. Pas. Agent, Milwaukee, Wis. General Agent, Portland, Or.

Kootenay Railway & Navigation COMPANY.

Operating Kaslo & Slocan Railway

International Navigation & Trade Co

Schedule of Time Pacific Standard Time

KASLO & SLOCAN RAILWAY

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, Alsworth and all way points. Connects with Steamer Alberta 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 to Kaslo, Lardo and Argenta. Direct connections made at Bonner's Ferry with the Great Northern Railway for all points east and west. Lardo, Duxon & Division, Steamer International leaves Kaslo for Lardo and Argenta at 8.45 p.m., Wednesdays and Fridays. Steamer Alberta leaves Kaslo for Lardo and Argenta at 8 p.m., Sundays. Steamer International makes principal landings in both directions, and at other points, when signalled. Tickets sold to all points in Canada and the United States. To ascertain rates and full information, address

ROBERT IRVING, Manager, Kaslo.

Northern Pacific Ry.

THE FAST LINE TO ALL POINTS.

The Dining Car Route via Yellowstone Park is safest and best.

Solid Vestibule Trains equipped with Pullman Palace Cars,

Elegant Dining Cars,

Modern Day Coaches,

Tourist Sleeping Cars.

Through tickets to all points in the United States and Canada.

Steamship tickets to all parts of the world.

Tickets to China and Japan via Tacoma and Northern Pacific Steamship Co.

Trains depart from Spokane:

No. 1, West at 8.40 p.m., daily.

No. 2, East at 7.30 p.m., daily.

For information, time cards, maps and tickets apply to agents of the S. F. & N.

F. D. GIBBS, Gen. Agent, Spokane, Wash.

A. D. CHARLTON, Asst. Gen. Pass. Agent, 255 Morrison St., Co. 3rd, Portland, Ore.

SPOKANE FALLS & NORTHERN

NELSON & FORT SHEPPARD RY.

RED MOUNTAIN RAILWAY

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

LEAVE DAILY ARRIVE

6.20 a.m. Nelson 5.35 p.m.

12.05 a.m. Rossland 11.20 p.m.

8.30 a.m. Spokane 3.10 p.m.

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

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" 11.55 " Whitewater " 2.00 "

" 12.10 " Bear Lake " 1.45 "

" 12.25 " McAdams " 1.34 "

" 12.40 " Cody Junction " 1.23 "

Arrive 10.40 Sandon Leave 1.15 "

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THE TIGER OF THE OCEAN.

STRENGTH AND FEROCITY OF THE HAMMERHEAD SHARK.

His Power of Destruction Exhibited Best in Tropical Waters—One That Towed a Whale and Another That Handled a Bull—When He Turns on the Hunter—Trap in Which He Is Taken.

"Sailor though you may have been for a score of years and never given cause for a man to call you coward, there comes a time when you feel the creeps and your knees grow weak," said a man who was a whaler once. "That time is when you look over the rail of a ship rising and falling on a calm sea and find a big hammerhead shark looking up into your eyes. The white shark is voracious and merciless, but the tiger of the sea, as the hammerhead is called, is worse than that. He is the most repulsive looking fish that swims. He will take up the trail of a ship like a bloodhound, and his persistency is menacing and malignant. A white shark can be frightened or beaten off, even after seizing his prey, but the hammerhead shuts his jaws like a bulldog and will be out to pieces before he will let go. A man in the water may dodge the rush of a white shark, but the tiger never misses his mark. He hasn't the speed of the other, but it is his slower gait which makes him more certain of his victim."

"While the hammerhead shark may be caught all along the Atlantic coast, his true cruising grounds are in the tropical seas. To get among the big ones you must voyage up the Bay of Bengal or coast along the great barrier reef of Australia. You will find the white shark there, too, but the two species never run in the same school. I do not know that they quarrel when they meet, but certain it is that

THEY AVOID EACH OTHER.

It is seldom that a big shark is caught in Northern waters, but in the tropical seas a twelve-footer, either white or hammerhead, is looked upon with contempt. One day, as the ship *White Wings* was becalmed about fifty miles off the coast of Madagascar, a hammerhead shark of such size appeared alongside that he was at first taken for a whale. He remained with us for over an hour, lying like a log on the water, and it was easy to get his dimensions, or at least his length. He was exactly thirty-three feet long and about the size of a flour-barrel. If a tow-line could have been made fast to that fish he had the horse-power to enable him to drag us along. While the white shark is swifter and more supple, the hammerhead has more of what might be called pounding power. As an illustration of what he can do out of the water, I will cite the case of an Australian coasting schooner called the *Wanderer*. I was in the whaling ship *Paul Jones* and we were anchored off one of the Kangaroo islands on the east coast, to wood and water. The *Wanderer*, which was northward bound, came to anchor quite near us to make good some damage received aloft in a squall. The water was alive with hungry hammerheads, and the captain of the coaster, put over a hook. A shark eighteen feet long soon took it and after half an hour's hard work was hauled over the rail. The fish seemed to be played out as they hauled him in, but no sooner did he feel the deck under him than he began business. The blows he struck with his tail could have been heard a mile away, and when he sprang into the air and fell back there was a crash which told of splintered planks. In ten minutes that fish almost made a wreck of the schooner. He smashed bulwarks, shattered planks, and broke stanchions as if they were sticks and chips, and harness-cask, water-butt, and the cook's gally went overboard as if sent by

A POWDER EXPLOSION.

The carpenter managed to sever the tail with a broadaxe at last, and no more shark hooks were dropped over the side. Had that shark been free in the hold of the schooner I believe he would have started a dozen buttends and sunk her at her anchor. "In his native element a big shark has two sorts of power—the go-ahead and the reverse. Off the Java coast, on one of my whaling voyages, we killed a whale fifty-two feet long. In bulk he seemed to be an island, and his weight was tons added to tons. In a perfectly calm sea three boats made fast to tow the whale down to the ship. We had been straining our backs for five minutes and hadn't got the great bulk moving yet, when a hammerhead shark about twenty feet long dashed in and set his jaws into the body just forward of the tail. As he got a firm hold he began pulling back and making his head, as you have seen a dog pull at a root when digging. As the flesh would not tear away, that shark kept reversing his engines until he had turned the big body twice around in a circle, and added to the weight of the body was the drag of our three boats. To get rid of him we had to almost cut him into strips with our harpoons. As to the go-ahead powers of a shark, perhaps there has never been a test which gave his actual horse-power. At Sandalwood Island, off the coast of Java, the natives caught a big hammerhead who had pursued a bather too far and had been stranded. A rope was made fast behind his head and the free end fastened to a raft which they constructed

out of driftwood. According to their statements the raft was about twenty feet square, and they piled at least a ton of stones on it. It was a bulky, unwieldy thing, and yet when they got shark and raft clear of the shore, the harnessed captive started off at steamboat speed and seemed to make little of the drag in his wake. He was passed by a catamaran, when fifteen miles at sea, and was still keeping up his stroke.

"I have known a white shark to follow the ship twenty-four hours, but never longer. By that time his hunger drives him to go cruising around after food. While the *Paul Jones* was working along the Java coast, a big hammerhead fell in with us, one day and stuck by us for eight days and a half without changing his position three feet. During that time we sailed 630 miles. None of us could figure out how the shark got anything to eat in all that time, and, as a matter of fact, I don't believe he got a morsel. The idea that a shark follows a ship for the food thrown overboard is a false one. I have seen the cook throw slops over when sharks were following or skulking under the counter and

THEY WOULD NOT MOVE.

A hammerhead estimated to be thirty feet long followed the English ship *Red Lion* 2,180 miles on a voyage to Australia. Food was thrown to him twenty different times, but he would not touch it. The white shark of the tropical seas displays more fierceness than those of the Atlantic, but he is a sheep compared to the hammerhead. In the year 1871 the brig *Southern Cross*, from Calcutta to London, was wrecked on Nelson Island, at the northern end of the Indian Ocean. She had three passengers and a crew of fourteen men. They put off from the wreck on a raft, but the wind blew them out to sea instead of upon the beach. The raft was surrounded by hammerhead sharks, and by sundown, when it was sighted, by a north-bound craft, only one of the seventeen castaways was left. The sharks could not upset the raft, but they leaped upon it sometimes two or three at once, and knocked the people overboard.

In the year 1882, while we were landing some cattle from a coaster in Portland Bay, Australia, the sailing broke and a large Devon bull fell into the water. This was about half a mile from the beach and in water fifteen feet deep. The bull started for shore, but a hammerhead shark seized him by the right hip almost at once. The shark was only about fourteen feet long, and the bull was strong enough to have pulled a tree up by the roots, and yet the shark began towing him out to sea. Boats were lowered and we went for the fish. We beat him with boat-hooks, stabbed him with knives and fired six bullets into him from a revolver, but he wouldn't let go. Then we fastened a towrope to the horns of the bull and towed him to the beach and the shark came with him and was killed with an axe on the sands. The flesh was not badly torn, but at the end of a couple of days the bull was dead.

"For a good many years the Zoological Gardens at Bombay were seeking for a specimen hammerhead. The price offered was liberal enough, and scores of them were caught with hooks, but none lived beyond a few hours. It was finally discovered that the laceration of the throat by the hook bled them to death. Then a native of one of the Caroline Islands put the officials up to a dodge, and a craft was fitted out and sent down the coast to Little George Island. When she had come to anchor in a little bay men were sent ashore to cut and bring off ten long slim poles. These were fastened loosely together after being spread four feet apart. This gave them a raft forty feet wide by fifteen feet long. Then ropes from ten to fifty feet long, about twenty lengths in all, were fastened to the raft and weighted just sufficiently to sink them below it. The centre rope had four feet of chain at its lower end, and to this chain was wired

A HUNK OF BEEF.

One morning they towed the light raft two miles off shore on a smooth sea and pulled away to watch proceedings. It was even chances that a white shark or ground shark or a small hammerhead might take the bait, but they had to risk that. Luck was with the hunters. They had been waiting and watching for two hours when there was a sudden commotion. A tiger twenty-three feet long had taken the bait. Down it went at a gulp and he started off. As soon as he felt the strain of the raft he began to fight. A white shark would have rushed this way and that and sought to tear out the hook. This fellow was not caught by a hook, but he would not throw out the bait. He sought to sever the chain, and when it defied him he rushed upward at the raft and rolled over and over as if turned with a crank. They had counted on his behaviour to capture him. In five minutes he was wound up in half a dozen of the trailing ropes and had the timber poles bent in all sorts of shapes, and they made fast and towed him off to the brig. No fish could have made a fiercer fight. It took four hours, hampered as he was, to get him into his tank, and his strength and fierceness were matters of amazement. The fish was landed at Bombay and transferred to a basin without injury, but he only lived three months. A second and a third were captured in the same manner, but both died after a brief captivity. In the same gardens was a white shark who had spent ten years in his tank and had grown fat and lazy.

"In Atlantic waters the man looking for sport may cast his shark hooks overboard without fear of disaster, no matter what sort of shark takes hold, but in the tropical seas there is no feeling of security. If a big hammerhead bolts the hook he will at first be thrown into a flutter and make a run for it. Five minutes later he will get his mad up and demand revenge. There are scores of recorded instances where he has made a rush and a leap and crushed or upset a small boat, and

the tragedy at Batavia, happening only four years ago, was convincing proof that he is a dangerous foe. A boat with five men in it hooked a big hammerhead, and after running out 100 feet of line the fish turned and rushed. As he neared the boat he leaped clear of the water and landed among the men. In less than one minute he had beaten out the bottom planks of the boat with his tail, and of the four men who met death two, at least, had broken legs or arms before the shark rolled out of the wreck and went his way."

CATCHING COBRAS.

Means Used by the Snake-Charmers in Capturing These Dangerous Reptiles.

The cobra is so passionately fond of music that it can at any time be enticed from its hiding-place by the notes of a violin or a bagpipe. It seldom hears anything but the bagpipe, but if there be one instrument which it loves more than any other it is the violin.

If a cobra takes up its abode in the neighborhood of a dwelling, it is customary to send for a pair of professional snake-charmers. They at once proceed to work upon the snake's love of music. One of them strikes up a tune near the place where the cobra is supposed to be.

If it is there it is sure to be attracted by the music, and soon to make its appearance. It emerges slowly from its hiding-place, and takes a position in front of the player. It is his business to keep its attention engaged while his companion creeps up behind it with a handful of fine dust.

The casting of the dust upon the cobra startles it, and for one moment it falls its full length on the ground. It is only for a moment, but the time is long enough to answer the purpose of the assistant. With a lightning-like movement he seizes the cobra by the neck just below the head. The snake turns in fury, and winds its body round the arm of its captor; but its rage avails it nothing. It cannot turn its head to bite.

If it is desirable to extract the fangs at once, the captor presses his thumb on the throat of the cobra, thus compelling it to open its mouth, and the fangs are drawn with a pair of pincers.

If, however, the operator desires to keep the snake intact for the present, the musician comes to his comrade's assistance, forcibly unwinds the coils, and places the body of the cobra in a basket. Only the head is left out, this being still held by the other man. The lid is pressed down to prevent the cobra from wriggling out. Then, suddenly, the captor thrusts the head in, and bangs down the lid.

Sometimes music is used to draw from the snake its poison, to be used for medicinal or experimental purposes. When this is to be done, the musician's assistant, arms himself with a large plate covered with a thick plantain leaf. While the snake is engaged with the music he sits down right in front of it. It is too much engrossed to notice him until the music suddenly stops. Then the cobra, recalled to existing surroundings, launches forth at the man who is nearest.

Quick as its thrust, however, is the movement of the man. He interposes the plate and receives the bite on it. The poison goes through the puncture in the leaf, and is deposited on the plate. It is a thick, albuminous fluid, like the white of an egg. One drop is enough to cause death to any warm-blooded animal.

ITS GRAPHITE NOW.

Lead Pencils in Modern Times Contain No Lead Whatever.

Once upon a time sticks of lead were used for making marks on paper and wood, and the name has survived, though nowadays all the pencils are filled with graphite, or plumbago, which is simply a form of pure charcoal. This mineral is found in only a few places in the world—in Cumberland, England, along the Laurentian ranges in the Province of Quebec, Ticonderoga, in Vermont.

The graphite is taken in the lump from the mines and carried to the reducing mill, where it is ground or pulverized in stamp mills under water. The fine particles of graphite float away with the water through a number of tanks, collecting at the bottom of these reservoirs. It is packed in barrels in the form of dust and sent to the factory, where tens of thousands of lead pencils are turned out every day. The pulverized graphite is so fine that it really is a dust, dingy in color and smooth and oily to the touch. It is divided into various grades of fineness by dividing it on water from one tank to another.

In another series of tanks the German pipeclay, which is mixed with graphite to secure the different grades of pencils from very soft to extra hard, is graded in the same way by floating. The finest clay is mixed with the finest graphite, being ground together between stones, and the hardness of the pencil is secured by increasing the proportion of clay in the mixture.

TONSILLITIS CONTAGIOUS.

In the Altona, Hamburg, Hospital all cases of tonsillitis or sore throat are now isolated, since it was discovered that 18 patients in five wards, all on the same corridor, caught a case of sore throat from one patient.

TAMING THE LION.

Mr. John Cooper Gives His Experiences With the King of Beasts.

John Cooper, who from being the youngest lion-tamer in the world—he was a full-blown trainer at the age of twelve—has become one of the greatest, is no believer in harsh measures. "Firmness and kindness will make any animal fond of you," he said recently. "I have had lions so fond of me that if I patted one, others would be jealous. In a group of seven or eight lions, an ill-timed caress of one would wound the feelings of the others, and if persisted in, would lead to a row."

In some of his performances, Mr. Cooper had a lion on either side of him with feet on his shoulders. Pointing to a picture of himself in such a position, he said:

"You see this lion on my left shoulder? That is Betsy. She was blind. Whenever she got out of position in the group, she had a perfect horror of touching me. She was afraid that she might hurt me. If she was in her right place, she knew exactly where I was, and what she could do without striking me with her claws or knocking me down. I have often been touched at her care, which was quite as great as any of us are capable of exercising. Poor blind Betsy!"

Speaking of the memory of animals, Mr. Cooper said, "I doubt whether they forget anything. Some years ago there was a sale of elephants at North Woolwich Gardens. In the catalogue was a group of elephants that I used to perform, but had not seen for twelve years. As they were led into the ring, I said to one of them, 'Hallo, Pal' an expression that used to be part of the performance."

"The elephant was electrified, and began to trumpet in an extraordinary manner. The others joined in and got round me, encircling me with their trunks, as if to embrace me. It was with difficulty I got away from them, and when I did, I fairly broke down and cried. The people at the sale asked me to repeat the performance, but I couldn't—I was too much upset."

Although his animals had such good memories, there was one time when Mr. Cooper's own memory failed. He had been very ill, and it was his first appearance afterward among his lions. When he got into the cage he found his mind a blank. He did not even know one lion from another. Quite helpless, he looked at the lions, and they at him. They were waiting for the words and gestures that were associated with the different performances.

He continued to gaze at them, but could make nothing of it, and was turning away to give up when one of them sprang upon him on one side, then another on the other side, and the rest ranged themselves about him. They were going through the final scene in the performance. Perhaps in turning away he had unconsciously made some gesture that they remembered. Anyway, the lions had awakened his memory, for although he did no more performing that day, the whole thing came back to him.

THE BOTHERSOME FLY.

The One That Comes In and Skirms Around So Gayly Early in the Morning.

"One swallow may not make a summer, very likely not, but one fly, at this season, can make a heap of trouble. This fly," said Mr. Gozlezby, "is the one that comes into your room to greet you in the early morning, soon after sun-up, but long before you want to get up. He is not satisfied with buzzing up to you and saying 'howdy' once, but with a great excess of politeness or good nature or friendly feeling, or just downright stupidity, for it certainly can't be mere maliciousness—the fly doesn't know enough for that—comes at you again and again. If he goes anywhere else, it is only to return."

"You brush him away drowsily at first, but there's nothing drowsy about the fly; he is up for the day, and he comes around at you again at full speed and lights on you suddenly. Your drowsiness is gone now, and the cold fact is that you try to smash the de-bonair fly that got up so early. But say, you may have a good deal more brute strength than the fly, but you are not in it at all with him for sprightliness and when you bring your hand down where he is he is as likely as not calmly walking head down on the ceiling."

"But he does not neglect you; he is back again presently, when you have got comfortably and hopefully settled down, zip! in a skimming flight so close to your ear that you fancy you can feel the wind from his wings, and then he swings round in a graceful loop and lands on your nose. And that's the way he goes, free from care, wide-awake himself, never dreaming that anybody else wants to sleep, just a tearing and raring and prancing around, and lighting on you every now and then at irregular but not infrequent intervals, and keeping everything stirred up, so that sleep is quite out of the question. And at last you give it up and get up an hour or two ahead of your usual time. You are a good deal bigger than the fly, but there are times when the fly gets the better of you."

"One swallow may not make a summer, by one fly may easily make a man swear."

IN MERRY OLD ENGLAND.

DOINGS OF THE ENGLISH PEOPLE REPORTED BY MAIL.

Record of the Events Taking Place in the Land of the Rose—Interesting Occurrences.

The Mayor of Southampton's "Stella" fund now amounts to £6,380.

J. L. Toole is 66 years of age. Sir Henry Irving is five years younger. The lifeboats round the British coast during the last year rescued 623 people.

St. Peter's Presbyterian church, Liverpool, is about to celebrate its jubilee. It has been estimated that steamers are 20 per cent. safer than sailing vessels.

Queen Victoria's annual trips to and from Scotland alone cost her close on £6,250 a year.

It is proposed to institute open air restaurants in London during the summer months.

In the British navy there are at least 150 ships that have seen over a quarter of a century's service.

Annie S. Swas, Mrs. Burnett Smith, was one of those who attended her Majesty's drawing room recently.

Gossips say that Lady Peggy Primrose, now the Countess of Crowe, was bequeathed two millions sterling by her mother.

Ann Grant, a domestic servant, who recently died in Cambridgeshire at the age of 87 years, has survived 71 years in one family.

Admiral Sir Henry Keppel, who at the age of 90 is about to retire from service, has been in the British navy for 75 years.

In six-shilling form Ian Maclaren's most popular book, "Beside the Bonnie Brier Bush," has reached an issue of 50,000 copies.

The most up-to-date fashion in calling followed among smart London bachelors is to employ a commissionaire to leave one's cards.

The William Black Memorial Fund is lagging once more, and an appeal is now made for small sums from the admirers of the deceased novelist.

The Royal Institution of Great Britain, in commemoration of its centenary, has elected as honorary members a number of prominent Americans.

The income of the principal charitable institutions having their headquarters in London amounts to over seven million pounds per annum.

The principal trade of Bradford just now is said to be in mercerized cotton dress goods. A firm there has received an order for mercerizing 100,000 pieces of goods woven in Lancashire.

Many animals in desert regions never have any water except the dew on vegetation. A parrot in the London Zoo is known to have lived fifty-two years without drinking a drop of water.

The London cottage known as "Lalla Rookh" where Tom Moore is said to have written the poem of that name, for which Messrs. Longman paid him £3,000, is shortly to be swept away.

The annual report of the Royal Scottish Hospital, just issued, shows that the ordinary income for the year amounted to £5,884 9s. 2d., and, as the expenditure amounted to £5,922 14s. 11-2d., there is an excess of £38 4s. 11-2d. above the ordinary income. The annual subscriptions amounted to £1,003 15s. 9d., as against £1,542 9s. 9d. last year.

Dr. Jameson, the Transvaal raider, wants to enter Parliament.

The greatest university is Oxford, which has twenty-one colleges and five halls.

The most common name for a place in England is Newton, which occurs no fewer than 72 times.

Sir Henry Wm. Primrose, K. C. B., has been appointed chairman of the Board of Inland Revenue.

It is alleged that of the various Highland representatives in the House of Commons not one can speak Gaelic.

A medical paper estimates that over £50,000 worth of medicine is annually distributed gratis at the English dispensaries.

The sketch of the Queen which sells best in France is one taken on the seashore with a Skye terrier walking beside her.

Rudyard Kipling says that the hardest work he ever did, and the hardest he ever saw done is that of a newspaper office.

Steam omnibus lines are being established between Newcastle and Hull and other cities of northern England. The fares are only a cent per mile.

SLEEP.

Some doctors believe that a man has just so many hours to be awake, and that the more of them he uses up in a day the shorter his life will be. A man might live to be 200 if he could sleep most of the time. The proper way to economize time, therefore, is to sleep when there is nothing better to do.

OUT OF HIS SIGHT.

Get out! commanded her father. Don't ever let me see you here again. Very well, replied the confident young man. Your daughter can tell you the nights I am to call, and you can arrange to be out until I leave.

MOUNTAIN ECHOES.

Berry picking and camping are now the rage.

Silverton football team beat Slocan City on Saturday, 1 to 0.

Neil McDonald, of the Balmoral, has been laid up with a sore eye.

Cody avenue is being graded, which is much improving the appearance of things up that way.

Mr. Wood is having a nicely fitted up office built adjoining his residence at the Last Chance lower terminal.

The Ruth concentrator is receiving the external finishing touches, and will doubtless be soon ready for business.

Wm. Karr is now nursing a lame shoulder, the result of a modest tumble while working on the Payne bunk house.

Brother Lowry says New Denver cows ate up his lawn, herbage, earth and all, the other night, and he had to come to Sandon for a new one.

The local papers have a dozen or more surmises as to the opening of the mines; but the fact is the owners themselves are not sure when they will open.

Cure that cough with Shiloh's Cure. The best cough cure. Relieves croup promptly. One million bottles sold last year. 40 doses for 25 cts. Sold at McQueen's Drug Store.

There is a feeling in the air, very rapidly being made, that many of the larger mines will open up right away, but upon what lines, or basis, it would be idle to speculate.

Dyspepsia cured. Shiloh's Vitalizer immediately relieves sour stomach, coming up of food distress, and is the great kidney and liver remedy. Sold at McQueen's Drug Store.

The first story of the new Presbyterian church is about closed in, and the second story, which will be the church proper, will soon grow into prominence from its commanding position.

While speculation is general as to when the mines will open, we are confident from what some of the owners say they will not open at \$3.50 for eight hours, & they stay closed for years.

Mr. J. D. Moore of Kaslo, is looking over the Three Forks and New Denver wagon road by order of the government. It is understood that an expenditure will be made on both, but how much he is unable to say.

The Payne bunk house is now finished and is one of the best in the Province. It has separate sleeping rooms and bath rooms, and will be heated by steam and lighted by electricity throughout.

The Halcyon Hot Springs are to have bottling works on a large scale; the water is to be bottled and sold on the railways for the minerals it contains. A strong company is to be organized to do the work.

Mine Inspector McGregor is here, and was surprised to learn that there was no inquest held on the remains of E. C. Williams killed at the Sovereign. He changed his surprise, however, when he learned there was no coroner in the Slocan.

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 Mervel, Teeterville, Ont.

The mine owners again had a caucus in the city, holding meetings Tuesday afternoon and evening; and, though nothing is given out for publication, it is generally understood that the meeting was not a unit all through. It may also be surmised from what is in the air that the government is likely to suspend the penal clauses of the eight-hour law.

The situation at Victoria seems to be a little mixed. Semlin offered the attorney-generalship to Hemlock, a Turnerite, and that gentleman refused it unless Semlin repealed his obnoxious mining laws, which he refused to do. He next offered it to Henderson, of New Westminster, who was also elected by Turner's money to support Turner, but fopped. We believe Henderson has accepted it, but whether or not he can be elected is the next question.

Ladies, take the best. If you are troubled with constipation, sallow skin, and a tired feeling, take Karl's Clover Tea. It is pleasant to take. Sold at McQueen's Drug Store.

Hadi Adali, "the terrible Turk" and champion wrestler, was here Tuesday evening, but could get up only a very indifferent show, as no local party, not even among the husky miners, would tackle him. He had a few rounds with his trainer, however, which was like child's play to him. He is a monster in size and weighs 270 pounds without extra fat. One of the restaurant keepers asked him how they should do with him. "Well," said he, "bring me what you give five ordinary men and charge accordingly." She did so. He ate it and ordered a sufficient quantity for no more besides, paying the fare of even men. The best thing he can do in the absence of wrestling bouts is to be with some of the mine owners to carry ore cars up the trails and pack down the ore.

The latest current literature at Cliffe's Bookstore.

We hear nothing about the curling and skating rinks these days.

Mr. Fallows is having his residence painted, not red, but white, which will much improve its appearance.

Mr. Crowe, who was so badly hurt in the Sovereign accident, is rapidly recovering. Dr. Power says no serious consequences are now apprehended.

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."

Be not deceived! A cough, hoarseness or croup are not to be trifled with. A dose in time of Shiloh's Cure will save you much trouble. Sold at McQueen's Drug Store.

It appears that Kaslo has not yet heard the last of that face powder business. The two women arrested here in that connection have commenced action to recover \$2,000 damages.

Karl's Clover Root Tea is a pleasant laxative. Regulates the bowels, purifies the blood. Clears the complexion. Easy to take and pleasant to take. 25 cts. Sold at McQueen's Drug Store.

K. & S. make special rate of first fare for round trip between Sandon and Nelson for Walter L. Main's circus at Nelson, August 7th. Tickets on sale Aug 6—good to return till the 9th.

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 blasting for the bed of the Ruth mine on the east hill is keeping men, women and children, living in the gulch below, in dread of their lives these days, but we suppose the good work has to go on.

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.

A very beautifully designed and finished pulpit has been placed in position in the Methodist church. It is the workmanship of Col. Pierson and Thos. Milne, material contributed by Messrs. Follet & McMillan, and for which they will yet reap their reward.

Mr. Barron went to considerable trouble and expense to give the school children a picnic at Cody on Wednesday. However, they had a good one, plenty of amusements for the afternoon, and also plenty to eat from the capacious baskets of the ladies. It would be well to see as many school children we mean, attending school on the opening day, the 15th, as were at the picnic on Wednesday.

The remains of E. C. Williams, who was killed in the Sovereign tunnel Friday-week, were interred in the Sandon cemetery on Sunday afternoon. A brother, who had been operating in the Lardo-Duncan country, was communicated with at Trout Lake City, and arrived in time to direct the burial. As there were but the deceased and the injured man, Crowe, in the tunnel at the time of the accident—the mucker, a green hand, having run out just before the blast went off—it is hard to say just how the accident occurred. The prevailing opinion is that on account of the water dropping down from overhead, the deceased miscalculated the time it would take for the fuse to burn. It was the crushing in of the skull by a piece of rock that caused instant death, though his limbs were badly shattered. The funeral was largely attended by miners and citizens generally, as the deceased was known to many. He was a steady, careful man, and a good citizen.

FOR OVER FIFTY YEARS.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup has been used by millions of mothers for their children's teething. It soothes and breaks up your rest by a sick child, suffering and crying with pain of eating 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 diarrhea, regulates the stomach and bowels, cures Wind Colic, soothes the gums and reduces inflammation, and gives tone and energy to the system. "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup" for children teething is pleasant to the taste and is the prescription of one of the oldest and best female physicians and nurses in the United States. Price twenty-five cents a bottle. Sold by all druggists throughout the world. Inquire and ask for "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup."

Certificate of Improvements.

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 1 mile south of Sention 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. 2231 A, and Hugh Doherty, Free Miner's Certificate No. 2231 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 70, 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 S.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 S.B.B. This remedy healed them completely and permanently, leaving the skin and flesh sound and whole."

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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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The D. & L. EMULSION is a marvellous flesh producer and will give you an appetite. 50c & \$1 per bottle. Be sure you get J. DAVIS & LAWRENCE the genuine. CO. Limited, Montreal.

ALTA LODGE, NO. U. D.



A. F. AND A. M. Regular Communication of this lodge. Meets 1st Thursday in each month at 8 p. m. Visiting brethren cordially invited. W. H. LILLY, Secy.

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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Mining Stocks bought and sold. General agent for Slocan properties. Promising prospects for sale.

PIANO-TUNING.

The undersigned has had over two years' experience in tuning and repairing pianos and organs, and holds several good recommendations for work done. Parties wishing to have pianos tuned may leave orders at Cliffe's bookstore.

T. J. BARRON.

Tenders Wanted.

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 5th, 1899.

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Manufacturers of

GALVANIZED AIR PIPE.

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

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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.

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My little book, "THREE CLASSES OF MEN," sent sealed free, upon request. It tells of my thirty years' practice and success in treating DRAINS, LOSSES, IMPOTENCY, VARICOCELE and UNDEVELOPMENT by nature's own gift to man—ELECTRICITY. My Electric Belt and Supporting Suspensory is known and used the world over. Drop in and consult me free of charge, or write for book to-day. Address

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