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The Mining Review.

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THE ISIS MINE.

omising Property Now Being Worked at Whitewater.

property at Whitewater promo be one of the best mines in that ct under a little proper develop- So far the shaft sunk is not than 50 feet deep, and a com- ement of some 15 feet of drift on , towards the surface, has been In all fairly good ore has been At the surface the lead is not vide, but expansion was got with in the shaft, a width of some 10 being got at the bottom and in ift. Metal of a good quality has aken out of every foot of depth ift made. Some carbonates has ound that assays 75 ozs. of silver 4.50 in gold. The galena assays of silver and 76 per cent. lead. average 8 or 10 sacks of ore a re being taken out. The comp- wning it are all local men with- e necessary means to put up the ite machinery to handle the rty properly, and are willing to bond it on reasonable terms. It pay some of those ten-fold over, re hunting after LeRois, to take f such properties as this. Under opment it would doubtless, con- ng the low price for which it can ured, pay many times over larger ends than expensive improved rties. All enquiries about this rty will be answered by David , of Whitewater, B.C.

WHITEWATER NOTES.

Eureka at Sproule's has com- ed to ship.

. Ward is starting up work on illside group.

Alameda is showing up well in ncentrates. There are five men rk.

dsmith Bros. have supplied some feet of timber for the White- Deep, are now sacking concen- from the mill.

Whitewater mines concentrator d up very successfully last week. al additional miners have been o work on the property.

The Madison.

e Madison group is looking up r the hammer of Manager W. W. ner, who has charge for the Coin nder a lease from the J. C. Eaton Numerous assays have been made running high—and the other day nple of ore ran 1,690 oz. of silver about the half of 1 per cent. lead. aces the ore shows two or three rs in gold. To show the value of opinions of experts we may say this property has been walked and discarded time and again by "who knew what they were do- And thus it goes on. The hills nd Sandon are literally filled with precious metals, and it only re- es capital and labor to bring it to surface.

New C. P. R. Townsite.

essrs. McVittie & Taylor are sur- ng a 20-acre tract of land at the of Moyie lake for a townsite for Canadian Pacific railway. It will alled Moyie, and will be handled W. N. Brayton, of Winnipeg. As Moyie City and Moyie will de- l almost exclusively upon the e mines for their support, the re- of the struggle between the rival s for supremacy will be watched h interest.

Camp Mansfield.

r. Ernest Mansfield, a representa- e of the Klondyke Champs d'Or ning company, was in the city last nday. Mr. Mansfield left London route for the Klondyke, but was in- ced to stop over and examine Slocan perties, with the result that he has chased for his company the Joker Derby groups, on the south fork of ffee creek.

The property is a gold proposition eloped by a 32-foot shaft, in the tom of which there are three feet of that averages about $60 per ton. . Mansfield employs ten men on the perty and is well pleased with the sent outlook.

Speaking of the Slocan district in general he said: "I have been in South Africa, New Zealand and other countries, but from what I have seen of the Slocan I consider it a far safer field for the investment of capital than any of the southern countries, chiefly because the cost of development and opening up of properties here is so much less. When you have expended even a small portion of the amount it took to develop South Africa, the showing will prove that the Slocan district has any number of first-class mines.

"London capital is beginning to turn once more to the Kootenays for investment; but for the Klondyke excitement you would have had much larger amounts invested ere this."—Kootenaian.

Slocan City Briefs.

The White Sparrow mineral group, near the mouth of the first north fork of Lemon creek, is continuously worked by the owners, Rogers, Newman and Blanch. They have over 100 feet of tunnel work already done. They are cross-cutting under a large iron cap, and expect to tap the main lead in 50 feet more work. The assays on the surface run from $10 to $450 in gold.

The Alexander mineral claim, near the second north fork of Lemon creek, is at present working under the management of P. E. Seeley, formerly of the Lake of the Woods gold fields. He has some fine samples on exhibition here. The shaft is down over 100 feet and ore shipping is expected early in the spring from this claim.

Mr. M. Markeson left Tuesday of this week to represent Slocan City at the Crows Nest Pass excursion, through the courtesy of the C.P.R. officials at Nelson.

Maxey Hickman a pioneer prospector of this section has returned from the Boundary country, and says that for permanency of mining he prefers the Slocan.

This was received too late for last week's paper. All communications should reach the office Thursday evenings, as we go to press Friday evenings.—ED. REVIEW.]

A Lucky Bet.

In March of 1896, when J. A. McVichy was interested in the Sandon rink. Nelson and Sandon hockyists met at the latter place to do battle with the puck. Local and Nelson money was freely pitted on the match, and after one goal had been scored by Nelson one of their supporters sought McVichy, who had previously been offering to back the home team, and wanted to place $10 on the result. McVichy refused to consider so small a bet, offering to take $50. The Nelson supporter hastily bethought himself of some wild cat mining shares which he held in the Kettle River Mining & Milling company, and worth about two cents a share, so he bet McVichy 2000 shares and $10 against the latter's $50. A recent strike on the property, which is situated in the Boundary Creek country, coupled with the building of the railroad advanced the price of shares so that at present they are worth 83 cents, and lucky Mc's realization on the bet is $1,660.—Kootenaian.

A New Canal Project.

An effort is to be made by the persons interested in lake transportation to have the Anglo-American Commission take up the project of a canal joining the Great Lakes and the Atlantic. This subject has been favorably reported upon by a deep waterway commission authorized by Congress and appointed by the President. While this established the practicability of the canal, the present movement contemplates the devising by the commission of a plan of joint action by which the work will be actually commenced. It is suggested that the proper route will be by way of the St. Lawrence River and Lake Champlain, a cut of twenty-nine miles being sufficient, it is said, for that stretch of canal. Another cut of twenty-four miles would carry the canal to the Hudson River. The projectors claim that the cut between the St. Lawrence and Lake Champlain can be made for three or four millions, the topography being particularly favorable to canal digging. They are proceeding on the idea of having the two governments do the work, each doing the construction of its own side, thus making it a government rather than a private enterprise.

TO CURE COLD IN ONE DAY.

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

KOOTENAY ORES FOR ENGLAND

Arthur R. Browne, of London, Eng., was in Spokane a few days ago. He represents the Smelting Corporation, limited, which operates works on the Manchester ship canal, in England. He has been buying ores in the Kootenays, and concerning his operations he said to a reporter:

"The report is true that the smelting corporation I represent is buying ore in Kootenay camps. I have purchased 220 tons of concentrates from the Highlander mill at Ainsworth, and shall ship the same to Vancouver, from thence round the Horn, to England. The value of these concentrates will average 68 per cent. lead and 32 oz. silver. This will be, I believe, the first shipment made from the Kootenay of silver-lead concentrates to an English smelter. We can save for the mine owner about $3 per ton, over American smelter charges, and we pay spot cash for our ore, which is also a consideration. You see, we have no large duty to pay, and besides, by our own process for extracting the silver from the zinc, we make another saving, whereas American smelters are forced to charge higher for ores containing a percentage of zinc; in other words, the galena ores going to the States have to pay a high penalty on the zinc."

The Silver Outlook.

The steady advance in the price of the white metal must be very encouraging to the owners of silver properties as well as to the residents of British Columbia in general. Even if the price remains as it is now quoted it will mean the ushering in at an early date of a season of unparalleled prosperity for every mining district in the province. The silver properties of the Slocan and Nelson divisions alone, when extensively and systematically operated, are sufficient to produce the most beneficial effect upon the country at large, while the results which will be experienced in Kootenay as soon as they are so worked will be gratifying in the extreme. The rise in silver is again attracting the attention of the investors in this direction, and it will not be long until they take advantage of the opportunities that await them. Capital does not require a great while to look around in its seeking for safe and legitimate investment, and if silver continues to hold its own above the 60c. mark this fact will soon be demonstrated in the opening up of new prospects, which have been lying idle for some time past.

An Eastern Bride.

On the 30th of November, J. M. R. Fairbairn, of Kaslo, and Miss Hannah Macfarlane, of Ottawa, were united in the bonds of wedlock at Revelstoke by the Rev. Robert Frew, of Nelson. Miss McFarlane, accompanied by her father, travelled from Ottawa to Revelstoke to meet her affianced. The young couple will be at home to their friends at the former residence of J. A. Whittier. The Kootenaian joins their many friends in well wishes for the future.—Kootenaian.

The MINING REVIEW joins in the general congratulations, and wishes Mr. and Mrs. Fairbairn many years of happy wedded life.

A Lively Tramp.

A tramp, whose name is unknown, made things lively for a time the other day at Whitewater. He entered the Whitewater hotel and commenced operations, as if he was employed by the Czar of Russia, to clear out the place. He was turned out doors as speedily as a couple of men could hand him out, and it kept both busy for a while to do it. Once out he commenced at one end of the building and smashed all the windows to the other end, cutting the main artery of his wrist in doing so. Mine host Martin observing good for evil got a hand car and sent the fellow to Kaslo for medical treatment.

THE ARCTIC VESUVIUS.

It Lights up the Long Night and Allows Miners to Pursue Their Work.

Further information of the active volcano discovered in the Atlin gold district of British Columbia, is to the effect that the volcano furnishes the miners light by which to work their claims during the long darkness of the Arctic winter. The glare from the spouting lava, reflected back against the sky gives an almost continuous light to the upper end of the Atlin district. From Dr. W. B. Kingslowe and T. H. James, mining men of Denver, comes the best and apparently most authentic description of the Alaskan Vesuvius. "The mountain in eruption," said Dr. Kingslowe, "is the second in the range of four towering peaks lying about fifty miles due south of lake Gladies and a slightly shorter distance from Atlin city. These mountains are all of at least 14,000 feet altitude, the crater resting a trifle below its three brother peaks.

"It was in the early part of October that the smoke was first seen issuing from the mountain. With the thought of volcano furthest from their minds the miners attributed those first signs of eruption to clouds hanging about the peak. So constant, however, was the cloud that it became an object of daily observance from Atlin city. Then on November 8th, the mountain burst forth in flames. Through the smoky clouds there shot a stream of molten lava, boulders and ashes that brightened the sky a radius of nearly forty miles, and sent its reflected light through the darkness down upon the men working on Birch, Discovery, McKee, Pine and other creeks, the sides of whose banks turn toward the volcano.

"A panic ensued among the miners when the ashes began falling upon them. The ashes fell to a depth of several inches, and the stream down the mountain side increased in magnitude.

"The fall of ashes later ceased and the men returned to work.

"When we left the miners were working nights, gladly profiting by the mellow twillight caused by the volcano's glare, which turned night into day.

"No name has yet been given the mountain, but when we left the Canadian officials at Atlin were preparing for an expedition to the volcano and will undoubtedly christen it."

Universal Eight-Hour Day.

Such an opportunity to gain an important end as comes to an association or organization only once in a lifetime is now confronting the working people of the United States. If Congress can be prevailed upon to insist upon the eight-hour law on all public works, and insist further that all material and supplies purchased by the government shall be such only as have been produced by men working eight hours, we will have taken a long step towards the universal adoption by all employers of the shorter work day.

We think it quite feasible to get all labor organizations together for this one purpose, and we think it ought to be done.

We have in existedce to-day the American Federation of Labor, the Western Labor Union, the Western Federation of Miners, the five great railroad brotherhoods, the Knights of Labor, the Socialist Labor party, and the Social Democracy, all of which decide for the eight-hour day. Why not federate all of these for the one purpose of inducing congress to pass the eight-hour law in question? See what a formidable force that would be. It would be absolutely irresistible.

Let Samuel Gompers, Daniel McDonald, Edward Boyce, P. M. Arthur, F. P. Sargeant, P. H. Morrissey, E. E. Clark, F. V. Powell, John Parsons, Daniel DeLeon and Uugene V. Debs hold a joint meeting in Washington, and in their several representative capacities form a quick acting combine that will sweep all opposition away.

The eight-hour day is ours if we will only go after it.—Pueblo Courier.

MINING RECORDS.

Recorded at New Denver.

ASSESSMENTS.

Dec 6—Naoma.
Dec 7—Robin.
Dec 12—Cube Loee, Chicago No 2.

TRANSFERS.

Dec 7—Rockingham ½, W S Taylor to Amos Thompson, Nov 29.
Queen City, Rockingham and Capital ½, Amos Thompson to P W Ellis.
Dec 8—England ½, A Brindle to C H Brindle, Dec 8.
Dec 9—Winton, E McGregor, G Harris and W M Martin to the Silver Band Mining Co, Nov 7.

CERTIFICATE OF IMPROVEMENTS.

Dec 6—Naoma, by B C Gold Trust.
Dec 7—Kaslo, Gro and Alma, by D E Sprague and J S Parker.
Dec 8—Hope No 2, by R Cooper and H Sheran.

MINES AND MINING.

The Black Grouse mine, near New Denver, is to be floated in London.

The Marion (N.D.) gives every promise of being a very satisfactory property.

The Comstock concentrator with a capacity of 50 tons a day will start up in January.

The Madison, above the Argo property, will ship a car of high grade ore in a few days.

The Indication and X Ray properties on Canyon creek are bought by Rossland parties.

The Blue Bird, recently leased by Scott McDonald, has commenced shipping to town largely.

The Ruth Co. have let a contract for a lower tunnel, on which work has already been commenced.

The London and B. C. Gold Fields Co. are very likely to purchase the Enterprise mine on Ten Mile creek.

The Ivanhoe has commenced to rawhide and ship. This will be a steady shipper for the winter. The amount will be 5 tons daily.

The Mountain Chief mine on Arrow Lake, above Brooklyn, has made its first shipment of 5 tons of ore to the Hall Mines smelter, and a big return is expected, as the property is rich in peacock copper. The mine belongs to the Golden Gate Development Co., Rossland.

It is reported that a very large body of ore has been encountered in No. 4 tunnel (the lowest one) of the Ruth mine. The corporation is a close one, and not disposed to let the public know much of their operations, but the strike is a very significant one, it it is understood.

In our issue of Dec. 3rd an error was made in the Three Forks ore shipments; the tonnage credited to the "Amora" mine was shipped by Idaho to Aurora. Report of last week's (ending Dec. 7) shipments arrived too late for publication. They were: Idaho to Everett, 200½ tons; Queen Bess to Everett, 108½ tons; total, 309 tons.

Sandon Ore Shipments.

The following is a list of ore shipments over the K. & S. from Sandon for the week ending December 15:

MINE.	TONS.
Payne	100
Ruth	71
Reco	20
Blue Bird	15
Total	206

The following are the ore shipments via the C. P. R. for the week ending December 16:

MINE.	TONS.
Payne	120
Slocan Star	60
Total	180

Slocan Lake Ore Shipments.

The shipments of ore from Slocan Lake points from Jan. 1, '98, up to and including week ending Dec. 8:

From New Denver—	Tons.
Bosun	244½
California	60
Total	304½

From Silverton—	Tons.
Comstock	185
Emily Edith	20
Fidelity	130
Fisher Maiden	107
Silver Nugget	5½
Vancouver	320
Wakefield	20
Total	832½

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.

There will be no morning service in the Virginia hall to-morrow; Rev. J. A. Cleland will preach at the usual hour in the evening—7:30.

Union Sabbath School in the Methodist church at 3 p. m. Everybody welcome.

HINTS FOR THE FARMER.

RAISING CALVES.

The farmer and dairyman who expects to continue in the business will find it to his interest to raise a number of calves each year to replace olden cattle that have been disposed of. There is a vast difference in calves. Some are not worth keeping until maturity. All such should be fatted for veal and disposed of, at five or six weeks old. With a little care, practice and the exercise of good judgment, one can form a pretty good idea of what a calf will be at maturity when only a few days old. If intended for the dairy the calf should be closely examined as to the conformation of the udder and teats. One can see in miniature these important organs, and have a fairly definite idea of what they will be like at maturity. Unless the udder is well shaped and has the appearance of being of good size with four good sized teats properly and widely placed, the calf had better be rejected and fed for the butcher. By turning the calf on its back the udder and teats can easily be examined. I have been offered well-bred Jersey calves that I would scarcely have taken as a gift at a year old for the dairy, because their teats were so closely placed that it would have been almost impossible to milk them. It was a mistake to raise such a calf; it ought to have been converted into veal. If the calf is intended for veal, it can take its milk from the cow in a natural way, or the cow can be milked and the milk given the calf to drink; but this is not usually considered as good as letting the calf take it direct from the cow, for the reason that it will drink too fast, and not being properly mixed with saliva as it is swallowed, the calf is more liable to have indigestion and stomach and bowel trouble. This objection might be obviated by using a patent calf feeder, from which the calf is obliged to take its milk more slowly. The calf should not remain with the cow longer than the first day of its life. Some stockmen prefer to take it from her as soon as dropped. In this way she will not become so much attached to it and will not worry over its absence. The cow should be milked and the calf fed soon after its appearance. It must at first have its own mother's milk. The milk of another cow that has been fresh for some time will not answer. The fresh milk from a fresh cow is much richer in albumen than from the same cow later, and is nature's special preparation for the new-born calf. The younger the calf is taught to drink, the easier it will be. As soon as it gets hungry, which is usually very soon, it has a tendency to suck anything it can get hold of. With an assistant to hold the pail, and the use of the finger, only a few lessons are required to teach it to drink the milk readily from a pail. Patience and perseverance are all that are necessary except the milk and the calf. The first week or ten days, the calf should have full milk; the amount will depend somewhat upon the size and breed of the calf. While four pounds at a feed would be enough for a delicate little Jersey six or eight might not be too much for a larger or more robust Holstein or Shorthorn. After about ten days, skim milk can gradually be substituted for the whole milk, doing so at the rate of a pound per day, until all skim milk is fed. By making the change gradually, no evil effects will be noticed. When beginning the use of skim milk instead of whole milk is a good time to begin the use of a little meal of some kind in the milk. Middlings, oil meal and a mixture of oats, wheat and corn, equal parts ground together, are all good. These will be better if scalded before being added to the milk. By beginning with a small quantity, say a tablespoonful, and increasing gradually no difficulty need be feared from scours. When one wishes to raise calves on skim milk for veal, something must be added to the milk to replace the butter fat extracted. When intended for the butcher at an early age, larger quantities of cornmeal can be fed than otherwise, the object in growing calves for the dairy being to encourage the growth of bone and muscle rather than fat. Twice per day is as often as the calf need be fed, at any age. To feed oftener is an unnecessary waste of time and labor, but it should be fed at regular hours. This is important as well as the amount of its feed. When once established, the quantity of its feed should not be varied abruptly without good reasons. After a calf is several weeks old it will begin to eat a little hay, and a little should be given it at each meal—just enough so that it will be eaten before the next feeding time. It will then eat it with a relish, and eat more than if it has it always before it. Bright clover hay is by far the best for it. If milk is scarce, a good substitute for it can be made by steeping clover hay in hot water, making a strong tea, and pouring it hot over some of the meals, or, what should be still better, a mixture of the meals before mentioned. Various prepared meals are sold for the feeding of calves, that are claimed to be a perfect substitute for milk. A farmer can by mixing about 50 per cent oil meal, 20 per cent each of ground corn and oats, and 10 per cent of middlings, have a meal that will be just as good at much less cost.

CIDER MAKING.

One of the most readily available ways of utilizing unmerchantable apples is to turn them into cider. When crops are at their best a very large portion of the fruit ought never to go onto the market as such. It brings no price itself and only serves to create an appearance of abundance which depresses the price that would otherwise be received for good fruit. In many apple growing states the unmerchantable part of the crop in good years is placed at as high as 40 per cent. The manufacture of cider in any small way is, however, unprofitable commercially. Exact experiment has shown that with even the best hand grinders and presses, only two gallons of cider is obtained from an average bushel of apples, as against four gallons when a medium-sized custom grinder and press, run by an eight-horse power engine, is used. Counting unmerchantable apples to be worth 8 cents a bushel it would cost to make the cider, 6 cents per gallon by the former method, while by the latter the cost was but two and three-tenths cents per gallon. At this latter price cider can be very profitably used to will, when made into jelly by boiling, manufacture vinegar, to make and enrich jellies and to make beverages. The manufacture of really good cider for consumption as such is as much of an art as wine making, and indeed many of the alleged "wines" imported and sold in this country as the fruit of the vine are really the product of the apple orchard. It is not, however, to the production of cider to be consumed as such, that we would especially direct the attention of the owner of the unmerchantable apples. The better use for the cider that can be made by one who is not an expert is the manufacture of vinegar, jellies, marmalades, etc. To make pure cider vinegar no matured apples are too poor. The process of fermentation, if left to itself is slow, but by mixing considerable quantities of fermented cider and old vinegar, fermentation can be greatly hastened. In making jelly suitable for table use the addition of a pound of sugar to each five pounds of cider, produces a very cheap, good and palatable jelly at a very low cost. Eleven gallons of cider, as it comes from the press, yield about forty pounds, probably quite as much as any family would care to put up. Cider is also a good medium in which to boil apples for the manufacture of marmalade, but for this purpose a somewhat better quality of apples is required. With apples at 20 cents a bushel marmalade can be manufactured in the way suggested for less than 2 cents a pound for the cost of the material. The figures of the manufacturers show that from eighty pounds of sliced fruit, to which eight gallons of cider and thirty-five pounds of sugar have been added, 116 pounds of marmalade can be made. In making marmalade it is a great saving to boil the apples and then pass them through the colander, instead of paring and coring them. The loss by this method is only one-fifth as much as by paring and coring with a knife, and the work is much more rapidly done.

MILKING.

Milking should be done with clean dry hands, and as the cow is making the most of the milk while it is being drawn from the udder, it is very important that she should be kept as quiet and contented as possible. The milking should be done as rapidly as can be without hurting the cow. The first part of the milk contains less than 1 per cent of fat, while the last portion has as high as 10 per cent of fat, hence the importance of thorough work in milking. Change of milkers is detrimental, as well as are all other abrupt changes in feeding or handling the good dairy cow.

The materials to form the milk are found in the udder untransformed to milk before milking. But by a sort of harmony existing between the milker and the cow, and by the stimulus excited upon the glands by the milker, the milk is largely caused to form.

AT MME. PATTI'S CASTLE.

Visiting Mme. Patti's superb castle in Wales, a guest not long since had a very curious experience. He chanced to open his window in the middle of the night, and, to his surprise, bells began to ring in every quarter of the grounds. Very much scared, but realizing that he had, after all, only set a burglar alarm going, the guest descended to reassure the household, when he instantly found himself in danger from a dozen roving dogs, who had obtained their freedom and were growling and snapping in the ugliest manner. At breakfast next morning he learned all about this curious fad of Mme. Patti, and wondered at it. The singer has a great dread of burglars. Some time ago a gang of these gentlemen from London attempted to obtain admittance, but were defeated in their object, and since that date Mme. Patti has set up every kind of burglar alarm that exists. The queer part about one of these is, however, well worth noticing. Her largest dog, an enormous brute, who might be relied on to cope with a little army of thieves, is kept rigorously chained in a patent kennel. But the chain is so arranged that should any one attempt to open a window or a door in the castle the dog is released and free to rove at his pleasure, it being presumed that he would at once make for the burglars and do his duty. The idea is ingenious, and, as the traveller discovered, not a little dangerous.

FOR TALKATIVE WIVES.

In a thriving village is located a jewelry store of high standard, its sole proprietor being Joseph Hodges, a business man on no small scale. His wife Marian is a faithful life partner, and does all she can to make his home one of peace and comfort.

"What's the matter, Joseph?" she asked, having removed her coat and bonnet and taken a seat by the fire. They had just returned from an evening party. "What's the matter?" she repeated, drawing nearer the gate. "You have been so sober and torpid all the way home."

"I'll tell you, Marian," he replied, "but don't be offended at what I'm about to say. Were I to recite a volume of small talk I couldn't tell you how you have wounded my feelings tonight."

"Me—wounded your feelings?" she uttered, looking at her husband in surprise. "What do you mean?"

"Don't you remember your remark when I was discussing bicycles with Mr. Daniels?"

"No, I'm sure I don't; what did I say?"

"Well, when I said my wheel cost $90 you interrupted me and said only $85."

"Was that so terrible. I'd like to know?" his wife asked, not in the best humor, for, like many others, she didn't like to discuss her faults.

"It was nothing terrible," returned Joseph, "but very annoying to me. When I said my wheel cost $90, I meant it, for that was its price, and your remark was uncalled for. The moment you spoke a smile passed around the company, and I felt as though they regarded me a common boaster."

"Then, again, during the evening you corrected me when there was no occasion to. It was when I was telling Mrs. Daniels about my horse running away. I said he ran nearly a mile before I could stop him, but you instantly assured the company that it wasn't over half a mile."

"Indeed, I cannot see anything so bad about it, anyway," she answered; "you are forever accusing me of my faults."

"Now, Marian dear," he said, drawing his chair close to her and fondly caressing her golden head, "will you promise to never again correct me in company and wound my feelings as you have to-night?"

Mrs. Hodges made no decided promise, but she resolved to do the best she could, and here the matter rested for the present.

One night two weeks later Mr. Hodges gave a party at his own house. After supper the company gathered around the fire to discuss the topics of the day.

"Hodges," said one of the visitors, a noted silk dealer named Edmunds, "how does Thomas get along now?"

"Oh, fine!" returned Hodges; "he is coining money now."

This Thomas was Mrs. Hodges' brother, and one whom she loved dearly.

"Glad of that," said Edmunds, "I feared he would have trouble getting paid for those goods he sent out west."

"No, there's no fear of Jim Thomas losing money," returned Hodges.

"Why, Joseph," interrupted his wife, "don't you remember he told us the other night"— here Hodges cast a quick glance at his wife, but she would not notice it for she must correct her husband's mistake—"he said he feared he wouldn't get his pay for the goods sent to Thurston & Co., and, oh dear, I hope he won't lose all that, for it would ruin him."

"Oh, Marian, you don't understand this matter," said her husband. "Jim stands all right with the western firm."

"Well, I guess I know," quickly retorted his wife, "for I heard him tell about it, and if I was Jim I'd have no more to do with such people."

Joseph Hodges could say no more; his face showed his feelings as he cast meaning glances toward his wife.

About 10 o'clock the following evening, as Mr. and Mrs. Hodges were thinking of retiring, the door opened and Jim Thomas entered.

"For heaven's sake, Jim! What's the matter?" cried Mrs. Hodges, perceiving his deathlike countenance.

"I am ruined," he said, "yes a ruined man."

"Is it that western firm?" asked Marian.

"No," he said sadly, "but the people here have come down on me."

"Do you mean all is lost, Jim," returned Joseph.

"Yes, everything," he replied heartbrokenly.

"Somehow Edmunds has discovered that I feared the western firm, and, owing him a large sum, he has demanded it immediately. Just another month and all would be safe, but it's late now; he has placed an officer over my goods."

Marian sat pale and trembling. She plainly saw what she had done, but, alas! too late to recall those few hasty words. Looking up into her brother's face she uttered in a feeble voice: "Oh, Jim, I am the cause of all this, but don't blame me now. It is the result of my foolish habit of correcting my husband before others."

Mrs. Hodges slept little that night, and arose next morning with an aching heart and head. Her husband clasped her to his bosom and forgave her, as also did her brother.

This eased her somewhat, but she saw her brother drop from his high position all through her fault.

After a time Thurston & Co. paid their note, and Thomas was able to cancel his debts. He went into partnership with Joseph Hodges, and both carried on a profitable business.

But Marian never forgot her terrible lesson. Never after this did she interrupt her husband in company with needless corrections.

INDUSTRIOUS MONARCHS.

"Uneasy Lies the Head that Wears a Crown," Is a True Saying.

"As happy as a king" is an old way of expressing the idea of perfect happiness, but possibly happiness is not so truly a characteristic of royalty as hard work is, and "as busy as a king" may yet be considered a more fitting comparison. The working day of the kings and queens of Europe, unlike that of some of their subjects, has never yet been shortened by law, and it certainly is not shortened by custom.

The Emperor of Germany is not to be found in bed later than five o'clock in the summer, although in the winter he does not begin his day's labors until six. Since the empress herself prepares his morning cup of coffee, she, too, rises early, and the young German princes are brought up to follow the example of their parents.

The Princess of Wales, when at Marborough House for the London season, is one of the hardest-worked women in England. When her children were young, says the Woman at Home, she always made it a rule to be ready for breakfast at half past eight in the morning, so as to go into the schoolroom at nine o'clock to inspect the "copies" written on the previous day.

The energy required for the carrying out of such a rule will be better appreciated when it is understood that while at Marlborough House during the London season, the princess rarely finishes her day's duties before two o'clock in the morning. After her return from the entertainments at which her presence is a necessity, she usually takes the hours from twelve to two in the morning to write private letters, because she has so little time during the day. At Sandringham, however, when not entertaining large parties, she allows herself a little more rest.

The queen herself, although she is not now a young woman, never goes to bed before twelve o'clock, and is awakened soon after seven in the morning. During the day her time is so fully taken up that she has none to lie down and rest, as most of her subjects have after reaching her age.

The late Empress of Austria was perhaps the earliest riser of all the royal personages of Europe. She allowed herself only the short sleep to be snatched between eleven o'clock at night and three the next morning. After that she was up, and the worst of it was that she insisted on her unfortunate suite being up also.

BIGGEST WEDDING EVER KNOWN.

On the day that Alexander the Great was married no fewer than 20,202 persons in one ceremony were made husbands and wives. This seems impossible, but the event really took place, as historical records tell us. This monster wedding occurred upon the conquest by Alexander the Great of Persia, which was then ruled over by King Darius.

Alexander married Statira, the daughter of the conquered king, and decreed that 100 of his chief officers should be united to 100 ladies from the noblest Persian and Medean families; In addition to this, he stipulated that 10,000 of his Greek soldiers should marry 10,000 Asiastic women.

When everything was settled a vast pavilion was erected, the pillars of which were sixty feet high. One hundred gorgeous chambers adjoined this for the 100 noble bridegrooms, while for the remaining 10,000 an outer court was inclosed, outside of which tables were spread for the multitude. Each pair had seats, and ranged themselves in a semi-circle round the royal throne. Of course, the priests could not marry this vast number of couples, so Alexander the Great devised a very simple ceremony. He gave his hand to Statira and kissed her—an example that all the bridegrooms followed.

Thus ended the ceremony, and that vast number were married. Then followed the festival, which lasted five days, the grandeur of which has never been equaled since.

PRETTIEST GIRL IN PARIS.

Mlle. Ernestine Curot has been chosen as the muse of Paris, she having been proclaimed in public competition the most beautiful girl in the city. Mlle. Curot follows the occupation of milliner. She is eighteen years of age, has blonde hair, and large dark eyes; her nose is slightly retousse, her figure is small, but graceful, and altogether she is described as being "an incarnation of delicious coquetry."

A FOREGONE CONCLUSION.

What a tall girl Brigham's daughter has grown to be! She must be six feet at least.

Yes, but she's a mighty nice girl and the little fellow that's going to marry her will be a lucky chap.

Who is he?

I don't know.

But you just spoke of him as a little fellow.

Well, being a tall girl, she wouldn't marry any but a little fellow, would she?

INCIDENT OF THE PLAGUE

BRITAIN GOVERNS INDIA BY LOVE AS WELL AS FORCE.

How the Parsees, Hindoos and Mohammedans Gathered to Honor Gallant Major Minchin—A Typical Incident.

The Belgaum railway station was on September 25 the scene of a remarkable outburst of native gratitude to a plague magistrate, says the London Mail.

Belgaum is a military station in Western India, and has been the scene of a virulent plague epidemic. Major Minchin, of the India Staff Corps, was Belgaum's cantonment magistrate, and on him developed the duty of directing the fight against the pestilence among the native population. Major Minchin left Belgaum for England on the date mentioned above.

A correspondent of the "Times of India," thus describes his departure:—

"There were triumphal arches about the station and floral decorations.—the spontaneous offerings and labours of affectionate hearts. No official whip had gone forth—no highly placed native officials had been busy supervising mere task work.

THE GREAT CROWD,

outside the station gates—a crowd of the lowest, raggedest, poorest, scarred with suffering and want—was the strangest, the most eloquent, and, if not scenically, morally, the most splendid tribute to the power wielded over simple natives by an eminentally just and sympathetic man. Hardly a European was visible—Major Minchin's English friends had already feted him at the club and said good-bye.

"But the bazaar was there. Old tottering women, little children, all the rag-tag and bob-tail of the bazaar slums lined the road, moved to the depths, for once, of their simple souls by the magic of an Englishman's sympathy. They could not get into the station—they were not respectable enough—but they stood stolidly in the pouring rain, rank upon rank, weeping and lingering to the last glimpse of the departing train, before they plodded wearily back to their dull hard lives, out of which they left that one element of gladness was lost for ever.

"On the platform the better classes—fellow-workers with Major Minchin in fighting the plague—all the leading shopkeepers, bankers, Parsees, Hindoos, and Mohommedans, crowded about him. Every man offered garlands, and Major Minchin, who would refuse his friends nothing, was barely visible under the load of flowers he bore. The poor major could find no words to speak. A pretty little Parsee girl was lifted up by her father to add a final garland as the train was starting. With perfect naturalness Major Minchin kissed the child on both cheeks, as his eyes ran over, and all about his native friends muttered parting benedictions."

WHY THEY LOVED HIM.

How the gallant major gained so complete an ascendancy over the hearts of the people is told by the same correspondent:

"Throughout the terrible sufferings inflicted on the humblest inhabitants by plague, Major Minchin had devoted himself to their cause with unobtrusive self-abnegation. All day and every day he was with them, encouraging them under awful trials, supporting them with that rare blend of sternness and living sympathy which the poorest Indian understands and reverences.

"His compound was often filled with the live stock of segregated families; his energy and tender-heartedness secured his people at least a few comforts in the arid miseries of plague camps, so that as the days of death and suffering passed on, his sustaining personality gained in their imaginations vivid attributes of divinity. It is the simple truth that the ignorant, superstitious Kakars believed that the cantonment magistrate was something more than human, and worshipped him as the near relation of a god."

What Major Minchin has done at Belgaum other Englishmen are doing throughout the country. It is these district officers that in truth rule India.

THE MODE IN GLOVES.

Bold, aggressive shades are not really in demand for all their brave showing in the shops. They are not in good taste, and only call unnecessary attention to the hand, which, beyond being well dressed, should never be conspicuous. Rich, quiet tones prevail, in bluets, browns, red browns, tans, green and light tans.

The stitching is usually two-toned, often introducing a thread of black and the fillet embroidery is neatest and most delicate. As a rule, lightweight gloves have light-stitching, and the piques and heavy makes have broader embroidery. The Paris point gloves decoration is much in vogue, and pique gloves are usually finished with spear backs, which is, after all, the best idea for heavy-weight. Self-stitching is again quite popular, and all black of any shade of kid is much seen. The snap is still first choice for street gloves, and in some of the fashionable new shades has a hemispherical top, the color of the glove, made to stimulate stained ivory. There are but two on some new gloves, but the longer wrist is still to be had. Glace is universally selected for the street, while the mousquetaire in suede is favored for evening, and for the latter the tint is very often of a soft cream shade.

FUNNIGRAMS.

Hargreaves—Do you know what is the difference between an avenue and a street? Ferry—About $30 on a month's rent.

Tommy—Paw, how did lead get it's name? Mr. Figg—They tried to make nails of it, and found it could not be driven.

Clara—What became of that young Woodby you refused last winter? Maude, who is still single,—Oh, he married provokingly well.

An Easy Question.—Teacher—Why did the Normans and Saxons fight at Hastings? Pupil—That's where they happened to meet, ma'am.

He—They say that 116,000,000 people now speak the English language. She—I wonder how many of them say "he done it" and "I have saw?"

Mrs. Pitt—Has Mrs. Oakland any children? Mrs. Penn—She has two, a boy and a girl. The boy is a '95 model and the girl a '97.

Dawson's an awfully extravagant chap. Yes, he is. Has he got much money back of him? I'm afraid he has more than he has ahead of him.

Mary—Teacher says history repeats itself. Tommy—Well, I guess it don't. And a feller's got to be able to do some purty hard scrappin' to be able to repeat itself.

Sorry to Lose Him—Mrs. Hartbroque—Our daughter has eloped with the coachman—Hartbroque — That's too bad. He was the best coachman I ever had.

Letting Himself Down Easy.—I think my old overcoat will do till Christmas. Yes, and after Christmas you won't get one because it will be so near spring.

I'm afraid my wife's affection for me is cooling. Why? When she bade me good-bye this morning she didn't say, Be sure to hurry home as early as possible.

Tommy—Mamma, why are papa's watches always bigger than mammas' watches? His mother—Oh, it seems that men can't get along without having great times.

Mrs. Orrison—You must not encourage the attention of young Mr. Rollingbroke any more, my dear. Your father tells me he gambles. Clara—But, mamma, he has already won enough from father for us to be married on.

Of No Utility—Here, said Mrs. Snaggs, who was reading some health hints in the newspaper, here is an article entitled "Save Doctors' Bills." It is of no use to save them if they are not receipted, added Mr. Snaggs gloomily.

The trouble with us is that we live too fast in this age, he said oracularly. We are in too much of a hurry; we do not give ourselves time enough; we—Pardon me, she interrupted coldly. You have no right to take it for granted that we are all scorchers.

Two of a Kind.—Husband, at the breakfast table—Oh, for some of the biscuits my mother used to make! Wife, sweetly—I'm sorry you haven't got them, dear. They would be just stale enough by this time to go well with that remark.

BY HEIGHT NOT BY AGE.

How the Fare of Children on European Railways is Measured.

Nearly every one knows that the rule on railway trains and other public conveyances which provides for the carrying free of children under 5 years old, and of charging half fares for those between the ages of 5 and 12, often results in statements from the parents which are as trying to a normal conscience as the affidavits made by many tourists regarding dutiable goods among their belongings.

Sometimes these answers result in unpleasant controversies between conductors and passengers, but usually our national tact and good nature help along the adjustment without undue friction. In parts of Europe they have a way of fixing this matter so that no one has cause to quarrel about it.

Instead of going by a child's age, as to what rate of fare it shall pay, they go by size. The collector is provided with a 5-foot rule, and he rates the children by this. Any child under 24 inches in height travels free, while those who measure between 24 inches and 51 inches pay half fare. All who measure more than 4 feet 3 inches pay full fare.

When a man tells you he has just been married it sometimes puzzles you to know whether he expects congratulations or sympathy.

The Probabilities.

Are, that your temper will improve, and you will enjoy walking and skating in real earnest once that sore corn is removed. Putnam's Painless Corn Extractor never fails, gives no pain and will relieve you in twenty-four hours. Give Putnam's Corn Extractor a trial and be happy.

Nothing ever upsets the even tenor of a woman's way so much as the intuition that her bonnet isn't on straight.

MOSS & PHOSPHATE.

"The Border Counties, Advertiser, also has letters from farmers who attest to Alberts' Thomas-Phosphate powder having eliminated moss the general reason being given that the clover which comes seems to lift the moss out of the ground. They recommend as well to harrow such lands when putting on the phosphate, to allow it to get down into the earth. Another correspondent under the nom-de-plume of Yorkshire" attests to the coming of clover and general improvement from his personal knowledge.

Catarrh

How This Disagreeable Disease May Be Entirely Overcome.

Catarrh in the head, with its ringing noises in the ears, buzzing, snapping sounds, severe headaches and disagreeable discharges from the nose and throat is permanently cured by Hood's Sarsaparilla, which purifies and enriches the blood, soothes and rebuilds the delicate tissues, giving them a tendency to health instead of disease, and cures the affliction, in a natural way, simply by removing its cause and repairing the injury it has done. If you have catarrh take Hood's Sarsaparilla before the disease develops into something more serious. Remember

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Is Canada's Greatest Medicine. Price $1.

Hood's Pills cure Indigestion. 25 cents.

QUICK WORK.

A Division of Russian cavalry, together with Horse Artillery, has recently been exercised in crossing the Niemen River, near Kovno, as nearly as possible under war conditions. The river is about 250 yards wide, and some 20 feet deep, with a fairly strong current. One regiment of Dragoons swam across with their horses in 33 minutes, another in 36 minutes, and a Cossack regiment, sotnia succeeding sotnia, got across in 29 minutes. The men's arms and clothes, together with the few men who could not swim, were taken across in boats or on rafts, and improvised rafts carried the guns and wagons. The whole division got across in four hours, and there were no mishaps of any importance. The weather was wet and therefore not favorable to the experiment.

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

BANK CHECKS.

The bank checks passing through the Clearing Houses in London and New York in one month exceed the value of all the gold and silver coin in the world.

Cure Yourself of Rheumatism.

The application of Nerviline—nerve-pain cure—which possesses such marvellous power over all nerve pain, has proved a remarkable success in rheumatism and neuralgia. Nerviline acts on the nerves, soothes them, drives pain out and so gives relief. Try it and be convinced.

NOISE AND SLEEP.

Experiments now show that during profound sleep a noise not sufficient to awaken the sleeper produces a perceptible rise in the temperature of the brain.

ALBERT'S THOMAS PHOSPHATE POWDER

TASTE YOUR DIAMONDS.

One test for distinguishing diamonds from glass and paste is to touch them with the tongue. The diamond feels much the colder.

HOW'S THIS?

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

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

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

WEST & TRUAX, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O.; WALDING, KINNAN & MARVIN, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O.

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

Hall's Family Pills are the best.

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Stammerers After 40 years of struggle and toil I have found freedom for you. Write for terms or call for free consultation. All welcome. W. K. Bate, Specialist, 392 College-st., Toronto.

POINTED PARAGRAPHS.

A woman's look may affect a man more than her words.

No one has been able to prove that Bacon was Shake's peer.

Realization is never a luxury to the man who did not hope.

Only the fear of endless torment causes some sinners to repent.

It is safer to learn from an enemy than it is to instruct a friend.

It's useless for a man to seek a steady job if he isn't that way himself.

Turn some men loose in a brewery and trouble would very soon begin to brew.

A GIRL'S TRIBUTE.

SHE TELLS HOW DODD'S KIDNEY PILLS GAVE HER HEALTH.

Thousands of Girls Need the Same Remedy, for They are Suffering from Similar Diseases—Dodd's Kidney Pills Will Cure Them.

Toronto, Dec. 5.—There are thousands of girls in this city who are passing the best years of their lives in sickness and misery, when they should be enjoying the blessings of health, strength and vigor.

The observer who will watch the crowds of girls and young women streaming homeward every evening, after their hard day's work, cannot but be struck by the many faces—young faces—that should be rosy with the glow of health, with sparkling eyes, and well-rounded cheeks, but which are pale and careworn, with dark circles round eyes that have lost their brightness.

A glance is enough to show that these tired and worn-out girls are suffering. And such a spectacle is doubly sad, because there is no need for it. Dodd's Kidney Pills would bring the brightness back to the eyes, the bloom to the cheek, the firmness to the step, the vigor to the entire body.

No other medicine on earth can produce such astonishingly beneficial results, in these cases, as Dodd's Kidney Pills can and will.

Miss Mary Dinsdale, 73 Esther street, has proved the truth of this statement She says: "I have been a sufferer from Female Weakness, Nervous and Liver Trouble, and doctored without deriving any benefit. I began using Dodd's Kidney Pills and my recovery dated from that time. They have cured me thoroughly."

A trial will speedily convince any sufferer that Dodd's Kidney Pills will positively restore her to health.

Free One 3-cent stamp will get you a free sample of Campana's Italian Balm, the best preparation for all roughness of skin, chapped hands or face. The Hutchings Medicine Co., Toronto.

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Best Commercial School in the Province; enter now; catalogue free. W. J. ELLIOTT, Principal.

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ADJUSTABLE STOVE PIPES.
Easy put up and taken down. Can be cleaned, nested, and put away in a small space. Ask your dealers for them. Manufactured by
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Montreal and Quebec to Liverpool in summer. Large and fast twin screw steamships "Labrador," "Vancouver," "Dominion," "Scotsman," "Yorkshire." Superior accommodation for First Cabin, Second Cabin and Steerage passengers. Rates of passage—First Cabin, $60.00; Second Cabin, $35; Steerage $22.50 and upwards according to steamer and berth. For all information apply to Local Agents, or DAVID TORRANCE & Co., Gen'l Agents, 17 St. Sacrament St., Montreal.

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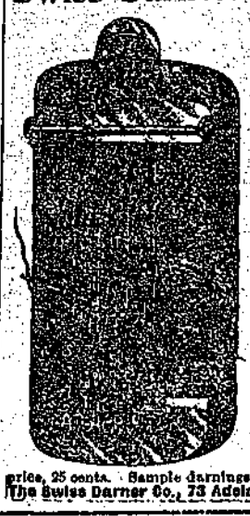

After a little practice we pay ladies $10 a week salary who have learned to become sufficiently proficient with THE SWISS DARNER to act as our agents and to instruct others in their locality. We require thousands of sample darnings for our business, and girls and women who have THE SWISS DARNER can easily earn from $3 to $9 weekly in darning samples for us. THE SWISS DARNER will put a fresh heel or toe in a stocking in two minutes. It mends table cloths, curtains, underwear and all fabrics with equal nicety and speed, and a child can operate it as easily as a grown person. THE SWISS DARNER, neatly boxed, complete with full instructions, testimonials, etc., sent to any address on receipt of price, 25 cents. Sample darnings, five cents additional. The Swiss Darner Co., 73 Adelaide St. W., Toronto.

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We give this fine watch, and also a chain and charm for selling two dozen LEVER COLLAR BUTTONS, at 10 cts. each. Send your address and we forward the Buttons, postpaid, and our Premium List. No money required. Sell the Buttons among your friends, return the money, and we send the watch, prepaid. A genuine American watch, guaranteed a good timepiece.
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Earn this valuable Watch, Chain and Charm by selling twenty Topaz Scarf Pins, at 15 cents each. Send your address and we forward the Pins and our Premium List, postpaid. No money required. These Pins will almost sell themselves, for the Topaz has all the brilliance of the best diamonds, and has never before been offered at anything like this price. The Watch is neat in appearance, thoroughly well made, and fully guaranteed. Unsold Pins may be returned. Mention this paper when writing.
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The best and most sensible invention of the age. Endorsed and recommended by MEDICAL men all over the country. PRICE SO REASONABLE that no home should be without one. Write for circular to
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Capital Stock $2,500,000, Divided into Shares of $1 each.
Stock Non-Assessable. No Personal Liability.

This Company has secured by purchase 680 acres of gold-stocked lands on the Snake River of Idaho, containing about Fifty Million cubic yards of gravel which pans from assays made an average value of over $1.50 per yard in gold, and the cost of saving the gold is only 3 cents per yard by using the Improved Dredge manufactured by the "Risdon Iron Co.," of San Francisco.

Five hundred thousand ($500,000) of the preferred shares, par value $1 each are offered at 25 cents per share. Those shares will receive a dividend of five per cent. on the par value before the common stock will receive any dividend. We predict that this stock will be worth par in six months. The Company is negotiating for another Placer property which pans as high as $9 per yard, and a free-milling quartz property that assays from $30 to $300 per ton.

This is the best stock ever offered in Canada, as the gold is in sight and only requires the proper machinery to separate it from the gravel.

J. McADAM, Secretary,
Head Office—Confederation Building, Toronto.

The Mining Review

SATURDAY.....DECEMBER 17, 1898.

THE SMELTER QUESTION.

The Nelson Tribune is afraid the reciprocity negotiations, now going on between representatives of Canada and the United States, will result in the free interchange of ores. It is this pessimistic view of things in this country by a section, of its press that is retarding its progress. The Tribune's feelings for the country go no farther than the boundaries of the city in which it is published. It is afraid that if our ores are admitted into the States free of duty the circumstance would operate against the Nelson smelter; and, of course, from the Tribune's point of view, it is of more importance that Nelson should become a smelter city, than that the rest of British Columbia should prosper. As a matter of fact most British Columbians would rather see our ores smelted here than in the States, as it employs much labor at home; but all British Columbians would rather see our ores smelted advantageously and extensively even in the States than not at all. That's the vital point. Even if there was a free interchange of ores, this should not seriously hamper the Nelson smelter, if its owners had enterprise. To-day there is much demand for our bullion abroad, and the day is not far distant when there will be a large demand outside for it. In the near future then, both Canada and the States will have to look for an outside market for their bullion. Under such circumstances, even with free interchange of ores, the Nelson smelter should have a decided advantage, in so far as the home product is concerned, over American smelters—it would have the protection of the extra cost of freight on ore to American smelters over bullion to American markets. If again it became more enterprising than its American competitors, doubtless it could offer greater inducements in smelting to mine owners in the States than the home concerns do.

The great trouble with nearly all Canadian manufacturers is that after getting protection, after whining long and loud for it, they abuse their privileges by socking on the highest prices their protection will allow and stifle outside competition. This is the case with nearly every manufacturer in Canada that can be mentioned.

The people of Slocan City have resolved on properly advertising their town and surroundings, which is a most commendable move from every point of view. Like all other portions of the Slocan, that district has many most valuable properties around it, discovered and undiscovered, if there was only sufficient capital available to work them, and as a residential point it is unsurpassed in the province. Rossland to-day is a place of much activity, and nothing under the heavens makes it more so than any place in the Slocan but the advertising it is getting. Its greatest mine, the LeRoi, for instance, is not nearly so valuable a property as some of the silver mines of the Slocan, and yet you hear of Rossland and the LeRoi everywhere, merely because the possibilities of the surroundings of the place, real and imaginary, are advertised everywhere. What the Slocan requires is a well-written pamphlet dealing with the facts as they are known, showing the possibilities of the country under development, and circulated in all quarters where it is known there is money for investment. Mr. Cliffe, of The Mining Review, has made a commencement on such a pamphlet, and he would be glad to hear from anyone in the Slocan, who is desirous of encouraging the circulation of such a publication. Silver is now a good price, and from the indications it is inclined to go still higher, which fact should do much to create a keen demand for silver properties.

Mr. Green, M.P.P., was in the city Wednesday, making enquiry as to what the city required of him the coming session of the legislature. We understand he is making a tour of the constitutency on this errand. This is something like it. Whoever heard of Mr. Bostock, Mr. Mara or Mr. Hume condescending to do the like of this? they knew it all themselves, and the constituency never got anything as the result of the exertions of any of them. As the most of government grants are got through log-rolling, to the discredit of the legislatures, it must be said, all that remains for Mr. Green to do, to get justice for his constituency, is to be popular with the majority of the House, as he certainly will be, and get assistance, in pressing for his grants, in return for help to other constituencies.

In common with many other papers in the province, The Review is of the opinion that there is too much of a bugaboo about this "contempt of court" cry altogether. A judge is just as good a man as any one else, if he behaves himself, but no better, and his acts ought to be as open to criticism as the acts of any one else. Very often, as in the case of the late government's libel suits, cases are put into court to stifle criticism by the press, on the ground that it is "contempt of court" to comment on any case in the courts and untried. In this way it often becomes more of contempt of justice than a contempt of court.

If the reported find of coal oil in Alberta, near the Crow's Nest Pass road turns out to be well founded, it will mean a great deal for this country. Crude oil is an excellent fuel for engines of every description, and it can be transported boxed at a cheap rate. Apart from this, if the supply proves satisfactory there will soon be refining plants on the ground, and with the cheap rates over the Crow's Nest road, the Kootenays ought to have much cheaper light than it has at present.

MADE NEW MAN.

"I must say Laxa-Liver Pills made a new man of me. I was troubled with indigestion, fluttering of the heart and pain in the small of the back, and after taking the Laxa-Liver Pills for about three weeks they cured me." Melville Miller, Bensfort P.O., Ont.

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PRESENTS

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Headquarters for Mining and Commercial Men.

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Our FALL Stock
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Consisting of the finest line of Imported English Worsteds, Irish Serges and Scotch Tweeds.

PANTING FROM $6.50 UP
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What a satisfaction there is in knowing your suit is made from the latest and newest goods in the market, and then the trimming should be considered how nicely satin sleeve lining and a beautiful satin finished body lining add to the beauty and comfort of a coat.

We guarantee all work first class in style, fit and finish.

Don't forget to treat yourself to a nice Overcoat this fall.

A. DAVID, The Miners' Tailor

Opposite Hotel Reco, Reco Ave., Sandon.

Do you see this package?

keep it in your mind

and when you ask for "Athlete"

See that this is what you get.

CARPETS
AND
LINOLEUMS
On hand at
Robertson's Furniture Wareroom
Directly opposite the C.P.R. station.
PICTUREFRAMING A SPECIALTY.
Note: We also carry high-class Undertaking Goods.

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A new and splendid assortment of seas able materials for all kinds of garments r on hand.

Do Not Forget Our Motto--
A FIT WE GUARANTEE.

In addition to perfect fits we guaran perfect workmanship, a matter of m moment in this day of close competition.

Our prices the lowest.

J. R. & D. CAMERON,
KOOTENAY'S TAILO

XMAS SPECIALTIES!

We have just received a large consignment of Fancy Biscuits, Assorted Candied Peels, London Layer Raisins, California Figs, Japanese Oranges, and New Jersey Cranberries.

ALSO

A new line of Glassware specially bought for the bar trade, consisting of Colored Glasses—Tom and Jerry Sets, Decanters, Syrups and Bitter Bottles; all of new design.

We need not mention that our prices are always right.

Hunter Brothers.

P. BURNS & CO.
Dealers in Mea

At Sandon, Rossland, Nelson, Kaslo, Pilot Bay and Three Forks.
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COAL COAL COA

Having secured the agency for the Lethbridge Coal for Sandon, New Denver and Silverton, I am prepared to fill orders promptly.

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WHOLESALE WINE . AND . LIQUOR MERCHANTS.

We are now prepared to furnish the following goods at prices that defy competition. Try us and be convinced.

Rye Whiskies

In Wood and Glass.

Gooderham & Worts — H. Walker and Sons
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Brandies

In Wood and Glass.

Hennesey — Gonzalez & Co.

Champagne

G. H. Mumm & Co. — Pommery

Gins

Booth's — Meagher's
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In Wood or glass.

Clarets — Ports
Sherries — Native Wines

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Bass's — Drewry's
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Absenthe — Merischino
Vermouth — Curacao
Benedectine — Chartreuse
Cherries

Bitters

J. Bull — Angostura
Orange

STORIES OF THE SEA

By EDWARD JENKINS, M.P.

Author of "Little Hodge," "Lord Bantam," "Ginx's Baby," &c.

CHAPTER VII.—Continued.

Sir Benjamin was delighted. They proceeded aft. Lord Pendlebury said a few polite words to Lady Peakman about the weather, slyly squinting meanwhile into the purser's cabin at its occupant, who was listening intently to all that took place; and then, after exchanging a few commonplace remarks with Araminta, the peer lifted his hat, and coolly walking back again, resumed his position opposite little Mrs. McGowkie, who became more lively and pretty than ever. Shrewd Sandy McGowkie had not been an apprentice at Lewis and Allonby's for nothing. He had watched the whole performance with a sardonic interest and a grim sense of humour, which produced curious results on his steady face.

Araminta pouted and pretended to sleep. Lady Peakman tossed her head and turned her back. Sir Benjamin's study of Mr. William Black's charming book assumed an intensity which the great novelist would have been pained to witness, especially if he had noticed that not a page was turned over for half-an-hour. After lunch, however, the peer, with commanding coolness, seized upon the knight stool, conning with the air of an amateur admirer the graceful figure and pretty dress of Miss Araminta, made himself immensely at home. The facile knight lent himself agreeably to this whim, his lady endeavoured, with indifferent success, to run a delicate line between hauteur and amiability. She was too fond of governing to endure with equanimity a neat and successful rebuff. But little Araminta prattled away in the best Windsor-school style, and by-and-by, when Lord Pendlebury gravely asked the permission of Lady Peakman to give her daughter a promenade, it was very solacing to the old lady to watch the lithe damsel leaning on the steady arm of the rich and brilliant young peer.

CHAPTER VIII.

Ding-Dong, &c. Once more that dinner bell with its "clang and clash and roar!" The bright cool weather had quickened the blood and sharpened the appetites of the saloon passengers, and with very few exceptions they showed up at the table. There was the captain, rosy and smiling, fresh from his shaving-glass, in his blue jacket and gilt buttons, every inch a sailor and a man. He was chatting with his friends the McGowkies. Sandy had been crossing to and fro for ten years, and Captain Windlass and he always "foregathered" with mutual good-will. Mr. Carpmael, a trifle sea-green perhaps about the cheeks, and his wife were at the table. Next to them there had seated herself a tall lady, who, though past the prime of life, still showed traces of a period when she must have figured as handsome. Her fine cap and black lace shawl, which dropped negligently off her shoulders, vindicated her regard for the conventional custom of dressing for dinner.

Lady Peakman coming in, as usual, late, with considerable fuss, exchanged glances with this lady, and saw in a moment that she had to do with a person probably as skilled as herself in the ways of society. Araminta's dress showed that her maid has been put to some trouble in preparing her for action. The knight in his black frock coat asserted the eminent dignity of the family. Behind his chair the new valet silently stationed himself.

"Oh, I thought," said Lady Peakman to the captain, as she raised her glasses and swept the table with her glance she had reached the point where Lord Pendlebury — who, she observed in a moment, still retained his grey tweed coat — was sitting, "I thought, captain, that you would have been able to arrange that Lord Pendlebury should join our party at the head of the table."

"I should have been very happy," said the captain, with the indifference of a matter-of-fact man who was master of his ship, "to find Lord Pendlebury a place somewhere up here, had he applied to me in time. But he selected his own seat."

"Oh, I know. He came on board late," said her ladyship. And turning her eyes inquiringly across the table, she added, with a curious mixture of graciousness and insolence, "Perhaps Mr. McGowkie could——"

"Na!" said Sandy McGowkie, drily, interrupting her. "We're no to move, my Lady Peakman, noo we're settled down in these seats. His lordship may just shift for himsel'."

"The impertinent puppy," said Lady Peakman to himself. "And after his lordship has been so condescending to him."

The lady opposite McGowkie could hardly repress a smile, which the knight caught and resented. Lady Peakman had not been so fortunate.

"Oh," she said, turning deliberately towards the stranger, "there he is a lady who, I believe, has no companion. Do you think, madam, that it might be possible to arrange that Lord Pendlebury—a friend of ours — who is at the foot of the table, might be allowed to join us by making an exchange of seats with you?"

"Lord Pendlebury, madam," said the lady, quietly raising a single eye-glass and looking at the peer, "is an old friend of ours—I mean, of mine—and I can scarcely conceive that he would consent to the arrangement you propose."

"The table must stand as it is arranged," said the captain, bluntly, and he was dashed in Lady Peakman's good graces for ever.

The knight smiled all the time, and bowed with affected approval upon McGowkie and his vis-a-vis, as they made their remarks. With the greatest ease he instantly entered into conversation with the strange lady about the young peer. Her accent gave him a hint, which he improved.

"He was a short time in Ireland, I think?" said he, deferentially.

The experienced dame gave a sly side-glance at Lady Peakman, on this incautious admission by her husband that the "friendship" with the young lord was not of sufficient intimacy to have enabled them to follow his notorious movements.

"I knew him very well in Dublin," said the lady, "when he was an aide-de-camp to the Lord-Lieutenant. He was so clever, everybody liked him at the Castle."

Sandy McGowkie's under jaw was a study. Mistress McGowkie looked frightened. This was a battle with great guns, and she knew who she thought had won. Mr. Carpmael, with lawyer-like alacritry, turned the conversation, out of which Lord Pendlebury was allowed to drop "like a hot potato."

Lady Peakman had used her scented handkerchief very vigorously, and then applied herself to the soup. As she laid down the spoon, her eye fell on the face of the knight's valet, who stood sedately behind his chair. He was looking straight at her. Their eyes therefore met. A curious change passed over his face swiftly, like a flash of lightning.

"Good Lord!" cried Lady Peakman, and she fainted away.

In an instant there was immense commotion. The valet darted round the table and supported his lady. Araminta screamed. Everybody jimped up. Little Mistress McGowkie was the only one who retained her presence of mind. She clapped a bottle of smelling salts to her ladyship's nose, and dashed a glass of water in her face. But it was not a fit which would yield to those remedies. Lady Peakman was carried by the valet and captain into her cabin, the knight following and wringing his hands. The doctor, who had, on taking a glance at her, instantly run for his lancet, now ordered the cabin to be cleared.

Later on it was reported in the ship that Lady Peakman had had a slight fit, brought on by eating too rapidly when in a state of excessive weakness. Two persons were ceaseless in their inquiries and in their offers of help, namely, Mrs. McGowkie and the lady who sat next to Mrs. Carpmael. This lady's maid, an older and more experienced person than either Maria or Miss Ringdove, was installed for a time in charge of the invalid. She gave as the name of her mistress, Mrs. Belldoran.

One person on board had not yet taken advantage of the finer weather to leave his quarters. The door of the captain's cabin, surrounded as we have seen by aristocratic and pretty loungers, remained closed, save when Nick Donovan, the steady-going Irish servant of its tenant, now and then entered to wait upon his master. Mr. Corcoran, for he must now be known by his correct name, was not merely kept in hiding by a pusillanimous sham, but his terror at the idea of another meeting—even under more dignified conditions—with his divorced lady was more than he could overcome. On her part, as we have seen, there appeared to be no such mauvaise honte. She had gone to dinner ready to face any emergency. When the excitement created by Lady Peakman's illness had subsided, and people, finding the patient did not mean immediately to die, resumed their places, Mrs. Belldoran made herself agreeable to the company about her. Lord Pendlebury joined her as she was leaving the saloon, and a few words passed between them.

"Well, you have not forgotten me?" she said.

"O no, Mrs. Cor—— I mean—whew! I forgot! A thousand excuses. Forgive me. What shall I say?"

"Mrs. Belldoran."

"Your family name. Of course I have not forgotten you. What a delightful place that Castle was!—But what changes!—How terrible all this is! Forgive me, I cannot help alluding to it."

"Oh!" said the lady, touching her eyes with her pocket-handkerchief. "What I have suffered! And now, what do you think? Come into my cabin a moment, where no one can hear us, and let me tell you. You swear you will never utter a word of this? Well. I met in London a very estimable and gentlemanly person—a Mr. Freemantle—cousin, you know, of the Freemantles of Castle Boynton. He is permanent financial secretary, or auditor-general, or something like that, in the Canadian Government. And, my dear Lord Pendlebury, do you know I agreed to marry him at the expiration of a year from the—the—you know. I cannot bear to mention the word. The year is just up, and I thought it would be better to go out and marry him quietly in Montreal, instead of setting every one's tongue a going here. Well now of all the most perverse and terrible accidents in the world—He is on board. Ay! and in the very next cabin. I heard his voice. I have seen him'—Mrs. Belldoran covered her eyes with her handkerchief as if to shut out the terrible vision—"seen him under the most absurd circumstances, which I won't describe to you." Then she began to cry.

"And do you know," she continued, sobbing, "the poor creature! my maid tells me they mistook him for a murderer, and put him in irons. I heard them struggling with him. O, dear, O dear! was there ever anything more dreadful and more awkward!"

A hat for smart occasions is on the bonnet style, edged with a narrow black chenille border, and with a design of black chenille embroidered on the white lace. This toque fits close to the head and is quite long down over the ears. Directly in front are three black Prince of Wales plumes fastened with a most effective rhinestone ornament in the shape of a cor-onet. Below the plumes is a knot of black velvet ribbon that rests on the hair, and at the left of the hat is also a knot of black velvet ribbon. To wear with this bonnet is a white boa made of white mousseline de soie ruching edged with a narrow border of black chenille, which is very full and fluffy, and most becoming, particularly when worn with the hat.

"Pray be calm!" cried Lord Pendlebury, who was distressed at the feeling she showed. He bit his lips, for he knew not what else to say. The chance of a re-establishment was gone, for here was the lady en route to be married.

"You may at least be friends again," he said to himself, half thinking aloud.

"No," she said, beating her breast. "No, never! I sat in court. I heard the evidence. Up to that time, although I was dreadfully angry with him, for he is a most foolish and impracticable fellow, I never really in my heart believed the worst about him. But the evidence of that Homburg waiter! There was no getting over that you know."

"Mrs. Corcoran—there — please forgive me, but I can call you nothing else—that evidence was not true," said Lord Pendlebury, surprised at his own dogmatism. He had nothing but Corcoran's word for it.

"Who says so?" said the lady, vehemently.

"I have seen him in the next cabin. He told me the whole story. He assured me on his honour as a man and a Christian that there was not a word of truth in that evidence, though he admits he behaved stupidity and unadvisedly."

"Heaven help me!" cried Mrs. Belldoran, throwing herself down and weeping bitterly. If I could only believe it! I have never had a happy hour since this horrible thing happened. Pray leave me," she added, holding up her hand and motioning him away.

The young peer, greatly moved, walked out on the now darkened deck, and paced up and down a full hour before he could recover his self-command.

CHAPTER IX.

All night long Lady Peakman lay in her berth. The curtain was drawn, to shade from her eyes the light, which by the captain's permission had been left burning. Araminta and her maid had been removed to an empty cabin, and her ladyship's abigail occupied the other cabin alone. Towards night the wind, which as the gale moderated had gone round with the sun, freshened up a little, and the comparative serenity of the day was succeeded by a slight rolling motion, which was not however unpleasant. To and fro rocked Lady Peakman, to and fro through the draggling hours; listening to the irritating crack-crack of the woodwork as it started here and started there; to the heavy step of the watch tramping to and for to heave the log or haul tight a brace; to the jingling of the glasses in the rack over her head; to the melancholy sough and boom of the wind and ocean, that strangely-mingled sound which impresses such a feeling of intense mystery and powerlessness on a lonely soul at sea.

And just now Lady Peakman was intolerably alone—painfully isolated in her own sorrow. For a great and terrible sorrow had stricken her.

"Oh," she said to herself, "if I were only ashore! If I were not shut up in this floating den. It is too horrible!"

She was a woman of courage, of experience, of resource, but she was completely paralyzed. At times she burst into fits of weeping.

Had Maria been awake, she could have heard the sobs, and the low moans between them, which, strong as her mistress was, and desperately as she strove to stifle them, would have way. What was it that went and came with its gentle and its tempestuous changes through the soul of this woman—this woman so hard to herself, so haughty, so domineering, so relentless to others! Something that had happened that day had awakened old, old memories, long resolutely buried. The resurrectionist brings up dead bodies; but she recalled the buried past to life, to a vivid and an agonising reality. Her past! How much of it had she willingly entombed! How much of it would she ever willingly disinter? She thought of Mr. Peakman, who had met her at a table-d' hote at Baden; had taken her for what she passed as—a widow with a modest allowance; had been struck by her cleverness and adaptability; had selected her as he selected his agents and clerks, and for somewhat similar reasons, to be his wife; had satisfied himself that her reverned father, the vicar of a small Yorkshire parish, and his wife were dead, which cut him free of "embarrassing relationships;" and so having afterwards found her in every way a clever, economical, indefatigable, ambitious wife, had sought to know no more. He learned that she had suffered a great deal from and through her former husband, an English adventurer, who had been made, on some absurd ground, an Italian count. All she possessed was £200 a year, which the man had settled on her at her marriage, yet upon this she had been managing to live in continental hotels. She was called upon for no confession—she gave none. She made up her mind to marry this Canadian merchant, who was comfortably off, a man of agreeable address, and, as she could discern, with a keen business talent. She read him thoroughly. She knew what she could do with him. And she had done much. He leant on her, he looked up to her; he affected to be master, and he was her slave. Or, rather, no. They were thoroughly one. Either of them would have lain down to make a bridge for the other to step over. She had borne him two sons, but they were dead. This daughter was the one thing which kept alive their flagging, almost satiated ambition. She must be educated as only noblemen's children are educated, and by her marriage Lady Peakman had determined that she should end her days as the mother-in-law of a peer. They had visited England in the summer, expressly to take Araminta home, in order that she might first trot over the course of provincial society. Besides, there were not seldom stray aristocrats in Canada. Away from the surroundings of the bewildering society of London, not a few of these wandering first-class meteors had been caught by provincial maidens. The party were now travelling to spend their Christmas at their splendid mansion near Quebec. The truth was, Lady Peakman had heard of Lord Pendlebury's intention to visit Canada, to pass the winter with the Governor-General. She had taken the pains to discover that he sailed in the Kamschatkan, and on the twelfth of December, and had arranged her plans accordingly.

To Be Continued.

OFFICERS' SWORDS.

A writer in the London Daily Mail says—I think it only right to give you a few details of the severe tests to which swords are put before our officers ever see them. The tests are of far greater severity than the strongest arm in the British army could subject them to. Fancy a 400-pound blow on that dervish's head, delivered promptly. Why, it would have cut him in two, armour or no armour. A "Wilkinson sword" is given a 400-pound blow on both the front and back edges, and a 200-pound blow on both flat sides. Next it is given a very severe bending both ways, and driven point on through an eighth of an inch of sheet steel. Any blade that will not stand any one of the above tests is thrown away, and I can assure you they make no bones about it either.

DEATH RATE.

Of 1,000,000 babies 30,000 are likely to die of accident, 30,000 by remotely preventable diseases, like consumption, 120,000 by absolutely preventable diseases like typhoid, measles, smallpox, and scarlet fever. Only one in 20 will die of old age. Look out for the preventable diseases and you are adding years to your life chances.

LITTLE GEORGIE'S RETURN.

Ellen, has George come home from school yet? called Mrs. Snaggs to her servant.

Yes, ma'am, came back the answer.

Where is he?

I haven't seen him.

How do you know, then, that he's home?

Because the cat's a-hidin' under the dresser.

ST. VITUS DANCE.

A TROUBLE THAT CAUSES ITS VICTIMS MUCH INCONVENIENCE.

Winfred Schofield, of Gaspereau, N.S., Tells How He Obtained a Speedy and Permanent Cure.

From the Acadien, Wolfville, N. S.

The many cases brought to his notice of residence in this vicinity being cured from physical disorders through the agency of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, have created in the mind of the Acadien representative a sincere belief in the healing powers of this remedy. Yet withal he was a little incredulous the other day when told of a young man who had been cured of a very serious and deplorable disease by the use of only some two boxes of these little miracle workers. It seemed impossible that such a remarkable healing could be wrought even by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills in such short order. Accordingly he was possessed of a strong desire to investigate. Mr. Winfred Schofield, of Gaspereau, was the address given us by our informant, and were not long in hunting him up. We found Mr. Schofield to be a bright young man of about twenty years of age and of more than ordinary intelligence. His air of candor and straightforwardness dispelled any doubts we may have had. In a very few words he stated to us his case. "Two years ago," he said, "I was taken with an attack of St. Vitus Dance. Sometimes when at work I found that my fingers would all at once straighten out and I would be compelled to drop anything I was holding. One day I was using an axe when seized with one of these attacks. The axe slipped from my hands and in falling struck my foot and gave it a nasty cut. After that you can depend upon it I left axes alone, and it was not long before I had to give up using any kind of tool. My complaint rapidly grew worse and I was soon unfitted for any sort of work. Everything possible was tried by me in order to get relief, but I got no better. At last one day a neighbor of mine, Mr. Fred Fielding, who had been cured by the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, advised me to give them a trial, offering to pay for them himself if they did not help me. As it turned out he was safe enough in making the offer. I followed his advice, but had scarcely begun to use them when I began to feel very much better. After using two boxes I was perfectly cured and have never been troubled with the complaint since. I am confident that to Dr. Williams' Pink Pills alone I owe my cure."

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills create new blood, build up the nerves, and thus drive disease from the system. In hundreds of cases they have cured after all other medicines have failed, thus establishing the claim that they are a marvel among the triumphs of modern medical science. The genuine Pink Pills are sold only in boxes, bearing the full trade mark, "Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People." Protect yourself from imposition by refusing any pill that does not bear the registered trade mark around the box. If in doubt send direct to Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont., and they will be mailed to you post paid at 50c a box, or six boxes for $2.50.

THE EYE AS A CAMERA.

urious Photographic Experiments With the Human Retina.

Under the title "In Dead Eyes," an evening contemporary recently made a statement which carries its own confutation with it, says London Lancet. It is to the effect that a physician and enthusiastic photographer, being desirous of testing the amount of truth in the theory that dead eyes retain complete images, had carefully examined the eyes of hundreds of dead people, and though he had never seen anything like a distinct picture mirrored he had certainly distinctly traced both letters and objects on the iris of the eye, and that when the photographic test was applied these images became visible. In one case a capital letter of peculiar form was shown which could be traced to a Testament held in the hands shortly before death. In another case a numeral was distinctly pictured which was traced to a clock-face in the room. The article in question continues: "The chief scientific paper of France only the other day gave full particulars of a case where a woman who died in one of the hospitals had two numbers, 10 and 45, mirrored in the iris of her eyes."

These absurd stories originate in the well-known experiments of Kuhne on the visual purple of the retina, in the course of which he showed that by making special arrangements the cross-bars of a window focused on the retina could be brought into relief. The enthusiastic photographer, if he be not misquoted, ought to have known that no well-defined images of the external world are cast upon the iris, and none, therefore, could be preserved. The surface of the iris is far too uneven to act as a mirror. Moreover, as no arrangements were made to prevent the further action of light after death, they would if ever formed be certainly obliterated as the image of a photographic plate would be if permanently exposed. The only mode in which an image impressed on the retina could be rendered visible would be to adopt the Kuhne—viz., by exposing the eye previously kept in the dark for a minute or two to an illuminated object, then extirpating it, opening it, and immediately plunging it into a solution of alum. The image develops in the course of twenty-four hours.

WHITE LILAC.

Paris in May, when the lilacs are in bloom! Brightness, gayety, sunshine and the fragrant scent of the lilacs everywhere! What place is not beautiful in the first flush of summer, but more especially so is the gay French capital! Life is not so complex to these Gallic people; they take the good things of the present, forgetting the sorrow of yesterday. Paul Waring was conscious of keen pleasure in his holiday, as he sat lazily turning a cigar between his fingers and looking out on the sunny courtyard of the otel.

His room was in the annex, and very high up, selected with an eye to economy. But what does poverty matter when one is only 28 and life still stretches out in an endless vista with all its glorious possibilities? It says much for Paul that he had still faith in himself.

"There she is again!"

The exclamation came involuntarily from his lips as the windows of a room on the first floor of the hotel were thrown open and a woman appeared. Young, and with loveliness of that rare type which seems almost too ethereal for this work-a-day world, she made a beautiful picture as she stood framed in the woodwork of the window, with the blue silk curtains as background. In her hands was a big spray of white lilac, and as Paul looked down eagerly she raised her eyes and swept a long searching glance over the windows opposite. Then for the space of a second her eyes met his and with an almost imperceptible motion of recognition she turned away.

"Was it intentional?" The vainest man could not be quite certain, and, although Paul waited patiently, there was no other sign. Twice before he had seen her, and, although unacknowledged, it was this vague expectation that kept Paul dawdling in his room.

"Pshaw! I am an idiot. Why should she not look from her window if she wants to? Still, I'll go out," which wise resolution he immediately put into practice. But he lingered for a moment near the fountain which was directly under the fair unknown's window. Did she watch for him? A tiny spray of lilac from an unseen hand fell at his feet. For more than an evening Paul sat in his room regardless of all engagements, but the coquette, my rair lady. Well, better luck to-morrow! Perhaps there is a curtains opposite remained closed, "A strict maman or jealous mair, or she is frightened at her own temerity. Those fellows are waiting, I expect." But Paul was dimly conscious of a disappointment, and the gay little chansons sung by the sprightliest of charming Parisiennes, fell on deaf ears.

"Mon ami," his chum D'Albert said to him, "what is the matter? You are quiet, as you express it yourself, 'glum.' Is it indigestion, or a line of the new libretto that troubles you? Debts sit lightly on you, I know, and you have never been in love. Be gay, my friend. A countryman of yours, Anstruther, is coming to supper in my studio."

Paul laughed lightly in answer to his friend's raillery, but vouchsafed no explanation.

A momentary glimpse of her the next day; a slight motion of a white hand—that was all! In the evening the windows were open, and the curtains drawn far back so that the whole of the lighted room was revealed to Paul's eyes. It was empty, but presently she came in, dressed in rich, soft robes of satin and filmy lace. Almost simultaneously the door leading from the corridor opened, and a man entered, who went straight up to the lady and began to talk with much animation. Paul took up his opera glasses. He was well built and tall, with a bearing of a soldier, but his face bore the impress of sensual indulgence. Presently he pressed a bell and gave an order. In response to the command, the servant returned with a leather-bound box, which he laid before the gentleman.

The box was opened, and sparkling gems flashed before Paul's eyes as they were lifted from their velvet beds. Then with a light laugh, the man drew the girl nearer to him, and proceeded to unfasten the pearl collar which was round her throat, replacing it by a necklace of diamonds; on the slender arms he fitted bracelets, and placed a curiously wrought spray of the same magnificent gems on the golden hair. Hes hands lingered over their task as if he loved it, and while the girl stood immovable, in an attitude of passive endurance, Paul divined, with quick intuition, that she knew it was only to enhance the man's own pleasure in the possession of her that she was decked in these rare jewels. A sneering expression passed over the man's face, and he appeared to utter some unkind words, for the golden head dropped.

"What is she to him? Daughter? No, a girl would have thanked her father for such jewels. Wife—no, not that! God help them! Will women always sell themselves for wealth?"

Paul was waiting at his window again next morning, and presently, when the window opened, he leant forward to attract her attention. A moment later a pair of steadfast blue eyes met his in a long, upward gaze. Yielding to an impulse, he snatched up the tiny spray of lilac that had fallen at his feet two days before, and was now withered and dead. She smiled, and then the remembrance of an old schoolboy accomplishment flashing across his mind, Paul spelt out on his fingers: "Did you send it?" She smiled and nodded in reply. "Tell me your name."

There was a pause, and then, half hesitatingly, the answer came, "A—d—e—l—e, Adele." Again the white fingers were spelling out some words, "You—are—my—friend?"

"Yes—yes," was the eager answer, and then Paul lifted the withered lilac blossom, to his lips, but instead of the action bringing that rare beautiful smile to her face, she made a quick impetuous movement as if he were to throw it away, and, holding up her left hand, touched the third finger significantly. Then the curtains were drawn and Paul saw her no more that day.

But again the lilac blossoms brought him a message, for when he returned in the evening it was to find that some one had left for him a basket filled with the lovely flowers. "Was there any other message?" Paul asked himself the question eagerly as he examined it. Yes; deep down, nestling among the soft green leaves, was a twisted scroll, which Paul opened with trembling hands. At last! a message from her—from that strange beautiful girl, between whom and himself there seemed to be some curious affinity.

"Ah! do not think unkindly of me, monsieur," he read, "because I crave for a little sympathy and true friendship. You cannot realize how much alone I am. There is none to whom I dare speak my innermost thoughts; no friend to understand or give me any sympathy. My parents—I dare not, for it is they who have sold me—nay, worse, for they imbued me with the idea that what I did was right and true. My soul revolts against the lies which I uttered at the altar, and which I must live every day as long as my life lasts. My husband! I shrink from his touch, and yet that is cruel to him. Religion might bring me some consolation, but it bids me honor and love those who have made me what I am. All my life long I have been surrounded by those who told me what they deemed expedient—never the truth. I am only a weak woman, and somehow it comforts me to think you will read these lines, and there will be one in the world who will understand. I am alone—alone—alone."

There was no signature. The simple lines touched Paul and roused every chivalrous instinct in him. Every luxury that wealth could give her, and beauty such as any woman might delight in, and yet—that letter with its pitiful wail of loneliness.

All the brightness and gayety seemed to have gone, and the hum from the busy, merry streets resolved itself into discords that beat into Paul's brain. He felt as if a nightingale were being dissected before his very eyes. With a comprehension that was almost feminine in its insight, he knew that there was no ulterior motive in her desire for sympathy, that it was not the cry of the would-be emancipated woman longing to break her vows and indulge in a vulgar amour.

It was a little time before Paul dared venture on a written message to her, and then he had to wait his opportunity to convey it to her hands unseen. At last he managed by dexterously throwing it in on her balcony.

"Madame," he wrote, "I have to thank you for your confidence, and for the friendship with which you have honored me. These written words can but inadequately express what I owe to your sweet and gracious sympathy. You have brought a charm into my life that time and distance can never efface, for the thought of you never fails to bring purer ideals and to stir my weak efforts to better ends."

And so for more than a week this strange friendship held him in its thralls. At certain hours the window opposite would be opened, and for some brief minutes they held that subtle sweet communion with each other, and Paul rejoiced to see that some of the deep sadness was leaving the lovely face.

But the inevitable came at last. One morning, when the curtains remained closed, Paul could give himself no rest from tormenting fears. Had they been discovered? So far as he knew no eye could overlook them from the situation of the rooms, but who knew what tales a spy might not carry? Had he been so careless of her?

It was late in the evening before he ventured out, and then he took his way round to the side of the court underneath the windows of the suite of rooms occupied by Adele and her husband. There were some figures on the balcony, and Paul's breath came quickly as he recognized them. Would she know him? Yes. A long suede glove dropped at his feet, and almost immediately he heard a voice saying, "Joseph, madame has dropped her glove."

Paul felt inclined to dispute possession as the touch of the smooth-scented kid made itself felt—a stiff rustle—ah! a paper—quick as thought it was in his hand, and only just in time when the valet appeared with his "If you please, monsieur?"

Paul surrendered it willingly enough then, and walked on congratulating himself on the narrow escape they had had. It was very imprudent, and yet he was glad he had risked it. A little detour, and then he was in his room again with the precious missive.

"Ah! how much pleasure your letter gave me you will scarcely believe, although without words I felt you understood. But it opened my eyes to the danger for you and me also, and now I must never see you again. Fate is cruel, for now I must deny myself the solace of your friendship. To-morrow we leave Paris, and believe me when I say that I shall never forget these days. I am writing this not knowing if I shall have the opportunity of placing it in your hand. And now, my friend, the veil of silence must fall between us. You have given me new courage, and I am no longer so lonely. I will try and be good—I will be good—and, perhaps, in that world beyond, we shall know each other again, and all will be made perfect. In that hope, my friend, adieu—adieu. —Adele."

One evening in Covent Garden Theater, five years later, Paul looked across and saw in a box a man whose face haunted him with a curious remembrance. "Who is that do you know, Anstruther?" he said to his friend. "I seem to know the face."

"That man? An imperial highness, no less. The grand duke—he is very fond of cutting about the world incognito. When I was in St. Petersburg I often saw him and his wife, a lovely woman, but very fragile-looking and such a sad face. I think she found life could be a tragedy for a royalty even in the nineteenth century. She died about a year ago—May, I think it was."

"Anything else?" Paul asked, in a curious choked voice. He had recognized Adele's husband. It was the man who had placed the gems on her neck and arms, the man who had taken one of the fairest creatures God had made to cherish and protect, and yet had made her life a sorrowful burden.

"Oh! he is married again," Anstruther answered. "Morganatic affair with a baroness something. It was pretty notorious before, and I often wondered if it had anything to do with the princess' sad looks. Everybody loved her, they said she was so good."

The years pass away, bringing fame and wealth to Paul Waring, and the tide of time obliterates many hopes, and fears, and loves, but the memory of Adele will always come, pure and sweet as the blossom itself, when the white lilac blooms.

THE YOUNG MAN'S DAY.

What Some Famous Persons Have Done Before they Were 30.

The recent death of the Hon. T. J. Byrnes, premier of Queensland, at the early age of thirty-eight, draws attention to the remarkable number of young men who reach high places at an age when in more deliberate epochs a man had scarcely settled down to his career, says the London Mail.

Although William Pitt, the boy premier, has no rival even in these days of rapid careers, there are hundreds who achieve fame and position within twenty years of leaving their books at school or college.

Mr. Cecil Rhodes was treasurer-general of Cape Colony at 31 and premier at 37, and Sir Alfred Milner, one of the most brilliant of younger Englishmen, was chairman of the board of inland revenue at thirty-eight, and at a few years over forty holds one of the most responsible posts in our empire.

The new viceroy of 280,000,000 in India, was a minister of the crown at thirty-two. Mr. Asquith, in spite of his brilliant gifts, started the race of fame slowly; still he was a queen's counsel at thirty-eight, and reached the high cabinet rank at forty.

Lord Rosebery owes little to his rank that he was in the ministry at thirty-four, and prime minister at forty-seven; and Mr. Arnold Morley, still on the hopeful side of fifty, was Chief Liberal Whip and secretary to the treasury at thirty-seven.

Among artists there are many men who have made themselves famous in the "thirties." Mr. Albert Gilbert, the queen's favorite sculptor, became an A. R. U. at thirty-three, and a full-blown academician five years later. Prof. Herkomer was an associate at thirty and an academician at forty-one.

Mr. Solomon Solomon painted his magnificent picture, "Cassandra," at twenty-six; Mr. Onslow Ford, R. A., leaped into fame at about the same age; Luke Fildes painted his grand and pathetic "Casual Ward" at thirty; Mr. Frank Dicksee became an R.A. at thirty-eight, thus equalling Mr. Alfred Gilbert's and Mr. Hamo Thornycroft's records.

In music Pietro Mascagni was twenty-seven when he woke to find that his "Cavallieria" had made him famous; Mr. Hamish McCunn, the clever young Scotch composer of over one hundred songs and operas, overtures and cantatas without number, is still a young man of thirty; and Sir Arthur Sullivan did some of his best work while in the twenties.

Marconi, the inventor of wireless telegraphy, is only twenty-three; and Edison was little more than a boy when his name was first known in two continents.

But it is in the field of letters that youth claims the richest harvest. It is the "Paradise of Youth;" and a man who is not crowned before he enters the thirties is in danger of going uncrowned for the rest of his life.

Mr. Austey, Guthrie, was twenty-six when he wrote "Vice Versa;" Mr. Jerome was three years older when "Three Men in a Boat" appeared. Mr. Barrie was twenty-eight when "Auld Licht Idylls" pointed the way to fortune. Mr. Rider Haggard wrote "King Solomon's Mines" at thirty.

Mr. Rudyard Kipling was barely of age when he wrote "Departmental Ditties," and his "Plain Tales from the Hills," appeared at twenty-two. Mr. Israel Zangwill did his best work in the "Children of the Ghetto" when he was twenty-eight. Mr. H. G. Wells wrote the "Time Machine," the pioneer of his popular novels, when he was twenty-nine. Mr. Crockett was three years over the thirty limit when the "Stickit Minister" inspired him to try fiction.

Mr. Quiller Couch wrote "Dead Man's Rock" at twenty-four; and Mr. Morley Roberts had been through a world of adventures before he closed his twenties.

The Home

BUNDLES AND PIECES.

There are a number of different ways of preparing mats or rugs from rags. The rags may be cut the width for ordinary rag carpets and woven with warp. In cutting the rags, cut them round and round. Take a stocking for example—beginning at the top, cut round and round in one broken strip until the toe is reached. So with old flannels, such as underskirts, cut round and round. In large pieces, such as the legs of trousers, cut off the corners, so as to make them oblong, and proceed as before, cutting round and round.

A simple way of making a rag rug at home of blue and white bed ticking. Measure off a piece of bed ticking of the length and width you desire your rug to be. Have the stripes run across the width of the rug, not lengthwise. Cut the rags about an inch and a half wide by two and a half long. Sew them as thickly together as you can along the blue stripes. Make a box pleat in the centre of each rag in order to compress it into a close bunch at the point where it is sewed on the ticking, and sew it on very firmly. The ends of the rags stand up to form the surface of the rug.

Sometimes rags are knit into rugs with heavy white darning cotton. Cut the rags the same size and knit them closely together, inserting them in the process of knitting so that they cover up the cotton knitting and stand up to form the surface of the rug. These rugs are lined, so the foundation of knitted threads is entirely concealed. It is much easier to understand how to make these rugs after seeing one. They are always made in "hit and miss" fashion.

One of the most effective portieres is a silk rag curtain made of bits of silk of all kinds and description. Velvets, satins, brocades and bright bits of every kind sewn together and cut of uniform width, like the rags of a rag carpet. Almost any weaver of rag carpet could probably weave such portieres. They have a very picturesque Oriental look, that is far more effective than any portiere that can be purchased anywhere near the price.

WELL WORTH GROWING.

In your eagerness to fill your flower-beds or window gardens with stately lilies or gorgeous hyacinths and tulips, pray do not overlook the host of smaller bulbs. But, rather give the "little fellows" a trial, too. Once tried, so acceptably will they fill the odd corners and empty niches, that you will ever after deem your collection of flowers incomplete without them. None of them would you miss more than the crocus, one of the spring's first heralds with its wealth of blossoms, purple, golden, yellow and pearly white. It will enjoy many a sunny, well-drained spot on your lawn; and the richer the soil given it, the larger and finer will be the flowers that reward you. But so easy of culture is the crocus, that it may truly be said to furnish anywhere, and under almost any circumstances. It is particularly valuable for making a border to a bed of bulbous plants, like hyacinths.

Other dainty edging plants are the scilla siberica, chionodoxa and the allium neapolitanum. The dark deep blue of the scilla siberica is charming indeed, when relieved here and there by the soft azure tints of the chionodoxa, which is one of the earliest of all flowers. Its popular name, "Glory of the Snow," at once brings up before us a vivid picture of a brave little plant, blooming gayly amid the snow.

The dear little snowdrops win their name, too, from their habit of boldly pushing up through the snow in spring. The amount of bloom contained in the tiny bulbs of the allium neapolitanum is simply wonderful. Small as they are, each will throw up several immense trusses of dainty, pure white flowers. A charming companion for them will be found in the gritelia uniflora, with its lovely, starry blossoms. Both being very lasting, they are particularly desirable for cut flowers.

Who does not love the snowy bells of the freesia, rivaling the hyacinth itself in fragrance? But it should be planted very early to do well, otherwise, as they grow so slowly, the buds are in danger of being blasted when unfolding in the spring.

The bright-hued ixias and sparaxias should also be started quite early to ensure success, and watered but little till the flower spikes appear, as these bulbs are very liable to decay from any excess of moisture.

Owing to its beauty and fragrance, the lily of the valley, old as it is, continues as popular as ever. Being such a late bloomer it prolongs the blooming season of spring bulbous plants considerably; and moreover actually seems to prefer those shady, moist, out of the way corners, where many other bulbs would fail to grow.

Anemones and ranunculus are beautiful and brilliant in coloring, but need some protection when planted on the lawn, as they are only half hardy.

Then too, there is the winter blooming oxalis to brighten your window garden; the most beautiful of several charming sorts being the "Bermuda buttercup," the clearest, sunniest yellow imaginable.

In a word, there is almost a myriad of these small bulbs, well worth the growing; deserving indeed, the loving care and attention of flower growers, all the way through their list, from the alliums to the ryephyranthes.

Much of their beauty and effectiveness, is lost, however, when they are planted singly. Thus, they should always be set in clumps or masses on the lawn, or if wanted for winter blooming, put several bulbs together in a small pot, placing only one variety of bulb in the pot, but using different colors, if desired, that will harmonize well or form a pretty contrast. searching for novelties.

CARVING THE TURKEY.

After the turkey is roasted, the drumsticks should be trimmed with a paper ruffle. This will enable the carver to touch them, if necessary, without soiling his hands. Place the turkey on the platter with the head at the left. Unless the platter be very large, provide an extra dish, also a fork for serving.

1. Insert the carving-fork across the middle of the breast-bone.
2. Cut through the skin between the breast and the thigh.
3. Bend the leg over, and cut off close to the body and through the joint.
4. Cut through the top of the shoulder down through the wing-joint.
5. Shave off the breast in thin slices, slanting from the front of the breast-bone down toward the wing-joint.
6. Carve only from the side nearest you.
7. Tip the bird over slightly and with the point of the knife remove the oyster and the small dark portion found on the side-bone.
8. Then remove the fork from the breast and divide the leg and wing.
9. Cut through the skin between the body and breast and with a spoon remove a portion of the stuffing.
10. Serve light or dark stuffing, as preferred.

If carved in this way, the turkey will be left with one-half entire, and if placed on a clean platter, with the cut side nearest the carver, and garnished with parsley, will present nearly as fine an appearance, to all but the carver, as when first served. When there are many to be served, take off the leg and wing from each side and slice the whole of the breast before removing the fork; then divide as required.

DOMESTIC RECIPES.

Boiled Fish.—Fill the fish with a rich dressing of rolled crackers, beaten egg, sage, butter, salt and pepper. Wrap it in a well floured bag; tie closely with twine, or sew, and place well salted boiling water. Place where it will just simmer, allowing ten minutes to each pound. Serve with drawn butter and mint sauce.

Cheese Straws.—Two coffee cups sifted flour; one teacup grated cheese; one heaped tablespoonful butter. Mix thoroughly and moisten with the beaten white of egg; Roll thin, cut in strips and in rings. When cold fill the rings with six or eight of the strips.

Chicken Salad.—Use one-third chopped chicken and two-thirds chopped celery. Moisten with any good salad dressing.

POCKET-KNIVES FOR WOMEN.

The tradition is—and maybe it was true ever so long ago, when woman always had a kitchen knife within easy reach—that women have no use for pocketknives. That is what man believes to this day. He thinks that she sharpens her lead pencil with her teeth, opens her letters with a hairpin, cuts string with scissors and borrows some man's knife when there is a can of potted ham or corned beef to be opened at a picnic.

But nearly every woman has a penknife and finds plenty of use for it. Usually she has bought it herself, for she prefers that it shall not be a gift. Any man who gives a woman a penknife will find himself regarded with suspicion. It isn't that she is superstitious. Oh, no, of course she isn't. She will buy one for her husband or for her son, but nevertheless she doesn't like to be given one, and will look askance at the dainty little implement unless she has paid the traditional penny for it.

The jewelers carry in stock knives for women. Some of the knives they carry in stock have jeweled handles or decorations that raise their cost from $5 to $50. Women don't buy such expensive ones—that is, not from jewelers—although they often buy them from friends at the price of 1 cent—an astonishing bargain, indeed.

The popular knives for women are tiny bits of knives, not so long as the little finger, and sometimes not longer than a finger joint. Some of these dainty little knives have handles of gold or silver studded with jewels. Very often they have chatelaine attachments or are worn with other little articles on a chain.

EVIDENCE.

Parke—I don't believe Castleton was ever with one girl more than a day at a time.

Lane—Why?

He said the other day he never met a woman he couldn't understand.

THE JOVIAL WIND.

The wind across my chimney
Wakes no depth of joy in me;
For I know that its wild singing
Makes my coal bills bigger be-

MOUNTAIN ECHOES.

New Denver wants a coal dealer.

Wrestling with hockey sticks is now in order.

There is just snow enough for rawhiding and no more.

Hear the cathedral chimes at G. W. Grimmett's jewelry store.

The B. N. A. Bank at Slocan City is being removed to Ashcroft.

Solid Gold, Pearl set, Broaches from $12 up. Beauties, see them, at Grimmett's.

A couple of d.d's., with the usual fines, were all that graced the police court this week.

Just come in every afternoon these times and see how Santa Claus is filling his sacks at Cliffe's bookstore.

After a preliminary investigation it has been ascertained that no one is blamable for the Ainsworth disaster.

In nearly every Manitoba paper you take up you read something about some case of bigamy, and it is no wonder. In any cold country like that two wives are none too many.

A. L. McDonald and A. Malcolm, miners, were killed in a snow slide at the Silver Queen mine, Burton City, on Saturday last. They both left Rossland last month to work on that mine.

It is reported that a Sandon professional gentleman and an eastern lady are to be married on Xmas day, but lest we should be treading on dangerous ground we will say no more about it till later.

At the annual meeting of the Sandon L. O. L., Monday evening, the following officers were elected: A. David, W.M.; H. Nash, D.M.; G. Lovatt, Chap.; W. Wilson, Treas.; D. J. Robertson, Sec.; W. H. Tedd, D. of C.

Several of the skaters, particularly the ladies, on Thursday evening expressed the wish that the band would play at least three nights a week and that the ladies of the church keep a lunch room as on that evening.

The Rev. Sanford preached at the Idaho mine on Wednesday evening, walked down the next morning in two hours and was home at 8:30. It is unnecessary to say that he got up a little earlier than usual to do it.

Mrs. Manuel, well known to some of our citizens has taken over the Kootenay hotel and will conduct it in the future. She intends to put in a No. 1 boarding department, and conduct the house on first-class lines throughout.

Dr. Young received a telegram on Wednesday conveying the sad intelligence of the death of his eldest brother at Gravenhurst, Ont., a day or so before. The deceased had been a prosperous hardware merchant in that town.

The city brass band made its debut on Thursday evening at the skating rink, where they played several pieces. The general conclusion is that the members did well, better than was expected, considering the short time they have had their instruments.

The fancy sale on Thursday was a decided success, financially. The ladies succeeded in disposing of most of the goods they had for sale at good prices, and fed the multitudes, not with a few loaves and fishes, but with an abundant supply of delicacies.

The following appears in the British Columbia Gazette: "Notice is hereby given that His Honor the Lieutenant-Governor-in-Council has been pleased to rescind the Order-in-Council of the 29th October, 1897, approving a regulation which provides for relief against forfeiture owing to the lapse of a free miner's certificate, such recission to take effect on and after the 15th day of November."

Our citizens were much pained on Thursday evening on hearing of the death of Mr. A. H. Stirritt. The deceased came here from Calgary some eighteen months ago and engaged in the transfer busines. A couple of months ago he contracted pneumonia. He recovered considerably, but took a relapse and grew gradually worse until the end. He leaves a wife and two children in the city, who have the sympathy of Sandon's citizens in their bereavement. Dececeased was a member of the I.O.O.F., the local lodge taking charge of the funeral, which will be held Sunday morning prior to the departure of the train for New Denver. The Rev. J. A. Cleland will conduct the services.

There are some who say that Mr. Harris' projected girdling of the Payne mountain with a tunnel is just the thing, but that it will be difficult to get the necessary capital. It should not be nearly as difficult as many people imagine. Every one knows there is plenty of money awaiting what the holders call safe investments, and as known leads of good mineral are regarded as safe investments, daylight is the more readily seen through the project. It is absolutely certain, that while the undertaking will call for a lot of capital ultimately, as the work went on leads would be encountered giving capitalists evidence, as their money went into it, that they had ample security. In short it would only be investing on the instalment principle, assets turning up from time to time, as the work went on, for the expenditure.

Whitewater wants a J. P. and a constable.

New Denverites are raising money to improve the wagon road to Three Forks.

Cabinet Photos at Sinclair's studio, Sunnyside, Christmas week only, $3.50 per doz.

Fred Ross, light-weight champion of the North-West and Jerry Haley, of California, will box at the music hall to-night; and Haley and Percy Wilkinson will box there on the evening of the 27th.

The treasurer of the Sandon Brass Band wishes to extend the thanks of the members to Mr. P. Burns for a donation of $15; also to Mr. Tomlinson for an equal amount, somo time previous. Similar, or any, favors will be thankfully received at any time.

The Knights of Pythias in full uniform attended church in the Virginia hall on Sunday evening. The hall was filled to its utmost capacity. The Uniformed Knights looked exceedingly well—that is the suits we mean, without reference to all who were in them. The choirs of both churches and the orchestra of the Methodist were in attendance and contributed very much to the interest in the service. Both the Rev. J. A. Cleland and the Rev. A. M. Sanford delivered excellent addresses bearing on the utility of such societies in general.

The roof of the Slocan News Co.'s premises caught fire again on Monday through a defective chimney, and a few minutes work from the brigade put out the flames. But little damage was done. The city council ought to have some competent party go through the city and see that all fire traps were made safe. In a place like this where there is practically no insurance, all being at the mercy or the care of their neighbors, it becomes a serious matter. Every chimney and all connections with chimneys ought to be thoroughly looked into at once.

PERSONAL MENTION.

Mrs. Wilmot, of Spokane, is visiting in town, the guest of Miss Egan.

Mr. P. Burns, the meat king of West Kootenay, was in town Thursday.

Mr. R. Patterson, of the Bank of B. C., leaves on Sunday for Kamloops.

Mrs. Doefenbecker and two children left this week for an indefinite stay in the States.

Mr. G. W. Grimmett will occupy the pulpit of the Methodist church of Kaslo, to morrow.

Mr. C. M. Wilson went to Spokane Tuesday, where he will spend the holiday season with his wife.

Mr. Christie, barrister, is shortly to take a trip to "Medicine Hat." His friends all wish him a pleasant trip.

Mrs. G. D. Smyth, of Brandon, Man., sister of Mrs. Cliffe, arrived in the city on Thursday and will make a two or three months' visit here.

Ald. Switzer, late of the Kootenay hotel, is shortly to remove to Victoria, where his partner is now in business. All will join in wishing him success.

R. F. Green, M. P. P., M. A. Bucke, Kaslo; Mrs. Sloan, Three Forks; N. Martin, Whitewater, and Mr. and Mrs. Haller, McGuigan, were in the city on Wednesday.

Says the Fredericton Herald of the 5th inst.: "Miss Maggie Hatt departed yesterday afternoon for Vancouver where she will be married about the end of the present month to Frank L. Christie, barrister, formerly a popular student at V. N. B."

W. J. Walker, editor of Freeman's Labor Journal of Spokane, with his mother-in-law, Mrs. Spencer, arrived in the city Thursday. While in the city they were the guests of the latter's son, G. M. Spencer. Mr. Walker came this far with the old lady on her return to her home in the N. W. T. from a visit withmer daughter in Spokane.

Attention Voters!

Attention is drawn to the fact that the voters' list for the election of Mayor and Aldermen for the ensuing year, closes on Monday, the 19th inst. All qualified persons whose names have not already been placed on the voters' list, must make application to the City Clerk on or before the above date, otherwise they will not be entitled to vote.

All necessary information and registration forms will be furnished on application at the City office.

FRANK C. SEWELL,
City Clerk.

MENTHOL DAL PLASTER

We guarantee that these Plasters will relieve pain quicker than any other. Put up only in 25c. tin boxes and $1.00 yard rolls. The latter allows you to cut the Plaster any size.

Every family should have one ready for an emergency.

DAVIS & LAWRENCE CO., LIMITED, MONTREAL.

Beware of Imitations

To Keep Out the Cold.

CHANGEABLE WEATHER throws the human machinery out of gear and renders it more susceptible to prevent ailments.

After a "muggy" period the first cold day "strikes home" unless the system is well fortified by strengthening stimulative nourishment, of which the most perfect form is

BOVRIL

BOVRIL, Limited.

30 Farringdon Street, London, England.
25 and 27 St. Peter Street, Montreal, Canada.

Return this advertisement to us with 2-cent stamp and we will s nd you WHONHART'S GREAT WAR PUZZLE. We are offering $100.00 for the solution of this puzzle. All.

MINING STOCKS
AND OTHER INVESTMENTS.

Every Representation Guaranteed.

J. M. Harris
SANDON, B. C.

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.

Choicest Candy at Cliffe's Bookstore.

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

STRICTLY FIRST-CLASS.
Furnished Rooms.

M. L. Grimmett, LL. B.

BARRISTER, SOLICITOR, NOTARY PUBLIC, ETC.

Sandon, B. C.

Certificate of Improvments.

NOTICE.

Random Shot Mineral Claim situate in the Slocan Mining Division of West Kootenay District. Where located: on Noble Five mountain, west of and adjoining the Ajax.

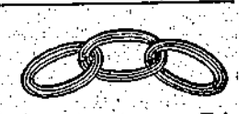
Take notice that I, Charles A. Stoess, of Kaslo, B.C., acting as agent for the Ajax Mining and Development Company, Ltd., of Sandon, B. C., Free Miner's Certificate, No. 32,934 A. intend, sixty days from the date hereof, to apply to the Mining Recorder for a Certificate of Improvements, for the purpose of obtaining a Crown Grant of the above claims.

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

Dated this 2nd day of November, 1898.

CHARLES A. STOESS.

I. O. O. F.



Silver City Lodge, No. 39, meets every Friday evening at 7.30 o'clock in Crawford's hall.

M. L. GRIMMETT, N. G.
N. J. GARBUTT, V. G.
A. HARLOW, Rec. Sec.

All sojourning brothers cordially invited to attend.

Drifting

Why drift into ill-health and expense when you can cure that cough and cold with a bottle of

LAMBERT'S SYRUP OF DOUGLAS PINE.

Your druggist has it at 25 cents a bottle.

New Tinshop.

I have opened on Reco Avenue, opposite Clifton house, in Tinware, &c. I am prepared to do all kinds of jobbing for mines or families. Rates reasonable, and the best of work guaranteed.

H. J. Robertson.

gold chains — gold cuff links
gold spectacles — gold brooches
gold stick pins — gold chain bracelets
gold watches — gold thimbles
gold studs — gold rings

Beautiful stock of Silverware to hand.

G. W. GRIMMETT,
Jeweler and Optician.

Dressmaking and Millinery.

MRS. JONES has opened in both these lines, in the shop once occupied by Miss Dryden, just west of the Sandon hotel.

Her Millinery is of the latest designs, and Dressmaking always up to the latest fashions.

Ladies, Attention!

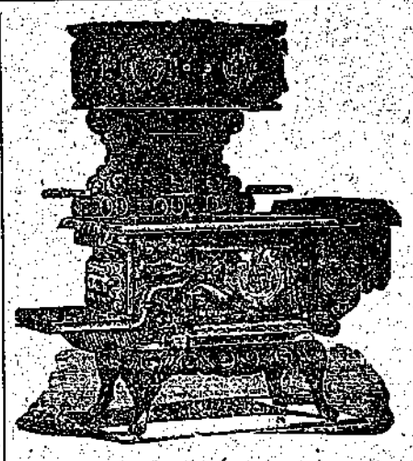
My stock for the fall and winter is now complete. It embraces everything in Ladies' and Children's wear—Dresses, Corsets, Underwear of every description. Hats and Trimmings, in fact everything for the season found in a first-class establishment.

Terms reasonable.

Miss Wilson,

Reco Avenue, Sandon.

The business is for sale; good reasons for selling. Living apartments in connection with the business.



H. Byers & Co. carry a large stock of Ranges and Cook Stoves, Box and Heating Stoves, 'Queen' Heaters, Etc.

Call and inspect our lines.

H. BYERS & CO.

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

For Impotency, Lame Back, Night Losses, Drains, Varicocele and all effects of Youthful Errors.

There is but one sure cure—

ELECTRICITY

properly applied. Why not be up with the times? In ten years electricity will be the treatment supreme. With my world-famed ELECTRIC BELT and Supporting Suspensory I cured last year 5,000 weak men—young and old. Book—"Three Classes of Men," explaining all, sent sent sealed free upon request, or drop in and consult me free of charge. Address,

DR. R. SANDEN, 156 St. James Street, Montreal, Que.

CITY · CIGAR · STORE.

CALL AND SEE the choice stock of Case Goods—in Pipes, Cigar Holders, Cigarette Holders; ALL SMOKERS' SUNDRIES. A choice Imported and Domestic Cigars.

Ladies drop in and secure a nice Xmas Present for your husband or best beau.

CITY CIGAR STORE. S. A. MIGHTON.