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The Mining Review.

VOL. 3.—NO. 37. SANDON, B. C., SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 24, 1900. FIVE CENTS.

LADYSMITH REPORTED TO BE RELIEVED.

Twenty-One Brave Canadian Soldiers Lay Down Their Lives for Queen and Country.

London, Feb. 21.—At a meeting of the town council at Windsor this morning it was announced that news had reached Windsor Castle that Ladysmith had been relieved. The announcement was received with shouts of "Brave Buller."

Berlin, Feb. 21.—The Tageblatt publishes special dispatches from Brussels which say that the Transvaal legation there announces that the Boers are evacuating Natal, their position in that colony being no longer tenable. General Joubert, it is added, has ordered a concentration of all available forces to oppose General Roberts. The seige of Ladysmith, it is added, will be raised, and Buller will enter the town at the end of the week.

Toronto, Feb. 21.—A special to the Globe says: The first Canadian contingent was engaged at Modder River all day on Sunday. Eighteen men of the regiment were killed and sixty wounded. Among the wounded was Captain Mason, of Toronto. The Canadians forded Modder river after a night's march.

Pretoria, Feb. 21.—A portion of the official report from General Cronje dated Sunday has been given out as follows: Yesterday morning about six o'clock, while removing the laager near Scholtx Nek, we were attacked by the Britisa. The fight lasted until 7.30 in the morning. Although on the whole the British were driven back, they each time resumed the attack. The loss to British must have been considerable. Thus far the Boer loss has been 8 killed and 12 wounded. This morning the British shelled us with cannon. Chief Commandant Ferrereira's force was too small to stop the cavalry from entering Kimberley.

Cape Town, Feb. 21.—A special correspondent of the Cape Argus says: "General Cronje is surrounded at Paardeberg Drift, but is offering a stubborn resistance. The British are shelling the Boers and expect to capture the whole force."

THE LEGISLATURE ADJOURNS.

The B. C. House Respects the Memory of Our Slain Volunteers.

Victoria, Feb. 21.—The legislature met today only to adjourn for a day out of respect to the memory of the British Columbians killed at Modder River. Semlin moved and Turner seconded the resolution, both referring in feeling terms to the shock to the community following so heavy a percentage of loss in the first serious engagement of our volunteers. In the list of nineteen Canadians killed and sixty wounded, in the crossing of the Modder river on Sunday, the following members of the western company appear:

Killed—Sergeant Cott; privates Somers, Maundrell and Todd, Victoria; private Jackson, Vancouver.

Wounded—Captain Arnold, Winnipeg; privates Andrews, Beach, Finch-Smiles and Leeman, Victoria; privates Thompson and Niebergall, Vancouver; privates Duncalfe and McKenzie, Winnipeg.

The name of private R. Dizon is given also among the wounded, but there is no such man on the official roll of the western company. This may be meant for private J. H. Dickson, of Victoria, or private W. J. G. Dickson, of Nelson.

The Mining Situation.

Although the miners' unions have capitulated, and done what they ought to have done in June last in their own interests as well as that of the mine owners, the business people and the country in general, operations will not be extensive, owing to the lateness of the season, before June next, even if then unless the government makes some acceptable modifications in the eight-hour law.

Some exception is taken in some quarters to the importation on Sunday night of 32 foreigners, but, of course, not properly as these were arranged with before the miners' unions took their late action. As those brought in first are turning out highly satisfactory to their employers—the parties most interested—and they are every day writing to their friends in the highest praise of the situation here—the nature of the work, the climate and the wages—it is not unlikely that numbers of miners from those parts may come in from time to time and they will stand their chances with other applicants for employment. We would say in this connection, the situation must not be misunderstood—the Silver-Lead Mines Association have neither offers nor promises before the late operatives or the miners' unions, as all the offers they made were rejected and, consequently, those in writing formally withdrawn. All the promises in existence are those of individual representatives saying they would hire some good men at $3.25, and would not discriminate against union men; but very naturally they will have a regard for the agreeableness and trustworthiness of the applicants. Though we have had no conversations with the owners on the subject, we put the matter this way as the greatest probability. Already they have had applications from many quarters for twice the number they require. It is safe to say that not more than 350 men will be hired around Sandon before June and there are probably 300 of the number now at work in the following proportions:

The Payne	100
Donnelly	15
Sunshine	12
Last Chance	35
American Boy	12
Queen Bess	30
Ivanhoe	35
Ajax	5
Sovereign	10
Madison	5

The others are scattered in small forces in the prospects and other surrounding properties.

The Star is not in the association consequently little is known of its course, but it is probable a commencement will be made when a sufficient supply of water is had to run the concentrator.

The Labor Situation.

A number of men threw up $3.00 a day at Ainsworth the past ten days and came over to get $3.25 here. As several of these were men who refused $3.25 here some time ago and went to Ainsworth at $3, they must not find fault if they cannot get employment here now. The men who allow union amenities, built on such lines as these, to stand in the way of their own prosperity must see their mistakes sooner or later.

There is a lot of steady, good looking miners in from Rossland the past week, looking for work in consequence of the 700 men being laid off in that city. They say a great many hammersmen were employed in the smaller properties around there and they got but $3 per day. They will insist on $3.25 when operations resume over there; at least this is what many say, and it will lead to an advance all around to equal the wages paid in the Slocan.

"Knowledgeable" men on every hand are now advancing reasons for the settlement of the labor trouble, and there is but one—the importation of those much-abused aliens. If the agitators could have kept out that "thousand" of them, of whom they telegraphed to Ottawa, the men would have seen that the machines had the owners by the throats and no settlement would have been made. It is the owners, for those importations, the business men should thank for the restoration of business in the Slocan. It now only remains for all to sink their differences, shake hands all around—miners, owners and business—and thank fortune that the worst is over.

Here and There.

Nelson is is even with Rossland now. Each of the places has two cases of small-pox, and all are doing well.

A man at Napanee, Ont., lived on water for 51 days, when he expired. The water could not have been very strong.

Slocan City is petitioning the government for a wagon road up Lemon creek and another up the first north fork. J. M. Williams is going to Victoria to press the matter.

TO CURE COLD IN ONE DAY.

Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. All druggists refund the money if it fails to cure. 25c. E. W. Grove's signature is on each box.

GRADUALLY COMING TO IT.

The Vancouver World Now Advocates The Review's Contentions.

The following is a clipping from the editorial columns of that paper:

"We are in thorough accord with those who favor an eight-hour law, but we certainly object to the restrictions which prevent able-bodied men work overtime, if they so desire, and receiving extra pay therefor. We think that this is an unwarranted interference with the liberty of the subject by the legislature. The Eight-hour law has been in operation in this establishment since September, 1893, and we are, therefore, thoroughly familiar with its workings. The rate of wages paid has been $3.50 per day. When, however, it becomes necessary—and that is frequently the case—for our employes to work extra time, they are paid for so doing at the rate of time-and-a-half. This system works satisfactorily alike to employer and employe, but were a law in force, as is the case in connection with the mining laws, no matter how urgent the necessity, we would be debarred from turning out such work as it was absolutely necessary to do, and the men prohibited from working and earning increased remuneration, therefore, we think with everybody it was a case of severe hardship. This is where the operations of the mining law are considered to be defective, and, in our estimation the clause relating thereto should at once be expunged from the Mining Act. There should be no barrier placed in the way of any person, if he is so disposed, working not only the full time, but as many hours thereafter as he feels inclined to do, provided he is paid accordingly for so doing. As already suggested, unless there are some concessions made by the mine owners and the miners, general stagnation will prevail throughout the Province, and the result will be so disastrous that it is not pleasant to contemplate the outcome of the dispute now in progress."

If eight hours is deemed a fair day's work for a miner, or any one else, no one can object to making that a statutory day, so that when no other arrangements are made, a man knows his work is done in eight hours. If, however, the conditions are favorable and he finds an employer willing to hire him 9 or 10 hours, it appears to be an act of barbarity for a legislature to step in with a prohibitive act and virtually limit the earning powers of a large class of the people. If an act of parliament said to the saloon-keepers you have got to shut up whenever you take in $10, or any other named sum, there would be a great row with the saloon men; but some of them think it is right for the legislature to say to the miners you have to quit work when you earn $3.25. We do not say whether 6 or 12 hours is a proper day for a miner. We take it that his surroundings have something to do with that, but we do hold that if men want to earn $4.00 a day by extra work and they find owners willing to pay it, it is a case of the extremest hardship for legislation to cut their liberty from under their feet, and reduce them to the condition of slave unable to decide for their best interests in their own concerns.

SANDON'S SUCCESS AT ROSSLAND.

Our Hockey Boys Sweep Everything—The Bostock Comes to Sandon the Second Time.

Although our sports, who went to Rossland, did not bring home everything they have no right to complain of their success. Sandon is but a small place and, as a result, we cannot be expected to have a large number of men who can give up sufficient of their time to become successes at all amusements (and it takes time to make proficiency) yet our competitors at the late carnival have no ground to find fault with themselves in what they did.

Mr. Wilson's rink took 2nd in the Walkerville competition, bringing home 4 silver medals.

Mr. Grimmett,s won 1st prize in the Consolation, taking the cup, goblets and 4 napkin rings.

Mr. Wilson's rink won 6 matches in succession, and had this been in the close event, or even in any one competition, he would have won, as in the Grand Challenge he went to the second last draw, as well as all three close competitions, viz: Tucket Cup, Hudson's Bay Cup and Parson's Produce Cup—all were won by a small score—one or two games being played for each total.

The Parsons Produce Cup was won by Smith, of Rossland, in one game and one point. One each of the other two went to Rossland and Nelson, the latter also winning the Walkerville.

In the hockey (junior) our boys demolished with the greatest of ease everything that came before them. In a friendly match they defeated Spokane 16 to 0—a score good enough for anything. As they were the champions of last year they, of course, only had to play the best on the ground, and that proved to be Rossland, who defeated Nelson, the next best, that day 7 to 1. The Sandon youths scored 5 while Rossland was unable to get the semblance of one and had to content themselves with a big "0."

We understand that considerable money changed hands on this match, Wm. Walmsley bringing home a basket of "X's." Had he been able to get enough Rosslanders to take him up on each call, he would have brought home the LeRoi and given it to the two churches next Sunday for collections. As it stands, however, they must only take the will for the deed.

On reaching home the boys were literally lionized, half of the city turning out, headed by the Brass Band, to welcome them. After the formal greeting Mr. C. J. Smith gave them a benediction.

PERSONAL MENTION.

Miss Mason, of Ainsworth, is visiting Miss Dillie.

Mr. H. B. Alexander is reported to be lying very ill in the N. W. T.

Mr. Wm. Karr is still on the sick list, though his illness is not of a serious nature.

Miss Hammond returned Saturday last from her southern trip and visit with Mrs. Riblet in Nelson.

The Misses Hansen returned home to the South Fork yesterday after a visit with Mrs. Lane and other friends in the city.

"Fighting Joe" Second Best.

Joe Martin has had his little duel with Cotton and came out second best. The general public have no great relish for such combats. Mr. Cotton may not be all that some people would like to see in a parliamentary representative; but the fact that he has been already a number of years in public life and nothing worse shown against him than is the misfortune of many another public man ought to be sufficient passport. We do not look for angels in public life, in short if we insisted on having them, it is a question if Martin himself would have ever entered the doors of any Canadian legislature. There is many a good man in Canada who has not always been able to meet his liabilities. Circumstances often disappoint the best calculations. If a man is a fair average citizen, in point of respectability and probity, it is all we can expect in our public men. Those who know Mr. Cotton's record say he is that, and it should be sufficient for even the extremely sensitive olfactories of "fighting Joe" Martin.

Guests at the Reco.

Ed. Barratt, Ottawa.
J. C. Ryan, Kaslo.
E. A. Ferguson, Nelson.
B. Trudel, Montreal.
P. F. Richardson, Vancouver.
Wm. Skene, Vancouver.
G. W. Taylor, Nelson.
L. J. Hamilton, McGuigan.
H. Callaghan, Spokane.
F. Creen, Toronto.
J. Evans, Nelson.
H. Clever, New Denver.
A. Bramon, Greenwood.
P. Chapman, Nelson.
Arthur Poole, Toronto.
A. R. Fingland, Silverton.
J. L. Black, New Denver.
H. E. Macdonnel, Nelson.
Paris Drake Brockman, London, Eng.
Joseph Stace, Rochester, Eng.
M. Gintzburger, Vancouver.
H. L. Johnson, Rosebery.
J. Crawford, Slocan City.
F. Buckholtz, Slocan City.
J. W. Lowes, Nelson.
R. M. Glass, Granby, Que.
J. B. White, Silverton.
W. S. Drewry, New Denver.
John Rudolph, Brantford, Ont.
H. McIntyre, Nelson.

MINES AND MINING.

The Payne, this week, shipped 300 tons of ore.

The Bosun has now a force of 24 men, working two shifts.

The Marion, Silver mountain, is also shipping a car this week.

The Hartney, near Silverton, has just completed the loading of its first car of ore.

The Arlington, Slocan City, has so far this year shipped 100 tons, all to the Trail smelter.

A deal is pending for Mountain Chief group, near New Denver. J. C. Drewry, of Rossland, is the probable purchaser.

Fifteen men went up from the Payne to the Last Chance last Saturday. The latter property will only take on a few more men until the ground dries in the summer.

The Black Prince, Stringer creek, on Monday made its first shipment for the year, amounting to 20 tons, and was consigned to the Trail smelter. A fine strike of 18 inches of fine galena was recently made on the property.

Mr. H. Callahan was in town the past week taking a look at the American Boy, in which he is interested. He says that the property is sure to become a large mine. The chute encountered in the lower level is a very large one with improved ore. They have about 14 men employed and the force will soon be increased to 20.

From the Mining World.

An International congress of mining and metallurgy will be held in Paris about the middle of next June, and a large attendance is expected.

The Colorado Springs Stock Exchange during 1899 sold 238,219,221 shares having a cash value of $34,527,469. For 1898 its sales were 65,576,029 shares, value $10,287,540.

The total production of pig iron in the United States during 1899 was 13,620,703 tons against 11,773,934 tons produced in 1898. The 1899 total was contributed by 21 states.

The copper mines of the United States produced 23,788 tons of copper, of 2,240 pounds during the month of December, an increase of 571 tons over the November output.

The supply of rough diamonds is reported to be so seriously affected by the war in South Africa as to have led to the shutting down of practically all the rough diamond shops in New York.

Twenty-four carat gold is pure gold; 22 carat gold has 22 parts gold, 1 of silver and 1 of copper; 18 carat gold has 18 parts of pure gold and three parts each of silver and copper in its composition; 11 carat gold is half gold, the remainder being made up of 3½ parts of silver and 8½ parts copper in its composition.

U. S. Senator Teller estimates that the gold production of Colorado during the year 1900 will reach $30,000,000 in value, as against $23,000,000 in 1898. He says the cyanide method is growing better every day, and he thinks the time will come when it will pay to reduce ores which carry only $4 or $5 worth of gold to the ton, also that Cripple Creek alone has lying on its dumps $20,000,000 worth of gold, which will eventually be saved.

May Be a Deal.

Mr. Gintzberger took Messrs. Paris Drake Brockman, of London, Eng., and Joseph Stace, of Rochester, Eng., both largely interested in the Ajax Fraction, up to see the Monitor, above Three Forks, yesterday. The visit of these capitalists is in view to purchases, but up to time of going to press we had not heard the results of their trip, but it is generally supposed it will be a deal, as they are anxious for good properties, and the Monitor is known to be valuable.

CHURCH NOTICES.

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

PRESBYTERIAN, St. Andrews.—Rev. J. A. Ferguson, B.A., pastor; services on Sunday at 11 a.m. and 7:30 p.m.

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

Pen Pictures of the War.

WILLS MADE ON THE BATTLE-FIELD.

The Law Times calls attention to the fact that the operation of the Wills Act of 1837 is suspended in the case of soldiers serving on the field. In consequence of this it is open to a soldier to make his will on the battle-field by word of mouth. His will is also valid even though he be a minor when he makes it. Witnesses are unnecessary, and a subsequent marriage does not annul a will so made, as would ordinarily be the case.

LECTURES ABOUT BOERS.

A set of instructions has been issued to officers commanding battalions on their way to the Cape, to deliver lectures on board on the geography of the country, the lessons to be learnt from the war, a study of Boer tactics and how they are best met, precautions to prevent the stampeding of animals, Boer organisation, mobility, armaments, and their appearance on the field as compared with British troops. This ought, while giving the men a better idea of the foe they have to contend with, help to dispel the ennui inseparable from a transport voyage.

WHERE GUNNERS COME FROM.

Reuter's correspondent says there is reason to believe that many skilled Belgian and Dutch artillerists have been engaged and imported into the Transvaal from April, 1896, in regular batches up to the eve of war. They received £50 in cash, the same amount on arrival at Pretoria, 10s. a day pay, and grants of land. Specialists also accompanied the new guns.

BRITHER SCOTS.

One of the officers of the Salvation Army sent to South Africa writes: "I spent the whole of yesterday afternoon with the soldiers at Fort Napier. The sergeant of the Queen was telling me how the Gordon Highlanders acted at the storming of Dundee. Just as they were nearing the Boers a number of men in the Boer lines held up their guns, and yelled, 'For God's sake, don't shoot, lads! We are Scotch, and haven't fired a shot at you!' It appears they stayed too long in the Transvaal, and were commandeered, and compelled to fight."

HUMOR AT MODDER RIVER.

The light-heartedness and the humor of Mafeking have inspired those at Modder River to not unworthy efforts. Very pleasing reading is the result. The 2nd Coldstreams find themselves in "a desperately thirsty country," and evidently envy their friends at home. The 1st Scot Guards have their minds fixed on the Paris Exhibition. "Book cab tickets," is their genial and hopeful request. The 9th Lancers, however, eclipse all their comrades. "Our stay in this charming watering-place," they say, "is most pleasing to the flies and inhabitants. Both bleed us freely. We are living on the best of sand, washed down by Chateau Modder." And then they mock-seriously regret the fact that we are not with them to share their luxuries. Cheery humor of this kind ought to carry the men far.

KIND BOERS.

"So many stories are current, many unfortunately true, with regard to transgressions of the ordinary rules of civilized warfare by the Boers, that I am very glad," says The Times correspondent, "to be able to give some instances in their favor. From what has been told me by several of the men wounded at Magersfontein there is no doubt that a number of Boers came out of the trenches on the night after the battle and gave water to wounded soldiers lying out on the veldt. The fact is that the better-class Boers—and the Free Staters are largely of the better class—are personally kindly and hospitable. The commandant, too, is usually eager to carry on war in as civilized way as possible, restricting looting, etc. But the discipline is insufficient to restrain the inferior back-country Boers, many of whom are almost half-savages, or the miscellaneous crew of ruffianly, 'mean whites' swept into the commandoes."

WAR AND CHARITY.

The expectation that the flow of contributions to deserving charities would be checked this Christmas by the diversion of public generosity to the War Relief Funds is being fulfilled. An official of the Charitable Organization Society says that the religious and philanthropic institutions which depend largely on the results of Christmas appeals are feeling the pinch sorely. He is inclined to think that ordinary charities will suffer to the extent of 33 1-3 per cent. A like story is told by the officials of other societies. From the philanthropic departments of the London Congregational Union, two pressing appeals have been sent out, but have met with scarcely any response. Not only is money not forthcoming, but even gifts of clothing are not to be had. The explanation probably is that London's "old clo'" is wanted for the adornment of the Transvaal refugees.

HIS SECOND SHOW.

General French, whose bustling of the Boers round Colesberg is the best news we have had from the war for many a weary day, has now scored two off his own bat. It was to him that General White generously left the active direction of operations at the battle of Elandslaagte, remarking, "Go on, French, this is your show." He afterwards left Ladysmith by the last train which got away from the town before its complete investment, and was sent to command the cavalry division on General Gatacre's line, which may be described as the middle line of advance, leading directly to Bloemfontein. General French, who is in his forty-eighth year, is an ex-militia officer, who joined the 8th Hussars in 1874. He served with the Cavalry Brigade on the Nile in 1884-85, and was present at the battle of Abu Klea. A dashing horseman, an expert swordsman, he has now shown that he is also a tactician, and that he can beat the Boers at their own game.

HOW LADYSMITH AMUSES ITSELF.

The Daily Telegraph has some interesting details of the state of Ladysmith from Mr. Thorold, a butcher, who has just arrived in Frere Camp. It is, he says, only during the last two weeks that the places of business have been closed. The military authorities have commandeered all the eatables, but have arranged that meat and bread shall be sold at prices fixed for all. Groceries are unobtainable for purchase. The last tin of milk fetched three shillings. Eggs are six shillings a dozen, but plain food, such as meat, biscuits, and army bread are procurable. The only drawbacks are the indifferent water, which is causing a little sickness, and the unclean state of parts of the town. Mineral waters are procurable at the hotels, though the bars have all been closed for two weeks. The Frere electric lights are easily seen at Ladysmith, but the Boers endeavor to spoil the reading of the signals by turning on their electric searchlights. Squib periodicals, such as the Bombshell, the Lyre, with cartoons and camp yarns, appear regularly. Kruger and Steyn going to St. Helena is the latest approved cartoon.

BOER DESCRIPTION OF BATTLES.

As an example of the war news purveyed for Free State consumption, the following extract from the Bloemfontein Express of December 5th is sent by the Cape Town correspondent of the Exchange Telegraph Company. It refers to the battles of Graspan, Belmont, and Modder.

"We heard bugle calls, and suddenly found Indian troops amongst us raising their war cry.

"They were armed with knives and swords. We shot them down like wild animals, but they climbed over dead and wounded with such determination that we were compelled to retreat.

"This terrible fight lasted until noon, when the British drew off, leaving 2,000 killed and wounded. Our loss was about nine killed and sixty wounded.

"That the Ghoerkas stormed the Boer position. The Boers fought like lions, but could not stand the terrible fire of the British cannonade, so we fled. Our best way is to charge them. They cannot stand the charge of the Boers.

"The English lost in three battles 4,000."

A WAUCHOPE REMINISCENCE.

A writer in To-Day, in the course of an appreciative article on "Fighting Wauchope," says: One night Wauchope was endeavoring to address a very stormy audience at Gilmerton, a rough mining village near Edingurgh, but only his flashing eyes and vehement gestures gave the slightest indication of the nature of his oratory. When the noise was at its loudest, and men were popping up here and there throughout the meeting to move votes of no-confidence, a rough Gilmerton carter climbed upon the platform, and the rabble quieted to hear the fun. Even Wauchope stopped to observe the chances of the situation. "A'm no gaen to say he kens onything o' politics," began the carter, jerking his shoulder towards Wauchope, "but I can tell ye this: when I was lying wounded at Tel-el-Kebir an' dyin' wi' thirst the Colonel made ower to me an' pulled me oot o' the road. That's enough for me, an' I'm goin' to vote for him." The man climbed off the platform and the audience remained quiet. Another minute and they were singing, "For he's a jolly good fellow!" and, five minutes later, were carrying "Fighting Wauchope" shoulder high. He had won, and, but for a change in the political wind four days before the election, he would have carried the constituency, too, in the face of his great opponent.

THE WISE WEATHER CLERK.

The Funnyland clerk of the weather
Doesn't waste his time finding out whether
To-morrow'll be blowy,
Or sunny, or snowy,
Oh! he's wiser than that altogether.

He carefully studies the past,
And runs up a flag on the mast,
So that people can see
If there's going to be
A thunderstorm week before last.

And when yesterday promises fair
When the sun will be hot and aglare,
People hitch a balloon
To the edge of the moon
And dive off and swim round in the air,
For they never get drowned in the air.—

Albert W. Smith, in the January Ladies' Home Journal.

TEMPORARY EXCHANGE.

It was eight o'clock of a Saturday morning in February, when Mr. and Mrs. Stone drove out of their farmyard and took the road northward. The crisp snow of the highway, packed and polished by weeks of good sleighing, creaked under the runners of their "cutter," and the sun was shining gloriously over the wooded hills to the eastward.

The Stones were going to spend Sunday with "Cousin Maria," Stone's second cousin, and the object of Mrs. Stone's admiration and envy. She declared that there was no house like Cousin Maria's, and no domestic conveniences and advantages like those she enjoyed; that nobody wore such beautiful clothes, or had such good things to eat, or commanded such resources to "do with" as Cousin Maria. In short, Mrs. Amasa Stone, who had not been a great while married, and who had one of the nicest little farmhouses in the county as well as one of the best and most devoted husbands in the world, was somehow a victim of that most disagreeable and distressing malady, envious discontent; and the immediate occasion of it was—Cousin Maria. If she could only exchange places, perhaps not husbands, but everything else, with Cousin Maria, how happy she would be!

Curiously enough—by that strange irony of fate which we often see cropping out in human life—Cousin Maria felt the same way toward Mrs. Stone. She secretly, but sincerely, envied the little woman with the big, devoted loverlike husband and the model farmhouse overlooking one of the most beautiful and productive valley farms in New England. "If I could only keep house like Cousin Ella!" she would sometimes say to her husband; and then she would add, to herself,—"Perhaps I might, if I had as nice a house, and the things to do with that she has."

Sincere and cordial envy does not make people dislike each other, by any means; and it was natural enough that Mrs. Stone and her cousin, Mrs. Holmes, should enjoy visiting each other and thereby adding fresh fuel to their mutual admiration. They traveled back and forth on these social exchanges a good deal, and their husbands, who, liked each other, and each others fare, by the way, were never averse to "driving over" for a day's outing. The two farms lay some 20 miles apart, in different townships, and about midway between them was a village, where the Stones and the Holmeses each had a special friend, with whom it was convenient and pleasant to stop for dinner, while going a-visiting.

The sleigh-bells rang cheerily and the miles rapidly fell away behind the Stones's cutter, this February morning, as they drove along toward Hydeville, the half-way village. "I hope nothing will happen to the stock or the hens, over Sunday," said Mr. Stone.

"Oh, don't worry about that!" exclaimed his wife. "You spoke to Leonard, as usual, didn't you?" "Yes, I asked him to fodder once a day and attend to the milking. But he lives quite a little piece away, and if it should come on to storm—"

"Storm! Look at the sky!" exclaimed Mrs. Stone, with a scornful laugh. "I declare, if you aren't the greatest man to worry over nothing."

It was still gloriously pleasant when they reached Hydeville, at 11 o'clock, and they stopped there two full hours. As they again took the road, at 1 o'clock, they noticed that the sky had become slightly flimy, but as it frequently does cloud over thus toward the close of a fine winter day, they were neither surprised nor disturbed. At 3 o'clock, however, the wind began to rise, the sky grew more overcast, and before long was spitting sharply out of the northeast.

"What do you think of the storm now?" asked Mr. Stone. "Drive along, and get there as quick as you can," was his wife's only reply, as she gathered the buffalo robe more tightly about her.

When they reached the Holmes farm, at about 4 o'clock, the wind was howling and the snow driving across the landscape in sheets. Mrs. Stone got out at the side entrance and plunged shiveringly against the door, but turned at once to her husband with a look of surprise and consternation. The door was locked! So were the front door and the kitchen door, as they speedily discovered.

"They're away from home," announced Mr. Stone. "They're gone visiting," groaned his wife. "Oh dear! do you suppose it's possible they've gone to visit us?"

"Shouldn't wonder a bit," replied Mr. Stone. "Come to think of it, I heard a man's laugh, when I went over to the store in Hydeville, that sounded like John Holmes's. But I couldn't tell where it came from, and couldn't see anybody that looked like him, so gave it up."

"Goose!" cried Mrs. Stone. "He was probably over at Jason Soper's, where they always stop—out in the barn, like as not. If you'd only mentioned it! Well, we must just make the best of a bad job. I know where Maria puts the kitchen key when she's away, and we might as well go in and take possession—as they will have to do at our house, I reckon."

The key was found on a nail under the "stoop," and Mrs. Stone proceeded to take possession, while her husband stabled his horse. When Mr. Stone came in, he found the lamps all lighted and his wife in a high state of excitement and delight at the prospect of "using Cousin Maria's nice things for awhile! I guess it's all for the best," she announced, with unexpected cheerfulness. "For once in our lives we will have a taste of keeping house with modern conveniences!"

It was a tremendous snow storm that 25th and 26th of February, Mr. and Mrs. Stone was snowbound for a week in the Holmes' house and Mr. and Mrs. Holmes, as it happened, were similarly imprisoned in theirs. Roads were not broken through for five days and no one knew how his neighbor was faring.

In the meantime Mr. Stone took care of Mr. Holmes's stock, and Mr. Holmes took care of his, while their wives revelled to their heart's content in the supposed domestic advantages and improvements for which they had envied each other so long. At last the two families were able to get word to one another, and a day was set for the mutual evacuation of each other's premises and a meeting at Hydeville on the way. Both parties were invited to dine at Jason Soper's, that memorable day, and the reader may be sure it was not one of those dinner parties that languish for lack of conversation.

Late in the afternoon, as the Stones came in sight of their own pleasant farmhouse, Mr. Stone said, hesitatingly, "John and I had some talk of exchanging farms, while we were harnessing up. We thought, if—"

"Stop right there, Amasa Stone!" cried his wife, with a sudden uncalled-for burst of tears. "If you ever mention such a thing again—"

"Why!" exclaimed Mr. Stone, in glad astonishment. "I thought you were crazy for Cousin Maria's modern conveniences, and John said that Maria made life a burden to him by hankering after yours. So we thought we'd please both of you by swapping farms."

"Well, you'll neither of you ever hear anything more on the subject from Maria or me," sobbed Mrs. Stone. "We were both of us so homesick and so ashamed that we burst out crying, when we were up in the front chamber at Mrs. Soper's, and confessed what fools we had been. I guess neither of us will ever quarrel with her own things again—least of all, with her own husband!"

FROG HUNTING.

Carried on at Night Only By Silent Men in Boats.

France is called the country of "frog eaters," but it is very likely that more frogs' legs are to-day eaten in the United States than in any other country in the world. Those who have ever tasted the delicious flesh of a frog's thigh always want more.

Frog hunting is always done at night, and the darker the night the better. Nothing can be done at catching frogs when the moon is out. The hunter's outfit consists of a small, flat-bottomed boat, a light, somewhat like that used as a headlight on locomotives, though not as heavy; a cane fishing pole about 10 feet in length, to one end of which is securely fastened a hook having three prongs extending from a single shank, and a box with a small sliding cover over the top, in which to put the frogs. The hunters always go in pairs, as one man cannot manage the boat and catch the frogs, too.

With a dark night and still water the hunters fasten their headlight on the bow of their boat, one of them takes his place back of the light with the fish pole in his hand, while his companion, who is to act as punter of the boat, takes the set pole, with which to push the craft along, and stations himself in the stern. The man in the bow keeps a sharp lookout within the radius of the stream of light, while the man in the stern shoves the boat forward slowly, steadily, and noiselessly, occasionally turning the bow from one point of the compass to another.

A frog is soon sighted. He sits, for instance, on a log, facing the boat, at a distance of 50 or 60 feet. His blinking eyes are fastened upon the blinding light, which seems to possess for him a strange fascination. The boat is moved cautiously toward him, care being taken to prevent it from swerving from its course, for the removal of the full glare of the light from his eyes for an instant would break the spell and lose the frog. As long as the light is kept full upon him he remains without moving. The boat and men are behind the light and he sees nothing but a sun of intense brilliancy in a night of deep darkness.

Having reached a point within five or six feet of the frog the man in the bow of the boat signals to his companion with his hand, and the boat is held still. Then he reaches out cautiously with the pole and hooks, being careful not to allow the pole or any portion of his arm to come in front of teh ray of light and thus produce a shadow, to frighten the frog. The hooks are extended until they are on the side of the frog opposite the boat and directly over the frog's back. A sharp, quick, downward pull is then given the pole, and Mr. Frog is caught.

NEW WOMEN IN JAPAN.

Fujuyama, Japan, has been the scene of a very unusual performance. An old woman of 93 is said to have ascended the mountain at the head of six women, all more than 50 years of age. This is progress with a vengeance, declares the commentator, considering that in former years, no female, young or old, was permitted to desecrate the sacred mountain by treading on it.

IS IT FINAL?

Many a man is so faint-hearted, or so intensely matter-of-fact, that he will take a girl's "No" as final, and go away forever—discouraged and sad, and propose to some other girl for whom he does not care, just because he has to do something to relieve his lacerated feelings.

Now, the man who has had experience with women will not do that. He will try again, after the first shock of that dreadful little two-letter word has subsided, and she has had time to think of it. And not infrequently his perseverance is rewarded by "Yes."

Not one woman in forty, or man, either, knows her own mind at the beginning of a love affair. There are so many factors operating for and against a certain course, which, after it is once taken, must be irrevocable. If you can make the girl you love hesitate, you have won a long score in your favor.

And if you are a young man, and are in love with a girl, and you are sure that there is no other man in the way, don't take that first "No" as final. A girl likes to think you are persevering, especially if that perseverance is exercised in winning her favor.

A man who has common sense will not make himself obnoxious to a woman by asking her to reconsider her previous "No," particularly if she be entirely heart-free.

We know of a very happy couple, now married ten years, but not married until the masculine party to the transaction had "asked" her five times and been told "No" four times before the final "Yes."

Girls are curious creatures. When they are quite young, they set a very high valuation upon themselves. At sixteen, a girl would hardly consider a prince. At twenty, she might favor a duke. At twenty-five, a lord, or count, would fill the bill. At thirty, she would not scruple to give herself to a millionaire. At forty she would marry a missionary "from love of the cause" and at fifty, she would jump at the chance of comforting a widower with five children and a maiden aunt in his family.

A girl's ideal is high. If the man upon whom she looks with favor does not come up to her ideal, she endows him with imaginary virtues and graces. She places a good deal of stress on fine eyes, and handsome nose and a mustache. By and by, when she is older, she will realize that, for a life solace and support, eyes and a mustache are not quite sufficient. Later, she looks to a man's strength and stability of character; and still later, she considers his bank account quite as much as she does the shape of his nose.

Young men are too autocratic. They fling themselves at the heads of the girls they fancy and practically say, "Take me, or leave me, just as you please. There are others."

Wait a little, dear young friends. The world was not made in a day, and surely its manufacture was a bigger job than the courting of any pretty Minnie or Mollie.

Have a little patience. If you go fishing for pickerel, you do not expect the fish you covet to jump out of the pond at your hook when he sees you coming. You wait for his pleasure. You gently wiggle your bait, and hold your breath, and if he does not bite, you come again to-morrow. And you keep on coming until you know some other fellow has caught him. Cannot you have as much patience with the girl you love?

There are girls, we regret to say it, who make it a point not to say "Yes" the first time they are asked. It looks too much like jumping at the first chance, they will tell you; and if there is anything a woman generally wants to avoid it is anything like "being too forward" in a matrimonial race. It is feminine to retreat—masculine to advance.

And there is some sense in it; for men generally like to do the courting before marriage, and leave it to women to do it afterward. Well, "turn about is fair play," says the old adage.

If you are a young man, don't throw yourself down at a girl's feet for her to walk over. Don't spend all your income "treating" her to ice cream and confectionery. A girl of that kind is not worth asking twice. Better take the first "No" as final.

A girl respects a man who has a mind of his own. She may get vexed when she fails to carry her point, and have a fit of the sulks, and go off with the other fellow; but if she cares a grain about you—and you don't want her unless she does—she will soon be convinced that, even though a man is in love, he has "a right to say his soul's his own." And all you experienced people, who have had love affairs, know what a jolly thing the making up of a lovers' quarrel is.

And so, young man, in closing, permit us to say—if you love a girl who has no interest in any other man, ask her twice, at least, before you consider her decision final; and if she at last says "Yes," hurry up the wedding day, and be happy.

—KATE THORN

A DISADVANTAGE.

The automobile is a wonderful invention, remarked the man who used to own horses.

Yes, said the harnessmaker, sadly, there isn't a hitch in it.

Through Storm and Sunshine

Vivien Neslie was standing in the full glow of the sunshine, near a cluster of gladioli, that formed a picture in themselves, all crimson and gold; bees buried in the bells, butterflies hovering round them. She had been looking at the gorgeous flowers, and still held one in her hands. There was no fairer spot in England than this sunlit garden, where the heiress of Lancewood stood with thoughtful face and dreamy eyes. Look where she would, nothing but beauty met her eyes, marvels of color, wonders of sunshine and shade. It was a garden rather old-fashioned than otherwise, full of heavy, rich roses, orange and scarlet nasturtiums, big fair clusters of hydrangea; there were blossoms of purple and white carmine-hued carnations, and lilies with white, pure bells—a garden wherein a poet might dream, and a painter lose himself in the divine beauty of flower and tree. An old-fashioned sun-dial stood near the bright gladioli; not far from it was a fountain of rare and quaint design; tame white doves fluttered round, and birds of bright plumage sang in the trees. The June sun shone, and over all floated a breath of perfume sweet as the odors of Araby.

Vivien Neslie gazed round with dreamy eyes. Looking at her, one would say she was rightly placed near the crimson and golden gladioli. She was in perfect harmony with the beauty of the garden—a tall, stately girl, with a Titian face, dark, glowing, splendid in its exquisite coloring and perfect features, the eyes of a rare purple hue, such as one sees in the heart of a passion flower, darkening with every passing thought, bright as the stars in the sky, fringed with long lashes—mystical, dreamy eyes, full of passion and power—eyes in the liquid depths of which it was easy to lose both heart and senses; straight, imperial brows; a mouth like a pomegranate bud, sensitive, sweet, yet with some proud, scornful curves—a girl that Titian would have painted, holding with white hand a crimson flower to her lips. A mass of dark hair, soft and shining, was drawn back from the beautiful face, and lay in luxurian' profusion over the white neck and shoulders. In the bloom of her girlish beauty she looked brilliant as a passion-flower in the sun.

Suddenly one of the tame white doves fluttering round, lighted on her shoulder, and Vivien Neslie awoke from her dream.

What do girls fair and young dream of in the sunshine and flowers? Of the lover who is to come—of the love that is to crown them—of the sweet, vague possibilities of life?

No such pretty thoughts occupied the heiress of Lancewood. She had been through the Hyde woods and round by the river; returning, she stopped to rest by the old sun-dial, and there her dark eyes wandered over one of the fairest scenes in England. She saw the dark masses of trees in Hyde woods; she saw purple hills rising in the far distance, crowned with rich foliage; she saw the deep, clear river gleaming in the sun; she saw rich clover-meadows, golden cornfields, acre after acre of undulating, fertile land; she saw a picturesque park, where grand old trees of the growth of generations formed a shade for the antlered deer; and to the left lay the sunny Southern sea. She saw Lancewood Abbey, the home of her race, the grand, massive building that was like "a poem in stone;" and the thought that brightened the dreamy eyes was—"One day all this will be mine." All this—the wealth of wood and forest, of field and meadow—even the far-famed old Abbey—all would one day be hers, for she was the only child of Sir Arthur Neslie, and heiress of Lancewood. She had the proud air of one who had always been obeyed. There was a grandeur about her such as comes only from always holding high authority, a frank independence, a certain kind of defiance—for it was a noble face, and a noble soul looked out of it.

"All this will be mine," thought the young girl—"and I will make good use of it. If I live long enough, my good deeds shall be my monument. I will leave a name that will live in the hearts of the people around me. This is my kingdom, and I shall be its queen."

It was not vanity that shone in her face as she said the words—it was something higher and nobler—pride that, rightly trained, might have made her what she wished to be, a noble woman—pride of race and of lineage, pride in a spotless name and high descent, pride in the grand old home that was second to none in the land.

All to be her own—and she would use it royally. She had often stood there by the old sun-dial, looking round on the vast domain, thinking what she would do when it became hers. She had been brought up as heiress of Lancewood. No other fate, no other lot in life, no other possibility had ever occurred to her except this. She had filled her mind with grand and noble thoughts, all for the good of others, when she would be queen of this her fair domain. It should be a pattern and model for all others—no one should be poor or sorrowful. She would be a lady bountiful, going amongst her people with open hands and open heart, relieving all distress. There should be churches where none had been built before—schools, almshouses. Her heart warmed as she thought of it all, as she pictured the white heads of the old and the fair faces of the young; and all were to be made happy by her. They were noble dreams—not out of place in the glow of the sunlight and amid the fragrance of flowers.

The pretty tame doves aroused her from them. She dropped the spray of gladiolus, and turned to the fountain. The gold fish almost seemed to know her as she touched the water softly.

Presently down a broad path shaded by acacia-trees came a young, handsome man, looking about him eagerly, as though in search of some one. At length he saw the glimmer of a white dress amongst the trees, and he stood still, silently watching her. She was singing just then in a low, sweet voice, and he listened to the words with a peculiar smile on his face. They were words by the poet Dibdin, quaint and sweet—

"I once had gold and silver—
I thought them without end;
I once had gold and silver—
I thought I had a friend,
My wealth is lost, my friend is false,
My love is stolen from me;
And here I lie in misery
Beneath the willow-tree."

He recognized the song as one called "The Mad Lover," and again a significant smile stole over his face.

"It is a strange for her to sing," he thought to himself. "One never hears her singing love ditties, as other girls do. She is far too imperial for that, I should imagine."

Then he went up to the fountain where the gold fish darted amongst the emerald-green weeds and the sun shone in the waters.

"Good-morning, Miss Neslie," he said, with a low bow.

The words of the song ceased abruptly as Vivien Neslie turned quickly round to see from whom the greeting came. A smile came over her face.

"Good-morning, Mr. Dorman; you startled me. Have the books come?"

"Yes," he replied. "I came to tell you. They are well selected; you will be pleased, I think."

"The last were all tiresome—nothing of any value in them," she continued. "Have they sent Browning's last poem?"

"Yes; we have several poetical works this time."

"If it is not troubling you too much will you bring Browning out here to me? I should like to read in the sunshine; it is very pleasant."

She spoke to him with a kind of half-distant, half-reserved familiarity, that showed plainly enough that she did not consider him on an equality with herself. He seemed to feel and understand it, and his face flushed slightly as he replied—

"It is always a pleasure to obey you Miss Neslie."

"Then pray let me have Browning at once. I have but an hour's leisure; I must not lose it in talking."

Again his face flushed. He waited until he could speak calmly, and, then producing a letter, he said—

"The post-bag was delayed this morning; I have only just opened it. Sir Arthur has written to me—and this is for you."

She fancied there was something strange in his manner—something of hesitation and uncertainty. Then she took from his hands the letter which was to change the whole course of her life.

"It is from Sir Arthur," she said, quickly—"a letter from my father! How cruel of the post to delay this morning, above all others!"

She opened the envelope with impatient fingers, wondering why the young secretary lingered there, looking at her with such strange eyes.

"What a long letter!" she said, laughingly. "This extends to over a page: Sir Arthur seldom writes more than four lines."

"Let me find you a seat," he proposed, "while you read it. You will be tired of standing."

Still with the same strange expression on his face, he brought one of the little garden-chairs to her, and she sat down.

"Why do you not go for my book?" she asked, with laughing impatience.

"There may be a message for me in that letter, Miss Neslie," he replied. "Permit me to remain while you read it."

She sat down where the faint odor of the lilies floated round her, where the cooing of the white doves reached her, and read the words that darkened her whole life.

"My Dearest Vivien—Writing, as you know, always fatigues me; I detest it. But I have something to tell you which will astonish you greatly—perhaps even anger you.

"It will be foolish of you, Vivien, to be angry, for I have perfect and undisputed right to please myself; no one has any right to take umbrage or offense at what I do.

"I feel a certain degree of of reluctance in making my announcement—why, I cannot tell. You would wish me to be happy, and I have sought happiness after my own fashion. Vivien, I have married again. My wife is a beautiful young French girl—her name was Valerie d'Este; she is very piquant, attractive, graceful. You will be sure to admire her. We were married in Paris, and intend returning home next Tuesday.

"Now, Viven, remember that, being angry and vexed about it is simply a waste of time; I had a right to please myself, and I have done so. If this wife were to die, it would be no one's affair should I marry a third. Tell Mrs. Spenser to have the rooms in the western wing set in order and prepared for Lady Neslie. Tell all the household of the change, and see that my wife is received with due honor and respect.

"One word to yourself, Vivien. What is done is done. If you are wise, instead of battling with the tide of events, you will swim with it. From you, my daughter, I shall expect love, kindness, affection, attention, and consideration for my wife. If you show all this, well and good; if you refuse it, you will see the result. Meet me with a smile, Vivien; let me hear no reproaches.

"I had a right to please myself. Your whole future will depend on your treatment of Lady Neslie.

"My fondly-loved daughter, adieu. We shall be with you on Tuesday, and hope to find all things well.

Arthur Neslie.

She read the letter slowly, and then turned back and read it again. The young secretary watched her intently. He saw the color fade from her face, the light die from her eyes; he saw her lips grow white, as they had never been before; he watched her curiously, keenly, for he would have given his life to save her from pain.

Suddenly, with an angry gesture, she rose from her seat, a crimson flush spreading over her face; she flung the letter on the ground at her feet.

"I will not believe it!" she cried. "It is a forgery! My father never wrote that."

He made no reply; his pity and his love were so great that they made him speechless.

"Read it!" she commanded. "Read it, Gerald Dorman, and tell me if I am mad or sane!"

He took up the letter.

"Do you really wish me to read this, Miss Neslie?" he asked.

"Yes," she replied, slowly. "I cannot believe it. My eyes, my senses must have deceived me; the words I have seen cannot possibly be written there. Read it, and tell me if the news be true."

He read the letter. She stood watching him with a bewildered, dazed look, with white parted lips and darkened eyes. Then he laid it down on the sun-dial, and turning to her, said—

"It is quite true, Miss Neslie. I knew it when I brought this letter to you."

"You knew it!" she cried. "How?"

"Sir Arthur wrote to tell me. I received his letter this morning, and I felt sure that yours contained the same intelligence. It was for that reason I ventured to disobey you and remain here instead of looking for the book."

"Then it is true," she moaned "my father has a wife—some one in my mother's place. I—I cannot believe it, Mr. Dorman. Why, only ten minutes since I was thinking of all I would persuade him to do—and now I find he has a wife. He has been all the world to me—as I have been to him; and now he has a wife. The love and the home that have been mine so long will be mine no more."

"Nay, Miss Neslie," said the calm, pitying voice, "it will not be so bad as that. You are, and always will be heiress of Lancewood. The Abbey will always be your home, unless—" Then he stopped and hesitated.

"Unless my father should have a son to succeed him, in which case Lancewood would never be mine," she said, slowly. "Half an hour since, Mr. Dorman, I thought myself as certainly heiress of Lancewood as that the sun shone in the sky."

"You must not look on the very darkest side, Miss Neslie," counseled the young secretary. "Sir Arthur says that Lady Neslie is young and beautiful."

of supreme contempt.

She interrupted him with a gesture

"One must be as weak as a man," she said, "to care much for youth and beauty."

"Pardon me," he continued, gently; "I was about to say that, being beautiful, she is almost sure to be kind of heart. Minds and faces are in harmony."

She interrupted him again.

"How little you know of the matter, Mr. Dorman! As though beautiful women ever cared for anything except themselves."

"Being young," he pursued, "she will be timid, and will not venture to take any leading part in the management of the household."

She laughed bitterly.

"Did you ever see a timid Frenchwoman, Mr. Dorman? I never did. What can have possessed my father to marry—above all, to marry a French girl?"

"Perhaps," said the young secretary, with a meaning look that any one less proud would have understood, "Sir Arthur may have fallen in love, as others do."

"Love!" she repeated, scornfully. "Pray, pardon me, Mr. Dorman, but the notion of my own father's falling in love is too absurd."

There was an interval of uncomfortable silence: it was broken by the young secretary, who said:

"I am sorry, Miss Neslie, to bring a disagreeable matter before you, but Sir Arthur says he wishes arches of evergreens erected in the drive. I am to consult you about them."

"You may spare me the insult, sir. If I erected an arch at all, it would be one of yew and cypress.

He bowed, being quite at a loss for words.

"Sir Arthur has also directed that the pictures in the blue room shall be placed in the apartment in the western wing known as 'my lady's boudoir.'"

"That was my mother's room!" cried the girl, with flashing eyes. "It shall not be touched!"

"Dear Miss Neslie," pleaded the secretary, "do believe me: opposition is all in vain. Let me counsel you to comply with Sir Arthur's wishes."

"I do not need your counsel, Mr. Dorman, and please do not call me 'dear' Miss Neslie. I am not so desolate yet as to require that."

He drew back with such an expression of intense pain that her proud heart was touched. She held out her hand to him.

"Forgive me," she said. "I need not speak so unkindly to you — you have not displeased me. But I am so hurt, so grieved, so wounded; I do not know what to say."

"If speaking harshly to me could lessen your pain, I would submit to it forever," he replied.

She did not seem to hear him—and he was quite accustomed to have the passionate utterances of his great love treated with silent indifference.

"Tell me," Mr. Dorman," she said, after a pause, "all that Sir Arthur requires to be done."

"Sir Arthur wishes to have triumphal arches erected all along the drive. They are to be surmounted by the word, 'Welcome.' He wishes also that every servant belonging to the household should be in the great hall to bid Lady Neslie welcome home. He wishes the rooms in the western wing to be prepared, all the pictures of the Blue Room to be placed in the boudoir, dinner to be ready at eight instead of seven—he invites me to dine—and, lastly, I am to say to you that he hopes neither expense nor trouble will be spared in welcoming Lady Neslie home."

She turned her proud face to him.

"Do you know, sir, that that is the very welcome my mother received when she came, a bride, to Lancewood Abbey twenty years ago?"

"I can imagine it," was the cautious reply.

"And do you think the same welcome given to her will be given to this French girl—this girl of nineteen? I tell you 'No!' I would rather cut off my hands than use even one finger in such sacrilege. Let those who will erect triumphal arches — I shall not."

The young secretary looked terribly perplexed.

"I can understand your feelings," he began.

She turned again with her queenly gesture of impatient scorn.

To be Continued.

HOW TO RIP A DRESS.

Most people have an idea that it is easy enough to rip a garment to pieces. Any child can do this. It is a matter that requires scarcely any care or attention. Dresses are usually pulled to pieces, snipped at with scissors, or cut with knives.

To rip up a garment properly there should be no pulling, tearing, or dragging apart. If one cannot take the end of the thread and pull it out, the stitches should be cut with a sharp knife. Very few persons can rip a garment with scissors without doing it great harm; indeed, many find it impossible to cut stitches with anything without making holes that render the goods absolutely worthless for the one who originally wore it. When it is done the edges are so ragged that a much smaller pattern must be used. In preparing goods for the dyer, or to be made over, every stitch should be taken out. It seems scarcely necessary to say that facings, braid and hooks and eyes must be removed, but this is imperative, in view of the condition in which garmnts come to the dressmaker and the dyer. Many dresses, capes and jackets are perfectly wearable after being carefully ripped, brushed, sponged and pressed. It is a wonder that some one does not set up an establishment for ripping clothes and putting them in order for the dressmaker. The owner of them frequently has not time to rip properly, or is too careless and understands too little the way to do it, had she all the time in the world. Some woman in every community might get a tolerable living, or at least add to a limited income, by preparing garments for remodelling.

A NEW METHOD.

A lady who is noted for the systematic orderliness of her home recently made a visit to a friend who lives in a large, old-fashioned, rambling mansion, in spacious grounds, in a suburban town. Mrs. Orderly was very careful about shutting doors, and frequently took herself to task after any of her outings because the doors of the closets in her rooms were open. She imagined she must have forgotten them, and felt some vexation on account of it. After a time she observed that almost all of the cupboard doors in the house stood open in the same way. From force of habit she closed one of them while her hostess was in the room, when that lady remarked:

"I wonder if you have observed that I am quite given to leaving my closet doors open. It may appear like carelessness, but I assure you there is a method in it. As long as the doors were slightly closed I was bothered to death by moths. They seemed to have an insane desire to eat up my best clothes and do what I could I found no remedy. At last an idea struck me, that as light was not favorable for their business I might gain a point by leaving everything exposed to the sun. Since that time I have purposely left every door open, and moths trouble me but little."

HAD BEEN THERE BEFORE.

In order to settle a little bet, the young man said, passing a ring over the showcase, please tell me whether the correct pronounciation of the name of the stone in that ring is turkeeze or turkwoize.

The jeweller inspected it and handed it back.

The correct pronounciation is glass, he said.

A Clergyman's Advice.

THE ALMOST MIRACULOUS CURE OF JOHN McDONALD, CAPE NORTH, N.S.

For Years He Was Afflicted With Spinal Trouble and Paralysis of the Legs—Was Treated by the Best Specialists in Victoria General Hospital, at Halifax, Without Benefit. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills Have Restored Him.

Mr. John McDonald, a well known merchant at Cape North, N.S., was for many years a sufferer from spinal trouble, which eventually resulted in partial paralysis. Treatment of many kinds was resorted to, but without avail, until finally Dr. Williams' Pink Pills were used, with the result that Mr. McDonald is again enjoying almost perfect health. Mr. McDonald's story is given as follows in his own words:—"Almost thirteen years ago I caught a bad cold which lodged in my back, producing a terrible pain. Liniments were at first resorted to, but they had no effect, and the trouble began and could not go out of doors after came so bad that I could hardly walk, dark, as I would be almost certain to fall if I attempted to walk. Medical treatment did me no good. I tried six different doctors, but the result was always the same. I spent $30 for an electric belt, but it was simply money wasted. Years went on and I was continually growing worse, until in the spring of 1895 my lower limbs would scarcely support me. In June of that year I went to the Victoria General Hospital, Halifax, where I remained for two months under the treatment of the best specialists, but when I returned home I was actually worse than when I entered the hospital. This thoroughly discouraged me, and I gave up all hope of ever getting better. I continued to grow worse until about the first of January, 1896, when I had become so bad that I could not stand alone, as my legs were like sticks under me. My only means of locomotion was crutches, and my legs dragged after me like useless pieces of timber; I could not raise them one inch from the floor. About the first of the following April, Rev. Mr. McLeod strongly urged me to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. I had tried so many things without benefit, that I did not think the pills could help me, but nevertheless decided to give them a trial. After using six boxes I could see that there was a slight improvement, and I continued using the pills until I had taken thirty boxes, and by that time new life and vigor and returned to my legs, and I have since been able to attend to my business behind the counter without the aid of crutches, or even a stick. Under God's blessing Dr. Williams Pink Pills have restored me to a new measure of health and energy, I never expected to again enjoy in this world.

My restoration has caused a great wonderment in this section, and as a result I have sold many gross of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills in my store, and many of those who have bought them from me tell me they have cured them of their troubles.

Dr. Williams Pink Pills act directly on the blood and nerves. They do not purge, and therefore do not weaken like other medicines. They give strength from the first pill to the last used. There are many dealers who offer pink colored substitutes, because the substitute gives them a greater profit, but these should always be refused, as substitutes are either dangerous or absolutely worthless.

A SOLDIER SUPERSTITION.

"I'm sorry," said a London tattooist famous in the West End, "but I can only give you a few minutes. You see, the war has given an extraordinary impetus to our art. All the leading artists in our line are engaged night and day tattooing mottoes, arms, love tokens, and still stranger devices, on the arms, chests, and legs of departing officers and privates. A girl's portrait in the middle of a spider's web, is a favorite decoration. One titled Guardsman had two different portraits done, one on each arm; another a complete representation of the Guards' colors and motto. Several officers get their fiancees to write their names, or some little motto, and the tattooists reproduce the writing in facsimile.

"Nor can one smile at the tattoist as sentimental. Several officers and men who met death at Elandslaagte were recognized by mottoes and devices tattooed on their chests and arms when their faces were so shattered that identification would otherwise have been impossible.

THE ORGANIST AN ATOCRAT.

"If there ever is any trouble in the congregation about the music, and if the minister ever worries himself, it is admitted at once that the congregation and the minister are alone to blame," writes Ian Maclaren in the January Ladies' Home Journal. "But there are other difficulties, and they may be mentioned in a spirit of becoming humility. For one thing, the organist is an artist, and every artist has a nature of special refinement which cannot bear the rough-and-tumble ordinary methods of life. With a man of common clay you deal in a practical, straightforward and even brutal fashion, arguing with him, complaining to him, and putting him right when he is wrong. But no man must handle precious porcelain in such fashion, or the artist will be instantly wounded and will resign and carry his pathetic story to every quarter, for, as a rule the organist thinks that he is lifted above criticism and public opinion. It is impossible to teach him anything; it is an insult to suppose that anything could be better than the music he provides."

The Mining Review

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 24, 1900.

DYING HARD.

Some newspapers, like wild cats, die very hard. If the Nelson Tribune could only make the people believe there was some kind of connection, in the settlement of the Slocan troubles, between the mine owners' association and the miners' unions, by which the latter were in some way recognized by the former, it would be quite willing to go to its grave "unwept, unhonored and unsung." Hear the print:

"The terms upon which the Slocan trouble has been settled are set out in a communication from the Silver-Lead Mines Association, under the date of December 23rd, to the following effect:"

We want the Tribune once for all to understand that the offer referred to above was unreservedly withdrawn by the mine owners, when the unions refused to accept it unconditionally. There is virtually now no offer of any nature or kind, and has not been since the early days of January, from the mine owners association for acceptance or rejection by the unions. Can the Tribune understand this?

The sum and substance of the matter is this: When the great body of the miners saw that the machines of the unions were unable to deliver the goods they had sold—that they were unable to beat the owners by keeping out "alien" miners—they had either to break away from the machines and hire or have the mines all filled by outsiders. So far as the miners are now hiring, they are doing it with individual owners and not with the association. We believe the owners are paying the wages in the schedule referred to by the Tribune, but it is simply of their own accord and not that the association has held the offer over for the consideration of the union as the Tribune says is the case. It is a complete defeat of the machines of the unions, but the owners will not take advantage of the circumstances but will give good, deserving men the highest wages in the country.

If the Tribune now really wants to do the miners a good turn let it join The Review in advising them to discard from their unions all newspaper men, hotelkeepers, business men, etc., etc., and have no members who are not actually working miners. Let them next, while not discriminating against nationalties, expel every Coeur d'Alene rioter, and all others who mine with their mouths instead of their hands, from all offices in their unions, and next cut entirely loose from the Western Federation. If they do these things and have their unions managed by cool, level-headed men who have reasonable regard for the progress of the country as well as their own wages, our word for it, they will be recognized by the owners, and in every sense of the word be respected by the people regardless of nationality, color or creed. Will the Tribune join The Review in making these recommendations? An early answer will oblige.

WHY IS IT THUS?

We are evidently in the midst of a labor crisis in the Kooteney of which no living man can foretell the end. Unasked for, pettifogging politicians stole a law through the House in the night, or we believe, if the facts were known, on Sunday morning, which, if a fact, would invalidate it, to corral a few votes in the country, which has set employers and employes at daggers drawn for many a day, deranged the entire financial prospects of the country, rendered operations, where at all pursued, precarious and in many cases stifled mining altogether. It is announced by many of the mine managers of the south country that their properties have shut down because of defective machinery. This, of course, shuts out government investigations and visits of commissioners, guaranteeing suspensions, uninfluenced by any one until the owners are ready to resume operations. These in that country, with other suspensions to follow, will throw probably all told 2000 men out of employment. It is also a moral certainty that as the larger properties will not put on full forces and as many of the smaller properties will not open at all, with the labor market as it is, the Slocan will run for many months to come with half labor or less, lessening the field by 1,000 in this district. If the few votes the government will make out of their pet enactment will be ample compensation to the country for this extensive suspension of operations and loss of labor to 3000 men, if not loss of the men as well, for if they cannot get work they will have to leave, we have but little more to say on the subject.

We do not now, any more than we ever did, advocate the repeal of the eight-hour law, now that it is on the statute books, but we do advocate such modifications of it as will restore liberty of action to both employer and employe, as is the case in most other countries where they have a statutory day for mining operations. We ask why is it that the chief industrial element of this country should be reduced to the condition of serfs while they have ample protection with liberty of action in most other colonies of Great Britain? Why, again we ask, should the necessities of our curbstone politicians become a matter of such consequence as to effectually stifle our leading industry, drive away all contemplated advances of capital and throw the bone and sinew of our industrial people effectually out of employment? These are the questions for the government and its henchmen to answer.

DR WOOD'S NORWAY PINE SYRUP.

CURES COUGHS AND COLDS.

Mrs. Alonzo H. Thurber, Freeport, N.S. says: "I had a severe attack of Grippe and a bad cough, with great difficulty in breathing. After taking two bottles of Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup I was completely cured."

DR. VANSANT'S LAXATIVE LIVER PILLS

Work while you sleep without a grip or gripe, curing Sick Headache, Dyspepsia and Constipation, and make you feel better in the morning.

A CHANGE OF MUSIC.

The Nelson Tribune, the Silvertonian and the local squib, in speaking of what is in reality the complete surrender of the machines of the unions, now say, "There is a great feeling of relief in all circles at the happy termination of the labor situation." [A situation may change, but how it can terminate is a mystery.—Ed. Review.]

"It has taught both sides that a struggle between capital and labor is a disaster which should be averted by any honorable means possible; that employer and employee each have rights which must be respected; that each have strength which must be feared, and that both have dignity that cannot be trampled upon without provoking recriminations."

"It has for one thing shown both sides to the dispute, organized labor and unorganized capital, that they have both rights that the other is bound to respect and also that one cannot very well live without the other."

"That capital must go hand in hand to reach the goal of prosperity."

We do not know that anything any of these prints could have said at any time would have materially influenced the results; but it is at least certain that if they had written this way all through the struggle, there would have been infinitely less criticism of their course, and much better feeling today between the miners and the owners.

At the outset it was, "The eight-hour law is here to stay without modification. * * * Eight-hour shifts are in vogue all over the world and they must follow here. * * * $3.50 is as little as the men can work for, and they must have it. * * * The Payne, the Last Chance, etc., etc., can pay $3.50, therefore, all the properties must pay it whether the others are able to do it or not. * * * The alien owners are making fortunes out of nothing, therefore, they must work the mines at $3.50 or they will be taken out of their hands and worked by the government. * * * Foreign dictatorship must be submitted to as it is the essence of strength of organization, etc., etc. The mischievousness of such contentions became apparent to the more moderate portion of the community, and retalliation leading to much warmth of expression followed.

It is a fact, as some of these now in cooler moments admit, that capital and labor must go hand in hand—the one must be respected as well as the other—and woe be to those who attempt to antagonize them.

Let us see how it hangs together amongst them. The gulchite says that by spring there will probably be 2000 men men working in the mines of the Slocan. It is possible there will be openings for that many by that time. Now it says there are 350 employed at present (of whom about 100 are the much abused aliens, there being 30 at the Enterprise and over 60 at the Payne, which would leave 250 resident miners working), and it says there are 400 idle. Then if all the resident miners were working there would be 650 employed against the 2000 required. The unions say, "Importations must stop." The question then is how are these men to be got, and how are the mines to be worked to their full capacity if the advice, nay, command if you please, of the unions is to be obeyed? Advices from other quarters go to show there are no more men in the other mining districts than there is work for, if all the mines were running, and not enough if the three-shift plan, for which the government has opened an avenue were generally adopted. We again ask the question how are all the mines to be fully worked if the unions are obeyed, and the importation of men is to be discontinued?

There is not much satisfaction in dealing with sweeps, as you are always sure to get a dose of soot. An attempt was made by the leaflet to show that Mr. Cliffe said that Mr. Charles Wilson was opposed to the eight-hour law. We defy the print to quote any such statement from our columns. Mr. Wilson said he was in favor of the principle of the law, leaving the details and modifications to be dealt with by the legislature. We again defy the print to prove that either Mr. Cliffe or The Review said the law should be repealed bodily. What both have said is that when it was not demanded by the country it should not have been passed; and now its objectionable features should be repealed to restore to men the independence of action that the British Constitution gives them. We do not suppose the leaflet will even understand this, for it is as proverbial now as it always was, that the Bourbon never learns anything and never forgets anything.

The galled jade up the gulch winces. Because things have not turned out to its own liking it is striking out, like cockroaches and wild-cats, to fight anything and everything not of its way of thinking. As a result Mr. Cliffe comes in for a dose of its Billingsgate. We are always ready to combat argument; but when it comes to personal abuse we leave the field to those whose mental calibre will permit the use of no better weapon. A rubber bottle or a feed of Castoria would be the best medicine for the gulchite. The only point in his tirade is his reference to Mr. Charles Wilson's letter. As it is partially private we do not feel disposed to publish it; but we are ready at any time to show it to the writer of the tirade referred to or any man the editor (?) of the gulchite may send to our office, and if he finds it does not fully bear out all we said on the matter we will make an ample retraction. This is surely fair.

Editorial—Continued on Page 5.

SCROFULA

is indicated by little kernels in the neck. Sometimes they swell, become painful, soften, and end in a scar. Watch carefully, and just as soon as the kernels appear give

Scott's Emulsion.

The swellings will grow less and less until they disappear entirely. Continue the Emulsion until the child has good solid flesh and a healthy color.

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

THE DREAM OF MOTHERHOOD COMES TRUE WHEN DR. PIERCE'S FAVORITE PRESCRIPTION IS USED.

Mrs. Axel Kjer, of Gordonville, Cape Girardeau Co., Mo., writes: "When I look at my little boy I feel it my duty to write you. Perhaps some one will see my testimony and be led to use your 'Favorite Prescription' and be blessed in the same way. I took nine bottles and to my surprise it carried me through and gave us as fine a little boy as ever was. Weighed ten and one-half pounds. He is now five months old, has never been sick a day, and is so strong that every body who sees him wonders at him. He is so playful and holds himself up so well."

MINING STOCKS AND OTHER INVESTMENTS.

Every Representation Guaranteed.

J. M. Harris

SANDON, B. C.

Dollars For Doctors.

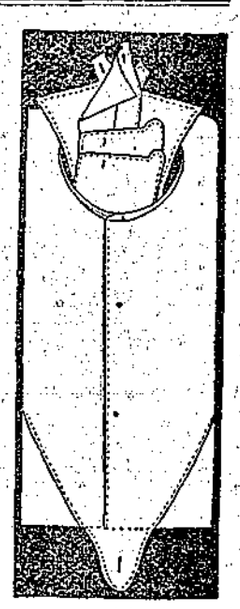
But Mrs. Douglas derived little benefit till she used B.B.B.

Proof after proof we have been furnishing how B.B.B. makes bad blood pure blood and cures cases that even the doctors failed to benefit.

Here's the case of Mrs. John Douglas, Fuller, Ont., an account of which she gives.

"I have used B.B.B. for impure blood, pimples on the face and sick headache. I tried a great many remedies and spent dollars for doctors' medicine but derived little benefit. I then started using B.B.B. and only took four bottles when my skin became clean and free from all eruptions. My other troubles disappeared also and I am now in perfect health."

The Sandon Steam Laundry.



The machinery is the best to be had in the country—the workmen are all experienced,—so that nothing but the best work is turned out.

Orders from a distance solicited.

Goods sent in by express or otherwise have immediate attention and are promptly returned.

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Plans and Estimates Furnished on all Classes of Building.

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Sash and Doors, Frames and Mouldings on hand or to order on short notice.

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CALL AND GET PRICES.

SANDON, B.C.

Dry Goods! Dry Goods Dry Goods!

We have just received a large shipment from the east.

NEW DRESS PATTERNS. NEW FANCY SILKS.
NEW FLANNELETTES. NEW EIDERDOWN.

Ladies', Misses' and Children's (Health Brand) Underwear.

We also carry a full line of Carpets, Linoleums, Floor Oilcloths, Curtains and Window Shades.

HUNTER BROS.

The Mining Review, $2.00 A YEAR.

John Houston on Immigration.

The Nelson Tribune is going to fling a kettle of fish at the head of Mr. Bostock, when he comes back for re-election, because he does not enforce the alien act and shut out immigration. John Houston thinks there are enough miners registered in the Nelson division to elect him to parliament, and woe be to any man who allows the displacement of any of these until after he is elected. Canada has spent over five millions of dollars since Confederation in an effort to bring in population to settle her waste lands, furnish labor and in other respects develop its wastes. All this must now stop because John Houston wants the present mining vote of Nelson. In Houston's eyes British Columbia has as many people as its resources will warrant. Its arable lands are only potato patches, its mining lands are only capable of employing three or four thousand men, and as for manufactures and the like the province now has too many of them. Don't allow another man into British Columbia to disturb the present mining corrals that are sure to go blind for Heuston & Co.

Authors and Publishers.

An American author who has made England his home for some time past told me that he was bound to confess that he did so because his social position was so much better there than in America. "Here," he said, "I am sought for for my own sake, for what I have accomplished as a writer and not for what I have earned. At home my publisher held a better social position than I, not because he was any more desirable personally, but because he was a man of wealth and could entertain more lavishly than I could. Not that there is any objection to publishers, but I like a country where there is no objection to authors."—Critic.

The supposed grave of Eve is visited by ever 40,000 pilgrims in each year. It is to be seen at Jiddah, in a cemetery outside the city walls. The tomb is 50 cubits long and 12 wide. The Arabs entertain a belief that Eve was the tallest woman that ever lived.

The Vatican at Rome is the largest palace that has ever been erected. In length it is 1,200 feet and in breadth 1,000 feet. It contains 4,422 rooms.

NOTHING LIKE IT.

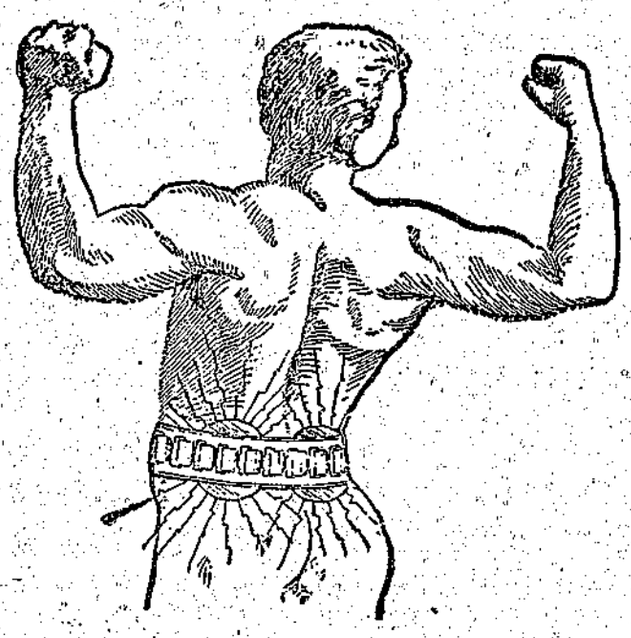
You should remember that no other medicine is like Shiloh's Consumption Cure in any respect. If other remedies have failed to relieve your cough or cold, that is all the more reason why you should try Shiloh's. Always sold under a positive guarantee. If it does help you, the druggist must give you back your money. 25 cts, 50 cts. and $1.00 a bottle. Sold at McQueen's Drug Store.

Editorial—Continued from Page 4.

Even the leaflet up the gulch is laboring hard to show that there is still an offer from the Silver-Lead Mines Association before the unions and that the latter are accepting it, when in its own columns it, some weeks ago, published a letter over the signatures of C. H. Hand and F. A. Wood saying all the offers of the association were withdrawn, and the matter stood with the unions as if negotiations had never been commenced. There is an assurance from several of the owners, on their own personal account, that they would pay good men, whether union or non-union, who attended to their own business, $3.25 per day. This is all there is to it, one way or the other, so far as the owners are concerned. The men, no doubt, have long since come to the conclusion that the persistency of the machines of the unions has occasioned the golden opportunity to pass from their hands and are now resolved on doing the best they can for themselves individually. No doubt a number of them who are known to be good, reliable men will be employed at the wages named, and that is just how the matter stands.

The newspapers of Ontario are going for Gooderham and Blackstock at a great rate over the closing down of the War Eagle and Centre Star mines. Residents of that province hold boomed stock in these properties to the value of about $1,500,000, and the closing down has caused a collapse in values and, as a consequence, heavy losses to the holders. All we have to say is it serves them right, and all others who dabble in boomed stock. A man buys stock at a certain figure, some incident occurs without showing any increased value in the mine and up goes the stock, and people's cash after it. What else do they expect but collapse after such gambling? If those people would only learn enough to put their piles together, buy a young property out and out and work it themselves, they would be saved all this vexation of spirit begotten of mining kite-flying.

WORN THUS BY WEAK MEN

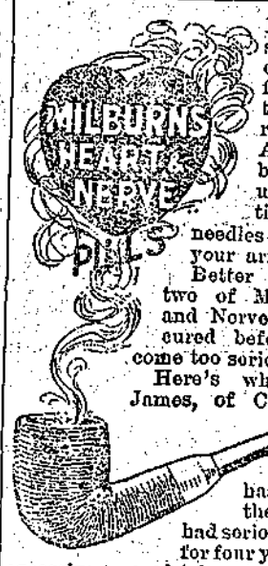


In all weaknesses resulting from youthful errors or later excesses the best manner in which to apply the galvanic current is from the lumbar region, small of back, through the kidneys, liver, stomach, bladder and prostate gland. This in the application of my famous appliance, the Dr. Sanden Electric Belt, with attachment for men. Over 7,000 cures during 1899. Established 30 years. Write for free book, sent sealed, which explains all, or drop in at office and consult me, free of charge.

DR. S. SANDEN, 474 Main St., Winnipeg, Man.

OFFICE HOURS--9 A. M. TO 6 P. M.

TOBACCO HEART.



Have you been smoking a good deal lately and feel an occasional twingo of pain round your heart. Are you short of breath, nerves unhinged, sensation of pins and needles going through your arms and fingers? Better take a box or two of Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills and get cured before things become too serious.

Here's what Mr. John James, of Caledonia, Ont., has to say about them: "I have had serious heart trouble for four years, caused by excessive use of tobacco. At times my heart would beat very rapidly and then seemed to stop beating only to commence again with unnatural rapidity.

"This unhealthy action of my heart caused shortness of breath, weakness and debility. I tried many medicines and spent a great deal of money but could not get any help.

Last November, however, I read of a man, afflicted like myself, being cured by Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills. I went to Roper's drug store and bought a box. When I had finished taking it I was so much better I bought another box and this completed the cure. My heart has not bothered me since, and I strongly recommend all sufferers from heart and nerve trouble, caused by excessive use of tobacco, to give Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills a fair and faithful trial."

Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills are 50c. a box or 3 for $1.25, at all druggists. T. Milburn & Co., Toronto.

The D. & L. EMULSION

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

The D. & L. EMULSION
Is prescribed by the leading physicians of Canada.

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

Be sure you get the genuine | DAVIS & LAWRENCE Co., Limited, Montreal

Cook's Cotton Root Compound

Is successfully used monthly by over 10,000 Ladies. Safe, effectual. Ladies ask your druggist for Cook's Cotton Root Compound. Take no other, as all Mixtures, pills and imitations are dangerous. Price, No. 1, $1 per box; No. 2, 10 degrees stronger, $3 per box. No. 1 or 2, mailed on receipt of price and two 3-cent stamps. The Cook Company Windsor, Ont. Nos. 1 and 2 sold and recommended by all responsible Druggists in Canada.

Sold in Sandon by the McQueen Co. and F. J. Donaldson, Druggists.

M. L. Grimmett, LL. B.

BARRISTER, SOLICITOR, NOTARY PUBLIC, ETC.

Sandon, B. C.

W. S. DREWRY, Sandon, B. C. | H. T. TWIGG, New Denver, B.C.

DREWRY & TWIGG,

Dominion and Provincial Land Surveyors. Civil and Mining Engineers. Bedford-McNeil Code.

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COMPANY, LTD.

Operating Kaslo & Slocan Railway
International Navigation & Trad. Co.

Schedule of Time — Pacific Standard Time

KASLO & SLOCAN RAILWAY

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

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

S S. INTERNATIONAL

Leaves Kaslo for Nelson at 6 a m, daily except Sunday; returning, leaves Nelson at 4.30 p m, calling at Balfour, Pilot Bay, Ainsworth and all way points. Connects with S F & N train to and from Spokane at Five Mile Point.

S S. ALBERTA

LARDO-DUNCAN DIVISION—Steamer Alberta leaves Kaslo for Lardo and Argenta at 8.30 p m, Wednesdays.

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

Tickets sold to all points in Canada and the United States.

To ascertain rates and full information, address

ROBERT IRVING, Manager, Kaslo.

Kaslo and Slocan Railway.

TIME CARD.

Trains run on Pacific Standard Time.

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

CODY BRANCH.

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

GEO. F. COPELAND, Superintendent.

For cheap Railroad and Steamship Tickets to and from all points, apply to S. CAMPBELL, Agent, Sandon.

ATLANTIC STEAMSHIP TICKETS

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

J. C. CRUSE, Agent, Sandon.
W. P. F. Cummings, Gen. S. S. Agent, Winnipeg.

CANADIAN PACIFIC RY

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EAST | DIRECT ROUTE. | WEST

AND TO ALL POINTS.

First-class Sleepers on all trains from Revelstoke and Kootenay Landing.

TOURIST CARS pass Medicine Hat, Daily for St. Paul, Sundays and Wednesdays for Toronto. Fridays for Montreal and Boston. The same cars pass Revelstoke one day earlier.

DAILY TRAIN

8.00 Leave Sandon Arrive 16.30

Connections daily to points reached via Nakusp and except Sunday to points reached via Rosebery and Slocan City.

Tickets issued through and baggage checked to destination.

For rates and full information address the nearest local agent, or

J. C. CRUSE, Agent, Sandon
W. F. Anderson, Trav. Pass. Agt., Nelson
E. J. Coyle, Asst. Gen. Pass. Agt., Vancouver

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TALES OF SPACE AND TIME—By H. G. Wells.
SARACINESCA—By F. Marion Crawford.
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Pullman Palace Sleeping and Chair Cars on through trains.

Dining Car service excelled. Meals served a la Carte.

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

THE WISCONSIN CENTRAL LINES

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

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

JAS. POND, Gen. Pass. Agent, Milwaukee, Wis. | or JAS. A. CLOCK, General Agent, 248 Stark St., Portland, Or.

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

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PACIFIC COAST POINTS.

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C. G. Dixon, G. P. T. A.
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AGAINST GREAT ODDS.

SINGLE HOUSES THAT HAVE DEFIED BATTALIONS.

The Strategical Importance of Small Fortified Buildings in Warfare, and the Part They Have Formerly Played in South Africa, Zulu Wars, Indian Hunting, and at Waterloo.

One of the most indispensable qualifications for the making of a successful general is to be able to perceive and take advantage of every available protection, either natural or artificial in order to afford cover for his men, or to strengthen his defences. Reckless charges in the face of a heavy rifle and artillery fire certainly serve to show the

METTLE AND DASHING COURAGE

of the men engaged, but they do not often win battles. "It is magnificent, but it is not war." A skilful officer, with good opportunities for protection, will lead his men from cover to cover in such a manner as to bring them within a hundred yards of the enemy, with but very little loss. In the last rush, of course, men must drop; but if the leader knows his business the danger is reduced to a minimum.

In the present Transvaal War we are fighting against men whose country presents many natural facilities for protection, and, whatever may be said against them, the Boers have hitherto displayed great skill and judgment in taking advantage of such protection. In the recent action at Modder River an hotel and some outlying farms, with their surrounding walls, were utilised by the Boers as cover for their marksmen; and it took many hours of severe fighting to drive them from their position.

The history of England's wars abounds in examples of this description. Private residences, farmhouses, barracks, and sheds have been fortified, and in many cases have stood lengthened sieges against overwhelming odds.

Conspicuous among these is the siege of Fort Mary, Lydenburg, which occurred during the Boer War of 1880-81. On Decemlier 5th, 1880, the 94th, under Colonel Anstruther, removed headquarters to Pretoria, leaving seventy men at Lydenburg, for the protection of the stores. At this time no one dreamt of war, but on the 23rd of the same month news came that the 94th had been attacked at a place called.

BRONKHORST SPRUIT,

little more than forty miles from Pretoria, and more than half of them killed. Lieutenant Long, who was in command, immediately fortified a couple of huts which had formed the officers' quarters, and christened them Fort Mary, after Mrs. Long, who was with her husband all through the siege. Before his operations were complete a force of about 700 Boers appeared, and beleagured the frail structure.

The story of how the little garrison repelled the determined assaults, of the enemy for eighty-four days, hardly needs repeating. It was one of the most brilliant episodes of the war. The spring supplying the fort was cut off—they sunk two wells, and obtained sufficient water for their needs. The thatches were ignited by means of Greek fire—a few daring spirits crawled on the roof, plucked them out, and threw water on the flames. The enemy brought guns against them—the garrison constructed a cannon out of an old Abyssinian pump, and answered their shells with home-made solid shot. In fact, they held their own at every point; and when peace was declared and they emerged from their riddled fort, the Union Jack floated as bravely above it as when they entered.

The defence of Rorke's Drift, during the Zulu campaign, although not of long duration, affords an example of

SPLENDID HEROISM.

without parallel. On this occasion two houses, which had formerly belonged to a Swedish missionary, were garrisoned by 139 men of the 24th regiment, in command of Lieutenants Chard and Bromhead. Having received news that they were about to be attacked, a hasty rampart of mealie-bags and biscuit-boxes was thrown up. Little more than an hour elapsed after the receipt of the news, when a body of about 4,000 Zulus appeared, and, with their characteristic ferocity, hurled themselves against the defenders.

Flushed with their recent success at Isandhlwana, and deeming repulse by so small a band impossible, the savages charged again and again with indomitabe pertinacity; but the men of the 24th held their own magnificently, and did deadly work with bullet and bayonet.

One of the buildings, which was used as a hospital, was eventually carried, and in a few minutes was in flames; but the wounded were dragged through a window, and transferred to the other house, where the defence was as vigorous as ever. From four in the afternoon all through the night the fight raged, and at daybreak the Zulus retreated, leaving hundreds of their number dead on the field.

In such a crisis as the Indian Mutiny, where insurrection started into life in one night, it is only natural that dozens of cases occurred where English residents and soldiers were beleaguered in their homes. Most of these were stormed and taken in a very short time; but doubtless there was many a gallant defence which history has been unable to chronicle.

At the first sign of the outbreak, Sir Hugh Wheeler at Cawnpore, provisioned and fortified, two barracks, formerly used as hospitals of the European regiment. He had with him

450 MEN

and 330 women and children. For many weeks, in spite of the furious assaults of the sepoys, and the terrible privations they had to undergo, they held their own against the besiegers; but eventually starvation compelled them to accept the terms offered by Nana Sahib. How Nana kept his word is known to all the world. Of the whole garrison, four men escaped; the rest, including the women and children, were barbarously massacred.

In the meantime, Sir Henry Lawrence, at Lucknow, was more fortunate. That which is commonly referred to as the "Siege of Lucknow," was in reality the siege of the Residency, and therefore comes within the limits of this article. The building was garrisoned with 750 British troops, and on July 1st the sepoys, in overwhelming numbers beleagured it. The courage displayed by the garrison, the hardships they underwent, and the many devices they employed, to counteract the manoeuvres of the enemy, form the subject of several books, and are enshrined in splendid verse by the poet Tennyson. Although partly relieved by Havelock and Outram, in September, it was not until March of the following year that the siege was finally raised.

As a last—and, in some respects, a crowning instance, Waterloo may be cited. When Wellington surveyed the field of that decisive battle, his experienced eye immediately singled out two farmhouses as positions which should be defended. They were called Hougoumont and La Haye Sainte—two names which, at that time, were probably unknown at a distance of a few miles, but which now hold a hallowed niche in the rolls of

ENGLISH GLORY.

Napoleon was not slow to recognize the importance of these two posts, and throughout the day his fiercest attacks were directed against them. La Haye Sainte was taken between six and seven in the evening, but at Hougoumont the British Guards resisted all comers. In vain Napoleon hurled column after column at the position; amid shot and shell and fire the terrific conflict continued all day, and when the retreated hundreds of the Emperor's best and bravest lay dead around the farm.

Both commanders recognised the great importance of this building. If it had fallen there is every probability that the result of the battle would have been different. Had the worthy Flemish gentleman, who formerly occupied Hougoumont been told that his farm was to be the means of changing the history of the civilised world, he would probably have smiled. But such a fate was reserved for it—or, at least, it contributed in a very great degree to the general result.

THE TELEPHOTOGRAPH IN WAR.

Among the many applianes now being tried in warfare for the first time—that is to say, in warfare between white men—the telephotographic camera is not the least important.

Telephotography was first used in actual warfare in the Chino-Japanese war—needless to say, on the side of the Japanese. It may, perhaps, be well to explain briefly what telephotography is.

The tele- or far-photographic action is not brought about by a telescope proper, but by a specially designed lens being used in combination with various ordinary forms of lenses according to the work to be done. Telephotographic lenses can be used with any good camera; but, as great rigidity of apparatus and extremely accurate focusing are essential, the inventor of this lens has also designed a special form of camera particularly useful for naturalists and others wishing to photograph living or inanimate objects at great distances.

Its advantages for military purposes are great, and particularly in Italy, much work has been done on this direction. An idea of its value will be given by the photographs printed. It will be seen that it is possible to take accurate pictures, clearly showing the enemy's position, numbers, the character of the defenses, position of guns, etc., and this should be noted, at a distance of two or three miles if the atmosphere and other circumstances are favorable.

For balloon work it is especially suitable, as drawing a plan anything like accurate in a swaying balloon is beyond the power of the cleverest draughtsman, while even the best trained eyes cannot retain the exact details of a position hastily viewed. In addition, the camera will often reveal points quite overlooked, by the eye, a good instance of which was seen the other day. A cinematographe view had been taken of the rapids at Niagara; when, in the evening this was being thrown onto a screen, the spectators were surprised to see a body being tossed about in the waters, which had not been noticed at the time, of taking the photograph. On a subsequent search being made, the body was duly found. The twentieth part of a second will suffice to secure an accurate picture of what it would take an artist with the pencil an hour to draw.

WILLING TO PAY.

Mrs Newrich—I want a first-class passage to Dublin.

Agent—Yes, ma'am.

Mrs. Newrich—And I insist upon having a smooth passage, no matter what the cost.

WORKING A SMALL CANADIAN FARM.

What Can be Produced on Fifty Acres When Well Worked and Well Managed.

JOHN MCLEOD IN "FARMING."

My farm consists of 49 1-2 acres here and 11 1-2 of new land lying five miles east. It was only broken up last season so that I will be getting the benefit from it from this on. My principal crop for feeding being corn, enables me to winter quite a large stock on a small place. I grow from fifteen to eighteen acres of corn and husk from 700 to 1,200 bushels according to the yield. Last year's corn did not ear as well as usual owing to the drouth, and the rock being very close to the surface in some parts of my farm it affected my corn crop considerably; but we filled what I call a 100-ton silo or 14x14x28 feet deep of concrete and husked over 700 bushels in the ear besides. My hay crop was very light last year, but I was fortunate in having a lot of old hay left over that we have not been able to feed up for the past few years, and I believe that I will have a number of tons left over this spring again, after wintering and feeding my stock, and they will be well wintered.

I have now twenty-nine head of cattle over one year old and five younger, or a total of thirty-four head. I have four head of work horses and kept up the year around, and usually keep the cattle until the latter part of June, also thirteen hogs. I calculate this year to finish or fatten eighteen head of cattle out of the above number with the addition of 200 bushels of corn, and 200 of oats to what I feed and grow.

In 1898-99 it took in addition to my own growing, 150 bushels of corn and 200 of oats to finish sixteen head, the balance being too young. I rented pasture, and turned them out. In 1897-98 I finished twenty-five head; twenty-two out of the twenty-five were extra, with about the same amount of additional meal.

As to the kind of corn I grow and how I work it. I grow the new Leaming principally for husking and the silo. I conducted the following experiment in 1897: I planted in hills 3 ft. 6 x 3 ft. 6 and began with the weeder almost at once both ways. In 1897 I planted one bushel of Leaming to one peck of Stover's Evergreen for what I intended for the silo, and I filled the silo with it when in proper state. The result was grand silage. In 1898 I planted the new Leaming alone, and in putting it in the silo the condition of the corn was better, but when we began to feed out of the silo we found frequently patches of blue mould nearly all the way down to the bottom. I then wrote to the Rural New Yorker for information through their columns as to what the cause was and as to what they thought of my planting it mixed as above, as I intended to try it again; but they did not give me much light on the subject.

However, in 1899 I tried it again as I did in 1897, one bushel of Leaming one peck of Stover's Evergreen, planted in hills as before. When we came to put it in the silo conditions were very unfavorable, as there were parts of the field that had yellowed up to the ear, and very few ears at that. I told the neighbors that I was afraid it would be a failure, but now I am surprised at the result. I have never had finer silage, splendid color and good flavor, but I do not think it has the feeding value it would have had had it been well eared and fully matured. As to the number of acres to fill my silo, it requires from seven to ten acres; never more than ten, usually seven acres. To feed, we run the cutting-box carrier on one side of the barn floor with a temporary partition, the dry cut feed on one side, and the silo on the opposite side of alley. One man throws silo feed down and the other takes a barley fork and throws the dry feed in and mixes thoroughly, every twenty-four hours. Then we have a two-wheel truck, the wheel double inch wood, with a straight twelve inches in diameter, made of iron axle fastened to the bottom of frame or box, so that it balances nicely. The box is 1 1-2 feet wide, 6 feet long and 4 feet high. This truck filled will feed the thirty-five head of cattle and four horses for one feeding, and one man can run it along through the alley with ease, and feed the entire lot in less than twenty minutes.

One stable has the water flowing in the front of cattle, and the other has not. Now I believe in the water being run in the stable in front of the cattle, although my well is in the barnyard and well sheltered, but the cattle that we let out to water will run more flesh off almost than we can put on; and another thing, some days they won't drink a drop, and other days too much; but when the water comes into the manger they will drink a little every time after eating and before they lie down. Unless they are dehorned and put in a large, closed shed, and the water flows in so they can drink at will. I do not believe in letting them out to water if you are fattening. Our well is 85 feet deep, 6-inch drill hole in the rock. It only takes ten or fifteen minutes a day to pump water for about twenty head. The pump works very easily, and I think it better than forcing up in a tank with the windmill, then freezing and getting stale. We do all of our cutting of feed and cut all the bedding with the windmill. I find when the bedding is cut it absorbs all liquid, and keeps the stables sweeter and easier cleaned than with long straw, and better when taken to the field. We keep drawing manure out all winter; we find that when it comes planting-time we don't have to stop to haul manure out.

The only record I keep of my cattle is as follows: "I have my own scales, and when I buy an animal I weigh him put his weight on my book, and the price I paid for him. When I sell him I do the same on the next page, the amount received and the weight. If I buy meal for them I charge them with it, so that I can see how I am doing with my crop and labor. My own opinion is that a man cannot farm and keep his farm up, without a good silo, and with good judgment in buying cattle, and the very same in their care and feeding.

I am sorry to say it is next to impossible to buy any well bred stock in this section. You might as well talk good roads to them as well-bred stock. It would cost fifty cents more to breed to a registered sire. The Jersey grade is the ruination of export cattle, and the man that feeds it knows it, and I am one, infortunately. I have a few grade Jerseys, but I think it serves me right. I knew better, but I got them with others. It is said they make good butchers' cattle. Yes, I know it, but what butchers pay for them won't pay us. They won't bring us within one to one and a half cents per pound what Shorthorns or some other good breeds would bring, and won't have the weight nor quality. I think it a great mistake to cross the Jerseys with our other breeds. They should be kept in their own class, as it effects our trade with exporters, and that is the trade that has the money in it. I only keep about 5 milch cows, and I started by breeding from the best cow we ever owned. She was good color and a well-bred Shorthorn and Ayrshire grade. I kept breeding to registered stock, the old cow to Shorthorns and her heifers to the Ayrshire, and they are beauties, and the steers are fit for any market—good size and good color; so you see that I am struck on color as well as breed.

DOGS IN BATTLE.

Regimental Pets Have Often Taken a Prominent Part in the Fighting.

The regimental pet is in many cases a companion to Tommy Atkins in war, as well as in peace, especially if he be a member of the canine race; and it is remarkable what contempt some animals have for the perils of warfare.

After the Battle of Vittoria, the Guards captured a poodle from the defeated Frenchmen, and—as the regiment happened to be lacking a pet at the time—the dog was promptly invited to fill that position. It served with the battalion throughout the remainder of the campaign, but at the assault of Bridart was struck by a bullet, which broke one of its legs. The fault, however, lay entirely with the dog; for it was not content to remain in the rear in charge of two men, but as soon as the charge sounded broke away, and, dashing to the front took up its position at the head of the regiment. When the men returned to England the dog came with them, and lived for many years on three legs at Chelsea Barracks,

Among the wounded at the Battle of Inkerman was Sandy, the regimental dog of the Royal Engineers. It went out with a detachment of the regiment early in '54, but did not take part in any active service until the battle above named. Here it became conspicuous by trying its teeth on the legs of one or two burly Russians, until, thinking that

CANINE ALLIES

were quite unnecessary, one of the enemy placed Sandy hors-de-combat by running his bayonet through the dog's body. Nevertheless, under the careful nursing of the men, it lived to return home when peace was proclaimed; and in order to commemorate the event the colonel had a silver medal struck, with which Sandy was adorned until his death.

Valiant Bob, of the 66th, was perhaps the most famous regimental pet that ever existed—at least, none can lay claim to having passed through a greater number of adventures. It was at Maiwand, where the 66th were cut up almost to a man, that Bob received a bullet-wound in the leg. During the last stand, when the few who were left alive stood back to back, in a small square, Bob took up its position in the centre, and howled piteously as it perceived its comrades falling one by one. When the carnage was over, Bob escaped, and, despite its wound and its small knowledge of the country, travelled another ninety miles alone to join the main army, receiving yet another wound en route, but reached its destination.

ALMOST THE SOLE SURVIVOR

of that gallant band of heroes.

More than one Afghan came to the ground during the war of 1878-9 through the bites of Bruce, the enormous mastiff which took part in the campaign. No regiment could claim the dog as a pet, for the reason that it was always changing from one to another, as its fancy pleased. During the skirmishing near Candahar the dog charged the enemy with the men, and was successful in doing a great deal of execution. But after the battle Bruce was nowhere to be found; and when the ambulance parties went out to bring in the wounded the dog was found, practically cut in two, evidently by a sabre. A small grave was dug beside the larger one in which the dead were buried, and there Bruce was interred, and a stone put up to mark its final resting-place.

The cavalry charge at the Battle of Suakim, in the Soudanese War of 1885, was led, not by an officer, but by a dog—a large terrier, Paddy, by name. It evinced the greatest contempt for the Mahdi's forces, and, although stabbed at by those it attacked, came out unscathed, after having passed through the enemy's lines and back.

NARROW BATTLEFIELD ESCAPES

Struck by 162 Bullets and Not Wounded—Remarkable Tales Told.

If it be true that there is a "little cherub who sits up aloft" with the beneficent object of taking care of "poor Jack," it must be equally true that some other cherub is charged with the care of Tommy Atkins when the bullets are raining on him thick as hail.

Tommy's guardian cherub must have been especially alert and busy when he was charged with the protection of Corporal Laurie, of the Seaforth Highlanders, in the Egyptian campaign of a year or two ago. Probably no soldier who faced an enemy has ever been made the target of so many bullets as this gallant corporal, and certainly there is no record of any man escaping so much peril unscathed.

In one engagemment Corporal Laurie was struck in one part or other of his clothing by no fewer that 162 bullets, and emerged from the fight literally in "rags and tatters," without losing a single drop of the blood he was ready to shed for his country.

In describing his experiences the corporal wrote: "I went through the battle with mmy clothes riddled with bullets. Both my shoes were torn to piece sby bullets; almost at the same moment a bullet smashed the wooden stock of my gun; the thongs of my bag were cut in two, my water gourd, containing my tea, had been drilled, my sleeves were in holes, and I heard on my helmet something like a hailstorm. Sword in hand I followed my comrades, and was quickly engaged with two hideous niggers, who finished my undressing by slicing my jacket with their lances; and a bullet tickled the top of my hand enough to bruise it. In short, when we re-formed companies it was discovered that my uniform, including shoes, helmet, and accoutrements, had received 162 wounds. I was naked, and marched along dragging my tatters with me."

It is little wonder that this human target, with such a record of "cuts," was nicknamed "the invulnerable."

At the Battle of Modder River Sergeant Penderend was struck by three bullets in less than as many minutes and escaped practically unharmed. "First," he says, "a shot glanced off the side of my boot and struck my rifle just in front of my face, filling my eyes with dust and splinters. I rose up a little, when another shot struck the middle finger of my left hand. I got on my knees, when a bullet struck me fair in the chest on the buckle of my haversack, breaking it through the centre and causing a slight puncture of the skin and bruising my chest. I have been congratulated on being the luckiest beggar in my battalion."

One of the American soldiers in the trenches before manila had a still more astonishing escape from sudden extinction. One bullet grazed the top of his right ear, a few seconds later another took a microscopic slice from the lobe of the left ear, while a third bullet flashed along the top of his head, removing the hair in a perfectly straight, narrow line. As the soldier humorously put it in a letter to his parents, "It was very kind of them to part my hair so beautifully for me, and it will save me a lot of trouble for some time to come."

There was a curious touch of romance in the experience of Harry Elkes, a sergeant who was struck no fewer than seventeen times in the same campaign, "without," as he put it, "spending a day in hospital." One bullet at least was within an ace of putting an end to Elkes' career, and it was Cupid that intervened to save his life.

Throughout the campaign Elkes carried suspended from his neck, as a talisman a bundle of love-letters, together with a photograph of the "girl he had left behind him." The bullet which so nearly proved fatal struck him full in the chest, drove its way through the bundle of letters, and had just sufficient strength left to inflict a slight bruise over the region of the heart. In its course it had pierced the chest of the girl pictured in the photograph.

This bullet has been mounted in a gold bracelet, which Mrs. Elkes now proudly wears; and around it are inscribed the words, "Through my heart first."

One of the most remarkable of recorded experiences was that of a corporal in the late frontier campaign in India. After several hours of fighting, during which the bullets had been flying thickly around him, he was congratulating himself that he had not even been touched, when on removing his helmet he saw a small perforation in front which could only have been made by a bullet. On turning the helmet round to look for the point of exit of the bullet, he found not one but two holes, and could only arrive at the seemingly incredible conclusion that two separate bullets must have struck his helmet at exactly the same point and made two separate openings for their exit. Each bullet in its passage through the helmet must have gone, literally, almost within a hairs-breadth of the top of his head.

One of the men wounded at Wynberg had a still narrower escape from death. A bullet entered one temple and came out at the other; and yet the man has made a complete recovery, and suffers nothing from the terrible wound beyond an occasional headache.

Angry Customer, of a day or two before—I thought you told me this watch would keep time?

Mr. Feldstein—Vei, it don'd gif it away, does it, mein frent?

MISCELLANEOUS ITEMS.

Greece has followed Italy's example in forbidding the exportation of antiquities. Notice has been served on foreign governments and learned societies.

Duke Robert of Parma is a father for the nineteenth time. Only one of his children, the late Princess of Bulgaria married. The other eighteen, eight boys and ten girls, live with him in the Castle of Schwarzau in Austria.

An English boy's periodical recently took a vote on the recreations its readers preferred. The result gave this order: Football, cricket, cycling, swimming, gymnastics, reading, rowing, stamp collecting. Croquet came last in a list of twenty-two pastimes and golf twentieth. Being English boys they knew nothing of lacrosse.

QUEBEC ONCE MORE.

A Young Lady of St. Justine Writes of Her Experience With Dodd's Kidney Pills.

Miss Anna Cholette Was a Sufferer From Childhood—Doctors Gave Her Up as a Chronic Invalid—To-Day in Superabundant Health From Use of Dodd's Kidney Pills.

St. Justine, Que., Feb. 5.—Miss Anna Cholette, of this place, has been an invalid, owing to Kidney Disease, all her life until quite recently, when she began to improve. Her many friends were delighted at the change and she met with congratulation and encouragement on all sides. It was not generally known, however, that the cause of Miss Cholette's improving condition was due to Dodd's Kidney Pills, and it was not until the other day that the fact was given out. But such is the case and Miss Cholette acknowledges the benefit she has derived from Dodd's Kidney Pills in the following letter, giving full details of her case for the benefit of other sufferers.

"Since the age of eight years I have suffered with inflammation of the kidneys. I am to-day twenty-four years old. I hasten to write you, therefore, to give you the full details of my cure. I commenced to be sick when going to school. I was not able to bear the fatigue of study. One day mother fell sick and the doctor profited by the occasion to tend me also. He came often to see me for six months when he told me it was not necessary to come any more; my trouble would right itself as I grew older. He made nothing of the months I had been unwell already.

"The trouble continued constantly after that. I suffered greatly and was bed-ridden almost continually. At this time I was under the consultation of two doctors. They said I had been suffering this long time of inflammation of the kidneys. They gave me many medicines, and I was under their treatment for two years. They gave me no relief.

"My parents were greatly pained at seeing me suffering so, and as for myself I felt that I could never find pleasure again in this world.

"My father one day read in a newspaper of the good effects of Dodd's Kidney Pills. He bought three boxes of them to try and they gave me some relief. He bought me a dozen more boxes, and now I am perfectly well and overflowing with life and spirits."

Mr. Sergeant Spinks, whose name is worthy of Dickens, died recently in London, as the last of the serjeants. The serjeants-at-law formerly monopolized the practice of the Court of Common Pleas, but their privilege was done away with thirty years before the reform of the law courts in 1875, put an end to their office. Two judges are left who became serjeants, as was customary, on being appointed to the bench, but Serjeant Spinks was the last man to bear the title made famous by Mr. Serjeant Buzfuz.

LIFE'S DIFFICULTIES.

Penalties of Modern Methods of Living.

Picton, Dec. 18th.—We read a great deal concerning the hardships and sufferings endured by the Canadian pioneers in the early days of our Dominion. But the truth is that many of our descendents, in our own times, endure equally as much as did their forefathers.

The case of Miss Anna Young, of this town is an instance. Miss Young is a grand-daughter of Col. Henry Young, the United Empire Loyalist, in whose honor Fort Henry, at Kingston, was named. She says:—"I had suffered with rheumatism for twenty years. My poor body was all twisted out of shape, so you can imagine the agony I endured. My physicians could not help me; all the medicines I used were utterly useless.

"I read of Dr. Arnold's English Toxin Pills, one day, and thought I'd give them a trial. I am thankful for having that inspiration, for I am now free from very terrible pains and aches, thanks to Dr. Arnold's English Toxin Pills—and to them alone. I cannot, of course, be made young again, for I will be 79 years old in December, yet I feel I can end my days in peace, thanks to Dr. Arnold's English Pills."

Dr. Arnold's English Toxin Pills, the only medicine on earth that cures disease by killing the germs that cause it, are sold by all druggists at 75c. a box; sample size 25c., or sent prepaid on receipt of price, by The Arnold Chemical Co., Limited, Canada Life Building, 42 King St. W., Toronto.

HAVE YOU TASTED

SALADA

CEYLON GREEN TEA?

It's far more delicious than Japan. Sold only in Lead Packets.

Prince Prosper of Arenberg, brother of the head of the house and cousin of the President of the Suez canal directors and of the German Colonial Society, has been sentenced by a Berlin court-martial to three-years' imprisonment and to be expelled from the army for a brutal murder committed in Southwest Africa. While in command of a district station, after a talk with a native servant, he ordered a sentry to shoot the man; the man fired in the air, but on the Prince repeating his order fired again wounding the black man. It is believed that the Kaiser will interfere with the carrying out of the sentence, as he has appointed a commission to inquire into the Prince of Arenberg's sanity.

SO MANY HAVE.

Look here, Mr. Tanneyhill, said the bank's president, severely, you must stop blowing clouds of smoke over the cashier's head.

Does he object? inquired the dude bookkeeper.

The bank objects, young man. Suppose it should reach the ears of our depositors that there was a cloud over the cashier of this bank? How long could we stem the run?

A SAUSAGE TRUST THIS TIME.

Customer—What! Twenty-five cents a pound for sausage? Why, I can get them down at Schmidt's for twenty cents.

Butcher—Vell, den, vy didn't yer?

Customer—Because he was out of them.

Butcher—Vell, und if I vas out of 'em' I sell 'em frer twenty cents, too, aindt it.

A Bath parson, the Rev. Valentine Rowe, who before taking orders was a colonel in the Royal Engineers, has thrown up his cure to enter the military again.

A SISTER SAVED.

Sickness Banished—Health Restored

Gentlemen,—Dr. Ward's Blood and Nerve Pills have done my sister so much good that in grateful appreciation I told Mr. Tully, the druggist, I would gladly give a testimonial unsolicited, as to their merits. My sister, 15 years of age, caught a violent cold—since then she has been in very poor health, lost all colour, was anemic, her blood had no vitality, and she had no physical strength, she became extremely nervous, so much so that she could not stand any exertion or excitement, and it was impossible for her to get restful sleep, she lost her appetite, her heart became very weak, palpitating so violently that she could hardly breathe at the slightest exertion. When she commenced taking Dr. Ward's Blood and Nerve Pills two months ago she was in a state of complete physical and nervous prostration. Her blood was scanty with no more strength than water. Since taking Dr. Ward's Blood and Nerve Pills she has been rapidly mending, her appetite has returned, she sleeps well her nerves are stronger, and her heart gained strength so that it is able to fulfill its functions. Prior to taking Dr. Ward's Pills she had taken many medicines without any special benefit. Dr. Ward's Blood and Nerve Pills are certainly the only medicine that has done any good. Before taking them she was getting weaker, her heart and nerves losing strength daily. Since she had began taking them she has daily and continuously gained health and strength.

CLARA ELLIOTT,
30 College street,
Peterborough, Ont.

Mr. Critchett, the celebrated London oculist, is said to have once refused a fee of no less than $50,000. This sum was offered to the distinguished specialist with a view to inducing him to proceed to India to attend the eyes of a wealthy Rajah.

The Only Cure for Catarrh.

Miss Lizzie Lamford, of 353 Market St., Chicago, Ill., says: "I have been a constant sufferer from Catarrah for twelve years. During that time I have used most of the known remedies for Catarrh, but can safely say that Catarrhozone is the best. It has cured me. It is very pleasant and effective in its use. I shall recommend it at every opportunity to my friends." Catarrh-o-zone is a guaranteed cure. Sold by all druggists. Trial outfit sent to any address for 10c in stamps. N. C. POLSON & CO., Kingston, Ont., Proprietors.

It is said of Professor Max-Muller that he has conversed and corresponded with more men of note than any living person.

In time of peace General Joubert, the Commander-in-Chief of the Transvaal forces, reads French novels during the intervals of military work, sometimes composes French verses, and enjoys spending an evening chatting with his comrades.

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

The Scottish Highlander's dress as worn at the present time is sometimes very expensive. The uniforms worn by officers of several Highland regiments cost £200 each. That of the Prince of Wales cost £375.

TO CURE A COLD IN ONE DAY

Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. All druggists refund the money if it fails to cure. 25c. E. W. Grove's signature is on each box.

Size for size a thread of spider silk is tougher than a bar of steel. An ordinary thread will bear a weight of three grains. This is 50 per cent. stronger than a steel thread of the same thickness.

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

It is estimated that at the beginning of the new century England will have 82,000,000,000 tons of coal still unused and available.

Blemishes OF THE SKIN AND **Complexion** TREATMENT.
Send one cent stamp for circular. W. J. URQUHART, Analytical Chemist, 189 Queen St. W., Toronto.

Unlike Mr. Sydney Grundy, who confesses to having no great liking for playwriting, Mr. Louis N. Parker declares that he knows nothing more delightful than writing for the stage. Mr. Parker, by the way, is almost totally deaf in one ear.

La Toscana, 10c. RELIANCE CIGAR FACTORY, Montreal

An octopus measuring twenty feet across the arms was recently caught at Avalon, Santa Catalina Island, California.

STATE OF OHIO, CITY OF TOLEDO, } ss.
LUCAS COUNTY.

FRANK J. CHENEY makes oath that he is senior partner of the firm of F. J. CHENEY & Co., doing business in the City of Toledo, County and State aforesaid, and that said firm will pay the sum of ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS for each and every case of CATARRH that cannot be cured by the use of HALL'S CATARRH CURE.

FRANK J. CHENEY.

Sworn to before me and subscribed in my presence, this 6th day of December, A.D. 1886.

SEAL. A. W. GLEASON, Notary Public.

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, and acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Send for testimonials, free.
F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.
Sold by Druggists, 75c.
Hall's Family Pills are the best.

A giant mowing machine has been invented which is capable of cutting a strip of wheat fifty feet in width.

FOR OVER FIFTY YEARS

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

Mr. W. S. Blunt, combines the very different occupations of writing poetry and breeding horses.

MONTREAL HOTEL DIRECTORY.

The "Balmoral," Free Bus Am. Plan. $1.50 & up.

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

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

ST. JAMES' HOTEL—Opposite G.T.R. Depot, two blocks from C. P. Railway. First-class Commercial House. Modern improvements—Rates moderate.

Eighty-five per cent. of the people who are lame are affected on the left side.

W P C 1010

CALVERT'S

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

F. C. CALVERT & CO.,
MANCHESTER - - ENGLAND.

CHEAP MANITOBA FARMS

for sale. Improved and unimproved. One-fifth cash. Intending settlers call and get benefit of fifteen years' experience as to district to settle in. A. W. AUSTIN, 21 Toronto Chambers, Toronto.

LAW Mills, Mills & Hales Barristers, etc., removed to Wesley Bldgs., Richmond St. W., Toronto.

Sausage Casings—New importations finest English Sheep and American Hog Casings—reliable goods at right prices. PARK, BLACKWELL & CO., Toronto.

Catholic Prayer Books, Rosaries, Crucifixes, Scapulars, Religious Pictures, Statuary, and Church Ornaments, Educational Works. Mail orders receive prompt attention. D. & J. SADLIER & CO., Montreal.

TORONTO Cutting School offers special advantages to all desirous of acquiring a thorough knowledge of Cutting and Fitting Gentlemen's Garments. Write for particulars.
113 Yonge St., Toronto.

Such people are said to be the best judges of Tea in Europe, even the poorest classes being large consumers of the very choicest Teas grown in India and Ceylon. The Teas most in favor in Ireland are rich, strong, liquoring kinds, similar to Canadian

Blue Ribbon Ceylon

THERE IS NOTHING CHEAP OR INFERIOR IN

LUDELLA

CEYLON TEA—It ranks away above anything else produced for purity and high quality. You should try it. Lead packages. 25, 30, 40, 50 and 60c.

Rheumatism NEURALGIA, SCIATICA, MUSCULAR, INFLAMMATORY, GOUT, LUMBAGO, RHEUMATIC PARALYSIS, ASTHMA

Our Method is sure and has cured thousands—some pronounced incurable. Write at once. Booklet and Proof on request. Address The SWISS-AMERICAN CO., Windsor, Ont., Canada **Cured**

I.C.C. permanently cures Catarrh of nose, throat, stomach and bladder. 50c & $1 a box. Write for particulars. The Indian Catarrh Cure Co., 146 St. James-st., Montreal.

LAW Mills, Mills & Hales Barristers, etc., removed to Wesley Bldgs., Richmond St. W., Toronto.

Carters COLD CURE 10c. Cures in a jiffy. P. McCormack & Co., Agents, Montreal.

THE DES MOINES INCUBATOR—Best and cheapest. O. Rolland, sole agent for the Dominion. Send 3c stamp for catalogue. 373 St. Paul Street, Montreal

ROOFING and Sheet Metal Works. ROOFING SLATE, in Black, Red or Green. SLATE BLACKBOARDS (We supply Public and High Schools, Toronto). Roofing Felt, Pitch, Coal Tar, etc. ROOFING TILE (See New City Buildings, Toronto, done by our firm). Metal Ceilings, Cornices, etc. Estimates furnished for work complete or for materials shipped to any part of the country. Phone 1963. D. DUTHIE & SONS, Adelaide & Widmer Sts., Toronto

Cheapest and Best Covering in the World.

Mica PIPE AND BOILER **Covering**

Steam and Hot and Cold Water Pipes, Cold Storage Pipes, Kitchen Boilers, etc.
For particulars apply to
MICA BOILER COVERING CO., Limited,
Toronto, Montreal, and London, Eng.

Music Teachers Wanted

To send for our complete SHEET MUSIC CATALOGUE and SPECIAL RATE OF DISCOUNT. We are equipped to supply every MUSIC TEACHER in Canada
Whaley, Royce & Co.,
158 Yonge St.,
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HARRIS Buys Scrap LEAD, COPPER, BRASS. Wholesale only. Long Distance Telephone 1729.
WILLIAM ST., TORONTO.

POULTRY, BUTTER, EGGS, APPLES, and other PRODUCE, to ensure best results consign to The Dawson Commission Co., Limited, Cor. West-Market & Colborne St., Toronto.

Dyeing! Cleaning!
For the very best send your work to the "BRITISH AMERICAN DYEING CO."
Look for agent in your town, or send direct.
Montreal, Toronto, Ottawa, Quebec.

WOOD & PHOTO ENGRAVING
J. L. JONES ENG. Co
5 & 10 ADELAIDE S.T.W. TORONTO

WE ARE OFFERING TO INVESTORS

special stock, guaranteeing large dividends; also an instalment stock payable in monthly instalments, drawing cash dividends, half yearly. Parties wanting safe and profitable investment should correspond with
The Sun Savings and Loan Co., Toronto.
Money loaned on favorable terms; agents wanted in unrepresented districts; write us.

WE ARE OFFERING TO INVESTORS

special stock, guaranteeing large dividends; also an instalment stock payable in monthly instalments, drawing cash dividends, half yearly. Parties wanting safe and profitable investment should correspond with the Sun Savings and Loan Company, Toronto; money loaned on favorable terms; agents wanted in unrepresented districts; write us.

Dominion Line MAIL STEAMSHIPS
Portland, Me., to Liverpool, via Halifax.
Large and fast Steamers Vancouver, Dominion, Cambroman.
Rates of passage:—First Cabin, $50 upwards; Second Cabin, $35; Steerage, $28.50 and $23.50.
For further information apply to local agents, or
DAVID TORRANCE & CO., General Agents, 17 St. Sacrament St. Montreal.

THE MOST NUTRITIOUS.
EPPS'S
GRATEFUL—COMFORTING.
COCOA
BREAKFAST—SUPPER.

COMMON SENSE KILLS Roaches, Bed Bugs, Rats and Mice. Sold by all Druggists, or 381 Queen W. Toronto.

Michigan Land for Sale.

8,000 ACRES GOOD FARMING LANDS—ARENAC, Iosco, Ogemaw and Crawford Counties. Title perfect. On Michigan Central, Detroit & Mackinac and Loon Lake Railroads, at prices ranging from $2 to $5 per acre. These Lands are Close to Enterprising New Towns, Churches, Schools, etc., and will be sold on easy reasonable terms. Apply to
E. M. PIERCE, Agent, West Bay City, Mich.
Or J. W. CURTIS, Whittemore, Mich.

Farmers Intending to Seed Corn Note This.

Mineral Extract is the cheapest and best ingredient for coloring corn to prevent crows from picking up corn when planted. I had 14 acres of corn last year on my 135-acre farm and had the seed all colored and had not one stalk destroyed by crows. I also claim it as good as a heavy coat of manure for making corn grow rich, feeling so well pleased with it that I have taken the agency for it. Farmers who wish to buy only a small box should send in their orders not later than Feb. 1st. Small box colors 20 bushels, price $2.50; large box colors 60 bushels, price $5.00; will be sold for $4.50 if ordered by Feb. 15th. Terms, cash with order. No orders taken after March 1st, in order to get them all packed and shipped before April 1st directly at G.T.R. and C.P.R. for shipping. Every box of Extract guaranteed to give satisfaction or money refunded.
ANDREW KAUFMAN, Fergus P.O., Ont.

CANADA PERMANENT
Loan and Savings Company.
INCORPORATED 1855.
The Oldest and Largest Canadian Mortgage Corporation.
Paid-up Capital, - - - $2,500,000
Reserve Fund - - - 1,200,000
Head Office—Toronto St., Toronto.
Branch Offices—Winnipeg, Man., Vancouver, B.C.
DEPOSITS RECEIVED. Interest allowed.
DEBENTURES ISSUED for 1, 2, 3, 4 or 5 years with interest coupons attached.
MONEY LENT on security of real estate mortgages, Government and Municipal Bonds, etc.
For further particulars apply to
J. HERBERT MASON,
Managing Director, Toronto.

Odorless

The Crematory **Closet.**

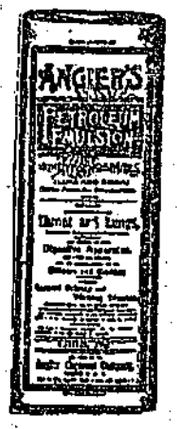
This new and most useful invention has not only proved to be a great seller, but a boon to hundreds. Many medical men are using this closet, and all pronounce it absolutely odorless and sanitary in every respect. After being in the market for over two years this closet has become so popular that the manufacturers have had to double their output in order to meet the demand.
For Catalogue and Price List write to
The Odorless Crematory Closet Co., Hamilton, Ont.

JAS. S. ANNETT, Manager.
JOHN J. MAIN, Supt. and Treas.

The Canadian Heine Safety BOILER Co.
Esplanade, Opp. Sherbourne St., Toronto

High Class Water Tube Steam Boilers, for All Pressures, Duties and Fuel.
SEND FOR DESCRIPTIVE CATALOGUE.
References { Toronto Electric Light Co., Limited. The T. Eaton Co., Limited. The Massey-Harris Co., Limited. The Gutta Percha Rubber & Mfg. Co. The Wilson Publishing Co., Limited. (All of Toronto where boilers may be seen working.

ANGIER'S PETROLEUM EMULSION



A most efficient substitute for cod-liver oil, pleasant to the taste, and agreeing with the most sensitive stomach. Used by physicians in the treatment of all throat and lung troubles, and—if results count for anything—almost no limit to the good it can do.

Sample bottle mailed to any address on receipt of 10 cents to cover postage.

Angier Chemical Co. 81 Confederation Life Building, Toronto

MOUNTAIN ECHOES.

The suit of Alexander vs. K. & S. R'y Co. is being settled.

The Coontown 400 played here to a crowded house on Wednesday night.

It appears to be coming at last. Mr. Prentice, a member of the Semlin-Cotton party, is introducing a bill to repeal the eight-hour law.

All along the miners used to say the trouble in the Slocan was a lock-out. If that be the case how can they now declare "the strike off?"

The Rev. J. A. Ferguson occupied the pulpit of the Methodist church Sunday morning last, giving a short but interesting discourse.

Even in British Columbia there are many newspaper men ready to offer advice and instruction to Generals Buller and Roberts in South Africa.

An order has come from the government that all school children, who have not already been, must be vaccinated before the 15th of March or drop out of school.

The McMillan vs. Sandilands suit arising out of the estate of Crawford & McMillan has been adjourned for witnesses. There are three or four defendants, creditors.

The town has put on a livelier appearance the past week, many new faces are seen on our streets and more coming in by almost every train. There are miners from all corners looking for work.

There is an opportunity for some one of our good, reliable, pushing citizens to secure the agency of the Imperial Life Assurance Company by applying to the provincial manager, J. W. W. Stewart, at Vancouver.

Some of the Slocan prints profess to know all about the labor situation now. We advise them that they will know more about it three months hence; but there is no use in giving advice to those who know it all.

Apparently the gulchite does not know it was announced in its own columns that the "mine owners' association" had withdrawn all compromise offers, as last week it said the miners had accepted these offers.

The British have now more than recovered all their reverses in South Africa, and relieved Kimberly and Ladysmith. Roberts will now lay out one grand procession, which, though it may have small reverses, will not stop until Krugerism is silenced forever in the land of the Boers.

Red Paddy has been overtaken by some kind of a mental trouble that puzzles the doctors. He eats well, sleeps well, but shows signs of mental defects that are inexplicable. At times he can talk, and again he becomes speechless, but he is always able to write, and when speechless he writes, he can talk but is unable to articulate.

BUSHELS OF MONEY—Thrown away by women annually in the purchase of cosmetics, lotions and powders, none of which ever accomplish their object. Beauty depends on healthy blood and good digestion, such as Karl's Clover Root Tea guarantees you for 25 cts. and 50 cts. per package. Take it and we guarantee your complexion. Sold by McQueen the Druggist.

Mr. Arthur Nichols, who went up to work at the Ivanhoe but a few days before, met with a bad accident on Tuesday. By some means a piece of rock fell on his leg and so bruised his ankle that he was compelled to come down to the hospital. No bones are broken, and it is hoped he will not long remain laid up. About a year ago he got an arm badly smashed by a falling tree.

IS THIS PLAIN ENOUGH?—If you have a nagging cough and are losing flesh, go to a drug store and get a bottle of Shiloh's Consumption Cure. Take two-thirds of it, and then, if you are not benefitted, return the bottle to the druggist, and he will return your money. Isn't that fair? No one could ask more. 25c., 50c. and $1.00 a bottle. Sold at McQueen's Drug Store.

We were much mistaken last week in saying that Archie McDonald's leg was still in bad shape. We are advised he has made as much headway in the time as he possibly could, as his fracture was at the time one of the worst, and he is a very cautious man. He, therefore, does not yet know that his recovery is as far advanced as it really is. He will soon be able to go around without sticks.

The government is introducing a redistribution measure that will, with some additions, create two constituencies out of the present Slocan, making a centre each of Kaslo and Sandon. This will improve the chances of all who are ambitious, and no doubt inspire fond dreams in the minds of many who are just as fit for the proper duties of a parliamentary representative as they are to manage the Boer war.

WORSE THAN WAR.—Hundreds are killed in war, but hundreds of thousands are killed by consumption. There would be no deaths at all caused by this terrible disease, if people could be made to understand that Shiloh's Cough and Consumption Cure is a sure remedy if taken in the early stages. 25cts., 50cts. and $1.00 a bottle. Druggists will refund the money if a cure is not effected. Sold at McQueen's Drug Store.

The K. of P's will parade to the Methodist church Sunday evening for service.

Lowry's prayers hav at length been answered. Providence has removed the C. P. R. station at New Denver siding.

It is reported that Cronje is captured. As he is surrounded his capture is in any event but a matter of time. His capture will break the back of the war, as he is one of the best Boer generals.

As a result of their victories in Rossland, we understand the junior hockey boys have in store several oyster suppers from their admiring lady friends in the city.

Dancing seems to be the popular past-time in Sandon this season, judging from the large attendance usually had at the many events so far given. We presume Lent may call a slight halt to the gaiety of our youth.

Folliott & McMillan are improving the slack time in their trade by manufacturing shingles at their planing mill. They will no doubt save much to themselves in the coming season's building operations in this way besides making work for a limited number of hands.

The annual report of the Bank of B. C. is to hand from the directors in England. It shows a profit for the year of $100,200, declaring a dividend of 5 per cent., leaving $25,000 to rest account. Besides 8 branches in B. C. it has one in San Francisco and one in Portland.

A GOOD THING.—Our great grandmothers' garrets contained the same herbs of all healing found in Karl's Clover Root Tea. They gave our ancestors strength, kept the blood pure, and will do the same for you if you say so. Price 25 cts. and 50 cts. Sold by McQueen, the Druggist.

The Club dance held Thursday evening in Virginia hall was beyond the expectations of even the most sanguine pusher in point of attendance, all other details being equally satisfactory. The athletic club will very likely soon be organized, having the encouragement of the citizens.

FOR OVER FIFTY YEARS.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup has been used by millions of mothers for their children while teething. If disturbed at night and broken of your rest by a sick child, suffering and crying with pain of cutting teeth. Send at once and get a bottle of "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup" for children teething. It will relieve the poor little sufferer immediatly. Depend upon it, mothers, there is no mistake about it. It cures diarrhœa, regulates the stomach and bowels, cures Wind Colic, softens the gums and reduces Inflammation, and gives tone and energy to the system. "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup" for children teething is pleasant to the taste and is the prescription of one of the oldest and best female physicians and nurses in the United States. Price twenty-five cents a bottle. Sold by all druggists throughout the world. Be sure and ask for "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup."

A QUICK CURE FOR COUGHS and COLDS

Pyny-Pectoral

The Canadian Remedy for all

THROAT AND LUNG AFFECTIONS

Large Bottles, 25 cents.

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

Bakers' Bad Backs.

We little know the toil and hardship that those who make the "Staff of Life" undergo. Long hours in superheated and poorly ventilated workrooms is hard on the system, gives the kidneys more work than they can properly do, throws poison into the system that should be carried off by these delicate filters. Then the back gets bad—

Not much use applying liniments and plasters. You must reach the Kidneys to cure the back. DOAN'S Kidney Pills cure all kinds of Bad Backs by restoring the Kidneys to healthy action.

Mr. Walter Buchanan, who has conducted a bakery in Sarnia, Ont., for the past 15 years, says:

"For a number of years previous to taking Doan's Kidney Pills I suffered a great deal from acute pains across the small of my back, pains in the back of my head, dizziness, weary feeling and general debility. From the first few doses of Doan's Kidney Pills I commenced to improve, and I have continued until I am to-day a well man. I have not got a pain or ache about me. My head is clear; the urinary difficulties all gone; my sleep is refreshing and my health is better now than for years."

A GOOD BUSINESS CHANCE.

A first-class salesman wanted to represent us in Sandon, B. C., and vicinity for for the sale of hardy fruit trees, ornamental trees and shrubs.

Over 600 acres under cultivation. We grow varieties of stock especially adapted to B. C.; all stock accompanied by government certificate of inspection, and guaranteed free from blemish of any kind

Write for terms to the PELHAM NURSERY CO., Toronto, Ont.

N. B.—We have other territories not covered. Applications solicited.

THE WM. HAMILTON MANUFACTURING CO.
LIMITED.
MINING MACHINERY
PETERBOROUGH, ONTARIO,
CANADA.

P. BURNS & CO.
Dealers in Meats
At Sandon, Rossland, Nelson, Kaslo, Pilot Bay and Three Forks.
Sandon. Slocan City.

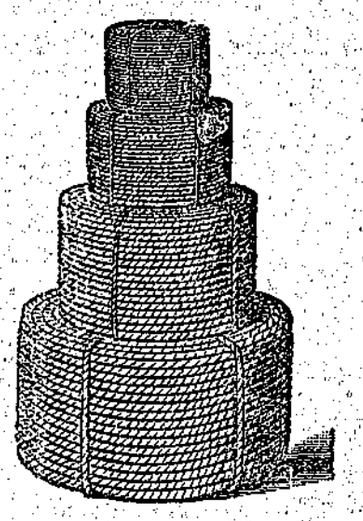
Before. After.

Wood's Phosphodine,
The Great English Remedy.
Sold and recommended by all druggists in Canada. Only reliable medicine discovered. Six packages guaranteed to cure all forms of Sexual Weakness, all effects of abuse or excess, Mental Worry, Excessive use of Tobacco, Opium or Stimulants. Mailed on receipt of price, one package $1, six, $5. Order direct, please, six will cure. Pamphlets free to any address.
The Wood Company, Windsor, Ont.

Sold in Sandon by F. J. Donaldson, and the McQueen Co., Druggists.

THE HOTEL NAKUSP
Nakusp.
Renovated in all appointments.
A good table always.
Choicest liquors and cigars in the bar.
Mrs. Snowman, Proprietress.

Established in 1892.
H. BYERS & CO.
Jobbers and Retailers in
HARDWARE AND MINING SUPPLIES.



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Crow's Nest Coal,
Bar and Sheet Iron,
Jessop & Canton Steel for Hand and Machine Drills,
Powder, Caps, Fuse,
Iron Pipe and Fittings,
Oils, Waste, Etc.,
Mine or Mill Supplies of all kinds.
Agents Truax Automatic Ore Cars.
Head Office—Nelson B. C.
Stores at
Nelson, B.C. Kaslo, B.C. Sandon, B.C

FOR RENT.

HOTEL RECO.—65 rooms, well furnished, steam heated, electric lights, hot and cold water.

HOTEL GOODENOUGH.—25 rooms, best furnished hotel in the Kootenays, steam heated, electric lights, will remodel to suit tenant.

GOODENOUGH STORE.—34 x 70, with cellar same size, steam heated, electric lights.

SANDON STEAM LAUNDRY.—In first-class running order. Has Pelton wheel for power, and can be run at moderate expense. Rent cheap.

STORES AND OFFICES.—In the Bank building, water, steam heat and electric lights.

ONE STORE.—In the Virginia block, large plate glass front, including water and steam heat.

OFFICES.—In Virginia block, $15 per month, including water, steam heat and electric lights.

ONE STABLE.—For 12 horses, 2 story. Cheap.

THE QUEEN LODGING HOUSE.—3 small stores, and living rooms on second story. Cheap.

SEVEN FIRST-CLASS LIVING ROOMS.—Second story, opposite Clifton house, electric lights.

TWO STORY BUILDING.—Next door to above, 2 small stores and living rooms on second floor.

FIRST-CLASS PLUMBING SHOP.—Including $2,500 stock of tools and fittings, and good-will of the Waterworks Co. and business.

FIRE-PROOF CELLAR.—Opposite Kootenay hotel.

FIRST-CLASS TWO STORY BARN.—30 x 80.

ONE COTTAGE.—4 rooms, next door west of conique, $10 per month.

Several other cottages and buildings furnished and unfurnished, to rent, or sell, or will build to suit tenants.

Apply to J. M. HARRIS, Virginia block Sandon, B. C.

CERTIFICATE OF IMPROVEMENTS.

NOTICE.

Lily Mineral Claim, situate in the Slocan Mining division of West Kootenay district. Where located: North Fork Carpenter creek.

Take notice that I, William A. Bauer, acting as agent for John MacQuillan, Free Miner's Certificate No. B 17651, intend, sixty days from the date hereof, to apply to the Mining Recorder for a Certificate of Improvements, for the purpose of obtaining a Crown Grant of the above claim.

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

Dated this 8th day of February, 1900.

WILLIAM A. BAUER, P. L. S.

NOTICE.

Ferry No. 2 Mineral Claim, situate in the Slocan Mining division of West Kootenay district. Where located: Wilson creek.

Take notice that I, William A. Bauer, acting as agent for Slocan Lake Mining Company, Limited, Free Miner's Certificate No. B 17685, intend, sixty days from the date hereof, to apply to the Mining Recorder for a Certificate of Improvements, for the purpose of obtaining a Crown Grant on the above claim.

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

Dated this 18th day of January, 1900.

WILLIAM A. BAUER, P. L. S.

NOTICE.

Reliance, Gentle Annie, Bessie, Anchor, Century Fraction and Elaghar Fraction Mineral Claims situate in the Slocan Mining division of West Kootenay district. Where located: About three-quarters of a mile north of Bear Lake.

Take notice that I, W. S. Drewry, Free Miner's Certificate No. B 12568, intend, sixty days from the date hereof, to apply to the Mining Recorder for Certificates of Improvements, for the purpose of obtaining a Crown Grant of each of the above claims.

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

Dated this 11th day of January, 1900.

W. S. DREWRY.

NOTICE.

Notice is hereby given that the Kaslo & Lardo-Duncan Railway Company will apply to the Parliament of Canada at its next session for an act to extend the times limited for the construction and completion of its works, and to authorize the Company to convey or dispose of its railway and works.

WHEALLER & MARTIN,
Solicitors for Applicants.

Kaslo, B. C., 1st of December, 1899.

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