The Mining Review.

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PUBLIC SCHOOL CLOSING.

The School Children Entertained Parents and Others Friday.

A very interesting time was spent in the afternoon of Friday week at the closing exercises of the Sandon public school. Quite a number of parents and friends were present. Revs. Cleland and Sanford were among the visitors. The school room was nicely decorated by the children with evergreens and wild flowers. A good number of pupils were present though, several were absent through sickness and other causes.

Ten minute lessons were conducted by the teachers in classes of both divisions. Miss Skinner conducted lessons in phonics, mental Arithmetic and writing in the classes of her department; and Mr. Barron taught his classes in reading, spelling history and geography. Rev. A. M. Sanford heard the Fifth class in geography. The exercises were interspersed with recitations and choruses by the pupils.

Revs. Cleland and Sanford addressed a few words of congratulation and encouragement to scholars and teachers, and expressed themselves as well pleased with the progress shown by the classes.

Mrs. (Rev.) Sanford then presented the Honor Rolls as follows:

First Division—
Ada McDougall, for Proficiency.
Alice Trenery, for Deportment.
May Lyons, Regularity and Punctuality.

Second Division—
Myrtle Karr, for Proficiency.
Ernest Stein, for Deportment.
Mary McIntyre, for Regularity and Punctuality.

The people all expressed themselves as well pleased with the progress shown by the pupils.

Before closing, Mr. Barron thanked the visitors for the encouragement given by their presence, and said he hoped that everything would be in much better shape next year. He hoped that a number of prizes would be offered at next examination and said that it was expected a second department would be built during vacation.

The pupils then sang "The Land of the Maple" and the programme closed with "God Save the Queen."

School Report for June.

FIRST DIVISION.

5th Class—1st, Ada McDougall; 2nd, Alice Trenery; 3rd, May Lyons.

Sr. 3rd Class—1st, Tressie Lafavor; 2nd, Gertrude Lafavor; 3rd, Mabel Karr.

Jr. 3rd—Max Dreyer; 2nd, Neil McIntyre; 3rd, Katie Stein.

Walter Cliffe deserves special mention for proficiency in arithmetic and geography, and Ada McDougall for map drawing.

SECOND DIVISION.

2nd Class—1st, Myrtle Karr; 2nd, Harold Keowles; 3rd, Ernest Stein.

2nd Primer—1st, Madeline Fisher; 2nd, Mary McIntyre.

2nd Primer B—1st Arthur Karr; 2nd, Winnifred McDougall.

1st Primer—1st, George Scott; 2nd, James Kay.

1st Primer B—1st, George Kay; 2nd, Marie Brochin.

Some 68 pupils have been in attendance during the year and the average attendance during the year was 32.

Slocan City News-Items.

The public school examinations which were held on Friday, June 23, were attended and the work accomplished by the children was good. The honors were carried off by Jessie McCallum, Neil Wickman and Arthur Watson in the senior school, and Alex McCallum, H. Lindow and Hazel Wickman in the junior school. At the school meeting Saturday, Messrs. A. York and W. S. Johnson were elected as trustees to fill the vacancies on the school board.

The Howard Fraction company have appointed A. E. Teeter as manager of company for this season, and assessment work will be done on all the properties in this vicinity.

Captain Adams in the East.

Captain Adams has returned to Montreal, and has given the papers there some of his views of matters on the other side of the Atlantic. What he states about mining is of interest here.

Captain Adams said that there did not seem to be a disposition in England to have much to do with undeveloped mines, although there was no trouble about regularly developed mines. Captain Adams is the founder of Midway, now one of the leading localities of the Boundary district. He located Midway in 1892, realising then that it would be an important centre in the near future, being located at the junction of the Kettle river and Boundary creek, as well as the meeting of the mountain passes. Midway will no doubt be the site of a smelter, and Captain Adams believes in allowing in as many railways as are prepared to build.

He also says that Mr. Edward Jacobs has ably handled the affairs of the company as local agent. Messrs. J. T. Piggott, E. Kirk Green and J. Withell, have recently paid a visit to Midway, and are well satisfied at the outlook. Captain Adams still holds a controlling interest, and his son, Mr. Walter C. Adams, who has just returned from England, is now in this country to look after the company's mining interests at Midway, Sandon and elsewhere.

PERSONAL MENTION.

Miss Douvall arrived in town yesterday to visit her sister, Mrs. Dwyer.

Mrs. Hodder, of Kaslo, is visiting with Mrs. and Miss Vallens, this city.

Mrs. A.C. McArthur and children returned from a few weeks visit in Vancouver on Sunday.

Miss Skinner left on Wednesday for New Denver, where she will spend her vacation in studies.

Mrs. G. Kay, with Jim and George, left yesterday for a lengthy stay at her old home in Scotland.

Mr. and Mrs. F. A. Wood, now in Los Angeles, California, will be "at home" to their friends in Sandon after July 15th.

Mr. Campbell, of the K. & S., with Mrs. Campbell, returned yesterday from their extended trip east and south.

Mr. and Mrs. Riblet and family and Mr. and Mrs. Brown have removed to Nelson, where Messrs. Riblet and Brown will be working on trams in the district for some time.

Mr. Walter C. Adams, absent all winter in Montreal and England, paid the city a flying visit this week in a trip through the country looking after his firm's mining iterests.

Mr. Fallows returned this week from the Windermere country, much improved in health by his short stay in that delightful country, which is varied in its productions—mining, fruit-growing and agricultural.

Miss McQueen, of the C. P. R. telegraph office, has been transferred to Kaslo (leaving yesterday), and Mr. Burchill, of the freight department, to New Denver, while Major Allan, of the latter place, takes the duties here.

Mr. F. A. Wood, who was recently married in Los Angeles, Cal., to a sister of Mrs. Cole, will with Mrs. Wood return about July 12th, and will take up their residence in the handsome new dwelling at the lower terminal of the Last Chance tram. The Review joins with their many friends here in wishing them a long and happy life.

The Rowland Telegraph System.

Prof. Henry A. Rowland gave an exhibition of the workings of his new multiplex telegraphy printer at the meeting of the Johns Hopkins Scientific Association on April 27. The new instrument can be manipulated by anyone who can use the typewriter arrangement by which the messages are sent. The printer will send sixteen messages simultaneously, but eight is the best practical working limit. Prof. Rowland explained the principal of his machine. By shunting off some of the waves of the current, certain letters are stamped on the paper; by shunting off certain other waves, certain other letters are printed. The shunting of the current acts faster than the instrument can work, so that a number of letters can be struck off during one revolution of the instrument. The limit to the number of messages which may be sent at the same time has not been reached,

B.B.B. CURES SHINGLES.

Mr. John W. Lamb, Diligent River, U.S., writes: "I recently had a severe attack of shingles, but am glad to say that two bottles of Burdock Blood Bitters cured me completely. It is a wonderful remedy for blood disorders."

ADDRESS TO THE VISITING PRESS.

To the Members of the Manitoba and North West Press Association.

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN:

On behalf of the Mine Owners, Miners and Citizens of Sandon and vicinity, we sincerely bid you welcome to our city. On account of our lack of the varied resources of the surroundings of eastern cities we cannot show you many of the institutions some of them possess, but merely what the requirements of a mining camp have created in five short years. As you will notice, however, the place possesses good stores and hotels, churches and sch ool houses, industrial institutions in variety, an efficient electric light system, as good a water system as can be found in the country yielding an ample supply of the purest of water for domestic purposes and fire protection; two concentrators within the city, two more projected, and the fifth in operation hard by, with complete trams and all other necessary conveying appliances, and it has the termini of two railway systems.

It is a matter of regret that more time is not at your command to enable you personally to secure fuller information than we can convey in one short address, on the mineral surroundings that we are confident will yet make Sandon a still more important and influential mining centre.

We take it that while the members of your party, in this your first visit to this portion of the Province, are mainly "on pleasure bent," like all true sons and daughters of the "fourth estate," you are desirous of gathering all the information you can, in notes by the way, of the importance of all districts of this great Dominion, of which we all have great reason to be proud. We, therefore, beg to advise you that all you see and learn of this camp and its surroundings are but the creation and development of a few short years; for, although the Slocan Star mine was located in October 1891, and the Payne—the oldest in the camp—a few months previous, but little in the way of development was done until the advent of the railways in 1895, because of the cost of transport from Kootenay and Arrow lakes by pack train and wagon till then.

We cannot even yet show you the developed mines of older countries, but we can outputs and profits, of these we have that are a marvel to all who become familiar with them. For instance last year we shipped from the two stations in this city 22,373¼ tons of ore at an average gross value of $100 per ton or $2,237,350; from Three Forks four miles distant, 6,049 tons worth $604,900; from McGuigan four miles east 1,000 tons worth $100,000, from Whitewater mines, 5 to 10 miles distant 2,109 tons valued at $210,900, and from Slocan Lake points 1,432 tons valued at $143,300, or a total value of $3,296,350 drawn from a circle 20 miles in diameter with Sandon as a centre. To the present these properties have declared dividends to the value of $3,472,000. This exportation was very nearly one-third of the whole of the Province of British Columbia, and these dividends are quite three times the total of the gold properties of Rossland put together. For a more concise representation of the exports of the locality we may say those of the whole Dominion are $33 per head; those of British Columbia $80 per head, and those of the Slocan $750 per head. For the better information of the association we append the shipments and dividends referred to above in detail.

On account of the exceptionally great wealth of our mineral leads, the facility with which the ore is mined, on account of our comparatively soft rock as many men are not required in the silver-lead mines as in the granite leads for equal results; but about 1,000 men being employed in the Slocan.

The comparatively small pay rolls militate against the growth of large cities through swelling the pockets of the property holders.

In this connection we further desire to impress the fact the camp is but in its infancy—year by year prospects are being developed into mines that rival our best producing properties, and many of these prospects, in their initial stages, can be purchased for insignificant sums of money. We, therefore, confidently believe, that while many other districts of the Province have their desirable and wealthy properties, the Slocan, so far as development has gone, is the banner field for investment.

In conclusion we trust that your trip to the Province may be one of utility and pleasure, and that the information you have gathered in your daily observations may be by you all turned to good account in aiding in the development of our Province that must yet become a prominent factor in promoting the substantial interests and latent resources of our great Canadian Empire.

H. H. PITTS, Mayor.

On behalf of Committee.

DIVIDENDS.

Payne	$1,250,000	The Best	50,000
Slocan Star	400,000	Dardanelles	50,000
Reco	350,000	Jackson	40,000
Ruth	300,000	Slocan Boy	35,000
Idaho	275,000	Goodenough	32,000
Last Chance	250,000	Washington	30,000
Whitewater	240,000	Monitor	25,000
Rambler	75,000	Antoine	20,000
Noble Five	50,000		

SHIPMENTS, 1898.

SANDON.	Tons.	McGUIGAN.	Tons.
Payne	13,190	Mines (Total)	1,000
Ruth	3,606		
Slocan Star	2,933	**SLOCAN LAKE.**	**Tons.**
Last Chance	1,599	Enterprise	400
Reco	519	California	60
Queen Bess	175	Bosun	304
Sovereign	100	Comstock	225
Blue Bird	45	Emily Edith	20
Treasure Vault	40	Fidelity	130
Ajax	33	Fisher Maiden	107
Canadian Group	22	Silver Nuggett	5
Noble Five	20¼	Vancouver	420
Miller Creek	20	Wakefied	160
Goodenough	20	Total	1,832
Saphire	18½		
Coin	8¼	**WHITEWATER.**	**Tons.**
Others	23	Whitewater	1,957
Total	22,373	Jackson	66
		Whitewater Deep	39
THREE FORKS.	**Tons.**	Charleston	31
Idaho	3,766	N. Bell	16
Queen Bess	1,643	Total	2,109
Alamo	582		
Manitor	40		
Hustler	19		
Total	6,050		

MINES AND MINING.

The Wonderful is still working a few men.

Bar silver is quoted at 60¼ cents in New York.

Jenken Bros. are working the Palmita under contract.

The Ajax and Ajax Fraction have each four men working in ore.

A good body of ore has been struck on the Hillside group, Whitewater.

The Standard Oil Co. are about to buy the Galena mines, at Silverton.

The Payne is aid to have ore enough in sight to pay usual dividends for five years.

The Chapleau, near Slocan City, has been bonded by J. M. Williams for $30,000.

The Whitewater Deep has 18 men in the tunnels, and will shortly increase the force.

F. L. Byron and partner, of Silverton, have bought a two-third interest in the A. E. claim.

The Heather Bell company put a few more men to work last Monday on their promising property.

Though there are but few men at the mines considerable provisions and supplies are being packed up.

The Hillside, at Whitewater, is working a small force of men, and so is the Rambler at McGuigan.

The Payne employs 43 men these times, some at the bunk house and the others mostly on surface work.

Mr. Allan Stubbs has gone down to Slocan City with two men to do assessment work on the R. R. group, near there, owned by himself and father. There is a good showing on the property.

The Nelson Tribune says that the men working there on contract are making more than the union scale of wages, and as a consequence the mines are likely to adopt the $3.50 for eight hours.

Mr. Warner reports a strike of 18 inches of solid galena at a depth of 100 feet in No. 4 tunnel of the Madison. The Montreal company made a strike when they bought this property.

The output of the Slocan's ores averaged up last year 125 oz. of silver and 45 per cent lead, which, at present values, gives $113.25 per ton. Compare the output of any other camp anywhere, and see how it tallies. The highest average was that of the Reco 239 oz. silver and 39 per cent lead.

In the Lardeau.

From Revelstoke come the following notes:

Manager Brewster of the Carnes Creek company, has despatched five men to commence work on the Rosebery.

Messrs. A. W. McIntosh and J. I. Woodrow, the owners of the Silver Shield, on Keystone Mountain, contemplate making a trial shipment of a carload of ore to the Trail smelter.

Messrs. Morrison, McCord and Johnson have given an option for 30 days on the John L. group to Mr. James Dixon, of Vancouver. The value placed on the property is $20,000.

The Silver Belt group, on Brown's creek, west of the south fork of the Lardeau river, will be actively worked the coming summer. The owners include Messrs. H. H. Johnstone and M. H. Dobie, of Rossland. There are six to eight feet of carbonates averaging $32 that will concentrate four or five to one; also 14 to 16 inches of solid ore, requiring no treatment.

CHURCH NOTES.

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

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

Whitewater Ore Shipments.

The following is a statement of ore shipped from this station for the week ending June 29:

Mine.	Tons.
Whitewater	84½
Total	84½

MARVELLOUS KLONDIKE.

SOMETHING ABOUT THE COUNTRY AND ITS DISCOVERER.

It Is a Fascinating Story—Untold Wealth in the Far North—Hardships of the Miners—Many and Bitter Disappointments—Stampede From Circle City—Told By a Special Correspondent of Harper's Weekly.

Leaving Henderson and his partners at work, we will follow Carmack homeward.

A few miles' walk along bald crest of the divide brings one into the forks of "Rabbit" Creek, some distance from its head. Five miles more in the thick spruce-timbered valley, a large tributary puts in on the left-hand side. Edges of rock extending from the hill-sides show the rock formation of the country. The stream winds over a bed muck, in which the only stones or rocks are those that have tumbled down from the crumbling ledges. Bedrock, the solid bottom of the creek, is no one knows how far down below this muck.

About half a mile below the large tributary just mentioned the party stopped to rest. They had been panning here and there. Carmack dropped off to sleep, it is said. Skookum Jim, taking the pan, went to the rim of the creek, at the foot of an old birch-tree, and filled it with dirt. Washing it in the creek, he

FOUND A LARGE SHOWING OF GOLD.

Right under the grass-roots, Jim said, he found from ten cents to one dollar to the pan. In a little while, it is said, they filled a shot-gun cartridge with coarse gold. The strangest thing was that this gold was not from the creek-bed proper, but had slid down from an ancient creek-bed on the "bench," or hill-side, diggings that were unknown and not discovered until a year later. Carmack staked off Discovery claim for himself, and five hundred feet above and below for his two Indian companions, Skookum Jim taking No. 1 above Discovery, and Cultus Charlie, No. 1 below. The date of this is variously given as the 16th and 17th of August.

After staking, they rushed off for Forty Mile, or rather Fort Cudahy, established by the North-American Transportation and Trading Company on the opposite side of Forty Mile Creek. The recorder, or acting gold commissioner, was here in the person of Inspector Constantine of the detachment of North-West Mounted Police. The creek was named Bonanza.

Carmack's story of $2.50 to the pan was not believed, though it was not doubted that he had found gold. A stampede followed. Drunken men were thrown into boats. I knew of one man who was tied and made to go along. But there was no excitement beyond what attends a stampede for locations on any creek on which gold has been found. It differed in no respect, apparently, from scores of other stampedes. There are always persons about a mining camp ready to start on a stampede simply as a chance, whether good prospects have been found or not. Whole creeks have been staked out on the belief that gold would subsequently be found. So the excitement of this earlier stage was of small significance. It was that of the professional stampeder, so to speak—rounders about the saloons, some new arrivals, but few old miners, the latter being still in the diggings up the creek.

The first to arrive at the scene of the new discovery began staking down stream. That also was a stampeder's custom. The chances were considered better there than above. It is all nonsense the talk one has begun to hear of persons, who would have one believe

"GOT IN ON CHOICE LOCATIONS"

by reason of their superior foresight. It was blind luck. The staking went on down stream for six miles, and then began above, continued for seven or eight miles up stream, before the side gulches were thought of seriously.

Ladue, who had started for the mouth of the Klondike behind Henderson, was among the first to reach the heart of the strike. Ladue staked the town site on a broad flat, below the mouth of the Klondike. There already was one building there—a fish-drying shed belonging to Fritz Klote. Then Ladue started for Forty Mile, but meeting a man who wanted some lumber, he sent his application by another party, returned to the mill at Sixty Mile, and soon after returned to the mouth of the Klondike with nails, spikes and lumber, built a warehouse of lumber just opposite the present Alaska Commercial Company's warehouse, 22 by 40 feet, and built a cabin—the first in Dawson—the name given the new town in honor of the Canadian geologist. It was torn down last winter on account of being in the middle of the front street. The Alaska Commercial Company steamer Arctic having arrived at Forty Mile, bound for Fort Selkirk, hurried on to the new town, arriving in September. The ice was running in the river. After discharging, she hurried back to Forty Mile, but was frozen in before she could be placed in a safe place, and the next spring, in trying to get her free of the ice before she was crushed, a stick of dynamite, intended for the ice, destroyed the steamer.

Among the first to hear of the strike were four men who came from above—Dan McGilvray, Dave McKay, Dave Edwards and Harry Waugh—and they located Nos. 3, 14, 15 and 16 below Discovery. These men did the first sluicing that was done on the creek, and they made the first clean-up with five boxes set. The figures are lacking for their first shovelling, but on the second they cleaned up thirteen and a half ounces of gold, $329.50, being five hours' work of one man shovelling. The gold varied from the size of pin-heads to nuggets, one of $12 being found. Now the Klondike magnifier began his work with this curious result, that the lies of to-day were surpassed by the truth of to-morrow, until it came to be accepted that, "You can't tell no lies about Klondike." McGilvray and the rest had perhaps fifteen hundred dollars, surely a large sum in that country and for the time they had worked. Ladue weighed the gold, and as he came out of the store he said to some assembled miners, "How's that for two and a half days' shovelling in—$4,008?" Next time it was an even

$4,000, TWO DAYS' SHOVELLING.

The liability to exaggeration about a mining camp is so great that it is impossible for any one to escape who writes or speaks in the midst of affairs concerning any specific find. A man with a town site must also be allowed a great deal of latitude in such matters. But soon the joke was on the other side. Men who were on the spot would not believe anything they heard. Two of the men working on Indian River, came down, heard of the strike. Says one to his partner, "Shall we go up and stake?" Replied the other, "Why, I wouldn't go across the river on that old Siwash's word," meaning Carmack. They wish now they had, but they went on down to Forty Mile.

There were a few old-timers in the procession up from Forty Mile. They knew all about Klondike. It was nothing but a moose pasture. It was not like some other place where they had seen gold, and so there could be none there. They climbed the hills and walked along the divide until they could look down into the valley of Bonanza. Here many of them stopped and threw up their hands in disgust. Others went the round of the creek, cursing and swearing at those who told them to come there. One old-timer got up as far as 20 above, where the last stakes were. He surveyed the prospect, and as he turned away remarked, "I leave it to the Swedes." The Swedes were supposed to be willing to work the poorest ground. Another, or it may have been the same, is said to have written on the stakes of 21, not the usual, "I claim," etc, but, "This moose pasture is reserved for the Swedes and Cheechahkoes," new-comers. Louis Rhodes staked it right afterwards. When he had written his name, he said to his companions, being ashamed of staking in such a place, that he "would cut his name off for two bits," twenty-five cents. From that claim the next summer he took out

FORTY-FOUR THOUSAND AND ODD DOLLARS.

But all that and much more was hidden in the future. A Klondike claim was not considered worth anything. One-half interest in one of the richest El Dorado claims was sold for a sack of flour. A few thousand dollars could have bought up the creek from end to end.

Some who had provisions remained to prospect, others returned to Forty Mile, just as the miners were beginning to come in from the diggings, to learn for the first time of a strike on Klondike. Among these was a Swede of the name of Charlie Anderson. Anderson must have heard something favorable about the prospects. A person approached him, and said, "Charlie, don't you want to buy a claim on Klondike?" "I don't care if I do. How much do you want?" "I'll let you have 29 on El Dorado for $800." "I'll take it," replied Anderson, and weighed out the dust. The enterprising salesman went about boasting how he had played Charlie for a "sucker," only he wanted some one to kick him for not having asked him $1,200. He believed he could have got it just as easily as he did the $800. The man who sold the claim was in Dawson last winter, and had he cared he could have watched Charlie Anderson getting out his

THIRD ONE HUNDRED THOUSAND DOLLARS,

with the probability of at least another hundred thousand to come out of ground yet unworked. El Dorado was not liked as well as Adams Creek, just below it. A late comer went up Adams, found a man staking for himself and family, by this time the real excitement had begun. Said the late-comer: "I've come a good way. What you are doing is illegal, and I want a claim and mean to have one." The man who was staking told him he would like to have his friends near him, and offered him stakes on 15 El Dorado, if that would do as well. It was accepted. Nothing has yet been found on Adams.

How was the news of the Klondike discovery received on the lower river? Forty Mile, being the seat of the recorder, was of course the first to hear all the reports and rumors. This can best be told in the words of one who was there in Forty Mile town at the time. "Nobody believed any of the first reports about gold on the Klondike. You see, there never was any money in the lower country. A man would come in after a hard summer's work with a poke, a poke is a goldsack, that a man would be ashamed of here in Dawson. They owed the stores for their last year's outfit, and they'd pay for that, and get credit on next year's outfit. The stores had rather have it that way than not. They were sure a man would not leave the country without paying, or with a small stake, so they'd be sure sooner or later of getting all he made. They were a pretty good class of men in the lower country, and most of them could get credit. A man would come into a saloon, and all he'd have would be one drink or one dance. You'd never see them asking up three or four at once to drink. Why, there weren't but three men in Forty Mile that could afford to get drunk. They did nothing all winter but sit around where it was warm, playing pedro, solitaire, and casino. Word came to Forty Mile that Louis Rhodes had two men working for him, and was getting good pay. "That's a lie," says one man, "Louis Rhodes! when was he able to hire two men?" Next word came down that Ben Wall was getting two-bit dirt "Hell!" says Nigger Jim; "I've known Ben Wall these ten years, and he's the all-firedest liar in the Yukon." When they heard that Berry was getting one dollar to the pan, they laughed. Klondike was a bunco—nothing but a bunco." These words were spoken in what the miners call "josh," but they were true, nevertheless.

Circle City, 230 miles farther away than Forty Mile, did not get the news so soon. The first report that reached Circle was of a discovery on Klondike—an ounce to the "shovel," shovelling off the surface. This, in miners' parlance, means that one man had shovelled into the sluiceboxes gold to the value of one ounce—seventeen dollars—per day. The next news was when Sam Bartlett came down with a raft of logs which he had failed to land at Forty Mile. Bartlett said it was a "bilk;" that Joe Ladue was only trying to get men up to his town site—he had stopped there, but would not stake. The next news came to Oscar Ashby from a friend, about the middle of November. The river was then closed, and the letter came down over the ice. There were about seventy-five men in Oscar's saloon when the letter was read. It was somewhat to this effect, telling Ashby to buy all the property he could on Klondike, it did not make any difference what the prices were: "This is one of the

RICHEST STRIKES IN THE WORLD.

It is a world-beater. I can't tell how much gold we are getting to the pan. I never saw or heard of the like of such a thing in my life. I myself saw $150 panned out of one pan of dirt, and I think they are getting as high as $1600." The crowd in the saloon had a big laugh, and thought so little of it that they never spoke of it again. "It disgusted them that men were so crazy as to write that way," to quote the words of one who was present. Soon after another letter came. This time it was to Harry Spencer and Frank Densmore, from a party with whom they were well acquainted. Densmore at once fitted out a dog team and went up. After he got up he wrote back to Spencer, relating the whole particulars. He repeated the words of the others—namely, that he really could not tell what they were finding: it was immensely rich; he had never seen anything like it. Now Spencer and Densmore had large interests in Circle City, so the men knew it could be no lie; they were compelled to believe it. The wildest stampede resulted. Every dog that could be bought, begged, or stolen was pressed into service, and those who could not get dogs started hauling their own sleds, men and even women, until in two weeks there were not twenty people left in Circle, and of those part were cripples and could not travel. In a short while there were not even that number left, a report giving the actual number as two men and one woman. No. 31 El Dorado sold for $160; in six months it resold for $31,000. It may be

WORTH $150,000 NOW.

All hands left for Klondike, 208 miles away. Those who had claims deserted them, and those who had outfits took a few things and left the rest in a cache, where they are to this day. One man alone, William Farrel, of 60 above on Bonaza, left a thousand dollars' worth of provisions, five full claims on one creek, fully a dozen other interests, all considered good prospects; and, says he, "I haven't paid any attention to them since." By the time the Circle City crowd arrived Bonanza was staked to 60 below and into the 60's above, and also the side creeks, El Dorado and Adams. So that the late comers had to go into the smaller side gulches or else buy in, which latter many of them did, so that on such as El Dorado it soon came about that few of the original stakers were left, having sold out at ridiculous prices. The lower country was nearly deserted. The Klondike, or rather that spot of it where the first big finds were made, was undeniably richer than anything yet discovered in the lower country. But still another fact contributed to the completeness of the stampede, namely, that water was troubling them badly that summer in the Birch Creek district. There were between three hundred and four hundred miners about Circle City, some of whom were as far back as eighty miles distant, on the head of Birch Creek. In August as soon as they heard of the Klondike strike, they packed their goods back, sold them for what they would bring, bought dogs, and started for Klondike, not a few arriving with enough money to buy in at once. In the whole country—Birch, Miller, and Forty Mile Creek—there were not less than fifteen hundred people.

The miners built their cabins, and, when the water in the creeks was frozen, drifting began on all but those claims that the owners did not care to work, or preferred working the next summer. Though shallow enough in many places for summer work, the diggings began to prove deeper than those in the lower country.

The first mail that went out carried the news to friends and relatives, advising them that a big strike had been made. It reached them in January and February, and they started. Crossing the pass in spring, they came down on the high water in June, and though unable to get in on the main creeks, many of them located over creeks that are showing up rich. That the report of the great strike should have been common property six months before the excitement outside is hard to understand. One scarcely knows whether to attribute the world's acute attack of insanity to the

SIGHT OF THE GOLD DISPLAYED

in the windows of San Francisco and Seattle or to the adroit manipulation of the story of the miner's arrival by certain sensational newspapers—in one case to boom the Alaska outfitting business, in the other as the result of the rivalry of New York and San Francisco newspapers.

But, where, during the time that Bonanza and El Dorado were being staked, were Bob Henderson and his partners? They were shovelling and digging away on their claims on Gold Bottom. Henderson had also been upon another fork of the stream and made another discovery, one panful showing as high as thirty-five cents to the pan.

After Bonanza was staked into the 80's above and El Dorado to 33— or over three miles—a party of miners, including George Wilson and James McNamee, came over the divide to Gold Bottom.

Henderson asked them where they were from. They replied, "Bonanza Creek."

Henderson says that he did not want to display his ignorance. He had never heard of "Bonanza" Creek. At length he asked where Bonanza Creek was. They pointed over the hill.

"'Rabbit' Creek! What have you got there?"

"We have the biggest thing in the world."

"Who found it?"

"McCormick."

It is said Henderson threw down his shovel and went and sat on the bank, so sick at heart that it was some time before he could speak.

(To Be Continued.)

BEST WAY TO PACK A TRUNK.

It is not the wearing of clothing that tells so sadly as the manner in which it is kept. Clothing all moist and dusty tossed into a dark closet, trunk or drawer can never be nice again, and its appearance proclaims the character of the wearer more than the purse.

A garment aired, dusted and put properly away will outlast many changes of fashion, and if the owner has taste and individuality, it takes on an air or suggests a sentiment impossible to associate with new apparel—the tone and personality of the wearer.

Fresh rose leaves or sprigs of sweet herbs sprinkled in a trunk or drawer, or on closet shelves, lend almost a witchery to clothing—a dainty fragrance, evanescent as fancy and so delicate that the most sensitive and fastidious must enjoy it.

For going away the closer a trunk is packed the better things will carry. It will be well to fold a dress skirt in an old sheet or unstarched muslin, or cambric kept for the purpose, so as to decrease to a minimum the possibility of cutting or creasing. Now that frills and ruffles have come back, these should be turned up, so that when the dress is unfolded they may "fluff" down. Fold as broad and smooth as possible as nearly fitting the receptacle as may be. Have little soft rolls of flannels or stockings to fit into crevices.

Shoes should never be put in loose but each in a case or cover so arranged as to prevent rubbing. A wise lady's maid will not use shoe polish — but a little fresh, sweet milk on a flannel cloth and rubbing gently.

Plenty of brushes and whisk brooms and squares of woollen cloth are well to tuck in to clean with. Tissue paper crumple in bonnet boxes, among ribbons, neckwear or millinery will save many a heartache. Then be sure to have one or two tiny irons in your trunk, and a frame may be had to set over a lamp or the gas. Then the tissue paper comes handy to lay over veils, or lace, or ribbon, or a crease in a dress. Never let the iron touch the fabric, but iron over the tissue paper.

INFLUENCE OF DRESS.

"It is strange to me," says a thoughtful woman, "that people do not better understand and take more advantage of the influence of dress. It has an influence entirely out of proportion to its value and is stronger in proportion than any other one thing I know. I have seen beauty, wit and intellect apparently subjugated by a woman who was well dressed and possessed the confidence that a good gown will give. I know one naturally timid woman who has what may be called a distingue bearing, and she attributed it all to the good clothes she wears. She dresses with great care. Then when at some moment her natural timidity assails her she gets if possible a glimpse of herself in a long mirror. There she sees a fine-looking woman who does not look at all the shrinking creature she feels herself to be. That one glance gives her confidence. With the vision of the woman in the mirror in her mind's eye she plays the part of that woman, and is equal to anything, even an after-noon toast, though she laughs to herself when people praise her for her powers of self-control and great confidence. In dealing with the world at large good clothes are of vast importance, and obtain for the wearer consideration and an easy passage through its devious ways that nothing else will give."

WANTED HIS STUD.

Mrs. Joy—Oh, John, run for the physician. The baby's swallowed your diamond stud!

Bachelor Brother — Physician be hanged! I'll bring a surgeon.

A HOME MADE HAPPY.

MRS. TUCKER, OF NIAGARA FALLS, TELLS WHAT DID IT.

Her Daughter Was Afflicted With St. Vitus Dance and Helpless as an Infant—Dr. Williams' Pink Pills Cured Her After Specialists Had Failed.

From the Review, Niagara Falls.

It is a horrible feeling to know that you have lost all command or control of your limbs, and must depend upon your friends to wait upon and serve you the same as an infant. This was the condition of Miss Myrtle Tucker for nearly a year, and the Review learning that she had been wonderfully benefited by the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People sent a reporter to hear her story. We called at the residence of Mr. Edwin Tucker, of the village of Niagara Falls. Mrs. Tucker received us very cordially on ascertaining the object of our visit. As nearly as possible these are her exact words in speaking of her daughter's case:—"My daughter Myrtle is in her fifteenth year. About a year ago alarming symptoms of St. Vitus' dance made their appearance, but for some time we did not know what was really the matter. She lost the use of her arms, her right arm was completely paralyzed. She had to be dressed and undressed, being totally unable to help herself. The best local physicians were called in and prescribed for her, but they appeared to be unable to afford relief. We made a trip to Buffalo last January and a specialist was consulted, who recommended that Myrtle be shut up in a dark room for three months, allowing no one to see her or speak to her but the nurse. In fact the doctor insisted upon her being sent to one of the city hospitals. Arsenic was one of the specifics used; it helped to quiet for a time, but no permanent relief was obtained. After our return from Buffalo, my son urged me to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Myrtle. He said he was sure it would do her good as it had cured his boy of a similar complaint. I then determined to try them, as I was conscious the treatment she was getting was doing her no good. I purchased a box and the effect of the pills was almost marvellous from the very beginning; before the first box was used an improvement was plainly discernible. Five boxes in all have been used and Myrtle is now able to run and enjoy herself in a manner she could not do for months and months back. Two weeks ago she commenced to attend school after an absence of nine months. "I want it distinctly understood," said Mrs. Tucker, "that the physicians all agreed that my daughter was afflicted with St. Vitus' Dance; that the treatment of the medical attendants did not benefit her and that no other medicine was taken after commencing Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, so that there is no doubt her recovery must be attributed to the use of these pills. Her state of health is now most excellent, her appetite is good and I am only too pleased to be able to certify to the above facts in order that others similarly afflicted may be encouraged to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills."

An impoverished condition of the blood, or a disordered state of the nerves is the fruitful source of most ills that affect mankind, and to any thus affected Dr. Williams' Pink Pills offer a speedy and certain cure. No other remedy has ever met with such great and continued success, which is one of the strongest proofs that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills accomplish all that is claimed for them. They cure locomotor ataxia, partial paralpsis, St. Vitus' dance, sciatica, neuralgia, rheumatism, nervous headache, palpitation of the heart, nervous prostration, diseases depending upon vitiated blood, such as scrofula chronic erysipelas, etc. They are also a specific for troubles peculiar to females, curing all forms of weakness. In men they effect a radical cure in all cases arising from mental worry, overwork, or excesses of any nature. Sold by all dealers or sent post paid at 50 cents a box or six boxes for $2.50, by addressing the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

A THIEVING FAMILY.

A detective on duty at the Louvre had his attention called by one of the assistants to the extraordinary attitude of several ladies who wandered about from one counter to another without buying anything. After watching these ladies for some time, the detective called up a colleague, and the two together took all seven into custody.

On being searched they were found to have secreted stuffs and small objects of value under their dresses, and were immediately marched off to the Police Commissary. That functionary found to his amazement that the troup consisted of a grandmother, three of her daughters and three grand-daughters in comfortable circumstances.

The old lady's husband and the husbands of her three daughters were immediately sent for, the youngest ladies of this interesting family are still unmarried, and declared themselves totally ignorant of the acts of their wives, who they said made frequent trips to Paris from their home in the suburbs, and often brought home many pretty things; but they assured the Commissary that they, the husbands, had no notion that these had been come by otherwise than by the usual method of purchase.

The Commissaire, taking the social position of the "kleptomaniacs" into consideration, has allowed them their liberty upon heavy bail.

The Mining Review

SATURDAY.....JUYL 1, 1899.

THE PRESS ASSOCIATION.

We are expressing public sentiment but moderately when we say that general disappointment was expressed at the failure of the Manitoba and North West Press Association to visit Sandon as agreed on last week. For the past three months officers of that body had been corresponding with prominent men here asking them to make arrangements to receive the association and give the members thereof an insight into the workings of the mines and the mineral resources of the vicinity. When eventually they sent out their programmes, announcing Sandon as one of their objective points, and asking our people by wire to make arrangements to receive them, our business people, the mine owners, city council, the brass band and others cheerfully responded and by subscriptions, expenditure of time, etc. completed arrangements to give them a fitting reception. Even the ladies held two or three meetings and completed plans to properly entertain the ladies of the visiting party. By wire their visit was postponed a day, and twenty-four hours before the final time set for the visit, a message came from Vancouver to the effect that on account of changes in the railway service, they could not visit Sandon at all. So far as the expression could cover the gap there was, of course, the usual regrets.

The C.P.R. has been built largely by Canadian money, for the advancement of Canadian interests, and whatever advantages are expected to accrue from press association visits should come to Canada as a preference.

Nearly one-third of the mineral output of the province, including coke and coal, comes from the Slocan proper, or a strip of country some 25 miles by 15, and when a Canadian press association, in making a tour of the country, cannot spare proper time —after announcing their intention of so doing—to visit this locality, there must be something wrong with inquisitive anatomy.

If there is wisdom in giving public money to construct a railway to enable a certain class of people to visit outside countries for personal pleasure, the courtesy in common fairness ought to be extended to all other classes of the people as well. If, however, it is extended to the press exclusively, that the country may get some returns from the visits, it would not be out of place in the future if the C.P.R. would see to it that the desired returns are properly obtained.

On Tuesday, after the foregoing scolding was put in type, Mayor Pitts received a telegram from President Scott saying the association would reach here at 11 a.m. Wednesday and remain 3½ hours. There was nothing for it then but to leave them quietly alone or rush up something in a hurry. On Tuesday night in committee the citizens decided to treat them to a good application of brass band, a lunch and an address. About 10:40 the K. & S. steamed in bringing some 60 of the number. After a formal greeting the railway people took them, with a goodly number of Sandonites, to Cody and brought them back to Sandon. The lunch over, the party feasted their eyes on Sandon ore at Mr. Harris's office and then repaired to Virginia hall, where the address, in other columns of this issue, was read by Mr. Cliffe, after His Worship's formal welcome and introduction. This was replied to by President Scott, Regina, and Messrs. Bell and McIntyre, of Port Arthur and Winnipeg respectively. A display of our firemen's agility and the force of our water system exhausted all the time at their disposal. A return to the train and formal leave taking, including cheers and congratulations and "Auld Lang Syne" by the band, and the party departed.

As we intimatdd above they should have taken less time at Spokane and more at Sandon, as many of their number freely acknowledged when they got an insight into the value of our surroundings. As it was they were highly delighted with what they heard and saw, and we are confident that they will, one and all, say kind things of Sandon's hospitality, and do much to give a wide publicity to the wealth of our surroundings which makes Sandon the banner mining camp of the country. It would undoubtedly have been a mistake to have allowed them to come and go without recognition; and they are all assured the best was done that could have been in the short time at our command.

Some Nelsonites, with a great liberality of cheek if nothing else, advised the press association not to come to Sandon, as there was nothing there. Now, the question is what would there be of Nelson if it was not for Sandon and places like it? Where would the Nelson smelter be if it was not for Sandon and Slocan ores? and, where would the jobbing houses of that place be if it were not for the retail stores of Sandon and the Slocan? The press association have come here, and after getting indisputable facts concerning the mineral wealth of the place, they do not hesitate to say that this is the mining town of the Kootenay, and we are satisfied they will so represent matters in their respective papers. The people of this city have lain dormant long enough and they know it. We believe they have formed a resolve to look out for their own interests in properly advertising our resources. It is only necessary for visitors to come here to learn that nature has done its share for the place, and if the people only do theirs in giving the facts to the world, the city will grow and prosper despite the green eyed monster of some of its less fortunate neighboring towns.

We understand that Walter C. Nicholl, of the Vancouver Province, is making a tour of Kootenay to ascertain the popularity of the Joe Martin wing of the Semlin government. He might as well stay at home in his office. The people of this country are all independent minded, and pin their faith on no party as such. It is a government that gives them a popular administration of public affairs that they are after. The government's mining laws have thrown the Kootenays into confusion, and the Slocan into a slough from which it will not not recover in a twelve month, and all to please what were but a few outsiders at the outset. The Review has time and again said that the only mining laws that can give the country satisfaction, must be drafted by a joint committee of practical miners, mine owners and capitalists, supplemented by a minister of mines with something more than a wooden head on his shoulders. These are the parties that are interested, and any system of laws that suits such a joint committee must be the proper one for the country.

The New Denver Ledge takes the part of Joe Martin in the squabble at the Rossland banquet, and says that he should have been allowed plenty of time to speak. This is altogether erroneous. Banquets of that character are not designed to be political bear gardens; and when the programmes are lengthy, ordinary decency ought to debar any one from monopolising the time. It is rarely that any man except the guest of the evening is expected to take up more than 15 or 20 minutes.

Here and There.

Eholt, 15 miles north of Greenwood, is the latest boom town.

Mr. Barr, of McGuigan, is going to open a general store in the Duncan country.

Richardson, of Winnipeg, tried to pass an Act at Ottawa, making the salaries of civil servants attachable. He was defeated, but should have succeeded.

W. J. Lee has been arrested three times in Spokane for stealing books and selling them. We would direct the attention of some Sandonites that way, and Lee is a newspaper man too.

If you want to be healthy during the warm weather see that your bowels move regularly every day. If they don't, take Laxa-Liver Pills, the natural laxative, that never gripes, purges or sickens.

The Lyceum Co. that played here some time ago and made such a hit in The Merchant of Venice, will appear again on Thursday, July 6th, in Spencer's hall, for one night only. On this occasion they will give "The Man in Black," an excellent play in the hands of those who are masters of it, as this company unquestionably are. Prices 50 and 75 cents.

The Spokesman-Review representative is now making a tour of the towns of the Slocan selling a pamphlet they are publishing in Spokane, on the mining districts of the Western States and B. C. The work is going to be profusely illustrated, will have 75 pages and it is said will be "most complete." Now, does any one for a moment believe that seventy-five pages of any book, a third of which will be illustrations, will have space to do even the Slocan justice, to say nothing of covering the whole mining territory of the north west. The work which Mr. Cliffe is writing will have 100 pages ALL devoted to the Slocan alone, and will not even then deal fully with the subject. It will be out about the first of August, and will certainly be the most complete work of the kind ever attempted in the country.

The following announcements appeared in last week's B. C. Gazette.

The Lieutenant-Governor-in-Council has extended until Aug. 1st the time in which persons appointed on May 23rd last to be justices of the peace, shall take the oaths of office.

Notice is given that when the holder of a mineral claim is prepared to make application for a Crown grant, he shall send all the documents in support thereof, together with the fee of $10, to the gold commissioner for the district within which the claim is situated, who will examine and transmit them, when in order, to the head office at Victoria.

The Chief Commissioner of Lands and Works gives notice that all preemptors or purchasers of Crown lands, from whom the purchase money remaining unpaid on such lands is overdue, are required to make full payment of such balance, together with interest thereon, if any is due, within twelve months from date, failing which their records or agreements concerning such lands are liable to cancellation, as provided by Section 38 of the Land act.

The Minister of Mines notifies that it is desirable that the marbles and building stones of the province be properly represented at the Paris exhibition in 1900, and provision is made as to how the specimens are to be dressed.

The Tugrin Fog Dispeller.

The Monthly Weather Review, published by the Weather Bureau, recently had an account of the Tugrin fog dispeller, which consists of an outlook pipe 8 feet long, the internal diameter being 3 inches. There is a wide flange at the mouth so as to be convenient to so the navigating officer. A tube enters the pipe from below, and a blower sends a powerful stream of warm air through the tube and the pipe straight ahead, blowing a hole through the air as it were, which it rolled back in every direction. The moisture is said to condense and flow in rain drops. The navigating officer is enabled to see through the densest fog for several hundred feet. If this blower operates satisfactorily in a horizontal position, it might also do the same in a vertical one, and the region around the blower should, therefore, be well wet by the rain drops that are thus formed out of the fog. It might be an expensive operation, but it would be worth trying on the coast of California, where it is desired to utilize fog.

Scrofula.

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

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

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

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

Children should always increase in weight. Not to grow, not to increase in flesh, belongs to old age.

Present and future health demands that this increase in weight should be steady and never failing.

To delicate children, Scott's Emulsion brings richer blood and firmer flesh. Better color comes to the cheeks and stronger muscles to the limbs. The gain in weight is substantial; it comes to stay.

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

A LITTLE LIGHT.

Every young woman needs a little light upon the subject of health. There is far too much new-fashioned prudery among mothers. Every young woman should have explained to her the supreme necessity of keeping herself pure and wholesome and free from weakness and disease in a womanly way.

Her general health, her future happiness, her good looks, her physical strength, her capability as a wife and mother, and the health and strength of generations to come are dependent upon this.

Nothing in the world will destroy the good looks, wholesomeness, the amiability, and the usefulness of a woman quicker than disorders of the delicate and important organs that bear the burdens of maternity. Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription is the best of all medicines for women who are ailing in this way. It makes a woman strong and healthy where a woman most needs health and strength. It relieves pain, soothes inflammation, heals ulceration and gives rest and tone to the tortured nerves. It cures all the ills and pains too commonly considered an uncomfortable inheritance of womankind. It has been used for over thirty years with an unbroken record of success. More of it has been sold than of all the other medicines for women combined. It is the discovery of Dr. R. V. Pierce, for thirty years chief consulting physician to the Invalids' Hotel and Surgical Institute, at Buffalo, N. Y. He will cheerfully answer, without charge, all letters from ailing women.

"Three years ago," writes Mrs. J. N. Messler, of 1794 Vanderbilt Avenue, New York, N. Y., "the best physicians in this city said there was no cure for me—unless I would go to a hospital and have an operation performed. I could not walk across the room. I took Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription and after three bottles I could work, walk and ride."

Torpid liver and constipation are surely and speedily cured by Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets. They never gripe. They regulate, tone up and invigorate the liver, stomach and bowels. No substitute urged by mercenary dealers is as good.

Cramps and Colic

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

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

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

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

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-McNeill Code.

MINING STOCKS

AND OTHER INVESTMENTS.

Every Representation Guaranteed.

J. M. Harris

SANDON, B. C.

The SANDON DAIRY

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

H. TATTRIE.

Business Announcement.

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

A trial order solicited. Satisfaction guaranteed.

NO ORDER TOO SMALL AND NONE TOO LARGE.

LOUIS, THE SHOEMAKER.

Louis Hupperten.

M. L. Grimmett, LL. B.

BARRISTER, SOLICITOR, NOTARY PUBLIC, ETC.

Sandon, B. C.

-FURS- AND HIDES

McMILLAN FUR & WOOL CO.

EXPORTERS AND IMPORTERS.

200 to 208 First Ave. No.

MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.

Shipments Solicited. Write for Circular.

P. BURNS & CO.

Dealers in Meats

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

Sandon. Slocan City.

THE LARGEST AND FINEST BOOKSTORE IN THE SLOCAN

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

The latest Novels and Magazines.

CLIFFE & CO., Sandon.

A MOYIE LAKE DEAL.

Lake shore Group Taken Over by the Canadian Gold Fields Company.

Mr. J. C. Drewry has returned from Moyie, whither he went with Dr. R. J. Wilson, of Toronto, president, and Alexander Pridham, of Granville, vice-president of the Canadian Gold Fields syndicate, and E. P. Heaton, general manager of the Guardian Life Insurance company of Toronto, for the purpose of taking over the Lake Shore group at Moyie. Dr. Wilson and Mr. Pridham went to the coast from whence they left for the east. Mr. Heaton returned with Mr. Drewry. Mr. Drewry was interviewed and stated that the property had been taken over and that operations would be pushed with the utmost energy. He also stated that he had ordered a complete seven drill compressor plant from Jas. D. Sword, M.E., the agent in British Columbia for the James Cooper Manufacturing company of Montreal. This plant will be a model one in every respect, and will be built under Mr. Sword's directions, he having contracted to put the plant in running order. The plant consists of an Ingersoll-Sargeant air compressor, a 100-horse power boiler, receivers, condenser, and a full complement of drills pumps, etc. This will be the largest plant in East Kootenay. There are four other plants there. These are at the North Star, Sullivan, St. Ugene and Thunder Hill mines.

There are eight claims in the Lake Shore group, located on Lake Moyie, which is an ideal situation for a mine. The veins are from 4 to 13 feet in width, the vein-filling being of quartz and highly argentiferous galena. Shipments have been made from the property and net over $600 to the carload above all expenses. The Crow's Nest railway, which will be the main line of the C.P.R., passes over the property and within 100 feet of the proposed power plant. No better situation for a large mine could exist, there being unlimited timber and water upon the properties and a railway at the mouth of the main tunnel. The topography of the principal claim is such that chutes can be run from the mouth of the tunnels to dump into the railway cars below. Mr. Drewry was very fortunate insecuring this valuale property, as there was considerable competition among mining men to get an option upon it. The price paid was in the neighborhood of $90,000, and many engineers who have visited the property believe that sufficient ore can be mined from it to pay for it within the next few months, and that it is destined to be one of the largest silver-lead producers in East Kootenay. This valuable acquisition of the Canadian Gold Fields syndicate should have a marked effect on the price of its stock. Mr. Heaton, in speaking of the property said that the Lake Shore group was destined to make the stockholders of the company rich. Mr. Heaton also visited the Sunset No. 2, in this camp, and said he was greatly pleased with the appearance of that property.

Mr. Drewry left for Toronto and Montreal to remain a few weeks. One of the purposes of his trip to the east is to attend the meeting of the directors of the Canadian Gold Fields syndicate, which will meet in Toronto on July 4th.—Rossland Miner.

A New Primary Battery.

A young Frenchman has invented a primary cell, says The Electrical Review, which is said to give 13 amperes at 2 volts for a longer time than the ordinary bichromate cell or the Bunsen cell. Its essential characteristic is that a vanadium salt or vanadic acid is contained in the exciting fluid or in the substance of the negative or positive electrode. Such an element consists preferably of an external vessel containing a solution of 20 parts of Na Cl to 100 parts of water, in which an amalgamated zinc rod is dipped; an inner porous jar for the reception of a carbon plate, and which is filled with a mass of powdered manganese oxide and fused vanadic acid. This jar contains also a solution of sulphuric acid, vanadic acid and hydrochloric acid. Ten per cent. of sulphuric acid may also be added to the Na Cl solution in the external vessel. The depolarization is very energetic on account of the combined action of the hydrocloric acid, the oxygen and the chlorine. Moreover, the reducing effect of the hydrogen is regulated by the presence of the vanadic acid, since this passes into hypovanadic acid, and is immediately again oxidised to vanadic acid by the hydrochloric acid, while the hydrochloric acid liberates an equivalent of chlorine and four equivalents of oxygen. An addition of ten per cent. of bichromate of potash to the acidified solution increases the output. Special cells have been designed for application to motor cars.

PASSED 15 WORMS.

"I purchased a bottle of Dr. Low's Worm Syrup for my little girl two and a half years old and gave her the medicine as directed, the result was she passed fifteen round worms in five days. Mrs. B. Roy, Kilmanagh, Ont."

20 YEARS TORTURE.

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

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

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

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"She is the most outrageous girl! Surely all Australians are not savages? It's the greatest pity Mr. Lamont's executors fished her out. But, poor girl! she was brought up on a sheep farm, I hear; so what can you expect.'"

"What does she do so outrageous?" said the man to whom this diatribe was addressed by the great lady of Eardley "Sheep farms don't grow savages, Lady Mary——"

"You've been in Australia, so you'd know, and I daresay you are laughing at me. There is one thing—she won't prove a rival to your daughters," said Lady Mary, laughing, "for no man in his senses would marry her, even for her money. She is such a pretty, delicate-looking creature, too. It's absurd to see how she behaves and dresses. Insists on living by herself, too; most improper! A girl of twenty!"

"Eardley will have something to talk about," said Mr. Verulam, gravely. He was a London man, but a frequent visitor of the Rector of Eardley, who was a college friend, so he was not disturbed by village concerns."

Lady Mary went on volubly, "Miss Lamont had worn a morning gown, carelessly put on, to receive callers; she had not ordered tea; she had put importinent questions; stared at anything unaccustomed; sat in her chair to receive elderly ladies, and her manner to men was abominable. Besides all this, she had talked as if all Eardley belonged to her—'My money, my house, my grounds.' It was sickening!" said Lady Mary, who was a frightful gossip even a scandal-monger, but a homely person. Such a snob! But I daresay she is elated with her new position. Are you going to call?"

"Perhaps. Have I heard all the horrors?"

"She's a dreadful girl!" said Lady Mary, vehemently. "Yet I must ask her to my garden party. You will see her there. I hope she won't turn everything topsy-turvy!"

From his friend the Rector, from the doctor's people and the retired military folk Ernest Verulam heard the same story. The wild Australian girl was in everyone's mouth. She strode through the village slashing her whip at two or three great dogs; she tore about on a barebacked horse, and wore neither habit nor regulation hat; she laughed loudly and talked so as to be heard in the next town. She had returned the civilities paid her apparently as she pleased, overlooking this one entitled to courtesy, and patronizing the other. The young men called her a hoyden—an odious girl. There was no putting up with her; she criticized to your face your person, your dress, your manners; laughed at you, called you Charlie or Dick, whether you were a Charlie, or a Dick, or a Tom, or a Harry.

"I should like to see her," said the London man to the Rector. "Some of these stories must be yarns."

"I don't think so; she was only just civil to me when I called."

"But I've met Australian girls reared hundreds of miles from towns, and though unconventional they were charming. This girl is preposterous."

"See for yourself," said the Rector, "as I have."

Ernest Verulam had nothing to fear from this young lady's criticism, He was a handsome man and dressed as only an English gentleman can; besides, he was well past thirty, and a man of the world—sure of himself and his position; therefore more likely to nonplus a raw girl than to be nonplussed by her. He went to the garden party, which, in any case, he knew would be a pleasant affair. He found himself, favorite as he was, in a secondary place. Everyone was on the tiptoe of expectation for the new lady of Eardley.

A rush to the gate, excited whispers, a vast amount of pushing, proclaimed her arrival—so late that Lady Mary had given her up. The London man sauntered carelessly after the stream. A loud, girlish voice, with a twang was exclaiming, "How do you, do? Late, am I? Well, the card said four, and you people over here never mean what you say. How-d'ye do, Jack? There, I forgot your other name—Jack will do."

Verulam was tall, and over the heads of some people. Before him he saw the prize young man of Eardley—who wasn't a Jack at all, but a Frank—shaking hands with someone; "sawing hands," Verulam called it. He insinuated himself forward. A tall, svelte girl, overdressed in dreadful colors, was standing in the midst of the gazers, not in the least abashed or awkward. She had the air of feeling herself queen of the assembly. Her large brown eyes went boldly over the faces before her; she kept laughing unrestrainedly. But she was excessively pretty for all that.

"I should like some tea," she said, sweeping aside the crowd. She had a glove only on one hand, and that looked too large for her. "I suppose it isn't cold yet. Anyhow, Lady Mary, you could have some hot brought. You're a good creature, I'm sure."

"Come and have some tea by all means," said Lady Mary. Her eye just then caught sight of Verulam. She gave him a silent sign to approach. "Here is a friend of mine, Miss Lamont," she said, "I should like to present to you. He will give you some tea."

Verulam came up. He had need of his London sangfroid to stand the stare he got—up and down, deliberate, examining Verulam bowed with his finest air and the slightest flavor of amusement.

"You don't look like a Jack or Tom," said the young lady, with her hand held straight out from the arm.

"Mr. Verulam," said Lady Mary, performing the introduction.

"Verulam, eh?" Again the girl's eyes swept him as he shook hands, declined the sawing system adroitly, and released her hand at the proper time. Lo and behold she took his arm before he had offered it; she had an air of absolute effrontery. "Come along," said she, "Hurrah for tea!"

"You're quite of my mind," said Verulam, as he calmly adjusted her hand on his arm—it had been stuck through. His dark blues eyes met the quizzical brown ones, smilingly; but if the girl did not know what to make of the smile, she outstared the eyes. Verulam wondered how she would drink her tea. Fortunately she had to keep the cup and saucer in her hand, but he felt sure she looked about for some place whereupon to deposit the detached cup while she used the saucer. She remarked coolly to her cavalier—

"*You don't belong here, do you? No? Thought not*—you dress ever so much better.'

Verulam bowed gravely. "I am staying with my friend, the Rector," he said, "I think he has had the pleasure of seeing you."

"I don't know about the 'pleasure' either side," said she, dryly. "Over here you seem to do things by rule, instead of suiting one's self. He didn't seem a bad sort, your Rector. Why didn't you come with him?"

"I am sorry I wasn't here then, but I can make up for the disappointment——"

"I wasn't disappointed. I'll bet——"

"I mean my disappointment, *of* course."

"Fudge! that's the proper thing to say I suppose; but it's all make up."

Now these rude speeches had disconcerted the Eardley young men and annoyed the older men.

Verulam laughed good-humoredly, and said, "That's a pretty straight way of accusing me of a lie; but perhaps we over-civilized people have too many set phrases. We might speak a little more plainly with advantage."

She laughed, too. "I should think so," she said, but she glanced at him dubiously; then set down her cup with a clatter, indicating danger to Lady Mary's best china. She began rattling crude opinions in an audacious manner, Verulam sometimes agreeing with a subtle mockery, that evidently puzzled her, or else flatly contradicting her with frank rudeness. Sometimes he set her down patronizingly. She kept looking at him with her big brown eyes. Finally she yawned.

"I'm tired of you," she said; "you are so very superior to poor Colonial me. I was bred on a sheep farm, but I do not know any more than the sheep."

Even this contemptuous dismissal did not disturb Verulam's impenetrable self-possession.

"A little more," he said, with an encouraging smile. "You'll learn now you are out of the wilds. Good-bye."

He walked off, leaving her staring after him as if he were an enigma.

When he called she snubbed him. She met him riding and gave a nod. It was reported to him she had labelled him an "insufferable prig," not in the least like most Englishmen they saw in the Colony. She met him one day in a shop, where also a native young lady of Eardley was buying, and before he had got to the door the heiress of the Lamonts burst into quizzical laughter, and remarked aloud—

"There's the prince of wiseacres! You're all in love with him, aren't you—Miss What's-your-name?"

Miss What's-your-name "Sh'd!" in a horrified aside; the shop-girl giggled. Mr. Verulam walked calmly into the street; yet he must have heard. Outside he laughed silently; inside the heiress said—

"He's game anyhow," and the two other women exchanged glances of wonder.

In her own drawing-room the young Australian delivered herself of her opinions on the question of fortune-hunting. She was sauntering about the room, wearing the hat she had put on for the garden, and an apron smart enough for a morning over cakes and pastry but not for the afternoon. Verulam, who had dropped in, stood near the mantlepiece and watched the girl with a smile difficult to understand on his handsome mouth.

"That's all men care about—money," she said, "they won't get mine, that's all."

"You are pretty fond of money in Australia, put in Verulam, suavely.

"You've been there, haven't you?"

"Yes—not for long, though."

"Then you can't judge. Anyhow, we don't beat your money-grubbers over here in what you call 'society.' If I were fool enough to be taken in, and found out afterwards, I'd lead the man a life," and she set her white teeth and shot a glance from her brown eyes at Verulam. "Not a bit of shame about it, either," she went on pointedly. "I hate and despise fortune-hunters—I won't have them round. Look at the lot here now—I'm rich, so they flock about. They're getting frightened now though," and she laughed heartily.

"But suppose," Verulam said, without seeming moved from his calmness, "that you mistook wheat for chaff. Every man isn't a money-grubber."

"I'd find the difference," said she, nodding her head emphatically, "Anyhow, you know what I think, and how I mean to act. Now I'll have to go; I've wasted enough time. Good-bye. What are you laughing at?"

"At you, if you will allow me the same liberty you enjoy," said Verualm, with great gravity.

She turned away. "Yesterday you mean?" she said. "If you chose to hear, I can't help it. I can't mince my tones to suit thin-skinned people."

"I'm not so sure of that," said Verulam, and again she shot a look at him, half inquiringly this time; but his face gave her no explanation. She walked away, omitting to ring the bell.

This set-down fell ineffectively on Verulam; he continued to cultivate this unpromising acquaintance, while other men gave it up. *Nobody* knew what he meant or wanted; he received the heiress's rudeness with indifference or retort. His friends were astonished. Verulam had always seemed singularly careless about money, and besides, he had a large fortune of his own. To imagine he was taken by such a girl—a vulgar hoyden of the most primitive manners—was absurd. She wasn't an interesting study, either. But Verulam took no heed; perhaps he looked upon the Australian as a rare specimen of her kind.

The young heiress became as isolated as a girl without a penny; but to all appearance this pleased her. To Verulam, one of the few who did not confine his civilities to bare duty, she was more blatant and flighty than ever.

One evening Verulam was coming home from a long tramp. It had been a heavy, sultry day, threatening storm, and as the evening drew on, the sky got copper-colored and the edges of the clouds flecked. Some big drops began to fall, and before one could count five, down came the rain. Such rain! it almost blinded Verulam who made a rush for the only shelter visible—a group of trees.

"Nearly caught it that time, didn't you?" said a girlish voice with a twang.

Verulam got his breath and started round. There stood, as dry as a chip and as mocking as a pert child, Doris Lamont. One of her big dogs crouched at her feet.

"Nearly—not quite," said Verulam at once. "You don't mean to say you have only one dog with you?"

"You can look about and see," said she, indifferently, but she looked a trifle annoyed, and moved a step away, adding quickly, "This is a storm—I'm blest if it isn't!"

"I hope you got here before it began?" said Verulam, politely, as if he hadn't noticed the first thing that there wasn't a drop on her.

"You bet! I was a bit too smart to get caught." She did not look at him, however, as she made this answer—a trick he had observed in her quite of late

"I understand the inference," he said laughingly, as he shook the rain from his felt hat. But I'm a great deal too smart to stop here with lightning coming along."

"There isn't any lightning."

"There will be."

"Oh, fiddlesticks! The rain is pouring like the tropics, and there's no other shelter anywhere."

"All right. If you mind this rain, which I don't—it's nothing like the tropics—you can stay here, and I'll get a barn further on."

She muttered something that sounded uncomplimentary, but as Verulam moved, followed him. Perhaps she was more nervous under the trees than she chose to confess. A few minutes' running brought them to an old thatched barr on a patch of open ground.

"It's safer than trees," said Verulam, as the first flash came along.

The three—man, woman and dog—grouped themselves oddly. The first stood near the doorway, the second a little distance from him, the third retired discreetly into the back, and made himself as comfortable as circumstances permitted. Doris's straw hat was on one side of her head, her curly hair wilder than ever with the rain, her ungloved hands stuck unostentatiously in her pockets. She had an aggressive air. Verulam stepped back to her after sundry covert glances she may have seen or she may not.

"I shan't stop cooped up here long," she said, as if he had desired she must. "I'm not a coddle, thank Heaven!"

"You're an awful hypocrite!" said Verulam, coolly.

She stared, flushed, then shrugged her shoulders. "What do you mean?" she said.

"Don't you think you had better drop the game?".

"What do you mean?", in an angry tone, and the blood swept up to her forehead.

"Why, you've got rid of the fortune-hunters—all but me!"

"I've played no game," she interrupted, indignantly. "I never said you were a fortune-hunter. It's no business of yours what I chose to do; but I haven't done anything. I'm a wild Australian; I don't know how to behave——"

"You're a very original Australian," said Verulam, laughing so infectiously that her mouth gave. "But you haven't frightened me, Doris. I found you out weeks ago and you have been afraid of me these last few days,"

Afraid of you! Nothing of the sort."

"You overdid it, you know," said he, still laughing.

"Overdid what? As if you'd know, either!"

"I've been a lot in Australia; in towns, up the country, in the bush"—her great eyes widened—"I didn't find anybody quite savage, except the aborigines. Come confess!"

He took her hand. She was scarlet, and white, half laughing, half ready to cry, and pulling her hand away.

"Well, if I mustn't take your hand, this then." said Verulam, and Doris felt his arm about her. She started and held her breath, then got out in confusion—

"Oh! I didn't mind—I didn't mean——"

"I'm sure I don't mind," said Verulam, smiling. "Though you said so many hard things to me, I am ready to forgive them—for one kiss."

Doris drew herself away quickly. "But I'm afraid I was horrid!" she murmured, "only how should I know you were different, till you were so persistent? That money frightened me so. They told me at home to be careful—that my money would be run after, and so—and then——"

"Then when all the money-lovers had been dismissed, and Doris's lover remained," said Verulam, "the wild Australian didn't know what to do. She couldn't change her tactics lest she should draw back the others; besides—"

"Oh, don't!" said Doris, covering her face.

Verulam pulled her hands down into his. "Tell me now," he said, "what you were afraid I should find out if you showed me your real, sweet self, or if you are too proud to capitulate in words, for I have won the game between you and the fortune-hunters. Are you quite sure I am not one of them? I might be after all."

"No, no, you couldn't be! I trrusted you long—well, I trusted you, anyhow," corrected Doris, hastily, "I'm not too proud to yield." And then there was a minutes' interruption, and when the pretty Australian was free to speak, she hurried on breathlessly, lest the victorious lover demand the end of the phrase she had broken off at "long." "It was fun though—great fun—shocking everyone, and drawing off those money-grubbers. But was I very outrageous?"

"How long ago did you trust me, darling?" Verulam said, totally ignoring her anxious question.

"Never mind; answer me. I daresay I did overdo it; but then I know it was only something perfectly awful that would have any effect. Of course, you—you—not caring for my money, but only for me, you dear fellow! you didn't think me very dreadful did you, I do know how to behave; but, oh dear! I've got such a name here now, they'll never believe I can. Do you remember how rude I was to you in that shop? I went hot and cold over it afterwards. But nothing ruffled you; you always paid me back—not like the rest, you were meek, or dense, or huffy. I am a bit wild and cheeky," said Doris rather mournfully, "else I couldn't have had the face to do things. The idea of their imagining we Australians were such savages!" she rippled out laughing, then laid her head caressingly against the arm about her. "I won't be hard, or wild or cheeky to you," she whispered. "Don't remember those things I said to you."

"My darling! I didn't mind one of them; besides, if I exact a recompense for each harsh word—" He lifted her face, laughing.

"Oh, dear, no!" said Doris staring aside; "that's too much."

But Verulam caught her back to him, and took as many kisses as he chose, Doris declaring that it wasn't fair. She couldn't escape, but happy enough for all her protests. And then they found out that the storm was over and the moon rising. They strolled back to Eardley, Doris meek as a child, with her hand in her lover's. They parted at Doris' gate and Verulam walked on to the Rectory; but before he reached it the Rector overtook him.

"Weren't you talking to someone at Miss Lamont's gate?" he said, rather hesitatingly. "I saw you, but I didn't quite like——"

Verulam's laugh was a little conscious. "I like savages," he said.

"But, my dear fellow, do you mean—pray take care—Miss Lamont—"

"All right, old chap," said the other affectionately. "Come and see her to-morrow, and she shall tell you how sorry she is that the self-seeking of other men forced her to insult even the cloth."

"Well, I hope it will turn out well," sighed the Rector, "So that's what you were after!"

"*It won't turn out a bit well,*" said Eardley.

What did it all mean? That Ernest Verulam was a fortune-hunter, too, or that the girl had been fooling everyone?

Nevertheless, the world flocked to the wedding, and to the Australian bride's "At Home" a month later. Was she a changeling, with her pretty manners, just touched with a piquant freedom? Had her London-bred husband tamed her by some mysterious system of his own? She wasn't the same person at all.

Nobody ever solved the puzzle at Eardley.

"Australians are savages," said Doris, innocently, "That is quite right; but they can be made civilized.

WHEN TO SHAKE HANDS.

Here are some simple rules for a hostess to observe in the matter of shaking hands:—

A hostess should shake hands with every guest who comes to her house, whether her own friend or the friend of her friend both on arrival and departure.

A young girl introduced to an older woman should await the action of the elder, who, if kindly disposed, will shake hands.

Any man presented to a woman, unless he is decidedly elderly or distinguished, must wait for her to make a movement toward shaking hands, and when one woman presents to another the man accompanying her, it is the duty of friendship, as well as hospitality, for the man to be met with a cordial handshake.

Ordinarily, however, women are not supposed to shake hands with men when they are presented to them. This holds good even at a dinner party, where a woman for the first time meets the man who is to take her in to dinner.

AND THE STATUE OF JUSTICE WINKED.

A judge in a remote part of Australia recently had a painful case before him. It was that of a man charged with unlawfully selling liquor.

The judge said he was there to administer the law, and the man must be fined, but, as he himself had frequently had the pleasure of sampling his whiskey, and he saw many persons in court who had done the same, perhaps the officer would kindly pass his hat round to see if the place contained thirty shillings.

It did.

DISCOVERY OF ALUMINUM.

VAST DEPOSITS FOUND BY AUSTRALIAN MINING OFFICERS.

Used in Mistake for Roadmaking—Samples Equal to Any in the World—One of the Great Metals of the Future—Inexhaustible Beds.

The immensity and variety of the mineral wealth of New South Wales has just received another illustration in the discovery by officials connected with the Department of Mines in that colony, of vast deposits of bauxite, which, it may be mentioned, is a hydrated oxide of aluminum, and practically the only ore used in the arts of manufacture of aluminum at the present time, having taken the place formerly occupied by cryolite, says a Sydney letter. The ore invariably has a certain quantity of iron associated with it, and this metal is of the present in sufficient quantity to cause it to be of value as an iron ore. In addition to iron, variable quantities of silica and titanic acid are nearly always found as impurities. Depositis of bauxite have been discovered in the United States, Ireland, France, Germany, and are being extensively worked as an ore of alumina. The value of aluminum in the industrial arts is very great and rapidly increasing. In appearance it resembles silver, and is very malleable and ductile, approaching iron in tenacity and capable of high polish. It does not oxide, and is one of the brightest of metals.

DOES NOT TARNISH.

It does not become tarnished like silver, but retains its lustre under almost every circumstance. Cheaper methods of production have enormously increased the demand for the metal within the last few years. In 1886 aluminum cost $12.50 per pound, and the production in the United States of America did not exceed 3,000 pounds. In 1897 the metal could be obtained for 1s. 4 1-2d. per pound, and the same country produced 4,000,000 pounds from bauxite ore.

The process now in vogue is an electrolytic one, and the largest item in the cost of production is power—steam, water, or otherwise. The ores from which aluminum is obtained are abundant in the mountainous country south of Sydney, also in the northern districts and elsewhere, but up to the present, notwithstanding the richness and immensity of the deposits, have remained unutilized. Samples of ore from Wingello, in the northern portion of the colony, were analyzed by the New South Wales Mines Department, and found to contain a considerable percentage of aluminia.

ENORMOUS QUANTITIES.

It has since been ascertained that variously tinted bauxite ores occur in enormous quantities in the district. In the southern country have been found iron ores containing a considerable quantity of aluminum, and which in some respects resemble the ferruginous bauxite of Wingello, passing by insensible gradations into basalt. The American bauxite ores shown at the Chicago International Exhibition resembled somewhat the laterite ores found in the New South Wales tin-mining country, in one part of which the laterite formation has a superficial area of 11 square miles, 577 acres, and a thickness from a few feet to 40 feet. The beds consist at the surface of a red, dusty soil, passing downward into the red, yellow, or gray tufts and compact pisolitic ironstone, which in their turn graduate into rotten, spongy basalt.

USED FOR ROADMAKING.

The ore, in ignorance of its real character and value, has been largely used for roadmaking purposes. Three samples of ore, on being analyzed, were found to contain 58.31, 35.26, 39.82 per cent of alumina. The first sampge is equal to any in the world, being richer than the bauxite ores of France, Austria, Ireland, and the United States, which at present constitute the leading sources of supply. Bauxite ore forms the source from which all the aluminium of commerce is produced, and in view of the increasing demand for what is regarded as one of the great metals of the future, especially in connection with naval architecture, the discovery bauxite in New South Wales may be of practically inexhaustible beds of regarded as an event of the highest industrial importance.

PLAYING HER CATCH.

It was evident that he was rather nervous, and she enjoyed it. When matters reach a point where a girl is satisfied that she can land her fish at any time, she rather likes to play with him a little.

After several absurd bluffs, he mustered up sufficient courage to occupy half the settee with her, but somehow he didn't seem to be able to keep his eyes off the door.

Why, you know what a little bit of a man papa is, she said, reassuringly.

His heart gave a leap and he edged closer as he recalled the physiological fact.

But you also know, she interrupted, that mamma is big, and strong and aggressive.

That was true, he reflected, and he began to think it might be wise to postpone what he had to say, when she suggested, in her artless way.

But mamma isn't in.

COST AND LOSSES OF WAR.

THE ENORMOUS SACRIFICE OF LIFE AND TREASURE.

In Every Century 40,000,000 Human Beings Lose Their Lives in War—Since the Trojan War Over 1,000,000,000 Men Have Perished in Conflict—The Cost in Money is Almost Beyond Calculation.

That wars cost a great amount of money and that many lives are sacrificed in them every one knows, but the vast sums that have been spent few have any adequate conception of and of the enormous number of human lives that have been lost in this way during the present century. A study of this subject would be interesting at any time, but it is especially timely now in view of the fact that representatives of all the great Powers have met at The Hague with the avowed object of devising means by which war can be abolished altogether and an era of universal peace be inaugurated in its stead.

The seemingly extravagant claim has been made that 40,000,000 human beings lose their lives in war every century, and that in Europe alone the loss amounts to between 18,000,000 and 20,000,000. Three thousand years may have elapsed since the Trojan war, and since then it is estimated that 1,000,200,000 men have perished in conflict. In other words, we are told that, if all those now living were massed on a vast plain and by their sides were placed the bodies of all those killed in war, the numbers on the one side would very nearly equal those on the other.

During the European wars of the first half of this century 2,500,000 men lost their lives in battle, and Europe was impoverished to the extent of $6,850,000,000. Since 1850, it is claimed, 3,000,000 men have

PERISHED IN WAR.

The Crimean war cost Great Britain $350,000,000, while Russia and France spent $1,150,000,000, to say nothing of the 500,000 slain. The Franco-Prussian war cost France $850,000,000 for the seven months that it lasted, and this does not include the indemnity to Germany or the value of Alsace-Lorraine. Russia's victory over Turkey in 1877-78 cost her $950,000,000, and her great struggle with China cost Japan, 211,000,000 yen.

During the last seventy years Russia has spent $1,670,000,000 and has lost 700,000 livese in war. The great Powers of Europe alone spend $200,000,000 a year in maintaining war forces, and it is estimated that within the last six years their war budgets have increased twenty-five per cent. In 1869 the European peace armies numbered 2,200,000 men; to-day they number more than 4,100,000. Again, in 1869, Europe spent $117,000,000 on her armies and navies, whereas to-day she spends more than $240,000,000.

The effect of war on a country's public debt is naturally very marked. During the French war that began in 1792 England's debt increased to the extent of nearly $1,500,000,000, and again during the Napoleonic wars there was an increase of about $1,000,000,000. During the forty years of peace that followed there was a decrease of $455,000,000, but, on the other hand, over $200,000,000 was added during the Crimean War and the Indian Mutiny.

The North spent $4,800,000,000 during the

AMERICAN CIVIL WAR,

and the South spent $2,300,000,000. The number of casualties in the volunteer and regular armies of the United States during this war was as follows:—Killed in battle, 67,050; died of wounds, 43,012; died of disease, 199,720; died from other causes, 40,154; total number of deaths, 349,944. The number of soldiers in the Confederate service, who died of wounds or disease, was about 133,800.

It is claimed that, while the losses in actual battles are now less than they used to be, in spite of the superior excellence of the weapons, the total losses are increasing owing to the fact that larger armies are engaged. Certainly the losses in some of the great battles of the century were very great. At the battle of Waterloo Blucher had 124,000 men, the British forces consisted of 93,717 and the French forces of 124,588. The total loss of the allied armies were 22,248, and it is estimated that the French lost between 31,000 and 32,000. At Leipzig 93,000 and at Borodino 62,000 were killed and wounded. On the other hand, the total loss at Koenigsgratz was only 32,000 and at Gravelotte 28,000. At Borodino twenty-five per cent of the entire fighting force was killed, at Waterloo twenty-four per cent, at Koenigsgratz seven and a half per cent and at Gravelotte eight per cent.

Interesting statistics are also furnished by the great sea fights of the century. At Aboukir the conquerors lost 990, at Trafalgar 2,590, at Lissa only 176, at Manila not one and at Cavite 4. The losses on the side of the vanquished were naturally much greater—namely, at Trafalgar, 7,000, at Navarino 6,000, at Lissa 860 and at Manila and Cavite considerable. That economy in the construction of ships does not pay, there are abundant proofs.

AT TRAFALGAR

19 of the enemies' ships were destroyed or rendered useless, at Navarino 55, at Lissa 2 and at Manila and Cavite practically all.

The extent to which war impoverishes a realm is aptly illustrated by a story which is told of a worthy smith, who worked for the Prussian government during the campaign of 1806-1807. One of his bills was recently discovered at the War Office in Berlin. It was for seven thalers and twenty-five groschen, and underneath these figures the smith wrote as follows:—

"Being a good patriot, I have waited three years for this money, and now I beg that it be paid."

The bill was brought to the notice of the King, and he wrote:—

"Since he is so good a patriot, he must wait even longer, for the state has no money."

If we accept the estimate that 2,500,000 human lives have been lost in war during the last half century, it can readily be shown that the average cost of each of these lives has been about $86,000. To what extent the people of every civilized country are required to bear the expense of maintaining the armies and navies, without which war could not be carried on, may be seen from the following table, which shows the amount paid per capita in the various countries toward the military and naval expenses:—

EUROPEAN COUNTRIES.	
Russia	$1.17
Germany	2.70
France	2.21
England	3.21
Austria	2.08
Italy	1.46
Spain	2.12
Turkey	0.83
Netherlands	1.92
Denmark	1.22
Sweden and Norway	1.36
Belgium	1.44
Roumania	1.56
Portugal	1.06
Bulgaria	1.36
Switzerland	1.49
Greece	1.29
Servia	1.16
Finland	0.62
NON-EUROPEAN COUNTRIES.	
British India	$0.40
Japan	0.54
Brazil	0.59
Chili	1.72
Guatemala	1.49
Cape of Good Hope	0.51
United States, '96	0.72
China	0.03
Argentina	1.28
Egypt	0.23
Canada	0.32
Corea	0.07

Advocates of peace find in the foregoing statistics abundant evidence of the folly and uselessness of war and of the fact that in no other direction is so much human energy wilfully wasted. Whether we agree with them or not, it must be admitted that the figures, as shown here, tell a very curious story and which is bound to prove of much interest at this moment when so many earnest persons are cherishing the hope that an era of universal peace may in time be inaugurated as a result of the Czar's suggestion of disarmament.

WHY WOMEN DON'T MARRY.

There is a good deal of discussion over the fact that many women do not marry. In fact one would almost imagine that it is only the men who marry now-a-days. There is a reason for it, of course, and there seems to be an effort on the part of many to find it out. Some say it is because she is "too vain," others that she is "too extravagant," "too mercenary," "too modern." However, Winifred Black throws a few interesting side lights on the subject, many of which show the color of truth. She says:

"The modern woman doesn't marry because the right man doesn't ask her. Women to-day are just as anxious to be married as their grandmothers were; sensible, honest women are living to-day and the man who wants to marry one of them can do so—but they are not looking for that kind of woman. A man falls in love with an empty-headed, heartless doll for her pretty face, and then complains because he finds the doll's head is hollow. When a man chooses a sweetheart because she wears 'dead swell' clothes, and then falls to lamenting over the cupidity of woman when that same girl asks him what his revenue is before she decides about loving him he is not quite as logical as he might be. Now is he, really?

"Any woman worth marrying will marry the man she loves even if he can't scrape up money enough to pay the minister. She may not be happy with him after she marries him, but it will not be his poverty that makes her miserable. The great law of natural selection holds it sway with the just as well as with the unjust. You can't educate the human nature out of a woman, any more than you can refine it out of a man.

"A master of the science of economics will elope with an extravagant creature just as quickly as a proud, high-tempered woman will mysteriously fall in love with a stupid nobody. Dan, Cupid, Esq., has gone out of fashion, but he isn't dead, not by any manner of means, and never will be. Men put women on a pedestal, but they set the pedestal in the mud.

"A woman's friends hear of her marriage with a sigh of relief. A man's friends hear of his marriage with a gasp of incredulity."

BACK BAY FLIPPANCY.

Blitzen—I was sorry to see you on your wheel last Sunday. Evidently you haven't much respect for the Sabbath.

Donder — You'd better talk; you were playing golf all day long.

Blitzen—Yes, but golf, you know, is a holey game.

NEWGATE TO PASS AWAY.

THE FAMOUS LONDON PRISON IS TO BE TORN DOWN.

Built Over a Century Ago—Noted Criminals Who Have Met Justice and Languished in Newgate—Jack Sheppard's Experiences in the Old Prison—The Great Dick Turpin Was Executed for Stealing a Horse.

Newgate, the famous old prison of London, is about to be demolished, and one of the landmarks of the world's metropolis will disappear when its stones are torn down. For centuries it has sheltered criminals within its walls, and its calendar tells many a tale of astonishing crime and its perpetrator.

Most of the visitors to London—all of them, in fact—make it a point to see St. Paul's. As one makes his way up Ludgate Hill to the famous old cathedral, about half way of Ludgate, he may notice a narrow street to his left, which leads past some dark and dingy buildings to another whose walls are black with the smoke of years. The street is Old Bailey, and the two buildings are the criminal courts called the Old and New Bailey. The black and frowning mass further on is Newgate. The prison has come down from the time when it was the custom to confine criminals in the houses adjoining the gate of the city. As far back as 1218 there was a gate on the present site of the prison, called Chamberlain's Gate. This was rebuilt in 1412 from funds left by Richard Whittington to charity. For more than two centuries his statue, together with that of his cat, might have been seen in a niche in the wall. But the fire of 1666 destroyed the building. It was at once reconstructed, however, and was thereafter called Newgate. This building was demolished in 1780 to make room for the prison which is about to be taken down.

It is a long, gloomy looking building with massive and heavily studded entrances and

NO WINDOWS.

In the middle stands the governor's house, the gaily painted door and the glass windows of which present a great contrast to the monotonous gloom of the rest of the structure. The prison has recently been used solely for the confinement of transitory prisoners, that is, those who have been examined and held for trial, and those who have already been convicted and are awaiting the time when they shall be conveyed to their place of punishment. Formerly it was in itself a place of punishment, and many a prisoner has spent years within its cells or has awaited the day of his execution. It is said that in the olden time, the bell man of St. Sepulcre's parish, near by, used to go under the walls of the condemned cells on the midnight of the day of execution of any one in the prison and ring his bell to attract the attention of the unfortunate within. Then he would sing out these dismal and scarcely consoling verses:

"All you that in the condemn'd hold do lie,
Prepare you, for to-morrow you shall die.
Watch all, and pray, the hour is drawing near,
That you before th' Almighty must appear.
Examine well yourselves, in time repent,
That you may not t' eternal flames be sent;
And when St. Pulcre's bell to-morrow tolls,
The Lord above have mercy on your souls.
Past twelve o'clock!"

This custom was carried in consequence of a bequest of one Robert Dove, a tailor, who died and left £50 to St. Sepulcre to be used in "cheering" those who were about to pay their sentence of death.

Many are the noted criminals that have at last met justice and languished in Newgate. Perhaps no one of them all was more incorrigible than the

NOTORIOUS JACK SHEPPARD,

who was one of the most persistent burglars that England has produced. But Jack was at last caught and put in Newgate. There was a hatch with tall spikes on the left within the lodge where the prisoners were allowed to meet and talk with their friends. Jack managed to slip down to this grating unnoticed and with a nail sawed off one of the spikes and escaped. No sooner was he out, however, than he forthwith put his hand into a jeweler's window and appropriated three watches to himself. For this he was again apprehended and was once more sent to Newgate. One day the sentence of death was passed on him, but he did not mind. A day or two later, his jailer brought his food and examined the cell, finding everything sound. No sooner had he gone than Jack, who had found a crooked nail on the floor, after slipping off his handcuffs, picked the padlock with which his chain was fastened to the floor. He then bent down and wrenched in two a link of the chain, which connected the fetters on his ankles. Fastening the fetters up by means of his garters, he attempted to climb up the chimney, but found six feet up, an iron bar that crossed the opening. So he descended and with a piece of his broken chain, began to dig the plaster out from between the stones of the chimney, removing two or three of them. He thus got out the iron bar, which was an inch thick and three feet long and was enabled to climb up to the red room above his cell. Here he found a big nail which served him well. He wrenched the lock off the room and made his way towards the chapel.

A BOLTED DOOR

barred his way, but he made a hole through the wall and unbolted it. He broke through one of the bars in a grated door, removed the lock from another, and took the lock from the door-post of still another. Then he made his way over the wall. But there was a long jump from the wall down to the top of a house which stood hard by and so Jack went clear back to his cell where he got a blanket that he took back and fastened to the top of the wall. He thus let himself down to the top of the house next, and waiting until midnight, stealthily went downstairs and let himself out of the front door. He at once burglarized a store and with the money purchased a fine suit of clothes. For some time he swaggered around as a gentleman, spending his time and money with wine and women. At last he was caught and a continuous watch was put over him. He even planned a daring escape on his way to the place of his execution and managed to get a knife and put it open in his pocket, intending to cut the rope which bound him and fling himself into the crowd. But the knife was detected and he met his fate.

This is only one of the countless stories of criminals that have seen the inside of Newgate. Richard Savage, the poet, was another. Jonathan Wild, a noted thief, who performed "tragedies" on the payment of £40 and Mrs. Hayes, who brutally murdered her husband, were others. Then there was

HONEST DICK TURPIN,

the famous highwayman, who frequented the lonely roads of York and Lincoln and who, caught at last, was executed for horse stealing. It was an old saying in Newgate, with something of grim humor in it that such as these hardened criminals were "booked from the beginning for the Gravesend coach that leaves at 8 in the morning," that being the time of the executions.

The Capt. Porteous who figures conspicuously in Scott's "Heart of Midlothian" and who was executed, was a real personage who spent his last days in Newgate. Eugene Aram, too, was there, whose crime of murder has been made the basis of the poem by Hood and who is also the subject of one of Bulwer-Lytton's novels. He really did commit the murder, and was detected by the bones which were found near Knaresborough, afterwards confessing his crime.

In the prison is a chapel, at either side of which is a barred and screened gallery for the prisoners, one for men and the other for women. In the central portion are chairs for the condemned, to whom the "condemned" sermon was wont to be preached. There is also an inclosure, called the press yard, with a bit of open sky above it, where the executions took place. It is surrounded by tremendously high walls. Many years ago a chimney sweep named William Street managed to climb up these absolutely perpendicular walls and effect his escape.

PRACTICAL PHILATHROPY.

What Lord Shaftesbury Did for the People of England.

Lord Shaftesbury, at the age of twenty-seven, wrote in his diary: "On my soul, I believe that I desire the welfare of mankind." It was not an effusive utterance, but the genuine expression of a philanthropic emotion which dominated his life for forty-seven years.

It associated his name with the reform of the Lunacy Law, which secured humane treatment to the insane; with sanitary reform that promoted the public health, and with the reform of the factory laws that advanced the wretched operatives of England from the position of machines to that of human beings entitled to "life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness."

Lord Shaftsberry was no mere theoretical reformer who satisfied his conscience by securing changes in the laws. He was a practical philanthropist—one who himself worked with body and soul to relieve human suffering. A touching anecdote, told in "Collections and Recollections," shows how minute were his personal labors for the miserable.

One day Lord Shaftesbury visited a ragged school, and on hearing from the children their tale of cold and hunger, exclaimed to the superintendent:

"Poor dear children! What can we do for them?"

"My God shall supply all their need," replied the man, quoting Scripture with that easy faith which says, "Be ye warned and filled," and is contented.

"Yes," retorted Lord Shaftesbury, "He will, but they must have some food directly."

He drove home, and instantly sent two churns of soup, enough to feed four hundred children. That winter ten thousand basins of soup, made in his lordship's London house, were distributed among the "dear little hearts" of Whitechapel, the worst slum of the city

REVERSES OF LIFE.

Less than a year ago, she mused, he said he would lay down his life for me and now he won't put up the window screens.

On the Farm.

FEEDING CALVES FOR THE DAIRY

The wise farmer does not sell a good milk cow. The more intelligent he is, and the more observing, the more poor cows he will have to sell, and it is not likely to be an easy matter for some years to purchase profitable cows. In fact, the most of them will have to be raised, and if they are to be grown on the farm they will have to be fed not for beef production but for milk. There is a very radical difference between the proper method of growing a steer or a heifer not intended for dairy purposes, and a calf that is intended for milk production in the future. It is very easy to spoil the heifer calf of a really good cow and unfit her for the purpose for which she was intended, no matter what her breeding or her mother's performance may be.

The heifer calf intended for use in the dairy must not be fed for fat; in fact, must not be allowed to get fat. The habit of putting the fat on the ribs is fatal to good dairy performance. The farmer can control this very easily if he sets about it in the right way and at the right time. It is entirely safe to feed the steers and the heifer calves of the poorest milkers all the corn they will eat in connection with separator milk. This, however, will prove very detrimental to calves that are intended for dairy purposes.

The danger can be very easily avoided if the farmer will take the time, by giving these calves oats instead of corn. Given separator milk, oats, and a pasture of clover, timothy, or blue grass, the dairy heifer will develop on right lines. If the farmers will give the steers and heifers they wish to dispose of for beef a reasonable amount of corn in connection with their milk, and give the heifer calves intended for dairy purposes a reasonable amount of oats, they will not go far wrong. This may seem at first sight to be a little matter, but it is an all-important one. The man who expects to have good milk cows must grow them. In the neighborhood where farmers are studying the dairy question for dear life, good cows will not be for sale. Even if they were they can be grown much cheaper than purchased, and they can be grown easily if the farmer will simply turn his mind to it. It may not be amiss on this point to call the attention of our readers to the method adopted by the Hollanders who are dairy farmers by instinct and whose ancestors have followed the business for hundreds of years. In order to keep their dairy cattle up to the standard, they in the first place select the bulls invariably from the calves of their choicest milkers. In like manner they sell all their heifer calves for veal or as yearlings except about twenty per cent, and these are selected from their choicest milkers and raised on skim milk and other feeds adapted for growth instead of for beef production. In addition to this, they apply the greatest of all tests, performance at the pail. These heifer calves are brought in at about two years old, are thoroughly tested as to milk production, and if they do not prove satisfactory are sold for beef after their first season.

This is a rational way of procuring a herd of best milking cows. In fact, it is the only way, and if any of our readers wish to have a herd of ten or twenty cows that will give them between two and three hundred pounds of butter fat a year and still produce a calf that will make an excellent feeding steer and thus have a sure and permanent income from the creamery as well as from the feeder or packer, this is the way to do it. They must, however, select the sire from deep milking strains of whatever breed they have, must select the best heifer calves from the best milking cows, must feed these heifers for growth and not for beef, on oats as a grain feed instead of corn, and then reject the unworthy ones.

FEED FOR HORSES.

Beginning with the colt, give free access at all times to a little oats and bran. After weaning, a colt will eat almost anything. The first two years of a colt's life determines his usefulness, and during this time he should be given proper attention. Boiled feed is a rapid fattener and must be used sparingly. Good hay with the oats and bran slightly dampened should be the main feed. Corn can be added during the winter to advantage. For hay, a mixture of well cured timothy and clover is as good as anything and a feed of bright corn fodder once in a while can be substituted to advantage.

POINTS IN CARING FOR SHEEP.

Visit the flock frequently and salt regularly. In hot weather watch for maggots. If a sheep is lame examine its feet and apply a remedy at once. A thinly-wooded, hilly tract is an excellent place for pasture. Sheep are great eradicators of weeds and brush. They improve the soil by adding to its fertility and are a profit to the owner.

MOUNTAIN ECHOES.

Vancouver is to have a $70,000 drill hall.

The Ruth concentrator will be soon ready for the machinery.

A. R. Hill was killed in Vancouver on Monday by a street car.

School teachers' exams will be held in Nelson commencing July 3rd.

Mayor Pitts and Bruce White will act as judges at the Nelson sports.

The graders are now working on the Cody road, and making a good job.

The latest novels, magazines and patterns in wallpaper at Cliffe's Bookstore.

Dr. Bruner, formerly of Three Forks, is said to have made $75,000 in the Klondyke.

Chief Doolan cautions the business people to close their stores today—Dominion Day.

Mr. C. J. Loewen, mine manager at Three Forks, is the happy possessor of a brand new daughter.

Rev. A. M. Sanford will preach on "Sabbath Observance" Sunday evening in the Methodist church.

What does the "scholarly veteran journalist" up the gulch think of the editors from the hay country?

In the Klondyke men are now working for 35 cents an hour without board. Quite a change within two years.

The deaf and dumb editor of a Winnipeg newspaper accompanies the press excursion on their present tour.

If any of our readers wish to learn shorthand writing, they will find something to their interest by enquiring at this office.

The tent of the Heather Bell went up in smoke the other day, the grub of the miners being consumed also. A new one had to be procured.

New Denver foot-ball team will play the return match with Sandon at Three Forks, on Tuesday. It is possible the Sandon band may be in attendance.

Stop that Cough! Take warning. It may lead to consumption. A 25c. bottle of Shiloh's Cure may save your life. Sold at McQueen's Drug Store.

They are finding the dead bodies of men at all points of the Edmonton trail, who perished last winter in their vain attempt to gather gold at the Klondyke.

Karl's Clover Root Tea, for constipation it's the best, and if after using it you don't say so, return the package and get your money. Sold at McQueen's Drug Store.

The Silvertonian says that the man who stole the Miners' Union books is a scoundrel. If it turns out the thief was one of themselves, would he too be a scoundrel? That's a fair question.

The aggregate of three men attended the Sandon school board meeting on Saturday to elect a school trustee and transact other business, and one of that number was solicited on the highway to attend. Mr. A. C. McArthur was chosen trustee by the trio.

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

The Nix Family played here two nights this week to slender houses. Though they are good musical performers and put up a clean show, the time is past, for Sandon at least, when three or four children can entertain a large audience all the evening.

The Bank of British Columbia will pay, on and after July 1st, the half-year's interest due on July 1st on the debentures issued under the British Columbia Loan Acts, 1877 and 1887, and on the Four Per Cent. bonds of the Nakusp and Slocan Railway Company.

Too much credit cannot be given the brass band for the way they acquitted themselves on Wednesday. Many of the visitors said it was one of the best bands they had heard throughout their trip. We believe they ought to be better encouraged by the city, as many of the members, when called for on occasions like Wednesday, do so not only at the loss of a day's wages but at considerable inconvenience in other respects.

Mr. P. J. Hickey returned from the coast on Monday, where he had been on mining business, and left again on Thursday for the Fontenoy, in Camp McKinney. He says that on account of the labor troubles here it is likely the Ivanhoe concentrator and tram may not be built this year, though the survey for the tram will be commenced at once. Eastern capitalists are afraid of these disturbances.

Prof. Sutton, instructor of geology in the School of Mines, Michigan, was in the city this week and made a trip to the Noble Five, Last Chance and other mines, in a tour of inspection for information. He says the Dominion geological survey of this country does not do this district anything like justice. He was convinced that when our mineral wealth became at all fairly discovered, the country would be liberally dotted with concentrators. He took 125 pounds of rock back with him for use in his college.

The bear at the Palace still continues to draw "crowded houses."

The spring freshets are pretty well over, and the flume is not busted.

There is as yet no sign of an arrangement between Slocan mine owners and miners.

The citizens of Atlin declare that the government's policy is retarding the progress of that district.

A pleasant social dance was held at the K. & S. hotel, McGuigan, on Saturday. A number of Sandonites attended.

Every newspaper of note, between Port Arthur and Calgary, was represented in the visit of the Press association.

Geo. B. McDonald, bookkeeper for the Noble Five, has been appointed attorney for the American Boy Mining & Milling Co. in place of Henry Callaghan.

There is an end to all things earthly, barring Larry Doolan's building operations and the search for the Miners' Union books. These are from everlasting unto everlasting.

Catarrh cured. A clear head and sweet breath secured with Shiloh's Catarrh Remedy. We sell six bottles for $3 and guarantee an absolute cure. Sold at McQueen's Drug Store.

A number of our citizens, including a sprinking of sports, took in the Nelson celebration. Many more would have gone if Nelson had not fluked on the engagement of the Sandon band.

Messrs. Bennett and Walmsley have bought the Filbert hotel and will soon take possession of it where they expect to do a large business. Mr. Sudrow will probably devote his time to mining.

Shiloh's Consumption Cure cures where others fail. It is the leading Cough Cure, and no home should be without it. Pleasant to take and goes right to the spot. Sold by McQueen the Druggist.

Folliett & McMillan are pushing up their carpenter shop near the gaol. It is a two storey structure 28x60, and will soon be ready for the machinery. This firm are also putting up the Payne bunk house.

For Constipation take Karl's Clover Root Tea, the great Blood Purifier. Cures Headache, Nervousness, Eruptions on the skin, and makes the head clear as a bell. Sold at McQueen's Drug Store.

A man named William Beer was drowned at Nelson, on Wednesday, by the upsetting of a boat he was in. Two others in it were also thrown into the water, but managed to cling to the boat till rescued.

Hagyard's Yellow Oil is a clean preparation to use, will not stain the skin or soil the clothing. It reduces swelling, allays inflammation, takes out pain and cures cuts, burns, bruises, sprains, caked breasts, sore throat, quinsy, etc. Price 25c.

The Literary society met at Mr. McMartin's residence Thursday evening, and a very interisting time spent. A paper, giving wide scope for discussion, on "The Via Media between Anarchy and Communism" was read by Rev. A. M. Sanford. A well-prepared paper on the life of James Whitcom Riley by Mrs. Yates and a selection from his poems by Miss Mason concluded a very instructive programme.

FOR OVER FIFTY YEARS.

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

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Mr. H. Wilkinson writes that he experienced great relief from muscular rheumatism from using two boxes of Milburn's Rheumatic Pills. This remedy is a specific for rheumatism, lumbago, sciatica, neuralgia and gout.

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GENTS:—I was dreadfully nervous and for relief took your Karl's Clover Root Tea. It quieted my nerves and strengthened my whole nervous system. I was troubled with constipation, kidney and bowel trouble. Your Tea soon cleansed my system so thoroughly, that I rapidly regained health and strength. Mrs. S. A. Sweet, Hartford, Conn. Sold at McQueen's Drug Store.

PIANO-TUNING.

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

T. J. BARRON.

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Rooms in Virginia block, Sandon, B.C.

A Word on BEEF TEAS.

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

BOVRIL

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

MILBURN'S HEART AND NERVE PILLS FOR WEAK PEOPLE.

AND THOSE TROUBLED WITH

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

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

Laxa-Liver Pills cure Constipation.

CURE ALL YOUR PAINS WITH Pain-Killer. A Medicine Chest in itself. Simple, Safe and Quick Cure for CRAMPS, DIARRHŒA, COUGHS, COLDS, RHEUMATISM, NEURALGIA. 25 and 50 cent Bottles. BEWARE OF IMITATIONS. BUY ONLY THE GENUINE. PERRY DAVIS'

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I. O. O. F.

Silver City Lodge, No. 30, meets every Friday evening, at 7.30 o'clock, in Crawford's hall.

W. J. GARBUTT, N. G.
GEO. WAITE, V. G.
REV. A. M. SANFORD, Rec. Sec.

All sojourning brothers cordially invited to attend.

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

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Tenders wanted for seven hundred (700) feet of tunnelling on the Slocan Sovereign mine.

Specifications may be seen at the office of Mr. M. L. Grimmett, Solicitor.

Tenders must be sent to the undersigned not later than July 8th, 1899; work to commence not later July 15th, 1899.

The lowest or any tender not necessarily accepted.

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Wm. W. Fallows, Agent.

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Table Novelties too numerous to mention.
Salted and Preserved Fish of all kinds.
Jellies, Jams and Fruits, all very dainty and appetizing.
Fine tender Hams and Breakfast Bacon.
Canned and Potted Meats for quick meals.
Fancy Crackers, Biscuits in bulk and in fancy cartoons.

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

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

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