The Mining Review.

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CLOSING DAY AT THE SCHOOL.

Essays on the Life of the Queen.

By Pupils of Sandon Public School.

QUEEN VICTORIA.

Queen Victoria has now reigned sixty years. When she began to reign she was eighteen years old and now she is seventy-eight, and she has reigned longer than any king or queen before. The Queen sits in an old-fashioned high-backed chair, and it has been used for over six hundred years.

Queen Victoria is said to be an expert knitter and one of her quilts with V.R. in its centre is among the covers used at Notting hospital. Queen Victoria is not allowed to read a newspaper of any kind or magazine, or letter from any person except her own family, and no member of a royal family or household is allowed to speak to her of any piece of news in any publication. Any one who wishes to send the Queen a personal poem or a communication of any kind except a personal letter (which she is not allowed to have at all) must have printed in gilt letters on one of those silk sheets with a gold fringe, just so many inches wide and no wider, all about it. Queen Victoria's children are Prince Arthur, born 1850; Victoria Princess Royal, born 1840; Princess Alice, born 1843; Prince Alfred, born 1844; Prince Leopold, born 1853; Princess Beatrice, born 1857; Albert Edward Prince of Wales, born 1841; Princess Louisa, born 1848, and Princess Helena born in 1846, and the next on the throne will be Prince of Wales. Queen Victoria has a riding hors and it would strain the imagination to picture good, stout old Queen Victoria riding horse back and it would require a still greater strain on the part of the horse that could carry her, yet it is a fact that her gracious majesty was once a most graceful rider, and her horse's name is Jessie, and it is still kept in state at Windsor castle, and it is still trotted out to see her mistress occasionally. Well I guess it will be the Queen's last jubilee day, because she is getting so old, and on that account we should do her all homage on this great occasion.

FRANK CRANDELL.

ESSAY.

Her Majesty Queen Victoria was the daughter of the Duke of Kent. She was born May the 24th, 1819, in the Kensington Palace and ascended the throne at the age of 18. The Queen is a very kind hearted and gentle woman. When she was 7 years old she saw in a shop window a very nice doll and she saved up her money until she had enough to buy the doll. As she was coming out of the shop with the doll in her arms she met a poor old beggar who looked at her and she stopped and said, "Do you want to speak to me" and in reply he told her he had not enough money to buy a loaf of bread. With tears in her eyes she said, "wait a minute" and returned to the shop with the doll and asked the shopkeeper if he would take the doll back and give her the money. He did so and she went out and gave all the money to the beggar.

The Queen married Prince Albert of Saxe-Coburg on Feburary 10th, 1840. Prince Albert died on a Saturday night. The Queen erected a beautiful monument at Frogmore, her private burying ground. Upon the lid were laid wreaths of green moss and violets made by the Queen and Princess Alice. The Queen greatly mourned the death of her husband as all the duties of the throne fell to her.

ADA ISABEL MCDOUGALL.

ESSAY ON QUEEN VICTORIA.

Queen Victoria began to reign in the year 1837 she ascended the throne when she was 18 years of age. She has reigned longer than any queen or king in the world. The Queen was born in Kensington Palace, she was beautiful in looks and disposition. Soon after she was born her father the Duke of Kent died and did not live long enough to see his little daughter crowned. She married Prince Consort on February 10th, 1840. Her father was the third son of George III. The Queen had not less than sixty-eight descendants. After her father died till she ascended the throne she never left her mother's bed-chamber. When she was 12 years of age she was told she was to become queen after William's death; she was pleased but did not boast of it as many would have done but put her hand up and said, "I will be good, I will be good," and we find that such a Queen and such a woman never filled such a throne. Her mother was a daughter of the Duke of Saxe-Coburg Saalfield, widow of Prince Charles of Leiminger, and sister of Leopold, and she died in 1861. We hope Queen Victoria will live long to reign over us.

MINA TAYLOR.

CLOSING EXERCISES OF THE SCHOOL.

1—Chorus.....By the Children
"The Maple Leaf"
2—Recitation.....Oscar Bedlingmayer
"Vacation"
3—Recitation.....Thomas Brown
"Hills"
4—Essay.....Ada McDougall
5—Chorus.....I Don't Want to Play in Your Yard.
6—Recitation.....Nanno Hayes
"I'Aint Afeard"
7—Reading.....Mina Taylor
8—Recitation.....Clarence Smith
"I'm Little but I'm Spunky"
9—Reading.....Mr. Sandford
Lady Aberdeen's letter.
10—Essay.....Mina Taylor
11—Recitation.....Charlie Martinez
"Hail to the Queen."
12—Essay.....Frank Crandell
13—Valedictory.....Alice Moffatt
14—.....God Save the Queen.....

Orange Celebration.

The Orangemen of Sandon and vicinity with their friends have decided to celebrate the coming 12th of July by a basket pic-nic at Mr. Levi's grounds, Cody, where speeches will be made by gentlemen from a distance and prominent members of the Order, after which games of various kinds will form part of the programme. A unique affair in the shape of a Ladies' Rifle match will be held. Refreshments will be provided by the ladies, and dancing will be in in the evening.

The ladies are interesting themselves in the matter, which together with the loyal and soul stirring 12th of July music will be the guarantee of a very pleasant and enjoyable time.

Detachments of the order are expected from Slocan City, New Denver, Pilot Bay and Kaslo.

Arrangements have also been made for a sermon to Orangemen on the Sunday evening previous in Spencer's hall.

A Brass Band.

Why not make an effort to organize a brass band in Sandon? We are informed there are a number of old players in town and many others who have a knowledge of music, that would readily join to establish one, if the initiative were only taken by some one. We are also willing to undertake the task of securing enough money by subscriptions from the townspeople to purchase the necessary instruments and uniforms, and aid in the employment of a leader if proper steps were taken to secure organization. The proper plan would be appoint a committee of citizens as trustess of the instruments, uniforms, and in fact to handle all the vestments in the interest of the subscribers after the organization was perfected. Will all the old players resident and others who would like to join kindly leave their names at THE REVIEW office, and we will assist in all the necessary steps until the organization is perfected. Kindly hand in your names at once.

KASLO.

Dr. Arthur, the district coroner, came to Kaslo, Saturday evening to inquire into the death of John King, who died from a fall from a bluff on the south fork of Kaslo creek. He decided that an inquest was unnecessary, and gave orders for the burial of the body.

A change has been made in the running of the freight train on the Kaslo & Slocan railroad It now arrives in Kaslo in time to allow ore shipments to be forwarded the same evening by the Alberta. This arrangement relieves the International of annoying delays at Five Mile Point on her downward trips.

The closing of the variety shows in Spokane has apparently placed a large amount of talent at the disposal of Manager Holland of the Conique in this city, if one may judge from the number of additions to the force coming in from the south by recent steamers.

John M. McPhee, whose application to be admitted to bail was favorably considered by Justice Walkem, who placed the amount of the bonds at $12,000, himself in $6,000 and three sureties in the sum of $2,000 each, has come to the conclusion that in view of the near approach of the assizes to open at Nelson on the 24th instant, it would be inadvisable to undertake the trouble of procuring the necessary bondsmen. He maintains entire ignorance of the forgery with which he stands charged, and is preparing to make a vigorous defence at the trial. E. P. Davis, the prominent Vancouver barrister, will probably conduct it on his behalf. McPhee was sent to jail at Nelson on Monday.

Republican group at Silverton is moving a bit. It was bonded and the bond is likely to be thrown up.

The Boston at Slocan is said to be showing well.

The Argo mine, bonded by Sudrow, Whittier and Thompson to Vancouver parties, through Leighton & Williams is to be ranked among the shippers as a carload of ore from the property was shipped Monday.

FIRE AT CODY.

A Hotel and Contents Entirely Consumed

Word reached here early Friday morning that Levi's hotel at Cody was completely destroyed by fire under peculiar circumstances. Mr. and Mrs. Levi are an aged couple, and as they were not aware of the house being on fire until the flames had made considerable headway, they had a narrow escape with their lives. Mrs. Levi though a heavy and aged woman jumped from an upstairs window and, of course, was badly shaken. In fact the extent of her injuries are at present unknown. She then carried a heavy ladder on her shoulder and placed it up to the window, down which Mr. Levi made his escape. The fire was occasioned by the explosion of a lamp in the incubator underneath the building. As building and contents, which included all the aged couple had, are completely destroyed, their loss is a serious matter to them at this time of life. A few well disposed ladies in this town are circulating a subscription list to assist the couple in their present unfortunate circumstances.

The Globe's Views.

The following appears in the Thunderer: From the first the Globe has insisted that the control of the Crow's Nest Pass should be reserved for all railways that might seek access through it. We had no hope that running powers over the whole road to Rossland could be secured. In this respect Mr. Blair's bargain is better than anything we had hoped for. Practically we have the advantages of a Government road, a road open to competitors for more than 300 miles at half or one-third the cost of a government road, large reduction in freight rates, prevention of coal monopoly and 50,000 acres of coal lands besides. But we regret that the west has not got rid of the 10 per cent. clause in the Canadian Pacific charter. Here the bargain is not as good as we had hoped for. We want to see the railways of Canada controlled by a railway commission; we want to see no unnecessary competing roads constructed to burden the people with double freight charges; but until the people of the west can have a free, full voice, through a commission, in the making of freight rates they are bound to seek competing roads, bound to be dissatisfied, and the constant agitation on the question of rates can neither help the west nor the Canadian Pacific Railway. The people will either have control of monopoly or insist on railway competition. And, by the way, it is worth noting that if a new road from Lethbridge to Winnipeg should ever be constructed the Government would have power under Mr. Blair's bargain to send it on to Rossland over the Crow's Nest Railway.

Still They Come.

Another lis pendens notice in the Or[illegible] was filed at the recording office here on Thursday. It is in favor of the Supreme court of British Columbia and New Westminster, [illegible] Hobbick, plaintiff, [illegible] N. [illegible] Gold Mining Company, [illegible] defendants. [illegible] C. N. [illegible] Orphan Boy [illegible] was recorded [illegible] D. G. Williams [illegible] Revelstoke, Man.

The Cyclists' Jubilee.

The Wheeling Gazette, Canada's bright and breezy journal, devoted to cyclists and the cycle trade, will publish on June 18th a handsome Jubilee Number, having special reference to the Queen's Jubilee celebration and the Canadian Wheelmen's Association "meet" at Chatham on July 1st. The number will be in colors and profusely illustrated, including cuts of all Canada's prominent wheelmen, and the reading matter will consist largely of contributions from well-known writers in cycling and patriotic circles, besides there will be the usual race and club chat; also useful and interesting items for ladies and gentlemen who wheel. The publication will be a work of art, and will be a souvenir of the important event. This special number can be obtained by subscribing to the paper, which is only 50 cents per annum, or single copies will be forwarded at 15 cents each. As the issue is limited, it will be necessary to send your subscription or order at once to the publishers, The Stewart Publishing Co. Toronto.

THE SCIENTIFIC WORLD

WONDERFUL PROGRESS.

How the Inventor Has Changed the Working Conditions.

It is difficult for the rising generation to realize the important influence of invention in the changed conditions of the present as compared with those of half a cetury ago. True, they can read of them all, but the picture presented by the record is not as vividly impressed upon the memory as is that upon the mind of the denizen who has passed the fifty-year mark in actual observation of the world's progress.

A correspondent of New Ideas whose whole life has been devoted to agriculture, writes very entertainingly on the subject in that branch of labor. He says: "My first recollections of farm labor were in raking long windrows of hay with the hand rake. My brother and myself decided that there could be an improvement—that we could make a horse do the work. The result of our 'inventive' faculties was a long scantling, with wooden teeth about two feet in length inserted in holes bored in one side of it, and two old plow handles fastened near the center and at right angles, for grasping to steer the 'machine,' when a horse was hitched to the front, and we were thus enabled to rake a swath ten feet wide as fast as the horse could walk. True, when the rake was full we had to stop and 'back up' the horse, draw the rake from under the windrow, and lift it over to commence another raking; but it was a great improvement over the slow and laborious hand-rake. Then came the wooden framed, 'revolving' horse rake, which 'emptied' itself by the follower merely raising the handle so that the points of the teeth in front caught the ground, and we thought that 'farming made easy' had arrived, sure enough.

"But the ubiquitous inventor was still at work. There were other fields to conquer, and before the advent of many more 'haying seasons' he entered the field with the steel-toothed sulky rake, with a spring seat for the driver, and which automatically unloaded itself by operation of a clutch in the wheel hub, by merely touching a latch with the foot, and with which even a ten year old girl could do the work of ten men using the old hand-rake. This indeed, seemed 'perfection perfected,' and we only wondered that there was not a fan attachmnt to keep the flies off.

"Now, even that paragon of progression has been relegated to the rear by a raker and loader, which is attached to the rear of the hay wagon, which takes the ground clean and deposits the hay on the wagon all ready for the horse fork, which, with two or three 'grabs,' deposits the whole load in the barn or rick. The crack farm laborer of my day, who prided himself on being able to take the last rake full off the 'cradle' as it was swung around with a rythmic 'swish' by the man who was cutting the grain, and thus 'keep up' with him in binding the sheaves, now stands aghast at the self-binding reaper, which throws the perfectly bound sheaves away from its path, and greedily reaches for more with a nonchalance that is wonderful.

"The inventor, too, has taken a wonderful load off from the 'women folks.' Churning day used to be looked forward to with a sort of dread, especially in hot weather, as it was often so difficult to make the butter 'come' just right—probably from an imperfect knowledge of the temperature required, etc. Now my son takes all the milk to the creamery, where it is put into a centrifugal 'separator,' and the butter literally 'whipped' out of it in a few minutes; and instead of waiting for the butter-buyer to come along in the fall and run his steel tryer down to the bottom of the tubs and firkins before making an offer, we receive a regular monthly dividend from the creamery, which amounts to a little more than formerly, and all the work taken away from the house."

Our friend well illustrates a portion of what the inventor has done in his line of labor, and it is but the reflex of the steady advancement in methods in all lines of industry. While the subject is practically inexhaustible, the thought occurs that with so many mechanical aids brought to bear in the performance of what has heretofore been considered the most irksome classes of labor, that it leaves the young man or woman of to days so much more time for recreation and improvement, which, if properly utilized, can but result in enlarged comprehension and better realization of the responsibilities which, properly met, will fit them to perform justly, wisely and magnanimously all the offices of life, both public and private.

Simplicity in Fumigation.

Wood alcohol lamps constitute a new invention for disinfection which has been adopted by the Boston Board of Health, and which not only do the work without causing all the inconvenience of sulphur, but also much quicker and better. The active agent is formaldehyde gas which is manufactured in a very simple stove or lamp. These wood alcohol lamps, now in use in Boston, which is one of the first to adopt them, look like very simple contrivances. Each consists of three sections. The base looks like a large milk pan, and is made of tin. The second section is of sheet iron, about two feet long and twelve inches in diameter. This fits over the first section in much the same manner as a chimney is fitted to a stove. A few inches from one end of this second section is a fine wire screen to check the flame of the burning alcohol. About ten inches above this screen is a second screen, coarser than the first, and made of asgestos soaked in platinum. The action of the alcohol on this platinized asbestos produces the gas.

Under this new arrangement the officer arrives with his stoves or lamps as they are called, places them in position, touches a match to the alcohol, a quart of which does the work of six pounds of sulphur, and in about three hours the work is done in a quicker, safer, more economical and more thorough manner than was possible under the old system. The formaldehyde gas will penetrate the woodwork and the walls to an extent impossible with sulphur. It does no damage, however. It will not injure anything in the house except the germs which it is intended to kill. It has a slight effect on iron and steel, and on books which are dyed a certain shade of violet or red. About thirty of these lamps are now in use by the Health Department. They have passed the experimental stage. They are pronounced entirely successful.

The Human Voice.

There are only nine different tones in the human voice; but there are, it is said, 17,592,186,044,415 different sounds.

NEW BUILDINGS.

Upwards of $60,000 Going Into New Buildings in Sandon.

In addition to the Harris and Annance blocks referred to elsewhere, which will jointly cost about $35,000, several other costly buildings and blocks are under course of construction.

Bennett and Carbray are creeting a two story 24x60 hotel on the Cody road that when completed will cost about $3,000. They will run it themselves calling it the Denver.

Ardrey and Brewster from Seattle are creeting just east of Cliffe's Bookstore a two story building 30x40, that will cost $2,500. The first flat at least they will use as a general store, and possibly the second as a stor room. They are both experienced and energetic young men.

Mr. A. Sproat, of New Denver, is putting up a double store 30x30, two stories just across the street from the Bryan Cafe, that will cost $2,500.

John Batschi is creeting a two story frame store 30x60 further down street that will cost about $2,000. Probably M. A. Morrison may rent the whole building as a dwelling and general store. In any case he is here and will open in the mercantile trade.

McInnes Bros., of Regina, are creeting a three story frame 30x60 opposite the Kootenay hotel. They purpose opening it as a hotel when completed.

In addition to these from $5,000 to $10,000 more is going into a number of residences and small business houses in various parts of the town.

He Got His Dose.

The llama of South America is an expert marksman, though it never uses its craft in the procurement of its food. Only when annoyed and angry does it give an exhibition of its wonderful skill in hitting the object aimed at. The llama's weapon is its mouth; its bullet is composed of saliva and chewed hay.

Several years ago, at the fair grounds in St. Louis, I witnessed an exhibition of this creature's powers of expectoration, in which the victim was a country beau, who came very near losing his sweetheart thereby. This young man was one of those self-sufficient individuals who imagines that knowledge sits enthroned in the temples of their own personal intellects, "that what they do not know is not worth knowing." He was annoying the llama (the animal stood in the centre of its pen, probably fifteen feet or more from its tormentor) by throwing clods of dirt at it and by beating on the rails of the pen with his cane.

I saw by the creature's actions that it was angry; the rapid movements of its jaws indicated that it was preparing to attack its persecutor. Warned the young man, telling him what to expect; his sweetheart begged him to desist and to come away. But he treated my warning with derision, and told the girl that "he knew his business." Suddenly there came a whizzing, whistling noise, followed by a sharp spat; the young wiseacre lay supine upon his back, with his eyes and forehead plastered with a disgusting mixture of saliva, hay and mucus.

"I hate a fool!" said the girl, as she shouldered her parasol and walked away.

I saw them again in the monkey-house some time afterward, but the man was a changed being; he had learned his lesson in decorum; he had been taught modesty by the good marksmanship of a llama.—James Weir, jr., in Lippincott's.

Explanation of the Camel's Hump.

Where did the camel get its hump? Be it known that camels did not originally have humps on their backs. So says Professor Cattaneo, of the Italian Institute of Science. The proof that they *did not* and the explanation of why they have them now is given by this savant in a recently published monograph, which is the result of scientific study of the subject.

The llama is known to have been used as a beast of burden centuries before the discovery of the western hemisphere, but it is asserted that thousands of years before the first llama carried a load upon his back the camel had been domesticated and was used for the transportation of burdens.

It is upon this point that the Italian savant rests his theory as to the formation of that animal's hump. In the beginning, he says, the camel, like the llama, was straight of back, but a hundred centuries, perhaps, of making a pack animal of the camel have brought about the change. At first the skin grew loose upon the camel's back. Then there and upon its knees the skin grew thick and callous. Soon nature began to pad this burdened part with fat and muscle; then for countless generations heredity did its work; little by little the hump grew, until it finally acquired its present size.

The use of the camel in the desert places of the world also played its part in the formation of this portion of its anatomy. For, being forced to go without food for days at a time, nature came to the rescue of the camel and providently stored those humps with fat which should provide the beast through its periods of privation.

New Industry in Persia.

Beet root sugar is for the first time being manufactured in Persia, a Belgian company, which for the last two years has been erecting a magnificent factory on the newest principles, with electric motors, having just begun work. Another company has also built a glass factory, which is also at work.

Have Everything Bright.

Many farmers, when their fences have gone down, buildings need repairing, and everything on the place looks like a wreck, become disgusted and offer their farms for sale. Of course, such a place is not attractive, and, if it finds a buyer, will be sold at a discount. A few dollars expended for paint, whitewash, lumber and nails, would add hundreds to its value, and, many times, after such a place is fixed up, courage returns to the would-be seller, and he finds his farm a pleasant enough place for him to stay.

Our Debut.

The following is the introduction to the public given us by our elder brother, the Paystreak:—

Cliffe & Co. have opened a bookstore in Sandon. They have also started a ranchified advertising sheet, which is principally devoted to puffing their own business and ancient history. The paper, which is misnamed the Mining Review, looks like a starved tramp, and will not make it necessary to organize a fire department to protect the universe.

As we understand the matter, the people of Sandon are resolved on having and supporting a newspaper. If our confrere fills the bill, The REVIEW's appearance should not in this way arouse its temper. If on the other hand The MINING REVIEW grows in public favor, it is the public and not The REVIEW on which our neighbor should shower his displeasure. We are disposed to let the public decide on the merits or demerits, as the case may be, of the issue. We have neither time, space nor inclination to waste on fishwife literature.

Gala Day.

The following is the list of events that will take place here on Tuesday:

11.30 a. m.

	First Prize	Second Prize
100 yard race,	$10.00	$5.00
Three-legged race, 50 yds.	5.00	2.00
Sack race, 50 yards.	5.00	2.00
Fat Man's race, 50 yds.	5.00	2.00
Prospector's race, 50 lb. pack, 50 yds.	5.00 & flour.	

11.30

Standing broad jump,	$5.00	$2.00
Running broad jump,	5.00	2.00
Standing three jumps,	5.00	2.00

12.00 m.

Putting the Shot,	$10 00	$5.00
Tossing caber,	10.00	5.00

1.00 p. m.

Lacrosse match. First prize, silk flag. Take train to Cody baseball grounds.

4.00 p. m.

Horse Race,	$50.00	$25.00
Mule race,	15.00	10.00

5.00 p. m.

Drilling match,	$150.00	50.00

6.00 p. m.

Tug of war. First prize, keg of beer. Opposite Kootenay hotel.

8.30 p. m.

Grand ball in new building next to Harris' barn.

On account of the large expense incurred in fitting up the building for this event an admission fee of $1 will be charged to gentlemen; ladies free.

The Payne A Large Shipper.

A reporter of the REVIEW interviewed Mr. McDonald, resident manager of the Payne mine in his office on Friday. Mr. McDonald was very courteous, but was conservative as to matters concerning the workings of his mine. He they says are at present shipping two cars of ore a day direct from the mine to the Pueblo, Col. smelting works. He is not sure that smelting in this country would be of any great advantage while American duties remain as they are, the collections being in favor of ore against the smelted product. There is not a great deal of demand in Canada for either silver or lead, and at present the Americans are using a great deal of both from this country. If they smelted here, we would have to ship much across the line any way, and the higher duty, as the rates stand, against the smelted article would not improve the profits of sales over here. The company have now 60 men at work in the mine.

Here and There.

J. McInnes is back from the Slocan and reports that country to be fairly booming with mining activity.—Vancouver World.

J. Black, one of the men who robbed Challoner, Mitchell & Co's jewelry store at Rossland, has been convicted at San Francisco for taking stolen goods into the United States, and will be sentenced on Wednesday. The proceedings against Johnson have been abandoned.

Nelson is beginning its civic career in a very economical manner. The corporation has appointed John Hamilton to the position of City auditor, at a salary of $150 per annum. Some think that such a sum will not be sufficient to irrigate the "boys." But Nelson should know its own business.

At Nelson on Monday last Mr. Justice Walkem handed down his decision in the case of the Nelson & Fort Sheppard Railway company against the Quartz Creek Land firm. The case came up on a motion of the defendants to dissolve the injunction. This the court refused to do. The title is to remain in statue quo, and the position of defendants is not to be prejudiced by a crown grant to the plaintiffs. It is a clear victory for the railway company.

MINING BRIEFS.

Condensed for Busy People.

Irish Creek has now 20 locations and 150 prospectors.

O. Burband, Three Forks, has sold his claim on Wonderful Hill for $6,000.

G. A. Carlson has 90 men at work on the Jackson Creek wagon road. Foss and McDonald are also pushing the McGuiggon road.

T. F. Cusack has sold an undivided three-quarter interest in the mineral claim Welkin on the West side of Kootenay lake, north of Kaslo, to Charles E. Doty.

The experts for the B. C. Agency, a corporation buying mines for English capitalists, have spent some days in the Slocan looking into propositions in this neighborhood.

Edward Hicks, of Kaslo, has conveyed an undivided one-quarter interest in the mineral claims Butte, Eureka, and Jose, located near Sanca, to W. A. Merkley, of Pilot Bay.

John C. Brown has given Daniel Cesvuff a working bond on the Wild Bill, a promising mineral claim situated on the south side of Kaslo river, not far from the forks.

In a shaft in the Constandt, a mile above Cody, a high strike was made a day or two since. A specimen of the ore is now at O'Connell & Zelle's. It assays 80 per cent. lead and 125 oz. silver.

Malcom Lamont has bought from Charles W. Sturges his entire interest in the mineral claim Glacier North, located on the divide between Woodberry creek and the south fork of Kaslo creek. It is a remarkably good locality.

At the last meeting of the directors of the Cameronian, the company decided to push active work ahead as fast as possible. Considerable ore is now out and shipping will be commenced as soon as the Lemon Creek trail is finished.

It is said the Omaha and Grant Smelting Works Co. have decided to purchase the entire property of the Kootenay Mining and Smelting Co. which includes the Blue Bell mine and the Pilot Bay smelter. This shows their implicit confidence in mining in the Slocan country.

The Freddy Lee that some years ago turned out over 250,000 tons of good ore, and which has been tied up for nearly two years in litigation, has been recently reopened under a bond and leased by McCune & Griffith. A strike of some large proportions is reported since the re-opening.

Moritz Thompson, who, some days since, filed a lis pendens against the Black Fox mineral claim, on the south fork of Kaslo creek, has now filed an amended claim, in which the mineral claims Daisy and California are also included. The title to each of the claims is brought into question, and the suit is brought against Porter Brothers.

Several fine claims have been recorded recently by the parties sent out by O. G. Labaree on account of himself and others. Of these the Great Northern on Bear Creek, about two and a half miles from the Duncan River, is said to be especially promising. Other claims recorded upon the same creek are the Frie, Arimrose, Blue Bird and Creek.

The first car of ore from the Argo mines of Sandon yielded as follows: 6 tons clean ore, 3 tons carbonates—The clean ore ran 85 ozs silver, 65 per cent. lead; carbonates, 55 oz. silver and 50 per cent. lead, netting the company on an average $70.03 per ton, or $425.00 nett from the first nine tons. One car of ore will be shipped every two weeks until further development insures more.

At the Hotels.

At the Balmoral:—J. R. Cameron, Spokane; J. W. Bateman, Vancouver; J. Gillanders, Aspen; C. W. Waldon, Washington; R. McDonald, W.C. Beal, Rossland.

At the Sandon:—W. H. Morley, J. Thompson, Spokane; C. Dilman, Milwaukee; W. S. Stiles, Seattle; A. D. Wheeler.

At Black's:—A. D. Brown, B. R. Bryans, Rossland; P. S. Wood, Texas; F. Cox, Duluth; H. Arkell, Vancouver; N. D. Moor, San Francisco; C. H. Coles, Montreal; G. Wallace, Toronto.

At the Goodenough:—J. W. Peters, Nelson; W. H. Newman, F. B. Clarke, F. J. Whitney, K. Heine, St. Paul; J. H. Spear, W. H. Wolfe, E. Dyen, J. D. Porter, C. G. Dixon, Spokane; Capt. Leatham, A. S. Soden, T. H. Lane, H. St. Goodcrich, London, Eng; H. W. Adams, Rossland; A. L. McEwan, H. Sutherland, Winnipeg; J. Burns, Vancouver.

The Mining Review

SANDON, BRITISH COLUMBIA,
SATURDAY.....JUNE 19, 1897.

SUBSCRIPTION $2.00 PER YEAR
STRICTLY IN ADVANCE.

THE MINING OUTLOOK.

From present appearances there is a financial depression at Rossland, and this is not to be wondered at—in fact it would be a wonder if the reverse was the case. Mining operations like everythieg else in the world are subject to well known commercial rules. Booming never ends in good results to the masses, although a few of the cuter ones make money out of it, and Rossland's mistake lay in its booming. That the place is a good mining camp, and is likely to ever remain one, is evident from the fact that it has several good dividend paying mines in the vicinity; and from the commercial start it has, it must remain the supply centre for a certain circle of country around, but this is all that can be said of it—the same as can be said truthfully of other places—Sandon, Nelson, Kaslo, etc. The trouble with Rossland lay in the fact that the boomsters of the place made an effort to prove that every ledge on the surrounding hills was the cap rock of a Le Roy mine. Stocks were sold right and left on that representation, and as the facts do not bear out the representations, a weakness must follow that is likely to injuriously effect other parts of the country.

The peer of this was witnessed in Manitoba 12 to 15 years ago. Because the soil was known to be fertile, and cropping was found to be successful, every hamlet in the country was surveyed into the proportions of a Chicago, and embryo Chicagos dotting the country over, were placed on the market wherever it was found fish would bite.

It is now learned that all of the projected mines are not, after investigation, turning out Le Roys and something of a reaction has set in.

It is a fact fully borne out by unquestioned evidence, as mining operations progress, that British Columbia has a larger area of mineral deposits than Utah, Colorado, New Mexico or any other country under the sun in which mining operations have been prosecuted to any extent, but it goes without saying there must be a limit to to fortune making mines even here. Experience goes to show it takes time to prospect, explore and develop successful mining, which involves capital. How much better then it would be for Rossland even to-day, if all written and said of the place had been founded on actual fact. If instead of stock exchanges to trade in stocks as the traders gamble in wheat at the bucket shops, there was an association formed for the district that would act on the offensive as well as the defensive—that would, as far as possible have nothing but the actual facts go forth to the public concerning the country. One bogus statement, when found to be bogus, is calculated to do more injury than a dozen honest representations of fact can possibly counteract.

Fortunes have been made in Kootenay mines, and fortunes there will be made again; but every one of those who have money invested in the industry, should centre their best efforts in seeing that the facts only concerning our wealth went to the world. Our growth certainly would be slower, as it would not be as likely to increase commercial houses and ill-considered investments, but it would be more satisfying as time went on, and highly gratifying in the end.

The fact that mineral in paying quantities is found in all sections of the Kootenay country, the general topography of the country goes to show that instead of our cities with hundreds of thousands of population everywhere, the country will be dotted over with towns and villages every few miles apart; and those of them that are best commercially situated, and have the most enterprising, citizens will become to an extent supply centres for their surroundings, and this is all that can be said about it. No one place will be allowed to become an octopus and swallow all the business of the the country, either through commercial or mining possibilities. For this reason real estate and commercial sites should never reach fabulous figures. The lesson learned from booming in mining and real estate in that town should be a health lesson to the rest of the country for a reasonable time at least.

How much better it would be for the country and even the miners themselves, if enough development work was done on all mines, to prove whether or not the property was likely to become dividend paying, before stock was placed on the market. The trouble, in so far as it has overtaken some sections of the country, is not in that there are not paying properties to be had in all districts, but in that individuals and companies were allowed to float stocks on speculation, to secure monies from outside innocent parties, to learn whether or not the statements of projectors, who in all cases affirm that they are telling the truth, are really to be relied on. To our mind the government must step in and do something to protect the name of the country. If they appoint competent inspectors who see that enough work is done on all prospects to give reasonable proof of security to investors and who exact the registration of reliable assays from time to time as work goes on, it will correct many of the errors of the past, and lead to redoubled confidence in the country and the receipt of all outside capital necessary to develop our hidden treasures. It may be argued that every prospector is not in a position to raise within himself sufficient means to test his find; but surely most of such have some acquaintances, who if assured of inspectors' representations, could come to their aid. But even if they are not so situated it is no reason that distant, innocent parties should be dragged into the expenses of experiment on the assumption that they are dealing with realities. Miners and prospectors should not be hampered with taxes and conditions calculated to create revenues, but they should be hedged with conditions calculated to preserve the fair mining reputation of the country. In this Slocan country where development work is comparatively easy, these conditions should at least be fully insisted on, and they would tell doubly in the interests of the country in the end.

MODERN GREECE.

There is no questioning the fact that modern Greece is not being properly treated by the nations of to-day. There are, perhaps, six million Greeks scattered along the borders of the Mediterranean—enough to make a respectably sized nation, if they were only treated to ordinary fair play. Some time ago the powers permitted Greece to come into existence as a nation, and at the time the boundaries essential to a nation for self defence were denied her. Several of the provinces where the Greeks fought most bravely for independence were handed over to Turkey. Even this was the case in some instances where Greek was the language of the people while Albanian sections were attached to Greece. The Island of Crete is essentially Greek though, Turkish of soil, and the forces of Europe are protecting it as such. On nine or ten occasions during modern times, the Cretans revolted, and appealed to Greece for assistance, only to find the powers thwarting their efforts by rome means or other. The Greeks have never been indifferent to the struggles of the Cretans, and often offered such aid as the powers would allow them to offer. It is through a mountain pass on the northern frontier of Greece that Turkey made its success in the late war, and it was the International Boundary commission of 1881 that left that open door for the Sultan of Turkey.

In the Greek of the present time the essential traits of his classic ancestors are either apparent or lying dormant to be called into existence, a circumstance that of itself ought to call for the sympathies of modern times. For upwards of 2,000 years they have seen a storm centre with alien races contending against and around them. They have in turn fought the Saracens, the Romans and the Persians generally in the right and always suffered at their hands, because of the manner in which they have been handicapped by the powers in their national autonomy. For the last three centuries they have been the bondsmen of the Turks, and more than half their number are still under Turkish domination. But this is not the worst. The ambitions of the great powers are at cross purposes with their national welfare. They have been petted and rebuked in turn by the nations of Europe. Even in their present struggle with Turkey the shells bursting in their ranks have come from Christian (?) fleets as well as Turkish guns. Enlightened Europe admits their cause is a righteous one, but it has defeated it again and again for selfish purposes with heartlessness. In ages past Greece was a noble nation, much of the literature and art of even the present day are borrowed from its history; and as many of the ancient characteristics of its ancients would still come to the surface under unrestricted influences, this fact of itself ought to call for the attention, if not the sympathy, of modern Europe.

From present indications Crete will be declared an independent nation with complete autonomy of government, and the Cretans are willing to accept the situation if the Turks are withdrawn. Prince Francis Joseph of Battenburg is a general favorite and with him as governor a brighter day would dawn for that long-suffering people.

THAT PROPOSED GRANT.

It would appear that Lady Aberdeen is making herself unnecessarily officious in her attempt to get a government grant for her hobby, The Victorian Order of Nurses. There is no doubt but that the scheme has some merit; but in Canada where hospitals, so ably managed as they are, are so generally diffused over the country, there does not appear to be the necessity for the order Lady Aberdeen wants to make the people believe there is. In any event the assistance to the order, the people of Canada are supposed to give, should be wholly voluntary and not wrung from them by a pincers at the nose. Very naturally, if the proposed vote be submitted to the government, the premier will feel a delicacy in opposing it, not because he may consider it wise, but because it emanates from a vice-regal source, and the same may be said of the whole House. In the minds of most people, vice-regal authority should make itself less officious. All readers of Canadian history will remember the origin of the struggle for responsible government in this country, in the days of Lyon Mackenzie, lay chiefly in the interference of vice-regal authority—the governor-general exercising functions that properly belonged to his advisers; and it is sincerly hoped we will never have the semblance of a return to such things again—that the governor and members of his family will offer no suggestions as to what the government will do with its finances. It would be much better if the governments of the country would recognise the importance of our hospitals, and give all that the country can afford in the way of relief to suffering humanity to these most useful institutions, telling vice-royalty to attend to its own concerns only.

The government at Ottawa has taken to itself the power, when it sees fit to use it, to place an export duty on ores principally copper, lead and nickel. It may be safer for the government to retain such a power than to vest it in the House, but when it will be necessary to exercise such power in the hands of either House or government, it is difficult to see. At present British Columbia's mines require fostering, at least as much as manufacturing in any form ever required it in any part of Canada, and an export duty would only be throwing further weight on the camel's back. What would be an infinitely better stroke would be an effort to induce the American government to accept some reciprocal concessions by which they would remove their duty of 1½ cents per pound on certain minerals in the ore from this country, at least until home smelting becomes more general. It must be apparent to all interested that from the development of mining in this country, smelting here must become general, to save the extra freights, if for no other reason; but until this is done all restrictions in the way of development should be discouraged as far as possible, if for no other reason than to employ the idle labor of the country, and find home markets for our agricultural products.

Eastern or other investors who sink money in the stocks of mining companies, of which they know nothing but what they gather from the "bifallutin" circulars of the companies and lose must not consider mining a disappointment, in any form. It is strange that people who know there are fakirs in all other walks of life—agriculture, mercantile, professional, etc.—expect angels only in mining enterprise, whose every word must be accepted implicitly. One man floats a scheme representing that he wants to raise a certain sum for development work, and 4 to 10 cent shares are bit at with avidity. The project or in some cases, without taking much trouble to enquire whether or not there is much to his find, quietly puts the money he realises into his own pockets, and reports the "development" he regrets to say, "has not turned out satisfactorily." There are plenty of men of reliability and standing in all parts of this wide country, whose knowledge and opinions should count for a great deal. Why do not intending purchasers confer with some of these before they pay their money to men of whom they know nothing, and will never have a proper opportunity to learn? There are thousands of opportunities for profitable investments in this country, but intending investors should get the facts concerning their intending purchases before they sink their money and not blame the country if their own indiscretion results in loss.

We believe that our article last week dealing with "Drainage" has given general satisfaction. A nuisance ground may be all right enough for a town, when it is the best that can be done—when nature has provided no other means for sanitation, but it is different in Sandon. Here we have a creek poisoned by concentrators further up, and not required for any domestic purposes in any event. Nature certainly never designed it to continue tearing its way forever through valleys calculated for town sites, without a single useful purpose, until it reaches comparative rest in the lake waters. No; the law or the law giver that wants to prevent drainage into the Sandon stream, is built on wrong principles and the sooner that it or he is reconstructed and moulded on a system to aid nature in carrying out its own wise purposes, the better it will be for all interested.

Every day brings renewed assurance that knowing mining men have their eyes on the Slocan country as a growing mining district. Every train brings in expert miners, who invariably go away with the conviction that there is wealth here, and in no locality more evidently than in the surroundings of Sandon. The length of sunlight in the winter months is a matter of little concern to them. They know the surroundings have most extensive wealth that can be got at with comparatively little expenditure, and that settles their conviction.

TOLD IN SAN FRANCISCO.

James Brazell Says He is Coming To Kootenay With 150 Prospectors.

San Francisco Call: Seven years ago English capital was looking for investment in the mining region of British Columbia. At that time James Brazell, Patrick Kirwin and George Wells, the well-known engineers, visited the country about Kootenay and Rossland, and produced it particularly rich in gold, silver and copper, the greatest drawback being the tremendous stratum of granite in many instances 40 feet thick, interfering with the work of mining.

Brazell had then a proposition before the English government to send out a party of 1,500 prospectors, covering an area of ten miles through British Columbia in a northwesterly direction from Rossland, the different camps being in constant communication with the main office of engineers that would follow along in their trail.

The cost of such an expedition was such that the English or Canadian governments would have nothing to do with it, the hazard being one that the home secretary could not countenance.

The proposition, however, has met with the approval of a syndicate of English capitalists who believe in its merits sufficiently to send forth 150 men from this city to work the English territory.

These miners, at the head of whom is James Brazell, left on the overland train last evening for Oregon. They are all men picked from the heads of departments in the mines of the Comstock where Brazell was superintendent of the Bullion and other mines in the days of the bonanza.

"I believe that the country about Kootenay," said Brazell yesterday afternoon, "is one of the richest on the face of the globe. There is a great deal of territory to cover, and I think that with a sufficient number of men who know their business I can eventually locate the entrance to at least such another bonanza as we found 25 years ago in Nevada. I am starting with only 150 men. They will be divided into prospecting camps and cover the territory as speedily as possible, so as to find a proper starting point. If I had 1,500 men, as I first demanded, I could move along more speedily, but I am well satisfied with the number I have got. I feel assured, in my own mind, that before 90 days pass over I will have enough work ahead of me to bring up 1,000 miners from California."

In the booming days of Manitoba a school teacher once asked a boy to parse the word "boom," "Boom" said the boy "is an adjective." "Well," said the teacher, "compare it." The boy gave the degrees thus: "Positive, boom; comparative, boomster; superlative, bust." "Correct, my boy," replied the domine.

A DUEL WITH SWORDS

A FURIOUS FIGHT BETWEEN AN ITALIAN AND A FRENCHMAN

Marvellous Skill and Sand Displayed in the Thomegeux-Pini Duel in Paris—There Were Nine Bouts Between the Noted Fencers.

On the very same day that the Corbett-Fitzsimmons match was fought at Carson City, English fashion, the Parisians enjoyed a famous fight French fashion, in the duel between the great Italian fencing master, the Chevalier Pini, and M. Thomegeux, a renowned Parisian swordsman, says The New York Sun. A brief mention of the affair was cabled to the newspapers here, in which it was treated rather lightly; but, in reality, it was a desperate fight, in which marvellous phases of fencing were displayed. It was a nine-bout battle, and lasted more than forty minutes. Its semi-international character gave it considerable additional interest. It was witnessed by a host of sight-seers, all gathered near the stand of the Saint-Ouen race course. In the crowd were many photographers taking snapshots, and one of them had a kinetoscope, which took in the combat from start to finish, just as in the case of Corbett and Fitzsimmons. The cause of the duel was trivial, and it is now admitted that it was a case of mistaken identity.

At about 2 p.m. the principals, with their seconds and surgeons, arrived. Pini was first upon the ground. He appeared to be delighted and warmly shook the hands of many friends, while the photographers opened fire upon him, taking him in front, in the rear, and on the flank. Immediately afterward Thomegeux appeared. He was smiling, and, like Pini, greeted his friends, while the snapshooters aimed at him.

The grave responsibility of directing the combat, or, in other words, acting as referee, fell upon M. Georges Breitmayer. When the swords were crossed and the usual "Go, gentlemen!" was pronounced, the fight began. M. Thomegeux, in a threatening style, held his weapon well in line, and, advancing, made several feints for an opening. M. Pini remained on the defensive, evidently watching for a chance for a deadly riposte, but fortune did not favor him. Nevertheless, in this bout, he disarmed his adversary. He saluted, his salute was returned, and the battle was renewed with vigor. Evidently the men were evenly matched. The second bout was without incident, beyond giving an exhibition of splendid swordsmanship.

In the third bout Thomegeux, fancying that he had wounded Pini in the arm, lowered his weapon. The surgeons rushed in and found that Pini was not touched.

The fourth bout was furious. With lightning rapidity Pini drove his weapon at Thomegeux's chest, but a vigorous parry sent it to the ground. The point landed on a stone. The sword was bent like a reed and rendered worthless. Another sword was handed to the Italian professor, and the fifth bout was without incident. The combatants were winded.

In the sixth bout the fight was stopped by the seconds, who believed that M. Pini was wounded in the arm. He was unhurt.

The duellists now faced each other for the seventh bout. They bounded at each other, lunging with wonderful force and parrying with equal skill, until the point of Pini's weapon reached the guard of Thomegeux's, and for the second time the former's weapon was bent.

After a little time it was repaired, and the eighth bout was begun with furious attacks on the part of Thomegeux. Pini gave ground, watching for a riposte. Apparently his chance presented itself, and he sent in a terrific thrust at Thomegeux's breast. Some of the spectators shuddered, and many thought that the man had been run through, or at least badly wounded, but a parry that is described as "something marvellous" by the experts who saw it, saved him, and when the seconds and surgeons rushed in they found him unhurt and smiling.

In the ninth bout M. Thomegeux was wounded in the right cheek. He declared that it was merely a scratch, and insisted on going on, but the surgeons insisted that the internal hemorrhage interfered with his breathing to such a degree that he was in a condition of inferiority. M. Breitmayer then stopped the combat.

The Chevalier Pini advanced toward M. Thomegeux and offered his hand. The latter grasped it, muttered some complimentary remarks and the two men left the duelling ground fast friends.

BEHIND THE TIMES.

He rode along the thoroughfare,
So neatly garbed, so debonair;
His chin was at an angle high,
A merry sparkle filled his eye.
His easy manner seemed to say;
"I'm feeling mighty fine to-day."

And yet despite his stylish air,
His face and form so debonair,
He knew that something wasn't right,
He felt a sort of crushing blight—
The friends he singled from the crowd
Just looked him o'er and coldly bowed.

Despite his grace so debonair
The sweetest girls did rudely stare—
But what the cause he could not tell
Until he heard a youngster yell:
"Get on the bloomin' chappie, Mike,
A-ridin' on a last year's bike!"

Grocer—Say, you haint paid for them things yet!
Colored Purchaser—Golly! how yo' specks a man to git his hans in his pockets now, hey?

Hibernian Wit.

Pat—Th' cuid mare is perfict, but f'r wan inception, Mike—What's that? Pat—Bf yez lick 'er f'r batkin' or bitin' she'll kick loike a soon-av-a goon.—Texas Siftings.

"Hear about Casey givin' th' Dootchman th' black eye?" "Oi did not. wy was it?" "Th' Dootchman thried to call Casey a peach, but tould him he was an orange."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

O'Malley—Oi seed a bottle sittin' an th' sideboard, an', begorra, Oi tuk tin drinks av ut. An' the sthup was absinthe! Gilhooligan—An' how di yez find out? O'Malley—Wan av th' pink illyphants tould me.—New York Press.

The office at the police station. Inspector (in desk)—What's your name? Prisoner—Patrick Sweeney. "What countryman are you?" "An Oirishman." "What's you business?" "An Italian organ grinder."—Spare Moments.

"Well?" said the assistant in a chemist's shop to an Irishman, who pointed to a pile of soap. "I want a lump of that," answered the Irishman. "Thank you. Will you have it scented or unscented?" "I'll take it wid me."—Tit-Bits.

An Irish settler sat enjoying his connubial bliss upon the banks of a southern creek. Suddenly he espied a turtle emerging from the crystal stream. "Och, love!" he exclaimed solemnly. "That iver I should come to America to see a snuff-box walk!" "Whist!" said his wife; "don't be after making fun of the birds!"—Answers.

THE NEW BOOKSTORE

We beg to advise the citizens of Sandon and the surrounding towns that we have opened out a new Bookstore, in the store opposite the Sandon Hotel (R. Cunning's), in which we purpose keeping everything in our lines that public demand can ask for.

Our stock of Paper Covered and Cloth Bound Books is very complete, in which are Bibles and Church Books for all prominent denominations. We have an ample supply to meet all demands. In the course of a day or two we will have all the leading papers and magazines on sale.

School Supplies will be a special depatment of our business.

IN STATIONERY

our stock embraces everything to meet all demands of commercial houses, law and banking offices, and private parties.

IN WALL PAPER

we carry over 100 different patterns, with Ceilings, Borders and Decorations. Our stock of

FANCY GOODS, SPORTING GOODS,

MUSIC AND MUSICAL MERCHANDISE

will be complete on receipt of coming shipments in a few days.

Toys, Fancy China Ware, &c., are also prominent features of our stock. We aim at having the most complete stock in the Kootenay country, so that there will be no need of sending to Toronto or elsewhere for anything in our lines, as they can be got from us at very

Moderate == Prices..

We offer all lines as low as they can possibly be sold in this country, the expenses of living considered.

We solicit orders from the surrounding towns as well as trade from the citizens, and assure all they will get the very best of treatment.

CLIFFE & CO.

BARNATO A SUICIDE.

South African Diamond King Jumped Overboard From a Cape Steamer.

Startling News Contained in a Brief Dispatch From Madeira.

London, June 14.—A special dispatch from Funchal, Island of Madeira, says that on the arrival there to-day of the British steamship Scot, which left Table bay (Cape Town) on June 10 for Southampton, it was announced that Barney Barnato, the South African diamond king, who was among the passengers, had committed suicide by leaping overboard. His body was recovered.

Of all the Englishmen who have take part in the development of South Africa, two only have secured a world-wide reputation. These have been Cecil Rhodes and Barney Isaacs, more often and less respectfully styled Barney Barnato. Barnato was an assumed name, sort of stage nam , for he began his life in South Africa by exhibiting a trick donkey about 20 years old.

Barnato was an English Jew and illustrated in an extraordinary way the the financial genius of his race. Up to the point where his fortune began to increase he made money by leaps and bounds, and 1895, when his good fortune was at its zenith, it was estimated that he controlled interests worth in the neighborhood of £100,000,000. It was the fashion to call him the richest man in the world. At that time he was virtually the king of the London market. In the autumn of 1895, when the great boom in Kaffirs was at its height, every man, woman and child in London with money to invest, invested in Kaffirs. The craze was the most recent of those financial fevers which periodically attack conservative England, the South Sea Bubble having been the first. For months it was the controlling passion in London, and was scarcely less rampant in Paris and Berlin. The shares went to unheard of figures, and fortunes were made in a day.

The centre of this tremendous financial outburst was Barney Barnato, and he was conservatively estimated at that time as worth between $100,000,000 and $150,000,000. Among his assets was a bank originally capitalized at $12,500,000. In a very few months its capital stock rose in value to $45,000,000.

Barnato was born in London and at the age of 20 went to South Africa, to make his fortune. The Kimberley diamond mines were just beginning to be productive. With his few pounds of cash he began dealing in diamonds in a small way. He was clever in purchasing. Everything he touched he made successful. In five years he earned enough in the retail sale of diamonds to purchase a share in the mines from which his merchandise had come. Before another five years had elapsed his holdings at Kimberley had become very large, and when the Transvaal gold fields were discovered he had profits to invest in them.

In 1886 Barnato was a definite money man in South Africa, and began to be spoken of as a rival of Cecil Rhodes. Unlike in temperment and even more unlike in personal ambition, the two men started in to be hot opponents, but in 1886 they reached the conclusion simultaneously that their respective interests could be promoted by combining forces and the De Beers Consolidated was the result, one of the most valuable pieces of property of its kind in the world. While in Africa Barney married and had three children, two sons and a daughter.

BETTER POSTAL SERVICES REQUIRED.

Outside Opinion to the Same Purport.

With a daily boat service on the lakes and daily train service on the railways, one can hardly see why the government does not give all points between Nakusp and Sandon, and all other places of note in the Kootenay country, for that matter, a daily mail service from Eastern Canada. To ask it when there was but a tri-weekly boat and train service was demanding a great deal; but to expect it now when it can be got by employing two or three extra mail clerks and a small sum for conveyance, is not certainly demanding too much, when the postal revenues are taken into account. It is safe to say the revenues of this section of country are double what they were a year ago, and certainly have increased to warrant the government's further expenditure. In brief the way the service is given to Sandon, it is little better than semi-weekly, as a letter received on Tuesday evening, for instance cannot be answered before Thursday afternoon. The mail from the east reaching here on Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays at 11.15 a. m. is not assorted in the office before 4 p. m. and as the return train leaves at 2 p. m. nothing with mail replies can be done till the next mail day. If the government supplied such help in the office as would distribute the mails before 1 p. m. infinitely better satisfaction would be had even with present carrige arrangements. If this cannot be done it is surely not too much to ask for a daily mail.

This is the way even outsiders look at the matter when we take the following passage from the minutes of a recent meeting of the Board of Trade in Vancouver.

CHAPTER II.

What manner of house, what manner of people were these? What was wrong under this roof? What was the shadow where all should have been bright? I had been tired before, but the mystery and novelty had so excited and bewildered me that I could not rest, I could not sleep. Surely no one had ever spent a stranger Christmas Eve than this?

I drew aside the hangings. Ah, me, the sweet, white world that lay outside, the beauty of the Christmas night-sky and golden stars! I could not hear the bells, although I knew they would chime until past midnight; and I knew how the music of them would rise and fall over the trees, would die away across the snow. I should have wept in sheer desperate pity for my own loneliness—had it not been that my thoughts were so deeply engrossed with the mystery of Ullamere.

I went to sleep at last, thinking of the beautiful face of the wife, of the noble face of the husband wondering what shadow, what sorrow lay between them.

Christmas morning dawned bright and beautiful. I drew near the window and looked out in wonder and delight. There lay the mere, known as Ulla Water, and the grounds of the estate sloped down to the very edge. It was a beautiful lake, on which in summer the water-lilies slept, green reeds and sedges grew on the banks and in many places the boughs of the trees dipped into the water. There was almost every variety of tree in the grounds—copper-beech and silver-beech, stately oak and graceful lime, trembling aspen and spreading walnut, the pride of the place being a grand old cedar. In its mantle of white snow, with the sun shining full upon it, the scene was most striking. The robins were flying about in search of food, and the laurustinus was in full flower. My heart and spirits rose. It could not be al misery in such a world as this, such a beautiful world, disfigured only by man and sin!

I went down-stairs, thinking that, if Christmas Eve were forgotten, surely, being Christmas, they would remember Christmas Day! But again there was no recognition of it—no holly, no mistletoe, no cheery voice, no laughter, no Christmas greeting. The house was as silent in the morning sunshine as it had been on the previous night.

Breakfast was served in the dining-room; but neither Sir Rudolph nor his wife came down to it. The old butler told me that Sir Rudolph's breakfast was served to him in his study, and that her ladyship took hers in her own room.

There was nothing to be done but to make the best of it, to take my breakfast in solitude and dream of the thousand happy homes where, on Christmas morning, the long-parted met again, and there was nothing but gladness and love; and while the sunshine does not deepen the shadow in this gloomy dwelling, I can tell the brief story of my life—how and why I came to Ullamere.

My mother, Mabel Averil, came of a good old English family. When not more than seventeen she ran away with her drawing-master, Alec Forster, a young artist, who had dreams of making a name and winning fame. Her family never forgave her, and my father took her to Paris. There he struggled long and arduously. The best engagement he had was as drawing-master to the pupils of Mme. Dudevant, who had a large and fashionable school in the Champs Elysees. He died suddenly of fever when I was four years old; and Mme. Dudevant, who was a kind-hearted woman, offered my mother a situation as English teacher in her school. My education was to be her recompense—and, truly, I received a first-class education. Had I been the daughter of a peeress instead of a poor English teacher, she could not have taken greater pains with me. On my life at the Parisian pension I need not dwell. My mother died when I was nearly eighteen; and after that I could never endure the place, it was so full of painful memories for me, Madame was very good; when I told her how unhappy I felt, she said the best thing would be for me to take a situation in England. She answered an advertisement for a young lady who spoke French, German and Italian, and was well acquainted with the literature of the three countries. It was essential that she should also be an excellent musician and a good singer. The salary proposed was most liberal, and a comfortable though exceedingly quiet home was offered.

"You will be very fortunate," said Madame Dudevant to me, "if you secure this."

Very fortunate indeed in a great many respects! The salary was one hundred per annum; the situation was that of companion to Lady Culmore, the wife of Sir Rudolph Culmore of Erooke, residing now at Ullamere, in Lancashire. Madame thought she had some reason for congratulating me, and I was only too delighted to have an opportunity of seeing England, the land I loved.

It was on the twenty-third of December that I left Madame Dudevant, the school and the gay sunny land of France. I was eighteen the same month. My experience of life was limited to that of a boarding school. I had a vague idea that all married people were very happy, never having lived with any. The only men I had seen were the masters who attended the school and the fathers and brothers of the boarders.

So, young and inexperienced, I was plunged into what I felt must be the very heart of a tragedy.

Mrs. Harper came to say that Lady Culmore was not very well, and would not be downstairs yet for some time, but that, if I liked, I could have the carriage and drive to Ulladale Church.

"Will no one else go to church, Mrs. Harper?" I asked.

"No one ever goes to church from here," she said sadly. "You will find this like very few other houses in the world, Miss Forster;" and I felt that her words were true.

I told her how glad I should be to attend church. It was pleasant to think of going out into the sunshine amidst the holly and the snow.

Tears came to my eyes when I heard the chime of Christmas bells at last. There was no lack of evergreens in the church; the whole place seemed to be filled with them. Again I prayed heaven, for my Christmas gift—some one to love me. I thought much, as I knelt there; of the darkened household whence no one went to church, and where they had forgotten Christmas Eve.

I drove home again when service was over, better and brighter for that my first visit to an English church; but, as I drew near Ullamere, the shadow fell over me again.

When I re-entered the house, I found that Sir Rudolph was out, and the butler told me that Lady Culmore wished to see me in her boudoir. The boudoir was a pretty little room leading from the drawing room and looking right over the mere. I went to her at once, feeling more curiosity than I cared to express. I found her very quiet, very sad, and pale. Evidently the terrible emotion of the preceding evening had exhausted her. She wore a dress of purple velvet that showed her tall, graceful figure to the greatest advantage. There was the same deadly pallor on her face, the same curious expression of restraint, fear and longing in her eyes as there had been on the previous night. She held out her hand to me, half clinging to me, as I noticed afterward she clung to any one who was kind to her.

"YOU HAVE BEEN TO CHURCH."

"You have been to church," she said, with a smile. "You found something like Christmas there?"

"A beautiful Christmas," I replied, "just as I had dreamed of it—all holly and laurel and mistletoe. And I love to hear the old Christmas carols."

"I have not been to church for so long, I almost forget what the services are like," she said.

"Do you not think it rather a pity not to go to church?" I ventured to ask. "It does not matter whether our trouble be of body or of mind, there is always comfort there."

"It would be useless for me," she said—"quite useless."

"But why?" I asked.

And her face paled as she answered:

"If man can not forgive, how can Heaven forgive?"

"It is just the reverse," I answered. "It matters little about man forgiving, if Heaven forgives. But you— Oh, Lady Culmore, what a strange thing for you to say! What can you have done for such pardon to be required?"

They were imprudent words, and, had I stopped to think, I should not have uttered them; but she did not take them amiss. I saw a faint motion of her hands, as though she would fain wring them, and then she turned away.

"Lady Culmore," I said to her presently, "if you have a few minutes to spare, I should like to know what my duties are. Up to the present time I have not done anything for you."

"Your duties," she repeated, vaguely—"your duties as a companion to me? It was Sir Rudolph who insisted that I should have a companion. I do not know. He thought I wanted some one to be with me."

"What shall I be able to do to help you?" I asked.

"I hardly know," she replied. "Can you comfort me when I am most miserable?"

"I will do my best," I answered; and she turned from me with a low moan."

"I want comfort," she said—"comfort always."

CHAPTER III.

I could not describe the misery of Sir Rudolph's household. What the shadow was that lay over it I was unable to guess. Husband and wife were both young and handsome; they had almost every gift that Heaven could bestow; nothing was wanting, so far as I could see to complete their happiness; yet they were further apart, it seemed to me, than if a grave had lain between them—a thousand times further apart.

That first Christmas Day that I spent in England will never die from my memory. We did not see Sir Rudolph until dinner-time—seven o'clock; and then it appeared to me that my remonstrance respecting Christmas Day had reached the kitchen, for the dinner comprised something in the shape of Christmas fare—a turkey and a plum pudding. Some one, in a moment of ill-advised enthusiasm, had placed a pretty little sprig of holly—a few glossy leaves, with a fair sprinkling of red berries—on the top of the letter. Sir Rudolph looked at it, and then turned to the butler.

"What is this?" he asked.

"Holly, Sir Rudolph," he replied.

"And why has it been put there?" he continued.

"I thought — perhaps — Christmas Day," he said, stammering.

"Take it away," commanded Sir Rudolph, sternly.

And the butler, with great perturbation of manner and a crimson face, removed the unfortunate sprig of holly.

I read the expression of Sir Rudolph's face, and it said, as plainly as words could speak, "I will have no rejoicing, no outward sign of rejoicing, in this house."

And in such fashion Christmas was celebrated at Ullamere. I watched husband and wife, and I was never so completely puzzled. I could not make out the cause of disagreement at all. It was no petty feeling that actuated him, that had caused those lines on Sir Rudolph's face; one could see that. Some great, deep emotion was at work within him, and at times it almost overpowered him.

Lady Culmore was beautiful enough to charm any man, yet she evidently had no charm for him. Whatever the mystery might be, I felt sure it was not that he cared for anyone else. There was something so true, so noble about him that no one living could suspect him of anything wrong. He was polite to his wife, with a cold, icy politeness that was enough to madden a woman who loved him.

He never said an unnecessary word to her. When he was dining with us, he did the honors of the table. If, on asking her to partake of any dish, she declined, he did not press her. He never repeated the invitation. When a bow or gesture of any kind could take the place of words, it was made to do so. Any little act of politeness, such as placing a chair or a footstool for her, was performed with a formality and coldness that made matters far worse than if he had omitted it. He never went out with her. He went his way, she went hers. He never interfered with her arrangements. If Lady Culmore asked him a question, he replied to it as briefly as possible. He never offered any comment, any suggestion; in fact, between them a gulf lay wide and deep as the grave. But Lady Culmore, I could see, had a wild, passionate adoration for her husband. She loved him so well that she trembled at the sound of his footsteps, at the sound of his voice. Her eyes were always full of entreaty, full of pain and passion. She suffered terribly when he was present; she suffered even more when he was present. In one case it was an agony of longing, in the other an agony of pain. It was the strangest household, surely, into which any one ever entered. Sir Rudolph occupied the west wing. His rooms were all there—his study, dressing-room, bed room, gun-room—and overlooking the park. Lady Culmore's rooms were in the east wing. The great drawing-room and the dining-room, with one or two handsomely furnished reception rooms, were in the centre of the building.

There they met on neutral ground, as it were, but nowhere else. No messages ever passed between them. They lived as perfect strangers, barely interchanging the ordinary civilities of life. Strange husband and wife, surely. And the gloom that surrounded them seemed to spread to others. They went about with a hushed, subdued air and movement, as though they too felt the weight of the mystery.

Only on Sunday morning did we all take breakfast together; and a most solemn and funereal affair it was. During the week Sir Rudolph and Lady Culmore never met until night, when we dined. We spent the day in study and sport. She—well, it seemed to me that her hours were spent in a fevered dream. I shudder now when I think of them. She was never at ease, at rest, for five minutes together. She would ask me to play and sing to or with her, and then in a few minutes would rise and cry out that it was enough, that she did not care for it. She would begin to translate some foreign work, and, before she had written many lies, it would follow the fate of the music.

"Come out with me, Miss Forster," she would say. "I cannot bear the house; it stifles me."

We would go out, and perhaps before we had reached the park gates, she would say, with a dreary sigh—

"Let us go back again. I cannot bear the park."

On the beautiful restless face I never saw for one moment an expression of peace.

The evenings were perhaps the most dreary part of the life at Ullamere. Sir Rudolph never spent them with us. When dinner was ended, he went to his room, and we saw no more of him.

But one evening—ah, me, what a night that was!—a most terrible storm raged. The snow was all washed away, the rain fell in torrents. It beat against the windows as though it would shatter them. The wind was omething appalling in its violence. We could hardly hear each other speak; trees were torn up by the roots; the doors and windows rattled. Once or twice the great bell in the stable rang without rhythm or measure. The dogs howled, the servants were pale with fear.

As usual, Sir Rudolph rose to quit the dining-room. To my surprise, Lady Culmore went up to him. This time she did not touch him; she did not lay her hand upon his arm, but she looked up at him with the most despairing eyes I ever beheld.

"Sir Rudolph," she said—and her voice trembled with the passion of her earnestness—"I pray you remain with us; I am frightened. Heaven is angry to-night, and I am sorely afraid. Stay with us."

TO MY SURPRISE, LADY CULMORE WENT UP TO HIM.

For a moment his eyes flashed fire. Then, looking at the white face, with its quivering lips and frightened eyes, the fire died out and profoundest pity took its place.

I thought my prayer added to hers might have effect, and I said:

"The wind and the rain would make any one afraid."

He hesitated half a minute. He did not look at his wife again, but glanced at me.

"Are you really alarmed, Miss Forster?" he asked.

"I should be glad if you would remain," I replied touched by the wistful entreaty of her eyes.

"Then I will," he replied; and the relief on her face was beautiful to see.

I could not understand why she cared so much for his presence. He never spoke to her nor looked at her, never went near her. If she made a remark [illegible]

Friendship sprang up between Sir Rudolph and myself. He was well-bred, graceful and accomplished. To me there was something more than courtesy, something of chivalry in it. I found that he was an excellent French and German scholar. We talked of Goethe and of Heine, of that most graceful and original writer, Fouque, of whom he was an enthusiastic admirer. We had a most enjoyable conversation. Several times I tried my best to draw Lady Culmore into it; but, when I spoke to her, he remained silent. If she made any comment, he did not reply—so, from sheer pity for her embarrassment, I refrained from appealing to her. Still, it seemed strange. There was the husband, intellectual, a deep thinker, fluent speaker, delightful companion; here was the wife, fair and beautiful, as the morning star; between them was a gulf that no human power could bridge.

I liked Sir Rudolph. I could see no fault in him; but I noticed one thing. No matter what we said, no matter how the subject engrossed him, the shade of sorrow and sadness never left his face nor died from his dark eyes. Something of pity for the estranged wife filled my heart. Surely she must suffer terribly! He was so kind, so gentle in his manner to me—to her so cold, so silent. To me it became so painful at last that I said to myself that anything would be better than for Sir Rudolph to spend his evenings with us.

What was the mystery? Even as he talked to me over and over again I asked myself this question. I could see no fault in either, nor could I see in either any cause, any reason for the coldness that existed.

It struck ten at last. The storm had abated. Sir Rudolph arose.

"You will not be afraid now," he said, regarding me with a kindly smile. "The wind has fallen, and the rain has ceased."

I looked instinctively at Lady Culmore. His glance followed mine; but the expression of his face changed completely as his eyes rested on her. Then, with a bow, he was gone, and she turned away with an expression of mortal anguish on her face.

To be continued next week.

AN OLD STORY.

Why the Widow Would Succeed If She Kept Mum.

Cobble—Mrs. Crabson is going to start a boarding-house.

Stone—What! the widow I met the other day?

Cobble—Yes. You know she has been very unfortunate.

Stone—So I judge. She wouldn't be starting a boarding-house if she hadn't been.

Cobble—But, seriously, old fellow, she is a fine woman.

Stone—I have no doubt of it.

Cobble—And you know she comes of one of the best families in the country.

Stone—Does she?

Cobble—Yes, indeed. You know at one time they were very wealthy.

Stone—Were they?

Cobble—Oh, yes. She used to ride around in her carriage and have a retinue of servants.

Stone—Is that so?

Cobble—Yes, sir. There wasn't a prouder or more exclusive lady in the land than she.

Stone—What was the trouble? Husband die?

Cobble—Yes. Circumstances very sad. He was a very bright man. Exceedingly so. But he failed suddenly, and died of a broken heart. Sad case, isn't it?

Stone—Very.

Cobble—That woman ought to succeed, don't you think?

Stone—She will, old man, she will. That is, on one condition. She must keep silent.

Cobble—Why?

Stone—If she tells that story people will think she has been in the business all her life.

Mrs. Once-Young (awakening)—I should so like to sit for you, Mr. Fledgeling Artist.

Mr. Fledgling Artist—I should be delighted.

Mrs. Once-Young—What are you working at now?

Mr. Fledgling Artist—Studying the antique.—Brooklyn Life.

More Than Literal.

People who take all things literally are apt to tread on other people's toes. The man who walked in where he saw a sign, "Walk in," and who was ordered out, was a literal man; and so was he who went into a pawnbroker's shop and found under 40 shillings because there was a placard in the window that read:

"Look at this watch for 40s."

"I looked at it," said he, "and now I want my £2."

The most amusing incident we have heard is that of the countryman who, while sauntering along a city street, saw a sign:

"Please ring the bell for the caretaker."

After reflecting for a few minutes, he walked up and gave the bell such a pull that it nearly came out by the roots. In a few minutes an angry-faced man opened the door.

"Are you the caretaker?" asked the bell puller.

"Yes; what do you want?"

"I saw that notice, so I rang the bell, and now I want to know why you can't ring the bell yourself!"—Tit-Bits.

Call & Tuttle.

He was a typical hayseed, with a spray of blonde bristles protruding from his Adam's apple. He read the sign over the door, "Call & Tuttle," with a puzzled expression and then entered the office.

"What can we do for you, sir?" asked the manager blandly, washing his hands with imaginary soap, and bowing.

"I want to tuttle."

"You want to what?" asked the bewildered manager.

"I want to tuttle. I read your sign, 'Call & Tuttle.' You see, I've called, and now I want to tuttle. Where do you—"

Several of the young lady clerks giggled, and the manager gently but firmly led him out, and warned him impressively if he was seen in that neighborhood again he would be turned over to the police.—Tammany Times

ROSSLAND & TRAIL CREEK Mining Company.

(LIMITED LIABILITY.)

E. G. Wiswell has been appointed agent in Brandon for the celebrated ROSSLAND & TRAIL CREEK MINING GROUP, incorporated under the above title, which consists of the following well-known properties:

The ISLAND BELLE, GOLDEN CROWN, ROBERT BRUCE, FREE SILVER, SOUTHAMPTON and EMMA C.

All of which belong to the Rossland & Trail Creek Mining Co., making a strong company, as all the property has been fully paid for and several thousand dollars worth of roads and development work done, which was also paid for by the promoters. The Company did not offer one share of stock for sale till it was satisfied that they had sufficient showing to secure a shipping mine; which fact is now assured as they have now completed fifty feet of shaft work on the Golden Crown, which shows up a splendid body of ores and the management will now commence running the working tunnel, which will tap the vein at a lower level, and the best of experts of the camp predict that the Golden Crown will soon be a shipping mine.

There has also been a crosscut made on the Island Belle to catch the lead from the South Bend, which now shows up the Island Belle sufficiently to push further development with almost positive assurance of getting a shipping mine.

The Golden Crown, Island Belle and Robert Bruce are adjoining claims and are separated from the other three by the South Bend, Gold Dollar and Albany. The ledge from the Deadwood, which adjoins the Golden Crown on the west, and which is owned by C.W. Calligan, the well-known mining expert, runs clear across the Robert Bruce, and one of the ledges from the South Bend through the Free Silver. The Emma C. has the Albany ledge which can be traced to the Imperial and G. R. Sovereign mines, and there is a good surface showing on the Southampton.

All six of these claims are in this one Company and purchasers of stock get an interest in all, which, taken into consideration with the fact that the Company is only stocked for $1,000,000 with $250,000 as treasury stock to be used for development, makes one of the best buys ever offered to the public.

FACILITIES FOR MINING AND TRANSPORTATION.

For convenience of location for mining and shipping purposes, these properties cannot be surpassed. There is an abundance of timber, and Lake Creek, which runs from the summit of the mountain to Trail Creek and passes these claims, provides a bountiful supply of water.

TUNNELS.

There are splendid opportunities for tunnelling and it is the intention of the Company, shortly, to run a tunnel to catch the lead upon which the work is now being done, thus cheapening the cost of mining. The property lies within about three miles of the Trail smelter. The Columbia & Western Railway within one claim and a half (about 1,700 feet) from the present works, all down grade, thus affording unequalled facilities for conveying ores to the cars, and thence to the smelter. There also is a movement on foot to erect a smelter on the R. E. Lee or Maid of Erin grounds, which are in close proximity to the property. Should this be effected, the ore can be treated at the very lowest possible cost. This will admit of the treatment of low grade ores, which heretofore has been impossible.

50,000 SHARES

Of the Treasury Stock is now offered for sale at the very low price of

TEN CENTS PER SHARE,

to provide funds to pay the costs connected with continuing of development after completion of the now existing contracts.

The Capital Stock of the Company is $1,000,000, divided into 1,000,000 shares of the par value of $1.00 each, of which 250,000 has been placed as Treasury Stock.

Regarding the present famous and the untold future possibilities of the Trail Creek Camp, so much has been said and written that it is needless to make any more than a passing reference. Rossland, the great and growing business centre, has been styled the "Bull's Eye of America." It might well be called the Bull's Eye of the World. It attracts the miner and the capitalist, the business man and the laborer from all parts.

The vast number of mines and prospective mines with which, on every hand it is surrounded, makes Rossland to-day one of the most talked of and universally admired spots on Earth.

As a field for profitable and safe investment the Trail Creek Camp stands without a rival. One year ago there were but two shipping mines; now there are twenty, and everything else has increased in proportion.

We have every reason to believe that, under the excellent management, judging by the business-like manner in which everything in connection with this Company has been executed, within one year the Rossland & Trail Creek Mining Company's property will stand high among the producing mines of the District.

TO INVESTORS

We would say that, in determining whether or not they should place their capital in this Company's stock, they should consider:

(1) The number of properties, extent of ground and number of leads to be worked. Buying stock in this Company with its six full claims at 10 cents, is like buying in most other companies, which have only one claim, at a little better than one cent and a half.

(2) The convenience o situation and the excellent facilities for mining and transportation.

(3) The fact that the promoters have not been dependent upon the sale of Treasury Stock to begin development work, but have, before offering stock for sale, performed sufficient work to demonstrate that they have every prospect of getting a shipping mine.

(4) The high standing of its officers

The officers are:—

Pres.—ANGUS W. YOUNG, Seattle, Wash.

Mgr.—Ex-MAYOR H. WHITE, of Seattle, now of Rossland.

Supt.—M. A. GREEN, Rossland.

Call and see map of Property and learn particulars of Company. Stock in this Company is bound to make you money.

BANK OF BRITISH NORTH AMERICA.

ESTABLISHED IN 1836.

INCORPORATED BY ROYAL CHARTER IN 1840.

Paid-up Capital.....$4,866,666
Reserve Fund.....$1,338,333

LONDON OFFICE—3 Clements Lane, Lombard Street, E. C.

COURT OF DIRECTORS.

J. H. Brodie, E. A Hoare, John James Cater, H. J. B. Kendall, Gaspard Farrer, J. J. Kingsford, Henry R. Farrer, Frederic Lubbock, Richard H. Glyn, Geo. D. Whatman

Secretary—A. G. Wallis.

HEAD OFFICE IN CANADA—St. James St., Montreal.

H. STIKEMAN, General Manager.
J. ELMSLY, Inspector.

BRANCHES IN CANADA.

London, Brantford, Paris, Hamilton, Toronto, Fredericton, N.B., Kingston, Ottawa, Montreal, Quebec, St. John, N.B., Winnipeg, Kaslo, B. C., Halifax, N. S., Rossland, B. C., Sandon, B. C., Victoria, B. C., Vancouver, B.C., Brandon, Man., Trail, B. C.

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GEORGE KYDD, Manager,
Sandon, B. C.

BANK OF BRITISH COLUMBIA

Incorporated by Royal Charter 1862.

Capital (with power to increase).....$2,920,000
Reserve.....$486,666

HEAD OFFICE—60 Lombard St., London, Eng.

BRANCHES:

In British Columbia:—Victoria, Vancouver, New Westminster, Nanaimo, Kamloops, NELSON, KASLO and SANDON (Slocan district).

In the United States:—San Francisco and Portland.

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CANADA:—Canadian Bank of Commerce, Merchants Bank of Canada, the Molsons Bank, Imperial Bank of Canada and Bank of Nova Scotia. UNITED STATES:—Canadian Bank of Commerce (Agency), New York; Bank of Nova Scotia, Chicago. The London and San Francisco Bank, Limited, Tacoma. The Puget Sound National Bank, Seattle. The Exchange National Bank, Spokane. AUSTRALIA AND NEW ZEALAND:—Bank of Australasia. HONOLULU:—Bishop & Co.

HENRY F. MYTTON, Manager
Sandon Branch.

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The Most Direct Route to all Points in Canada, United States and Europe.

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Baggage checked through to destination without change.

The Only Line

operating tourist cars to Toronto, Montreal and Boston without change, also through cars to St. Paul daily.

Luxurious Sleepers and Magnificent Dining Cars on all Trains.

Trains leave Sandon, 8 o'clock, daily, connections with steamers for the north, except Monday; and south daily, except Sundays.

Call on nearest C. P. R. agent for further particulars, it will save you time and money.

A. C. McARTHUR, agent, Sandon; H. M. Macgregor, traveling passenger agent, Nelson; Geo. McL. Brown, district passenger agent, Vancouver.

JOB PRINTING.

Every Style and kind done in the most Artistic Manner....

The Mining Review.

MOUNTAIN ECHOES.

The yacht Myrtle has been launched at Slocan City.

Rossland and Spokane now have a telephone connection.

Frank Hartrenger has opened the Reco laundry at the West end.

The Portmann Bros. are opening the Greentree Hotel on the Cody road about the 15th of next month.

Messrs. Millar & Bisbois have erected a saw mill at New Denver, cutting 15,000 feet of lumber a day.

Remember, The REVIEW has unexcelled facilities for all forms of commercial and other job printing.

Mr. R. Cunning is having the Sandon Hotel painted which will very greatly improve its appearance.

The city council of Nelson have trouble in selecting a cemetery ground. They ought to do like Sandonites—never die.

Contractor M. Veigh has 75 men at work on the railway from Slocan City to Slocan Crossing on the Columbia & Kaslo road.

Trail band boys gave money to Prof. Calhoun to purchase instruments for them. The Prof. has skipped and so has the money.

Williams and Annance are fittin up their new hotel in great shape They expect their license in a day or two and will then open in full blast.

Johnston & Haines are overhauling their tinshop, putting in a new front and making other improvements, preparatory to putting in a stock of hardware.

All the leading daily papers, all the latest magazines, and all the latest novels are being recived at Cliffe's, the Leading bookstore, and sold at eastern prices.

One can form an idea of things in this town when we say the place has three hotel buildings that cost nearly $50,000, with coarse lumber at $12.50 and good ceiling and flooring at $20 per M.

C. E. Wood, P.L.S., is at present engaged in a survey of the townsite of Aylwin, on Ten Mile creek, near the Enterprise mine. Lots are being staked off, and it is expected that they will be on the market within a few days.

The Rossland Miner suggests that there should be an investigation into the affairs of the O. K. mine of which J. L. Warner was manager. It declares there was rascality somewhere, which is bringing the powder near Warner's nose.

Notwithstanding Mr. Levi's loss of over $3,000 in the destruction of his hotel and all by fire, he was in town buying to make another start, on Friday. All will be pleased to see him succeed as such a resolution deserves success.

With two trains a day each way between Sandon and Nakusp and boat connections at Rosebery for New Denver, Silverton and Slocan City, as we are to have after July 1st there will be no excuse for the absence of a daily mail to Sandon.

Something ought to be done by the government to improve the road between Cody and Sandon. There is in store a large lot of interchangable traffic between these two towns that ought to be done, but will not be done unless the road is much improved.

A school meeting will be held in the school house at 11 o'clock on the 26th, to elect three trustees for the school. As our educational interests are of much importance to the place, it is to hoped there will be a good turn out and that capable, progressive men will be elected.

Capt Reed, of the Illicilliwaet was crushed to death at Arrowhead on Tuesday last. He got caught between a freight car coming down the pier and the fender of the Nakusp tied to the landing. In a few moments after he was caught life was extinct. He belonged to Vancouver and leaves a wife and family.

The Canadian prison reports credit British Columbia with having in prison the largest percentage of any province in the Confederation, 11.5 to the 10,000. The wonder is that the percentage is not larger, when it is taken into account the province has such a large percentage of foreigners, and the nature of the leading employment of the country.

Harris' new block is going ahead rapidly. It will cost when completed nearly $20,000. The first flat will consist of offices for a bank and two stores. The second flat will have offices and a hall for a secret society. Annance and Williams's new block will be finished in a few days and will cost something like the same money, but as yet we have not the figures exactly in either block.

W. H. Hollyar, of Brandon, Man., who has some interests at Silverton, was in town Monday, on his way through the country. He says he had a conversation with Eli Carpenter, of Carpenter Creek fame, one of the best posted mining men of the country. Mr. Carpenter says the Sandon section is in the centre of the slate country, and to his mind of the silver bearing territory. Spurs may run out in all directions but the centre is here, granite rock rarely possesses good silver veins.

The following should have been added to the article on page three entitled "Better Postal Services Required": Mr. McLagan moved and Mr. Marani seconded: That in the opinion of this meeting and in consequence of there being a daily train and steamer the post office officials be urged to increase the Kootenay service from a tri-weekly to a daily one, the importance of the Kootenay trade being now such as to demand the change suggested; copies of this resolution to be the sent Postmaster-General and the members of the Dominion House. Carried. It was suggested that a deputation meet General Superintendent Whyte of the C. P. R., regarding freight rates to the Kootenay. It was decided after some discussion to have a special meeting of the Board to appoint a deputation to meet Mr. Whyte.

Squatters in Nelson are being uprooted by the dozen.

D. W. McGregor is trustee for the new townsite of Lemon Greek.

Mr. Terrell's mill at Cody is cutting 15,000 feet of lumber a day for a Tacoma firm.

Silverton is going to have a newspaper. They are clustering very close around Brother Lowry.

Parties wishing a cool refreshing dish of ice cream or a meal at any hour would do well to go to the Kootenay Hotel.

On Sunday Spokane beat Rossland at base ball—and of course it was base when played on Sunday—in a score of 20 to 19.

Mr. Spencer is giving a dance in his opera house to-morrow afternoon and evening. His arrangements are complete for a successful gathering.

A strong committee of the officials of the Great Northern Railway are making a tour of the Slocan country, having been in Sandon this week, whatever the trip may mean.

Superintendent Bellinger of the British Columbia Smelting & Refining company, is busy now carrying on his experiments in the new refining plant which has just been completed. The experiments are being carried on in private, as a peculiar process will be used. The first regular charge may be run through next week.

Barrys and McQueen's two new hotels under construction at Slocan City were blown to the ground by wind on Monday last. The Pioneer man must have opened his bellows.

It must have been somewhere around Sandon that Noah built his ark, as he could have got the 40 days and 40 nights' rain here without any special interposition of Providence.

The appearance of prospectors going out with their backs burdened reminds one of the cuts "Christian" and "Hopeful" that used to be in the illustrated editions of Pilgrim's Progress years ago.

A citizen remarks that with evergreens as easily obtained as they are here, our citizens should make an effort to decorate the town for Jubilee day. The work ought to be done Monday evening if possible.

The public would like to know who has authorized Reddington, Jackson & Co., Rossland, to quote the market prices of mining stocks in B. C. They may be able to quote their own personal opinions, but that is all they know about it.

Thursday evening at Black's hotel was the occasion of a whist party given by Mr. Frank S. Kennedy and wife, this being the anniversary of their first year of wedded life. Among those present were Mr. and Mrs. R. J. Brodie, Mesdames Randall, Barbour, the Misses Hanna Connelly, Marie Garlock, Katie Smith and Mary Smith, Messrs. Chas. Hunter, C. Hastings, Hugh Fayle, Ben Sievertson and J. Bristle. The ladies' and gents' first prizes were won by Miss Katie Smith and Frank S. Kennedy respectfully, and Miss H. Connelly and J. Bristle secured the booby prizes.

PERSONAL MENTION.

Dan McGillvray, the mining man, is in town.

J. H. Dawson is now customs collector at Nakusp.

Mrs. Carbray joined her husband here from Detroit.

F. W. Peters, the western freight agent of the C. P. R., was in town today.

Warren C. Bogue, of the Colorado Iron Works, Denver, was in town Friday.

The Hon. D. W. Higgins and Dr. Jones, of Victoria, are visiting in the Slocan country.

Miss L. and A. Williams and Miss Campbell, all of Victoria, are going to spend a season with friends in Sandon.

The wife of Lieut. Portman has reached the city, and with his frau, Herr Portman is happy, somedimes now.

Mr. Hill, who kept an assay office here for some time, leaves in a day or two for Duncan City to open out in business there.

J. A. Mitchell, one of the wheat kings of Winnipeg, and who has mining interests about Whitewater, was at the Goodenough yesterday.

Mr. Kydd, of the Bank of B. N. A. who has been at Slocan City for some time opening the agency there, is being relieved by Mr. McKenzie, of Montreal, and will shortly return to his duties here.

WITH ALL HER FAULTS.

I.

When I was but a lad,
Long ago,
This simple lore I had,
Don't you know,
That every maiden fair
Was an angel unaware,
And I wondered when and where
The wings would grow.

II.

But wiser now am I,
A good deal,
Tho' I've sometimes seen them fly,
Yet feel
They are something just between
Man and angel in their mien,
Since my Phillida I've seen
On her wheel.

III.

She does not show a sign
Of a wing;
But her figure is divine,
And the fling
Of her abbreviated gown,
As she flickers through the town,
Might buy the throne and crown
Of a king!

IV.

No halo of a saint
Does she wear,
Such as Lippo loved to paint;
But her hair—
As when all heaven streams
Thro' the landscape of my dreams—
In such glory floats and gleams
On the air!

V.

But not all for heaven she,
Not too good!
Yet she's good enough for me
In any mood,
And if her dashing wheel
Took her even to the deil,
Thither, too, I'd gently steal—
Yes, I would!

—CHARLES G. D. ROBERTS.

A BUSINESS REVIVAL.

An Illustrated Series of Verses on the Situation.

1—"How's business with you?" I asked of the printer man.
And he said without looking up
From the case of type he was "setting" from:
"With me it is picking up."

2—To a sewing girl next was my query put:
"How's business with you dear friend?"
She stitched a patch as she sweetly said:
"With me it is in the mend."

3—The cobbler's shop I next dropped in,
And asked: "How's business to-day?"
He trimmed a sole as he slow replied:
"I'm always paying away."

Notice.

Notice is hereby given that at the expiration of one month from first publication here of the undersigned will apply to the Stipendiary Magistrate, for the district of West Kootenay, for a license to sell liquors by retail, at the hotel situated on the Cody road, and known as the Greentree Hotel.
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