The Mining Review.

VOL. 1. NO. 3. SANDON, B. C., SATURDAY, JUNE 26, 1897. PRICE FIVE CENTS.

THE DIAMOND JUBILEE.

A Great Day Nor Sandon.

Over 1,000 Visitors in the City.

Considerable anxiety existed for some days in the minds of the committee to whom was entrusted, by our citizens, the management of Tuesday, as to the kind of weather we were likely to have.

On account of June being generally a wet month, and a little wetter than usual this year, the committee would willingly have adjourned proceedings to another month, if the queen had only adjourned her coronation 60 years ago; but as she did not consider Sandon weather at the time, there was no help for it but face the elements as they might be, and run chances. Some thought erecting an aerial canopy from hill to hill and dispense with even sunshine, if sunshine was willed, but Peter Annance, Chas. Hunter and others who have more confidence in the weather king than some of frailer humanity said, "No, we will take our chances in the unroofed firmament." They took them, and won, for though there were a few slight showers, the day was a favorable one. The morning was ushered in by the "booming" of cannon, at 4 o'clock under the hands o' gunners Black and Cunning, so the REVIEW scribe is advised, as he was not up early enough to see the early expressions of loyalty, for himself, though he was awakened at the first sound of the signal gun. From the close of the cannon salutations of early day until the arrival of the Kaslo train at 10.30, the people generally occupied themselves in the erection of evergreens and miscellaneous decorations, one citizen vieing with another, until Reco Ave. from end to end was one display of Union Jacks, tri colors and other bunting. During the interval C.D. Hunter, Marshal of the day, and his aides-de-camp occupied themselves skirmishing around getting everything in perfect order for the visitors. Promptly on time came the Kaslo train with about 200 of the youth and beauty of that and intervening points, at 11.15 the C. P. R. express arrived with over 300 from Slocan City, New Denver, Three Forks and other points, accompanied by the New Denver brass band of some 14 players. They played well together but would have discoursed much sweeter music with the aid of reed instruments. On the arrival of the train the band and following of citizens paraded Reco Ave., marshaled by Mr. Hunter and associates until the noon hour. Our visitors being re-inforced in the meantime by one or two hundred more people on the incoming freights.

Next followed the contestation for prizes resulting as follows:

FOOT RACES.

100 yard race, 1st Gus. Wright, 2nd. Mitchell. Prizes, cash $10.00 and $5.00.

Three-legged race—1st, Smith and Smith; 2nd, Mitchell and Grimmett. Prizes, cash $5 and $2.

Fat Man's race—1st O. E. Desmond; 2nd, R. A. Wise. Prize cash $5 and $2.

Prospectors race, 50 lb. pack, 50 yds. —1st, W. C. Gibbs; 2nd, Jno. Smith. Prizes, cash $5 and flour.

JUMPING.

Standing broad jump, 10 ft. 6 in.—1st, Fred Richie, 2nd, W. C Gibb. Prizes, $5 and $2.

Running broad jump, 16 ft. 7in.—1st, J. H. Smith; 2nd, W. C. Gibb. Prizes, cash $5 and $2.

Standing three jumps, 32 ft. 2in.—1st, Harrington; 2nd, Richis. Prizes, $5 and $2.

HORSE RACING.

L. Willey's horse "Billy"	3rd,	2nd,	2nd.
Hammond's Greasy Buck	1	4	1
D.C. Fletcher's "Jemmie"	4	3	
I.W. Black's "Colonel Spot"	2	1	3

Greasy Buck won first money $50, and Colonel Spot second money $25. Entrance fee $30.

MULE RACE.

Bob Hammond's mule won first money $15; and Bartlett's "Pete" secured second money $10. No entrance fee.

DRILLING MATCH.

(Regulation time 15 minutes).

Whitewater team In. drilled 26¼	Swan Peterson. W. Mason
Reco team In. drilled 22 1-16	Evan Caukish Ned Kline.
Goodenough team In drilled 25¾	Alex. McLeod John Maloney
Corinth team In drilled 19¼	J. Talthy Ed. Gallehan
Rambler team In drilled 27 3-16	Dan Murphy (Candlestick Dan) W. Lawlor

The Rambler team won first money $150 which indeed they deserve taking into account the great obstacle with which they had to contend, and that was the dusk. The Whitewater team secured second money $50.

The base ball match was won by Kaslo, defeating Sandon in a score of 14 to 1.

The following are the players:

Kaslo.	Position.	Sandon.
Davy	catcher	Power
Coffman	pitcher	Nolan.
Borchers	1st base	Blackwood.
Smith	2nd base	Good.
Green	3rd base	Campeau.
Drennan	short stop	Welsh.
Bidwell	left field	Taggart.
Clark	centre field	Williams.
Rankin	right field	Cavanaugh.

Score by innings:

Kaslo	3 3 4 4 0 0 0 0—14.
Sandon	0 0 0 1 0 0 0 0— 1.

The lacrosse match was not played as contrary to programme the base ball teams were given precedence.

Commenting on the manner in which the committee handled their part of the programme, we may state they gave satisfaction. We must also not withhold the mention of Chief Hamilton, who did excellent work in keeping perfect order throughout the day.

In the evening dances were held in Spencer's hall and the new stable which were decorated for the occasion. In the latter place some 140 couples congregated where a few happy hours were spent. The music was furnished by the Denver band. In Spencer's hall some 100 couples gathered, and the music was supplied by an orchestra. Prizes that were offered for the best lady and gentlemen dancers were secured by the following: Ladies 1st prize, silk dress, won by Mrs. Kennedy; 2nd, box French confectionery Miss McCrae. Gentlemen's, 1st prize, smoking jacket, Arthur Degaut; 2nd briar pipe, John Rickson.

French Capitalists Here.

L. Chouillon, of Rouen, Looking Over the Ground.

In quaint, but readable characters, the name of L. Chouillon, Rouen, France," was inscribed on the register of the Arlington hotel last Saturday afternoon. This fact did not convey much information to the average person, but a News man has learned that it may turn out to be quite significant before the summer is gone.

Mr. Chouillon informed a representative of the News that he was making a tour of investigation and inspection of the Kootenay country mineral resources in behalf of extensive monied interests in sunny France. He had already spent some little time in the Rossland and other districts, was now virtually on his way home. His limited time permitted but a short stay in Slocan City, but he expressed himself as very favorably impressed. While here he went up Springer creek and made a brief examination of the well known Tamarack, Viking and Phoenix mines.

Mr. Chouillon said that he was not here to consider claims with fancy prices, and would not under any circumstances. He disclaimed being an expert himself, but was merely representing his friends, the French capitalists, and was making a general survey of the British Columbian mineral fields. That the impressions made on him in regard to this district were favorable, even from his limited observation, cannot be doubted, as he stated that he intended to return to Slocan City by the 1st of August. As he will then bring a French mining engineer with him it is evident that he means business, and will come with that end in view if properties and prices are satisfactory.—Slocan News.

Engineers' Meeting.

A meeting of the British Columbia Association of Mining Engineers was held in New Denver last Thursday, among others present were: H. West, A. R. S. M.; A. J. Colquhoun, M. E.; F. Moncton, F. G. S.; A. Dick, Captain Morrish and A. M. Bucke. It was decided to affiliate with the Canadian Mining Federation, also to make arrangements for a grand rally and banquet in Vancouver next January. The association which aims to be representative of the mining engineers and mine owners of British Columbia, has upwards of 80 members, all of whom are men of standing in the profession.—Ledge.

The Exchange Group.

Another deal is on for the Exchange group, Springer creek, this time the sale is made to Alexander Dick for Sir Charles Tupper, Ottawa, at $42,500. These properties were originally bought from Messrs. Boie and Isaacson, by the Bremner syndicate. Later they were turned over to the syndicate represented by R. C. Campbell Johnston, which failed to make the first payment. It now looks as if the property were about to be placed in the hands of a Canadian company that has capital, and will work it. An extension of time has been allowed the Bremner syndicate from Jun. 6 to July 15.—Ledge.

A SERIOUS ACCIDENT.

Mr. Bennett Has a Miraculous Escape From Instant Death.

An accident befel Mr. Wm. Bennett, foreman of the Slocan Star mine, on Wednesday afternoon last, and no one can even imagine how it did not result in instant death. It appears he was up in the cutting between the 3rd and the 4th tunnels, looking after the operations of the mine, and by some means wholly unknown to him, he slipped and fell a distance of 60 feet on the rough and broken rocks below, and yet escaped from broken bones and internal injuries, as far as his physician, Dr. Powers, at present can tell. He appears to have lost consciousness from the moment he slipped, expecting no doubt, nothing but sudden death from the frightful consequences. Though consciousness returned soon after he was picked up, he appears to have no knowledge of what happened during his descent, nor for some time after. He is, of course, badly bruised externally and there are evidences of his having struck something in his descent which broke the force of the fall that otherwise should have had the worst results. He is at present as comfortable as his condition will allow, and the doctor thinks he will be around again in a reasonable time, but of course he cannot tell the exact nature of the injuries received by his patient for some days to come.

Here and There.

T. A. Garland has bought a three-quarter interest in the townsite of Anaconda for $10,000.

Kaslo beat Rossland on the home grounds on Saturday last, in a score of 8 to 1 at base ball.

The $8,000 opera house at Trail is rapidly nearing completion and will be finished by July 1st.

It is rumored that the C. P. R. repair shops at Vancouver will be removed to Revelstoke at an early date.

Again on Sunday Kaslo base ballists beat Rossland, at Kaslo, in a score of 10 to 9 at the end of 9 innings.

Mr. R. A. Renwick, editor of the Nelson Tribune, will, on Monday the 28th inst., be married in Victoria, to a Miss McMicken of that city.

Arthur Bernard Buckworth, of Quartz Creek; John Bangs, of Fire Valley; John Black McKilligan, of Kaslo and James M. Anderson, of Kaslo are now Justices of the Peace.

The United States government has put a revenue cutter on the upper Kootenay river. The steamer is called the Wild Horse, and is well adapted for the service required of her.

The Mineral City Townsite Company, with a capital of $21,600, was registered at Victoria last week. The company is organized to purchase the townsite six miles up Cariboo Creek.

James Houstan and Alexander McDonald have offered $100 reward for the recovery of the body of Jack Bothan, better known as Keno Jack, who was drowned last week in the Columbia river.

The surveyors gang has passed through Galena Bay surveying a line from Lardeau through the pass opposite Whiskey point to the Big Falls in Galena Bay. Mr. Cary, C. E., is in charge.

Acting Government Agent Goepel is the authority for the statement that work will be commenced in a few days on the New Denver-Three Forks wagon road. The cost of the road will be met chiefly by public subscription.

Harry Taylor, of somewhere, and Mrs. Kercheval, of Spokane, have been creating quite a sensation around Rossland, Grand Forks and elsewhere as Mr. and Mrs. Taylor. The result of the sensation is the Mrs. has returned to Spokane and detectives are hunting for the "Mr".

J. J. White, the pioneer miner of the Boundary country, and owner of the Boundary Falls hotel was killed on Friday last week by falling from a wagon drawn by a runaway team. In the early days of Portage la Prairie "Jim" kept a hotel there.

Galena Has been pretty busy for some days past. First came the telegraph liners who struck two lines from Arrowhead going south. Next followed a gang of choppers to clear 40 acres of Rosenheim townsite which, with the 40 already cleared, will make a good showing; this contract has been taken by H. Cossar, of Hall's Landing. To-day Genelle's tug and scows landed a cargo of horses which, with a large force of men, will be used in taking out timber here where they have limits containing millions of feet.

Communication.

To the Editor of The Mining Review:

DEAR SIR,—It will, I think, be generally admitted that the Diamond Jubilee celebration held in Sandon was, with one notable exception, a great success. On the whole the various committees deserve praise for the manner in which the affair was carried out. But I think a most deplorable mistake was made in allowing the base ball game to supplant the lacrosse game, and I think so for several reasons.

As I understand the matter it was arranged some weeks ago with the general committee that the Slocan City lacrosse club should send a team here to play our club. The team came and were the guests of the committee and of the people of Sandon generally. It was only on the 21st that it was settled that the Kaslo base ball team (a lot of paid, professional, imported Americans) should play a scratch team from Sandon for a large purse (good money carried away) and expenses. Without more, then it would appear to me that the lacrosse teams should have been given the precedence, as the game was the first arranged and the players were amateurs and our own citizens. Further, when we consider the nature of the holiday and that lacrosse is the national game of Canada, the action of the sports committee seems incomprehensible. It must not be forgotten too that large numbers of spectators went to see a lacrosse match, and instead had to pay to see a very indifferent game of base ball. I hope next year when we celebrate it will be borne in mind that we are in Canada, and that lacrosse is the national game, and not base ball. To say the least the Slocan City lacrosse club is entitled to a humble apology from the committee for the way it has been treated.

CANADIAN.

A BIG SLOCAN DEAL.

Idaho, Alamo and Associated Properties Sold to a Scotch Syndicate.

New Denver, June 21.—An important meeting of three big companies is being held here to-day, which it is understood will result in the transfer of some of the best known properties in the Slocan country. The companies interested are the Adams Mining company, the Slocan Mill company and the Slocan Tramway company. It is understood the property of these companies, and the Cumberland Mining company, as well as the control of the Idaho mines, will pass over to the Scottish Colonial Gold Fields Co., Limited, Edinburg, Scotland, represented by McIver Campbell, of Vancouver, B. C., and London, early next month. The consideration and terms are not made public, but it is said to be in the neighborhood of $400,000. Among those representing the companies are W. H. Yawkey, of Detroit; Frank Con, of Duluth; and Captain N. D. Moore,

The properties sold are: The Almo group, consisting of these claims: The Almo, Twin Lakes, Ivy Leaf, Clarence, Hampton, Victory, one half of the Continental and the Morning.

The Cumberland Mining company's holdings: The Cumberland, Daisy, Eastern, Thistle and one half of High Ore.

The Idaho Mining company's properties: Control of the Idaho and St. John mineral claims.

The Slocan Mill companies' holdings: The mill site, a 100 ton concentrator, ore bins, water rights on Howson and Carpenter creeks, residences, office buildings, etc., located on the Canadian Pacific track, one mile west of Three Forks.

The Slocan Tramway company's property: Seven thousand feet of gravity tramway and terminal, with right of way, and three mineral claims —The Current, Tramway and Cedar. - Spokane Spokesman Review,

JAIL ESCAPE AT NELSON.

Woods and McDonald Succeed in Gaining Their Liberty.

Nelson, June 24.—James Woods, who was charged with the murder of Samuel L. Wood, near Nelson; last October, and James McDonald, accused of the burglary of a cigar store here, escaped from jail to-night. Woods succeeded in grabbing Constable Wisearl's pistol from him when his back was turned and then at the point of the gun forced him into a cell. He also locked up a number of trustees. Government Agent Goepel saw the men jumping over the fence and gave the alarm. A large number of citizens are hunting them. Chief of Provincial Police Hussey offered $250 reward for their capture. The assize court is in session and true bills have been returned to-day against both of them.

CALGARY FLOODED.

Over 60 Families Driven Out of Their Homes.

A Cloudburst and Continued Rain the Trouble.

On June 17th Calgary was visited by a very disastrous cloud-burst, which with the heavy rains of the previous days caused the Bow and Elbow rivers to overflow their banks. The Elbow rose six feet in the night. The flats of the city were soon submerged and had it not been for the prompt action of the fire brigade and the Mounted Police, who valiantly worked all night with teams and wagons removing the residents, serious losses of life might have resulted. As it is many of the citizens are heavy losers by the destruction to property. The C. P. R. is a heavy loser as miles of track and several bridges were washed away. Traffic was entirely suspended for a time, but soon the company by making transfer sent the detained travellers on their respective ways. In consequence of the washouts mails from the east have not reached the west for about a week.

LARGE GOLD STRIKE.

Nelson, June 21.—The most important gold strike ever made in the Nelson district is reported from the Granite claim, owned by J. P. Swedberg and adjoining the Poorman group on Forty-Nine creek. It appears that Mr. Swedberg has done about $1,000 worth of work on the claim, principally ground sluicing, in the hope of finding the ledge, and his efforts have proved successful. The ledge was sluiced clear to the boundary line of the White, one of the Poorman group, and it is said to be a solid five-foot vein of ore, free milling and very high grade.

The same ledge runs through the White and the strike of Mr. Swedberg establishes the fact that the ledge is continuous and an extraordinary large body of ore. The White mine has about 400 or 500 tons of ore on its dump and it is a much higher grade than any ever found in the Poorman. The latter mine is being worked steadily and the tunnel is now in 28 feet.

A carload of ore from the Howard Fraction on the Slocan lake will leave to-morrow for the Nelson smelter.

MANSON NOT INDICTED.

Alleged Slayer of John Dyer a Free Man Once More.

Nelson, June 24.—The grand jury did not find a true bill against James Manson, charged with the murder of John Dwyer. Ethel Clayton was acquitted of the charge of enticing girls under age to disreputable resorts.

It will be remembered that James Manson was committed for trial on December 23 by Justice Townsend for the murder of John Dwyer on the night of December 12, at the Club restaurant on Spokane street. Although the evidence produced at the coroner's inquest showed that Dwyer died from laceration of the spleen, it was as much as proven that if it had been done by Manson, who had quarrelled with Dwyer earlier in the day, the man could not have lived as long as he did.

Manson, who was foreman at the Red Eagle, has many friends in Rossland who will be pleased to learn that he has not been indicted. It is expected that he will return to Rossland at once.

Nearly 60 Companies Organized.

W. C. Archer, who returned from London last week after an absence of over four months, said in reference to the London market: "I believe there are nearly 60 companies registered in London for operation in British Columbia, and it seems to be quite a general opinion that there will be a very active interest taken in London in British Columbia mining properties this fall or the coming spring.",

A Another Rich Strike.

A rich strike has been made on the North Fork of the Salmon river on the Castle, one of a group of six claims known as the castle group, situated near the well known Porto Rico group, which latter is under bond to W. H. Corbould, a Canadian Pacific Exploration company. The claims belong to E. F. Massam, P. Quinlan, J. R. Massam and others, of Rossland. E. F. Massam brought to the Miner office yesterday a quantity of the quartz found on the Castle. One can immediately see the striking resemblance it bears to the ore from the Porto Rico, which is very rich in both gold and copper.

The castle ledge shows three feet of solid quartz, carrying iron pyrites and copper. The copper is a rich chalcopyrite. Two assays made here in Rossland show $42 and $44. The copper runs about 16 per cent., the remainder of the value being in gold with a little silver. The quartz brought in by Mr. Massam is very rich looking. Mr. Massam says the ledge appears to be the same as that from which the very rich ore is being taken on the Porto Rico. The owners will immediately sink 30 feet on the ore body.—Rossland Miner.

Slocan City News.

Steps have been inaugurated by the editor of one of our papers to establish some form of local government for the town, and a meeting called to discuss the ways and means to carry out the project. The proposal is that a board composed of property holders and bona fide citizens of the town shall be elected at a public meeting called for the purpose, and after such election this board shall be sub-divided into committees who will be charged to watch the interests of the town as regards fire, sanitary arrangements, and to look to the general enforcement of the provincial statutes in the community. The experiment, for experiment it is as far as the Kootenays are concerned, will be looked upon with interest by all towns that have not yet reached the stage that would warrant asking for incorporation.

H. P. Christie, who has been acting as provincial constable at this point for the last two months, has received official notice of his appointment to the position of mining recorder for the new division of Slocan City. The town will be the official center of the division, and a record office will be erected office will be erected or purchased almost immediately. Mr. Christie's appointment is a popular one with the citizens and mining men.

Lemon Creek News.

The Cold Blow will commence work this week. It is considered a very valuable property and a few week's work will make a big showing. This group is being handled by a very strong company.

The Black Prince groupe will put a large force of men to work as soon as the road is completed up Lemon creek. A great deal of work has been done on this property with splendid results.

Manager Shaw of the Queen Dido group has at present a couple of men on his property. He is anxiously awaiting the completion of a new road, like many others. It costs 10 cents to have stuff packed up to the group at present.

Work is be rapidly pushed on the Black Bess and B. C. D. W. McGregor, mining engineer, has the work in charge. He has every reason to believe that they will come to the front before before very long.

The White Rose is a claim that is heard of a great deal at present, It has, like a great many claims on Lemon creek, made big progress during its first assessment.

Election of Officers.

The first annual meeting of the stock holders of the Selkirk Mining and Milling company was held at the office of the company here on Thursday. The following officers were elected: President, J. A. Smith; vice-president, Thomas Brown; secretary-treasurer, W. W. Fallows; directors, M. A. Lane, F. J. Golden, G. H. Wright and M. L. Grimmett. Next week we will give a description of the property of the company.

Noble Five Directorate.

The directors of the Noble Five Mining and Milling company met at the office of the company in Spokane last Tuesday and C.D. Rand, of Vancouver, was elected director, vice J. F. Cutler, resigned. F. J. Hoffman of Spokane was elected secretary, vice J. F. Cutler. This change in the directorate is due to the recent big change in stocks, Mr. Rand, it will be remembered, having purchased over 200,000 shares of Noble Five stock within a period of five weeks.

Annual School Meeting.

Sandon had its first annual school meeting this morning. Mr. M. L. Grimmett explained the law on the election of trustees when J. A. Smith was chosen for three years, A. Crawford for two, and J. H. Lilly for one. As there was no other business before the meeting a prompt adjournment followed after a fifteen minute session.

MINING BRIEFS.

Condensed for Busy People.

The Noble Five is shipping a car of ore daily

W. Benner has a half interest in the Sophia on Milford creek now.

The Argo is getting ready for a second shipment of ore shortly.

A gang of six men went out the other day to do development work on the Silver Plume.

J. L. Pearsoll and H. Williams have left for the Illicilliwaet country to do development work.

H. R. Cameron an insurance man of Nelson, and J. H. Brock in the same line in Winnipeg are in town.

It is given out as a fact that the Pilot Bay smelter and belongings are to change hands on the 1st prox.

The Three Forks concentrator began operations on Monday with several men employed. They have considerable work ahead.

Three Forks is coming to the front again in mining finds. G. Petty has found a ledge five feet wide, close to the surface, that shows 1,100 ozs. of silver to the ton.

M. J. W. Sutherland, from San Francisco, who is examining the resources of Kootenay for some Californian investors, was in town on Thursday. He will visit the Lardeau and Trout Lake districts.

Dan. McNeil representing a Colorado syndicate at Cripple creek is in the city looking up investments. He says the English capital invested there is wending its way to the Slocan country as fast as it can.

A tunnel 215 feet in length is now being cut in the Selkirk, and seven men are working in the shafts. There is a well defined ledge containing carbonate of ore, and the prospects in all respects are most promising.

The shipments from the Slocan Star continue steadily, and the ore is if anything improving. Of the concentrates the results are 80 oz. of silver and 65 per cent. lead. The company now have 95 men at work in the mines and 15 at the concentrator. They are shipping regularly 20 tons per day of concentrates and crude ore from time to time as circumstances call for it.

John Thomas, of Rossland, local manager of the British Columbia Exploration company, of Tacoma, Wash., yesterday purchased for $20,000 from Schultz & White, the Ottawa, near Trout Lake, in the Lardeau country. Joe Young has just returned from an examination of the property and it is upon his recommdation the purchase was made. The B. C. Exploration company was organinized last fall and the Ottawa is the first property it has purchased.—Rossland Miner.

Wm. Karr, of this town, and associates, appear to have made a fortunate strike on Lemon Creek, 2 miles from the new townsite. They struck a locality that has six distinct ledges parallel on the side of a hill of granite and limestone. Surface indications in 4 are galena and ruby and gold in the other two. The ledges vary from 6 to 22 inches in width. An assay has been made showing $48 in gold and 8 oz. of silver. The company have done the necessary work so far to conform to the law, but are undecided as to their future course.

The Cameronian.

One of the most valuable properties on Lemon creek is that of the Cameronian Gold and Silver Mining Company. As the principal owners and officers of the company are Sandon men, a brief description of this property may not be out of place. The company owns two claims, the Cameronian and Hadnorian situated about three miles from the mouth of Lemon creek. On the Cameronian is a very strong ledge with a pay streak of from three to five feet of rich, gold and silver ore. A large number of assays of the ore show an average assay of about $100 in gold and 75 oz. silver per ton. Some $2,500 have been spent in development and at present there are on the dump about 70 tons of ore awaiting shipment. The company do not intend shipping any until a trail has been built up Lemon creek from the C. P. R. crossing; it is reported that the trail will be built at once. Development work on the property will be pushed ahead with vigor. Those who have examined this property say that it is bound to become one of the big mines of the Slocan. From what we can learn we judge that an investment in the stock of this company will prove a profitable one. The president of the comyany is J. R. Cameron and the Secretary-Treasurer, M. L. Grimmett,

The Mining Review

SANDON, BRITISH COLUMBIA,
SATURDAY.....JUNE 26, 1897.

SUBSCRIPTION $2.00 PER YEAR
STRICTLY IN ADVANCE.

A MINT FOR CANADA.

That Canada with its present population, mineral resources and status as a country, is to this day sending its bullion to England to be coined, being without a mint of its own, is a statement many of our readers may not be prepared for, but it is none the less a fact; and that the Canadian government is not making an effort to establish one is another fact calling for much consideration. Canada has had no gold coined for itself the last 15 years, though it has some of the most important gold mines in the world; but it has had $3,705,640 worth of silver and copper coined in that time by Great Britain netting a profit of $998,100 to that country during that time. But this is not all. There is at present upwards of $10,000,000 in gold in the Canadian treasury and $8,000 or more in the hands of the chartered banks, and all American coin. Why Canada is not coining this but but allowing a foreign country to make the seigniorage or profit on the conversion of bullion to coin, that ought to go into the pockets of our own people, is a problem calling for the attention of our statesmen. The profits on the coinage of silver alone in the United States last year was over two and a half millions and nearly $80,000,000 since 1878, the one-fifth of which should have gone into our treasury, population considered, if silver was as freely used here as it might be, and coined in our own mints. For the past thirty years the value of the gold output of Canadian mines is quite $75,000,000, British Columbia contributing four-fifths of that. Nearly all of this has been shipped to the United States at a loss of 5 per cent. to the country, showing that with our own coinage, coining for the United States, instead of importing coin from them, we should be nearly four millions better off financially, to say nothing of the service of the employment of labor involved in the production. Nor is the cost of coinage a consideration against the industry. For our coinage in England of $3,705,640 the past fifteen years we paid the Royal mint and a Birmingham firm $128,115, but, of course, production at home would be less than even that. Machinery for the production of two million pieces year in the United States costs but $25,000 a year, a building need not be expensive, and a few thousands for skilled labor. In fact the mintage of our entire mineral product need cost but little more than we are now paying Great Britain for the coinage of silver and copper only.

With smelters and other refining institutions now in operation in British Columbia, and the march of progress indicating a largely increased mineral output and the improvement of machinery to perfect our bullion, the keener the necessity for mintage appears on the surface.

There are two mints in Australia, some in India, Calcutta and Bombay; and in Canada where our constitution gives us full control over our own coinage, there is none.

Paper currency is not a currency at all but merely a promise on the part of the government and the banks using it, to pay the standard currency of the world when asked to do so. Only nine countries in the world have less silver than Canada, and this country has not one-fourth of what is required for actual use, a statement the banks of this province at least will fully verify if asked for an opinion on the subject. Canada has with all its mining resources but $1.03 in silver for every head of its population, and but about $3.00 in gold, while its total currency is but $9.16 against $24.00 in the United States, $20.00 in Great Britain, $35 in France, $63 in the straits settlements and $28 in Belgium. Commerce must be considerably restricted while this condition of things remains.

The right to establish a mint in Canada (and it should be established in British Columbia where the minerals are found) is not denied. The profit it would be to the country if established is readily apparent from the figures we have quoted, the necessity for it is found in all the commercial operations of the day, and yet our statesmen (?) (ward politicians would be a better name for the half of them) give more of their time to wrangles over appointments to office than such matters of such grave importance to the country.

Whether the object sought by the Federal government will really be gained or not in the recent Mining act, is a question future operations alone can decide. As the result of his recent visit to this country, Minister Blair said in the House the other day the mining interests of British Columbia were all right, and the bill to enable the government, if they see fit to do so, to impose an export duty on ore is to foster smelting in this country. The presumption is that if exporting is weighted with financial burdens, smelting will have to be done here. Well, another step towards building up the industry is the free importation of smelting and concentrating machinery. Instead of forcing a horse to drink a certain water, a better plan would be to give him water he will like to drink, when he requires it. No doubt B. C. miners would prefer smelting in this country, if the smelted article cost them less than the exportation of ore, to smelting at American institutions. The intentions of the government in taking to themselves the power to place an export duty on ore may have been of the very best, but the enforcement of the measure may prove a hardship, if it is to bring about a provincial industry that can be better reached through other channels. If the government will only aid in bringing about such conditions as will greatly reduce the cost of smelting here, the work will be done without compulsion through the enforcement of a tax on the export of ore. It is apparent that this question has more than one side to it, and the government ought to study the others as well as the one.

At the meeting of the mine owners at Rossland, two weeks ago, a resolution was passed expressing support to any powder manufacturing concern that might locate in B.C., as an offset to the combine of the manufacturers else where. The Local government was soundly berated for its tax on timber, cordwood, etc., and a resolution was adopted favoring the free importation of mining machinery. The latter appears but reasonable. The agricultural implement dealers got a reduction of duty on raw materials while the duty on manufactured goods remains unchanged. Now, mining machinery to mining men is the same as raw material to the manufacturer—an element in producing—and if the desire is to use all classes of industries alike, the request of the miners should receive favorable consideration.

The Rossland Miner is giving Mr. Bostock much praise in connection with the construction of the Crow's Nest Pass railway and the early construction of smelters in the country. We believe he has been very active in these matters, but why should that entitle him to special thanks. The one great trouble is too many of our representatives spend much of their time looking after their own interests and berths for relations, while not an inconsiderable number are merely chips in porridge—voting machines only. If Mr. Bostock has simply been doing his duty he is entitled to recognition only, and not to special thanks or overweaning praise.

Mr. Higgins, speaker of the House, is said to be in favor of that curse to any country—politics in provincial matters. We would like some one to tell us what the issues that gave rise to the terms Reform and Conservative in Canada 40 years ago—the struggles for responsible government—have to do with provincial questions in this province?

A Sawmill for Lemon Creek.

McGregor & Co. have recently closed a deal for a saw and shingle mill to be erected at the Lemon Creek townsite, for which they are agents, with the Lemon Creek Sawmill Co., Mr. Bascom, recently of Michigan, as manager. The mill will be ready for turning out lumber within 60 days and will have a capacity of 15,000 feet per day. A clause in the articles of agreement provides for a basic rate of $12.50 per thousand for rough lumber. This was done to protect the interests of the prospective builders. Mr. Balcom recently inspected the mill site and pronounced it one of the best he had ever seen. The timber, which is immediately surrounding the town site, is of the best possible quality. The trees are large and hold their size to the top branches, the ground being free from underbrush.

The erection of some first-class structures will be commenced as soon as the mill begins operations.

A POSSUM SKETCH.

Zeb White, He Tells of His Cantankerous Son Sam.

"Speakin' about cantankerous critters," said old Zeb White, as we sat under one evening, "but I reckon my son Sam, who died five y'ars ago, was about the wust. That boy had a powerful good heart in him as a gineral thing, but thar was days when the devil seemed to hev possession of him. It wasn't no good to switch him, and when he was out o' sorts it wasn't no good to argy with him. He was 15 y'ars old when I cum home from the wah, and his head was sweller up big 'nuff for a man of forty. He finally got so that he felt like rubbin' up agin me. I was at work in the garden one day when he cums home from the Co'ners a-spittin' right and left, and bimeby he cums out to me, and sez:

"'Pop, mebbe yo' calls yo'self the best man on this yere mounting.'

"'Mebbe I do,' sez I, as I looks at him outer my left eye.

"'But yo' ain't, though, and I kin prove it.'

"'Then who is?'

"'He stands right yere befo' yo', and his cognomen ar' Sam White. Dad, I'm goin' to whop yo'.'

"'Better go inter the house, boy, and hev y'or mother gin yo' some bread and butter and 'lasses on it.'

"'But that boy had the wust kind o' swell head,' said the old man, 'and he was airnest in thinkin' he could whop his pop. He gits nigher and nigher, and bimeby he sails fur me. I knowed what was cumin', and befo' he could wink twice I flopped him on his back and then whopped him till he hollered fur mercy. He lived fur two y'ars after that, but he didn't try that game on me no mo'. One day he was down to Bristol, and thar was a circus in town. We went in, and as we was lookin' at the animals one of the lions lies down, with his tail stickin' through the bars of the cage. I seen Sam a-grinnin', and I sez:

"'Young man, don't yo' go and make no fool of yo'rself with that lion!'

"'I'm gwine to pinch that tail,' sez he.

"'What's the use?'

"'I've heard as how they were made o' leather, and had no feelin' in 'em, and I'm goin' to see about it.'

"I didn't say nothin' mo', kase I knowed Sam was bound to hev his way if it busted him. He gits clus to the cage and grabs that tail and gives it a pinch and a twist and then hangs on to it with all his might. The lion jumps up with a roar fit to shake the hills, and in about a minit that full menagerie was upsot and the circus folks a-pilin' on to Sam. One of the older lions in the cage clawed him across the hand, a dog bit him in the leg and them circus folks whopped him till he didn't git out of bed fur six weeks. He was into all jist sich scrapes as that, and the wonder was that he lived as long as he did. The older he growed the mo' cantankerous he got, and one day the ole woman cum to me with tears in her eyes and sez:

"'Zeb White, Sam's a-gittin wurser and wurser all the time, and I'm almost hopin' the Lawd will take him away.'

"'The Lawd couldn't manage him if He did git him,' sez I.

"'Mebbe He could. Mebbe He's got a pen up thar in Heaven to put Sam into and keep him 'till he's bin made over. I'm goin' to dye my shawl black and fix up a mournin' bonnet fur that boy o' ours will be brung home dead befo' he's a month older.'

"Wall, so he was—so he was," said the old man, with a touch of pathos in his voice. "He was down to the Co'ners one day to brow and brag with the crowd a-hangin' out thar in them days, when a man cums ridin' up on a mule to say that Bill Clark's bull had broken out o' the field and was cumin up the road. That bull was a big 'un, and hooked two horses to death. As the man was givin' the alarm, the bull showed up down the road. He was pawin' up the airth, and makin' the heavens quake with his beller, and sich as had horses tied up was mighty spry to set 'em loose and git 'em away. Nobody didn't propose to git in the way of that bull and take chances—nobody but my son Sam. It was a chance fur him to show off, and he riz up and yelled:

"'This is the day I hev bin livin' fur! I'll go fo'th and take that bull by the horns and flop him on his back.'

"The men tried to argy with Sam, but he was sot, and, pullin' off his coat, and flingin' down his hat, he walked out and begins to paw and beller, same as the bull. The critter stops to look at him, and for a minit or two he must hev wondered what it was. Then his eyes began to glare and his tail to stand out, and the crowd hollered to Sam to git over the fence. He never minded 'em, but with a roar and a beller he ran in on the bull."

"And what happened?" I asked, as the old man paused.

"Jest what might have been looked fur," he replied. "Sam was tossed twenty feet at the fust go off, and when that bull got through with him thar wasn't much left to bury. A man cums up to break the news to us. I wasn't home, and he sez to the ole woman:

"'Mrs. White, ar' yo' son, Sam, home to-day?'

"'And do you know why he ain't?'

"'Not exactly, but I reckon it's kase he's sumwhar else.'

"'That's right, Mrs. White—perfeckly right and proper. Y'or son Sam ain't home and ain't cumin home, kase he's got bisness up thar in the land o' angels and golden streets which will detain him fur sum time.'"

"Dis man ain' much fo' drinkin', but it looks powful like he'll hab to git along to-night wif nothin' but er cocktail."

A Plain Tale From the Hills.

It was at a table d'hote dinner at a hill station in India that a very young officer just up from the plains found himself seated next to a lady whom he took for one of the grass widows common in those parts. He made himself agreeable, but his neighbor seemed a good deal out of spirits; so he said, sympathetically:

"I suppose you can't help thinking of your poor husband grilling down below?"

But the lady was a real widow, and when he learned that he changed his seat.—London Vanity Fair.

The Huns.

The first mention of the Huns in history is in China, B.C. 210. They conquered that country and were afterward driven out by the Celestials and marched clear across Asia, penetrating the country now known as Hungary in 376 A.D. For a time they threatened to overrun the whole of the continent, but were defeated in the heart of France and driven back to the banks of the Danube.

Latest Items

PUZZLED PHRENOLOGIST.

The great phrenologist was dazed,
Had lost his usual suavity;
He'd found a man who couldn't be praised
Because of his depravity,
"You are a thief," said he; "I fear
You steal when not prevented."
"But William Shakespeare, he stole deer,"
Said he; "I'm complimented."

"Your temper's bad, you're full of bile,
You rave and fume intensely,"
"Oh, yes," said he, "so did Carlyle;
You honor me immensely."
"But you, sir, you are very vain,
And weakly egotistic,"
"Oh, yes," said he, "just like Montaigne;
You're very eulogistic."

"You are a cynic," "So was Swift,"
"A scoffer," "So was Shelley,"
"For lying you've a mighty gift,"
"Well, so had Machiavelli,"
"But you're conceited, proud and haut;
A base of pride you're built on,"
"Well, so was Michael Angelo,
And Dante, and John Milton."

"Funds left with you would be misused,
Or I am much mistaken;
Men's trust in you would be abused,"
"Why, how like Francis Bacon!
Well, here's your fee; you've done me proud;
You've ransacked history's pages
To rank me with th' illustrious crowd
Of great men of all ages."

—SAM W. FOSS.

TWO MEN FROM BURLINGTON.

They Were Both Charles C. Clark, and Various Complications Resulted.

"Got any mail for Charles C. Clark?" asked one of the guests at the Lindell Hotel of Clerk Lewis last night.

"Well, I did have, but gave it to you an hour ago," was the reply.

"Gave it to me? Why, how's that?" asked the astonished man. "I haven't received any mail at all to-day."

"Isn't your name Charles C. Clark?"

"Yes, sir."

"From Burlington?"

"Yes, sir."

"Well, I'm sorry Mr. Clark, but, I was under the impression I had several letters for you and delivered them. But I guess I was mistaken."

Mr. Clark went away, half grumbling, half satisfied, and Clerk Lewis turned to The Republic man, and said:

"I'm in a devil of a fix; I'm sure I gave that man's mail away, and——"

Just then another guest came up and threw down half a dozen letters on the counter. "I'm Charles C. Clark of Burlington," he said, "but these letters are not for me. Guess there is some mistake about the address."

He turned away before Mr. Lewis had time to question him, so the missives were put away for the other guest.

Then the first man returned and wanted to know where his laundry was. He had been promised faithfully, he said, to have it in his room in the morning. It wasn't there and he didn't have a clean piece of linen to his name. The clerk investigated, and was told by the laundress and messenger of the hotel that "Mr. Clark's laundry was sent up to his room and must be there yet, and please tell Mr. Clark to look again."

"Hang them," exclaimed Clark, "don't they think I can see. I searched all over the room, and it's not there."

"Oh, by the way," said Clerk Lewis, "here are your letters, Mr. Clark," and he handed over the opened epistles. "Now, maybe I can explain about your laundry," he continued, after the man had finished swearing about his correspondence being opened. "There's another Charles C. Clark here from Burlington."

"Yes, here he is," interrupted the other Clark, coming up to the desk, "and here's a bill for laundry that I don't owe," and he threw down a yellow slip before Clark No. 1 and the puzzled clerk.

Explanations followed. One man was Charles C. Clark of Burlington, Ia., who had been stopping at the hotel for the last week, and the other was Charles C. Clark of Burlington, Kan., who arrived only yesterday. They exchanged pleasantries over the matter and adjourned to the bar. Mr. Lewis followed them and insisted on paying for the drinks."—St. Louis Republic.

Trapped the Officer.

A little time ago a tradesman who carried on business in a large provincial town happened to see a man whom he knew to be an Inland Revenue officer prying into his shop window. After satisfying his curiosity, the officer entered the shop, notebook and pencil in hand, and thus addressed the proprietor:

"Mr. Robins, I understand?"

"Yes, I am Mr. Robins."

"You keep a trap, I believe?"

"That is so."

"Have you a license for it?"

"I have not."

"Had you a license last year?"

"No."

"Then why didn't you take out a license?"

"Well, I didn't think it was needed."

"Oh, indeed! How many does your trap hold?"

"When it's full, five."

"And how many wheels has it?"

"None."

"None! Why, what sort of a trap is it?"

"Oh, it's a mouse trap!"

The officer beat a hasty retreat, followed by the loud laughter of the mischief-loving Mr. Robins.—Tid-Bits.

He Got Better.

It was a sad scene. The old man lay on the bed, and by him sat the faithful wife, holding his worn hand in hers and forcing back the tears to greet his wondering look with a smile. She spoke words of comfort and of hope, but he felt the cold hand falling on him, and he turned his weary eyes up to her pale, worn face.

"Jeannie, dear wife, I am going."

"Oh, no, John, not yet, not yet."

"Yes, dear wife," and he closed his eyes, "the end is near. The world—the world grows dark around me, gathering thicker and thicker, and I seem to hear sweet music."

"No, no, dear John; that's the brass band in the street."

"What?" said the dying man. "Have those scoundrels dared to come round here when they know I am dying? Give me my bootjack; I'll soon let 'em see!" and in a towering rage the old man jumped from his bed, and before his wife could think he had opened the window and had shied the bootjack at the band. "I've hit that Dutch leader, anyway," said he, and went back to bed and got better.

A Drawback.

Aunt—Well, Ethel, how do you like our new little brother?

Ethel (aged 4)—I don't like him at all. He can't even speak English.—Judge.

Too Much for the Dog.

"Chappie, how in the world do you get by that savage bulldog when you call at Miss Bullion's?"

"Blow cigawette smoke in his face."

Not Quite Dead.

Two Irishmen were repairing a well over on Long Island, when suddenly one of them missed his footing and fell to the bottom. The other, greatly excited, leaned over the edge and exclaimed:

"Denny, oh, Denny! are ye dead?"

No answer came. Then he called again:

"Denny, if ye're dead, speak!"

Presently the fellow at the bottom replied:

"Sure I'm not quite dead, man, but I'm spachless."—Harper's Round Table.

A New Broom Sweeps Clean

and so does a New Clothier.

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Trout Lake City.

The Horne-Payne people will build a trail from the Broadview down to the North Fork, about two miles above Ferguson, to the site of the concentrator that is to be built this summer.

James Black, the well-known hotel man of New Denver, was in town this week. He was so strongly impressed with the future possibilities of the city that he invested in six lots, taking an option on three more; he will build as soon as lumber can be had. He says Trout Lake has all the ear marks of a good permanent town.

Robt. Jamieson, M. E., is in town representing a strong syndicate of Montreal and Scotch capitalists, organized to develop the Queen of the Hills group east of the Silver Cup. They will build a trail down to the lake, a distance of about four miles. Should the development justify, a tramway will will take the place of the trail. Mr. Jamieson is accompanied by his wife and will make Trout Lake his home for the summer at least.

The chief points of attraction for prospectors are the south side of the lake from the Glacier down to Tenderfoot and Canyon Creeks. Some good finds have been made on Tenderfoot running well in gold. On the north side of the lake John Stauber has located some claims running high in silver and copper. Between the Orphan Boy Summit and the head of the South Fork, White, who located a claim in that vicinity, is reported to have sold it to American parties for $15,000, 10 per cent. cash.

A Serious Mishap.

Two weeks ago three young men left New Denver on a prospecting tour in the neighborhood of the glacier across the lake. Monday one of them came to town and reported that one of his companions, Harry Hewer, who, prior to the closing of the Grand Central, was employed as busman for the hotel, had on Sunday, the 13th, cut his leg with an axe and was in a critical condition as mortification had set in. At once a party of six men started to bring the unfortunate lad out of the mountains. Tuesday evening a signal fire was seen across the lake, and two boats were sent across. The fire was started by one of the party who had come out of the mountain in advance of the others, who were yet lost in the thicket. The launch Denver was sent over to be on hand when the party should appear. The trip down the steep mountain side in the dense thicket in the dark of night, with the injured man on a stretcher, was a very slow one, as a trail had to be cut most of the way, and it was not until three o'clock Wednesday morning that the lake shore was reached.

The party had had nothing to eat since 10 o'clock Tuesday morning and they were famished. The boat soon had the rescuers and rescued on the Denver side. Hewer was taken to the hospital and his injured limb dressed. It was found to be not as serious as reported: a small cut at the ankle badly inflamed. However, the insignificance of the injury does not detract any from the brave effort of the rescuing party. —Ledge.

FIVE MEN KILLED.

A Mud Slide on the C. P. R. Main Line Does Fatal Work.

Advices have just been received of a serious accident on the main line of the C. P. R. near Laurie. While a gang of section men were employed repairing the track, a huge mud slide came down killing five men and seriously injuring another. The killed are Alex. Cummings, Nels Oleson, Abbot Johnson and two others whose names cannot be ascertained.

A large force of men were set to work recovering the bodies of the dead. Every attention was given the injured man. No delay of traffic has resulted from the accident.

THE ASSIZES.

The List of Cases to Be Disposed of This Week by Mr. Justice Walkem.

The docket for the assizes which met in Nelson Thursday, June 25, is as follows:

James Morrison, murder; James Woods, murder; Ethel Clayton, procuring; David Graggin, aggravated assault; George Heath, theft; William Ester, rape; Frank McKay, robbery; James Jones and Wilfred T. Lewis, theft; John M. McPhee, forgery and Malcom McDonald, forgery.

Kaslo Receipts.

Kaslo News: The carload of ore from the Argo, consigned to the sampling works of the Kootenay Ore company, is its first shipment and it will be followed by others in the immediate future. The Black Diamond sends another shipment from the Hot Springs camp, and may now fairly be depended upon as a steady producer. The ore was carried by rail from the barge to the sampling works. The following are the ore receipts at the Kaslo station for the week ending June 17:

Mines	Pounds.
Payne group	400,000
Ruth	360,000
Washington	96,000
Black Diamond	60,000
Slocan Star	30,000
Whitewater	30,000
Slocan Boy	30,000
Argo	30,000

CHAPTER IV.

If Sir Rudolph did not like his wife, why did he not leave her? If she had done him any wrong, why did he not punish her? If there was anything against her of which he knew, why did he not charge her with it? Any mode of life must be better than this.

As the days passed on, I saw no difference, no relaxation of severity and coldness on his part, no lessening of the passionate love and bootless worship on hers. It would be always so, I supposed. I wondered in a dull kind of way at times whether I should spend my whole life in the contemplation of a mystery that I could not understand. Neither husband nor wife ever spoke of each other, or I might have gathered something of the truth from what they said. Sir Rudolph talked to me for hours together on every conceivable occasion, and I helped him occasionaly with some translations; but never once during the time we spent together did he ever mention the name of his wife. I was but young, and had the natural curiosity of youth. I must say I longed to know the mystery of the household in which I lived.

The new year came and was welcomed much as Christmas had been. At times I asked myself if I should remain at Ullamere, if I should not go out into the world, escape from this atmosphere of melancholy; but, odd to say, estranged as they were, I was growing most warmly attached to both—to the wretched husband and the miserable wife. I did not know which I liked best, or which I pitied the more.

January, with its ice and snow, came to an end; February, with its faint gleams of sunshine, passed; March came in like a lion. It was well for me that the beauties of nature had power to soothe and charm. I watched eagerly for the spring, thinking that the glory and the tenderness of it must surely in some measure chase away the horrible gloom. But there came an evening in March the very recollection of which chills my heart. There was no storm, no tempest of rain, but the wind was blowing as I had never heard it. I love the wind, I love it, be it the softest breath that stirs the roses and lifts the sprays of jasmine, or the mighty blast that rends the giant branches and bends the sturdy oak.

That evening it came in great gusts from the hills, like the roar of artillery, afterward seeming to die away on the lake. Then it rose again, and came wailing with a long-drawn, sobbing sound round the house. I was not afraid. This was what I liked; and when I went to my room, instead of going to sleep like a sensible girl, I opened my window the better to hear it, for my heart and soul rejoiced in it.

Suddenly I heard the sound of footsteps in the corridor. Some one tried the handle of my door gently, and cautiously. I did not know fear, but I must confess that at the sound of the handle turning my heart beast fast. I went to the door and opened it. To my surprise there stood Lady Culmore, wrapped in a long blue dressing-gown, her hair hanging over her shoulders, her face white as death, her eyes full of fear. Even at that moment I could not help noticing the whiteness of the hands that held the taper.

"I am disturbing you, Miss Forster," she said; "but I am afraid—oh, so sorely afraid! Will you come with me?"

"Yes, Lady Culmore. But what frightens you?" I asked.

"The wind, the wind!" she replied. "I am sure that every lost soul is abroad to-night and wailing in it. Will you come with me?"

She was trembling from head to foot; great drops of agony stood on her forehead; the hand that held the wax taper trembled. What was it that made the beautiful face so terrible to see?

I WENT TO THE DOOR AND OPENED IT.

"You need not be frightened, Lady Culmore," I said. "The wind is always rough in March. You are afraid of it. I think it beautiful."

"It is not the wind that I hear in my room," she whispered. "Oh, come!"

Without another word I took the taper from her hand and went with her. When we reached the room where Lady Culmore slept, I found that all the lamps were burning. She laid her hand upon my arm.

"I want you to listen," she said, in a low, hoarse whisper. "Listen!"

As she stood before me, with a strained, despairing expression on her face, wild terror in her eyes and her hand uplifted, I might have been forgiven some little emotion of fear. The scene was weird enough.

"Listen!" she repeated. And then I heard the soft, sad sob of the wind at the window dying away into the faintest possible moan.

"What is that?" she asked me, while a strong shudder shook her frame. "Listen again, and tell me, for Heaven's sake, what is that?"

The dying wail of the wind was followed by a soft tap against the window-glass, so soft, so indistinct, that I could hardly hear it. The sound came again and again, until at last the terrified woman flung herself upon her knees with a cry of anguish that I shall never forget—a perfect scream of terror. It rings in my ears even now as I write.

"I know what it is!" she cried. "You must not let it in! Keep the window closed! Send it away! Oh, Heaven, send it away!" And she fell senseless, with her white, miserable face upon the ground.

I raised her, laid her upon the couch, and went to the window. The moon shone on the budding trees and on the mere. I saw, in a moment, that the sound was caused by the tapping of a small spray of ivy against the window-glass. Having found this out, I went back to rouse and reassure her. She lay just where I had placed her, her blue eyes open and full of inexplicable terror.

"Have you sent it away?" she asked, in a hoarse whisper.

"There is nothing to send away, Lady Culmore," I replied.

"Nothing!" she cried. "Are you quite sure? Nothing at all?"

"No. What could there be outside your window?"

I began to wonder if her brain was affected. It was the only possible explanation of her conduct.

The wind had been silent for some few minutes. Then it rose again—the same faint sobbing round the window, a sound as natural as any could be, but evidently full of supernatural dread to her. She sprang to her feet and held up her hand again.

"Listen!" she cried.

"It is nothing, Lady Culmore," I said, speaking firmly, for I thought that perhaps this was but a severe hysterical attack. "It is nothing, Lady Culmore," I repeated. "Do you understand? It is only the wailing of the wind."

"Ah, no!" she said. "That is what it sounds like to you. Do you know what it is in reality? It is the crying of a little child, quite a little child, standing there. Hark! Do you not hear it now?"

There was certainly some faint resemblance to the cry of a child, the wail of an infant in great pain. I should never have thought of it but for her.

"Lady Culmore," I said, "you must listen to reason, you must be calm. This is foolish, hysterical, nervous nonsense! Come with me to the window. Look and listen for yourself."

She wrung her hands.

"I dare not!" she cried.

"You must," I said. "It is the only way in which you can be convinced. Come."

I took the white hands in mine and compelled her to cross the room. I drew aside the blinds and hangings, opened the window, and made her look out.

"You see there is nothing," I said. "Look at the moon, the water and the trees."

She turned away with a deathly shudder.

"I must have dreamt it then," she said.

"What did you dream?" I asked.

"I dreamed that I heard some one tapping at the window, and I awoke in a great fright. Then I heard the wailing of a child, a pitiful tiny voice sobbing with the faintest breath, and the sound came from the window. I went there, and rew aside the curtains as you have done now, and I saw—oh, that Heaven would darken my eyes for evermore!—I saw a tiny child standing there, dressed in a little white shroud, and he was rapping with a feeble little hand on the window-pane. For one moment the baby eyes flashed into mine, and I knew that if he came in I should fall down dead."

"It was a dream," I said, with a sigh of unutterable relief—"only a dream."

But she broke from me with a terrible cry. She flung herself upon her knees, she tore her fair hair, she beat her hands together wildly, and I spent the remainder of the night in trying to soothe her. Verily I had cause to remember the bitter winds of March!

CHAPTER V.

April, with its soft showers, its odor of sweet violets and growing buds, its sweet daffodils and pale primroses, was passing quickly, but still there was no change at Ullamere. It was nearly four months since I came, and there was the same gloom, the same constraint, the same wretchedness in Sir Rudolph's home! but by this time I had lost all desire to leave the place. All my affection and interest, all my thoughts, were centered in the baronet and his wife.

There was nothing very mysterious about Sir Rudolph, except the way in which he lived. The whole mystery seemed to cling to Lady Culmore. After that night when the winds of March blew so terribly, I had a lingering suspicion that her mind was unhinged—had lost its balance. And yet, even if it were so, that was no solution to the mystery of Sir Rudolph's conduct. A man who loved his wife would but study her the more for any misfortune of that kind.

I remember another incident. This happened in the calm, early, gray morning light. Again I heard footsteps in the corridor, and again the handle of my door was turned. I knew this time that it was Lady Culmore. She was standing outside, with the same terrible fear on her face.

"I want you, Miss Forster," she said. "Come with me:" and, as a matter of course, I went.

She carefully closed the door of her room, placed the wax taper on the table, and turned to me. The distress in her white face was terrible to see.

"Now," she cried—"now tell me what you hear!" She seemed to breathe with difficulty; great gasps came from her lips. "Quickly," she said—"tell me quickly! what do you hear?"

"Nothing," I replied. "There is not a sound; even the wind is still."

She struck her hands together with a passionate cry.

"You must hear it! You say 'No' to calm me. I shall not be frightened if you hear it; but if it comes only to me, oh heaven! what shall I do?"

She hid her face in her hands, and trembled so violently that I became alarmed.

"Tell me what you hear, Lady Culmore," I requested.

"The cry of a child. Can you not hear it? It has been wailing round my pillow all night long, until it has driven me mad," she said. "I am mad! Oh, Miss Forster, look for it! I am sure it is here! Some of those wicked servants have hidden it here on purpose that it should cry and frighten me. We must find it! I can bear it no longer!" And the most painful spectacle I ever saw in my life was the spectacle of this beautiful, desperate woman searching everywhere for that which did not exist. Suddenly she looked at the door.

"Ah," she cried, "it is outside, now! It is dying away at the end of the corridor. It is gone! Thank heaven, it is gone!"

She shrank, shuddering, from the door, and sank down upon a chair. She was exhausted, white, trembling. I went to her, and took her hands. They were cold as death itself.

"You have been dreaming again, Lady Culmore," I said. "You must remember that you had the same dream before, and how it terrified you. Try to be cheerful. You must be ill or nervous; such fancies and dreams as these do not trouble strong or healthy people. You should go away from here. I shall certainly speak to Sir Rudolph about it; he does not know how ill you are."

She clung to me with passionate cries and tears.

"You must not do that. I can not go away. Promise me that you will not say one word to him, I will kill myself if you do!"

Her vehemence startled me.

"Certainly, I wil not, unless you wish it," I said. "You are really ill, though Lady Culmore, and you should have medical advice. These terrible fancies of yours are only the result of illness."

She flung her arms around me, and laid her fair head on my shoulder.

"Do you think so?" she whispered. "Oh, comfort me, comfort me, for my heart is torn and desolate!"

How was I to comfort her when I did not even know her trouble? I could feel how her heart was beating, how she trembled, while great bitter sobs rose to her lips, and I wondered more than ever what had gone wrong in the life of this beautiful, sorrowful woman.

I smoothed the fair, shining hair, and the touch of my hand calmed her.

"It is a strange thing," I said to her, "that you should always have the same dream, that you should be haunted, as it were, by the cries of a little child."

Her face could grow no paler, but her head fell more heavily upon my shoulder.

"So strange!" she murmured. "Ah, so strange!"

"You never had a little child, Lady Culmore, had you?"

"Never," she answered.

"Have you little brothers or sisters?" I asked.

"None," she replied.

"It is an extraordinary thing, never having had anything to do with a little child, that you should be haunted by the cries of one!"

She was looking at me with wild, distended eyes.

"Miss Forster, you will not tell this fancy of mine to anyone?" she said, slowly. "I am so afraid that people should think me mad."

Then she promised to try to be calm, to lie down and sleep if I would remain with her. I did so, and sat down by her side, holding her hand, until at last she dropped into a fevered, restless sleep.

Ah, me, how restless! The beautiful head and troubled face turned incessantly from side to side; the lips were never still; and the burden of her cry was, "I did it all for you, love—all for you!" Then came prayers, entreaties, sighs, and tears; but above all rang that one pitiful cry, "All for you, love—all for you!"

In the full morning light I left her fast asleep.

Could it be that the gloom of the house was extending to me? All that day I was miserable. I felt sure that Lady Culmore was very ill, threatened with a severe illness or with insanity. I was sorely perplexed, feeling that it was my duty to get help for her from somewhere, yet not knowing in the least to whom I should apply. I would not betray her. I would keep the secret of her strange fancies and her terrible nights; but I must have the advice of some one as to how she be best dealt with. The only person I could think of was Mrs. Harper, the housekeeper; and I went one afternoon in search of her. I asked her to come out with me into the grounds, where I could talk to her at my ease. I told her that I thought Lady Culmore was very ill, and that she required more attention than I could give her. The housekeeper looked sorry and puzzled.

"I am just as much bewildered as yourself, miss," she said. "This is not like any other household. What lies between those two—husband and wife—I cannot tell, but I fear it is something terrible. They seem to me more like jailor and prisoner than anything else."

"Which is the jailer?" I asked.

"Sir Rudolph," she answered. "I would not stay but that, after all, I like both my master and my lady so well. They seem to me perfection apart, but together they would puzzle the saints."

"Has it always been this way, Mrs. Harper?"

"Yes. The servants in the house are strangers, except the butler and myself. We lived with Sir Rudolph at Brooke Hall. We were with him at his marriage."

"I AM JUST AS MUCH BEWILDERED AS YOURSELF, MISS."

"Was there anything curious connected with it?" I asked.

"Nothing. Everyone noticed the intense love of the bridegroom for the bride. I never saw any one so devoted in my life. It was marvellous to see them together. Sir Rudolph brought his bride home to Brooke Hall, and I lived there one year with them. Then, quite suddenly, they came here, and they have lived in this strange fashion ever since."

"And you know nothing of what brought them here—nothing of the cause of their being on such terms with each other?"

"Nothing. Everything was bright and happy at Brooke Hall. The house was filled with guests. I remember even that arrangements had been made for a dance, when Sir Rudolph sent for me suddenly. 'We are going to Ullamere, Mrs. Harper,' he said. 'Will you come with us? We shall not return to Brooke Hall.' It is very sudden, Sir Rudolph,' I said; and then I noticed how white his face was. I have never seen him like himself since that—never; and that was Christmas Eve. We stopped at Brooke Hall until the day after Christmas Day. We have been here just one year."

"But there must have been a reason," I said. "A husband and wife, both young, passionately attached to each other, could not have fallen into this state without some reason."

"I know of none. I have thought it over a hundred times."

"Did nothing happen at Brooke Hall? Did Lady Culmore make her husband jealous?"

"There was little fear," she replied. "If ever any woman worshipped a man, my lady worshipped her husband. She seemed as though she could not live out of his presence. It was the wonder of every one. I do not think, when she talked and laughed with other men, that she really heeded them. Her eyes followed him always, and her whole heart was in them."

"But was there no warning of what was about to happen?"

"None," was the reply. "The only incident which occurred at Brooke was the death of the nurse, Margaret Jennings. She died on the morning of Christmas Eve; but that had nothing to do with my master and mistress leaving home so suddenly. I think, Miss Forster, it will be better for you to speak to Sir Rudolph about my lady. He loved her so dearly once, he must feel anxious if he thinks there is anything the matter with her."

I took Mrs. Harper's advice, and went at once to Sir Rudolph. I found him in the gun-room.

"I want to speak to you for a few minutes, Sir Rudolph," I said.

He bowed with the frank courtesy that was his great charm.

"Will you not come in, Miss Forster?" he asked.

"I am too great a coward, Sir Rudolph. I am afraid of the guns."

"I must come to you, then," he said, laughingly; and he joined me where I was standing on the lawn, adding, "I am at your service, Miss Forster."

But all his geniality died away when I told him that I wished to speak to him about Lady Culmore. I said that she was very ill, and that I was uneasy about her. He was a changed man at once—cold, hard, unyielding. He listened to all I said, and made no answer, except that, if I thought Lady Culmore ill, I could send for a doctor—any doctor I liked. Then his interest ceased.

"MAD! I WISH TO HEAVEN SHE WAS!"

"Sir Rudolph," I said, "have you—has any one who knows her—any suspicion that Lady Culmore is mad?"

"Mad," he repeated, with infinite scorn—"mad! I wish to heaven she was!"

And I was left to find out what those words meant.

(To be continued.)

4—And times are good if we take the word
Of orchestral leader Burke,
He says that in playing the violin
He's up to his chin in work.

Took the Conceit Out of Him.

"I'm going to have a little fun this afternoon," remarked Joseph Goodfellow as he worked his way into his overcoat, preparatory to leaving his office Saturday. "That boy of mine has been reading about the Corbett-Fitzsimmons fight and boxing in barns all over town, till he imagines that he is a pugilist. I'm going to take him out in the back yard and take some of the conceit out of him. He is a pretty husky boy, but you know I used to be very clever with the mittens myself."

This morning the following appeared under the head of personal mention:

"The friends of Mr. Joseph Goodfellow will regret to hear that he is seriously ill at his home in the Western Addition."

In the sporting column of the same journal was the following:

"I hereby challenge any 16-year-old boy on the Pacific coast, who don't weigh over 135 pounds, to fight to a finish for money or marbles.—Kid Goodfellow."—San Francisco Post.

The Independent Man

A printer doesn't rush to the doctor when he is out of "sorts." Nor to the baker when he is out of "pi." Nor to hell when he wants the devil. Nor to the Bible when he wants a good "rule." Nor to the gunshop when he wants a "shooting stick." Nor to a cabinet shop when he wants "furniture." Nor to a bank when he wants "quoins." Nor to a girl when he wants a "press," or to a lawyer when he has a "dirty case." Nor to a butcher when he wants "phat." Nor to a pump when he's dry—and has ten cents in his pocket.

Information.

Upguardson—What does this word sinecure mean?

Atom—Well, sine means without, and you now what cure means. The word signifies incurable.

"That doesn't seem right. I'm reading here about a man who holds an office which seems to be a sinecure."

"That's all right. When a man has once had an office of that kind he's incurable."—Chicago Tribune.

A Board Breaker.

He—"They have a saying now that all the world's awheel."

She—"To be sure it is. And it's a scorcher, too, whirling at the rate of more than 1000 miles an hour."

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. Callighan, 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 of 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.

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

The Mining Review.

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Incorporated by Royal Charter 1862.

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

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In the United States:—San Francisco and Portland.

AGENTS AND CORRESPONDENTS:

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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to Tacoma, Seattle, Victoria, Vancouver, Portland, and California Points.

St. Paul, St. Louis, Chicago, New York, Boston, and all Points East, also European S. S. tickets.

TIME SCHEDULE.

No. 1. West	Depart	10.55 p.m.
No. 2. East	Depart	7.00 a.m.

For information, time-cards, maps and tickets, call on or write F. D. GIBBS, general agent, Spokane, Wash.; or A. D. Charlton, assistant passenger agent, No. 255 Morrison street, corner Third, Portland, Oregon.

KASLO AND SLOCAN RAILWAY.

TIME CARD NO. 1.

Going West.		Daily.	Going East.	
Leave	8.00 a.m.	Kaslo	Arrive 3.50	p.m.
"	8.36 "	South Fork	" 3.15	"
"	9.36 "	Spoules	" 2.15	"
"	9.51 "	Whitewater	" 2.00	"
"	10.03 "	Bear Lake	" 1.48	"
"	10.18 "	McGuigan	" 1.33	"
"	10.30 "	Bailey's	" 1.21	"
"	10.39 "	Junction	" 1.12	"
Arrive	10.50 "	Sandon	Leave 1.00	"

Subject to change without notice.
For rates and information apply at the Company's offices.

ROBERT IRVING, Traffic Manager. R. W. BRYAN, Superintendent.

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Baggage checked through to destination without change.

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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 14 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.

MOUNTAIN ECHOES.

The total collections for the Jubilee were $606.50.

Ardery and Brewster have their new store opened and for business.

Mr. Morrison is going to run his new premises as a store and hotel.

Annance and Williams have now their new hotel, the Filbert, opened in excellent form.

J. Robinson has opened a tasty cigar and tocacco store in an apartment of the Filbert building.

The gate receipts of the base ball match on Jubilee day amounted to $103.50. They left a deficit of a small sum.

Jubilee Day has left a surplus of about $100, which we understand is to be turned over to the fire brigade provided they drill regularly.

Mr. Winter of Cody, has very generously decided to get up a benefit ball for Mr. and Mrs. Levi on the evening of June 29th. Tickets $1.00 each.

The Presbyterians are now talking of a new church and W. J. Williams; W. De R. Rose, A. Crawford, W. W. Fallows, J. Brown and T. Brown are a committee to select a site.

Rev. A. M. Sanfori will preach tomorrow in Spencer's hall at 11 a. m. and in Crawford's hall at 7.30 p. m. Also at Cody in the afternoon at 3.30.

There were a great many strong men around town on Wednesday last, and some have not left even yet. There were many who could lick Paddy Kane and some who could even thrash his larger brother hurricane.

As a result of the interruption to the mail service, caused by the washouts on the C. P. R., a heavy budget of 17 bags of mail reached Sandon post office on Saturday, which took the clerk 24 hours to assort.

Suspicion is abroad that there was a "nigger on the fence" in connection with the recent sale of the Orphan Boy at Vancouver. It is bad enough to wrong any boy, but when it comes to cheating an "orphan" the offence is still worse.

A man named Murray was considerably injured near Cody the other day while in the bush cutting timber. It appears a log rolled on him inflicting some injury to the calf of his leg, which fortunately was not of a serious character.

As with the races on Jubilee Day, so with the drilling contest. The Reco team, Corkish and Klein, have challenged the winners, Murphy and Lawler, of the Rambler, for another contest on the 17th of July. $250 a side has been put up.

A vigorous effort of citizens should push the movement for a wagon road to New Denver via Three Forks. It is said $3,000 is subscribed in New Denver. The construction of such a road would greatly improve our local business. The probable cost is $10,000 and the government will bear half the burden.

It is unnecessary to say the following is not from the Paystreak—it is from the Revelstoke Herald:—"A new addition on our exchange list is the Mining Review published at Sandon, a large weekly sheet, owned by Chas. Cliffe, a Brandon newspaper man, and formerly editor of the Brandon Mail. The Review is a creditable looking journal and will no doubt fill the bill."

The Canadian public are in for a genuninе surprise. A Judilde portrait of Queen Victoria is coming out that puts them all in the schade, and a beautifully struck Jubilee Medal of Canadian design is making those who have seen it ask "What's the matter with Candda?" Both the Jubilee portrait of Her Majesty and the Medal are being issued by the Montreal Star, a pretty good guarantee that they will be well up to the mark and over it.

The proprietors of the Revelstoke Herald had this to say of a book they are publishing:—"Arrangements are being made for extensive distribution and sale of the Herald's Diamond Jubilee Souvenir book, descriptive of the mining resources of North Kootenay, in London and throughout the United Kingdom. The book will be the grandest advertisement to the outside world that any district in the province has yet produced.

Some of our sportsmen were not satisfied with the results of the races on Jubilee day, and had to extend the glory over the following day in a couple of matches. Lot Willis' sorrel horse of, Bear Lake, was pitted against Black's grey, and won after a good tussle. Next came a match best 2 in 3 between the sorrel and Fletcher's when the sorrel again won, taking two heats and $25 we believe. It is said a few hundred dollars changed hands over these matches.

Post Master Atherton is erecting a stone and brick warehouse at the rear of his premises, that when finished will be fire proof and will to some extent compensate for the difficulty in getting proper insurance at reasonable rates in Sandon. When this is completed he will double the capacity of the present post office, and if by that time we can only get a daily mail and more help in the office most of the grounds for present complaints will have been removed.

Revelstoke is going to have electric lights.

It was the mill hands who did the royal gunning on Jubilee morning, and they did it effectually.

The Rev. T. Menzies will preach in the school house in the morning (tomorrow) and in Spencer's hall in the evening.

The Oddfellows, of Sandon, a week from Sunday evening, will parade to service in Spencer's hall, where a suitable sermon will be preached by the Rev. A. Sanford.

Mr. Lovatt in addition to carrying shingles at his mill is shortly to receive a large consignment of sash, doors etc.—in fact all builders' supplies to meet all demands in the building line.

An inquest is to be held at Revelstoke on the remains of C. Berger, a miner who was killed at Illecillewaet last fall by an explosion of dynamite. It is only now pieces of the body are being collected to form a subject for the jury.

PERSONAL MENTION.

Judge Wilson, manager of the Lake View, Wash., roller mills, is in town.

Mr. White, of Tacoma, brother of Wm. White, is a guest at the Clifton House.

Mr. Patterson, a journalist, of Oregon state, gave us a call last week, while looking up a location for a paper in this country.

Miss Gibbons, teacher, left on Thursday for a visit with friends on the coast, to return again at the close of the vacation and resume her duties.

Mr. Lovatt says he has no need for advertising as the demand for his lumber is greater than the supply—in a word he cannot cut and dress fast enough to meet the demand.

D. G. Stewart, at one time one of Brandon's (Man.) most prosperous business men, and who after making a tour of the world to learn the ways of the Mussulman on the briny deep, settled down in Vancouver in business, was a pleasant caller, and subscriber, at The REVIEW office on Tuesday on his way through this section looking up mining interests.

At the Hotels.

Black's—J. A. McDonald, W. E. Mann, O. J. Cameron, D. W. French, T. J. Roadley, J. M. Brown, Kaslo; C. S. Hall, A. M. Wallbridge, H. Arkell, Vancouver; N. P. Thompson, San Francisco; Frank Cox, N. D. Moore-Duluth; N. C. Yarkey, Detroit; T. Wilson, B. E. King, Trail; G. D. Fox, A. O. Brown D. H. Hayes, C. J. Allan, Spokane; H. Sutherland, Winnipeg; J. Dowler, Toronto; S. J. Mighton, C. D. Christie, Nelson; R. E. Glass, Quebec; J. H. Ingram, Calgary; Mrs. Webb-Burton City; J. Paterson, South Africa-B. R. Reynolds, Rossland; J. R. Miller, wife and daughter, Montreal; P. S. Woods, Texas; J. R. Fitzsimmons, Neibark; H. R. Heyland, Cody; H. C. Nicholson, N. Denver, D. Keefe, Rossland.

Goodenough—J. B. Hastings, Rossland; W. R. Rust, M. M. Perl, Tacoma; R. Hamilton, Vancouver; H. A. Jackson, W. H. Cooper, C. J. Allan, Spokane; T. N. Ray, Port Arthur; Geo. Broughole, Toronto; J. A. Mitchell, C. L. Bann, Salt Lake City.

Clifton House—W. E. Wilson, Lake View, Wash.; J. R. Addison, Tacoma; F. Binney, J. E. Binney, R. James, John James, Wm. Ennor, Wm. E. Stephens J. R. Binney, C. Fallon, a party from the east.

Sandon—W. Hastings, Kalamazoo; W. Robertson, Burton City; A. Madden, Spokane; T. B. Walsh, Montana; D. McLennan, Rossland.

Balmoral—R. McGrath, Decator, Ill.; James C. Ryan, Kaslo; J. C. Biegle, Conconnlley.

The Value of Salt.

Common salt ground to a fine powder will remove the stain of hard-boiled eggs from silver spoons quicker than anything else. Coarse salt, however, will scratch them. A little salt will remove the stain of tea from cups or of vinegar from table linen.

Salt and water will clean willow or rattan furniture and wil keep matting from turning yellow, as it will if wiped off with clear water. After sweeping a carpet which is somewhat faded, scatter coarse, damp table salt over it, and brush it vigorously. A fresh supply of dust may be extracted from the carpet in this way and the faded colors will be perceptibly brightened. A handful of salt aided to a tubful of water, in which colored cambric and other cottons are soaked before they are washed, will prevent the colors running. Rinse the goods in salted water and dry them as rapidly as possible. Do not use too much salt, however, as it hardens the water and prevents the dirt coming out as well as the color.—New York Tribune.

Frocks for Small Girls.

"It is no longer considered necessary," writes Emma M. Hooper, in The Ladies' Home Journal, "to set aside certain fabrics for little girls' wear, as nowadays they wear everything that their mothers do, except real lace and jewels. Care is taken, however, to use only small-patterned materials for their frocks. In colors, white is always in good taste, also baby blue and pink, and this spring green is very much in vogue, as well as golden brown, red, French and navy blue, pearl gray and pale yellow. Black is used only as a trimming in velvet ribbon or mohair braid. Satin and taffeta ribbons are used as trimmings, also white, yellowish and linen-colored embroideries. Valenciennes and net top laces are used in white and butter shades with insertion to match."

Stains on Wall Paper.

Fresh stains upon wall paper where people have rested their heads can be removed by covering the spot with a mixture of pipe clay and water made into a soft paste and letting it remain over night. Then brush it off with a stiff whisk broom.

The Mining Review Handled by all Newsdealers.

MINING RECORDS.

Recorded at New Denver, the Locations

June 10

Long Looked For—Slocan river, J T Rilly
Unexpected—same, E A Rosander
Silver and Tourist—Lemon, W E Newman, J W Blench and Dawar
Volcano—Slocan creek, Theodore Pearson and S A Rosander
Deadwood—Little Slocan lake, T Pearson
Greenhorn Fraction—Carpenter, John McNeil
Stormount Fraction—Washington Basin, same
Simcoe—Summit creek, J P Aitchison

June 11

Option—Payne mountain, Jas Snuton
Hercules—Miller creek, J W Switzer
Buffalo—same, Patrick Fleming
Jackson—Sandon, A D Williams
Rosebank—Slocan river, Frank Armstrong and John Collins
Gotha—same, F S Andrews
Ophelia—Lemon, Frank C Wells
Hilda—same, Paul Hauck
Parson and Tally Ho—James E Orr
Bates—between Carpenter and Cooper creeks, A C Bates
St Charles and Isabella Queen—near Ivanhoe mine, A C McGee and Chas Chapman
Idaho—Springer, Geo A McTaggart

June 12

Reepeiner and Fair Progress—Dayton creek H F Hauss
Stirling—near Ivanhoe mine, A C McGee
Snowslide—same Russell Mcdonald and H Chapman
Burnt Skillet—near Cody creek, H Fraser
Shilo Hill—Eight Mile, F L Brown and L F Foltz
Umber—Fennel creek, G Lorchzon
Vulcan—near Exchange mine, John P Driscoll
Dido Fraction—Summitt creek, T Layton Jinks
Mildred-Cody, John E Jones
Apis-same, Nettie E Dryden
Columbia-Four Mile, D K McDonald
Little George-Lemon, A E Teeter
Wood Tick-Shunshine, D G McCuaig
Sabbath-same, D J Weir
Snow Drop-McGuigan basin, Martin Knight

June 14

Jolly Tar-Springer, C M Adams
Mentor-Houson, Robert Porter
Jacko and Bonnie Kate-Fennel, L P Starratt
Silvercord-Carpenter, A D McGinty and Wm Henderson
Charmer and Maple Leaf-Cedar creek, Andrew Foer and John McDonald
Revenue-Four mile, E W Bradshaw
Afternoon-Boomer mountain, Jas Campbell and John J McDonald
New Park-Galena Farm, R T Tallow
Western Slope and Hazard Fractional-same Francis O'Rilly
Cazubazha Fractional No. 2-Four mile, David Bremner
Lottie J-Carpenter, Thos Senkin
Mountain Queen-same, John Brown
Iron King-same Hugh Mann
Mistera-same Arthur Degnut
Hidden Treasure-Slocan lake, Susan S Gibson
Ruby-Cody creek, Henry Tait
North Star-Lemon creek, Geo. Quintal and T D Ewell

Jun 15

Golden Eagle-Evans creek, J McGreenough
Red Elephant and Sweet Forget Me Not-same, A A Greenough
Castlebar-carpenter, A G Shaw
N D 66-Robinson, W E Newman and John W Blench
Herald-Lemon, Adelbert Fry
Lake View-Roseberry lake shore, Arrect Dechamp, Jas Wright and Berthlina Lafleur
Foothill-Roseberry, A Dechamps and B La-Lafleur
Lady Gray-Lemon, E V Bodwell
Rustler-near mountain chief, J Sudrew
Centre star-Lemon, John Aitchison
Keystone Fraction-same, John Tingling
Old Gent-Eight mile, Howard Guest
Emery-Edward Haley
Cariboo Fraction-Carpenter, slocan, cariboo M & D Co
Oscar Fraction-Wild Goose Basin, Alex Muir
Victoria-same, Ben Luckner

June 16

Ballard-Ten mile, John McPhee
Sunse-Wilson, Danny Genelle
Old Frank-carpenter, R Strangeway
Joseph H-same, Frank Jobson
Tiger-summit creek, N Larson and H Richard

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