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The Mining Review.

VOL. 3.—NO. 40. SANDON, B. C., SATURDAY, MARCH 17, 1900. FIVE CENTS.

ANOTHER DREADFUL SLIDE.

One Killed and Four Wounded, Two Seriously but not Fatally.

Although Sandon's surroundings are annually visited with a certain number of snow and mud slides, these of this year have been the exception in fatal consequences. Until the Noble Five of last week no one ever knew of two being killed at one time; and this year the burials from that were scarcely over until another slide gives a third victim, leaving five more people with almost miraculous escapes.

About 1 o'clock Sunday the entire townspeople were startled at hearing a crashing rumbling noise in their midst, and looking towards the east hill, up from the saw mill, they saw a land slide coming from below the Ruth flume and carrying death and destruction in its path—five houses of Squire Lovatt's and a shack, where the deceased lived were almost swept out of existence leaving a yawning space of blackness and debris. In but a very few seconds all was over, when three of Mr. Lovatt's houses (in one of which Mr. Nash lived, the other two being unoccupied) were lying in fragments in a hollow below piling up on the rear of houses occupied by Mr. Sharpe and Mr. Dillie. The other two in the slide belonging to the Squire, though quite in ruins, were stopped in their downward course by coming in contact with Mr. Donaldson's house and a live tree. The floor and one side of the house occupied by the Fogg family were driven almost through the one next, where the Rev. J. A. Ferguson and Mr. Barron resided. Mr. Ferguson, who was sitting reading at the time, was, by the peculiar lodgement of the timbers and the support of the stove, saved from injury, save a slight stunning, and escaped through a window broken open by someone from the outside. Mr. Barron, being at Sunday School when the accident occurred, escaped possible dangers, for which he is, no doubt, duly thankful.

Following the cries of the eye-witnesses the fire-alarms rang out calling those not already on the ground to the frightful scene of disaster and ruin to aid in the work of rescue. Men and women alike worked to their utmost to render any possible assistance. Mr. Wm. Lovatt was the first to be rescued, being buried to his waist in the ruins, with face cut and left shoulder dislocated. Soon after extricating him Mr. Nash found his wife some distance below lying under a tree evidently in a dangerous state from her bruised appearance. Mrs. Fogg and her little girl were, in the meantime, extricated from their perilous positions, and how they escaped with such slight injuries—a few bruises and cuts—coming through such a wreck, no one can tell. Little Mabel, aged 6, owing to vaccination, was kept home from S.S. that day so had a very unpleasant experience in her young life. She was found crawling from beneath some boards with her face bleeding profusely.

The inmates of Mr. Nash's house—Mrs. Nash and her brother, W. Lovatt, (Mr. Nash being fortunately down town at the time)—had an exceedingly narrow escape with their lives. Being more in the centre of the slide their house was swept over the terrace to a hollow below and entirely demolished.

As there ware fears of further slides, and indeed one further up the Star, or mill, gulch came crashing down in a short time, the wounded were carried from the neighboring houses to places of safety in town. The two doctors, Gomm and Power, were immediately on the scene giving their best skill and attention to the injured ones. Mrs. Nash was taken to Mr. C. Phypher's house, where upon examination it was found her right hip was thrown some six or eight inches out of joint and her face most painfully bruised. There are full hopes of her recovery, though suffering from a nervous shock. While Wm. Lovatt is not as seriously injured as at first supposed, the accident is the more regretable in his case as but a few years before he lost a leg in Muskoka and had a very narrow escape with his life. He is doing well under hospital care.

The saddest part is yet to relate, that of death. Some little time elapsed before it was definitely known a man was missing, and that he must be buried in the ruins, as his shack was gone and he was reported to have been seen in it less than a half hour before. The victim, W. McLeod, a bachelor some 40 years of age, a native of Prince Edward Island, was living in the uppermost building and was undoubtedly killed almost instantly. A log went through his shack, which cut it in two, the one half flattened out near the site, and the other with a stump and several tons of earth carried to the hollow below. At once excavating was begun at the upper part of the building, where his clothes, watch, etc. were found. Later, search there was abandoned, and a search among the debris below was commenced, where about 6 o'clock when the big stump was raised his body was found in the mud and lumber underneath. The deceased had not long been up, as he was not fully dressed, when he was overtaken by the avalanche. He had been for some time nightwatchmen at the Ruth, and was a steady and highly respected man. While search was going on, some parties who thought he might have gone to New Denver on the morning train telephoned over, but, of course, no word of him could be got. Deceased, by his thrift and steady habits, had accumulated considerable means, having property in his native place, also in Dakota, Edmonton and Washington, besides some personal. His remains were taken charge of by the Miners' Union, the funeral leaving the Union hall at 2 p. m. Tuesday, making three from similar causes in four days.

The loss of property in such cases is always great as nothing is ever saved in anything like presentable shape. Mr. Lovatt's loss in buildings cannot be short of $3,000, and the individual losses of the others will not be slight. Mrs. Fogg, in addition to her household effects, lost some $200 in cash.

To add to the confusion of the hour, after all the injured had been removed, the fire alarm again rang out, as smoke burst out from the ruins of Mrs. Fogg's house, but the incipient fire was soon put down. Owing to the continuing rain and the streams of water from the hill, which caused the slide, grave fears were held of further disaster, consequently the remaining houses on the hill were vacated, presenting at night a dreary aspect indeed. As it fortuneately turned cold that night further danger was averted and many returned to their homes next day.

Guests at the Reco.

L. M. Paisley, Vancouver.
F. M. Kelly, Silverton.
S. P. Tuck, Nelson.
J. A. Loudon, Montreal.
C. M. Nesbitt and wife, New Denver.
Miss A. McKinnon, Kaslo.
Howard Chapman, Victoria.
Arthur F. Tero, Toronto.
J. M. Fahey, Toronto.
Nelson Minstrels, Nelson.
J. R. Norris, Chicago.
James Harvey, Vancouver.
Barclay Bonthrone, Vancouver.
James McRea, Silverton.
C. I. Hofield, Silverton.
C. L. Leghefoot, Vancouver.
D. J. McLachlan, Vancouver.
R. F. Tohnie, Victoria.
E. A. Baker, Vancouver.
F. Smith, Toronto.

TO CURE COLD IN ONE DAY.

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

BOSTOCK CUP FINALS.

The two final draws for the Bostock cup were played off here in the curling rink this week. Hood and Main's rinks played on Tuesday night, when Main come out one point ahead, leaving Main to play with Grimmett. On Wednesday evening a very interesting game was finished between Main and Grimmett, Main winning by just one point. The rinks tieing at the the twelfth end, another end was played, and this made Main and Grimmett call out "swoop 'er up," with loud echoes.

Below are the rinks in this competition and the scores of the game:

Kaslo.	Sandon.	Sandon.	Sandon.	Sandon.	Sandon.
Walton	McMartin	McMillan	Hagler	Smith	Lilly
Kettyle	Sanford	G. Main	Gomm	Cavanaugh	Fallows
McKinnon	Robertson	Pitts	McLachlan	Pierson	Brown
Buchanan, skip	Grimmett, skip	Wilson, skip	McDonald, skip	Hood, skip	Main, skip

McDonald 10, Grimmett 10 } Grimmett 10
Buchanan 10, Main 8 } Main 10
Grimmett 11 } Grimmett
Main 10, Hood 9 } Main 11
Grimmett 10, Main 11 } Main.

LORD ROBERTS' TRIUMPHAL ENTRY.

Kruger's Canting Cable a Further Insult to the British.

Lord Salisbury's Reply Means That the "Incontestable Indepence" Will Not Be Considered.

London, March 13.—A parliamentary paper containing the telegrams sent to the British government by the presidents of the South African Republic and the Orange Free State and Great Britain's reply thereto was issued this afternoon. It first gives the telegram sent by the two presidents to the Marquise of of Salisbury as follows:

Bloemfontein, March 5.—The blood and the tears of thousands who have suffered by this war and the prospect of all moral and economic ruin, wherewith South Africa is now threatened, make it necessary for both belligerents to ask themselves dispassionately, and as in the sight of the living God, for what are they fighting and whether the will of each justifies all this appalling misery and devastation. With this object, and in view of the assertions of various British statesmen to the effect that this war was begun and is being carried on with the set purpose of undermining her Majesty's authority in South Africa, and of setting up an administration over all of South Africa independent of her Majesty's government, we consider it our duty to solemnly declare that this war was undertaken solely as a defensive measure to maintain the threatened independence of the South African Republic, and is only continued in order to secure and maintain the incontestable independence of both republics as sovereign international states, and to obtain the assurance that those of her Majesty's subjects who have taken part with us in this war shall suffer no harm whatever in person or property.

"On these conditions, but on these conditions alone, are we now, as in the past, desirous of seeing peace reestablished in South Africa. While if her Majesty's government is determined to destroy the independence of the republics, there is nothing left to us and our people but to persevere in the second course already begun.

"In spite of the overwhelming prominence of the British empire we are confident that God, who lighted the inextinguishable fire of the love of freedom in the hearts of ourselves and our fathers, will not forsake us and will accomplish his work in us and in our dependents.

"We hesitated to make this declaration earlier to your excellency as we feared that so long as the advantage was always on our side, and so long as our forces held defensive positions far within her Majesty's colonies, such a declaration might hurt the feelings and honor of the British people. But now that the prestige of the British empire may be considered to be assured by the capture of one of our forces by her Majesty's troops, and that we have thereby been forced to evacuate other positions which our forces had occupied, that difficulty is over, and we can no longer hesitate to clearly inform your government and people, in the sight of the whole civilized world, why we are fighting and on what conditions we are ready to restore peace."

ANOTHER KRUGER CABLE.

New York, March 14.—The Evening Journal prints the following from President Kruger: "Pretoria, March 13.—The burghers will only cease fighting when death comes. Our forces are returning in good order to our first line of defence on our own soil. The Natal campaign waslonger in our favor than we expected. The British will never reach Pretoria. The burghers, Steyn, Joubert and myself, as well as all others, are united. There are no differences. God help us.

(Signed) Kruger.

How They Surrendered at Bloemfontein.

London, March 15. The Daily News has the following dispatch from Pretoria dated Monday, which says: Lord Salisbury's reply has been received and a Boer refutation of the British contention is under consideration. It will deny that any annexation has been made, and it will be declared that the occupation of British territory was merely strategic. It will also express the determination of the two republics to fight to the finish.

A dispatch to the Daily Chronicle from Bloemfontein dated Tuesday evening, March 13th, says: "Bloemfontein surrendered at 10 o'clock today. It was occupied at noon. President Steyn, with a majority of the fighting burghees, has fled northward."

General French was within five miles of the place on Monday afternoon. He sent a summons into the town threatening to bombard unless it was surrendered by 4 o'clock on Tuesday morning. A white flag was hoisted on Tuesday morning and a deputation of the town council with mayor Kellner came out to Lord Roberts at Spier Kop, five miles south of the town, making a formal surrender of the place.

Lord Roberts made a state entry at noon. He received a tremendous ovation. After visiting the public buildings he went to the official residence of the president followed by a cheering crowd, who waved a British flag and sang the British national songs. They were in a condition of frenzied excitement.

The War Situation.

Krugerism is evidently drawing to a close in South Africa. Kruger and Steyn, the presidents of the two republics, are now on their knees praying for peace, and talking of "the blood of thousands." Had Kruger possessed more of this alleged feeling of humanity for the last 15 years this war would never have been begun. It may be that before the Treaties of Pretoria and London in 1881 and 1884, respectively, the British government, through the South African Company, treated the Boers harshly. In fact it will not be disputed by any fair man that harshness was then common; but when Kruger voluntarily signed treaties in those years with the British government, when he in those treaties promised to give equal liberties to all nationalties within his domains he ought to have lived up to his pledges. Refusing schools, the right to worship in their own particular faith—whether Roman Catholic or Protestant—equal taxation and the franchise to Uitlanders was not the way to retain the respect of advancing civilization. As matters now appear, the complete subjugation of Bloemfontein in a day or two, the surrender of Pretoria in a few weeks, the escape of Kruger for his life and the annexation of the Transvaal and the Free State to Great Britain as a colony must follow before peace can be agreed to. There is one thing certain—Kruger will never again have authority to deal with that territory as he pleases. It will cost Great Britain a great deal in loss of life and money; but now that reasonable liberty to her subjects in that country rendered war necessary, nothing short of an absolute guarantee for their freedom for all time can bring hostilities to a termination.

Since writing the above President Steyn has surrendered Bloemfontein.

A Quiet Home Wedding.

The residence of Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Lyons, Cody avenue, was at 6 o'clock Wednesday morning the scend of the marriage of two of our most popular young people. The contracting parties were Miss Nellie Beamis, eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Lyons, and Mr. John S. Gusty, manager of P. Burns & Co.'s business here, the Rev. A. M. Sanford tying the Gordon knot. The wedding was a very quiet affair, only a few family friends being present, but not withstanding the simplicity, the bride maintained the due marriage solemnity, looking her pretty self attired in white. Her sister, Miss May (Beamis) Lyons, who wore a dress of cream and blue, was bridesmaid, while the groom was supported by Mr. Geo. Clark.

The wedding is the culmination of a last summer's romance, having its origin, we believe, in the 4th of July celebration at Three Forks, whereby Mr. Gusty won for his bride one of Sandon's most charming young ladies; but Gusty always was a prize winner, carrying his usual good luck into the matrimonial field. After a sumptuous wedding breakfast the new devotees of Hymen (with the guests present) were driven to the C. P. R. depot, where took the 8 o'clock train for a short trip to Nelson and Rossland, amid the customary shower of good wishes, rice, etc., not forgetting some of "Slim's" old boots. On their return, they will take up housekeeping in the comfortable suite of rooms over P. Burns & Co.'s shop, lately fitted up. Many useful and costly tokens of esteem were received by the bride and groom, and all join in wishing them long life and happiness supreme.

MINES AND MINING.

The Hewet, near Silverton, is shipping 150 ounce ore.

Work continues steadily on the Donnelly group with prospects improving.

The owners of the Lone Star group, at Silverton, are driving a 180-foot cross-cut, with which they hope to strike the ore body.

About 3,078 tons of ore were shipped from Slocan Lake points last year. The shipments from that district this year so far are: The Bosun, 60 tons; Hartney, 20; Emily Edith, 20; Vancouver 20; Arlington, 160; Black Prince, 60. Total, 340 tons.

The Noble Five has paid off all hands and shut down all its workings. It is not likely that operations will be begun again, to any extent, till the tunnels are dry in May or June. There are some circumstances surrounding the property, we are not at liberty to disclose, but if one of the number eventuates the property may be worked very extensively during the summer. At present, however, no one knows what the future may bring forth.

Rossland Now in the Throes.

And now Rossland is over its head in labor troubles. Many of the mines have their machinery adjusted and are ready to start up, but are resolved on starting under the contract system—that is paying every man for the work he does. In such case, the good man will get good pay and the inferior man lower wages. The machines of the miners' unions, that is the Coeur d'Alene element oppose this and the mines are now full of special constables to protect miners at work under contract. It has come to a pretty pass in the affairs of a British colony when the owner is debarred of the right to say how his property shall be worked, and when an alien organization without a dollar's worth of interest in the country shall have the power to say how its affairs shall be managed.

We have all along said the franchise of this country is too liberal. We regard the permanent resident, often commencing without a dollar, but saving from year to year to provide a home for himself and family, as the ideal unit of the voting power of this or any country. Such people rarely breed disturbance—they always look for the prosperity of the country in which they live, knowing its prosperity is theirs. It is to the men who are here today, while wages are good, and away tomorrow to where wages may be better, never making an investment anywhere, small or large, but ever agitating for their own immediate, selfish ends, that ballots should be denied. When the ballot is placed in their hands the two-penny half-penny ward politician is ever ready to purchase such votes by legislation, often crippling the material interests of the country, and starving out the legitimate industrial element. These men are always the leaders of agitation, that result in national retrogression or ruin, and the sooner they are denied the ballot the sooner will we have a much healthier condition of things in this province. This idea may not bring us much popularity in some quarters, but we know it is the one for the welfare of the country.

Nelson Miners Quit Work.

Yesterday (Wednesday) at noon 65 out of 75 men employed at the Granite and Poorman mines and 75 out of a staff of 90 at the Athebasca packed their blankets and came down the hill to remain until certain differences between themselves and the respective managements are adjusted.—Tribune.

Sandon Ore Shipments.

For the week ending March 16 were as follows:

MINE.	TONS.
Payne	140
Last Chance	40
Total	180

CURES CROUP.

Every mother knows how dangerous croup is. On the first signs of the croupy cough use Hagyard's Yellow Oil. It will cure this dangerous disease when nothing else will. Price 25 cts.

HOUSEHOLD.

A PLEA FOR THE CARROT.

The carrot has never attained in this country that measure of usefulness and distinction which belong to it in some other parts of the world, but is regarded rather as a plebeian vegetable, not fit to appear with those seen in good society. How it fell into its low estate it is hard to understand, for it has not always been thus. In the East, where it originated, it serves in many dishes, and long ago it was used in England as an ornament, at least in part. The leaves of the carrot are fernlike, but do not wilt as easily as ferns, and the ladies of the court of King Charles I. made them serve in the place of plumes in dressing the hair.

The carrot has great virtue as a preservative of the health, and the frequent eating of it is said to add to the beauty of the skin, bringing a soft, satiny quality to it. Cattlemen know that it is good for stock. It forms blood, so the country women tell us. Its roots mashed make an excellent poultice for inflammatory surfaces.

There are two kinds of carrots which are common. One is a small carrot scarcely bigger than the thumb. It came from France originally. The other French carrot is used abroad in combination with other vegetables, and makes a delicious dish. Carrots and peas are cooked separately, and then warmed up together, until a little brown, in oil or melted butter. Tender green beans may be combined in the same way. The French always use oil for cooking where we used melted butter, but it really matters little which is preferred. In France the carrot is served whole after being cooked in oil, and it is rarely cut in halves, even when used with other vegetables. If you like to try new dishes, cut the small carrots into halves, after having boiled them until soft in salted water. Roll them in cracker dust, then in egg, and fry in butter until browned. You will be pleased with the result.

Somewhat similar are caramel carrots. In this instance cut the carrots into long narrow stripes, after having boiled them. When the butter in a frying pan is very hot, drop into it the strips of carrot which have been rolled in sugar and salted. When the edges are brown take out, sprinkle with chopped parsely and serve.

Carrots a la reine.—Scrape and boil the vegetables in salted water until tender. Drain and then cover with any good gravy. Let them boil a few minutes in this, and if the gravy is thin thicken it. Serve this with pot roast or with roast lamb.

Another little known way of preparing carrots to serve with lamb cutlets is this: Cook as before in the salted water. Drain, add a little gravey, a small onion, two cloves, and season with salt and pepper if needed. Stew until the carrots may be mashed through a sieve. Allow a tablespoonful of butter to each cupful of pulp. Mix, heat up and mound it on a platter. Lay around the mound the broiled cutlets. There is nothing plebeian about this dish either in taste or appearance.

There are several ways of making carrot soup. The pulp given in the former receipt may be diluted with milk thickened with flour, seasoned with nutmeg, and will be found a delicate soup. Here is another rule for soup: Put two quarts of good stock into kettle and add to it two onions, one turnip and six large carrots, all of them cut in slices. Summer four hours, rub through a sieve, boil up once more, season highly, and serve. Rather stronger of the carrot will be this soup. Simmer slowly in three large spoonfuls of melted butter, six carrots which have been scraped and cut in small slices. Do not let them brown. Let them cook for one hour in the butter, then turn over them two quarts of stock and simmer gently for another hour. Strain through sieve, season and serve.

Rather a delicious dish is Carrots a l'Allemande. Put three spoonfuls of butter into a pan, and when melted, eight carrots cut in thick rounds, one tablespoonful minced parsley, one half teaspoonful minced onion and salt to suit. Simmer for ten minutes. Add one pint of stock and cook for half an hour. Thicken with a spoonful of butter and flour mixed together, and boil ten minutes and serve. If the carrots are old and hard, they should have some preliminary cooking.

Have you ever prepared carrots for the table as you prepare squash, mashing and seasoning liberally with butter and salt? It is a simple way of dressing it, but is good. You may like cold boiled carrots cut in dice and warmed in brown or white sauce.

Three desserts may be made from carrots, and they all have found friends willing to devour them, which in eatables is the true proof of friendship. Here is a boiled carrot pudding: Mix together half a pound of stoned raisins, half a pound of currants, same amount of boiled and grated carrot, quarter of a pound of finely chopped suet, quarter of a pound of sugar, two tablespoonfuls of finely cut candied peel, half a pound of breadcrumbs, and three spoonfuls of flour. Usually there is moisture enough in the carrot to make it unnecessary to add any more. When all these ingredients are thoroughly mixed, turn into a well-buttered dish and boil hard for hours.

Carrot pie is as good as squash pie. Use puff paste for the crust. For the filling take two carrots boiled and mashed, two spoonfuls of breadcrumbs, two of butter, three of milk, four eggs, sweeten to taste, and season with nutmeg. Bake slowly for an hour.

Pretty and good is a carrot meringue. To one-half a cup of carrot pulp, which has been run through a sieve, add as much sugar, a piece of butter as large as a walnut and half the grated rind of an orange. Turn into a pint of warm milk, and stir into this the yolks of four and the white of one egg well beaten. Set the baking dish into a pan of warm water, and bake until the custard is firm in the middle. Cover with a meringue made of the beaten whites, three tablespoonfuls of powdered sugar, and a little grated fresh orange rind. Let this set in the oven until a delicate brown.

After you have tried these dishes you will find your contempt of the common vegetable quite departed. If you wish the carrot to serve your love of beauty as well as your appetite cut off the pointed end, leaving the thick part. From this scoop out the centre, fill with water and hang so that the top is down, and you will soon have a feathery ornament at your window. Keep a constant supply of water in the hollowed part of the carrot. It is this which makes the growth.

TO PRESERVE CUT FLOWERS.

A florist of many years' experience gives the following recipe for preserving flowers: "When you receive a bouquet, sprinkle it lightly with fresh water; then put it into a vessel containing some soap-suds, which nourish the roots and keep the flowers as bright as new. Take the bouquet out of the suds every morning, and lay it sideways in fresh water, the stock entering first into the water; keep it there a minute or two, then take it out, and sprinkle the flowers lightly by the hand with pure water. Replace the bouquet in the soap-suds, and the flowers will bloom as fresh as when first gathered. The soap-suds needs to be changed every third day. By observing these rules, a bouquet can be kept bright and beautiful for at least one month, and will last still longer in a very passable state, but the attention to the fair and frail creatures, as directed above, must be strictly observed.

RICE MERINGUE.

One cupful cooked rice, one pint sweet milk, one tablespoonful sugar, yolks of two eggs, well beaten, one teaspoonful cornstarch, smoothed in a little water, the grated rind of one lemon, if liked. Cook thoroughly in double boiler, then set aside to cool. Beat whites of eggs to stiff froth, add juice of good-sized lemon, and one-fourth cupful powdered sugar. Pour this mixtue over pudding when ready to serve.

RUSSIA'S CROWN DIAMONDS.

There Were 4,764 Gems Used in Making Three of Them.

The crown of Russia is at present presumably the richest in diamonds. Besides several valuable collections in the imperial treasury, there are three crowns entirely composed of these stones. That of Ivan Alexiowitch contains 881, that of Peter the Great 847, and that of Catherine II. 2,536. One of its most remarkable diamonds is the "Orloff," now set in the top of the imperial sceptre, and on this account is sometimes called the "Sceptre" diamond. The history of this stone has been much mixed up with that of the "Moon of the Mountain," another great diamond in the possession of the Czar. The most authentic account appears to be that it formed one of the eyes of the Hindu god Sri-Range, to whom was dedicated a magnificent temple situated on a fortified island in Mysore.

A French deserter from the Indian service, who had been at work in the neighborhood of his temple, hearing of the idol's "beaux yeux," determined to become their possessor. As no Christians were permitted within the precincts of the pagoda, he, in order to gain the confidence of the priests, became a devotee and so ingratiated himself with the Brahmins that they confided to him the guardianship of the inner shrine, which contained the idol. Watching his opportunity, one stormy night, he succeeded in forcing one of the eyes out of its socket, and fled with it to Madras, where he sold the gem to an English sea captain for £2,000, who, in turn, disposed of it to a Jew for £12,000. From him it was purchased by Kojeh, a Persian merchant, who, in Amsterdam, when on his way from England to Russia, met Prince Orloff. This Prince, in order to regain the favor of Catherine II., under whose displeasure he had fallen, bought the gem from the merchant for the sum of £90,000 and an annuity of £4,000, and presented it to his imperial mistress, who had previously declined the purchase as too costly, but now accepted this truly royal gift from her illustrious subject.

The "Orloff" diamond weighs 194 carats, and its estimated value is £369,800. In size it ranks first among European gems, and in beauty yields the palm to the "Regent" only. It is said that Wilkie Collin's novel, "The Moonstone," was suggested by this stone.

THE RIVER OF BLOOD.

NATIVE NAME OF THE TUGELA RIVER IN SOUTH AFRICA.

Some History Which Shows Its Appropriateness—Big Battles Have Been Fought on Its Banks Between the Native Tribes—Thousands of Lives Have Been Sacrificed Before the Present War.

The noise of war, the horrible struggle of battles, the groans of the dying, the shouts of the victors, are not new things along the banks of the Tugela, and the hills around Spion Kop have looked upon worse scenes of carnage than they see now. Its banks have echoed and re-echoed with those sounds in the past, and Buller and Joubert have but added a few notes to its song of war. So many battles have taken place on the river where Buller and Joubert are now struggling that it is known to the natives as Blood River, and is frequently called by that name among the Boers.

The first known battle to have occurred on its banks took place during 1832 or 1833, between Zulus and Kaffirs, not far from what is now Weenen, although not quite so far inland. The great Zulu chief, Tchaka, had succeeded in conquering nearly all of the Kaffir country south of the Tugela, and had driven the inhabitants either to the coast or far into the south, when, for some reason that is not known to this day, a large party of Kaffir warriors and many gathered from other tribes decided to go up the Tugela from where they were at that time located near its mouth on the coast. They made their journey in boats and continued it without interruption until among the foothills of the Draakenburgs, where their camp was attacked by a Zulu impi; but the Kaffirs escaped to their boats and retreated down the river. But Zulus pursued them, and about 100 miles down the river

HEADED THEM OFF.

The Kaffirs discovered the Zulus before they were aware of their close proximity, and determined to attempt an escape inland. The large portion of the Zulu forces were on the north bank of the stream, and the Kaffirs, therefore, landed on the south side, and had marched some miles inland before the Zulus were aware of what had occurred. They at once set out in pursuit and overtook them the next morning. The Kaffirs were vastly outnumbered, but they made a good fight, that resulted in their almost complete annihilation. The few survivors were carried back across the Tugela into the Zulu preserves—slaves.

In 1837 the history of South Africa chronicles an event that is commonly called "Ditayo's uprising," although this is a misnomer, for it was not an uprising at all. Ditayo was one of the chiefs of the Zulus under that human tiger Dingaan. In some way he incurred Dingaan's wrath, and, realizing that death was in store for him, determined to escape, if possible, to the coast, where he would be safe in the English settlements. Ditayo was a chief well loved by the warriors, over whom he had long had command, and a large number of these decided to go with him to the coast. They succeeded in getting as far as the Tugela, but here they were overtaken by the ferocious Dingaan at the head of a big army. Ditayo and his men fought with consummate bravery, but were massacred to a man by Dingaan's force. The traveler who visits the scene of this battle will be shown a large tree where tradition says Ditayo, the last man left alive, fought single-handed against his foes like the heroes in medieval romances, slaying over a score of warriors before he was finally

HACKED TO THE GROUND.

In February, 1838, occurred the massacre of Piet Retief and seventy of his followers just a little west of the ground where the British and Boers have been struggling for so many weeks. Retief was at the head of a large caravan of Boers which had trekked into the Zulu country. He and his followers had been enticed into Dingaan's kraal to attend a big feast and were treacherously slain while enjoying the black's hospitality. The balance of the caravan succeeded in defending themselves from Dingaan's attack, and the Zulu then swept down the Tugela, slaying all the Boers he could find that had not placed themselves in a position to resist his onslaught. The number of Boers Dingaan killed in this raid run up to hundreds. The Boers who had intrenched themselves, however, were unable to escape, and when information of their plight reached the coast and other Boer settlements preparations were at once made for their relief. Peter Uys, a noted Boer, led a purely Boer expedition into the Zulu country, but were surprised near the site of the present British camp—Chievely—and though they made a desperate fight, were defeated with heavy loss. Their leader was killed and the few survivors had a terrible time reaching the coast. Here their story so stirred the British that the coast settlements would have been almost depopulated had all the volunteers to go to the relief of the Boers been accepted. At last a large force was completely organized, consisting principally of British colonists, though it also numbered many friendly natives and a few Boers. The expedition marched west along the Tugela. They had two battles with the Zulus, in both of which they were victorious, but were finally led into an ambuscade, not many miles from the now famous Spion Kop, where the relief expedition was

COMPLETELY ANNIHILATED.

After this victory Dingaan bore down upon the main body of Boers, the caravan which had been under the command of Piet Retief, and fell upon the laager with a force of nearly 10,000 warriors. There were but 400 fighting men in this laager, but they completely defeated Dingaan by making use of strategy, the thing they have used so well in their present war. A force of 200 horsemen were sent out from the laager, and falling upon the Zulus from the rear, created a panic in the army of blacks, which was defeated with a loss of about 3000 warriors, a defeat that broke Dingaan's power and sent him into ignominious exile. This victory occurred on December 16, a day that is celebrated as the principal event of the year in the Transvaal. And another bar had been added to the song of war the Tugela babbles to the sea.

Save for innumerable small fights, peace now reigned along the Tugela, until Cetewayo and Umbulazi, the two sons of Pande, King of the Zulus, began to quarrel over their right of succession to the throne. So fierce did their quarrel become that it finally led to a civil war. The nation was divided over the claims of the brothers and their forces finally met on the Tugela within sight of the Draakensburgs, in December, 1859. All day the struggle continued. The ground trembled with the rush of fighting men, and the hills echoed the shouts and the roar of battle. For hours the struggle continued without an apparent advantage on either side, when Cetewayo and Umbulazi, who had been fighting in the front ranks of their respective armies, finally came face to face, and a

A TERRIBLE DUEL

ensured between them. Mightily did these brothers, giants in strength, battle together; but Umbulazi was at last disparched by an assegai thrust, and his army, disheartened at the loss of their leader, fled from the field. This was one of the mightiest battles in the history of South Africa, and if the ghosts of warriors linger about the field of their death, over 10,000 who died in that struggle between brothers are gazing at the fighting now going on but a short distance from where they encountered death reaping his harvest from the plain of war.

Although Umbulazi's followers had fled from the field on the death of their leader, they did not abandon the fight, but scattered over the country in guerrilla bands and continued the war until 1861, when Cetewayo was declared the legal successor to Pande. Many battles during this period occurred along the Tugela. Fifteen fights, in which enough warriors were engaged to warrant calling them battles, took place, and in one, which occurred during the latter part of 1860, at a spot about 100 miles from the mouth of the Tugela, nearly 1200 warriors were slain, including several of Cetewayo's most prominent partisans.

After the subjugation of the Zulus by the British, in 1879, the country was divided up into thirteen districts, and these were given by the British to eleven Zulus chiefs, one Basuto chieftain and one white man, all of whom had helped the British in their war. This arrangement resulted in numerous petty wars, but during this period only one battle occurred on or near the Tugela. This was between a large party of Basutos and Zulu impi. It was an all-day fight, but the Basutos drove their adversaries from the field with enormous loss. This fight in which more lives were lost than in all of Buller's fighting, occurred in a defile of the Draakensburgs, not five miles from the scene of the battle of Spion Kop, a defile that is probably held by the Boers to-day.

And now, don't you think the Zulu name of Blood is more appropriate than Tugela, for that stream which flows by so many battlefields and along whose banks so many good fighting men—white and black—have sacrificed their lives on the gory altar of war?

DON'T GO THERE

No Field for Labor in South Africa Either Now or Later.

We call the attention of the Government to a matter that needs inquiry, says the South African News. During the last two weeks seven American compositors have come to the News office asking for work. They say that in their own and other trades throughout America men are told that there is plenty of well-paid work wailing them in Africa; that at least $5 a day can be earned, either in their own callings, or as mule drivers, and that the day the war is over there will be an unprecedented demand for labor.

Who is responsible for this cruel hoax we do not know. It may be that it is a little dodge of the capitalists in the hope of bringing down wages. However that may be, we suggest to the Government that it should without delay cable to America stating the facts—that distress is acute, and that in all probability worse times are in front of us. And the trade societies should write to America in the same sense. Most of the men who come are practically destitute. In our own case we have to send the applicants on to the Relief Committee, but, of course, it is unfair to expect that excellent organization to deal with a class of case quite foreign to its purpose.

TRUE STORIES OF THE WAR

LETTERS FROM MEN WHO HAVE BEEN UNDER FIRE.

How the 74th Regiment Lost a Gun at Stormberg—Testimonial of Boer Marksmanship—Usefulness of the Ox Transports.

One of the men of the 74th Regiment, who was in charge of the gun that was lost in the Stormberg engagement, writes to his father in Newcastle from Sterkstrom as follows:

"We left the camp about 3,000 strong, under Gen. Gatacre, and reached Stormberg Hill about 3 o'clock on Sunday afternoon. Under the hill the infantry opened out, but all of a sudden the Boers let us have it with their Mausers. We were surprised, in a trap, and well we knew it. Our artillery, which was in battery column at close intervals, wheeled into line along the plain southwest of Stormberg Hill, to take up position under the enemy's fire, and it was during that moment that the gun I was in charge of got stuck in a ditch. There we were left. It was awful—maddening; but the moment the enemy saw the position we were in, they turned their fire on us. In a short time they wounded my three drivers; and, all the while under heavy fire, myself and the gunners were working with might and main to get the gun out; but it was all to no purpose. For twenty minutes the Boers pounded us, and in that time all the six were killed. I must say that both the drivers and the gunners acted splendidly.

"Of the eight of us, not a man left his horse until Maj. Lowrie ordered us away. Maj. Lowrie, who had already got the D. S. O (Distinguished Service Order) at the risk of his life, galloped across the line of fire with spare horses to try to save the gun; but it was no good. Then he said to our party:

"'Men, you have done your best, and done it bravely, too; leave your gun; it can not be saved.'

"This we did; but we did it sulkily, thinking the Boers would meet us again with our own. This is the true story of how the 74th lost their gun."

BATTLE OF COLENSO.

Private Eade, who lies wounded in the field hospital at Rondesbosch, having been hit in the battle of Colenso, writes home thus:

"I got a bullet clean through my helmet; one cut my mess-can from my back; a third cut the rifle from my hand, and the fourth went right through both legs. It was hard lines on our men to be knocked down the way they were, and most of them did not fire a shot. You could see nothing but trenches to fire at. I had the pleasure of having a few shots at them when they came out to take the artillery guns. Five of us let go at them, but they soon settled us. They killed two of us, wounded one and took the other two prisoners."

That does not sounds as if the Boer marksmanship had deteriorated.

Commenting on the transport problem, the correspondent of the Times at Queenstown writes:

"It has been truly said that an army fights on its belly—a fact that some of our Generals at times overlook—and in the matter of keeping man and horse supplied with food, the ox wagon transport plays a great part in South Africa. True it is that, so far during this campaign, the railways have done all this; but when the Free State is reached the ox transport will be called on. Meanwhile, at the various camps all over the country the ox transport is being utilized for all sorts of useful purposes, such as the removal of stores to outposts and the carriage of firewood and daily camp necessities. In Cape Colony a contract was concluded with Julius Weil to supply 700 wagons, each with a span of sixteen oxen.

OX TRANSPORTS.

"Though, originally, the idea had been to allocate these in equal proportions between three advancing columns, the exigencies of the campaign have resulted in one-third being sent to De Aar, which supplies the Naauwpoort, Arundel or Orange River forces as called on, while the balance of about 470 wagons is retained at Sterkstrom and Queenstown. In addition to this wagon contract, another was concluded for a practically unlimited number of small spans of oxen to be used in military carts and wagons. The imperial government learned several valuable lessons in the Zulu War, and one of these was to contract for transports and not to purchase them. The service is at once more efficient and in the end is undoubtedly more economical. The contract apparently could not be in more able hands."

A POOR MEMORY.

Wife—I received a letter from our country cousins to-day, saying they would like to visit us for a month or so. I sent a reply this afternoon.

Husband, anxiously—What did you tell them we had?

Wife—Smallpox!

Husband—Great Scott! You've put your foot in it now! That's what you told them last year when they threatened to come!

A RACE CHARACTERISTIC.

Isaacs. I hear you are trying to change your name to Rose. I hope you are not ashamed of your race!

Rosenstein. Sott'nly not. But vat is de use of vasting all dot ink?

ANTIDOTE FOR HUNGER.

The Experiment Tried in Russia With Beneficial Results.

About the beginning of this century a distinguished French philanthropist, A. Joux, advised poor people to sleep as much as possible during the winter months, as only thus would they be able to live with any degree of comfort. This strange theory is now being tested by many persons in Russia, and, according to a report which has been issued, their almost complete abstinence from food has produced no harmful result, and has even from their standpoint proved highly beneficial. These people live at Pskow, a district south of St. Petersburg, and the reason why they have adopted the practice of sleeping during the winter is because for the last few years their crops have been insufficient to provide them with the necessary means of sustenance.

When the elders of the district saw that starvation stared the people in the face, they advised them to make their remaining stock of food last as long as possible and to go to sleep during the winter. This suggestion was adopted. The members of each family stretch themselves on cots around the large stove and slumber day and night. Once in the twenty-four hours they get up and refresh themselves with a morsel of hard bread baked last autumn and a drink of water, after which they lie down again and snore calmly.

Apparently some of the poorest inhabitants of Pskow have been in the habit of hibernating for some years, but the practice did not become general until recently, and it has only now attracted the attention of philanthropists and of physicians. Medical men in St. Petersburg have decided to investigate the matter closely, as they are especially anxious to obtain answers to two questions:—First, does the temperature of persons who remain torpid and who sleep for whole months in this fashion undergo any change; and second, in what other manner, if any, does this mode of living affect persons, physically and mentally?

HAVE YOU TASTED

SALADA

CEYLON GREEN TEA?

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

During the last two years 41,375 men have been killed in battle.

ANNUAL STATEMENT OF THE

NORTH AMERICAN LIFE

ASSURANCE COMPANY.

Head Office: 112-118 King Street West, TORONTO.

For the year ended December 30th, 1899.

Dec. 31, 1898	To net Ledger Assets		$2,977,451.64
	RECEIPTS.		
Dec. 30, 1899.	To Cash for Premiums	$744,835.53	
" "	To Cash Income on Investments	148,656.81	
			893,522.89
			$3,870,974.03
	DISBURSEMENTS.		
Dec. 30, 1899.	By payments for Death Claims, Profits, etc.	$303,086.50	
" "	By all other payments	231,182.32	
			534,268.82
	Balance net Ledger Assets		$3,336,710.21
	ASSETS.		
Dec. 30, 1899.	By Mortgages, etc.		1,416,932.68
	" Debentures (market value $308,935.65)		579,939.37
	" Stocks and Bonds (market value $587,291.50)		559,993.62
	" Real Estate, including Company's building		334,651.79
	" Loans on Policies, etc.		221,665.37
	" Loans on Stocks (nearly all on call)		194,821.42
	" Cash in Banks and on hand		28,705.96
			$3,336,710.21
	" Premiums Outstanding, etc. (less cost of collection)		137,298.24
	" Interest and Rents, due and accrued		35,074.75
	" Market value of Debentures and Stocks over cost		56,894.16
			$3,565,477.36
	LIABILITIES.		
Dec. 30, 1899.	To Guarantee Fund	$ 60,000.00	
	" Assurance and Annuity Reserve fund	2,929,552.00	
	" Death Losses awaiting proofs, etc.	51,507.85	
			3,041,059.85
	Net Surplus		$524,418.01

The financial position of the Company is unexcelled—its percentage of net surplus to liabilities exceeds that of any other Home Company.

New insurances issued during 1899 ..... $ 4,929,140.00
Exceeding the best previous year by nearly one million.
Insurance in force at end of 1899 (net) $23,045,403.00

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JOHN L. BLAIKIE.

VICE-PRESIDENTS:
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L. W. SMITH, ESQ., Q.C., D.C.L. — JOHN N. LAKE, ESQ.
D. McCRAE, ESQ., Guelph. — J. KERR OSBORNE, ESQ.
HON. SIR WM. R. MEREDITH, Chief Justice of Ontario.

MANAGING DIRECTOR:
WM. McCABE, LL.B., F.I.A., F.S.S.

SECRETARY: L. GOLDMAN, A. I. A.
MEDICAL DIRECTOR: J. THORBURN, M. D., Edin.

The Report containing the proceedings of the Annual Meeting, held on January 30th, last, showing marked proofs of the great progress and solid prosperity of the Company, will be sent to the policy-holders. Pamphlets explanatory of the attractive investment plans of the Company and a copy of the annual report, showing its unexcelled financial position, will be furnished on application to the Head Office or any of the Company's agencies.

The longest newspaper title in existence is that of a Greenland publication, which rejoices in the euphonious designation of "Arrangaglistio Natingiunavnik Sysarammas Sivik."

The Boers requested President Kruger's permission to use Dumdum bullets, but he refused.

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

President Kruger is announced to have put a tax of from thirty to fifty per cent. on the output of Johannesburg gold mines.

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Water in South Africa is often as precious as gold, and sometimes infinitely more precious. Every year witnesses a terrible drought in some part.

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

To lengthen thy life, lessen thy meals, and lengthen thy certificate.

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Mr. Rodie McDougall, of Vankleek Hill., says: "Catarrhozone has done me more good than any other medicine I ever used. It has cured me of my Catarrh. Others may praise their preparations but Catarrhozone cannot be beaten as a cure for Catarrh." Catarrh-o-zone is a new method of treatment guaranteed to cure the most chronic cases of Catarrh, Asthma Bronchitis, Coughs, Colds, &c. Sure safe and pleasant to use. Sold by all druggists. Trials outfit sent for 10c in stamps by N. C. POLSON & CO., Kingston, Ont., Proprietors.

(A man never thinks he is bad as he really is

There are thirteen streets in Ladysmith, fairly well laid out. The town hall cost £ 5,000 to build.

THE TRAMP'S IDEA.

That feller ought to go into business and fail, said the tramp to his partner about a man from whom he had asked a small favor.

Why?

He compromised wid me for fifty cents on the dollar.

How jou mean?

W'y, I stru k him for a dime and he gi' me a nickel.

TO CURE A COLD IN ONE DAY

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

If wind blows on you through a hole; Get a certificate and take care of your soul.

FOR OVER FIFTY YEARS

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

Where bread is wanting all's to be sold, if you don't prepare for the future.

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

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

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

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

THE CHEERFUL VIEW.

Are you superstitious about the number 13?

No, indeed; if a girl re used me thirteen times, I'd know I was in great luck not to marry such an obstinate, hard-headed girl.

Catarrh Cannot be Cured

with LOCAL APPLICATIONS as they cannot reach the seat of the disease. Catarrh is a blood or constitutional disease, and in order to cure it you must take internal remedies. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, and acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces. Hall's Catarrh Cure is not a quack medicine. It was prescribed by one of the best physicians in this country for years, and is a regular prescription. It is composed of the best tonics known combined with the best blood purifiers, acting directly on the mucous surfaces. The perfect combination of the two ingredients is what produces such wonderful results in curing Catarrh. Send for testimonials free.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Props., Toledo, O.
Sold by druggists, price 75c.
Hall's Family Pills are the best.

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A message travels over an ocean able at about 700 miles a second.

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

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

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

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

FOR SALE!

THE Following SECOND-HAND MACHINERY; has been used but little; is practically as good as new; will be sold cheap: 1 Garvin Hand Miller; 1 Emery Stand; 1 Lathe, 4 foot bed.; 1 Blaisdale Lathe, 8 foot; 2 Chucks, 12 in.; 1 Power Hack Saw; 3 Tube Vices, Iron Pedestal; 1 Large Polishing Jack; 1 Speed Lathe; 2 Spoke Threading Machines; 1 Engine Lathe; 22 Split Pulleys of different sizes; 5 Block Pulleys. Apply to E. W. NESBITT, Woodstock, Ont.

Dominion Line MAIL STEAMSHIPS Portland, Me., to Liverpool, via Halifax.

Large and fast Steamers Vancouver, Dominion, Cambroman.

Rates of passage:—First Cabin, $50 upwards; Second Cabin, $35; Steerage, $22.50 and $23.50. For further information apply to local agents, or DAVID TORRANCE & CO., General Agents, 17 St. Sacrement St. Montreal.

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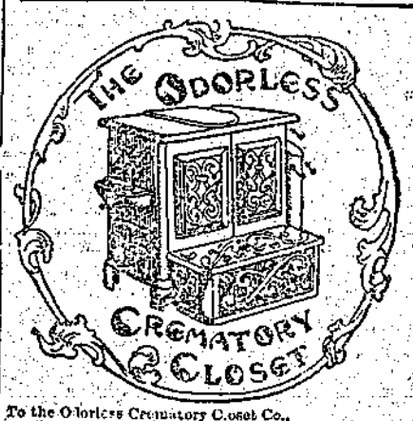
EPPS'S GRATEFUL—COMFORTING. COCOA BREAKFAST—SUPPER.

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



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Dr. McGlaughlan, Bowmanville, Ont.
Dr. M. L. Dixon, Frankville, Ont.
Dr. C. F. Ferguson, Kempitville, Ont.
Dr. Ulric Gabourg, Plantaganet, Ont.
Judge A. C. Chadwick, Guelph, Ont.
C. J. Mickle, B.A., Chesley, Ont.
Rev. John Downie, Watford, Ont.
L. Dampier, Mgr. Bank of Commerce, Strathroy, Ont.
Peter Hope, merchant, Perth, Ont.
Jas Moffatt, merchant, Amherst, N.S

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High Class Water Tube Steam Boilers, for All Pressures, Duties and Fuel.

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

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

Angier Chemical Co. 81 Confederation Life Building, Toronto

The Mining Review

SATURDAY, MARCH 17, 1900.

LET US REASON TOGETHER.

Because some men and newspapers do not readily accede to the views of executives of miners' unions and self-constituted champions of labor and labor organizations they are at once accused of being in the employ of the mine owners, enemies of labor, or being in some other way, for financial reasons, influenced in their course of action. In the first place, persons who come to such conclusions should be sure, after properly considering all the circumstances and conditions bearing on the matter, that the contentions of unions and labor leaders are in every respect absolutely reasonable and just —in every respect faultless. We venture to say, however, that there is not one out of every thousand, who takes exception to those who in any way question the course of these people, that ever gives the claims of labor organizations reasonable consideration.

It goes without saying, however, that if conditions warranted it every man in the province, with the possible exception of some mine owners, would like to see the average miner of the camp getting from three to four dollars a day. But the average man, outside of the two extremes most interested, to be reasonable, must look at all the circumstances bearing on the situation, if the extremes do not. We all know that the more money that is circulated for labor in all industrial centres the better it is for commercial interests, regardless of class. It is, however, a mistake for business men to assume that it is alone high wages to a few that make a camp prosperous. It is the volume of money in circulation, regardless of the number of circulators, that does it.

The point, however, is this, and the sooner the entire public grasp it and are influenced by its force the better for all concerned. The first thing is to get capital interested and circulated in investments. Without this all efforts of every nature and kind must prove unavailing. If the laws of the country encourage the income, the investment and the operations of capital, the employment of labor is the correlative consequence. The men then have it in their own hands, without legislative interference of any character or nature, to fix their own wages and make them steady at rates consistent with the profits of the enterprises of the country. If there is employment but for 2000 operatives, and 4000 rush in for the positions low wages is the tendency. If, on the other hand, to meet the demand less than 2000 operatives come in they will all get the highest wages the profits of the industry can stand. Capital wants to make money as badly as men want wages; but capital is always in a position to avert losses in the labor market and always will avert them. In the Kootenay today there is the most urgent need for more capital. There is an immense number of properties in the hands of men without the means to work them. There is an unlimited number more in the altogether undeveloped condition awaiting capital for experimental purposes, and a further large number in the low-grade order that can only be worked by capital under the most favorable conditions. Thus further capital must be the mainspring of our future progress or retrogression.

From the reports from the Transvaal, it is as certain as the sun rises and sets that a great rush of capital will be made there as soon as the war is over and the country becomes subject to British rule and government. Is our government doing anything to secure that capital which we urgently require, before it is lost to us forever? Here we have spent the most advantageous year in the history of the province, if properly employed, tinkering with legislation to appease a sentiment instead of grappling with questions most momentous in the possibilities of the state, and it appears the end is not yet.

The only thing that can be done now is to at once erase all legislation that is the cause of past friction, assure capitalists that there will be no more interference with the labor and mining laws of the country leaving labor and capital free to adjust their own differences, and hope for the best under unlimited and unrestricted freedom.

CHINA A COMPETITOR.

To speak of placing the Chinaman on the same plane with the average European, at the present time, from the industrial standpoint, would be to arouse such an avalanche of hostility and adverse criticism that few would care to encounter. But the world has not grown in a day, nor is its future development with all its national changes to be the product of an hour. This sentiment against the Chinaman is sure sooner or later to be overcome. It is not as a matter of justice to the present industrial element, for its immediate necessities, either fair or right to place it in competition with the average Chinaman's requirements; but the comparison will come.

There are today 400,000,000 people in China, four times the entire population of the whole North American continent. They are fast learning the ways of American and European civilization, and will, therefore, yet become a great manufacturing people, producing for the American and European markets. From the nature of industrial economy, as they become exporters of manufactures, they will become importers of manufactured products also, and contact with outside civilization will induce them to place a higher value upon their labor and its products. This latter fact will, of course, lessen the damaging consequences of cheap labor, but it can never overcome them. Their present willingness to work for low wages arises from a twofold cause—their simplicity of every day living, and, therefore, few wants, and the more extensive purchasing power of a small sum of money in the country of their birth, to which they all calculate to return. Advancement in the ways of civilization appears to cultivate waste in the methods of living and, as a consequence, creates a demand for higher wages for labor. While, therefore, the advancement now going on in China must so increase the cost of living as to revolutionise the Chinaman's demands in the labor market and make him more nearly conform to the rule among his European brethren, yet it does not change the fact that America and Europe will yet, in a new channel, have to reckon, and in a more defenceless way, with the cheap labor of China. Manufactures now produced in America and England such as cotton goods, silks, many lines of hardware, etc., etc., that are now produced not only for consumption but also for export, will shortly be produced in China for export to Europe and America. This means that feel as we may about it, we are bound to find in China a strong competitor in our labor markets, and the only cure is to set our houses well in order to be prepared for it.

JOSEPH'S COAT OF MANY COLORS.

"Fighting Yousef" is up to his ears in the pledging business again. He now pledges himself to submit the eight-hour law to a referendum "after the general elections." Another spoon to catch whales. In December, 1888, he pledged his honor, and that of the Liberal party in Manitoba, to the Roman Catholics, that in case the Liberals defeated the Norquay government, then in power in that province, they would not disturb either their separate schools or the French language, then permissable in the legislature and all state publications. Three months after the Liberals came into power, through Joe's false pledges, and in three months after that Joe himself introduced the Act to wipe out the separate schools and the dual language system. That is the kind of man Martin is. He trampled his own solemn pledges under foot to catch the majority vote of Manitoba, that he considered to be Protestant. We assure the electors of B. C. that he is the same old Joseph still with a coat of many colors, and will trample any pledge he may make the people of British Columbia under foot as he did those to the Roman Catholics of Manitoba, if he can gain an end by so doing. He now promises the referendum on the eight-hour law. If he is sincere, why did he not take a vote on the question before he passed the Act? There is not the slightest assurance in any pledge Joseph made that he will carry it out. He knows that in case the referendum should show a majority for the law he would argue that that majority was of small account, as it was made up of men who had no interest in the country; and in case it did not carry, there would only be a repeal after the country had lost two or three of the best years of its history. The people of this country have had enough of humbug without courting still another dose from Joseph. A year ago he introduced the Alien Labor Act to embarrass Laurier, then at Washington, and now he says there is no longer use for it, because Laurier has returned.

A cigar traveller left an advertisement with The Review office last week, and a couple of saloon men told him if he did not cancel the advertisement they would cancel their orders for cigars. Gentlemen, this kind of thing won't do, it cuts both ways. This is the pessimistic boycot of a very narrow mind, arising out of our stand in the labor trouble. Everybody admits the breaking up of the deadlock was a righteous act, in the interest of the camp; and instead of seeking to prolong it by advocating an indefensible course, as some of the pet prints did, we advocated a course that led to the settlement. Instead, then, in the public interest, of boycotting The Review should be thanked, as it is by all the liberal minded men of the district. The Review never recommended low wages, as some of our opponents charge —it merely advised a settlement on the basis of payment for corresponding results, to which no fair man can object. This town is too small, and the interests of the entire community are so identical that we cannot afford to have either cliques or sections the result of animus or ill-feeling. The Review has for its friends, at least, a large majority of the patronising portion of the community, and boycotting by the the minority will only tend to arouse retaliation, a result the general public should deeply deplore. At the present, we will name no one, but simply allow time to influence their better judgment, as we are fully convinced it will.

If the Silvertonian and other prints of that ilk, that go well out of the path of legitimate journalism and deeply into the realms of fancy, to manufacture motives for the course of The Review in the present struggle, would only spend the time they waste in an endeavor to properly cope with its conclusions, they would be doing much better service to their readers. The Review is not laboring for the dollars it might make catering to an untenable and inflamed sentiment, it is striving simply to uphold the methods best calculated to promote the material interests of the country. We are more than fully convinced that the income of capital, the development of mining and the creation of labor ahead of the supply, leaving capital in search of labor making its own demands uninstructed by legislation, is a better condition of things, even for labor itself to say nothing of the superior conditions for all business enterprises, than $3.50 for eight hours for the miner with nearly all the mines closed up and business men begging. Shallow, unthinking scribes prefer dabbling in the motives of men, whose measures they cannot comprehend, to looking at the situation through any other glasses.

While party government on Federal lines is undoubtedly preferable to the form of government we have had in B. C. for years past, The Review has no hesitation in saying the present is a most opportune time to introduce it. Joe Martin is at the head of a wing of the Liberal party, forming a government. He is distrusted by the best elements of that party. Inaction on the part of the Conservative party will widen the gap between the Martin and anti-Martin elements of that party. An election on other than Federal line will swing three-quarters of the votes of the country against Martin and settle him forever. On the defeat of Martin Federal lines introduced would draw to the Conservatives a portion of Martin's following, and make it a solid party in the country for generations, just as the Baldwin and Lefontaine elements of the Liberal party in Eastern Canada were drawn to the Conservatives in 1854, forming the Liberal-Conservative party from that day to this. We simply throw out the hint for future reference.

An exchange says that the local miners' unions have as good a right to affiliate with the Western Federation of Miners as provincial capital has to affiliate with outside capital. Admitted if the affiliation is no more dangerous. Will our neighbor, however, make good its intimation and show wherein the Silver-Lead Mines Association of the Slocan is in affiliation with any outside organization in any way, shape or manner? An ounce of proof is worth a ton of speculation.

The Silvertonian will have it that the W. F. of M. has a perfect right to exercise dictatorial powers in B. C. Will it now show on what grounds, and what interests it has financially, or otherwise, in the progress of the country? Does our confrere think it is to the interest of this country that the history of the past year should be continued forever? as it will be if the eight-hour law stands and the W. F. of M. continues to exercise influences similar to the past.

Carpenters' Kidneys.

Carpentering is not an easy trade. The constant reaching up and down, the lifting and stooping over are all severe strains on the kidneys. No wonder a carpenter exclaimed, recently, that every time he drove a nail it seemed as though he was piercing his own back. He uses

DOAN'S Kidney Pills

now on the first sign of Backache and is able to follow his trade with comfort and profit.

"I have had kidney and urinary troubles for more than three years with severe pain in the small of my back and in both sides. I could not stoop without great difficulty, and I had severe neuralgic pain in my temples. Seeing the advertisement of Doan's Kidney Pills, I got a box. They have given me quick relief, removing the pain from the back and sides, and banishing the neuralgic pains from my head. The urinary difficulty is now entirely gone, I feel fresh and vigorous in the mornings, and am much stronger in every way since taking these pills." CLARENCE E. SEEDS, Carpenter and Builder, Trenton, Ont.

THE FAT IN

the food supplies warmth and strength; without it the digestion, the muscles, the nerves and the brain are weak, and general debility follows. But fat is hard to digest and is disliked by many.

Scott's Emulsion

supplies the fat in a form pleasant to take and easy to digest. It strengthens the nerves and muscles, invigorates mind and body, and builds up the entire system.

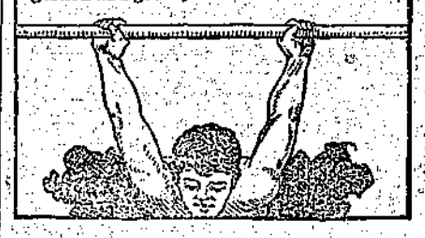
50c. and $1.00, all druggists.
SCOTT & BOWNE, Chemists, Toronto.

DR. PIERCE'S GOLDEN MEDICAL DISCOVERY

IS A TRUE MUSCLE MAKING MEDICINE

It makes muscle by making health. It makes health by curing the diseases which undermine the strength. The starting place of physical deterioration and weakness is generally the stomach. The "Discovery" positively cures diseases of the stomach and organs of digestion and nutrition. Take "Golden Medical Discovery" and you'll get well and strong.

"I wish to express my thanks to you for your wonderful medicine," writes Mr. Geo. Logan Dogget, of Piedmont, Greenville Co., S. C., Box 167. "I was almost past work suffering so much from chronic catarrh and indigestion. Your 'Golden Medical Discovery' was recommended. I used it for three months, and was completely cured of indigestion and greatly relieved of catarrh."



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Twenty years' experience.

SANDON, B. C.

Cook's Cotton Root Compound

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

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

FOLLIOTT & McMILLAN

CONTRACTORS AND BUILDERS.

Plans and Estimates Furnished on all Classes of Building.

Factory opposite the C. P. R. freight shed. P. O. Box 155.

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

Dealers in Rough and Dressed Lumber, Shingles, Lath, Lime and Brick.

CALL AND GET PRICES.

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HARRY NASH

PRACTICAL TINSMITH AND PLUMBER.

Manufacturer of Galvanized Airpipe, Powder-thawers, Camp Stoves and all kinds of Sheet Metal Work.

With the latest in tools and machines, good stock, I am prepared to do only first-class work.

Personal attention given to all orders.

ESTIMATES GIVEN. MODERATE PRICES.

MAIL ORDERS PROMPTLY ATTENDED TO.

Shop, at present, near Sandon Sawmills.

THE ALASKAN BOUNDARY.

Correspondence Between Great Britain and the United States.

New York, March 10.—A special to the Herald from Washington says: "Although no effort is being made to press the negotiations for a permanent delimination of the Alaskan boundary, it is said to-day that discussion on the subject is in progress between the United States and Great Britain. In answer to the British request for the establishment of a boundary line at a point which would give England control practically of the Lynn canal, Secretary Hay recently sent an exhaustive memorandum, which, in the opinion of the American officials, clearly refutes the British claim and shows conclusively that the waterway belongs to the United States. The British government have not answered the communication. There is no doubt in the minds of the officials that the loyalty of Canada to Great Britain will cause the London government to be more insistent of the the claims of the Dominion. The United States, however, holds that the Lynn canal is its property, and at present has no intention of relinquishing it. The ultimate determination of the controversy will probably be reached by arbitration, the character of which will be a stumbling block to negotiations."

Coeur D'Alene Troubles.

Washington, D. C., March 10.—Cross-examination of Frederick A. Martin, a miner, was continued at the Coeur d'Alene investigation to-day. He was closely questioned by Representatives Mondell and Dick as to his presence on the train which carried the rioters' party to Wardner. He maintained that he was there by chance, and had no knowledge of or part in the attack on the mill. He saw armed men and masked men, but the seriousness of the situation did not appear to him until after the mill was blown up. At the time he said, an unknown man pinned a ribbon on his coat, but there was no explanation of its meaning. From a distance he saw explosions, and afterwards saw one of the men, Shayne, lying shot on the roadside.

Richness of Cape Nome.

Washington, D. C., March 10.—Under date Dawson City, Jan. 14, Vice Council Morrison reported that 19 expeditions have left Dawson for Cape Nome since Dec. 6, and as soon as the weather moderates many more will start. The population of Dawson is 6,000 less than last year. Late news from Nome confirms the reports of the richness of the district, and announces new finds in the interior, but the lack of fuel prohibits these being worked in winter. Typhoid fever has appeared with increasing mortality. In Dawson the revenue from liquor permits for the year is placed at $100,000. Saloon licenses are worth $2,500 per annum. Prices are still up. Profits in drugs are placed at 300 per cent., groceries at 200 per cent., and hardware at 400 per cent.

A Word About Slides.

The late sad accidents at and in the vicinity of Sandon were deplorable in their consequences, but it would appear they were not direful enough to satisfy some outside papers, whose hap-hazzard reports magnify the disasters three-fold. The Spokesman-Review has three men killed in the Noble Five slide in place of two, and has the slide at Sandon mixed up with a mining accident near Kaslo and has them happening at different places in the town, besides several rock and gravel slides which have never been heard of here. These accidents are prejudicial enough to Sandon without magnifying them. They have their their beaten paths and likely places and people should, as far as possible, avoid building or living in dangerous localities. We do not mean to say absolute safety in any spot in these mountain fastnesses, for, as in the open country the terrible cyclones sometimes occur out of known belts, so slides, like the one of Sunday, may come where not looked for. Draws, ravines and old washes should be avoided, thus lessoning the probable dangers.

RICH BLOOD.

If the stomach and bowels perform their duty, the blood is rich in all the elements needed to assure perfect health. Karl's Clover Root Tea taken as directed, guarantees the perfect action of stomach and bowels. Price 25 cts. and 50 cts. Money refunded if you are not satisfied. Sold by McQueen the Druggist.

LIVER COMPLAINT.

I have used Laxa-Liver Pills for a serious attack of liver com int, they did me a world of good a made me smart and healthy.—Mrs. Geo. Hurdis, Carleton Place, Ont.

PALE PEOPLE

Have their blood enriched, their heart strengthened and their cheeks rosy by using Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills.

Insufficient quantity or poor quality of the blood is one of the evil results that usually follow any derangement of the heart.

If the heart becomes weakened in any way it cannot pump the blood to the lungs as it should, there to be purified and impregnated with the life-giving oxygen.

As a result the blood deteriorates. It loses its nourishing, vitalizing, health-giving qualities. The face becomes pale, thin and waxen, the lips bloodless, the hands and feet cold.

There is weakness, tiredness, shortness of breath and palpitation. When *those suffering from* thin or watery blood start taking Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills they are assured of a cure. Every dose acts on the heart itself, causing it to beat strong, steady and regular.

Every dose, too, introduces into the blood those vital elements necessary to make it rich and red.

Soon the pale cheek takes on the rosy hue of health, there is strength instead of weakness, energy and activity take the place of tiredness and lassitude.

Miss M. Skullion, 50 Turner Street, Ottawa, Ont., says: "I was greatly troubled with my heart, together with extreme nervousness for many years. These complaints brought about great weakness and feeling of tiredness. My blood was of poor quality, so much so that I became pale and languid. Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills cured me after all else failed. They built up my system, enriched my blood, strengthened my nerves and restored me to health."

M. L. Grimmett, LL. B.

BARRISTER, SOLICITOR, NOTARY PUBLIC, ETC.

Sandon, B. C.

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

DREWRY & TWIGG,

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

NOTICE.

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

WHEALLER & MARTIN,
Solicitors for Applicants.
Kaslo, B. C., 1st of December, 1899.

DR WOOD'S
NORWAY PINE SYRUP.

CURES COUGHS AND COLDS.

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

LAXA-LIVER PILLS.

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

MINING STOCKS

AND OTHER INVESTMENTS.

Every Representation Guaranteed.

J. M. Harris

SANDON, B. C.

Hammond Bros. Co., Ltd.

LIVERY STABLES.

Finest string of Saddle Horses in the Kootenay.

PACKING, RAWHIDING, OUR SPECIALTY.

Sandon, B. C.

Kootenay Railway & Navigation

COMPANY, LTD.

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

Schedule of Time Pacific Standard Time

KASLO & SLOCAN RAILWAY

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

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

S S. INTERNATIONAL

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

S S. ALBERTA

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

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

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

To ascertain rates and full information, address

ROBERT IRVING, Manager, Kaslo.

Kaslo and Slocan Railway.

TIME CARD.

Trains run on Pacific Standard Time.

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

CODY BRANCH.

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

GEO. F. COPELAND,
Superintendent.

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

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NELSON & FORT SHEPPARD RY.
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The only All-rail route without change of cars betwen Nelson and Rossland and Spokane and Rossland.

LEAVE	DAILY	ARRIVE
6.20 a.m	Nelson	5.35 p.m.
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8.30 a.m	Spokane	3.10 p.m.

The train that leaves Nelson at 6.20 a. m. makes close connections at Spokane with trains for all

PACIFIC COAST POINTS.

Passengers for Kettle River and Boundary Creek connect at Marcus with Stage daily.

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When people are contemplating a trip whether on business or pleasure, they naturally want the best service obtainable so far as speed, comfort and safety is concerned. Employees of the Wisconsin Central Lines are paid to serve the public, and our trains are operated so as to make close connections with diverging lines at all junction points.

Pullman Palace Sleeping and Chair Cars on through trains.

Dining Car service excelled. Meals served a la Carte.

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

THE WISCONSIN CENTRAL LINES

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

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

JAS. POND, Gen. Pass. Agent, Milwaukee, Wis. or JAS. A. CLOCK, General Agent, 216 Stark St., Portland, Or.

A GOOD BUSINESS CHANCE.

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

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

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

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

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In French, German, or on the Violin, by T. J. Barron, B. A. (McGill), and violin pupil of Jules Hone, Montreal. Terms, &c., on application at Cliffe's bookstore.

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SARACINESCA—By F. Marion Crawford.
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STORIES OF THE RAILROAD—By John A. Hill.
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Copying Presses

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SANDON, B. C.

Dry Goods! Dry Goods Dry Goods!

We have just received a large shipment from the east.

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

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

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

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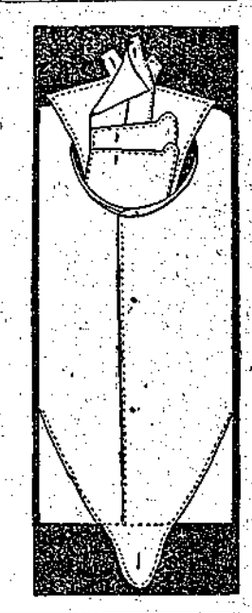
The Sandon Steam Laundry.



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

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SPOKANE.

	Arrive	Depart
No. 1—West Bound	9.50 pm	9.55 pm
No. 2—East Bound	7.10 am	7.20 am
Coeur d'Alene Branch, Monday, Wednesday and Friday	6.30 pm	7.45 am
Palouse & Lewiston Branch	1.30 pm	8.00 am
Central Washington Branch	1.40 pm	8.15 am
*Local Freight, west	7.00 pm	5.45 am
*Local Freight, east	3.45 pm	8.15 am

*Daily except Sunday; all others daily.

J. W. HILL, Gen. Agent, Spokane, Wash.
A. D. CHARLTON, A. G. P. A., Portland, Ore.

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

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

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EAST | DIRECT ROUTE. | WEST

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

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

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

Tickets issued through and baggage checked to destination.

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W. F. Anderson, Trav. Pass. Agt., Nelson
E. J. Coyle, Asst. Gen. Pass. Agt., Vancouver

Through Storm and Sunshine

CHAPTER V.

Sir Arthur Neslie, his wife and daughter, and Gerald Dorman sat together for the first time round the sumptuously appointed dinner-table at Lancewood. The baronet was all attention and devotion to his young wife. Vivian, too proud to display her feelings, talked to her father of Paris and Rome, of the friends he had met on his travels, of a thousand indifferent things. She turned occasionally to Mr. Dorman, and seemed to enlist him as a third in their conversation—but to Lady Neslie she offered no observation, she spoke no word. Gerald could not help thinking that the young wife seemed rather to prefer to listen than to talk.

There had been a slight unpleasantness when they entered the dining-room. Vivian, forgetting for a moment the change in her position, had gone as usual to her place at the table. The sudden expression of her father's face reminded her that she was doing wrong. She stopped abruptly, a flush on her fair proud face, a scornful curve round her beautiful mouth.

"I beg pardon, papa," she said. "I had forgotten." She did not look or even glance at the young wife, who stood by with laughing mischief in her eyes.

"Next to being remembered," observed Lady Neslie, "the greatest compliment is being forgotten, so I thank you for forgetting, Vivien."

Miss Neslie drew aside as the bright, piquante, pretty French girl took her place. Sir Arthur turned with an air of apology to his wife.

"My daughter has been mistress here so long," he said.

"Do not apologize for me, papa," interposed Vivien. "I plead guilty to the fault of forgetting."

"Which I persist in thinking a compliment;" put in Lady Neslie. "Sometimes strangers, on coming suddenly into our lives, make a great stir and agitation in them; when they make so little disturbance as to be forgotten, I say it is a compliment to them."

Gerald Dorman looked up with a laughing face.

"Miss Neslie will have a clever opponent," he said to himself. "Sir Arthur's wife is keen of wit and sharp of tongue."

Then the father and daughter talked together. The secretary watched Lady Neslie intently. He had been greatly impressed by her first appearance; he had thought her brilliantly lovely. But, now, as he looked, there appeared to be something artificial about her beauty; her eyes were very bright, the color of her oval cheeks was very pink, the light in her brown hair had a strange golden sheen.

"There is too much glitter," he said to himself—"nothing about her seems real."

Indeed, at times to look at Sir Arthur's wife dazzled one's eyes, she seemed so very bright; when she smiled, the strange effect of "glitter" which she produced was increased. Gerald watched her intently, and he saw what he thought no one else saw, when she believed herself quite unnoticed—her sharp, keen observation of others. She filled her place gracefully. She laughed and conversed with Vivien; but the pitiless eyes of Mr. Dorman; she tried severe wisdom with Vivien; bu, the pitiless eyes of the servants in waiting saw all, and when they compared notes afterward the terrible verdict was pronounced. They said to each other, "She is not a lady—at least, not like our Miss Neslie."

Then, when dinner was over, the two ladies went to the drawing-room alone. Lady Neslie thought that it was high time that her imperial companion began to thaw. She went up to the open window, and, looking out at the dewladen flowers, said—

"It is a lovely evening, Vivien; will you come out into the grounds?"

But Sir Arthur's daughter had taken up a book, and seemed to be absorbed in its contents.

"No, thank you," she said; "I prefer remaining here."

"This reminds me of a night in my beautiful France," continued Valerie. "Day is lovely there; but night is even lovelier. The sky is so darkly blue, and the stars are so golden; moreover, the wind is full of perfumes. France is a favored land!"

"I wish," thought Vivien, "that you had remained there." But she made no answer.

Then Lady Neslie, perceiving that her companion was not to be persuaded to go into the grounds, went nearer to her.

"You are fond of reading," she said; "so am I. I adore books."

"You will find plenty of such objects of idolatry," returned Vivien, with a cold smile; "the library here is well stocked."

"Books are true friends," continued her ladyship, who had read but few. "I am so glad, Vivien, to find this similarity of taste between us. What pleasant hours we shall spend in the library!" she said, trying politely to suppress a yawn, and inwardly longing for the gentlemen to join them.

"What are you reading, Vivien?" she asked. "I quite envy you, you seem so engrossed."

Vivien looked up.

"I am not particularly engrossed in this book," she replied, "though it is a very delightful one. It is Mrs. Gaskell's 'Ruth.'"

"Who is Mrs. Gaskell?" asked Lady Neslie; and then, seemingly fearful of having betrayed too much ignorance, she hastened to add, "Though I speak English well, I have not read much English literature. I am au fait in that of my own country." Finding Vivien made no reply, she said, "Will you talk to me about books, Vivien?"

"I am hardly proficient," was the proud answer. "My father's secretary is one of the best read men in England; you had better apply to him."

A mischievous smile dimpled the bright face. "Perhaps you have taken your love of books from him," she said, jestingly.

The look that Vivien turned upon her almost frightened her, dauntless as she was.

"I do not understand you, Lady Neslie," she said, proudly. "May I inquire what you are pleased to mean?"

Lady Neslie drew back half alarmed.

"I mean nothing, except that he seems, I fancy, to admire you."

Vivien smiled a contemptuous smile, for which the bright girl at her side could almost have slain her.

"When you are more accustomed to English society, Lady Neslie," she said, "you will understand that ladies do not jest about their dependents. You will know better than to think that you will please any young lady by telling her that her father's secretary admires her."

Lady Neslie was half scared, but it was a point with her never to lose her good humor. She rose from her seat with a gay little laugh.

"I will leave you to your books," she said, "and I shall always remember my first night in England, for this reason—that, although I could not melt an icicle, I have succeeded in getting one on fire."

Then the gentlemen came in; and Lady Neslie, bent on seeing the roses by moonlight, laughingly appealed to the young secretary to show them to her.

"Not that you despise moonlight and roses, Sir Arthur, but——"

"But that you think I am too old for such pretty folly.

"Old?" she repeated. "No, you shall talk of growing old, Sir Arthur, in forty years' time—when you have lines on your face and less light in your eyes. Come, Mr. Dorman; I always sing to Sir Arthur in the evening, and I must not stay out long."

"Miss Neslie sings," said Gerald, remembering long evenings of enchantment when he had listened to the voice he loved so well.

"Does she? Most young ladies sing, I suppose," rejoined Lady Neslie; "I never remember to have met any young lady who did not play or sing—or both. But, then, you see, Mr. Dorman, I can sing songs to Sir Arthur that would sound absurd if they came from his daughter."

Then she seemed to glide rather than to walk out of the open window, and Gerald followed her wonderingly.

She was very pretty, very gracious, this coquettish French lady; Gerald's honest English ideas were rather bewildered by her. He had keen, sharp sense, and he soon perceived that her wish for his society was but a ruse; she wanted some hints from him as to how matters stood at Lancewood.

Most condescendingly she laid her white hand on his arm.

"You and I, Mr. Dorman," she said, in her most charming manner, "must grow accustomed to each other. Sir Arthur does not like going out after dinner, and I like it. I shall trust to you to give me some little hints."

"I am afraid," returned Gerald, confusedly, "that I do not understand the art of giving hints; I have a very unfortunate habit of speaking to the point."

"How charming! How English!" cried her ladyship, with a pretty little laugh. "But you will at least give me the carte du pays; for example now, Miss Neslie—she is very stately, very proud, is she not?"

"I beg ten thousand pardons," answered Gerald, "but I must decline to discuss either my employer's affairs or his daughter's; I should not presume to do so."

Lady Neslie withdrew her hand impatiently from his arm.

"You are so truly English, Mr. Dorman," she said; "a Frenchman would have devoted himself over and over again to me before this."

"I am very ignorant," returned Gerald; "the art of paying compliments is almost unknown to me."

"I am afraid," thought Valerie "that I shall find the men of this country almost as dull as its skies." And after that she evinced no particular desire for Mr. Dorman's society—she was well content to leave him alone.

CHAPTER VI.

From that, the first day of Lady Neslie's arrival in her new home, Vivien Neslie devoted herself to the task of proving Sir Arthur's wife no fitting mistress for the Abbey. She assured herself over and over again, that, if her father had married a lady, she would not have felt it so deeply. A lady, a true, high-bred noble woman, in her mother's place, would not have seemed so amiss; but this laughing, bright-eyed French girl, who to the keen eyes of Sir Arthur's daughter, betrayed her want of good breeding a hundred times each day—to be compelled to yield to her, to see her in her mother's place, was gall and wormwood to Vivien Neslie.

She was not ill-natured. The small faults that often mar a character were not hers; she was not vain or untruthful; her faults, like her virtues, were of an exalted type. She was a woman endowed with rare nobility of soul; she had great virtues and great defects. The virtues were all her own; the defects were principally owing to her education and training. She was generous even to a fault; there was no selfishness in her. She gave largely with royally open hands; no one ever appealed to her in vain; no one asked a kindness at her hands and was refused. She was truthful almost to a fault; she took a keen delight in detecting and unmasking little insincerities, in exposing all hypocrisies; she told the truth at the expense of her own feelings and other people's also. Truth was mirrored in her eyes, dwelt on her lips; one relied on her simple word as on the oath of another. She had the virtues that should distinguish queens; she was loyal in her friendship; she was far above all such small sins as detraction and gossip; she invariably defended the absent, even when they were wrong; she never betrayed a friend or took advantage of an enemy. But with these qualities she possessed also great faults. She was proud, imperious, often intolerant; and she inherited the defect of her race—jealousy. "Jealous as a Neslie" had ever been a proverb in the county. She loved all whom she did love with wonderful intensity, and she hated with the same fervor; she was jealous of all whom she loved.

Then she was prejudiced. She was proud of her noble birth, of her long pedigree, of the annals of a family which had furnished warriors and statesmen. She had a certain lofty contempt for those of inferior station—not for the people themselves, but for the station they occupied; she never expressed it in word or look, yet it was within her; she was one of those who would have considered death preferable to a low marriage, whose notion of highest honor was loyalty to their race. Family pride with her was a virtue; she could not understand how it was possible to make it a sin. everything also was as naught compared with love and loyalty to her family—pride in her name and position. She had a strong will, that had never been bent or broken, and she had a love of rule.

These faults had been fostered in her. Sir Arthur, who was one of the most indolent of men, never took the trouble to correct her. "Let the child have her own way," he would say, when complaints were brought to him. He loved her with such a weak, foolish love that he could refuse her nothing, nor would he allow any one else to refuse her. She cannot be mistress here some day. She cannot begin too soon." And she had grown up with that idea firmly engraved on her mind. She was to be mistress, and the sooner she began the better. As she grew older her marvelous quickness, her wonderful talents, all seemed to fit her to be mistress of a large estate.

Heiress of Lancewood—no other destiny had ever opened before her. She could rather have imagined herself dead than living as anything except the lady of Lancewood; and her training had fostered her fault. She looked upon her succession as a right that no one could take from her. It was cruel of her father to have given her her own way for so long, and then suddenly to bring a new wife home.

Vivien had rare talents. She was perfect as a musician—she sang with the most exquisite taste and skill; she was an artist of no mean ability; she spoke French and Italian perfectly—in addition to which she had not neglected to study her own language. She was well versed in the literature of her own country. She was quick of apprehension. She understood an idea almost before it was expressed. She had excellent conversational powers. Like many other talented women, she could talk well on almost all topics—to a statesman of politics, to an artist of pictures, to an author of books. She had the peculiar and wonderful gift of seeming to enter into people's lives, of being all things to them, of understanding them with almost fatal facility. She would have made an excellent Ambassador's wife. She resembled the clever Frenchwomen who held reunions in which they seemed to govern France. Sir Arthur had often said to her, "It will be a good thing (for Lancewood) when it falls to you, Vivien—you will make it famous—you are one of those born to rule—you have a genius for command." And now he had brought a strange girl, young as herself, to take that rule from her.

With her glorious dower of rich Southern beauty, her genius and talent, her grand inheritance, the wonder was that she had lived until the age of eighteen without love. But she was a girl of single ideas; she concentrated her mind on one object—she was heiress of Lancewood, this grand domain that was one day to be hers, and she devoted every energy of heart, mind, and soul to fit herself for the position. In her anxiety to become worthy of it, she overlooked other things. She never thought of cultivating friends who would be useful to her. She did not think of making a position for herself. Her one idea was to be a worthy queen of her kingdom. In her own mind she had formed a hundred grand ideas for helping others—for improving the condition of the poorer tenants. They were noble thoughts for a girl of eighteen, showing that her life had not been frittered away in frivolous occupations.

Then she thought little of love, because the whole devotion of her heart was given to her father. She was too quick not to see his faults—an indolent character was a novelty in their family—she saw his want of firmness, of clear sound judgment and decision; she understood that his half-wearied fashion of looking upon everything as a burden and trouble was the fault that she must remedy.

She watched Lady Neslie closely, and, with the keen, unerring perception of a gentlewoman, she discerned that her father's wife was not a lady. She was beautiful, clever, versatile, skillful in adapting herself to whatever company she might be in; but a lady—no, she was not that—Vivien felt sure of it. The very carefulness with which she avoided all that she considered vulgar was another proof to the highbred girl that her suspicions were correct. If she was not a lady, then indeed she had deceived her father, and he was not so much to blame.

"We have never had a disaster of that kind in our family," she said more than once to herself, "The men of our race have married noble women, pure and of high repute; the women have married, noble men. In all the family annals I remember no trace of a low marriage. If my father married an adventuress, he will be the first to have brought even the shadow of dishonor over us."

Then she began to wonder if it was possible that he had been deceived. He had relied evidently very much on the girl's name—Valerie D'Este. The D'Estes were a noble family; she had both heard and read of them. It was just possible, however, that she might be mistaken in her conclusions.

"You are thinking of me, Vivien," said Lady Neslie suddenly one morning—they were both in the library. "I know it, because quite unconsciously you have been sitting looking at me with those dark eyes of yours until you have almost mesmerized me."

"I was thinking of you, Lady Neslie. I was wondering to what branch of the D'Estes family you belong.

"Madi" laughed. Nothing ever disturbed her good humor; nothing ever made her angry; she laughed, though her face flushed.

"I should be puzzled to tell you," she replied. "I was not brought up to think so much of name and pedigree as you do. The name I bear now is more to me than the name I have borne."

"There are D'Estes in Italy and in France," said Vivien. "Do you belong to the Italian or French family?"

"You talk far more like an Italian than I do. I am French—French by birth and training; I am French in heart and soul, in mind and manner, in speech and thought. Sometimes I fancy, Vivien, that you would like me better if I had a little of the grave English propriety about me."

"I do not think it would make any difference," said Vivien, unguardedly; and then she felt almost sorry to have made so uncourteous a speech.

Lady Neslie laughed with frank enjoyment.

"You are candid enough, Vivien," she remarked; "I do not despair of making you like me some day. To dislike me is simply fighting against fate."

Vivien would not prolong the discussion, but it struck her as being strange that her father's wife should know nothing of the family to which she belonged.

(To be continued.)

REGRET.

I hear a bird that sings of yesterdays,
A lonely bird, but none so lone as I,
Whose life is leaden as a wintry sky.
O heart, how weary are love's woods and ways
When trod in singleness! The sight obeys
The soul and sees no beauty far or nigh
Unless the soul says "Look!" And so I sigh
Through this fair spring when I should tune my praise.
I know not why the bird is sad, God knows,
And he knows why my heart makes out no song,
For I am burdened with the grievous wrong
Of hard words said to one whose calm repose
I would give all to wake. * * * Ah, dear, how long,
How dark the night until your eyes unclose.

—J. J. Bell in Pall Mall Magazine.

VALUABLE STATISTICS.

By Their Use It Is Often Easy to Overawe the Multitude.

"Nothing like fake statistics for giving a fellow a reputation for scholarship dirt cheap," chuckled an astute citizen. "Statistics are the most impressive things in the world, and the beauty about 'em is that nobody dares to contradict you. I've been working the scheme for several months, and my stock has advanced about 1,000 pounds a day. How do I do it? Well, to illustrate the thing, I was standing in a crowd on Canal street yesterday watching the big pile driver hammering down the walls for the drainage canal.

"'Lot of power there,' remarked a gentleman at my elbow as the weight came down, biff!

"'Immense,' I replied, 'and, by the way, I was just making an interesting calculation in regard to it. Do you know, sir, that blow is exactly equal to 9,562 carpenters driving tenpenny nails into two inch oak planks with four pound steel hammers?' The man looked startled. 'You don't say so, professor?' he replied respectfully, and presently I saw him whispering to the others, who sized me up with awe. The other day, when it was raining, I joined a group under an awning. 'Bad day,' said somebody. 'Yes,' I returned. 'I was amusing myself a few minutes ago in figuring up the quantity of water that has fallen in the city limits between 6 a. m. and noon.'

"At that the other fellows got interested. 'How much was it, doctor?' asked one of 'em. 'Poured into a row of ordinary half pint tumblers,' I said impressively, 'it would make a line once and two-fifths around the globe; it would fill a 13 inch gun barrel reaching from here to a point about nine miles east of Copenhagen; it would quench the mututinal thirst of 9,468,941 Kentucky colonels the day after Christmas; it would barely go into a tank 4,562 kilometers long and 2,411 millimeters wide.' By Jove! You ought to have seen those fellows' eyes stick out.

"When they see me now, they all touch their hats. I squelched a smart Alec at our boarding house by informing him at the table that the pies consumed annually in New Orleans would form a column, piled one above the other, precisely 12,622 miles high. 'Oh, I admit it leaves about 16 pies over,' I said when he ventured a question. 'But that's only 3½ dekometers and too small to compute.' That settled him. Now I'm the accepted authority of the establishment on everything from hash to hydraulics.

"I've found it a good idea, by the way, to use the decimal system whenever possible. It mixes 'em up when you begin to talk about millimeters and hectometers and gives a fine flavor of learning to your remarks. I never ran across a fellow yet who dared to question a statement in decimals."

Cuba is said to occupy the third place in education among the Latin-American countries, for in each 100 inhabitants 8 can read in Uruguay, 6 in Argentina, 5 in Cuba, 4.7 in Mexico, 4.5 in Venezuela, 4.1 in Chile, 2.1 in Brazil and still fewer in the others.

Saved Their Child.

MR. T. W. DOXTATER, EXPRESSES A FATHER'S GRATITUDE.

His Little Child Was Attacked With Heart Trouble and Doctors Said she Could Not Recover—Dr. Williams' Pink Pills Have Made Her Sound and Lively as a Cricket.

From the Sun, Belleville, Ont.

In a comfortable farm home in Sydney, near Belleville, lives Mr. T. W. Doxtater, a prosperous farmer and most respected citizen. In this pleasant home the heart of a father and mother beats with gratitude to Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, because they firmly believe they saved the life of their little daughter. A reporter of the Sun having heard of the case drove out to Mr. Doxtater's for the purpose of getting at the facts, and found both father and mother of the little girl very enthusiastic in their praise of the medicine that has unquestionably done so much to relieve suffering in this country. Said Mr. Doxtater: "Yes, we have good reason for praising Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. I think they are worth ten times their weight in gold. When our little daughter Clara was about eight years old she was stricken with what the doctors said was heart trouble. Up to that time she had been a strong healthy child. The first symptoms shown were fainting spells, and these would attack her without a moment's warning. We consulted a doctor, under whose care she was for a time, but the treatment did her no good—in fact she was growing worse. Then we called in another doctor and he frankly told us that he could hold out but little hope for her recovery. By this time she was confined to bed, and for three months was as helpless as an infant. In some of the fainting spells she was attacked with convulsions. Her appetite seemed entirely gone and she was reduced to a living skeleton. At this time I read the particulars of a cure through the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, which gave me hope, and I determined that our little girl should try them. I first got one box, and when they were used she seemed brighter. Then I got five more boxes, and by the time she had finished them she was as sound a child as you could find in the neighborhood, bright and lively as a cricket. She has been going to school for the past eighteen months, and has shown absolutely no symptoms of the old trouble. I attribute her cure entirely to the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and if anyone doubts the truth of this statement you can refer them either to myself or my wife."

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are just as valuable in the case of children as with adults, and puny little ones would soon thrive and grow fat under this treatment, which has no equal for building up the blood and giving renewed strength to brain, body and nerves. Sold by all dealers or sent post paid at 50c. a box or six boxes for $2.50 by addressing the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont. Do not be persuaded to try something else said to be "just as good."

Irritators.

"Just to think," said one trolley car conductor to the writer, "that the experience that I'm going to tell you about is quite common and not a single instance. You have a crowded car, and there is an almost empty one not more than two rods behind you. A lady at a street corner hails you, and you come to a stop.

"'Do you go to the Park street station?' she asks.

"'Yes, ma'am.'

"She starts to climb on.

"'But, ma'am,' you say, 'this car is crowded, and the one just behind is going to Park street, too, and it is almost empty.'

"'Hum!' says the lady scornfully as she climbs on. 'But it doesn't come from the same place!'"

The conductor on a Boston car was the other day quite at a loss what to say to a lady who said to him, "I'm going to a place that they tell me is about five minutes' walk from Massachusetts avenue, and I want you to tell me where I'd better get off."

As Massachusetts avenue is several miles long, the conductor felt compelled to ask for further information, but no more could he get from his questioner.

When people travel on street cars, they should not leave their common sense behind them.—Youth's Companion.

The African's Endurance.

Two cases notably illustrative of the African native's power of endurance are reported from the British Central Africa protectorate. In each instance a man was dragged from his canoe by a crocodile and had an arm bitten almost to a pulp. The men had to be taken long distances overland. On reaching Zomba each had the injured limb amputated and quickly recovered. Dr. Douglas Gray, acting chief medical officer there, remarks further in his report upon the growing confidence of the native in the European medicos. Reports of cures—more especially in relation to surgery—spread rapidly among the natives, and the one old cure, a fiber band tied round a limb above the seat of disease, is, he says, fast losing its reputation.—London News.

Assortment.

Mrs. Brown—I was in the new drug store today. It's just lovely!

Mrs. Jones—Yes?

Mrs. Brown—Yes. They have six different shades of pills!

In the original deed for the regulation and endowment of Harrow school, dated 1590, it is directed, "You shall allow your child at all times bows, shafts, bowstrings and bracer."

There are 110 mountains in Colorado whose peaks are over 12,000 feet above the ocean level.

The Rival Magician.

You must know O illustrious stranger, that I was born in the city of Shirazan, my father—peace to his ashes!—being a merchant, whose fair dealing raised him to a position of high honor in the eyes of the Governor and esteem in that of his fellow-citizens.

Alas! for my prospects, however, he was gathered to the arms of the Prophet when I was but an infant, and I passed under the guardianship of an uncle—a sage magician of the name of Hassan ibn Afzul.

Now, it happened that in the same city where we dwelt, and where my uncle practiced his exalted profession there lived another magician, called Afzul ibn Hassan, between whom and my uncle there existed a rivalry so bitter and far reaching in its consequences that the fame of it extended to the borders of Persia.

It is said that even among the learned of the Gionurs professional jealousy at times leads to strange acts of retaliation; but, illustrious sir, it can easily be understood that when the contending parties for public favor are powerful magicians what pecks of trouble they may heap upon each other's head.

During my childhood scarcely a day passed, but that we would suffer from the effects of some enchantment being directed at our well being, and, doubtless, as my uncle had slightly the advantage in power and knowledge, of his art, the household of Afzul ibn Hassan suffered even to a greater extent.

Without entering too minutely into the details of the situation it will suffice, as an example of what we endured, to say that our perfumes were often turned into the vilest of odors, our food into the most unpalatable dishes, our house filled with smoke, shoes with scorpions and beds with cockroaches.

What my uncle accomplished for Afzul ibn Hassan I do not know; but doubtless he was bountifully supplied with those lesser vexations, which harass the soul beyond the limits of patience. In general my uncle adopted a grave demeanor, as became one of his learned profession, so that when his humor bubbled over, like the seething mess in one of his crucibles, then I judged that Afzul ibn Hassan was plucking the hairs out of his beard and petitioning Allah for vengeance.

At the time, when I reached my sixteenth year, my uncle, considering that I had made sufficient progress in the study of astrolgoy, determined to advance me to the higher branch of his work—the science of magic—when two events occurred, bearing directly upon one another, which changed the whole course of my life.

In the first place I fell passionately in love with the most beautiful creature in all Persia, whose name was Alzura, who finally reciprocated my sentiment, and who, strangely enough, was the daughter of my uncle's bitter rival; and second, my uncle unravelled the grand secret of night metamorphosiation, or the changing of the form of a creature at sundown, upon which both the magicians had assiduously labored for years.

Considering the relations which existed between Alzura's father and my uncle, neither of us had dared to make known our mutual affection, but we contrived to meet secretly in the rose garden of a friendly astrologer, who possesed sufficient power to screen our actions. At what length I could dilate upon those blissful hours; the moon, that friend of lovers, peeping and smiling upon our happiness through sheltering foliage, the sweetest flowers perfuming the air upon which we exchanged vows of unalterable devotion, our way illuminated by those winged insect lanterns of the East, myriads of which flitted in the void and clung to every branch and twig. Ah, what entrancing nights were those, to be terminated by one of a most fearful description!

Such being our position, it may be assumed that I strove my best to bring about a good understanding between my uncle and his rival, pointing out, in so far as I was able, how his reputation for generosity would be greatly enhanced by permitting Afzul ibn Hassan to share in the benefits of his discovery, rather than by using it solely as a weapon to do the latter further injury.

At the mere suggestion my uncle was in turn convulsed with laughter, and enraged almost to the point of a paroxysm of madness.

"By the beard of the Prophet," he exclaimed, "that is too good a joke! Indeed, thou art a simple youth to suppose that I will endow with the grand secret one who, on account of the similarity of our names, trades on my reputation and entices away good paying clients."

Then he swore with deep and fearful oaths that Afzul ibn Hassan should realize the full penalty of having called him a cheap and pitiful trickster. He would quickly prove to the world which of the two was the greater magician.

So he commenced by transforming all Afzul ibn Hassan's chickens each night into enormous frogs, that kept up such a lively croaking under the latter's window that rest was as far from his pillow as the unbeliever is from obtaining the joys of the Prophet's paradise.

From this my uncle went on from accomplishing one annoyance upon his rival to another, until he conceived the most villainous piece of mischief of all.

It was the night of the sixth full moon, in the 1,089th year of the Hegira, that I set out for the rose garden of our friend to meet Alzura as usual; not, however, without misgivings, for my uncle appeared to be in exuberant spirits, repeatedly stro'ing his venerable beard and exclaiming, "Mashallah! but Afzul ibn Hassan will now lie at my door as a supplicant."

I entered the garden and quickly made my way to our place of meeting, but for the first time for many moons Alzura was not there to give me greeting. For a while I paced back and forth, momentarily expecting her appearance, and then I ventured to call her by name, softly at first, and then a little louder—"Alzura, Alzura, Alzura!" but the only response that came to me was the plaintive meow of an ill favored looking, hungry visaged yellow cat that had persistently followed up and down in my footsteps.

"Hisht!" I at last cried. "Get thee gone, brute. Away, and fill thy stomach with mice, as from the sound of thy voice it must be as hollow as a drum." Then I hit at it with a switch, but while eluding my blows the cat still kept close at hand, ceasing not its mournful wail.

Then, as I stood for a moment regarding the creature with no little surprise at the constancy with which it had attached itself to my person, the poor beast raised its eyes to mine with a gaze so full of pathetic meaning, that at once the conviction forced itself upon my mind that my vindictive uncle had changed the form of the beautiful Alzura into that hideous bone protruding grimalkin.

"Alas, Alzura!" I cried. "Surely thy sweet nature cannot be embodied in such an ungainly shape. Alas, alas!" and taking the poor creature into my arms, I wept bitterly.

Far into the night I caressed and soothed my transformed Alzura, stroking her unkempt coat, so that the fur flew into my nostrils; permitting her, without a protest, to sharpen her talons in my limbs, so that they were covered with scratches, and allowing her to crawl all over me, for which I suffered torments on account of the parasites with which my uncle had not omitted to provide her plentifully.

In deep grief I finally parted from my enchanted lady, determined, however, to lay the whole case before my uncle on the morrow, and entreat him, with all the eloquence of a desperate lover, to withdraw the spell from one who was completely innocent of any share in her father's offence.

This intention I sought the earliest opportunity to carry out, but if I anticipated any sympathy or deviation in his cruel purpose I was quickly undeceived. When I made known to him my passion for his rival's daughter, and that we had already exchanged vows of fidelity his distress and subsequent rage were fearful to behold.

First of all, he charged me with the basest ingratitude, pointing out tha when he took me under his protection as an orphan little did he imagine that I would grow up to make common cause with his enemy.

It was of no avail that I tried to argue the injustice of holding Alzure responsible for her father's actions. At the mere mention of Afzul ibn Hassan's name my uncle's countenance became distorted with fury as he shouted at me, "Choose, thou cobra that I have taken into my bosom, between Hassan ibn Afzul, thy benefactor, and Afzul ibn Hassan, my enemy."

I truthfully answered that I naturally preferred to choose the one from whom I had received so much kindness and from whom I anticipated no harm.

"Then thou wilt swear by the holy Kaaba," said he sternly, "never more to speak, or by sign communicate, with that jade of Afzul ibn Hassan's whom thou callest Alzura."

"Sir," I protested, with such calmness and decision, as I was able to summon to command, "that I cannot do, for she is no jade, but verily the light of my existence."

My uncle threw back his head and laughed derisively, "Light of thy existence, forsooth!" he cried. "Thou shalt, in truth, make fuel for her existence, if thou dost not pay heed to my word. "Look you, boy," and he placed a five minute timeglass upon the table between us, "If before the sand hast run out thou hast changed thy pigheaded obstinacy it will be well; if not, then thou hadst better get thee with all speed out of the land of Shirazan."

"Sir," said I, respectfully, but with determination, "my choice is already made. I thank you for all your past goodness, for which I shall ever remain grateful, but to renounce Alzura is out of the question."

My uncle gazed at me inquiringly for a moment, as if he yet doubted my resolution, then replied:—"Listen, I will yet give thee until sundown to repent of thy purpose, when, if thou still persistest to thwart my will, look to thy safety boy, or I may remember thee in a manner of which thou dost not even dream." Then, with a motion of his hand, he waved me from his presence.

Much depressed in spirits I left my uncle's house, determined nevertheless that come what ill fate might I would remain faithful to Alzura.

During the remainder of that day I wandered without purpose up and down the bazaars, so preoccupied with the dismal outlook that I passed by friends and acquaintances without returning their salutations and stared aimlessly at objects which left no imprint upon my mind.

So toward evening I took my way in the direction of the rose garden, faintly hoping that Afzul ibn Hassan might have discovered an antidote to my uncle's spell and thus preserved his daughter from the hateful change.

But alas! no sooner had I arrived at our place of meeting than I was welcomed by the same plaintive "Meow," and, with tail erect, Alzura trotted out from under a bush.

At that moment, I remember, I became conscious of a curious shrinking sensation throughout my limbs. Smaller and smaller I seemed to become, while each instant Alzura appeared to grow larger and larger until she verily looked to be a monster the size of a house. Then an awful terror seized my bones, and making one desperate spring, I scuttled away on four little legs to a small crevice in the garden wall, where I endeavored to hide myself in its furtherest recess.

Though I realized it not at the time, my inhuman uncle had, in the furtherance of his animosity, changed me into a mouse, so that I might become a supper instead of a husband for the famished Alzura.

Of the full horror of that night I am unable to find words to fittingly describe the situation. Conceive yourself, O illustrious one, cramped at the inner extremity of a small hole, with two enormous green eyes, appearing as the size of two full moons, glaring in with hungry watchfulness. Imagine, if you are able, the hot breath of a terrible monster, every now and then filling the tiny retreat, and a seemingly gigantic paw at intervals thrust within almost a hair's breadth of your shivering form, in strenuous endeavor to hook you out.

Such was my position for seven unending hours—hours that seemed like seven decades. Toward morning my senses must have become so stupefied with terror that I lost consciousness, until I suddenly found that daylight had come, that I had resumed my original form and that Alzura was nowhere to be seen.

I paused, regarding my surroundings as a man that has awakened from a horrible dream. Then, as the reality of it all was made plain, and a mighty dread of becoming the toy of Alzura's paws took possession of my being, I turned to flee by the first road from my uncle's vengeance, when I encountered out friendly astrologer of the garden.

"Whither in such haste?" he asked, accosting me in a kindly tone.

I told him briefly of my experience of the previous night, saying that no consideration would induce me to chance a repetition. "Farewell!" I cried, "and may Allah protect you, I desire to make all haste to a place secure from my uncle's malicious influence.

"Stay," said he, "You will not suffer a repetition of the last night's enchantment, for I can see that Afzul ibn Hassan is even now successfully working a spell to counteract your uncle's designs. In any case, I will give you a talisman to render you proof against his charm," and he handed me a dark, transparent stone, upon which was engraved a verse from the Koran "I have given Alzure a similar charm to protect her also," he concluded.

I thanked him profusely, and, feeling assured by his assertion that the stone would protect us both from further misfortune, awaited without fear the events of the night to come. Now it happened that Afzul ibn Hassan, working upon the same problem, which my uncle had solved, himself that day discovered the secret of night metamorphosis and resolved to change my uncle into a rat at the same time that my uncle determined to transform his rival into an animal of the same species, so that when night fell both magicians found themselves suddenly confronting each other in the shapes of two vermin with all their hatred retained.

Apparently a mutual recognition took place simultaneously, and, their brute instincts gaining the mastery over their cunning and discretion, they at once set upon each other with a fury born of years of jealousy and recrimination.

Ah, Allah! how those beasts fought! With their sharp teeth they tore be flesh from each other's bones, they squealed in their rage and fixed their jaws in each other's throats, until, in a short space, the lives of both were exterminated.

Why dilate further? The story is finished. Alzura, when her grief for her father's death had subsided and the required period of mourning undergone, yielded to my entreaties, to permit me to fill his place as her protector. I established myself in a business in the principal bazaar of Shirazan, where we together enjoyed many years of great happiness and prosperity, being often visited by the friendly astrologer who had assisted us to that end.

WHY HE DIDN'T GO.

At a Scottish fair a farmer was trying to engage a lad to assist on the farm, but would not finish the bargain until he brought a character from the last place; so he said:

Run and get it and meet me at the cross-roads at four o'clock.

The youth was there in good time, and the farmer said:

Well, have you got your character with you?

Na, replied the youth, but I've got yours, and I'm no' comin'.

BOERS GOOD FISHERMEN.

The Boer is no mean fisherman. Given a pipe and a goodly supply of his favorite weed he will sit for hours angling. Very fine sport, indeed, may be had in any of the streams north of the Orange River.

YOU'D DO THE SAME.

At 8 p.m., the gas-light's gleam
Reveals young Cholly Smart,
He's calling on his lady fair—
They sit this far apart.
At 10 o'clock the question's popped,
Their souls are filled with bliss.
If we could peep we'd see that they
Are sitting close like this.

A Convict's Dress

A Lady Entertained Him Unawares, but Did Not Care to Visit Him and His Wife Afterward.

BY B. F. CRESSWELL.

Copyright, 1899, by Beatrice F. Cresswell.

I thought my cousin, Annie Rigwell, would have made me more welcome when I came to stay with her at her Dartmoor farm. I had been ill; change of air was recommended, so I offered myself to my cousin, in that fashionable manner, as a "paying guest," and I must admit that after a long, hilly drive to Brackworthy I thought she surely would be glad of society in so isolated a spot.

But her welcome was not of the hearty kind I expected from a west country woman. She greeted me without enthusiasm. I observed that we were almost strangers to one another, and she made no professions of wishing we might be better acquainted.

"You'll find us very dull and lonely here, Florrie," she said. "You won't want to stay long."

During the days that followed she often asked me if I were not getting tired of the place, in a style suggesting that she would not be sorry if I left. One morning she observed to me: "I am expecting a visitor here, Florrie. He may come any day, I'm not sure of a particular time. It—it is a gentleman who is coming to see the farm. You know I am selling the place. I intend going to America."

It was the first time I had heard of any of her plans, and I observed with what difficulty she now spoke of them.

One morning, a few days afterward, she said she must drive into the town for business and would be absent all day. I might be lonely, added she. Would I not come with her?

"Oh, I've plenty to amuse myself with," I answered. "I shan't feel dull, and who knows?—your possible purchaser may turn up, and I can show him the farm. What's his name, in case he should turn up?" said I, just to tease her.

"His name? Hartland," she answered, in a suppressed tone.

I watched her drive away, our maid beside her. Eliza could not understand I was staying at home for my own pleasure and tried to cater for my amusement before she left.

"One o' they convicts from Prince's Town's escaped," she said to me, when Annie was out of the way. "'Tis all here in the paper. I'll leave it for you to read, since you're not able to come with us, Miss Florrie."

She thrust a dirty local paper, some two days old, into my hand, and then ran after Annie, who was calling her.

After they left I read the account of the convict's escape with no particular interest. It was written in a sensational style, giving a graphic description of the man, Jim Phipps, who was under sentence of 25 years for manslaughter under such doubtful circumstances that it seemed almost like murder.

Later in the morning some one opened the gate. I saw a tall, good looking man, clean shaved, with something in his appearance that suggested an actor—I knew not why—carrying a knapsack over his shoulders.

"Miss Rigwell at home?" he asked, when I opened the door.

"No. My cousin has gone to Ashburton and won't be home till late." Then suddenly remembering who this must be, I added, "Are you not Mr. Hartland? We were expecting you. My cousin was so sure you would not come while she was away. But I can show you the farm."

I offered to dispose of his knapsack, but he would not part with it. All my importunities only served to make him slip it from his shoulders, lay it on the table and lean one elbow on it, while he ate the luncheon I had prepared for him. Had Dartmoor the effect of making people taciturn? thought I.

"I'm sure you must be busy," he presently said. "Don't let me hinder you. I'll take a walk round the farm and have a look at the place."

Evidently he did not care for my society, I reflected. He was very willing to leave me. Some men would have invited me for a stroll, or have staid to entertain me since he knew I was alone. Mr. Hartland's behavior did not prepossess me in his favor.

I finished some letters, made some domestic preparations and then thought of looking for my guest.

Out of the back door I glanced over the moor, where no tree or obstruction hindered the view for miles. I saw Mr. Hartland about a quarter of a mile from the house, where a brawling stream dashed down the hill. But what was he doing? Evidently he had found a spade, for he seemed to be digging a big pit where the soil near the stream was soft and deep. What an extraordinary performance!

I crept up to him, step by step, my footfalls making no sound on the soft turf. He neither heard nor saw my approach.

The inseparable knapsack was beside him open, and it did not take long to discover that Mr. Hartland was burying something. It was a convict's dress! The stranger was no man of business, but an escaped criminal!

In an instant I remembered the newspaper description. Jim Phipps was tall, of gentlemanly appearance and a man of good education. An involuntary exclamation escaped me. The man turned round and saw me there. Never have I seen anything like the expression of his face.

"What brought you here?" he fiercely cried, seizing me by the wrist.

"I came to see—to see"— I gasped.

"What I was doing. Fatal curiosity, of course. The curse of mother Eve is on all you women."

Was it fatal curiosity? Would he murder me and bury me with the clothes? I trembled like a leaf and dared say nothing.

"Will you hold your tongue?" he demanded.

"Indeed, indeed I will," I cried. "I will say no word to any one."

"You can help me," he grimly remarked. "Is there no quicklime on the farm?"

"I think so," I replied.

"Then fetch me some as soon as you can."

I returned to the farm yard, found what was required and brought it in a basket. He shook it over the clothes that he had placed in the pit.

"You understand that you have helped me?" he said. "If those clothes are found, you are responsible, and you will have to answer any inquiries the police may make."

Shouldering the spade, he trudged into the house.

I shall never forget the strange horror of that afternoon. I sat pretending to work; my visitor dozed over a magazine in the back of the parlor. We made no attempt to converse. Now and then he looked up, usually when the clock struck. I think he found the time as long as I did. His danger was not yet passed; he must have chafed at the sunshine of the long summer day. Wheels sounded on the road at last.

"My cousin is coming back," said I.

"Well, you know who I am," replied my companion, without moving. "Go and tell her Mr. Hartland is here."

I went into the passage and told Annie. She shook, swayed, caught the wall with her hand. I could not comprehend her agitation.

"Here, and I away!" she cried.

"I guessed rightly that he might come," I said. "Do you know him by sight Annie?"

"Of course I do."

Then she would know this man was not Hartland. I wondered why he had had the audacity to stay.

But Annie had entered the parlor and greeted the man with three words.

"You are come," she said.

"I have come," he answered, adding—and I thought he looked significantly at me as he spoke—"your cousin has taken good care of me."

I don't know what Annie replied. She soon left the room, and Mr. Hartland followed her. If he had gone with the intention of murdering her, I had no power to stop him. My nerves were utterly shaken. Whether she was gone a long or short time I could not say, but Annie came back alone.

"Where's Mr. Hartland?" I said.

"He left," she carelessly replied.

The overstrain was too much for me and I burst into tears.

"It has been so lonely," I sobbed in excuse, "and I don't like strangers."

Annie was very kind—kinder than I had yet known her—and when I went to bed she came and brought me mulled cider. I drank the stuff, but I did not like it. It tasted funny, and, though I slept, it was with feverish dreams, and presently I awoke hot and restless and could sleep no more.

A farmhouse stirs early, but the sounds that morning seemed earlier than usual. I rose and looked out of my window. It was neither dark nor dawn, and on the road below stood a cart and horse.

Two people left the farm. I watched them get into the cart and drive away. They were Annie and Mr. Hartland.

* * * * * * *

More than 18 months after I had left Brackworthy I heard from my cousin Annie, then in America:

"Dear Florrie—I and my husband feel that we owe you some explanation for an affair you cannot have forgotten. The man whose convict clothes you helped to bury was my husband. Never mind about his so called crime. In my eyes he is innocent, for never was a man killed who deserved death more than he who met his death at my husband's hands. When I knew Jim's sentence, I took Brackworthy farm on purpose, if possible, to help him. Our marriage being secret, I was the better able to do this. Other clothes were placed where Jim could find them on the moor, a hiding place provided at Brackworthy whenever he should be able to get there. The rest you know. Pardon my inhospitality. I had no thoughts while you were with me save for Jim. Pray forgive him also the fright he caused you. It was necessary for his safety to intimidate you into silence. Come and see us here, where we are safe and happy, and we will promise you a warm welcome.

I was glad to learn the truth of that trying experience, but I have not cared to avail myself of Cousin Annie's invitation.

Sleeping His Life Away.

"There goes the happiest man in the borough," said a Norristown barber, pointing out of the window to a little, elderly man, dressed gayly, who walked with his eyes fixed complacently on his new but old fashioned yellow shoes.

"That fellow," continued the barber, "became rich suddenly, after a life of hard, uninterrupted work. Now that he has money, he knows of nothing better to do than sleep. He sleeps all the time, and it is ruining his health. In the morning he comes down to breakfast at his boarding house, messes with the food a little, and then, as soon as his bed is made, skates up stairs for a snooze. At dinner he tries hard to eat, but his appetite is bad. He plays with his food and blows to the other boarders about the fine naps he takes while they are working hard, and if they pretend to be envious he shows that he is delighted. Of course he sleeps all the afternoon, but at night, although he denies this, it is well known that he rests poorly.

"I suppose it is better if you are rich to ruin your health by sleeping too much rather than by drinking or dissipating in the other ways, but just to sleep seems to me a foolish thing to do, because when you sleep all the time you might as well be dead."

Wronged.

"You bust excuse be this credig, Biss Billigad," said Mr. Addlethwaite, "if by speech is a little thick, for I have a terrible cold id by head."

"I see you have," Miss Milligan replied, "and that reminds me that you ought by all means to call on Sue Dallington while you are in your present condition."

"Why so, Biss Billigad?"

"She told me the other day that she was sure you had nothing in your head. Now you can prove that she made a mistake."
—Cleveland Leader.

MOUNTAIN ECHOES.

Considerable freight is coming in from various points.

The frosty nights of the past week have developed a little curling.

The big slides are now nearly all down for the season, with the exception of the main Noble Five.

Mr. Nash desires to thank the public, through The Review, for their many marks of kindness to himself and wife in their serious troubles.

The British residents of Buffalo, N. Y., sent a draft for £234 to London for the relief fund. Several American sympathisers were contributors.

All of those injured in the land slide of Sunday are recovering very rapidly. Mrs. Nash, though sorely bruised and shaken up, is said to be quite out of danger.

DR. LOW'S WORM SYRUP is pleasant to take, always effectual, and as it carries its own cathartic there is no need of giving Castor Oil or any purgative afterwards.

How will the people of Rossland take it to have Smith-Curtis forced on them by Martin, as a representative, without ever being consulted in any way, shape or manner.

The hospital aid ball given by the Miner's Union, which took place last night after we went to press, was, we feel safe in saying, well attended and a pleasant affair.

Some fool circulated the false report on Monday that a man was lost in the Sunshine slide. Enough accidents will always occur in the safest places without manufacturing them.

Ald. Crawford received the sad intelligence on Wednesday that his brother, a farmer living near Parkhill, Ont., was killed by being struck by a snow plow on a railway train.

For coughs of young or coughs of old, Wood's Norway Pine Syrup is the best remedy sold. For cold in the head or cold in the chest, there's nothing like it, it beats all the rest.

Smith-Curtis, Martin's ministerial brother-in-law, says that Martin's delay in completing his cabinet is owing to his desire to form a strong government. If he had said rank, he would have hit the nail on the head.

IT WILL DO YOU GOOD.—A blood purifier and tissue builder is Karl's Clover Root Tea. Sold for half a century on our guarantee. Money refunded if results are not satisfactory. Price 25c. and 50c. Sold at McQueen's Drug Store.

The K. & S. on Saturday, after boring its way through a big slide near McGuigan, was locked in at Sandon by other slides till Monday afternoon, when the big rotary made the relief. It had another tussle, however, on the Cody branch, where the Madison had a great spread prepared.

We have on file for reference by our readers the latest price circular of the McMilan Fur & Wool Co., Minneapolis, Minn., dated March 3rd. Their advertisement will be found in another column, and we take pleasure in recommending any parties who have goods in their line to ship to them.

FIVE THINGS.—The five diseases for which Shiloh's Consumption Cure is especially recommended are coughs, colds, whooping cough, croup and consumption. No medicine ever made by man is equal to it in any respect. Sold under a positive guarantee. Money back if it fails. 25c., 50c. and $1.00 a bottle. Sold by McQueen's the Druggist.

We are informed we were in error in saying that Chas. McNeil was rescued from the Noble Five slide by the employes who dug out the bodies of McFarlane and Sheppard. The information is that in the whirling of the slide, McNeil was thrown near the surface and got out himself, giving the alarm of the fate of his comrades. All three saw the slide coming before it struck them, but they had not time to escape the swift destroyer.

The Liberal-Conservatives of Sandon held a meeting last Tuesday evening, and they decided to send no delegates to the Nelson convention on the 16th. They evidently believe in letting each constituency do as it thinks best. The meeting by a vote of two to one decided to not introduce Federal party lines in the coming contest. We think this is wise. The idea should be to down Martin, and it would be foolish to antagonise the many Liberal votes that will go against Martin if party lines are not held over their heads. Sink Martin, and then come on with respectable men on both sides, is our view of the matter.

The Nelson Minstrels, who came here Tuesday night to raise money for the "Patriotic Fund," did not have a bumper house, taking in some $40, a sum considerably less than their expenses. Would it not have been better if the people who gave their $40 for cigars for the Nelson "white niggers" had handed the amount into the bank direct, where the whole sum would have gone to relieve the sufferers from the war. Even though the boys did not make much out of their venture, they at least learned that there is a place called Sandon, a lesson in geography they can take home to their townspeople and lay at the doors of the curlers. When Sandon contributes to the "Fund" she will do it locally, and that right royally.

It is now all anxiety as to what the summer's business will be.

R. H. Truman will be in Sandon Wednesday, March 21st, for a three weeks' stay. Studio opposite C. P. R. depot.

The Denver, the Klondike and the Central hotels are now running in full force, and the Filbert will be in shape for business in its entirety in a few days.

If any one offers you a cheap imitation of or substitute for Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry, refuse it. Many of these cheaply prepared Diarrhoea remedies are highly dangerous and should be avoided.

Osburne Matheson, of Newcastle, N. B., is likely to win a Victoria Cross. He was the first of the Canadians to enter the Boer laager at Paarderberg but was wounded in the fray.

With their usual open-heartedness our citizens, unsolicited, have contributed to the immediate relief of some of the homeless ones from Sunday's disaster. We understand too that a purse was made up by the miners and others for Mrs. Sheppard.

LOOK AT YOUR FACE—And see if it is reflecting health or disease. Karl's Clover Root Tea beautifies the face and complexion, and assures perfect health. All druggists, 25c. and 50c. Money refunded if results are not satisfactory. Sold at McQueen's Drug Store.

The pie and pound social given by the Ladies' Aid of the Presbyterian church on Thursday evening, though not largely attended, was quite successful both socially and financially, the latter largely because the doorkeepers were expert inspectors of weights and measures. About $35 were realized.

ARE YOU MARRIED—To the old-time belief that consumption is incurable? If so, you are wedded to a mistaken notion. Shiloh's Cough and Consumption Cure has overcome many a serious case, and it never fails when taken in the early stages. One bottle will prove more to you than a whole column of argument. Try it. Every bottle guaranteed. 25 cts, 50 cts. and $1.00. Sold by McQueen the Druggist.

PERSONAL MENTION.

R. F. Tolmie, of Victoria, is in the city.

Geo. B. McDonald has gone to Spokane on business.

Robt. Irving, of the K. & S., was in the city yesterday.

Ald. Crawford returned Wednesday from a trip to Spokane.

Neil and Miss O'Donnel are in from Silverton for a few days.

Sheriff Tuck and son, of Nelson, were in town the fore part of the week.

Mining Inspector McGregor made an official visit to the camp this week.

Byron N. White came in from Spokane yesterday, which, no doubt, will mean some move in the affairs at the Star.

FOR OVER FIFTY YEARS.

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

Agony of Eczema.

Couldn" sleep at night with the torture.

Eczema, or Salt Rheum as it is often called, is one of the most agonizing of skin diseases, nothing but torture during the day and two-fold torture at night.

But there's a remedy permanently cures the worst kind of Eczema—relieves the itching, burning and smarting and soon leaves the skin smooth and healthy.

It is Burdock Blood Bitters.

Mrs. Welch, Greenbank, Ont., tried it and here is what she says:

"B.B.B. cured me of Eczema three years ago and I have had no return of it since. I was so bad that I could not sleep at night with it.

"Being told of B.B.B. I tried it, and two bottles made a perfect and permanent cure."

RHEUMATISM

Is completely driven from the system by Milburn's Rheumatic Pills. They give relief from the pain, limber up the stiff joints and cure when other methods of treatment fail.

THE WM. HAMILTON MANUFACTURING CO.
LIMITED.

MINING MACHINERY

PETERBOROUGH, ONTARIO,
CANADA.

P. BURNS & CO.

Dealers in Meats

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

Before. After. **Wood's Phosphodine,**

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

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

ALTA LODGE, NO. 29.

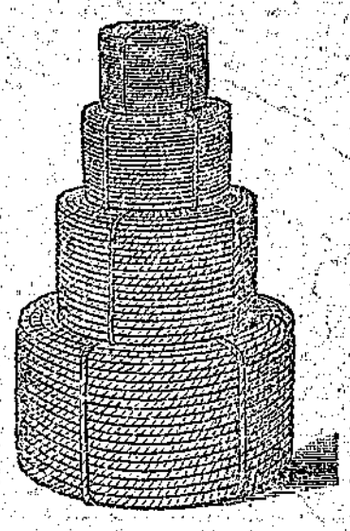
A. F. AND A. M.
Regular Communication of the lodge. Meets 1st Thursday in each month at 8 p. m. Visiting brethren cordially invited.
THOS. BROWN, Sec'y.

Established in 1892.

H. BYERS & CO.

Jobbers and Retailers in

HARDWARE AND MINING SUPPLIES.



T Rails and Track Iron,
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Powder, Caps, Fuse,
Iron Pipe and Fittings,
Oils, Waste, Etc.,
Mine or Mill Supplies of all kinds.
Agents Truax Automatic Ore Cars.

Head Office—Nelson B. C.
Stores at
Nelson, B.C. Kaslo, B.C. Sandon, B.C

FOR RENT.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

CERTIFICATES OF IMPROVEMENTS

NOTICE.

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

Take notice that I, William A. Bauer, acting as agent for John MacQuillan, Free Miner's Certificate No. B 17051, intend, sixty days from the date hereof, to apply to the Mining Recorder for a Certificate of Improvements, for the purpose of obtaining a Crown Grant of the above claim.

And further take notice that action, under Section 37, must be commenced before the issuance of such Certificate of Improvements. Dated this 8th day of February, 1900.

WILLIAM A. BAUER, P. L. S.

NOTICE.

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

Take notice that I, William A. Bauer, acting as agent for Slocan Lake Mining Company, Limited, Free Miner's Certificate No. B 17085, intend, sixty days from the date hereof, to apply to the Mining Recorder for a Certificate of Improvements, for the purpose of obtaining a Crown Grant on the above claim.

And further take notice that action, under Section 37, must be commenced before the issuance of such Certificate of Improvements. Dated this 18th day of January, 1900.

WILLIAM A. BAUER, P. L. S.

NOTICE.

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

Take notice that I, W. S. Drewry, Free Miner's Certificate No. B 13868, intend, sixty days from the date hereof, to apply to the Mining Recorder for Certificates of Improvements, for the purpose of obtaining a Crown Grant of each of the above claims.

And further take notice that action, under Section 37, must be commenced before the issuance of such Certificate of Improvements. Dated this 11th day of January, 1900.

W. S. DREWRY.

NOTICE.

Estella, Betsy Ross, Lost Tiger and Link Fraction Mineral Claims, situate in the Slocan Mining division of West Kootenay district. Where located: On Silver mountain.

Take notice that I, W. S. Drewry, acting as agent for Herman Clever, Free Miner's Certificate No. B 13870, intend, sixty days from the date hereof, to apply to the Mining Recorder for Certificates of Improvements, for the purpose of obtaining a Crown Grant of each of the above claims.

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

Dated this 6th day of March, 1900.

W. S. DREWRY.

NOTICE.

Merrimac Mineral Claim, situate in the Slocan Mining division of West Kootenay district. Where located: On Silver mountain, adjoining the Marion and Convention Claims.

Take notice that I, W. S. Drewry, acting as agent for Geo. D. Long, Free Miner's Certificate No. B 13957, and A. C. Allan, Free Miner's Certificate No. B 13843, intend, sixty days from the date hereof, to apply to the Mining Recorder for a Certificate of Improvements, for the purpose of obtaining a Crown Grant of the above claim.

And further take notice that action, under Section 37, must be commenced before the issuance of such Certificate of Improvements. Dated this 12th day of February.

W. S. DREWRY.

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