The Mining Review.

VOL. 3.—NO. 42. SANDON, B. C., SATURDAY, MARCH 31, 1900. FIVE CENTS.

CANADIANS INSISTED

On Attack at Paardeberg Which Repealed the Blot of Majuba Hill on Its Anniversary.

Toronto, March 27.—The Evening Telegram's London correspondent cables that the London Times correspondent, in writing of the battle of Paardeberg, which resulted in the surrender of Cronje, says General Hector Macdonald and General Colville, who commanded the division in which the Canadians were brigaded, reminded Lord Roberts that February 27 was the anniversary of the battle of Majuba Hill, suggesting to the commander-in-Chief a plan of attack, but Lord Roberts demurred, fearing the plan would result in the loss of too many Canadian lives. the Canadians, however, insisted. and this insistence, says the Times correspondent, broke down Lord Roberts' reluctance and the Canadians were sent to repeal the blot on the name of the Mother Country, and to avenge Majuba Hill. The correspondent continuing, says the Boers admit that the accurate fire of the Canadians compelled them to fire at random.

London, March 28.—A dispatch to the Daily Chronicle from Kimberly dated Monday says: "Four hundred Free Staters have taken possession of the road between Kimberly and Paardeberg. They have siezed a farm near Pandam's fontein. It is rumored that their object is to raid the railway by way of Jacobsdal."

London, March 27.—The Cape Town correspondent of the Daily News telegraphing today, Tuesday, says it is improbable that the advance from Bloemfontein will be made for another month. General Clements is advancing to Bloemfontein in four columns.

When Lord Roberts begins the march northward General Gatacre will be left in charge of Bloemfontein.

The Colonial government has ordered the Cape volunteers to withdraw south of the Orange River for fear of accentuating racial feeling.

London, March 27.—In response to the executive committee's request that the American hospital ship Maine, be permitted to remain in South African waters, General Buller has cabled as follows, from Ladysmith: "We think the ship in going to England confers the greatest benefit upon the sick and wounded, as with her excellent medical staff, she best aids in that way the evacuation of our congested hospitals of bad cases. The Trojan and Spartan are ample for local transfers. If the Maine goes we hope she will return as soon as possible."

London, March 28.—The Morning Post has the following dated March 26, from Burgsdorp: "Dutch disloyalty is now very strong and the Dutch are tumbling over each other in their efforts to give information to the British authorities. Real loyalty, however, will be a plant of slow growth in these districts. I have travelled with Sir Alfred Milner and I believe his policy towards the rebels favors temporing justice with mercy."

Montreal, March 26.—The Herald correspondent with the First Contingent, in a letter to that paper today, describing the battle of Paardeberg, where 19 Canadians were killed, says the lives were lost in a needless charge; that the commander of the Cornwall regiment was with the Cornwall's when the assault was made. The order to charge was given because it was thought too much time had been occupied on the Boer position. The brigadier after expressing regret that the charge had taken place, which he said was not intended, expressed sympathy at the loss of many Canadians, but congratulated them on their fine fighting qualities.

A HEAVY BLOW TO THE BOERS.

General Joubert, Commander-General of the Transvaal Forces. Is Dead.

Pretoria, March 28.—General Joubert died last night at 11:20 o'clock. He had been suffering from stomach complaint. The town is plunged in mourning for this true patriot, gallant general and upright and honorable gentleman.

General Petrius Jacobs Joubert, commander general of the Transvaal forces, better known as Slim Peter, was born about 68 years ago. He was descended from the old French Huguenot family, which settled in South Africa. He was born in Cape Colony, but was taken by parents to the Orange Free Street, where he was taught from childhood to shoot straight and hate the British. Of schooling he had but little, but his ambition prompted him to read the few books he could obtain, and he succeeded in obtaining a fair knowledge of history and languages. Soon after the acquisition of Natal by the British he became a burgher of the South African Republic and a daring fighter.

It was Joubert who organized the army of the South African Republic, dividing the country into 17 military districts with commandants, field cornets and lieutenants. To such a point of perfection was the system carried that when the present war was declared Joubert, it is said, only had to send 17 dispatches and within 48 hours the Boer nation was under arms. It was due to General Joubert that the South African Republic succeeded in amassing the immense stores of war munitions and provisions, which have stood them in good stead during the conflict now in progress. Although known as "Slim Peter" he was nearly six feet in height and of stout build, his nickname being given him on account of his shrewd military tactics. The wife of General Joubert, who was a Miss Fraser, had been devoted to him throughout the campaign, frequently sharing the dangers in the field.

A Second Demosthenese.

The Nelson Tribune: "The business men of Nelson who are not politicians are unanimously of the opinion that the eight-hour law has come to stay, and that the agitation for its repeal is doing the country more harm than the operation of the law. Business men know that as long as the question is kept a live issue by politicians, the business interests of the country will remain in an unsettled condition, and they have been in that condition long enough."

Fanny Squeers thought all she had to do was to propose to Nicholas Nickleby and that settled it. All that is now necessary to settle the mining trouble is for "the business men of Nelson who are not politicians" to unload themselves. The dogs of owners have no right to even an opinion in the matter. If it is news to the Hustonian print we may say that as long as that law, with its penalty clauses, is on the statutes the agitation for its repeal will not cease. It was passed by tinhorn politicians to buy up the labor vote, when they knew they had no statesman's qualifications to present to the people. It was never asked for by the country; it is a deterrent to capital, a prevention of the development of the country and, therefore, an enemy to the men that are now clamoring for its retention.

Canadians as Athletes.

The Globe's correspondent at London, England, cabled Menday the summary of a letter received from Mr. John E. Ewan, the Globe's correspondent with the second Canadian contingent, and dated Cape Town, February 27th. Mr. Ewan says:—"The Pomeranian arrived here yesterday. Nine horses died on the voyage but the men are all well, in splendid spirits and delighted at the prospect of active service. At the sports held here today the Canadians entered a team in the tug of war contest, being the only non-naval team in this event. They surprised all by reaching the semi-final, having had to contest against strong teams. They were beaten in the final by a small margin. Their victories over the sailors in the qualifying tugs were vigorously applauded by the great multitude present. Williams, a Canadian, won the half-mile race. These contests indicated the fine physique of the Canadians, especially in view of the fact that they had only just landed after a long voyage. Since Paardeberg the praise of the Canadians is on every tongue."

BROKE THE RECORD.

At Boston, Tuesday night, March 13, Dick Grant, of St. Marys (Ont.), broke the track record in a mile run, running the distance in 4 minutes, 54¾ seconds. He nearly lapped his field. After a half-hour's intermission, Grant won the 880 yard run from his club-mate, Neil Keliher, by five yards.

Nelson was the scene on Thursday of a frightful accident which resulted in the death of two employes of the Ontario Powder Company and slightly wounding two others. Four hundred pounds of powder exploded, blowing up the works. The killed were Harry German and Wm. Way. Both bodies will be interred at Nelson.

PERSONAL MENTION.

Mr. Harris is expected home in a few days.

Mrs. Chas. Pearson left for Seattle on Thursday morning.

Mr. Thos. Duffy is in the city again after a long absence.

Mr. Geigerich and Solicitor Martin, of Kaslo, were in town Wednesday.

Lawyer Christie went to Kaslo this week on some important mining business.

Mrs. Lafaver and family left on Monday for their new home at Blaine, Wash.

Andy Rankin, who has been in Nelson and vicinity for some months, is in the city again.

Col. Pearson went down to Hill Bros. mill on the Lake, Thursday morning on business.

Mrs. Pitts left Sunday morning last for a lengthy visit in Ontario, in the vicinity of Montreal.

Mr. Chas. Culver returned Thursday from Oregon to resume his old position as foreman of the Star concentrator.

Mr. C. J. Smith went fishing at Rosebery, the other day, and caught a lumbago, weighing 20 lbs, more or less.

Wm. Hunter, of Silverton, and R. F. Green, of Kaslo, were in the city this week, some thought on political missions, but went to Kaslo, the evident centre or base of operations, next day.

Canada's Exhibit at Paris.

Ottawa, Ont., March 26.—Canada will have 1,697 exhibits at the Paris Exposition this year, valued altogether at $200,000. This is a smaller number than was sent to the Chicago Exposition in 1893, but Mr. William D. Scott, one of the Paris commissioners, who left yesterday for Paris, says the quality of the exhibit is far superior to that sent to the Windy City. The exhibits include horticulture, agriculture, minerals, timbers and the government's exhibit of fish and game. Commissioner Scott speaking of the Dominion exhibits said:

"We have endeavored, as far as possible, to keep it purely commercial. We have never had anything like the mineral exhibit. It has been prepared under the supervision of Dr. G. M. Dawson, director of the geological survey, and that should be sufficient guarantee of its excellence. The territory covered by the specimens extends from the Yukon to Cape Breton and Nova Scotia. The British Columbia government has a particularly fine display of mineral, including one hundred specimens of free gold from one hundred different creeks, some from Atlin. A fountain throwing wheat will be in operation in the agricultural department and wheat will be taken from the Territories and Manitoba and will illustrate the hard varieties grown in the great Canadian west. The fountain will be worked by electricity. Other grains will be shown and the whole exhibit has been prepared by Dr. Saunders, the director of the experimental farm. Prof. J. W. Robertson has had charge of the food product exhibits and these include cold storage plants shown in operation with all varieties of food in cold storage.

THEIR VIEWS OF IT.

There Are Some Prints, and People too, Ready to Condone Any Attrocity in the Union Ranks.

The Paystreak says that no union miners were involved in the fracas with the Finlanders (Dagoes the print calls them though it knows there is not a Dago in the mines around) up the the Reco trail some days ago; but that "they quarrelled amongst themselves." The print also knows this is an untruth, and a little enquiry could assure it that the parties believed to be guilty have cleared out. The idea is to prejudice the minds of the public against the men that have been the means of breaking up the tie-up here and allowing miners to go to work. Such arguments please Coeur d'Alene rioters wherever found, but they never go down with the sensible part of the community.

Even the Silvertonian will have it that the late trouble with the Finlanders here was the result of a row among themselves. Here is what it says:

—"He returned to town and laid information against one of the Union men, who appeared for trial on Thursday. At the trial the truth was brought out and the Union man acquitted, it having been proven that he knew nothing of the matter."

If the Silvertonian wants to know the truth it is this: One Grant, an old-time miner, but whether union or non-union we cannot say, was arrested for an assault which took place on the street in the city. He himself did not deny that he was mixed in it, but in cross-examining a witness he conveyed the impression that he did not strike but merely pushed some one. As the Finlanders could not speak English there was no one to prove that they were the parties assaulted and that Grant had assaulted the plaintiffs. The case was dropped simply for the want of proof on these poins. Prints should either leave such matters alone altogether or publish the facts.

Wilful Misrepresentation.

When the gulchite has to knowingly fib about the causes of the departure of those Finlanders from the Payne mine, for the purpose of bolstering up the contentions of the radical element of the unions and having a fling at the owners, the public can well understand its extremity. In the first place but 10, and not 16, quit work and went away. In the next place it was not because they wanted to join the union that they were discharged, as they were not discharged at all but went away of their own accord, leaving pretty good assurances that they were induced to take that step by an emissary of the union. We may here say that the owners have offers of all that class of men they want, and many of them are excellent workmen, but they have refrained from employing them out of regard for the demands of many deserving local men. If, however, the unions persist in interfering clandestinely with these men, it will only be the worse for themselves, as it will end in the more of them being employed to the exclusion of resident miners. The owners are desirous of employing all deserving local men, where they can do it with immunity from union interference. Where the latter is impossible the other alternative will have to be resorted to. We throw this out as a timely and friendly suggestion, and we only hope it will be accepted in the same spirit.

The Transvaal a Competitor.

It is much to be regretted that at this juncture those who are trying to force the eight-hour law on the country for the personal advantages it may bring, do not give a little cool thought to the future of the country. Everything goes to show that in a very short time the Transvaal country will fall under British administration, and that it is exceptionally rich in the precious metals. Experience also teaches that capital is ever shy of disturbing conditions, and that our agitations turn the attention of capitalists to quarters where disturbing conditions are less in evidence. It appears to us that all who look at these matters calmly must see our impending danger. Without foreign capital there will be but little here for miners no matter what the length of our labor day, and if we do not offer the necessary inducements it will go the Transvaal, where troubles will be less numerous, and where agitators and street-corner politicians will have less influence with the labor element. It would strike one that the present time is one for unity of action instead of distraction of sections. If we can only get plenty of capital there will be plenty of employment for labor—in fact capital will be competing with itself for labor and the miner regardless of the length of day will get every cent he is worth from the value of his productions. It seems to us that our if legislators instead of trying to buy up the miners with promises they never intend to fulfil as they are now every day trying to do, were trying to bring in this foreign capital that may a little later be lost to us for ever, they would be taking a patriotic step the country would have much reason to thank them for later on.

The Wind-up of Curling.

The competition between the six local rinks for four boxes of Rosebery cigars, donated by Smith, Fischel & Co., St. Jerome, P. Q., proved to be the most interesting of the season and resulted in Wm. Wilson's rink capturing the coveted prize. While the other rinks were anxious to win for the honor of winning, it is only fair to say they all had decided to swear off smoking, which is—"nuf sed."

MINES AND MINING.

The Bosun's ore shipments aggregate 120 tons for the month of March.

The Mowich Mineral Claim, Carpenter creek, has applied for a Crown grant.

The Northwest Mining Syndicate have opened up the Lakeview group again.

The Rambler-Cariboo shipped from McGuigan 102 tons of ore during the month of March.

The Victor claim, on the east hill, after running two shifts for a short time, struck 6 inches of clean galena.

The Joker and Cody Fraction mineral claims have been seized for some $91 due Hunter Bros. by Sheriff Tuck.

A two-third interest of the Rockland group, Eight Mile creek, has been bonded by J. P. Graves for $75,000, which will go to do development work.

We were informed yesterday that the Ruth concentrator would commence operations today (Saturday). The Star is likely to be running in a week's time.

Sheriff Tuck has seized the goods and chattels of the Dardenelles Mining & Milling Company, Limited, including 230 sacks of silver-lead ore, buildings, mining machinery, etc., in satisfaction of a claim of $1,427.

The Chapleau Consolidated Gold Mining Company, Limited, has recently been registered in London, Eng., with a capital of £75,000, in £1 shares, for the purpose of acquiring and developing the Chapleau group, on Lemon creek. All the signatories are resident in Paris.

The World's Production of Gold.

Rand & McNally's Bankers' Monthly gives the following facts regarding the world's production of gold:

While gold is found almost every where, even in the waters of the seas, the greater part of the world's production is confined to small areas and few countries. South Africa, Australasia and the United States contribute more than 70 per cent. of the world's output. The director of the mints has estimated that for 1898 the world's production of gold was $288,000,000, of which the countries named produced $206,000,000 as follows: South Africa, $80,000,000; Australasia, $64,000,000, and United States, $64,000,000. If Russia be added to the list, with a production last year exceeding $25,000,000, then four countries contributed more than 80 per cent. of the world's supply in 1898. Until the Boer war upset all calculations, the indications were that the current year would record a world's production exceeding considerably $300,000,000. Indeed it is not improbable this great sum may be reached, for there are well defined rumors of marvelous discoveries at Cape Nome, which has been characterized the geological surprise of the century. Truly this is a new golden era. Only a little over twenty years ago Suess, the eminent Austrian geologist, estimated that three-fourths of the world's gold production was from placer mines, and from this supposed fact he concluded that, since the working of such mines is limited to short periods, the future of gold mining was by no means encouraging. Yet of the total $288,000,000 gold brought to light by last year's operations, not more than 15 per cent. was the product of placer mines, while approximately 60 per cent. was derived from those stubborn fields which at the time of Suess' pessimistic prediction, could not be worked with profit, and so were abandoned.

Guests at the Reco.

Geo. E. Martin, Kaslo; Alex. Cross, Nelson; Geo. M. Aivman, Winnipeg; R. F. Tolmie, Nelson; Wm. J. Morton, New York; James T. Gates, Nelson; M. Blythe, Rossland; Rae McNally, Rossland; J. Wilson, Kamloops; R. F. Green, Kaslo; Wm. Hunter, Silverton; Mr. and Mrs. G. W. Benson, Chicago; H. T. Tilley, Toronto; H. T. Twigg, New Denver; A. Goldsmith and wife, Whitewater; L. J. Cross, Vancouver; W. N. Bragton, Kaslo; Gus Deenn, Montreal; John Goettsche, New Denver; J. T. Black, New Denver; R. I. Kirkwood, New Denver; W. T. Ash, Victoria; F. A. Henley, Montreal; H. Giegerich, Kaslo; H. Macperson, Nelson; A. W. Grierson, Kaslo.

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.

SEA COOKS AND ACROBATS.

MIRACLES DONE IN THE GALLEY OF AN ATLANTIC LINER.

Difficulties of Concocting an Entree When the Kitchen is Trying to Turn Him Turtle and the Pots and Pans Are Dancing the Can-Can—Sea Cooks on Merchant Ships Who Have to Fight the Crew.

Cooking on the high seas isn't so exalting a profession as it was in the old days; but even now, it presents problems and situations that would drive a landsman chef to despair. It is one thing to sit down in dignified calm, in a hotel kitchen, and compose a symphonic entree; and it's quite another thing to clutch a rope swung across a kitchen that is trying to turn turtle, and to master an entree that is attempting to dance a can-can on top of a plunging range. It would be a happy thing for stewards and cooks if every disgruntled passenger on a transatlantic steamer could, in rough weather, be forced to pay a visit to the galley and watch the efforts by which the meals with which he has been finding fault are prepared. The chances are that two minutes amid the fumes and heat of the galley would reduce him to a state of seasickness which would rob him of all interest in meals of any sort, but if he could wait long enough to receive a few mental impressions, he would climb the galley stairs a humble and contrite traveller; and, in future, would say "please" to the stewards, beg them not to hurry about filling his orders, and accept food fit to eat as a miracle wrought in his behalf.

ON THE MODERN STEAMERS

galley arrangements have been improved to a degree that would make an old time sea cook open his eyes in amazement, but even under such conditions the cooking is difficult work. In the first place, room is necessarily limited, and every inch of space must be made to count, yet a large number of cooks and assistants are employed. One of the large steamers will have thirty men at work in its galley and thirty men playing leapfrog about a microscopic kitchen, and doing juggling feats with pots and pans and knives and rolling pins, while the ship stands on its beam ends, is a sight to bring tears to the eyes of a lover of a quiet life. In these narrow quarters cooking is done on a scale larger than the ordinary saloon passenger realizes. The crew must be fed in port and out, so the cooks have from 500 to 600 men on their hands every day of the year. Then, during the voyage, the steerage, second cabin and first cabin must be provided for. The steerage passengers do not have an elaborate bill of fare; but about 3,000 small loaves of bread are baked for the crew and steerage every day, and that, in itself, is no small task. The very sight of the baker's dough trough is enough to discourage a faint-hearted cook, for flour is dumped into it by the barrel. One hundred and fifty barrels of flour melt away on a voyage like spring snow flakes, and twenty tons of potatoes dance merrily up the galley stairs to table, hand in hand with 20,000 pounds of beef, while 10,000 eggs, more or less fresh, follow wearily. Then 150 gallons of fresh milk scorn the 1,000 gallons of condensed milk stored beside it and advise the 1,000 pounds of coffee to have nothing to do with it. The ghosts of countless chickens, turkeys, ducks and fishes haunt the larder where their slaughtered bodies hang in hundreds at a time. As for the incidentals, no one but the head steward knows the tale of them. Imagine all this food prepared in an apartment house kitchen addicted to hand springs, and you have the steamer galley situation.

Along the end of the room run the ranges. The ovens are divided into compartments which will hold firmly pans of various sizes.

ON TOP OF THE STOVES

a steel bar runs along the front and back, and separate cross bars may be clamped to these at convenient intervals. Pots and kettles are hemmed in, in this way, and to add to their firmness, each is clamped to a cross bar with what looks like a large iron clothespin. All cooking utensils are made much deeper than would be necessary in ordinary cooking, in order to avoid spilling of the contents in rough weather. The huge copper stock pots, in which wholesale boiling is done, are heated by steam; and all broiling is done over an immense charcoal fire. The bakers have a separate cubby hole and ovens for themselves; and beyond them is a cold room where confections and pastry are made. Everything is swept and garnished, in a fashion to satisfy the heart of a Dutch housewife. The white paint is scoured until it is dazzling. The copper shines resplendent—but the smells! ye gods! the smells! Let the seasick man who has held his breath and plunged madly up the companion way, to escape the deadly whiff of air coming from the galley, imagine that gust of odor intensified, concentrated, mixed with steam and smoke and multiplied by four, and he may have some idea of the atmosphere down in the galley. A steamer kitchen is no place for any one with a tendency toward seasickness; and the first few voyages of a young cook's assistant are tortures besides which the sufferings of the martyrs fade into insignificance. There isn't any fine glow of majesty about his martyrdom, and he doesn't get an atom of sympathy. His galley mates guy him, and his superiors bully him. He sounds a depth of seasickness, beside which the state of the groaning passenger on deck in a steamer chair is rose colored and agreeable. Often one voyage is all that he can stand, and he bolts incontinently, when the ship reaches port, but if he has the courage to suffer until he is thoroughly seasoned, he overcomes his qualms and is ready to laugh at the next green hand.

Few accidents occur in the steamer galleys nowadays, when innumerable patents and safeguards are employed. Once in a while a stock pot blows up from too much steam pressure, or a careless or unskilled cook is cut or burned or scalded, but such cases are rare. Ropes are stretched across in front of the ranges, and when the ship is plunging badly the cooks hold these ropes while working over the fire. Fortunately for the workers in the galley when the weather is very rough a large percentage of the passengers lose their interest in food, so the work of the cooks is lessened, and this fact offsets the added difficulty in the preparation of the food.

is separated from the rest of the boat by watertight doors, and can be shut off so securely that it is practically impossible, except in case of serious accident, for water to reach the fires and put a stop to culinary proceedings.

"Bless your heart, we don't have any trouble now," said the chef of one of the new ships. "You have to be a bit of an acrobat and up to sleight-of-hand performance, but that's all. I've been a sea cook for twenty-five years, and I've seen some jolly messes in my day. We didn't have even a sample of the conveniences we have now, and the boats weren't so steady, and whenever the storms were extra bad the water would come flooding into the galleys and put out the fires, and then there was the devil to pay. I remember once, when all the passengers who were able to be up sat around the saloon with their feet tucked up under them and the stewards handed around big platters full of roast beef. By Jove, they just took the beef and bread in

THE GALLEY

their fingers. There wasn't any use trying to manage dishes; and I tell you getting that beef cooked was my greatest triumph. Many a time I've seen the first cabin passengers precious glad to get a bowl of Irish stew and some bread and butter, but now, if there isn't a menu as long as your arm and everything cooked to perfection, there's a howl of protest. The modern boats have made the difference possible, but the passengers haven't any idea of the difficulty of doing ship's cooking in bad weather, and are unreasonable sometimes."

The cook on a merchant vessel misses some of the complications that vex the soul of the chef on a passenger boat, but he has troubles of his own. He must be able to vindicate his reputation as a cook by thrashing any one who dares assail it. He must cook well the few things that make up sailors' fare, but if the duff turns out heavy he must thrash the crew individually and collectively. He is the bad man of the ship's crew, an dusually only the first mate is a match for him. When he gets drunk or crazy and runs amuck the mate is told off against him and everybody else stands by to watch developments and gather up the fragments. Altogether his life is a trifle more varied and picturesque than that of the passenger steamer chef, but there are victories and victories, and who shall say that the concoction of a Bignon dinner, in defiance of wind, weather and the law of gravitation, isn't as great a feat as the thrashing of a geordie ship's crew. It all depends upon the point of view.

THAT MARVEL—TOMMY ATKINS.

General Buller's Chaplain Describes the British Soldier After a Battle.

The following letter has been forwarded to The Methodist Times from the Rev. Thomas H. Wainman, the recently-appointed chaplain to Sir Redvers Buller's forces in Natal:

I arrived just at the close of the Tugela battle, and witnessed the long line of stretcher-bearers bringing in the wounded. To attempt a description of the scene is beyond me, for to my mind the scene was so harrowing, so tragic, and withal so sad, that it beggars description. And yet, everywhere around, the soldiers of the various regiments were busily engaged cleaning their accoutrements and generally putting things in order, and seemingly as bright and hopeful as though a great victory had been won—many of them singing and laughing as though heedless of the terrible deaths to which they and their fellows had been exposed the previous day. The bravery and heroism of the British soldier is the talk and the admiration of all who witnessed the battle—both of officers and civilians. As one of the young officers put it to me the day following:

"I have never been on active service before, and could not have believed what I saw, though I have looked at pictures of the battlefield, but always regarded them as overdrawn. But yesterday puts into the shade any picture I have seen. Fort Wylie, one of the Boer positions, looked like a cauldron of fire, shell after shell from our cannon exploding right inside it. All around us and over us rained a perfect storm of lead from the trenches occupied by the enemy. Shells were dropping and bursting all about us; and yet on, straight on, marched our men, not one of them turning a hair, or even so much as looking round to see where the shells were falling; but I looked—my head was continually on the move—I could not keep it still. I never thought of the British soldier in the way I do now; but to me, sir, never this is a grand and a brave fellow."

JOTTINGS ABOUT THE WAR

SOME ITEMS THAT WILL INTEREST YOU AT THIS TIME.

The Boys on the Battlefield and Those on Their Way to the Cape—All Britain Look to Deeds of Bravery.

A subscription list has been opened at the British Consulate, Copenhagen, for the Princess of Wales Hospital Fund.

Several comic papers and illustrated post cards caricaturing the Queen have been confiscated by the Austrian police.

What upsets our men, and especially the wounded, are the unearthly screams the Boers give vent to when wounded.

President Steyn has given orders that none of the Army Medical Staff or of the Red Cross bearers are to be taken prisoners.

After one skirmish near Estcourt the Boers could be seen through field glasses playing at leap-frog and having wrestling bouts.

The Straits Times has collected about £2,500 for the Mansion House Fund. Of this at least £700 has been contributed by Malay princes.

The Duke of Portland has bought a magnificent charger from the London Cab Co-operative Company, which he intends to present to Lord Kitchener.

Mr. D. G. Collins, of Newgate street, London, has received from the War Office an order for twenty-four complete Communion services for the army in South Africa.

A Coldstream Guard writes from Modder River:—"England should be proud of us. They ought to think the world of every soul who faces death for Queen and country."

The Bond newspaper at Britstown having begun to preach open treason to the surrounding district, three companies of the Warwickshire regiment have visited the town.

The Majestic left Cape Town for England with 170 wounded, including General Featherstonhaugh, Major Dalrymple Hamilton, and Mr. Knight, of the London Morning Post.

In the attack on Stormberg, says a correspondent, British troops walked in daylight in a column four deep right under the enemy's nose. No scouts or skirmishers were out.

A gratifying feature of the war is the invariable courtesy which the British officers en route for the front display at every station along the line towards the Dutchmen they meet.

A collection has been made in a French infant school to assist the Boers with men. A child singing "A bas les Anglais" subscribed threepence, and another singing, "A bas Chamberlain" five pence.

The French Rifle Club Union has issued a circular urging all Frenchmen to make themselves expert rifle shots, and points to the Boers as, in its opinion, keeping the British troops in check by superior skill with the rifle.

The local newspaper of Falkenburg, a town in Pomerania, gives the following bit of news in a special edition:—"Reuter's office just announces that the Boers have sunk forty-six English ironclads in Delagoa Bay with a searchlight."

"England must be formidable in war as she is helpful in peace," said Mr. Fletcher Moulton, Liberal M.P., speaking at Bristol. "The duty of the Liberals at the present moment is to strengthen the hands of the Government."

With regard to the use of coloured glass to detect the vapour or flash from smokeless powder, Messrs. Negretti and Zambra write that a series of experiments has satisfied them that no tinted glass is of any appreciable use in this direction.

The steamer City of Lincoln, with live stock on board, consigned to the Durban agent of the Imperial Commissariat Department, has arrived after a terrible voyage from Buenos Ayres, during which almost the entire cargo was washed overboard.

A lieutenant and a war correspondent with General French's force went out springbok shooting. While they were successfully stalking an animal, their horses bolted, and Boers began to appear. They ran for cover and let the Boers have the buck.

At Orange River the cunning Boers try to trap the British by driving cattle into an open space near hills in which their marksmen are hidden, or by tethering ponies in the same place; but the artifice is too transparent and meets with no success.

A colonist writes in the Natal Witness:—"Chopped garlic given occasionally in the forage, keeping horses out of the hollows, and, not riding them hard or heated in the evenings, are to an extent preventives against horse sickness, but the only certain safeguard is close stabling."

An Englishman resident in France writes: "As to the effusive offers of French hotel-keepers to receive our wounded officers, they are well aware that each officer would have friends and relatives with him, who would largely compensate the 'generous' Frenchman for his 'hospitality.'"

Mr. Gandhi, a native of India, is raising an ambulance corps of Indians in Durban. Mr. Gandhi is a lawyer who has taken a most prominent part in the agitation of equal rights for East Indian natives in South Africa. If his corps proves a success, he will have practically won his case so far as Natal is concerned.

The South African horses of the Mounted Infantry are the smallest of any in the field force. A little larger than them are the Argentine nobs, and then in order the New Zealand horses, about 14 1-2 hands, the Australian, the Dragoons and Hussars' chargers, and last the heavy horses of the Royal Horse Artillery.

Trooper Gorton, of the Imperial Light Horse, who succumbed to the twelve wounds he received in the attack on Ladysmith, was a young Johannesburger, brewer from Burton. At Bloemfontein the chief magistrate of Johannesburg called out "Hullo, Gorton!" and shot him as he was returning the salutation.

A HEALTH RESORT.

Experiments Show that Very Few Germs of Disease Are to be Found in the Arctic Region.

According to Dr. Levin, the well known physician and bacteriologist, it would be difficult, if not impossible, to find any country which is so free from the germs of disease as is the Arctic region. This statement is the result of investigations made at Spiyzbergen and in King Charles' Land.

In eleven cubic centimetres of sea water only one germ was discovered, while the water on the coast of Sweden, for example, contained on an average, 700,000 germs in each cubic centimetre. Tests that were made with snow, ice, melted snow, glacier water and fresh water produced similar results. In the River Seine as many as 600,000 microbes can be found in a single cubic centimetre.

Dr. Levin searched thoroughly for microbes in the intestines of several seals and polar bears, but his search was wholly in vain, a fact which is the more notable as many physiologists have hitherto maintained that the presence of microbes in the gastric region of animals is absolutely necessary, as otherwise the process of digestion would be greatly impeded and good health would be impossible.

Some years ago Nordenskjold pointed out that illness is far more prevalent in countries with a high temperature, and later observers have maintained that the polar regions would be found to be almost, if not wholly, free from those legions of noxious microbes which, in southern countries, poison the air, and are the cause of so many epidemics. That such is the case Dr. Levin has now unmistakably demonstrated.

Dr. Levin went out one night when the temperature was several degrees below freezing point, and, after first thoroughly wetting his clothes, exposed himself for a good while to a strong wind. On another occasion he lay for hours on the damp ground, but sustained no injury. Inquiry among the natives elicited the information that catarrh, whether in the nose, neck or chest, is unknown in those regions, and that other maladies are much more rare than they are in warmer countries.

In a word, Dr. Levin saw enough and heard enough to convince him that the polar region is the healthiest in the world.

EVERY MAN IS A KING.

In Marotse, South Africa, There Is No Head Ruler.

Only one people and one little valley south of the equator, whose sovereignty has not been claimed by some European power now remains. It is the valley of Marotse, fifty or sixty miles wide, north of Lialui, in South Africa, and the only reason why the Marotse, who inhabit it, have preserved their independence is that England and Portugal both claim it, and, therefore, the work of "civilization" is at a standstill.

It may not be so easy to conquer the Marotse, when the time comes for they are a tall, well set-up race, very black in skin.

In manners they are very courteous, and in bearing dignified. Every full blooded Marotse is by birthright a king, and takes his place in the aristocracy of the empire. In fact, as every one is king there is no head ruler.

The bare fact that he is a Marotse insures the respect of the subservient tribes, and as he grows to manhood a sense of his superiority usually implants in the native the dignity of self-respect. All the labor is done by slaves, who have been captured from neighboring tribes.

ONE THING IN THEIR FAVOR.

I'll give the Boers credit for one thing, remarked the engineer of the armored train, as several more shells banged against the armor; their gunners would make ideal suburban citizens.

How's that? inquired the fireman.

Why, they never miss a train! retorted the engineer, as the baggage car left the track.

POSED.

Belinda says her photograph was taken when she wasn't looking, but I don't believe it.

"Why don't you?

"She had her head on one side and her eyes rolled up.

HUNTING THE HUNTER.

A Hunter's Narrow Escape from Being Killed By a Rhinoceros.

The rhinocerous is a singularly obtuse, unwary brute, but when it perceives the hunter, and its blood is up, it is high time for the hunter to be taking decisive measures. An English sportsman, F. V. Kirby, recounts an experience in East Africa, with one of these beasts, an adventure such as a man seldom lives to tell of. Mr. Kirby was hunting at dusk in a rough patch of ground, and although his first shot killed a bull rhinoceros, his second only wounded the cow, and the huge beast ran straight at him.

I held, says Mr. Kirby, an empty rifle, which I could not reload, and was standing right in the brute's way. By the time her ugly horned snout appeared at the edge of the grass I was moving. It was rather dark, but she probably smelled the smoke of my rifle, for when, hoping to dodge her, I turned short to the left up the hollow, and made for the nearest tree, about a hundred yards distant, she wheeled with marvellous celerity, and with a loud snort, gave chase.

I was bare-legged and in good trim, and after getting rid of my rifle, I did not loiter. But although I had twenty yards the start of her, she ran two feet to my one, and I felt that I must be caught. Already, in imagination, I felt her horn assisting me in the rear, a sensation which, together with the brute's vicious snorts close behind, spurred me on to do my best.

Three strides in front of me I saw one of those gaping, sand-cracks, so common in this dry country; and I knew, as I glanced over my shoulder and measured the distance between my pursuer and myself, that safety lay between its crumbling sides.

What might be its depth I neither knew nor cared. I had seen these cracks only three feet deep and others twenty feet, some a foot across and others twelve. This one happened to be about seven feet deep and three feet wide, and when I say that the rhinoceros was now barely two lengths behind, the agility I displayed in tumbling over the edge of this haven of refuge can be imagined.

The next moment I was half smothered in sand and gravel, and the same instant a great bulk passed over me. But I was safe, for on poking my head over the edge, I saw my late pursuer disappearing under the gloom of the trees. She had chased me just sixty yards, and I had found the distance just sixty yards too far to be pleasant.

TERRIBLE PESTS.

Experiences of a Traveller in the Himalaya Mountains.

Travelling has its advantages and its disadvantages. Major Waddell, in his new book, relates some experiences which few travellers in the Himalayas, or anywhere else, would care to duplicate. Foremost among these is the encounter with leeches in the damp forest of the Teestor valley.

A leech that is famishing, Major Waddell explains, is no thicker than a knitting-needle. In such a condition, he is a dangerous enemy to every two- or four-legged creature that crosses his path.

In that forest, hungry leeches stood alert on every twig of the brushwood that overhung the track, and on every dead leaf in the path. As the travellers approached, they lashed themselves vigorously to and fro in a frantic effort to seize hold of one or other of the party. The instant they touched their victim, they fixed themselves firmly, and then, by a series of rapid movements, reached a vulnerable point, and once there, lost not an instant in beginning their surgical operations.

The servants and coolies, who walked barefoot, were badly bitten. From their ankles and legs little streams of blood trickled all day, and at almost every step they had to stop and pick off the pests. It was often hard to dislodge them.

Major Waddell and some of his friends took the precaution to dust their stockings with tobacco-snuff, and bind their legs from ankle to knee with "puttles." But the leeches were not to be kept out. They crawled through the eyelets of the travellers' boots and caused them much discomfort.

It was upon the poor cattle and goats and ponies, however, that the leeches made the most determined attack. Their legs were always bleeding, and the little pests would lodge in their nostrils and hang from their eyelids, and from every vulnerable part of the body. Major Waddell attributes the remarkable absence of four-footed game in these regions to the prevalence of these tormenting creatures.

WINNING HER.

Briggs—Nothing remains but to ask the girl.

Griggs—Do you think she will consent?

Briggs—Oh, yes. I am going to tell her that her parents are dead against it.

A SHORT ORDER.

Mr. Dobbs—I tell you the telephone is a great convenience.

Mr. Bobbs—Sure thing. Fellow down at Beamer's restaurant gave me a hot roast over mine yesterday.

OPPORTUNITY.

Master of human destinies am I!
Fame, love and fortune on my footsteps wait.
Cities and fields I walk; I penetrate
Deserts and seas remote, and passing by
Hovel and mart and palace—soon or late—
I knock unbidden once at every gate!
If sleeping, wake—if feasting, rise before
I turn away. It is the hour of fate,
And they who follow me reach every state
Mortals desire, and conquer every foe
Save death; but those who doubt or hesitate,
Condemned to failure, penury and woe,
Seek me in vain and uselessly implore.
I answer not, and I return—no more!

—By John J Ingalls.

DREAMS OF TWILIGHT.

"When the windows flame at sunset
And the streets are sluiced with blood
And the dying day is sinking
In the night's advancing flood,
Smoky volumes lightly trailing,
Veil the housetops stark and high,
Tinged with purple that the moment
Deepens in the Western sky.

"When the shadows round us gather
And the darkness settles fast
And each flush of life conclusive
Seems but prelude to the last,
Dreams shall soften wasted faces,
Fraught with presage darkly tonight
Dreams that like the smoke will vanish
At the coming of the night."

BUNGLING GIRLS.

A story of bungling and cruelty at a bull fight comes from Bordeaux. The fight, in which the part of the toreadors and matadors was performed by Spanish girls, was witnessed by a large crowd. There were six girls engaged, and they all exhibited great pluck and daring in throwing the banderilos and in evading the bulls, but when it came to giving the death-stroke they were unequal to the occasion. Five bulls were slaughtered, and three of the poor brutes were subjected to terrible suffering, owing to the lack of strength and sureness of aim of the girl handling the sword.

ONE NOT ENOUGH.

She—A man and his wife should be one; I wonder why they so seldom are?

He—Because it takes two to make a quarrel.

Catarrhozone fools the Doctors.

Mr. I. Reynolds, of 39 Queen St., Ottawa, writes: "I have been a constant sufferer from Catarrh with dropping in the throat, &c., for some time. My doctor said an operation would be necessary, but the use of one bottle of Catarrhozone has rid me of my trouble." Catarrh-o-zone is a new scientific treatment guaranteed to cure Catarrh, Asthma and Bronchitis. Sold everywhere. Trial outfit sent to any address for 10c in stamps by N. C. POLSON & CO., Kingston, Ont., Proprietors.

Is Brown happy in his marriage? Well, I think if Brown were to see Mrs. Brown to-day for the first time he wouldn't even ask for an introduction.

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

A BOARDING HOUSE EXPERT.

How's your new cook?

She's great. She cooks prunes so you can't tell 'em from dried peaches and she cooks dried peaches so you can't tell them from prunes.

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.

Visitor, looking at portraits—What a lot of ancestors you've got! Porkenchopps—That's dead right! I don't want so many, but Sarah she insisted.

JAPAN TEA DRINKERS!

SALADA

CEYLON GREEN TEA

is the same flavor as Japan, only more delicious.

A POOR MARK.

Rantz—I'm going to recite The Absent-Minded Beggar, to-morrow night.

Strutter—Well, take my advice, old man and dress in a khaki costume.

Cholly—Your papa kicked me out when I asked him for your hand. Miss Gabby—Papa is so intense. He puts his whole soul into everything he undertakes.

O'KEEFE'S LIQUID EXT. OF **MALT**

Invigorates and Strengthens.

LLOYD WOOD, Toronto, GENERAL AGENT.

The attack on Kolfyfontein should be made before breakfast, remarked Mr. Bellefield. You certainly have strong grounds for your suggestion, added Mr. Bloomfield.

MONTREAL HOTEL DIRECTORY.

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

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

AVENUE HOUSE—McGill—College Avenue. Family Hotel rates $3.50 per day.

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

I think, said the friend of the family, that you ought to keep a watch on your son. Impossible, declared the disgusted father. He'd exchange it for a pawnticket the first chance he got.

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.

AN EMPRESS' WARDROBE.

The Empress of China has over 2,000 dresses in her wardrobe.

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."

BROAD SHOULDERS.

Paris tailors have set their approving seal upon broad shoulders as an accompaniment to the fashionable narrow waist and hips, no breadth of hips being noticeable in the new outline of the spring tailor frock.

W P C 1015

CALVERT'S

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

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

HARRIS Buyer Scrap, LEAD, COPPER, BRASS.
Wholesale only. Long Distance Telephone 1729.
WILLIAM ST., TORONTO.

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

HACKNEY STALLIONS FOR SALE—4 bay two-year-olds; coaching type; high action; size, fashionable breeding; Prices reasonable. M. H. Cochrane, Hillhurst Station, Que.

THEN HE PAID.

These trousers, said Slopay, I'd like like you to reseat them. You see, I sit so much—

That's funny, interrupted the tailor. Now, there's that bill of mine. It ought to be receipted because it's been standing so long.

EVERY DAY adds to the large list of drinkers of

LUDELLA

CEYLON TEA.

Words may not convince you, but a trial certainly will. LEAD PACKAGES. 25, 30, 40, 50 and 60c.

"Canada's Greatest Seed House"

(1 lb) STEELE, BRIGGS'

"ROYAL GIANT" SUGAR BEET

GROWS HEAVY CROPS. EASILY HARVESTED

LARGE CLEAN ROOTS. HIGHEST FEEDING QUALITIES.

SUPPLIED IN SEALED PACKAGES ONLY

The Steele Briggs SEED Co. LIMITED TORONTO, ONT.

A NEW **Sugar Beet** —FOR— **STOCK FEEDING**

Unlike any other variety. Grows three-fourths its length out of ground. Roots large, clean, of a beautiful rose color, flesh white, firm and of finest feeding quality.

Easily Harvested

EVERY GROWER SHOULD TRY IT.

What an English expert says of this new "Royal Giant" Sugar Beet:

"I should like to express my highest opinion of the **special strain of Sugar Beet** you showed me at **your trial grounds.** I have never seen anything so uniformly good before, **size, form and weight are perfect,** and there is absolutely no waste. For dairy farmers in a country like yours it must be simply invaluable."

Supplied in sealed packages as represented in accompanying cut (printed in colors).

Price (post-paid), 50c. per lb.

STEELE, BRIGGS' **"Danish Sugar Beet"**

A leading and favorite sort, supplied in sealed packages only.

Price (post-paid), 50c. per lb.

ASK YOUR DEALER FOR THEM.

REMEMBER.—*If you cannot obtain Steele, Briggs' Famous Seeds from your Resident Merchant, send your orders direct.*

EXAMINE CAREFULLY PAGES 92 TO 101 OF CATALOGUE, MAILED FREE.

THE STEELE, BRIGGS SEED CO., Limited, TORONTO, ONT.

Brass Band

Instruments, Drums, Uniforms, Etc.

Every Town can have a Band

Lowest prices ever quoted. Fine catalogue 500 illustrations mailed free. Write us for anything in

Music or Musical Instruments.

Whaley Royce & Co., Toronto, Ont., and Winnipeg, Man.

COMMON SENSE KILLS Roaches, Bed Bugs, Rats and Mice. Sold by all Druggists, or 501 Queen W. Toronto.

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

One Way Only.

There is only one way to cure rheumatism, that is to kill the germs that cause it. This can be done only by using DR. ARNOLD'S ENGLISH TOXIN PILLS. No other medicine known destroys all disease germs. One trial of Dr. Arnold's English Toxin Pills will prove that they will positively cure rheumatism. All druggists sell them—75c. a box, small size 25c.—or sent post-paid on receipt of price by

THE ARNOLD CHEMICAL CO., Limited, Canada Life Building, Toronto.

AGENTS WANTED.

We want good, RELIABLE, ENERGETIC men in "unrepresented districts" throughout the Dominion to sell our stock for investment. This stock guarantees good dividends payable half-yearly, or adding to investment; also to secure applications for good loans. We pay liberal commissions. Apply,

Sun Savings and Loan Company, Toronto.

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 Bilsdale 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.

THE MOST NUTRITIOUS.

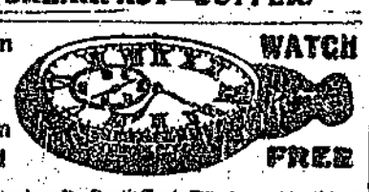
EPPS'S

GRATEFUL—COMFORTING.

COCOA

BREAKFAST—SUPPER.

Stem Set, Stem Wind **WATCH FREE**



To introduce Dr. Deal's Tonic Pills for making blood for pale people, female weaknesses, liver and kidney disease, nervousness, weakness of the system, etc., we give FREE your choice of a 10k Gold Plated Watch, plain or engraved, or a Gun Metal Watch, Ladies' or Gent's reliable time keeper, warranted 1 years.

The pills are 25c per box—6 for $1.00 for 10 boxes. Send this amount and you will receive 10 boxes and the watch; or write for particulars.

Agents wanted in every town and city.

THE DR. DENT PILL CO., 59 Adelaide St., West, Toronto, Ont.

Eighteenth Annual Report of the FEDERAL LIFE Assurance Company of Canada

The eighteenth annual meeting of the shareholders of the Federal Life Assurance Company of Canada was held at the head office of the Company in Hamilton, on March 6, 1900. The managing director, David Dexter, presented the following reports and financial statement.

DIRECTORS' REPORT.

The directors have pleasure in submitting for the information and approval of the shareholders the following report of the business of the company together with a statement of receipts and disbursements for the year which closed on Dec. 31, 1899, and of the assets and liabilities on that date. New business consisted of eighteen hundred and fifty-seven applications for insurance, aggregating $3,639,700, of which seventeen hundred and ninety-two applications for $3,498,900 were accepted; applications for $141,800 having been rejected or held for further information. Annuity premiums to the amount of $4,593 were also received.

During the year, as in previous years, about 90 per cent. of the new business of the company was on its investment plans, showing that investment insurance still holds favor in comparison with other forms of investment—on which interest earnings are depreciating steadily. The feature of profit accumulations for a term of years is increasing in popularity. The increasing prosperity of the country has extended its influence to life insurance, as indicated by the large increase in the premium income and assets of the company.

The gross income of the company shows a gratifying increase over previous years, and the addition of $194,377.39 to the assets is especially noticeable, the total assets having risen to $1,060,660 80, exclusive of guarantee capital. The security for policyholders, including guarantee capital, amounted to $1,669,660.80, and the liabilities for reserves and all outstanding claims, $946,403.03—showing a surplus of $723,257 77. Exclusive of uncalled guarantee capital, the surplus to policyholders was $113,257.77. Assurances for $108,000, on forty-five lives, became claims through death, of which amount the company was reinsured for $4,000. Including cash dividends and dividends applied to the reduction of premiums $21,460 52, with annuities $2,572.07, the total payments to policyholders amounted to $125,454.38. As foreshadowed in last report, the securing of the special act of incorporation from the parliament of Canada has greatly increased our investments in the other provinces, much to the advantage of the company. The investments of the company have been carefully managed, and have yielded results considerably above the average results of all companies doing business in Canada. Expenses have been kept within reasonable limits, while due effort has been made for new business. The chief officers and agents of the company are entitled to much credit for their able representation of the company's interest. The office staff have also proved faithful in the company's service.

The accompanying certificate from the auditors vouches for the correctness of the statements submitted herewith. All accounts, securities and vouchers have been examined by them.

JAMES H. BEATTY, President. DAVID DEXTER, Managing Director.

AUDITORS' REPORT.

To the President and Directors of the Federal Life Assurance Company:

Gentlemen: We have made a careful audit of the books of your company for the year ending Dec. 31, 1899, and have certified to their correctness.

The securities have been inspected and compared with the ledger accounts and found to agree therewith.

The financial position of your company, as on Dec. 31, is indicated by the accompanying statement.

Respectfully submitted, H. S. STEPHENS, SHERMAN E. TOWNSEND, Auditors.

Hamilton, March 1, 1900.

FINANCIAL STATEMENT, 1899.

Premium income	$ 395,366 85
Interest and Rents	41,522 89
	$ 446,289 14
Paid to policyholders for death claims, endowments, surrender values and profits	$ 125,454 38
Expenses, taxes, dividends and re insurance premiums	133,524 14
Balance	181,260 11
	$ 446,289 14

ASSETS 31ST DECEMBER, 1899.

Debentures and Bonds	$ 91,012 84
Mortgages	491,913 63
Loans secured by policy reserves	226,541 69
Cash in banks and other assets	245,832 63
	$1,060,660 80

LIABILITIES.

Reserve fund	924,203 03
Claims unadjusted	22,146 69
Surplus	114,257 77
	$1,060,660 80

SURPLUS.

Guarantee capital	$1,060,660 80
	609,000 00
Surplus security	$1,669,660 80
Policies were issued assuring	2,497,000 00
Total assurance in force	$11,847,079 43

The medical director, Dr. A. Woolverton, presented an interesting report, of which one of the most gratifying features to shareholders and policyholders alike was the item showing the death rate for the year to have been the lowest experienced by the company in the past ten years.

An excellent oil portrait of the president, James H. Beatty, by the well-known artist, J. W. L. Forster, was placed on the wall of the board room, as a token of the esteem in which Mr. Beatty is held by the directors and shareholders.

The retiring directors were re-elected, and at a subsequent meeting of the board, Mr. Beatty was re-elected president, Lieut. Col. Kerns and T. H. Macpherson, M. P., vice-presidents.

Michigan Land for Sale.

800 ACRES GOOD FARMING LANDS—ARENAC Iosco, Ogemaw and Crawford Counties. Title perfect. On Michigan Central, Detroit & Mackinac and Lake Huron Railroads, at prices ranging from $2 to $3 per acre. These Lands are Close to Enterprising New Towns, Churches, Schools, etc., and will be sold on easy reasonable terms. Apply to

E. M. PIERCE, Agent, West Bay City, Mich. Or J. W. CURTIS, Whittemore, Mich.

Carters COLD CURE 10c. Cures in a jiffy. F. McCormacer & Co., Agents, Montreal.

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

Dyeing! Cleaning!

For the very best send your work to the "BRITISH AMERICAN DYEING CO." Look for agent in your town, or send direct.

Montreal, Toronto, Ottawa, Quebec.

CHEAP MANITOBA FARMS

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

WOOD & PHOTO ENGRAVING J. L. JONES ENG. CO. 6 8 10 ADELAIDE ST. W. TORONTO.

Did you ever compare Blue Ribbon Ceylon Tea with other much advertised brands? Don't you think they owe an apology to the public?

PAINT—Its use and abuse.

There is a right way and a wrong way to use paint, and a right grade and a wrong grade to buy. If you would use paint the right way, you should buy the right grade. The best quality is the best investment.

RAMSAY'S PAINTS . . .

are the best and are for sale at all leading Hardware and Paint stores.

A. Ramsay & Son, Montreal, PAINT MAKERS

The Mining Review

SATURDAY. MARCH 31, 1900.

LET US BE HONEST.

Mr. Green was in the city Monday afternoon, and, as usual, was closeted with the miners' union. What program has been decided on to promote his election we do not know, but if he wants to command the confidence of the people as a whole he must assure the miners that the country must have capital and mines as well as miners. He should assure them the policy that encourages any one to the prejudice of either of the others is unfriendly to the country and must be discouraged. He should also lose no time in advising miners there is not a country, outside the state of Utah, on the face of the globe, that has an eight-hour law like ours; that there is not a party leader or a party in the province in favor of retaining it intact, and there is not a paper in the country defending its retention in its present form save the Nelson Tribune, which is doing it for purposes of deception, and the Sandon Paystreak that does it through ignorance. If Mr. Green is honest with the miners he should inform them that his party leaders, Semlin and Cotton, offered to form a coalition with Mr. Turner, and as a condition to abolish the eight-hour law, or obliterate its penal clauses. This being the case, Mr. Green should be frank with the unions. Mr. Charles Wilson says he will retain the law intact unless either of the parties interested suggests changes, in which case the suggestions will have full consideration. This is the expression of a statesman, and it offers no assurance that the law is a permanency.

Again, Martin's minister of mines says he always knew changes could be made in the law with advantage to the miners and the country. Martin is backed financially by Dunsmuir, who is the champion of cheap labor in the country. Martin's chief organ, the Vancouver World, says the penal clauses of the eight-hour law are a direct infringement on the rights and liberties of the people. There is not, then a party nor a newspaper in the province committed to the law as it stands, in fact that is not in favor of making radical changes.

We know the miners do not appreciate it, but we prefer being frank and honest with them under all circumstances. The law will not be retained in its present form; it is prohibitory of the increase of capital; an impediment in the way of the country's growth, and an encroachment, as British institutions go, on the rights and liberties of the people. Mr. Green knows all this—he knows more, he knows that in his last pre-election pledges he assured the people he would oppose any changes in the mining laws without first submitting the proposition to the people. He knows he did not do this, and to that extent deceived them. He knows today that if the Semlin-Cotton-Turner coalition had gone ahead he would have supported their measure to abolish the penal clauses of the present law. In that he would have been wise and earned the thanks of his constituents. We fear, however, that in his present attitude towards the miners, though a man of integrity and honor in all private dealings, he is playing the pranks of the artful politician for the votes it may bring, leaving the future, no matter how many skeletons of kroken pledges it may reveal, to take care of themselves through the healing influences of time. The miners will not, of course, thank The Review for its advice, but later on they will find it has throughout told them the naked truth.

STILL SCREAMING.

The Hustonian and other prints still yell themselves hoarse over the eight-hour law. As the elections appear to draw nearer they grow still more boisterous shouting "the battle cry of freedom"—the eight-hour law. Would it not be well for them to stop and put on their thinking caps for a few moments—the country really wants something more than the corralling of a few miners' votes, we say a few, because we know the thinking men of the mining profession will not be caught by chaff more than any other class of the community. Why don't these prints ask themselves "What has the law done for the country so far, after it has been nearly a year in operation?" Take the Slocan, for instance. A year ago there were about 1800 men in this district working not over nine hours a day at actual work, drawing $3.50 per day. Since the enforcement of the law the number has not averaged over 300, at an average of about $3.25 for an eight-hour day. Has this condition resulted advantageously to the mine owners, to the provincial revenue, to the business community? Has it been of advantage to the men themselves? Has it been a service to the 1000 men left idle, or forced to go elsewhere where most of them did worse, to see 300 of their number take lower wages for an hour's less work? There is one thing we want to assure those of who are living in hopes, who are even sanguine, and it is this, that while the eight-hour law remains on the statute books, in its present form, but very little change in the industrial situation need be looked for. The low-grade properties will not open, as they cannot do it and pay their way; the undeveloped properties will not be worked, as the money will not come in to work them. Only the developed high-grade properties will be worked, and they by about a half force only. We again ask is it desirable in the interest of either the country or the men themselves that this state of things should continue? We have from the first to the last, without a particle of feeling excepting a desire to see the best done for the men and the country, at the risk of being boycotted by a principle of misdirected feeling endeavored to present the facts. The truth has in all ages of the world been slighted for a choice of catering to a feeling, but in the end the conclusion is it does not pay. It will not pay now. Better accept the truth founded on reason. If the law was removed tomorrow, or so modified that men could deal among themselves as best suited their purpose, there is no doubt but that the two plans would be offered to the miners—the old hours and the old pay, or eight hours with relative payment, leaving them free to make their choice. We submit this would be infinitely preferable to the present condition of things. Those who felt like earning the old wage could do it, and those who preferred the shorter hours could be accommodated. It appears to us the sensible portion of the mining community should take the matter in hand themselves, and work a solution of the present trouble on these lines.

Bakers' Bad Backs.

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

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

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

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

THAT WISE ACT.

The wit that one little head can contain at times is a marvel. The Nelson Tribune says the miners in convention there, the other day, did one of the most sensible things the country has ever heard of. They adopted a platform and sent it around for acceptance by all the labor organizations of the district. Wherever they can get candidates to support that platform they will accept them, and when they meet candidates they cannot depend on they will nominate men from among their own ranks. Now, supposing the mine owners and capitalists were to do precisely the same things, would the Tribune say it was also one of the wisest things ever heard of, or would it say it was an attempt to strangle the liberties of the people? Which? The trouble with the Tribune always was, it could never see with the second eye—only with the one that was always squinting for votes. The truth of the matter is that no one organization can of itself ever adopt a platform unqualifiedly in the interest of the country as a whole. It is only when such is submitted to all sections, and is, as nearly as possible, approved of by all, that it can be said to be unqualifiedly in the interest of the country. If when the miners get back their platform, they then call the mine owners together and submit it to them and declare a willingness to give as well as to take; making concessions as well as asking them, until they arrive at something that will be accepted by both sides, we will be willing to say they have done one of the wisest things of the day. When, however, one brings the labor question of this district down to sensible consideration in this way he stirs up a prejudice that works the whole issue into a red heat. The only answer is that the Payne, the Star and such properties are paying large dividends, therefore, all the mines can pay the miners' demands, and the man who says they cannot must be boycotted. That is just how the question is handled by the men, who think infinitely more of trifling, transient advantages to themselves than they do for the service of the country.

CHILDREN

Are they troubled with headaches? Are the lessons hard for them to learn? Are they pale, listless and indifferent? Do they get thin and all run down toward spring? If so,

Scott's Emulsion

will do grand things for them. It keeps up the vitality, enriches the blood, strengthens mind and body. The buoyancy and activity of youth return.

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

The history of constitutional government in any portion of the earth does not furnish anything approaching a parallel to the condition of things in British Columbia at present. Governor McInnes' prints say he had to call on Martin as he had already dismissed Turner, as if there were but two or three men in the province in public life. One time in Ontario Mowat was taken from the bench for premiership; but he was at once endorsed by the whole Liberal party and held the office a quarter of a century, when he took a seat in the Dominion senate. Martin is thrust upon the province, and instead of being followed by a party is distrusted and hated by every one, and McInnes knew in calling him this would be the result, Martin in turn spends a month in scanning the country for a ministry, and succeeds in securing two men, one of them his own brother-in-law, and neither of them in public life or with a following. Though the voted estimates will be exhausted by the 30th of June, and the constitution requires that the parliament should meet and vote more money before it is expended. Martin says the new lists will be revised on May 7th, before elections are held, then follows two months to print them and other delays that will postpone the meeting of the legislature till the 7th of August at least. In 1837 Governor Metcalf in Canada used to say "Me and my government." McInnes can say, "Me and 'Fighting Joe' run the show" as there is no government, only a three-handed game and two of them blanks. What surprises most people is that Premier Laurier allows this thing to continue so long.

Bro. McLagan must have a very short memory when he says in the World, "Joseph Martin was always a Liberal." Martin himself must laugh at the idea. Will Mr. McLagan kindly turn up its file of the Winnipeg Free Press during the spring of 1883. If he does he will find in a letter to the Free Press from the Hon. Joseph himself declaring "he was not a Liberal. He was a member of the 'Provincial rights party' and he would sue the Free Press for defamation of character for calling him a Liberal, if it did not retract its statement." Was that Liberalism? Again, was Joe a Liberal when he passed that Alien Exclusion Act, when Laurier was at Washington, for the purpose of embarrassing the latter gentleman while there, and preventing him from doing anything for Canada? Was that, again, Liberalism?

School Teacher's Headache.

It's not a new variety of headache. It's the old pain consequent on conditions which result from study, confinement, and careless eating. It is only one symptom of a derangement of the stomach and organs of digestion and nutrition. Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery cures headaches by curing the diseases which cause them.

"I was troubled with very frequent headaches, often accompanied by severe vomiting," writes Miss Mary Belle Summerton, of San Diego, Duval Co., Texas. "Bowels were irregular, and my stomach and liver seemed continually out of order. Often I could eat almost nothing, and sometimes absolutely nothing, for twenty-four hours at a time. I was entirely unfit for work, and my whole system seemed so run-down that I feared a severe sick spell and was very much discouraged. I was advised to try Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, and did so with such satisfactory results that before finishing the third bottle I felt perfectly able to undertake the duties attending public school life, and contracted to do so. I most heartily advise those suffering with indigestion, and its attendant evils, to give this great medicine a fair trial."

Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets keep the bowels healthy.

The great mistake of the labor agitators and philosophers in discussing the situation in the Kootenay, lies in comparing the circumstances with those of older countries having fewer resources. There is not a doubt but that labor is at the mercy of capital in the industrial centres of the old countries, where the same families have worked in the same institutions for generations. If they want to make a change there is nothing else to which they can turn their hands, and they are without the means to take them where there are other means of employment. It is just as reasonable, however, to compare the situation in the Kootenay with the situation in such localities as it is to compare the winters in the planets Mercury and Jupiter. If all the miners that ever were in the Kootenays chose to take up farming, lumbering, fishing, fruit-growing or a dozen or more callings they would not overcrowd the resources of this province. On the other hand, again, it is not necessary for the capitalists of the country to sink their money in mines, there are so many interests in which they can invest it, where they will be less subject to the caprices of labor. How, then, is labor at the mercy of capital in this country?

The miners' unions say they want the arbitration laws of Australia adopted in this country. Will those same unions accept also the eight-hour law of Australia? If they will only accept the one as they demand the other something may be done to meet them. They have an eight-hour law in Australia that enables men to work 6, 8 or 10 hours, as may be agreed on with the owners. If we had a law in this province that would allow the owners to offer $3.00 for eight hours or $3.50 for ten there would be no difficulty in settling the labor question.

LIVER COMPLAINT.

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

W. W. WARNER, M. E.

MINING CONTRACTOR.

PROPERTIES HANDLED ON COMMISSION

Mines and Mineral Claims examined and reports made.

Interests taken in part payment or services rendered.

Contracts taken for opening up lost or invisible ledges.

Twenty years' experience.

SANDON, B. C.

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.

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.

SANDON, B. C.

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.

A SKEIN OF WOOL.

Sam holding her wool in an attitude quaint,
Feeling just like a wooden armed, stained window saint;
She is sitting at ease in a negligent pose,
As charming and fresh as the dew on a rose
She thanks me for helping her out of her tangle
And calls me "so kind"
When I say I don't mind,
Why, to please her I vow I would slave at a mangle.

Young Cupid, no doubt, in a mischievous vein,
Is weaving a snare from that innocent skein,
For who could be blind to those dimples divine,
Those eyes that so roguishly glance up at mine!
I am longing with loverlike kisses to smother
That sweet little face,
But I know it's a case
Of a flirt at one end and a fool at the other!
—Golden Penny.

FOIBLES OF GREAT MEN.

Napoleon's Fondness For White Trousers
A Famous Jurist's Weakness.

The weakness of a great man is often that feature which contains the most interest for the student of human nature. It may be of interest to know that Napoleon set aside $4,000 a year for dress. Unfortunately he had a weakness for white breeches, and often while wholly absorbed in state affairs he would spill ink or coffee on those delicate trousers, which he would hasten to change upon discovering the spots. This circumstance cost the blameless but timid Comte de Remusat his place as master of the robes. The emperor spoiled his clothes so frequently that the imperial tailor was constantly receiving fresh orders, and $4,000 became insufficient to meet the bills. The master of robes was foolishly afraid to mention the subject to Napoleon and continued to give unsatisfactory replies to the insistent tailor, who became pressing in his demands. At length, becoming exasperated, the tailor took the bold step of complaining to Napoleon, who learned with astonishment and anger that he owed his tailor $6,000. He paid the bill and at the same time dismissed the frightened Comte de Remusat.

"I hope," said the emperor, smiling and frowning at the same time at his newly appointed master of robes, "that you will not expose me to the disgrace of being dunned for the breeches I am wearing."

The famous judge, Lord Kenyon, had a weakness for indiscriminately passing the sentence of death upon the victims of law brought before him. This peculiar weakness took its form in terrorizing the defendants and afterward invariably modifying the decree. He passed the terrible sentence of death upon a young woman who had been found guilty of theft, but intimated that he meant to recommend her to mercy. The young woman only heard the formula of the sentence and fainted. Lord Kenyon, evidently much agitated, called out: "I don't mean to hang you! Will no one tell her that I don't mean to hang her?"

The number of celebrated men who stand conspicuous in human foibles and weaknesses is large, and often it is among the great minds that selfishness, vanity and unreasonableness are found to hold the most unchecked sway.—Detroit Free Press.

The Badge of Deference.

Perhaps he used it from choice. It may have been the rule of the company that he should use it. However that may be, I could not do otherwise, says John S. Durham in The Atlantic, than remark the fact that the porter deferentially held out a silver tray to receive the chair checks from passengers. It was the nicest act of discrimination I had ever observed in the workday world. I was on a train between New York and Boston. The porter was only an agent in a business transaction of a corporation, but the agent at the station who had thrown out the check with businesslike deftness and the conductor who had briskly exchanged that check for another were also only agents in the transaction. In their daily intercourse with the public they must make friends, and, with the faithful performance of their duties, they very properly look forward to advancement in their chosen career.

The silver salver, however, marks the porter. It is the badge of all his tribe. He may be an educated man, as ambitious and as intelligent as the baggage agent or as the conductor, but he must keep his place, and that place is at the bottom, and his color fixes it. He is an American citizen, and theoretically he enjoys inalienable rights, among which are liberty and the pursuit of happiness, but in his case liberty and the pursuit of happiness have their limits fixed rigidly by a sentiment—the sentiment of organized labor in the United States. The tray is the badge of deference. He philosophically keeps himself in his place and makes the best of it.

Sandon Ore Shipments.

For the week ending March 30 were as follows:

MINE.	TONS.
Payne	309
Last Chance	80
Total	389

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.

CHURCH NOTICES.

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

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

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.

TOBACCO HEART.

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

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

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

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

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

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	"
"	9.30 "	Spoules	"	2.25	"
"	9.45 "	Whitewater	"	2.10	"
"	9.55 "	Bear Lake	"	2.00	"
"	10.12 "	McGuigan	"	1.45	"
"	10.25 "	Bailey's	"	1.34	"
"	10.33 "	Cody Junction	"	1.23	"
Arrive	10.40 "	Sandon	Leave	1.15	"

CODY BRANCH.

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

GEO. F. COPELAND,
Superintendent.

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

SPOKANE FALLS & NORTHERN

NELSON & FORT SHEPPARD RY.

RED MOUNTAIN RAILWAY

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.
12.05 a.m	Rossland	11.20 p.m.
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.

C. G. Dixon, G. P. T. A.
G. T. Tacksbury, Gen. Agent, Nelson.

A FEW INTERESTING FACTS.

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, 246 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.

PRIVATE LESSONS.

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.

50 YEARS' EXPERIENCE

PATENTS

TRADE MARKS
DESIGNS
COPYRIGHTS &C.

Anyone sending a sketch and description may quickly ascertain our opinion free whether an invention is probably patentable. Communications strictly confidential. Handbook on Patents sent free. Oldest agency for securing patents.

Patents taken through Munn & Co. receive *special notice*, without charge, in the

Scientific American.

A handsomely illustrated weekly. Largest circulation of any scientific journal. Terms, $3 a year; four months, $1. Sold by all newsdealers.

MUNN & Co. 361 Broadway, New York
Branch Office, 625 F St., Washington, D. C.

WALL PAPER

SEASON IS HERE.

We have opened up a new stock of

WALL PAPERS

in Opaque Colored Ingrains and Floral Designs, with Borders and Ceilings to match. The styles are unique, and the PRICES REASONABLE. This stock was selected by a well-known Coast paper-hanger and decorator.

CLIFFE'S BOOKSTORE

BOOKS AND STATIONERY.

SANDON, B. C.

Dry Goods! Dry Goods Dry Goods!

We have just received a large shipment from the east.

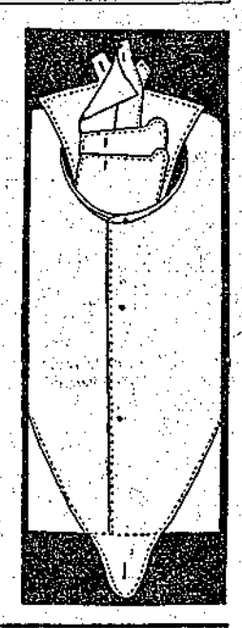
NEW DRESS PATTERNS. NEW FANCY SILKS.
NEW FLANNELETTES. NEW EIDERDOWN.

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

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

HUNTER BROS.

The Sandon Steam Laundry.



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

Orders from a distance solicited.

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

Northern Pacific Ry.

TIME-CARD OF TRAINS.

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.

ATLANTIC STEAMSHIP TICKETS

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

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

CANADIAN PACIFIC RY

AND SOO LINE.

EAST | DIRECT ROUTE. | WEST

AND TO ALL POINTS.

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

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

DAILY TRAIN

8.00 Leave Sandon Arrive 16.30

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

Tickets issued through and baggage checked to destination.

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

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

Through Storm and Sunshine

CHAPTER VIII.—Continued.

"I knew they had all done something or other very famous," said Lady Neslie laughing. "Now, when your story comes to be told in those same family annals, what will they say of you?"

"I do not know," replied Miss Neslie.

"I can foretell some part of it. It will read after this fashion—'This lady was very beautiful, very accomplished, and is chiefly to be remembered for her great dislike to Valerie Neslie,—her father's second wife.' That is how it will begin,—how will it end?"

"You are a generous foe, Vivien; you would not push me into the millpond, like the jealous sister of Birmorie, of whom Colonel Hetley was reading last evening."

"No," replied Vivien. "I should never do anything of that kind. You should not say such things, Lady Neslie; they are not only absurd, but wrong."

"Well," said "miladi," dauntlessly, "you are better than I am. If I had been mistress of a home like this so long as you have been, and a stranger were brought in to take my place, I should hate her with a mortal hatred—I admit that frankly. You do not waste much love upon me, Vivien. I like my name Valerie better than yours; there is something light and fanciful about it. There is as much difference between our names as between ourselves."

But, talk as she would, flatter, cajole, praise, no matter what—Lady Neslie could make no impression on Sir Arthur's daughter. She could not win from her any token of interest, any mark of liking, any sign of esteem.

One day when they were discussing some invitation which Vivien had advised her father to decline, "miladi," on the contrary, was eager to go.

"You will not enjoy it," said Miss Neslie to her, "they are stiff, formal people, all of them very clever. You would not feel at home with them."

"I suppose the real truth is," observed her ladyship at the close of the argument, "that you do not wish me to go, because you do not wish them to know me, and you object to their knowing me, because you do not think me good enough for Sir Arthur."

"Your ladyship has for once supposed the exact truth," said Vivien, as she turned away.

"I am afraid," remarked her ladyship, looking after her, "that some day I shall forget my good manners, and shake that proud young lady. How astonished she would be!" And Lady Neslie forgot her anger in laughing at the notion.

In time people began to perceive that there were really two parties at the Abbey—one headed by its present mistress, Lady Neslie, the other by the heiress, Miss Neslie. There was no open dispute, no ill-bred wrangling, no strife. Vivien was always proud, calm and self-possessed; Lady Neslie was always the perfection of good-humor. Nevertheless, two parties were formed, and people sided with one or the other, according to their ages and tastes. All the light, frivolous, gay, young girls of the neighborhood, ranged themselves by Lady Neslie. She was fond of life and gayety; she loved dancing, flirting, all that they loved; she delighted in frivolity.

Lady Neslie was very happy; her hours passed gayly and brightly; she did not fear that time would ever change her lot. But one day she was out riding with her husband; he had taken her by the banks of the river Ringe and through the Hyde woods. She had never seen so much of the estate before. At the other side of the woods, near the pretty town of Hydewell, she saw a house almost hidden by the trees—a large, well-built house, very pretty and picturesque."

"What a pretty house!" she said, "but, ah me, how dull, how quiet! I should not like to live there, Arthur."

"I hope you never may," he returned. "But no, I am selfish; I must not say that. I mean that I hope it may be long years before you go there."

"I shall never go there," she said, decidedly. "Do you think I could live there amongst those trees? I should die of ennui in a week."

"Nevertheless, my bright, happy love, you may be compelled some day to go there."

"I would not go—nothing should compel me. But Arthur, you have not told me what house it is."

"We call it the Dower House," he replied.

"And now I am no wiser. What is that?" she asked.

He looked half surprised for a minute, and then he said—

"You do not understand English customs—I forgot that. The Dower House was built for the widowed ladies of the family; that is why I say I hope that you may never live there—at least, not for long."

"I do not understand even yet Arthur," she said, looking up at him gravely. "Do you mean that, if you should die, I must live there?"

"That is the custom," he replied. "When the head of the family dies, his widow retires to the Dower House.'"

"But," cried Valerie, "why could I not live at the Abbey?"

"When I die the Abbey passes to Vivien," he said. "I could not leave it to you. It is only mine during my life time. If I had a son, it would be his; as I have not, it will be Vivien's. It is not mine to will as I like."

She had grown very grave as she listened. After all, what were her passing triumphs, if Vivien should some day or other supplant her?

CHAPTER IX.

"When I die, the Abbey passes to Vivien," so Sir Arthur said, while he and his wife rode slowly along; and Lady Neslie thoughtfully pondered the words.

In marrying Sir Arthur, she believed that, in the words of the marriage service, he had endowed her with all his wordly goods. She had never heard of the English law of entail; she never thought of the possibility that the estates might descend from father to son, or from father to daughter; all she knew was that she was to share her husband's wealth. The dislike between herself and Vivien Neslie had increased with every hour, but Lady Neslie had always preserved the utmost good-humor; it was part of her policy never to allow any sign of impatience or anger to escape her, and it had been easy when the victory seemed all to lie in her own hands—when Vivien Neslie appeared in no other character than that of the deposed mistress of the Abbey. Things would be quite different if in process of time Vivien should again be mistress—if it should be in her power to send her rival away.

"Now I understand," thought her ladyship. "I could not imagine how it was that so many people paid court to Miss Neslie—stood in awe of her; I can understand it all now. I am mistress here only for a time; she will be mistress forever."

It must not be.

"I am not sure," mused Valerie, "that I should have married, had I known this."

Then she comforted herself by thinking that, even if she were compelled, in the event of her husband's death, to leave the Abbey, still there must surely be a fortune for her. She wished to be mistress of Lancewood, that gave her the position she had always longed for—the position that she now enjoyed so thoroughly.

During the remainder of the ride home Lady Neslie was thoughtful, the sunny face was clouded, the ringing laugh died quickly away. Nor did she take so much interest as she had in the various views of the estate which Sir Arthur pointed out to her. What would it matter? What interest could she feel if Lancewood was to pass away from her into the hands of the girl whose calm superiority angered her. She resolved, when she reached the Abbey, to ask some one to explain this law of succession to her—some one who would not guess her motive,—Colonel Hetley, for instance, who delighted in long and pompous arguments. She would not say any more to her husband, or he might grow suspicious, and think she had married him for the sake of being at the Abbey.

She found an opportunity of talking to Colonel Hetley, as she always found for whatever she fancied or desired.

"I have been reading a story this morning, colonel, and it turns on what is called in England, the law of entail. Will you explain what that means to me?"

"And the colonel, only too delighted to be consulted by his young and lovely hostess, entered into a complete exposition of the matter. She listened with a profound attention that flattered him.

"I understand," she said; "then this beautiful Lancewood of ours is not what you call entailed—it does not pass to a male heir?"

"It was entailed once," replied the colonel. "I remember hearing why the entail was destroyed, but I have forgotten the reason now. Lancewood, like many other large estates in England, can be inherited by son or daughter; but it must be in the direct line. No lord of Lancewood has power to will his estate from his own children. If he has sons, it goes to the eldest; if daughters to the eldest; then the daughter retains the name of Neslie when she marries, and so the name is kept up from generation to generation."

"Then no master of Lancewood could leave his estates to his friend or his wife?" she said, slowly.

"No, that would not be possible," answered Colonel Hetley, who began to preceive a drift in these inquiries. "Take yourself, for instance," he said, "though personal applications of generalities should be avoided. Suppose an event we should all deplore— Sir Arthur's death; in that case Lancewood would belong to Miss Neslie. You would, without doubt, succeed to a very handsome fortune, but that kind of thing is generally arranged in the marriage settlement. Miss Neslie would succeed to Lancewood; and it would descend again to her son or daughter. Do you understand now, Lady Neslie?"

She tried to throw off her gravity, and looked up with a laughing air.

"Yes, you have made it all plain to me. I thank you, Colonel Hetley. It seems hard at times to comprehend your English customs."

"But you have the law of entail in France. You have but to look through the history of your own family—the D'Estes—for numerous examples."

She looked slightly confused for a moment; but quickly recovered herself.

"I was but a child when I was in France. I remember nothing of such things; they had no interest for me. You have told me all about it, colonel?"

"Yes. I do not remember any detail left unexplained. Miss Neslie is heiress of Lancewood; but, if Sir Arthur should have a son, that son would succeed him."

From that moment the one passioned to be consulted by this young and soul was that she might have a son. A son would inherit Lancewood—and what was her child's would, of course, be here. What a victory, what a triumph for her, if she could only show Vivian a son of her own—the heir who would take Lancewood from her!

By night and by day she pondered this one idea. People began to wonder what had come over the bright, animated, vivacious Lady Neslie. She was often to be found now with a grave, almost anxious expression on her face, she was thinking how sure she would be of the fortune if she had a little son.

She began to observe Vivian more closely. She could understand now why, despite all the victories gained over Miss Neslie, she remained calmly serene, self-possessed, self-reliant. Something more like hatred than she had ever felt before crept into Valerie's heart, and she made up her mind with true feminine resolve that Miss Neslie should not enjoy more comfort than was good for her. She had once believed it wise policy to try to make Sir Arthur's daughter her friend, but she saw now that they could never be anything but enemies. She ceased all efforts at conciliation. She made irritating little speeches. She took every opportunity of exercising her authority. She never consulted Vivian in any matter, but pleased herself entirely.

The breach between Sir Arthur and his beloved daughter grew wider. Lady Neslie had a fashion of saying—

"It is of no use asking Vivian; she is too grave to care about such nonsense."

Then she would twine her arms round Sir Arthur's neck, and, laying her bright head on his shoulder, ask him—

"Would you love me better, dear, if I tried to be grave and wise, like your beautiful daughter?"

"No, Valerie; I like you just as you are."

"Nonsense and gayety included!" she asked with a wistful smile.

"Just as you are, my darling, without change," replied Sir Arthur, fondly.

She clapped her hands with the glee of a child—such little white hands they were, all shining with costly gems.

"Now I shall never try to be wise again; after all, I am but one of the butterflies of nature, I shall spread my winds in the sunshine, and enjoy it while it lasts, without thinking of the coming rainy days."

"Do you think of rainy days, my darling?" asked Sir Arthur.

"Not often; but I do not expect to be always as happy as I am now."

"I do not see anything that could make you less happy, Valerie."

She did not say, "You have overlooked the loss of Lancewood—the fact that my rival will reign one day where I am queen now—the fact that I shall have to give way to her;" but she looked up at him, with an expression of devotion in her brilliant face.

"I should be happy enough if I might always have you, Arthur; but, if I were to lose you, what happiness could I ever know again?"

"That is but a gloomy idea for a butterfly," said Sir Arthur, laughingly. "My dearest Valerie, we know how uncertain life and death are; still I hope to spend many years with you yet."

It was wonderful how solicitous she became about his health. His looks were a barometer of her spirits. When he seemed perfectly well, she was gay, happy, light of heart, full of merriment; if he looked pale or ill, if he complained even in the least, she was all anxiety and solicitude. Sir Arthur thought it concern about his health, arising from her great love. Vivian understood it better; she knew what it was, and called it by its right name.

"Oh, if I had but a son," exclaimed Lady Neslie, inwardly, "there would be no more cause for anxiety or dread!"

For many long years there had not been such gayety at Lancewood. One of Lady Neslie's wildest caprices was a masked ball; nothing else would satisfy her. In vain Sir Arthur said that a masked ball was all very well during a carnival, but that it was not a favorite amusement amongst English people.

"But I must have it," she said. "Of all balls in the world a masked ball is the most enjoyable."

"I am afraid our neighbors will not think so, Valerie. I am doubtful whether you would even find your invitations accepted. There are hundreds of English people who entirely disapprove of such things."

"We will try them," said Lady Neslie. "Masked balls are common enough in Paris."

"There are many things common in Paris that I should be sorry to see here," put in Vivian, "Lancewood is an ancient building, but I do not think such an entertainment as a balmasque has ever been given in it."

"There is no record of one in the family annals," mimicked Lady Neslie. "Surely some of your ancestors must have had a little notion of enjoying themselves. All argument is useless, you know. Sir Arthur, you cannot refuse me; let me give a masked ball."

Sir Arthur looked at his daughter, as though he would fain have asked her to help him; but in the noble, beautiful face he only read contempt for his weakness and contempt for his wife.

Valerie quickly noted his glance.

"It is of no use looking at Vivian, Sir Arthur; she will be quite sure to oppose me; she does it on principle, to counterbalance your indulgences."

"I think, Valerie, you must defer a little to English prejudices. I assure you the whole neighborhood would be startled by the notion of a masked ball."

"I should delight in startling it," she said—"no one more so. Now, Sir Arthur, instead of my deferring to English prejudices, let English prejudices defer to me."

She looked up at him with one of those winning smiles he was so utterly powerless to resist.

"You shall have your own way, Valerie; send out your invitations whenever you like."

She laughed aloud in the fullness of her glee.

"You are the kindest husband in the world!" she cried.

But Sir Arthur was right; the neighborhood was startled. The more serious portion of it looked grave, and said Lady Neslie was really going rather too far; but the gay young girls and gay young wives applauded the idea, and the masked ball was a success.

To be Continued.

GUARDS OF ROYALTY.

Something About Those Who Watch Kings and Queens.

The monarchs of Europe are not guarded from harm by the showy soldiers in shiny tin cuirasses who disport themselves about palace anterooms. The actual seamy work is done by the plainly clad, unostentatious secret police. The degree to which police protection is indispensable may be gathered from the fact that President Carnot's assassination occurred immediately after Prime Minister Dupuy had disbanded the Brigade d'Elysee, or Presidential police.

Scarcely a week passes during Queen Victoria's sojourns at Windsor or Osborne without some crazy person endeavoring to obtain an interview either by calling at the palace or by attempting to waylay the sovereign when she is out driving. Those of the male sex, usually declare that they are in love with the Queen or profess that they are secretly married to her, while the females allege that they are either daughters or sisters of Her Majesty, or else married to the Prince of Wales.

Every time that Queen Victoria plans to leave her residence at Windsor, Osborne, Balmoral or Buckingham Palace for her afternoon drive the intention is communicated to the Chief Inspector some hours beforehand by the equerry on duty, who announces the route which Her Majesty proposes to take. At certain points along the way policemen in plain clothes are stationed.

An inspector of the London police is in charge of the men appointed to guard the Prince of Wales.

King Humbert of Italy is guarded by one policeman. This official is a sergeant-major of the Carabinieri, composed of picked soldiers and exnon-commissioned officers of the army. He is a man of herculean proportions and of tried resource. Moreover, as he is a native of Piedmont, he is blindly devoted to his King. He never leaves his side by day, and at night sleeps across the threshold of the room occupied by his master.

Napoleon III., had a bodyguard each of whom was a Corsican, their chief, Griscelli by name, having saved the Emperor's life several times.

When Count Camerata, a cousin of Napoleon, was assassinated in the Tuileries, Griscelli disguised himself and followed the supposed murderer, Kambo, to London, where Kambo was stabbed.

The same fate overtook Silvani di Peruggio, who had organized a plan for wrecking the imperial train near Biarritz. He fell a victim to the Corsican's dagger at Bordeaux, whether Griscelli had tracked him. Two Mazzinist conspirators, Rossini and Galli were likewise stabbed by Griscelli.

One evening when Napoleon was calling at the Countess of Castiglione's suburban residence a man crept into the room, knife in hand, and threw himself upon the Emperor. Gen. Fleury, Napoleon's aide-de-camp, pinioned his arms until Griscelli rushed into the boudior and cut short the existence of the conspirator. Documents of a compromising character were found and the result was the temporary exile of the Countess.

A RIGHTEOUS CUSTOM.

I kissed the tempting crimson of her cheek,
As fragrant as a rose.
And, lo, across its bloom a pallid streak!
And here, upon my nose,
A touch of red, of which I blush to speak!

'Tis true I have no reason for complaint—
I stole the fragrant kiss.
And yet 'tis customary to acquaint
Unwary ones of this,
By placarding the danger point!
Fresh Paint.

GROWING CORDIALITY.

Mesheck—You must come up to my place some evening and try one of my cigars.

Yawner—Thanks, but I don't smoke.

Well, come up on Thursday and have a glass of wine with me.

Thanks, I never drink.

Himmell Then come up and see me every evening.

WONDERFUL INVENTION.

McJigger — I attended Mrs. Blank's lecture on liquid air last night. She poured mercury into a paper mold shaped like a hammer, immersed the whole in the liquid air, and the mercury came out so solid that she easily drove a nail through a board with it.

Thingumbob — Wonderfull Any invention that will enable a woman to easily drive a nail through a board can't be beat.

PAINS IN THE BACK

FREQUENTLY DUE TO SLUGGISH LIVER OR KIDNEY TROUBLES.

Mr. Frank Walters, of Exeter, Tells of Suffering and How Dr. Williams' Pink Pills Cured Him After Other Medicines Failed.

From the Advocate, Exeter.

Mr. Frank Walters is a young man personally known to most of the residents of Exeter, where he has lived nearly all his life. Talking with the editor of the Advocate recently Mr. Walters said—"In justice to Dr. Williams' Pink Pills I think it my duty, in view of what they have done for me, to add my testimonial to the thousands of others that have been printed. For some months I suffered most severely from pains coursing up and down my back. It was thought that these pains were due to liver and kidney trouble, but whatever the cause they frequently left me in terrible agony. The pains were not always confined to the back, but would shift to other parts of the body. As a result I got little rest, my appetite became impaired, and I fell off greatly in weight. I tried different remedies suggested by friends, which having no effect almost disgusted me with medicine. Then a personal friend urged me to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. I was not easily persuaded because I had about concluded that medicine would not relieve me, but he insisted and finally I decided to try them. I purchased one box at first, and to my astonishment before it was finished I was greatly relieved. Then I got a couple more boxes and these restored me to my former good health. I do not hesitate recommending this medicine that others may profit by my experience, and not suffer tortures as I did."

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills cure by going to the root of the disease. They renew and build up the blood, and strengthen the nerves, thus driving disease from the system. If your dealer does not keep them, they will be sent postpaid at 50 cents a box, or six boxes for $2.50, by addressing the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

Too Much of a Jar.

A little group of professional men were talking of dentists the other day when the stout man of the party related a humorous incident that occurred some time ago. It happened in a dentist's office in Kansas City.

A typical cow puncher came in and wanted a tooth treated. He was a big fellow with an immense soft hat, and when he deposited himself in the operating chair everything creaked.

"Mind you don't hurt me," he said in a menacing tone, and then the dentist got to work.

After boring into the tooth a moment he paused.

"Now," he said, "don't stir. If you do, this tool may slip and your nerve will get a nasty jar."

All went well for a few moments and the big fellow threw his head back.

There was a yell, a scramble, a falling chair, and then a brawny fist flew out, and a dazed and bleeding dentist picked himself from the floor on the opposite side of the room.

"You blamed idiot," he mumbled with his hand on his jaw. "I told you not to move!"

"Thet don't make a mite o' difference!" roared the cow puncher. "No man kin hurt me like thet an live!"

And, seizing his big hat, he plunged heavily down the stairs, anathematizing the whole dentist fraternity at every step.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Outwitted by His Coachman.

The carriage horses of Chief Justice Marshall were exceedingly thin, and his family told him that it was currently hinted that Jerry, the colored coachman, exchanged too great a proportion of the horse feed for whisky for personal use to allow the horses food enough to keep them in a good and creditable condition. The judge went to the stable and directed Jerry's attention to the poor appearance of the horses, told him of the rumor about his exchanging oats and hay for whisky and thereby depriving the horses of their necessary supply of food and spoke of the sleek, fat team driven by his neighbor Brewer.

"Laws, Massa John," said Jerry, "it's the natur' of the animals! Look at Mr. Brewer hisself, sah, a short, fat, greasy gen'leman, that ain't seed his boots after his feet was in 'em for yeahs, while you, sah, is tall and roun shouldered an sees your feet all de time youse walkin, an look at his coachman, thicker through than he is long, whilee I'se only skin an bonest Of course his critters is fat, while youra is thin. It's their natur', Massa John; it's their natur'. They belongs to the fat kin, and we all belongs to de lean kin. It's natur'."

"Perhaps that is so," said the judge reflectively and walked away as if well-satisfied with the explanation.—Chicago Inter Ocean.

Taking the Cowboy's Picture.

"Now," said the border photographer, pulling his gun and leveling it across the camera at the man in the chair, "will you have the kindness to look pleasant?"

Much amused by the cheek and the cool nerve of the request thus conveyed, the bold cowboy smiled broadly, and at that instant the border photographer pressed the button.—Chicago Inter-Ocean.

On the Farm.

POINTS ON BUTTERMAKING.

In the first place good cows are a necessity. A scrub which gives indifferent milk half the year is one of the great leaks on many farms, writes Mr. S. N. Wolcott. Next, cows must be well-sheltered, well-fed and kindly treated, this last being far more essential than most people think. Cows which are stabled should be well brushed and the udder wiped with a damp cloth to prevent the fine dust of the barn falling into the pail. This is one cause of bitter milk in winter. A wire strainer with a fine, thin cloth over it keeps everything else out of the milk. Tin pans are easier kept sweet, lighter to handle and I think the cream rises better in them than crocks.

The milk should not be covered until the animal warmth is out of it. The sooner it cools the more cream rises. In summer the pans can be set in cold water and the water drawn off when warm and renewed. A shallow zinc box, like the top of a sink, only large enough to accommodate all the milk of one milking, is handy. The box should be as deep as the pans, with a spout to let the water off. One bucket of water would be sufficient to cool the milk. The pans can be left here until next milking or when cool set flat on the cellar floor. A frame of lath large enough to cover all the milk can be made with legs two or three inches higher than the pans. Over this stretch muslin and tack tightly. It can be set to one side or raised up on end and down again, covering or uncovering all or as much as you want at once. The muslin can be taken off and washed, and it does away with so many lids to scour and sun and the milk is better than when shut up tight.

Tin buckets are the best for the cream. In winter I hang my bucket up near the ceiling and ripen my cream as well as in summer. In summer I skim sweet and hang in the well, so without ice can make good butter the year round. Milk must be regularly skimmed and the cream regularly churned, winter and summer. Thirty-six hours is long enough for milk to set, and 24 is too long if the milk clabbers. Cream should be churned at least every other day in summer and twice a week in winter. Sixty degrees in summer and 65 to 70 in winter is about the proper temperatures to begin churning, for the warm air will raise it a little in summer and cool it in winter.

Stop churning when the butter comes and draw off the milk. I like to wash the butter thoroughly by whirling the churn, changing water until it runs clear. Work just enough to mix the salt. The grain then remains and the butter is rich, sweet and toothsome. Too much working makes it solid and tallowy and destroys the sweet buttery taste. I never work over butter that comes solid in granules, I find customers prefer it this way and every bit of milk and water can be got out if churned at the right temperature. There are people in every town who are willing to pay a good price for gilt-edge butter, and cows can be made to be a source of revenue, not to be despised by the farmer's family, even when only a few are kept.

TIMELY WORK WITH THE SPRAY PUMP.

Early spring spraying is necessary to control most forms of fungous diseases and for a few insects like the bud moth, leaf folder and San Jose scale. The loss resulting from the attacks of such fungi as apple scab, bitter rot, spot disease of the cherry, downy and powdery mildew of the grape and a host of other diseases amounts to millions of dollers every year. The most common fungicides are bordeaux mixture, copper sulphate and the ammoniacal solution of copper carbonate. Copper sulphate should never be used after the buds have started, but always when the trees are dormant. Dissolve 1 lb in 15 gals of water and spray for the apple scab, cherry and plum rot, pear leaf spot and anthracnose of berry bushes. For peach trees, dilute to 25 gals.

The bordeaux mixture is coming to be used more generally each year. It is best made by dissolving 6 lbs of copsulphate in 6 gals. of water and then diluting to 25 gals. In another vessel slake slowly 4 lbs. of fresh stone lime and dilute to 25 gals, pouring the two mixtures together when wanted to spray. For all grape troubles and for all fungous diseases after the buds have started this preparation is best. Add 2-4 lb paris green to 50 gals bordeaux mixture for eating insects and make the first spraying of these two. Where the apple scab is bad, make the first treatment with copper sulphate. Before the flowers open, spray with bordeaux mixture and paris green and again as soon as the flowers drop. Give one or two more applications at intervals of two or three weeks.

Spraying for San Jose scale is still in an experimental stage, but several years' experiments have shown that it can be controlled with a 20 per cent mixture of kerosene and water. This should always be put on during a sunshiny day to allow the kerosene to evaporate quickly, otherwise the plant may be injured. A 25 cent mixture may be used before the buds start into growth. Crude petroleum should be tried carefully. It is more lasting than kerosene and more penetrating in its effects, but is death to the scale.

PREPARE FOR POTATO PLANTING.

Seed potatoes should be sorted out and kept in a cool place to retard sprouting. Sprouted seed has lost its vitality and will not yield as large a crop as seed that had not started into growth before planting. Medium sized tubers, smooth, clean and uniform, give the best results. They should, for the sake of economy, be cut to two or three eyes. If the seed is high-priced or some large premium potatoes are wanted, cut to one eye. This will give large potatoes and fewer to the hill. Before planting soak the seed in corrosive sublimate solution for 1 1-2 hours. Dissolve 2 oz corrosive sublimate in 15 gals of water, put the potatoes in a bag and immerse in the water, which should be in a wooden tub or barrel. After removing, dry the potatoes, then cut and handle in the usual way, but be careful, as this stuff is a deadly poison.

The soil needs to be plowed early and deeply. The great majority of farmers and gardeners still use stable manure for fertilizer. The common practice with Long Island market gardeners, on their light, sandy soil, is to open the rows 2 1-2 ft apart with a two-horse plow, spread the manure in the bottom of the furrow, cover lightly with soil, drop the seed from 9 to 15 in. apart, according to variety and cover with a plow or plank drag. If fertilizer is used it is applied in the same way, mixing it with the soil by going through the furrow with a cultivator made very narrow.

Plant the seed deeply to avoid hilling and the consequent drying out of the ridges. Level culture gives the best results both experimentally and in actual practice. It is a little more labor to dig the potatoes by hand when planted deeply, but the use of the plow or digger greatly aids rapid work. While early planting gives the earliest results for the general crop it does not pay to plant too early. The seed gets chilled and comes up weak and uneven.

PROPHETS OF DISASTER.

Animals Tell of Impending Earthquakes and Thunderstorms.

Animals are exceedingly sensitive to disturbances of earth and air, and seem to possess a "sixth sense" which warns them of impending danger.

Just before the great earthquake on the Riviera in 1897 horses, dogs, monkeys and even ducks were in a panic for several days. At Nice many of the horses were timid and weak, unable to draw their burdens, while a monkey and some other household pets that were usually anxious to stay indoors could not be induced to enter the house.

Even the cows were terrified and there was an appreciable falling off in their milk before the earthquake.

Some people, especially women, seem to have this premonition of coming disaster. A lady residing in the hotel at Amalfi left the day before the landslide, declaring that she would not on any account remain in that section another night.

This sensitiveness to the earth's tremors is unknown except among people living in the earthquake zone. People who have been in one earthquake are particularly alive to the slight earth shudders that precede the real shock. After the disturbance in the Riviera the inhabitants acquired a peculiar prescience which warned them of the succeeding ones.

Earthquakes have a terrifying effect on all kinds of domestic animals. During the earthquakes at Agram each shock was heralded by the crowing of cocks, barking of dogs and howling of cats.

The animals of the West are alive to the approach of the cyclone and seem to feel the electric tension before the human beings notice it. Domestic animals are more susceptible than wild ones.

The terror which some dogs manifest during a thunderstorm is proof of their sensitiveness to the electricity in the air, and they seem also to be frightened at the vibrations following thunder.

In the Alps the Swiss cattle on the upper pastures come running in terror to the milking ground just before a severe thunderstorm, and even the goats and sheep join them.

A PALPABLE MISTAKE.

Mr. Snipkins—Ah, Mrs. Highmind, I have been wonderfully struck by the strong resemblance you bear to your husband.

Mrs. Highmind—Young man, you are altogether wrong. I do not bear any resemblance whatever to my husband. My husband looks like me, that is all!

A PERTINENT INQUIRY.

Nell—Mr. Shortleigh proposed last night.

Bess—And did you confess everything?

Nell—Well, I admitted that I loved him.

Bess—Of course, but did you tell him that the report about your being an heiress was false?

The Home

TESTED RECIPES.

Poached Eggs.—Have a clean stew pan with boiling hot water, add to it a little salt; break the eggs one at a time into a cup, and from it slip them into boiling water; when the white is set and firm, which it will be after about five minutes, take each up with a skimmer, and lay them into a dish over a pot of boiling water; cover the dish, when all are done, put a bit of butter, and if liked sprinkle pepper over them and serve; in this way they may be kept hot and soft for a long time.

Scalloped Eggs.—Boil six eggs twenty minutes. Make one pint of cream sauce. Moisten one cup of fine cracker crumbs in one fourth of a cup of cream. Chop fine one cupful of cooked fish. Remove the yolks of the eggs and chop the whites fine. Put a layer of the crumbs into a buttered baking dish, then a layer of the chopped whites, with sauce, minced fish, yolks rubbed through a fine strainer, and so on until the material is used, having the crumbs on top. Bake until brown.

French Omelet.—Break eight eggs into a basin, season with a small teaspoonful of salt and a little pepper, and, if liked, mace or nutmeg; add two tablespoonfuls of milk or cream, two ounces of butter broken in bits, and a little parsley cut small, if liked, also a finely chopped shalot or white onion well washed.

Broiled Salmon.—Cut some slices about an inch thick and broil them over a gentle, bright fire of coals for 10 or 12 minutes. When both sides are done take them on to a hot dish; butter each slice well with sweet butter; strew over each a little salt and pepper to taste, and serve.

Rice Pudding.—Beat two or more eggs light and stir them into a quart of milk, with a teaspoonful of salt and a wineglass of rice, well washed; put to it two tablespoonfuls of sugar, half a nutmeg, grated, and a tablespoonful of butter. Bake one hour in a quick oven.

Indian Meal Pudding.—Over a pint of Indian corn meal pour a quart of boiling milk, stirring it all the time; add a teaspoonful of salt; beat three or four eggs, very light; and when the batter is nearly cold, stir them into it; put the pudding into a cloth or tin mold and boil two hours. Serve with a sauce or with sirup.

THE CARNATION.

Carnations can be started from seeds or small plants. If by seeds, buy a packet of some reliable seedsman and plant in light sandy soil in March. This can be done in a cool but sunny room, in boxes, quite without the aid of a cold frame. Transplant to the garden in May, setting the plants ten inches apart. Pinch off the first buds and let the plant gain strength before beginning to make bloom. Water not too freely but sprinkle often; keep from heavy winds and the bed will bloom from early August to the time of heavy frosts. A slight frost will not trouble carnations at any stage of their existence. The same plants will bloom a second summer if they are covered through the winter, after which they are no good, the carnation being a biennial.

If wanted for winter blooming, keep back the flowers by cutting off the buds as fast as they show themselves; pot early in the fall, keep in the shade awhile, then give plenty of sun and water. Provide an inch of broken pottery in the bottom of the pots, to ensure perfect drainage. The secret of successful cultivation of carnations is light watering and perfect drainage They will not thrive where water is allowed to stand because all plants take in and transpire water through their leaves. Carnations possess narrow, rigid leaves, presenting a small surface for evaporation and a limited capacity in part of the roots for sucking in water.

The carnation likes a dry, well-drained soil and a moist, cool atmosphere. The ground should be enriched now and then with liquid manure; the plants should be often sprayed to keep them from insects. Young plants, already started, can be bought of florists, all ready for transplanting, at from one to five dollars a dozen, according to the variety.

ABOUT THE HOUSE.

Every child should be taught that a match must never be thrown away while burning, and never shaken to extinguish; it must be held still in the fingers and blown out. Many valuable lives have been lost and property destroyed from the careless using of matches. An unlighted match dropped on the floor may be as dangerous as a loaded revolver.

It is the proper thing to have a plate rack or bric-a-brac shelf all around, piled with a multiplicity of plates, in any sort of room—man's den, girl's boudoir, matron's dining room or bendict's library.

A foot-cleaner, or "mat," that can be shaken and dried as often as needful, is made by wrapping a board some two feet long by a foot wide with lib-eral thicknesses of old bagging. The lap should not be sewed—two or three pins will hold it in place. Have one of these not only for the back door but for the cellar and shed doors.

The damp cloth is an invaluable adjunct to the thorough sweeping and dusting which in well conducted homes occurs regularly each week. The cloth should never be wet, but should be wrung as dry as possible. It takes up the dust—all of it. A dry cloth takes up some of the dust and sets the remainder afloat in the air again. Rinse the cloth frequently in warm water and you will discover how much dust you have removed. Remember that there is just as much dust on the floor as there is on the furniture that stands on it, and don't consider your room properly dusted until you have wiped up that on the floor with your cloth.

The old-fashioned wire spoon egg-beater gives a greater bulk to the whites of eggs than any other form of beater, and the greater bulk gives more lightness to cake. A pinch of salt whitens the whites; chilling them makes them beat up more quickly. Use the folding motion in adding the whiets to the cake batter, you thus incorporate more air and aids lightness.

The young housekeeper should buy agate ware in preference to tin. It costs a little more at the outset, but lasts so much longer that it is really an economy.

You can toast bread over a kerosene stove by putting the bread in a small sheet iron spider over the stove. If the pan is cold it will be crisp all through. If you prefer it browned on the outside heat the pan and then put in the bread. It is convenient to know this in summer.

DON'T PUT A BIRD IN THE WINDOW.

"Never put a bird in the window," said a bird fancier the other day, "I rarely go into the street, in summer or even on a mild day in winter that I do not see unfortunate canaries hung in the windows. Even if the sun is not broiling the brains under the little yellow cap, a draft is blowing over the delicate body. People have been told a thousand times that they must nut put a bird in the draft, yet how few remember there is always a draft in an open window.

THE GUNS OF THE BOERS.

EXPERIENCE OF A FORMER TRANSVAAL OFFICER.

Transvaal Had Been Preparing for Conflict with the British—Dr. Leyd's Stuffed Kruger with Nonsense.

The London Standard gives the following report of an interesting lecture by a former Transvaal artillery officer:—

A lecture was delivered the other evening at St. George's Hall, Langham Place, under the auspices of the Sunday Lecture Society, by Captain Holcroft, late of the Transvaal States Artillery, on "The Secret Arming and Secret Service of the Transvaal Republic." The lecture was illustrated by oxy-hydrogen lantern slides. There was a large attendance.

Captain Holcroft said he had been accused many times of being a Boer, but the statement was unfounded, as he was an Englishman, and he had resigned his commission in the Transvaal Artillery, and forfeited £4,500 worth of property in Pretoria, rather than take up arms against his countrymen. (Cheers.) In 1894 he was aware that the Transvaal bought 23,000 Gueder rifles, and later he found that most of these rifles were sent to the disaffected Dutch in Cape Colony, with 100 rounds of ammunition for each. President Kruger had told him that at an early period all the mines at Johannesburg would be run by the state, and that the property of those who rebelled against the Government would be taken possession of by the state. He had asked President Kruger on one occasion why they had adopted in the Transvaal the Continental drill and the English bugle calls. The President laughed, and said it would be found out one day. The Boers knew exactly every call which was sounded for the British troops, and that was why they waited in hiding until they heard the signal to retire given. There would have been no war at the present time if it were not for the manner in which Dr. Leyds stuffed President Kruger's head full of nonsense.

SORRY DAY FOR FREE STATE.

Two years ago Presidents Kruger and Steyn met to discuss the question of a closer union between the two states, which was, no doubt, a grand thing for President Kruger, but was a very sorry thing for the Free State. He then asked the question, What had induced the latter country to throw in its lot with the Transvaal, and he was informed that, though the time was not then ripe, the time would come when the Dutch would drive the Reincks into the ocean. If President Steyn had taken no notice of Mr. Kruger this country would never have molested the Free State—(hear, hear)—which would form a sort of nest-egg in the centre of South Africa, but now the British flag would wave from Cape Town to the Zambesi. (Cheers.) The forts at Pretoria were armed with two Creusot guns, known as "Long Toms," each of which weighed 14 tons, measured just short of 14 feet in length, carried a 94-lb. projectile, and, it was said, had a range of ten miles. Owing to the mountains it was, however impossible to fire ten miles in the Transvaal. He was informed by a well-known Boer, in reply to the question why Mr. Kruger, who had filled the office of President for about 15 years, did not give way to some younger man, that if the President were to die or to retire, what he had been doing for the past 16 years would fall to the ground, and what he had been doing had been to arm his forces and plan the present campaign. ("Hear, hear," and cries of "No, no.")

MONEY FOR SECRET SERVICE.

General Joubert had told him not eighteen months ago that it was their intention when England was in trouble with France or Germany, or some other power, to strike for their independence. The people of this country grumbled when the sum of £40,000 a year was spent in secret service, but in the Transvaal £120,000 a year was devoted to secret purposes, and Dr. Leyds told the Executive at Pretoria that that was not sufficient, and he asked that an additional grant of £20,000 should be given. Eighteen months ago an Irishman named Gillingham travelled from South Africa to England, and there engaged a certain number of men who had served in the English Artillery at £1 a day, with a grant of £50 when they arrived at Pretoria, and a piece of land when the war which was to come on was over. These men, who were accustomed to using English guns, had to fire German and Creusot guns, which were sighted by metres and not by yards, and that was why they were firing so wildly at first. But now they were beginning to calculate the difference between yards and metres. It was a fact that President Kruger and General Joubert, on the advice of Dr. Leyds, sent all their money to be banked in Amsterdam, and he believed that one of the reasons why so many Mauser rifles were used in the Transvaal was that they could be bought at £2 5s, and sold to the burghers at £5 0s 6d. The Transvaal had been arming within the last ten or twelve years. About eight or nine years since the Boer Government bought ten, and twelve pounders in England, but they refused to use them because they had got better weapons, and our naval guns were the only ones which could compete with those which the Transvaal possessed.

CREUSOT GUNS.

In 1898 the Transvaal had received from the Creusot factory fourteen 6-inch guns, carrying a 9-lb. shot. They had also the five Nordenfeldt guns taken from Dr. Jameson, ten German 5-inch, Krupp, guns, ten English seven-pounders, eight English twelve-pounders, twenty 72mm. Krupp guns, and six German 90-pounders, making a total of 73 pieces of cannon. In addition to this, they had tow of the very best Maxim-Nordenfeldt 37-mm. guns, 30 Maxims, of 303 and Martini pattern, and about 500 Mauser pistols. The cavalry were armed with Webley revolvers, and they had about 70,000 rifles of the Mauser and Martini patterad, and about 8,00 or 9,000 Lee-Metfords, not reckoning what they had captured during the progress of the war. Altogether he thought the Transvaal had over 100,000 rifles of different makes, about seventy million rounds of small ammunition, and about 5,000 tons of heavy war material. This was a correct account of the number of guns in the Transvaal armoury at the time he asked leave of absence last April, and he believed they had many more since then. Many persons would, no doubt, wonder where these armaments and munitions of war had come from; but he believed that nearly all of it had passed through Cape Colony, and especially through East London and Port Elizabeth, and Mr. Schreiner must have known about this importation, which, in a great many instances passed through as mining materials. (Hear, hear.) During the course of the lecture portraits of Mr. Cecil Rhodes and Mr. Chamberlain, which were, amongst others, presented on the screen, were hissed by a portion of the audience, while loudly cheered by the great majority, and Captain Holcroft said that if those who had hissed Mr. Rhodes had travelled, as he had done, they would recognize that that gentleman was one of the grandest of men and greatest Empire-makers that ever lived—(Cheers.)—while Mr. Chamberlain was the right man in the right place, and at the right time, as he was the only man the Dutch were afraid of, because they knew that he meant exactly what he said. (Renewed cheers.)

THE WORLD'S LANGUAGE.

German authority estimates that almost a third of humanity speak the Chinese language, that the Hindu language is spoken by more than 10,000,000, the Russian by 89,000,000, while the German is spoken by 57,000,000 tongues and the Spanish by 48,000,000.

NUMBER OF EXPLOSIVES KNOWN.

Thirty years ago there were only about 25 explosive compounds known. Now there are more than 1,100.

A TASTE FOR BATTLE.

Cousin Phoebe do you keep posted on the progress of woman suffrage?

Well, I read all about the rows the women have.

COVERS MULTITUDE OF FAULTS.

What made you suppose that old Crossgrain has dyspepsia?

Why, I like to take a charitable view of everybody, and dyspepsia is the best excuse I could think of for his disposition.