

# The Mining Review.

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FIVE CENTS.

## NICKEL REFINERIES.

### Several Proposals From American and Canadian Capitalists

To Establish Large Nickel Refining Industries in Canada.

There are two or three proposals for establishment of a nickel refining industry in Canada. One is made by Mr. Ritchie, of Akron, Ohio, who took the most active part in the early development of the nickel mines at Sudbury, Ont., but was, he claims, crowded out by those who joined him in the enterprise. He says that he and other American capitalists associated with him are prepared to invest millions of dollars in establishing nickel refining works in Canada as soon as an export duty is placed on nickel ore and nickel matte. A syndicate of Canadian capitalists, of whom Mr. Patterson, of the Hamilton iron and steel works is the moving spirit, have offered to invest twenty million dollars in mining, roasting, smelting and refining ores if an export duty is placed on nickel ore and nickel matte. Mr. Patterson's success in connection with the establishment of a blast furnace for the manufacture of pig iron in Hamilton and in organizing the Cataract Power Company, which carries electric power a distance of thirty-five miles from Decew Falls to Hamilton, shows that he is likely to make a success of anything he undertakes. Mr. Ritchie and Mr. Patterson may come to an understanding to unite in the establishment of a great Canadian nickel industry or they may establish two industries; but, however, this may be, they have both been working in favor of an export duty for some time. The third proposal comes from Mr. R. M. Thompson, Mr. R. G. Leckie and the other American capitalists interested in the Orford Copper Company, of New Jersey, who have now associated with them a few Canadian capitalists, and offer to invest from \$2,000,000 to \$5,000,000 in putting up the biggest ore refinery in the world on condition that the government shall make certain concessions. Exactly what concessions are asked for we do not know; but it has been intimated that they would like a bounty similar to that given to iron manufacturers and they say that the concessions should be sufficient to compensate them for the difference in the cost of fuel at Montreal and Pittsburgh. Why they select Montreal and Pittsburgh for comparison it is hard to say. The works where the nickel is now refined are not near Pittsburgh, but in the state of New Jersey, and not only has the coal supply to be hauled a long distance by rail, but the nickel ore must be carried hundreds of miles from Sudbury to New Jersey. Why not compare the cost of coal at Pittsburgh with the cost of coal in Cape Breton?

There should be no hesitation about which proposition the Dominion Government should accept. The capitalists represented by Mr. Patterson and Mr. Ritchie ask for no bounties. All they want is an export duty which will prevent any of the ore or matte going to New Jersey. Such an export duty the parliament of Canada authorized the government to impose nearly two years ago, both Conservatives and Liberals voting for it. The capitalists represented by Mr. Thompson and Mr. Leckie expect the Canadian people to pay them for establishing refining works in this country, while still allowing them to carry nickel matte to New Jersey. Why should we pay for getting part of the business of refining Canadian nickel when we can get the whole business for nothing by the simple expedient of an export duty?

Some of the statements made by these American gentlemen, who are asking for Canadian money, must be taken with a grain of salt because exactly contrary statements were made by Mr. R. M. Thompson, the manager of the Orford Refining Company, before the Ways and Means Committee of the United States Congress.

According to the statements made in Washington by Mr. Thompson and his associate, Mr. Stephenson Burke, Canada has no reason to fear the competition of the refractory New California ore, which is 17,000 miles away, and does not contain any copper, while the richness of the Canadian nickel ore in copper is a great source of profit to the refiners.

The statement was made the other day on behalf of this American syndicate that Canada must either provide cheap fuel in order that the refining may be done on this side of the line,

or else make such tariff concessions as will allow Canadian metals to be refined in the United States and returned to this country free of duty. "There is no third course practicable," it was said, "as it would mean that the Canadian manufacturer must pay so much for his raw material that he is not in the race with the rest of the world."

This statement is absurd. The chief raw material is the nickel ore, of which Canada has a monopoly on this continent. Refining works might be established at many points in Canada more favorably located for getting the other raw materials than the present works in New Jersey. For instance, a refinery might be established at Sydney or Louisburg, Cape Breton. The nickel ore, or matte, could be carried more cheaply from Sudbury to Cape Breton than from Sudbury to New Jersey. It must be hauled all the way by rail to New Jersey, while the boats that bring coal from Cape Breton to Montreal could take back nickel matte.

Coal is cheaper in Cape Breton than in Pittsburgh, and very much cheaper than at the New Jersey works. Moreover there are immense deposits of iron close at hand and great iron and steel works are soon to be established there. Nickel-steel could be made as cheaply there as at any other place in the world, if not more cheaply. Cape Breton juts out into the ocean so that Louisburg and Sydney are almost a thousand miles nearer Liverpool and other important markets of the old world than any part of New Jersey. It is now a well recognized fact that warships must be equipped with nickel-steel armour plate. The plates might be made in Cape Breton for all the fleets of Europe.

But Cape Breton is not the only suitable Canadian location for nickel refining works. Montreal would be a good location if an export duty were imposed, and even if the works were established at Hamilton or Toronto they could compete with the New Jersey works, which would have to bring inferior nickel matte from New California, a distance of 17,000 miles. It has been stated that the refining work could be done more cheaply by means of electricity than by using coal as fuel. If this be true, the refining could be done at Saint Ste. Marie, or some other point near Sudbury, where cheap electric power could be obtained. In any case Canada is not in the helpless position that Mr. Thompson, Mr. Leckie and their friends pretend to think.—Montreal Star.

### The Rise Only Temporary.

The rise in the price of silver this week has come without any apparent cause, says the Engineering and Mining Journal of New York. The supplies of the metals so far this year have been abundant, while there has been no special demand from any quarter, and the shipments to the East have fallen off. The French government recently bought considerable quantities for coinage, but the purchases were made without disturbing the market, and they are now completed. The only reason given for the rise is some vague talk of buying on Chinese account, which is not substantiated by any facts. The present movement, indeed, seems to be chiefly speculative in its nature, and there are various stories about its origin. In London it is attributed to New York, and some connection with new arrangements of the American Smelting Company is spoken of. In New York, on the other hand, London parties are credited with the rise, and it is said that the same parties who have been largely concerned with the heavy speculative advances in copper and tin have now taken silver in hand, and are forcing the advance. Hence, a continued rise is expected, and further developments will be watched with interest.

### CHURCH NOTES.

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

PRESBYTERIAN.—Rev. J. Clelland will preach as usual in the Virginia hall, to-morrow at 7.30 p.m.

Union Sabbath School in the Methodist church at 12.15 p.m., after close of morning services. Everybody welcome.

### PAIN CEASED FIRST DAY.

Mrs. Mary O'Dell, 263 Dunn Ave., Toronto, writes: "I have used Milburn's Rheumatic Pills and they cured me of a severe attack of rheumatism. The pain ceased after the first day's trial of the remedy."

## THE REPORT ISSUED

### By the Provincial Department of Mines.

A \$500,000 Increase in the Year—The Slokan, Although Not up to 1897, Yet Leads the Province.

The report of the Minister of Mines, for the year ending December 31st, 1898, is a splendidly gotten up and highly interesting volume, well worth waiting a few extra weeks for. It furnishes most thorough information in regard to the mining industry of the province, and is well illustrated throughout. The following figures are taken from its pages.

In the production of minerals, including coal, coke, etc., the total for the year is valued at \$10,906,861, being an increase of \$500,000 over the production of 1897.

The value of the metals produced is placed at \$7,172,766, of which West Kootenay's share was \$3,042,975, divided as follows:

Ainsworth Division	\$ 159,801
Nelson	694,880
Slokan	2,619,852
Trail Creek	2,470,811
Other parts	97,631

The figures for West Kootenay show a decrease from those of the previous year. This is accounted for by the fall in the price of silver and the consequent falling off of shipments in the silver-lead belt, together with the decrease in the market value of the shipped. The Trail Creek district was the only one in West Kootenay to show a gain.

But despite this fall of the white metal it will be seen from the report that West Kootenay is the main producer of the province, having over 80 per cent. of the total production to its credit. The Slokan, where the price of silver is a vital question, shows its richness by producing 35 per cent. of the total for the province.

Trail Creek and the Slokan together added \$5,000,066, being 69 per cent. of the provincial production or 85 per cent. of that of West Kootenay.

### OFFICE STATISTICS, SLOKAN (New Denver) DIVISION.

Number of locations recorded	497
Number of Certificates of Work issued and recorded	807
Number of Certificates of Improvements issued and recorded	112
Number of Free Miners' Certificates, do.	560
Number of Water Rights granted	10
Cash received in lieu of work done	\$1600

### STATISTICS OF THE SLOKAN CITY DIVISION.

Number of Locations recorded	356
Number of Certificates of Work issued and recorded	596
Number of Certificates of Improvements issued and recorded	7
Number of Free Miners' Certificates issued	340

### EXCLUDE THE CHINESE

By a Heavy Poll Tax and Only Admit a Certain Number Each Year.

The Chinese are a people that Canada can well afford to exclude. They are producers in no sense of the word. They do not take to farming. They are not needed as scavengers. One Doukolor is worth a dozen Chinese. In addition to their worthlessness as producers the Chinese are decidedly a low caste people. They are filthy in their habits and a menace to public health. The Chinese will not assimilate with the people of any civilized country. Assimilation is impossible, because the Caucasian is of a different breed, and he will have nothing to do with the Oriental. In British Columbia, where they know the Chinese best, the antipathy towards them is the strongest. The per capita tax of \$50 is wholly ineffective in keeping the Chinese out of Canada. During the year ending June 30, 1898, no less than 2,263 Chinese immigrants paid the tax and entered Canada through British Columbia ports. The average for the past three years has been over 2,100 per annum. It is time this wholesale

importation should be stopped. By imposing a tax of \$50 per head the government declares that its policy is hostile to further immigration of these undesirable people. As the \$50 tax has proved ineffectual it should be raised to such an amount as will prevent their getting into the country. Other British colonies have found it necessary to exclude the Chinese. In New South Wales and New Zealand a per capita tax of \$500 is imposed, and ships carrying Chinese immigrants to those colonies are allowed to land not more than one Chinese to each 300 tons, and 200 tons ship's burden respectively. In New South Wales no Chinese is allowed to become naturalized.—Toronto World.

### PERSONAL MENTION.

A. F. Canline, of Halifax, is visiting his friend Sherry Burchill, in town.

W. Hunter, the merchant king of Silverton, was in the city this week.

J. Stockham, president of the Miners' Union, has gone on a visit to Salt Lake City.

G. W. Grimmett went to Victoria on Monday to attend a meeting of the K. of P.

Mr. T. J. Lendrum, of Ainsworth, was in the city this week, returning from California.

H. C. Brown, late of Duluth, is now the K. & S. agent here, Mr. Campbell having gone east.

B. C. Riblet is over at Grand Forks, as consulting engineer for a smelter to be erected in that section.

Mr. John Daly, bookkeeper at the Payne mine, has got leave of absence, and is off on a visit in the south country.

Frank Wright, brother of A. W. Wright, is in the city on a visit. He has recently disposed of heavy fishing interests on the coast.

The Rev. J. A. Clelland and family went to New Denver on Thursday, where Mrs. Clelland and little Jack will remain for a short time the guests of Rev. and Mrs. Yates.

H. J. Scott, of Victoria, provincial representative of the Hamilton Powder Co., was in town yesterday. He was accompanied by their local agent at Nelson, Geo. C. Tunstall.

Mr. W. H. Todd, of H. Byers & Co's establishment, and who spent most of the winter in the east visiting friends, returned the other day, and is now holding down his old job.

Mr. John Gable returned Thursday evening from his winter's visit at his old home in Ontario. The change from Sandon air did him good for he looks rosier and chubbier than ever.

Mrs. Dreyer returned some days ago with her son from Tacoma, where she had taken him for a surgical operation on the eyes. The little fellow, who went totally blind, is now recovering his sight and will, it is hoped, be soon around again.

### A Presentation.

Chief of Police Doolan is in high feather these times. He was elevated on Friday night last at the residence of the Rev. J. A. Clelland, and is likely to remain on the pedestal the rest of his days. That evening the Rev. gentleman invited a number of friends to his home the central figure of whom was Chief Doolan. After a few formalities the Rev. gentleman produced a green twilled silk handkerchief embellished with complete figures, in Orange, of the shamrock, vines, leaves and all, and bearing the design of a crown and a harp with the following inscription:

Presented to

Laurence Doolan, Chief of Police, Sandon, B. C.

By the Rev. John A. Clelland.

The work was all done at the factory where the handkerchief was woven, and it is unnecessary to say that in all respects it is most artistically done.

It is needless to say that the Chief is very proud of his beautiful present, and the more especially as it comes from the warm heart of a fellow countryman, who also fully appreciates the recollections and mementoes of his native land.—"There's nothing too good for the Irish."

### PAIN IN THE BACK.

"I suffered with pain in the back for over a year and could not get it cured. Three bottles of Haggard's Yellow Oil removed the pain entirely." Marshal Miller, McGregor, P.O., Man.

## MINES AND MINING.

The Manitoba claim, at Silverton, has a 6-inch paystreak.

The lead has been struck on the Lamont claim, at Silverton.

No. 2 tunnel on the Emily Edith is in 500 feet and in good ore.

They have 14 men at the Wonderful, and a lower tunnel has been started.

The Kaslo people expect great things from the Leviathan group of mines.

The Enterprise deal has at length gone through, so it is definitely announced.

The Arlington, at Slokan City, is now free of its tangles, and will be in operation at once.

The Queen Fraction, on the Noogday lead of the Galena Farm, is likely to prove itself a mine.

Tom Mitchell, who is now at Wardner, Idaho, will be here in a few days to commence work on the Roth mill.

E. J. Hickey's "gold mine", at Camp McKinney, is turning out, under development, to be one of the best silver-lead properties in the country. It carries good values in gold, but better in silver and lead.

The contractors are working away at the Selkirk. They are in good mineral and hope to strike the lead shortly. Several specimens of grey and peacock copper have been brought down. This will undoubtedly be another of Sandon's rich mines.

The sudden rise in the creeks after the recent rains has enabled the Slokan Star company to operate their concentrator again, making a commencement on Tuesday. They will have their full force on in a few days, and steady shipments will now be in order.

### To Advertise the Slokan.

Mr. Cliffe, of The Mining Review, has received a large order for a pamphlet on the mining resources of the Slokan, which he is now writing and preparing for the press. This will be the most comprehensive and accurate work of the kind ever issued. As it will deal with the practical operations of the past and, inferentially, the possibilities of the future, mine and prospect holders, who desire to let the outside world know the opportunities for investments here, should secure in advance large editions of it for general circulation in the east. As no more copies will be printed than orders are received for, those who wish for quantities of the edition, large or small, should send in their orders at once to this office. In a few days Mr. Cliffe will visit those of the mines he has not yet visited for further information on the subject in hand. As this will be the best, being the most comprehensive, practical and accurate, medium of advertising the Slokan ever published, those who desire to help on the good work should order their supply of pamphlets as soon as possible.

### Sandon Ore Shipments.

The following is a list of ore shipments over the K. & S. from Sandon for the week ending May 12:

NAME.	TONS.
Payne	250
Last Chance	60
Total	310

### Whitewater Ore Shipments.

The following is a statement of ore shipped from this station for the week ending May 4:

Mine.	Tons.
Jackson	17

Be not deceived! A cough, hoarseness or croup are not to be trifled with. A dose in time of Shiloh's Cure will save you much trouble. Sold at McQueen's Drug Store.

### WHAT DR. A. E. SALTER SAYS.

Buffalo, N. Y.—Gents:—From my personal knowledge, gained in observing the effect of your Shiloh's Cure in cases of advanced consumption, I am prepared to say it is the most reliable remedy that has ever been brought to my attention. It has certainly saved many from consumption. Sold at McQueen's Drug Store.



## HOUSEHOLD.

### BOLLED CORN IN EAR.

Nothing can be more delicious than fresh ears of corn boiled in salted water until just done, then eaten, if the teeth allow, smoking hot and direct from the cob; with a liberal application of the sweetest butter, salt and pepper. These should be mixed in proper proportions before being applied to the grain, and if put on in small quantities, will not make the greasy drip that causes some people to object to eating corn in this way. Indeed, so dainty and relishable is the flavor that one cannot wonder at the story of the son of the Emerald Isle, who, it is said, after finishing his first ear of green corn, gently placed the cob on a plate, and, with a most winning smile and bow, extended it and begged the lady of the house to "please to put some more of those delicious barbies upon the stick."

Split from end to end of each row of grains the pulp scraped out with the back of a strong knife, then cook for about twenty minutes, with a couple of tablespoonfuls of water, seasoned with salt and pepper, and poured hot into a dish containing a piece of butter of suitable size and a little fresh cream, corn makes a dish that a king might relish.

Corn fritters at their best are a delicacy known only to those who can have their garden products from hand to mouth, as it were. Corn that has remained over night in boxes, barrels, or storehouses, or has been carted about for hours under a broiling sun, has parted with the greater portion of its delicacy, and is dry and chippy.

### PASTE AND PASTRY.

Pastry-making is a distinct branch of cookery. Its present perfection is due chiefly to the French cook, whose skill and care, rather than to any secret of mixing or handling, has made it famous.

The pastry cook requires utensils that are especially adapted for their purposes. These, however, may be very simple, consisting principally of a paste-board, a rolling-pin and a mixing bowl.

There are two kinds of pastry, from which all others take their origin. These are known as puff paste and short paste, and the difference between them is not so much a matter of ingredients as the manner of mixing.

All pastes consist more or less of flour, water, or milk and water, and greasy matter of some kind. The best white flour is used for fine pastry; it should be dried and sifted. Eggs mixed with milk, or milk and water, may be used to moisten. Eggs when used should be very fresh, and are better if well beaten in a large bowl with a strong wire whisk. The greasy matter may consist of a variety of kinds—butter, lard, suet, drippings, etc. In every case it should be fresh, clean and pure.

Puff-paste differs from short paste in one essential particular, and that is the mode in which the fatty matter is blended with the flour. The best puff paste is made by rolling in the butter after the flour and water dough is made, and the short paste is made by working the fatty matter into the flour before making it into dough.

Puff Paste—Weigh out the flour, previously dried and sifted, and use an equal amount of the best fresh butter. In the summer keep the butter on the ice until it is wanted; in winter knead it in a cloth to make it supple. Then spread the flour on a board or table; make a well in the center, into which put a little salt, and gradually pour in water, while the flour is worked in by a circular motion of two fingers, round and round the inside of the well, until sufficient moisture has been added to work the remainder of the flour into a firm, pliant dough. If this is well and correctly made it will not stick either to the table or to the hands. Cover the paste with a cloth and let it stand for a few minutes to settle, but first be quite sure that the paste is stiff, as it would be harmful later to work in more flour or water. Sprinkle a little flour on the board; place the paste on this, and roll it out with a rolling-pin. Roll out the paste to a square not more than 1.8-inch thick; roll out the butter also to a square shape, and lay it on the paste. Fold over the sides and then the ends of the paste in such a manner that the butter is entirely wrapped up. Roll this out with the pin, pushing the paste forward as well as the butter in its interior; continue rolling until it forms a long strip not more than 1.8-inch in thickness. Next, fold it over in three layers, and when thus folded give it another turn. Roll it out again into a long strip, and fold again, repeating this process six times, though three times are good enough for most purposes. In summer the paste should be set to cool for 10 minutes between each turn. The greatest care must be taken to prevent the butter escaping from the paste, and this happens only when the paste is rolled thin or not rolled out flat and even. The trimmings of puff paste should never be mixed up again with the original mass, for the cut edges would allow the butter to overrun the layers and spoil its flakiness. They may be used for making patties, tarts, etc.

Half Puff Paste.—This is made as the regular puff paste, using less butter.

The proportions are: 12 oz. of flour, 10 oz. of butter, 1.4 oz. of salt, 2 eggs and a teacup of water. Keep the paste very firm.

Puff Paste with Beef Suet.—To prepare puff paste with beef suet, chop the suet very fine and then pound it to a pulp, adding gradually sufficient olive oil to give it a body and to make it as easy to work as butter. When thoroughly worked up, mix in the flour, as for ordinary puff paste. Lard may be substituted for oil, using half lard and half beef suet.

Short Paste.—This, as has already been explained, differs from puff paste, in that the butter or other fat is rubbed into the flour before wetting. In other particulars the treatment differs according to the fancy of the cook.

### KALSOBINING.

Wash the ceiling, if smoked from the lamp, with a strong solution of soda. If there are cracks in the wall fill with cement made of one part water and one part silicate of potash mixed with whitening. Put it on with a trowel or a limber case knife. After it sets, scrape off the rough places. For the wash, take 8 lbs. whitening and 1.4 lb. white glue, stir together, adding warm water until the consistency of thick cream. Use a kalsobin brush or one finer than a whitewash brush. Brush in carefully and finish as you go.

### HOUSEHOLD HINTS.

The best advice in papering rooms is that the paper should not be conspicuous but as a background. For the sitting room or bedroom in the home where paper cannot be changed with every whim of fashion solid colors of two tints in subdued tones will be very pleasing and artistic.

The extreme fashion in the spring papers runs riot in color and in the prodigious size of the floral designs. One single cluster of purple vicia reaches clear across a roll of paper, and is from one to two feet in length, while carnations, morning glories, roses, pansies, honeysuckles and chrysanthemums appear in sizes such as never were seen.

Put on sensible shoes, and in comfortably fitting garments take brisk walks in the open air. Be careful to eat simple food and keep the internal mechanism in order. Keep regular and early hours. Get plenty of sleep. Avoid worry and fretting over trifles, which will give a strained, tired look and eventually wrinkles.

Cleaning gloves may be done by rubbing them with cream of tartar till all signs of dirt have disappeared. Another way is to put the soiled glove on the hand and lightly rub it with a piece of fine flannel, which has previously been damped with milk and rubbed on a cake of white soap. To insure success do not make the flannel too wet, and be careful to use a fresh piece for rubbing the gloves directly the part in use becomes soiled.

Clean copper vessels by rubbing them with half a lemon dipped in salt. They should then be washed with pure water and dried and polished with a soft cloth.

In Holland it is still the fashion for ladies to wash the dainty china and silver after tea or breakfast in the presence of the family and guests. The same fashion has recently been revived as a fad among American ladies, and it is not only appreciated as giving an air of domesticity to the meal, but also for the practical reason that a lady's gentle handling is needed if pretty glass and china are to be preserved.

### SKIM-MILK MADE USEFUL.

A new use has been discovered for milk, and fortunately it is skim-milk that is this time in request. It is wanted to make sizing, to be used by paper manufacturers in the glazing of paper of a fine quality. Heretofore, for the accomplishing of this purpose, a superior grade of glue with other ingredients has been used. It is claimed that a much better and cheaper sizing can be obtained from skim-milk. To prepare the milk it is put into a vat, treated with chemicals, and heated until curd is formed, the curd being then washed, pressed and ground fine, after which it is put into a large drying kiln, where it is dried in about 12 hours, and is put in bags ready for shipment.

### SNOW BANK A BULLET BARRIER.

Some experiments were made recently in France on the penetrative power of bullets through snow. The results were very astonishing. The Lebel rifle was used, and at a distance of 160 feet the bullet penetrated only five feet into the snow target. A bullet from a Lebel rifle has been known, it is said, to go through a tree of three and one-half feet in diameter—presumably through the full length of the diameter; that it should only penetrate eighteen inches farther into such soft stuff as snow seems altogether startling. The explanation suggested by the experimentalists is that the potting bullets picks up particles of snow as it goes in and so gets "balled" or blocked up.

### STONE TELEGRAPH POLES.

The messages between Milan and Switzerland, by way of the Simplon Pass, pass over a telegraph line with stone poles of gray granite about 10 inches square and 25 feet high.

## THE "CATTLE DUFFERS."

Stories of the bush, eh? Well, my head is crammed full of them. If any man living ought to know what he's talking about when this subject crops up, I ought. I put in three and twenty years' service in the Australian police, going in as a raw recruit, and coming out a full-fledged inspector. Most of that time I spent knocking about the bush, hunting down the rascals who sought refuge there, and I can tell you it wasn't all "beer and skittles."

Look at the mark of this cut here on the back of my head. I got that from one of the notorious Kelly gang, and it knocked the senses out of me straight away. Why, from head to foot I am pretty well covered with scars of one kind or another, not to speak of having my leg cracked in two different places, or getting a "jab" in the eye from a desperate ruffian whom I once tackled, which "jab" injured my sight for life.

Of course, what you hear about most is the "sticking up" of coaches and banks, and that kind of thing. Those sort of pranks are made much of in the papers, you see; but you don't often read about the other little games which are practised in the bush, and which gave us more trouble by a long way. One of these is "cattle-duffing."

What's that? you ask. Well, just walking off with your neighbor's cattle, and marking them with your own brand. Then a nice question as to ownership comes in, and the cattle-duffers are such a precious artful lot that it's hard to convict them. As a general rule, the sufferers either put up with their loss or try to wheedle their property out of the rascals. They know how difficult it is to obtain a conviction on a baked brand; and besides, if they prosecuted something worse might be in store for them, for the cattle-duffers stick at nothing.

Of course, if the thieving vagabonds "turned out," as it is called—that is, took to bush-rangering—it was a different matter. But even then they had lots of friends who were only too glad to stand well with them. They had also their "bush telegraphs"—follows who would gallop off and warn them when the police were out. So with one thing or another, they weren't often caught napping.

I recollect when I first joined the force we had an immense amount of trouble with old Jack Barker and his two sons—the most notorious cattle-duffers in the whole district.

It was this way: Mr. Maitland, one of the biggest squatters in our district, lost a rare lot of cattle, half of them "clear stairs" as the unworldly calves are called. Well, he reckoned that Jack Barker had walked out with them, and sent for us.

The very next day, while Mr. Maitland was detaining his loss, who should turn up but old Barker himself and his two sons. You would have thought, by the look of them, that they were the most law-abiding individuals in the whole colony. The old chap asked us if we had come across any of his cattle.

We had a good look round and sure enough there were several beasts bearing Barker's brand—wretched old brutes most of them—on Mr. Maitland's land.

I suppose the rascals had left them behind to try and throw us off the scent when they litted the other droves.

They were got together, and Barker was informed that he might drive them home. Just as he was about to set off, Mr. Maitland spoke up.

"Now, Mr. Barker," he said, "you've got back your own cattle, but I am still without mine. It is just possible that some of them may have strayed on to your land. It must be more than a week since they disappeared, but we didn't miss them until yesterday. Have you any objection to our going over some day and looking through your lot?"

"Not in the least," replied the old rascal. "Come when you like."

We let the three of them get away, and gave them a couple of hours' start. Then we mounted our horses and rode after them. We thought it just as well to drop upon them when they least expected us.

When we got to Barker's place we found that his stock had considerably increased since our last visit. It was not to be wondered at, for we were pretty well convinced in our own minds that Mr. Maitland's cattle were among the lot. Still, what proof had we of this? Every beast in the place was marked with Barker's own brand.

Mr. Maitland went through the droves and we followed at his heels. Of course with such immense herds as he possessed—some of which he only saw once in six months—it was impossible for him to recognize his own beasts.

Suddenly he stooped down and examined one of the hind hoofs of a fine heifer.

"Look here," he said, beckoning us up. "Do you see this?"

We bent forward, and there on the hoof was a tiny brand, something like a triangle with a dot in the centre. "That's my private mark," said Mr. Maitland. "You'll find it on all my beasts."

"By Jove! we've got him this time," cried our sergeant, in high glee.

"Sharp as he is, he won't get out of this mess so easily."

We went straight off to the house, Barker and his sons were out, so we sat down until they returned. When they walked in at last, we arrested them on the spot. They were a good deal taken aback, I can tell you, for we never let on how we had spotted the theft.

All we wanted now was to lay our hands upon young Harry Barker, a lad of seventeen, who had been apprenticed to a blacksmith. We knew that the young rascal was always as much concerned in affairs of this kind as his father or either of his two brothers. He was not to be found, however, and we were informed that he had gone up-country on a sheep-shearing job so we had to come away without him.

When we got back to the station with our prisoners the inspector gave us a hearty welcome. He had long wished to get the Barkers convicted, but up to this they had been too smart for him. Now they were laid by the heels at last.

He worked up the case for all he was worth. If he secured a conviction, it would be a feather in his cap, for it was generally supposed that old Barker and his sons would contrive to wriggle out of the law's clutches, no matter how closely the police had drawn their net around them.

Well, the trial came on, and we felt pretty sure of a conviction. The evidence was strong against the Barkers, especially that private mark of Mr. Maitland's. There was no getting away from that.

I was not called as a witness, for there were plenty of others. When I came off duty, however, I looked into the court house, just to see how things were going on.

When I reached the door, out bounced the inspector, very red in the face, and swearing like a trooper.

"You born fool!" was his complimentary greeting, when he caught sight of me.

"What's wrong, sir?" I asked.

"Wrong!" he cried. "Why, they've done us again, that's all."

"How so?"

"Why, every one of their cattle is branded on the hoof with that triangular mark! What a pack of fools you were not to make sure of this at the time. It's some trick of that young rascal, Harry Barker, I'll swear."

And so it turned out. We learned afterwards that while we were waiting about the private mark, Master Harry was hidden in the next room all the time. Of course he overheard every scrap of the conversation. He himself had made that self-same brand for Mr. Maitland; and, of course, with all the appliances still at his disposal, very easily made a duplicate of it. No sooner were our backs turned than he rounded up every cattle-duffer in the district. A pretty crew they were, too, always ready to stand by one another in a scrape. They set to work and branded every beast on the place with that triangular mark.

Well, of course, there was no help for it, and the Barkers got off. But they were not done with the affair yet; they brought an action against us for false imprisonment, and the Government were let in for heavy damages. The inspector got a fine writing for bungling the case, but I think what he felt most was a little incident that occurred a day or two after the trial.

We were standing at the door of the station when up strolled big Dick Donnelly, who had lent a hand in the swindle. He asked in a casual sort of manner if we had heard of Jack Barker's new way of branding his cattle on the hoof. You should have seen the inspector's face.

For myself, I thought that my chances in the police force were precious small, for everyone concerned came in for a slating. A year or so afterward, however, I got even with the Barkers, and thereby retrieved my reputation.

But that story will bear telling another time.

### MONEY IN BANKS.

Many Unclaimed Balances Still Awaiting Their Owners.

The annual blue book, issued by the Finance Department at Ottawa and containing a list of unpaid bank dividends and the unclaimed balances of depositors still awaiting their owners in the chartered banks of the Dominion, is once more to hand with all its variety of contracts and figures that stand in themselves for hidden histories. As before there are to be noted amounts unclaimed and that have remained unclaimed for years of one, two, three, four and five cents and upwards, so small and trivial that it is most unlikely that the owners thereof will ever trouble the banks to pay over the sums. Again, there are hundreds upon hundreds of amounts varying from twenty-five cents to ten dollars which, in the aggregate, make a very respectable amount, but which people living at a distance do not care to claim. What is more strange, however, is the fact that comparatively large amounts, running up into the thousands, still remain unclaimed. It would be thought that sums varying from \$2,000 to upwards of \$4,000 would be considered worth while looking after, but such sums are in the banks ready to be handed over at once to their owners upon application.

The Montreal City and District Savings Bank, shows both the largest sum of unclaimed money in the aggregate and the largest number of balances as well. The amount in question is \$79,525.79, the next largest amounts being the Bank of Montreal, with \$68,609.63, and the Bank of British North America, with \$52,602.73. Other large amounts are those of the Bank of Nova Scotia, with \$27,135.24, the Eastern Townships Bank, with \$19,366.11, the Merchants Bank of Canada, with \$35,519.94, and the Savings Bank of Notre Dame de Quebec, with \$16,450.45.

## WHAT UNCLE SAM IS AT.

### ITEMS OF INTEREST ABOUT THE BUSY YANKEE.

Neighboring Interest in His Doings—Matters of Moment and Mirth Gathered from His Daily Record.

It is estimated that it will cost \$800,000,000 this year to govern the United States.

Boston shoe machinery manufacturers have combined with a capital of \$25,000,000.

Dr. Creed Thomas of Richmond, Va., who died the other day, was a schoolmate of Edgar Allen Poe.

The old Public Library building in Boston was sold on the 9th ult., to go way to a handsome theatre.

Duluth, Minn., is making an effort to secure the next annual meeting of the American Bankers' Association.

The Albany Savings Bank was incorporated in 1820, and is the second oldest savings bank in New York State.

It is proposed in Denver to establish a public park in that city as a memorial to the late Rev. Myron W. Reid.

Contracts made on Sunday may be enforced in Minnesota, according to a decision of the Supreme Court of that State.

Gen. Lew Wallace is something of an orientalist, and is just now improving himself in the language of modern Persia.

The Supreme Court of the State of New York has decided that title to land does not include necessarily the sky above it.

Archbishop Ireland is a man of many tastes, chief among which is that for law, which study he has pursued for several years.

Noah Webster was born in West Hartford, Conn., and a movement has been started there for the erection of a granite memorial.

Princeton's growth is remarkable. Within ten years the university's endowments and the number of the dormitories have doubled.

The Metropolitan Traction Company has built a chimney 353 feet in height at their power house in New York. It is the largest in the United States.

State Superintendent of Public Buildings Bender, at Albany, expects to save no less than \$3,000 a month in his department by discharging useless employees.

The Chicago Training School has sent more than 100 missionaries to foreign fields, and has prepared over 300 deaconesses for work in the Methodist Episcopal Church.

A New York servant girl has entered a suit against a Fifth avenue caterer, claiming \$15,000 damages because after washing dishes on which hazelnut cake was placed, her fingers were lamed.

Admiral Schley is a mathematician who can do most of his work without the aid of paper. In Liverpool, some years ago, he triumphantly bested a professional "lightning calculator," who was exhibiting there.

James R. Keane, who recently made himself a millionaire, by one week's work in Wall street, is an Englishman by birth and a lawyer by profession. He first practised in San Francisco in the early days of the gold fever.

Gen. Miller, now in command at Iloilo, will probably have erected a summer residence in Stockbridge, Mass., where relatives of his have received letters from him suggesting this plan for a return to his native place.

Miss Catherine M. Tuttle, of Columbus, O., has presented to Hobart College \$20,000 to found scholarships for worthy scholars, in memory of her uncle's Joseph Medbury, of Rochester, N.Y., and Sylvester Medbury, of Columbus, Ohio.

Mrs. Leonard Wood, wife of the general, interested herself in her husband's work when he was an army surgeon; and under his direction read medicine to such good purpose that it is now said she could easily secure a diploma from any medical college.

It is recalled that Gen. Miles is not the only commander of the army who has been called a liar by a subordinate. Ninety years ago Gen. Winfield Scott, who was then a captain in the army, was tried by court-martial for having said at a public table that he never saw but two traitors—Gen. Wilkinson and Burr—and that Gen. Wilkinson was a liar and a scoundrel. He was found guilty and was suspended for a year, notwithstanding the fact that his utterances turned out to be true.

Wilder Murphy, who is to command the Sewall ship, Shenandoah which is now undergoing repairs at San Francisco, is probably the youngest man who ever commanded a ship. He is but twenty years of age, and was born in Bath, Me. His father is captain James F. Murphy, who has been master of the ships of the Sewalls for many years. Wilder has been at sea almost all of his life, and his executive ability is of a high order, and the Sewalls have the greatest confidence in him. The old sea captains say there is little doubt that young Murphy is the youngest man in the world to be given the full command of a big ship like the Shenandoah.







## The Mining Review

SATURDAY, MAY 13, 1899.

## THEN AND NOW.

If politicians were measured by their promises and their fulfillments, as they ought to be, the same as business men, we fear the present Liberal government at Ottawa would have a serious reckoning were they to appeal to the electorate at the present moment. As, however, their appeal can not be far distant, the reckoning is sure to overtake them in any event, sooner or later. For instance, in the early part of 1896, just prior to the general elections, they issued a campaign pamphlet, under the supervision of their leaders who are now the cabinet ministers in power. In that pamphlet—which is at our elbow as we write—on page 57, we read these two clauses:

1. "To stop the increase of the public debt and commence its reduction as quickly and rapidly as possible."

2. "To reduce expenditure and cut down taxes with all possible rapidity."

Now, it is certainly not unfair to infer that these leaders, when they subscribed to these declarations of principles, did it with a full knowledge of what they were saying—they made them either for the purpose of carrying them out if elected to office, or with the unqualified intention of wilfully deceiving the electorate. If they were made with the latter object in view they were self-condemned beforehand. But we will be charitable and say they were honest in their declarations and fully intended "to stop the increase of the public debt," and "to reduce the expenditure and cut down taxes with all possible rapidity." Let us then see if they were honest in their declarations in how they carried out their word. In 1896, the last year of Conservative rule, the net public debt according to the Public Accounts was \$258,497,482. If we now turn to the Public Accounts for 1898, the last complete year of Liberal rule, we find the net debt, according to their own figures, to be \$263,956,398, or an increase of \$5,458,916. At Ottawa and elsewhere, the defense of this by the Liberal leaders is that the country is growing, the demands for public improvements are increasing, and as the resources of the country are limited, public improvements and development can only be met by increase of debt. Well, were not all these things fully before them when in opposition they promised to reduce the debt instead of increasing it.

Next let us look into the expenditures, the second item that was to be reduced if the Liberals were only placed in office. In 1895-6, the last complete year of Tory rule, they were \$36,949,142, and in 1898-9 they were \$40,964,813, or an increase of over four millions in four years, or over one million a year, and no public work of any magnitude met by the increase. In the estimates brought down the anticipated expenditure for next year keeps pace with the past—it is \$41,528,238, or more than half a million more than last year. Now, the bald question is, how can these people square themselves with the electorate and these facts staring them in the face?

We will take it for granted that party is a matter of but little moment to many electors—all they want to see is the country governed economically and well; so far as the "well" is concerned, the circumstances speak for themselves. In connection with railway purchases, public works' construction and Yukon deals, the political atmosphere has been more permeated with scandals than ever it has been in any other three years since Confederation. It is true that all the accusations against them are not established facts, no more than other accusations in any portion of our history; but relatively the percentage has been riveted upon them.

As for the broken pledges as to the stay of increasing debt and diminution of public expenditure, the figures speak for themselves—they are published under the authority of the government and are, therefore, absolutely correct. The question simply is, what do the people think of the promises side by side with the performances?

After hovering around the carrion of their own creation for months the government has decided to enforce the eight-hour law, commencing on the 12th of June. No blame can be at-

tached to the miners for asking for the concession, when the law says it has been made for them. On the other hand, the mine owners will say that a law which makes sweeping advantages on one side and none on the other is manifestly unfair. The owners will now say to the men we will pay you a wage corresponding with the reduction of time, and the men will say we will not take it. Then follow the consequences for which the authors of the law are responsible. All of the owners say they are willing to pay \$3.50 for the hours as they stood. Many of the men say, we are willing to allow things to run on as they were; but the law says, "no, you don't, we're doing your business for you now; making your contracts for you, as you have not sense or intelligence enough to make them for yourselves." Here is the bad feature of the law, the destruction of the liberty of the subject. Making eight hours a statutory day and fining the owner who might try to force men to work longer for a day's pay would not be objectionable; but when the law destroys the right of the people to make contracts for themselves, it is indefensible. We sincerely hope that both parties will get together quickly and make some mutually agreeable arrangement that will prevent the worst consequences to the country.

## WEAK WOMEN

Can be made strong and healthy by Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills. Miss Skullion, 50 Turner St., Ottawa, says: "Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills enriched my blood, strengthened my blood, strengthened my nerves and restored me to health and vigor."

## Slocan City Jottings.

Slocan City, May 4.—The Arlington mine will begin work at once. Mr. Du Bois, the newly appointed manager, is here and yesterday secured a number of miners to work on the property. A new pump is on the way here, and just as soon as it is installed work will begin in earnest. It is the intention of the manager to sink a shaft. The operation of this property means a great deal to Slocan City.

The Bank of England mine is working along, mining, sorting and sacking ore, and looking better with every shot.

The Black Prince, which adjoins the Two Friends has five feet of clean ore, and only one wall yet in sight.

Slocan City, May 9.—Charles Newhaus and Jackson Radcliff, owners of the Queen of the Hills, commenced work on that property yesterday.

Shook & Arnot, of the Slocan River saw mills, are now employing thirty men. The bulk of the work is ties and square timber for the Canadian Pacific.

The Arlington company have opened offices adjoining the post office, and Mr. Dubois is hiring men and busily preparing for work.

Mr. Dyson, the popular steward of the steamer Slocan, leaves for the Yukon this week, where he has accepted a similar position on the Yukon river route.

## As Others See Him.

Mr. Joseph Martin, attorney general of British Columbia, has been good enough to inform Colonist readers that it is none of their business whether he continues to act as Mr. Ladgate's counsel in the Deadman's Island affair, or if he intends to resign his position as attorney-general. He makes this statement with characteristic profanity. Mr. Martin's replies were given to a Colonist reporter, but he knew perfectly well that the reporter did not ask out of curiosity, and that the information was sought for that portion of the public which reads the Colonist. We submit that the matters referred to are very much the business of the

## What is Scott's Emulsion?

It is the best cod-liver oil, partly digested, and combined with the hypophosphites and glycerine. What will it do? It will make the poor blood of the anæmic rich and red.

It will give nervous energy to the overworked brain and nerves. It will add flesh to the thin form of a child, wasted from fat-starvation.

It is everywhere acknowledged as The Standard of the World.

Sole and Franchises, all druggists. SCOTT & BOWNE, Chemists, Toronto.

Colonist and the Colonist readers. Mr. Martin is their hired man; he is paid a certain salary to attend to the public business in the capacity of the chief adviser to the lieutenant-governor, and the readers of the Colonist are among his paymaster. The language employed by Mr. Martin is an additional illustration of his utter unfitness for official position of any kind. It is in perfect keeping with his attack upon Mr. Price Ellison last winter, and shows him to be unfit for intercourse with gentlemen, although we regret to say that this is no late discovery.—New Westminster Star.

## Ymir News.

Ymir, May 8.—The Arlington vein at the 400-foot level has widened out to 10 feet, with an average value of \$35 per ton.

The total shipments from the Second Relief mine, amounted to 312 tons, with an average net value of \$46.60 per ton.

The Spotted Horse property on Round Mountain, two miles from Ymir, is being actively developed. A tunnel has been driven a distance of 70 feet, following the vein, which varies in width from 14 inches to two and a half feet. A recent assay from this tunnel gave \$120 in gold. A shaft has also been sunk 25 feet on the lead. The owner is Hank Noli, of Porto Rico siding.

A good strike has been made on the Belle and Rosa claims, situated on the north fork of the Salmo river. At the face of the tunnel, which is now in 135 feet, a solid body of ore has been disclosed the full width of the tunnel, and averaging 4 per cent. in copper and \$6 in gold. The vein on the surface is only two feet in width and has widened out to eight feet, with 90 feet of depth, which is the depth attained at the face of the L drift. The owners are Goyette and Quinlan of Erie, and Coryell of Grand Forks.

Work has been commenced on the Armstrong group, which was recently bonded to a syndicate headed by Mr. Davis of London, Eng., who is now on his way here. As soon as he arrives work will be started on the construction of a mill. Recent reports from the Belle Singlehurst, one mile from the Second Relief mine, are very encouraging. A shaft has been sunk 25 feet, showing the vein to have a width of 18 inches all the way down. A tunnel has been run to tap the vein at the drift a distance of 60 feet, and the vein varies in width in this tunnel from 18 inches to two feet, the average value of the ore right across the vein being \$36. Shipments will be commenced from this property as soon as the wagon road gets in a proper condition.

## ANOTHER SEALING FATALITY.

Three Seamen Drowned in the North—Empty Boats Found.

Victoria, May 9.—The sealing schooner Otto, which arrived this morning, brought news of the drowning of three of the white crew of the schooner Diana in April while their vessel was hunting off the Fairweather grounds. They left the schooner in the morning and later in the day their boat was found bottom upwards.

The only one known to the crew of the Otto was Jack Stewart, a young man, well known to the local sealing fraternity. The identity of two of the three unfortunate seamen of the schooner Mary Taylor, who lost their lives earlier in the spring, is now known. They were the mate, Peter Hansen, and Jack Martin. The loss of the Diana makes the third disaster of this season. The Minnie lost a boy and two men in San Juan river. The Otto had a catch of 740 seals. She reported speaking the schooner Mermaid, Captain Lablanc, on April 16. The Mermaid had then taken 1,240 seals.

## NO QUARTER SHOWN

Washington, D. C., May 6.—The department of state has been informed by the United States minister at La Paz, Bolivia, under date of March 28th, that on March 1st Colonel Pando sent 120 men to Ayapa to confer with Senor Orellana as to the means of simultaneously attacking Cochabamba. On arriving at the town of Moheza the commander demanded a loan of 200 bolivars from the priest of the town and 100 bolivars from the mayor. These demands being refused, the priest and mayor were imprisoned. Meanwhile, however, the priest had dispatched couriers to the Indian villages asking that the natives attack Pando's men. A large crowd of Indians came and in spite of all measures taken to pacify them, the arms of the soldiers were taken away, the men subjected to revolting treatment and finally locked inside the church for the night. In the morning the priest, after celebrating the so-called "Mass of Agony" allowed the Indians to take out the unfortunate victims, two by two, and 108 were deliberately murdered, each pair by different tortures. Seventeen escaped death by having departed the previous day on another mission.



A man may talk of disdaining physical strength and prowess until Doomsday, but the fact remains that he cannot look at a picture of an old-time knight, magnificent in his physical proportions, dauntless in his physical courage, and armed, ready and eager for a contest to the death with any corner, without a thrill of admiration. Mental superiority is desirable and admirable, but is the "grass" worth the "candle," when it is won at the expense of physical health and strength? The unhealthy man may gain the prize, but it is a question whether such a man ever thoroughly gains their respect. The man whose arteries bound with the rich, red blood of health carries with him a force and an intensity that command respect, even though he be slightly inferior mentally to the weak, nervous man. While no medicine in the world will add an inch to a man's stature, there is one famous medicine that will fill the veins and arteries with the rich, red, bounding blood of perfect health. It is Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. It is the great blood-maker and blood-purifier. When the blood is pure and rich and red and plenty, and filled with the life-giving elements that nourish every tissue of the body, it is impossible for a man to suffer from ill-health of any description. When every little blood-vessel in the lungs quivers with the rush of healthy blood, it is impossible to have unhealthy lungs. When the walls of the stomach are nourished with healthy blood, dyspepsia and indigestion are impossibilities. When the liver is supplied with healthy blood it is bound to be active. The skin that is nourished with healthy blood will be clear and fresh and glow with health. "Discovery" is sold by druggists.

Mr. Isaac E. Downs, of Spring Valley, Rockland Co., N. Y., writes: "For three years I suffered from that terrible disease, consumption, I had wasted away to a skeleton. To-day I am the scales at 187, and am well and strong. The Golden Medical Discovery cured me."

## Could Only Whisper.

Often Colds settle on the Throat and Bronchial Tubes, and make the voice hoarse and husky, and an effort to speak, distressing. It may be reduced to a whisper or lost entirely for a while.

In cases of this kind nothing will so soon give relief and restore the voice as

Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup.



This is what Thos. J. Smith, Caledonia, Ont., writes: "A year ago I had a very severe cold which settled on my lungs and throat. I got so bad I could scarcely speak louder than a whisper. I tried several Cough medicines but got very little relief until I used two and one-half bottles of Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup, which completely cured me." Price 25c.

Laxa-Liver Pills cure constipation without any griping, weakening or sickening. Price 25c; all druggists.

## TO CONSUMPTIVES.

The undersigned having been restored to health by simple means, after suffering for several years with a severe lung affection, and that dread disease, Consumption, is anxious to make known to his fellow sufferers the means of cure. To those who desire it, he will cheerfully send (free of charge) a copy of the prescription used, which they will find a sure cure for Consumption, Asthma, Catarrh, Bronchitis and all throat and lung maladies. He hopes all sufferers will try his remedy, as it is invaluable. Those desiring the prescription, which will cost them nothing, and may prove a blessing, will please address,

Rev. EDWARD A. WILSON, 1 yr. Brooklyn, New York.

## MINING STOCKS AND OTHER INVESTMENTS.

Every Representation Guaranteed.

J. M. Harris SANDON, B. C.

## LEADS Them All.

Lambert's Syrup Douglas Pine

Will cure your cold when all others fail. Try it and prove it. Sold by all druggists. Price 25c a bottle.

## Business Announcement.

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

NO ORDER TOO SMALL AND NONE TOO LARGE.

LOUIS, THE SHOEMAKER.

Louis Hupperten.

Groff's Blend—the best Scotch Whiskey in Canada at the Clifton.

John Buckley, Proprietor.

M. L. Grimmett, LL. B.

BARRISTER, SOLICITOR, NOTARY PUBLIC, ETC. Sandon, B. C.

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## JUST ARRIVED

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WALL PAPER

12 CASES OF STATIONERY

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## Health Department.

### HINTS FOR THE TOILET.

Recipes for the toilet are almost as endless as discussions in congress, but the reason that many of them are not made use of is because they so often contain weird-sounding and unpronounceable scientific names that women are afraid of. These may be all very simple to a druggist, but women don't always like to be reminded of the fact that they were in frizzing their hair when they ought to have been basking out equations and burdling through a jungle of breath-suspending nomenclature for next day's chemistry class. They don't know how to pronounce them and that is the reason it isn't pleasant to ask for them at the drug store. But all recipes do not need to be clogged with these monstrosities in order to be good, and one of them which is an excellent skin food is: One ounce of cold cream, one of lanoline, one-half of almond oil, twenty-five drops of tincture of benzoin, and fifteen drops of violet perfume. Mix to a cream in a large bowl. If too thick, add a little more almond oil. This should be kept in a cool place. In using it, the face at night should first be washed with tepid water and olive oil soap, using a sponge. Be sure that the soap is rinsed entirely off, and apply the skin food, leaving it on the face over night.

Another good face lotion can be made of half an ounce of tincture of benzoin, sixteen ounces of rose water, ten drops of oil of roses and an equal quantity of refined linseed oil. Sponge the skin thoroughly with this preparation.

One of the simplest of skin foods is made of olive oil and rose water beaten to a cream. It softens the skin, keeps it from chaffing and prevents wrinkles. It should be used in the proportion of one tablespoonful of pure olive oil to one-half teaspoon of rose water.

An inexpensive preparation which is sure to bring good results is made by mixing one cup of oatmeal or rolled oats with one cup of water, to which is added the juice of one lemon. Keep in an earthen bowl, and apply to hands and face. Rub well and let dry on the skin. It is best to strain it before using.

For softening and bleaching the skin an excellent remedy can be made of one ounce of pure glycerine, one-quarter ounce of liquid camphor, one-quarter ounce of extract of white rose or violet, and four ounces of water. Shake thoroughly before applying, and use before retiring. Of course it must be remembered that glycerine cannot be used on all skins. Some are peculiarly sensitive to it, and on them it acts as an irritant. In fact, some women cannot use soap in which even a very little has been put. Such, of course, should never attempt to use anything that contains it.

Speaking of toilet articles, nothing is more valuable to the bath-room display of cosmetics than a bottle of listerine. It is one of the very best of disinfectants—even the odor of it seems purifying. If the skin is rough or inclined to be "scaly," apply the listerine freely and often, and it will disappear surprisingly fast. For sweetening the breath and clarifying the mouth, nothing can equal it. For such purposes, of course, it should be somewhat diluted.

As to things that concern the welfare of the face, a woman who speaks from a knowledge of her trade, said, by way of answering the question: "The average woman should let massage alone. It is a fine remedy when used discreetly, but it is undoubtedly bad for the skin if indulged in too freely. For instance, I know one woman who has her face massaged every day. The result is she has wrinkles deep enough to lay a knitting needle in; massage, you know, stretches the skin, and too much of it is bound to make wrinkles. Yes, a little of it is excellent, but too much is ruinous."

### DANGER IN PIANO PRACTICE.

Dr. Waetzold, Journal d'Hygiene, thinks that the choreoses and neuroses, from which so many young girls suffer, may be largely attributed to the abuse of the piano. It is necessary, says the author, to abandon the deadly habit of compelling young girls to hammer on the keyboard before they are 15 or 16 years of age. Even at this age the exercise should be permitted only to those who are really talented and are possessed of a robust temperament.

Dr. Waetzold shows that out of 1,000 young girls studying the piano before the age of 12 years, 600 were afflicted with nervous troubles later on, while the number having affections of this kind was only 200 for those who commenced the study of the piano at a later age, and only 100 were affected among those who had never touched this instrument. The study of the violin produces even more disastrous results than those attributed to the piano.

### DO GIRLS GROW FASTEST?

Is the athletic girl to pay the penalty of her fondness for outdoor sports by growing so fast and so much as to end in the long run by over-topping her brothers and sweethearts by a head?

This disparity in height has been noticed particularly at some recent weddings, and a wail comes to us from the young girls still attending dancing schools that they, as a rule, are all

tall, while the boys are all short, and the consequent awkwardness resulting has been very unpleasant.

It was certainly with no thought of adding to her stature that in spite of opposition the girl took to the wheel, and to other forms of outdoor activity. The fun of the thing tempted her, and in addition to what she sought she now finds herself taller and larger, and topping not only her mother and her aunts, but her sometimes competitor, sometime colleague—man—as well. According to a social philosopher the remedy lies with man, who is bidden to regard the towering girl as a warning to him.

### ROYAL SILVER WEDDING.

As many as three silver weddings will be celebrated during 1899 by reigning families of Europe. January 11, was the twenty-fifth anniversary of the marriage of the Duke and Duchess of Saxe-Coburg and Gotha. On August 10-28, Russian style, the Grand Duke Vladimir will have been married for twenty-five years. The Grand Duchess, nee Princess Marie Paulovna, eldest daughter of the Grand Duke Frederick Francis II. of Mecklenburg-Schwerin, was the first Princess who did not change her religion on marrying a Russian Grand Duke. The third celebration, which takes place on April 29, will be that of Duke Charles Theodore of Bavaria, the famous oculist, and Princess Maria Josepha of Braganza.

### JOHN AS A BETTY.

That a John can be a Betty many long-suffering wives have cause to know, and as a Betty he is well-nigh insupportable. Yet when his nature takes this unfortunate turn Mary has to submit with the best grace that she can summon to her aid. One husband daily makes a round of refrigerator, ice chest, and pantry, and, as it were, takes account of the stock. He notes just how much of last night's roast has been eaten since it left the dining-room table and went into the kitchen, that the cold potatoes are sufficient for another meal, and that half a pie has been put away in the safe on one of the handsome china plates instead of being transferred to an earthenware receptacle. Another head of the household, insists on doing the family marketing, and, while not a parsimonious man, keeps a strict tally of the butler used daily. There is a theory that we all have our stingy streaks and his is a butter streak. He will announce at table that "the last six pounds of butter have lasted just three days, and adds, testily: "Mary, my dear, that is dreadful! What does become of the butter?" And at every recurrence of the disagreeable scene Mary colors as painfully as if it were not an old story. Still another masculine Betty, with an abundance of money and no specific work in life, himself keeps the key of the provision pantry, and each morning deals out to his long-suffering life partner, the amount of sugar, butter, eggs, etc., he thinks should be used in one day.

These instances may sound like exaggerations, but they are drawn from life.

John may not appreciate that in thus meddling with affairs in his wife's province he is offering her an insult, but it is nevertheless true. He is simply showing her that he has no faith in her prudence, her skill, or her ability as a housekeeper. Perhaps Mary makes her first and irreparable mistake in allowing such interference in her domestic affairs. Imagine the positions reversed, and think how John would then act. Would he brook interference or suggestions in his line of business, and would he not speedily show a meddling wife what he thought of her conduct? It would be an interesting study to watch his face, were she to ask him if he had paid proper attention that day to his business correspondence, or if he had remembered to ship some goods which he said had been ordered from him. We say his face would be an interesting study. To Mary it would be a rather terrifying one.

John is equal to managing his own business. If Mary is the sort of wife a wise man like John should have chosen, she is quite equal to managing that which has become her life business. Let her husband give her his interest and helpful sympathy when needed, as she always shows interest and sympathy in his affairs; but let him avoid that suspicious interference which is too low to be womanly and too mean to be manly.

### USE FOR OLD NEWSPAPERS.

Old newspapers may be made to serve as chest protectors.

Neatly cut to fit they may be worn in the folds beneath the clothing and the cold cannot penetrate them.

They may be sterilized by being placed in an oven for a few moments, when they are ready for use.

Worn in the bottom of boots and shoes they keep the feet warm and absorb moisture.

They may be utilized as leggings placed beneath the stockings. This style is recommended for the Klondike. They are aseptic and may be immediately destroyed without cost or trouble.

Newspapers may be used as covering by placing layers of them between any fabric, however cheap, and fastening them by knotting cord through and through.

### CITY PLANTS.

Plants suffer from the smoke of cities because the fumes injure the porous structure of the leaves and interfere with their free inspiration.

## CHECKMATE.

"A man is an idiot to submit to the lashings of a woman's tongue!"

With this exclamation John Glendon snatched his hat from the hat-rack, slammed the door behind him, and walked away rapidly down town.

Deprived of the chance for another word, Mrs. Glendon flew into a passion which it is difficult to describe. She rushed to and fro about the house with hands outstretched, as if clutching at an imaginary foe, her husband, no doubt, and muttering incoherently. Evidently, the domestic machine was very much out of joint.

At last she was struck with a novel idea. She would pay him out for his cruelty; she would teach him to insult her; she would humble his pride and fill his heart with remorse.

Sitting down at her desk, she penned the dagger which should pierce his soul.

It was late when Mr. Glendon returned for dinner. Business had detained him, but it had been profitable and his humor was greatly improved. His wife would be sorry, no doubt, for what had passed, he thought, and perhaps would drop a tear or two as evidence of her penitence. He would be generous and forgive her, and allow her to dry her eyes upon the lapel of his coat. Yes, she should have his unconditional pardon.

However, Mr. Glendon was doomed to disappointment. No penitent eyes met him at the door.

He stepped into the hall and passed on into the dining-room. She was not there, and no dinner awaited him.

On the table was a note. It read as follows:

"John Glendon.—In the presence of a whole churchful of people you vowed to love, cherish and protect poor little Gladys. Have you done so? No! you have trampled upon my love! You have crushed me with your tyranny! You should have married that red-headed Jones girl, who would have scratched your face and cracked your skull with a rolling-pin. But I will not upbraid you; your conscience alone shall be your accuser. Believe me, there is no malice in the heart which has borne your persecutions. It may console you, in the lonely years to come, to know that you have my pardon for your perfidy—your inexcusable treachery and neglect. If it is not too much trouble you may come down to the foot of Old Grantieside to-night, and rescue from the cold, heartless waters all that remains of little broken-hearted."

### GLADYS.

As Mr. Glendon reached the end of the note his face paled and his hands shook perceptibly.

"Good Heavens!" he gasped, "does she contemplate suicide?"

He was about to rush from the room when a second thought flashed across his mind. He picked up the note and perused it again, his countenance changing from fear to anger. Making a roll of the note, he struck a match, lighted the paper, and threw it, blazing, into the grate. He then mounted his bicycle and rode away.

Two ladies were sitting in the shade, partially concealed by a thick growth of shrubs and trees which crowned the brow of Old Grantieside. They were enjoying the exhilarating breezes and chatting rapidly.

They were Mrs. Glendon and her friend Miss Fannie Wagner.

"Isn't it strange that he doesn't come?" asked Mrs. Glendon, glancing anxiously in the direction of the town.

"Perhaps he is going to bring a body of men, with drags and an ambulance," replied her companion, laughing. "No doubt, but even then he or they ought to be here before this time. John will not leave my body in the water longer than necessary," said Mrs. Glendon, shuddering in imagination of such an unpleasant condition.

"What a mean thing you are, Gladys, to frighten him so! He will be nearly distracted."

"Well, I don't much care if he is. It will teach him to treat me with more regard in the future."

"On the contrary, he may never forgive you for treating him so shabbily."

"Oh no! He will think that I really and truly meant to jump into the water; but that I met you and was persuaded otherwise. It will be easy to deceive him. Love is blind, you know. Ha! ha!"

"Then you believe he loves you?" asked Fannie.

"Why, of course he does; he adores me! That's what ails him. He is so jealous of me that he wishes me to be always petting him, for fear my love will wane. If he loved me less he would not be so peevish."

"And you?"

"Oh, certainly, I like him fairly well. But then, you know, a woman should not be so lavish with her affections; she must be master of herself and her temper. It is the man who is continually betraying himself by his actions, and making a stupid of himself."

"Then you think a woman should not allow her love to manifest itself?"

"Hardly ever. It is always best for a woman to guard her passions and emotions, for once let her take the initiative and sue for favors, and that moment she makes herself a slave to his tyranny."

"Would you have the wife sacrifice her husband's pride?"

"Yes; rather than her own."

At that moment, Mr. Glendon, tired of eaves-dropping and stung by the foregoing conversation, mounted his bicycle and rode away, taking good care that his course should be out of sight of the ladies.

A half-hour later, Mrs. Glendon, despairing of her husband's coming and almost hoping that he had in some manner missed seeing her note, arose and with her companion, was soon cycling homewards. They had made about half the distance to the town when they came to a deep hollow of considerable width, and spanned by a rustic bridge.

"What a picturesque scene this is, Fan!" exclaimed Mrs. Glendon, as their machines were gliding over the bridge. "Yes, it is! But look, Gladys! There is a man down there! Who can it be? What has happened to him?"

Glancing in the direction designated by her friend, Mrs. Glendon saw a man lying at the bottom of the ravine on a patch of green-sward, with his face turned upwards. Not far from him lay his machine.

"Heavens!" she exclaimed, "it's John! He has ridden off the approach to the bridge and is killed!"

The ladies dismounted from their machines and Mrs. Glendon, in her excitement, made a movement as if she contemplated following the course taken by her husband, but was restrained by the hand of Miss Wagner.

"Compose yourself, Gladys," she said. "Would you jump to certain death? Perhaps he is not killed after all."

"I tell you he is dead! Look at his white face!" exclaimed the frightened woman. "Come, Fan, let us go to him!"

In a few moments Mrs. Glendon was kneeling beside the still form of her husband, with her hands placed over his head.

"He is not dead, but only stunned. Bring some water, Fan! Quick! please!"

Miss Wagner hurriedly soaked her handkerchief in the stream close by, and placed it on the man's forehead. Then they both set to work rubbing his hands, face and chest, while Mrs. Glendon, forgetting her pride and self-restraint, gave vent to her excitement in tears and sobs.

"Oh, my poor hubby! You did come to save me and have lost your own life, perhaps, in the undertaking! See! Fan! How still he lies! Oh, he will never come to, and I have murdered him!"

But Miss Wagner was busily applying the water, and paid little heed to what her companion said.

At last there was a slight jerking of the muscles and something like a moan escaped the man's lips.

"He is coming to, Fan! More water!" exclaimed the excited wife, bending over and pressing her lips to those of her husband.

Another supply of water drenched his head. He sprang to his feet, snatched a handkerchief from his pocket, and began mopping the water from his face and neck.

"What on earth are you two simpletons doing with me?" he asked, half in anger.

"Oh, John! are you badly hurt?" asked his wife, with much anxiety.

"Hurt? Well, I should think not!"

"But, you know, you rode off the approach, and—"

"Don't you believe it! Just came down here to enjoy a nap in the cool shade, and was pounding away amazingly when you came and woke me up in such a beastly manner."

"But, I don't understand the note—didn't you come to the rescue?"

"Indeed not!" said he. "You see, I thought a bath in the cold, heartless water would be just the thing to cool your temper, and—"

But Mrs. Glendon waited to hear no more.

"You mean thing! Come, Fan," she said.

And away they sped, leaving Mr. Glendon to follow at his leisure.

### POINTED PARAGRAPHS.

Some men go when duty calls—but in the opposite direction.

A man seeks his ideal; a woman seeks the ideal of another.

Too many cushions at the bottom may account for the room at the top.

The golden rule is frequently used in drawing a line of conduct for others.

Love is all right as an illusion, but as a fact matrimony is the real thing.

The man who knows he is bored and acts accordingly can make himself agreeable.

Some men spend half their time in making promises and the other half in making excuses.

The wise man who profits by his mistakes invests his profits in some other line of business.

The first time a man goes to a racetrack he imagines that he has discovered a new way to make money.

### SWISS INN KEEPERS' PROFITS.

In Switzerland last summer there were 1,790 hotels, boarding houses, bathing and health resorts to accommodate the travelling public. When one includes about 1,500 smaller hostleries, with accommodations for about ten persons, there were sleeping accommodations for 140,000 travellers in Switzerland. During the main travelling season, from the middle of July to the end of August, the minimum expenditure of the average summer boarder, with his children and servants, is placed at the low sum of five francs. Nevertheless this means a daily income to the innkeepers of 550,000 francs. Making allowance for favorable travelling weather, these estimates mean an income to the hotel keepers during a month and one-half of summer of 28,000,000 francs. In Luzerne alone there are fifty-two first class hotels.

### BILLIARDS.

The game of billiards was introduced into Europe by the Knights Templars.

## SPOKEN BY ADAM AND EVE

### SCIENTIST NOW SEEKS TO DISCOVER THE LANGUAGE.

New Language of Sound, to be Developed—Two Hundred Infants to be Raised on an Island Where Spoken Words Are Unknown.

A well-known scientist is going to try and find the key to the language spoken in Paradise. He intends to find an island somewhere, at present uninhabited, and which possesses a good, healthy climate. This he will colonize with 100 or 200 children under the age of two years.

These children will be solely in the care of deaf mutes, who can neither read nor write. No sound of the human voice will be allowed to reach these children. It is thought that the mode of communication which the children will adopt as they grow to maturity will give a clew to the original language used by man.

### WILL A NEW LANGUAGE RESULT?

They will be furnished with all the comforts and advantages of modern civilization, save that they will not be allowed to hear the human voice. That this plan will in a single generation give birth to a new language is open to discussion, but it will be necessary to confine this article solely to what the scientist purposes, and to leave the reader to speculate as to the outcome.

The professor asserts that the relationship which exists between all languages leads to the reasonable supposition that at one time there was but one common language.

We are told in sacred history that the whole earth was of one tongue, and that at the building of the Tower of Babel the tongue of the builders was confused in order that they might not understand one another's speech.

What the original heaven-born tongue was it is believed was then lost. That it must have been the sweetest language we can conceive there can be no question, since our first parents were able to converse with their heavenly visitors. And there is no record that they were despoiled of their language upon their expulsion from Eden. The professor seems thoroughly enthused with his project, and believes that in his lifetime he will be able to give to the world a wonderful discovery.

### AN ISLAND PREFERABLE.

"If I can secure proper protective legislation I should prefer to locate my colony in the United States," he said. "There are several spots which would suit my purpose admirably. If that cannot be done I shall have to locate somewhere upon an island in the East. This latter course would be the safer plan in one way, because it would enable me to ensure against the sound of any human voice penetrating to the childish inmates of my colony, and also that no books, papers, writing, or anything that would give them an inkling of a means of communication ever fall into their hands."

"The country provided for their residence will be well supplied with birds, animals and flowers, so that they will have every opportunity of enjoying and studying natural history. This in itself will insure them a good foundation for an education which shall be of their own inspiration, as it were."

"I have already 25 deaf mutes who are being trained under my care. What I now require is 100 good, healthy babies between the ages of 1 and 2 years; and I believe I shall have little difficulty in obtaining these, as there are many unfortunate mothers who will be glad to surrender their infants to my care when they know I can insure them a home in which their health and happiness are the first consideration, and that every provision for their welfare in life will be made."

### ONE EDUCATED MAN ONLY.

"I have capital placed at my disposal now which covers every possible expense for a period of 15 years. There will be a physician in attendance who will be a mute and he will be the only one who is educated."

"When the children arrive at an age when they are able to care for themselves the mute attendants will be removed, and I shall spend my time wholly with them. It is in this way that I hope to obtain the clew to a new language at any rate, if not to the original. I shall observe them closely, and note that means they use to communicate with each other, to designate their wants, and to describe the objects and the bird and animal life which surrounds them."

Such is in brief the plan of a scientist who has won some little distinction, and devoted the best years of his life to the study of languages.

### BANNA JUICE.

The juice of the banana being strong in tannin, makes an indelible ink and shoe blacking.

### WILL SOON STRIKE TERRA FIRMA.

The inexperienced—He says he can hardly restrain himself from falling down and worshipping her.

The Rejected—Tell him not to get nervous; she'll throw him down, soon enough.



# JACK

Doyle was the orderly, and a cocky of the deepest dye, who, in spite of his difficulties with his own language, had managed to pick up a very fair acquaintance with the Blood and the Peigan dialects of the Blackfoot tongue.

"But she really ought to be punished," Mrs. Eviston would continue, shaking her head. "She is getting too big to go tearing over the country with Jim, the interpreter, or many feathers, the scout. And really Arthur, you must get her a side-saddle the next time you go East; she is getting outrageously bow-legged."

"Oh, nonsense!" the captain would object amiably. "She isn't eight yet, and she's more like a boy than a girl anyway, and I won't have her spoiled. There'll be plenty of time for her to get delicate and young ladylike and silly, and her toes will turn out all right when we have to send her East to school," and he sighed as he thought of the years of separation before them.

So Jack continued her evil ways, and rode, and talked Blackfoot as of yore, and gathered together so much Indian paraphernalia that one day she got herself up in full costume—head-dress, shape, bow and arrow, moccasins, and all—and frightened her mother almost to death by appearing suddenly and noisily before her and demanding in Peigan unlimited sixkimi skoonataps and napaleni. Mrs. Eviston said, "Goodness gracious!" and then alternately kissed and shook Jack and when she had sufficiently admired her, called Captain Eviston from his study to come out and see "the little Indian brave."

After that triumph Jack grew more unmanageable than ever, and consorted more and more with irresistible Indians, who seemed to be forever dashing up to the inspector's quarters on endless protests, and was known and adored of them far and wide.

After a while Jack got tired of shooting imaginary Indians with arrows which would fall out in the hot sunshine beyond the shadow of the shack and even the most spirited of wooden pinto and buckskins pail quickly on one accustomed to the real thing. The times seemed out of joint to Jack. She wondered disgustedly what she should do to amuse herself. She had already tried the house, but her mother was very busy entertaining several ladies who had driven up in two traps early in the morning, and her father had the men of the party in his study, where Jack astutely guessed that they were drinking cool things and smoking, so that no one had paid much attention to her. She had been very anxious to know what was happening, and where her mother, who was pinning on a sailor hat securely, was going, and had unhesitatingly inquired. She noticed with surprise that the ladies stopped laughing, talking and arranging their veils and hats, as if in some embarrassment, and that even her mother was evidently confused.

"We're just going for a long drive, dear," she said, rummaging in her drawer for more hatpins, and not looking at Jack, "and you must be a good little girl this afternoon and not get into any mischief, and—"

Jack turned on her little heel and marched proudly to the door. If her mother did not want to tell her where

she was going, and did not want her along, that was all right, but she did not want any pretending.

So she played with her bronco and pinto and murderous Indians, but somehow they seemed uninteresting. After a while she sat down dejectedly on the door-step of the shack and looked out over the hot prairie.

"There doesn't seem nuffin' for a little girl to do," she soliloquized mournfully. "It's awfully hot to ride, but I would 'a' gone on Nellie and not taken up the least little bit of room in the trap." She looked across to the far side of the enclosure, where she could just make out, in the dim coolness of the stables, Doyle, rubbing down the horses for the trap, as he whistled "God Save the Queen." Jack would have liked most tremendously to go over and sit down in the door of the stables, and talk to the orderly, and offer advice on the currying of horses; but there was a coolness existing between Jack and Doyle—a coolness occasioned the day before by Jack's having laughed till the tears ran down her cheeks at the sight of the orderly being gracefully bucked clear over the head of an unmanageable little buckskin pony which he had recklessly bought of a horse-trading Kootenai. That was the worst about Jack—people got angry with her, or liked her, or held her responsible as if she were quite grown. Doyle could not have felt more offended if one of his brother-privates had made fun of him. This unfortunate event had been followed by another peace-destroying episode. Jack was struck with a sudden desire to see how Nellie would look with a real trooper saddle on her, so she had borrowed Doyle's—without mentioning it—and just as she was in the act of mounting, Doyle came upon her. Unfortunately for Jack, Nellie's girths were several inches smaller than the trooper's, and so it happened that when Jack seized the pommel to climb, the saddle turned gracefully under the pony, and Jack came down with a most unnecessarily hard thump to the ground; and when she opened her eyes after an interval of dazed consciousness, she looked upon Doyle standing grimly surveying the scene. Their relations for eighteen hours had been very strained.

So Jack went disconsolately into the shack and tried to amuse herself by putting on every bit of Indian tummy she possessed, and when she had finished she would have passed muster very successfully as a little Indian boy. But there was no one to see her, and, as most women know, dressing up for one's self is not a very exhilarating performance. So she seated herself again on the step of the shack and looked longingly over at Doyle. Doyle was a man—he was any man, it was true, but he was better than nothing—and so Jack determined to put her pride in her pocket and go over and dazzle Doyle.

She marched straight over to the stables. Her soft moccasins made no sound on the hot prairie-grass, and Doyle started perceptibly when he saw the strange apparition in the shadow of the doorway, and heard a thin, small voice with an accent of forced indifference remark:

"Hello, Doyle! How does Jim like his rubbin' this mornin'?"

"Jim?" grunted Doyle, dusting Jim so violently that that patient animal wheeled about in indignation and

pulled viciously at his halter. "Scarier the less!" exclaimed Doyle.

Jack seated herself calmly just inside the door, in the shade, and out of reach of Jim's heels.

"You've left a little tiny speck of mud on his hook."

Doyle made a surreptitious dash at it with his vulcanite scraper under cover of the dusting-cloth.

"Hit 'll be more than 'a' look as 'will 'ave mud on hit when 'e gets back," he grumbled forebodingly.

Jack curled herself up comfortably and surveyed the strange horses in the stalls.

"It's like a sort o' party to-day," she ventured. "Where's everybody goin', Doyle?"

"You're so clever, I thought you'd 'a' knowed," remarked Doyle, sarcastically.

"Seems like nobody 'll tell a little girl," said Jack, plaintively and craftily. "I thought you would tell me."

Doyle was mollified.

"Well, I don't jest know meself, an' p'raps I oughtn't to tell any'ow," he remarked illogically, as he led Jim into his stall and tied him. "There! heat your hoofs; you'll need 'em," he said jocosely to the horse, giving him a friendly slap on the flank. He went into the next box and untied the other team-horse. "Come along, Bill, an' get yerself made pretty. You're goin' to carry two ladies an' the hinspector this afternoon. Well, as I was sayin',—to Jack,—I don't just know meself, but I think we're all goin' to see some barbarous Hindian celebration—some dance or hother."

Jack sat up very straight and interested. So it was a party going to see an Indian dance, and she could not go. The iron sank into her very soul.

"Hit's the worst of all their murdering dances," Many Feathers said, pursued Doyle, complacently scratching away at Bill, "an' I suspect hit'll turn out stummik an' make me wish I'd never come to this 'ethen country. Hit's the sun-dance, an' by the looks of the sun," he went on, turning a blinking eye for an instant on that luminary. "They'll only 'ave to provide the dance—there's plenty of the hother thing."

"But don't you go an' tell, young 'un," went on Doyle, impressively. "I believe hit's a kind of secret, because the hinspector, hain't rightly supposed to know about this dance, an' if they didn't tell you hit's because they didn't want you to know."

Jack's lip trembled.

"Don't you think I can go, Doyle?" Doyle shook his head doubtfully. In spite of Jack's cruel behavior of the day before, he felt very sorry for her. In his heart he admired her and thought her the pluckiest little girl in the world, and that it was a piece of unmerited hard luck that she should not have been a boy, and he usually treated her as a comrade and an equal.

"I hain't got no borders to that heffekt," he said kindly, "an' I say, young 'un, hit'll be much too 'orrid a sight for a little girl, an', besides, hit's too far for you to go; hit's nineteen miles from 'ere if hit's a foot, an' there hain't no room in the trap for you."

Jack turned scornfully upon the orderly.

"As if I couldn't go on Nellie!" she exclaimed indignantly. "Where's it goin' to be, Doyle?"

Doyle began to loosen Bill's halter. "Oh, nineteen miles down the trail to Macleod," he said carelessly; "just this side of the creek, to the north a bit, up past Lecoureur's. There's a big level piece of prairie just off the trail, with a lot of cotton-woods all around it."

Jack got up softly and meditatively, and went out into the sunshine, leaving Doyle to rub down the strange horses and harness the traps by himself.

It was about an hour later, after an early luncheon and much iced lemonade had been disposed of,—lemons are a luxury in Alberta,—that the men and the women emerged from the inspector's quarters and stood waiting on the veranda for the carriages. Doyle, looking unnaturally spick and span in a new scarlet tunic, "pill-box," and pipe-clayed gloves, sighted them from the stables, and precipitating himself into the government trap, drove proudly up. Captain Eviston caught the reins, and stood waiting with a foot on the hub of the near fore wheel and a rather worried expression on his face, while Doyle raced back to the stables for the other teams. Every now and then the captain gleefully flicked his riding-boot with the whip and glanced absently and anxiously at the women, who were talking and laughing rather nervously together. It suddenly struck him that there were a great many of them and only four men besides the orderly. His wife and a young cousin of hers, Miss Kenwood, from Montreal, who was seeing the great North-west Territories for the first time, were going in his trap with him, with Doyle to drive. In the next trap was Carlington, the owner of the largest ranch in Alberta, his wife, and her two nieces, the Hon. Adelaide and the Hon. Beatrice Pembroke, typical English girls, just over from London, and anxious to see everything there was to be seen. Their brother, the Hon. Hugh, was in the last trap with Stirling, a young Scotch Canadian, his pretty American wife, and her young sister, Miss Page, who was spending the summer with her.

Captain Eviston stopped whipping his boot and took to pulling his mustache.

"You know you really ought not to be going," he said hesitatingly, as the English girls climbed into the trap. "I think I am doing wrong in taking you, or even in going myself."

Mrs. Eviston interrupted him hastily. "Now, Arthur, don't have any death-bed repentance! We've decided to go, and if we faint away or the new braves eat us up, or anything else disagreeable happens, we will not blame you."

Miss Kenwood looked up anxiously. "You don't think it will be so very dreadful?" she asked.

Captain Eviston nodded his head decidedly.

"It will be very dreadful indeed," he said briefly. "I am quite sure you women have no idea what is before you. There may be trouble, too. It isn't too late even now to decide not to go."

There was a little feminine chorus of protestation and disappointment. Pembroke and Carlington left their traps, and came over to hear what Eviston was saying.

"What! not go now?"

"It's this way, Pembroke," went on Captain Eviston, turning to the disappointed-looking youth with a worried frown on his face. "You know the agents on nearly every reservation in this country have stopped the sundance, and only the Lord and the powers that be at Ottawa and Regina know why orders haven't been sent to these Indians not to hold theirs this year. In fact, I strongly suspect that orders are on the way now, and this sudden setting forward of the date by the Indians was done only to get ahead of the authorities. As it is, this dance will probably be the last one held anywhere around here, and naturally the Indians are all mad over it. There will be an unusual number of candidates to be made braves, and I am very much afraid that it will be a very slokening, eight, and possibly—"

Stirling, who had joined the group, stopped and looked expressively at Miss Page, who leaned forward in her trap and laughed excitedly.

"I wouldn't miss it for anything!" she exclaimed. "What ignominy to go back to the States and say you hadn't seen a sundance! And the fact that it is the last one only makes it the more interesting."

Eviston, I shall tell every one that you were afraid, if you don't take us."

Captain Eviston laughed a little ruefully. "That wouldn't be quite untrue," he remarked quietly. "But the less you say about me in this matter the better. It wouldn't sound well for the 'Gazette' or the 'Herald' to announce that 'Captain Eviston and a party of distinguished guests recently attended the disgusting and brutal Indian ceremony called the sun-dance.' I am afraid it would go on to remark that 'we fear Captain Eviston does not know his duties as an officer of the Northwest Mounted police.' You see," he went on, "the Great Mother, in her infinite wisdom, not only provides, through her government, reservations for the Indians, and farming implements and food and cattle and missions and schools, but tries to inculcate beautiful morality by the noble example of her agents and the annihilation of all picturesque customs and usages peculiar to the Indian, because they do not happen to be those of the Saxon race. The sun-dance and the making of a brave are being conscientiously and thoroughly done away with. Why the British government doesn't let the Indian prove his bravery after his own fashion, and turn its attention to some of its own evils,—to the daily martyrdom which his uniform inflicts on him; for example—is something which is too deep and beautiful to contemplate for common mortal to ever, theirs not to reason why. Shall we go or stay?"

"Oh, I say, Eviston," exclaimed Pembroke, "really it will be too bad, you know, not to see it! All you've said has only made us the more anxious to go."

The Hon. Adelaide put up a handkerchief and wiped away an imaginary tear.

(To Be Continued.)

## THE EDITOR'S WIFE

THIS LADY SUFFERED TERRIBLY FROM RHEUMATISM.

Her Joints Began to Swell and Twist Out of All Shape.—Death Would Have Been a Relief.—Dr. Williams' Pink Pills Restored Her to Health.

From the Harriston Tribune.

After long consideration and much hesitancy about having her name made public, Mrs. John A. Copland, wife of the editor and proprietor of the Harriston Tribune, has resolved that the world should know how wonderfully her health was restored by the timely use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. Our representative interviewed Mr. Copland and the following is his statement of the case:

"Whilst we were living in Toronto at No. 99, McGill street, my wife took ill in the autumn of 1894, and had such racking pains that she could hardly stir. One of the best specialists in Toronto was called in and he diagnosed the case one of acute inflammatory rheumatism. His prescriptions were given, and he said that the case was a severe one and it would be a wonder if her joints did not become misshapen. What this eminent physician predicted came true. At the end of a month my wife was worse than ever, and her wrists and knuckles were twisted greatly out of shape. She was so disheartened that she would weep at the slightest provocation. She was loath to stay in bed, and had to be assisted to arise and dress, every movement giving her intense pain. During all the ensuing winter this state of things continued, she gradually becoming worse in spite of the strong medicines and the lotions that the doctor prescribed for her. We tried in vain the massage treatment and the electrical treatment. My wife would moan nearly all night with the pain. She was unable to hold the baby, and even could not bear to have a person point a finger at her. I feared that the spring would see my wife under the sod, and you may be sure I was terribly affected by it. All this time we continued to give her the doctor's treatment and medicines, until finally my wife stoutly refused to take any more of the drugs. From that out she began to improve, and one evening I was astonished to see her coming to meet me when I arrived home from the office."

"Why, I said, 'the doctor is doing you good after all.' 'Not at all,' she said, and smiled. Then she produced a little round wooden box and held it up. 'I have a great secret to tell you,' she laughed. 'Unknown to you I have been taking Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and this is the seventh box. They are rapidly curing me. Naturally I was overjoyed and almost wept at the thought of how very near I came to losing her. She continued taking Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and before she had finished the eleventh box, she was quite well again and to-day her wrists and knuckles are as shapely as ever."

Several of our neighbors in Toronto knew how sick she was, and can corroborate every word I have said. Either myself or my wife are willing to swear to the truth of these statements."

Mr. Copland has been laughed at for the enthusiasm with which he has sung the praises of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, but he believes that anything so valuable to mankind should get all the praise it deserves.

Mrs. Copland was seen at her residence on King street, Harriston, and she corroborated every word her husband has said. She reluctantly gave consent to have her name published, but said that she thought it proper that the efficacy of these pills should be made known. She was led to use Dr. Williams' Pink Pills through seeing the accounts of cures in the newspapers.

THE BUDDHIST BIBLE.

It Is Spread Over Seven Hundred Slabs of White Marble.

In 1857 Mindon-min, King of Burma, erected a monument near Mandalay called the Kutho-daw. There he built 700 temples, in each of which there is a slab of white marble. Upon these 700 slabs is engraved the whole of the Buddhist Bible—a vast literature in itself, equal to about six copies of the Holy Scriptures.

The marble Bible is engraved in the Pali language, thought to be that spoken by Buddha himself 500 B. C. Photographs of some of the inscriptions have reached England, and Prof. Max Mueller, perhaps the greatest linguist in all the world, has examined them. But alas! for all his human ingenuity and perseverance. If his Majesty Mindon-min thought to perpetuate the teachings of the great Buddha by causing them to be graven on the rock he nourished a vain ambition.

This is certainly the largest known copy of any portion of literature. Even the National Encyclopedia in China, in 5,800 volumes, occupies a comparatively small space. To reach the other end of the limits of the printers' art we need only remember the "Smallest Bible in the World," and the diamond edition of Catullus, Tibullus and Propertius.

To engrave the Bible of Buddha on the marble slabs in the temple of Kutho-daw must have cost many thousands of dollars, but these sermons in stone are easily out-classed by a copy of the New Testament, which, beautifully printed, can be bought for 25 cents, and is carefully cherished with last many generations.

DEAD MEN'S FEATURES.

Experiments to reproduce dead men's features from their skulls are being made in Germany.



JACK.



## MOUNTAIN ECHOES.

Kaslo is proud of its county court house.

New Denver has the provincial cop and now it wants a lawyer.

Charlie Walmsley has leased the Kootenay hotel, and Mrs. Manuel is returning to Burton City.

The Ruth company have most of the lumber on the ground for their concentrator to be built at once.

The funeral of the infant son of Mr. and Mrs. Dwyer took place on Tuesday, for interment at New Denver.

It is generally understood that the Sandon Miners' Union will run an excursion train to Silvertown on the 24th.

Refuse all substitutes or imitations of the genuine Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry, most of these are absolutely dangerous.

A Nanaimo hotelkeeper was fined \$75 the other day for allowing a game of black-jack. He evidently does not live in the land of liberty.

Cure that cough with Shiloh's Cure. The best cough cure. Relieves croup promptly. One million bottles sold last year. 40 doses for 25 cts. Sold at McQueen's Drug Store.

A horse of Squire Lovatt's was drawn down the stream of time on Tuesday. He had on, however, a good set of shoes to give him a good start in the "happy hunting ground."

Ladies, take the best. If you are troubled with constipation, allow skin, and a tired feeling, take Karl's Clover Tea. It is pleasant to take. Sold at McQueen's Drug Store.

A small mud slide between here and Three Forks, Thursday morning, almost derailed the engine as it was coming up for the passenger train. It took about an hour's delay, only caused, however.

Dyspepsia cured. Shiloh's Vitalizer immediately relieves sour stomach, coming up of food distress, and is the great kidney and liver remedy. Sold at McQueen's Drug Store.

The Kootenayan says Sandon is depressed because it tolerates a conique. The Kootenayan appeared to like depravity in Kaslo until the business so fell off that it could no longer support a conique.

The K. & S. and the C. P. R. are up to their ears in litigation over an entrance to the Lardo-Duncan country. For years the district wanted a road and neither company would touch it, but now they both want the plum.

Mr. J. C. Pitts, of Donald, brother of Mayor Pitts, whose arrival in the city we made note of last week, is now making a tour of this section with a view to securing a business opening, Donald having practically gone up the flume.

The mine owners held a meeting on Monday, but, even through the efforts of corkscrews, we are unable to get any information as to what was done. It is generally believed, however, they will not pay \$3.50 for eight hours work.

J. Sayer, an Australian mining man, and engineer for a Scottish company, dropped into the city this week on his way home to Scotland. He was greatly impressed with what he saw in the silver-lead metropolis, though his visit was so limited.

The mine owners of Nelson have met and decided to pay \$3.00, and no more, for eight hours. A better plan would have been to have invited the mining men to a conference and canvassed the whole situation over with a view to some amicable arrangement.

It is to be hoped the city council will take active steps at once to procure a suitable cemetery ground. It is said a suitable plot could be got just below the city on the north side. It is a great inconvenience to attend funerals to New Denver with the limited railway service.

The opening services of the new St. Stephen's (Episcopalian) church, New Denver, will take place tomorrow (Sunday). The edifice is a model in every respect and reflects great credit upon the architect, the contractors and all concerned. The Rev. Mr. Yates has worked indefatigably in connection with the new building, and it is a subject for congratulation that the church will be opened practically clear of debt. At the opening services on Sunday, the Rector will be assisted by clergymen from neighboring parishes, among whom will be Rev. Mr. Beer, of Kaslo.

The Rev. A. M. Sanford is a very busy man at present. Desirous of qualifying himself even more fully for the work of his profession, he has been for some time engaged in a severe course of study looking towards the degree of Bachelor of Divinity in the University of Mount Allison, N.B. Many of the examinations he has already passed, but he is at present engaged in wrestling with another series of intellectual tests, even more formidable than the preceding. The examination papers have arrived from the different professors in the east and are in the hands of Rev. J. A. Cleland, who at Mr. Sanford's request superintends the examinations. Mr. Sanford's many friends and admirers, both in his own church and among the public generally, will heartily wish him success in this as in all his undertakings.

The conique is advertised to re-open on Monday.

The Lodge says 'There is two feet of snow, etc.' Good for the 'is.'

A shower of the beautiful on the 10th of May, followed by a miniature blizzard on the 11th, is refreshing.

Allan Bayne and John A. McDonald have leased the White House for a long term. They are re-papering and repainting and fitting it up in good style.

There have been two admissions to the hospital the past week. George Shaver, of the Payne, is there with asthma; and S. Picard, of the city, of a fever.

Dr. Low's Worm Syrup is such a simple, safe and effectual remedy for worms of all kinds that no other should be used. No purgative needed afterwards. Price 25c.

It is said that ex-Alderman Mighton, who removed from Sandon to Greenwood, sold out his business there and removed to the states with a woman he used to be acquainted with here. He is a married man and has a family in one of the eastern provinces.

Karl's Clover Root Tea is a pleasant laxative. Regulates the bowels, purifies the blood. Clears the complexion. Easy to take and pleasant to take. 25 cts. Sold at McQueen's Drug Store.

Mr. Oswald, a director of the English syndicate who owns the Bosun, is visiting many points in the Slooan. It is to be hoped that he will get such practical information of the silver-lead mines as will enable him to enlighten his countrymen at home. Let him, for instance, tell his monied acquaintances that the Payne capitalized at \$4,000,000 is declaring a monthly dividend of \$25,000, or 7 1/2 per cent, while the War Eagle capitalized at \$6,500,000 is declaring but \$31,000 per month, or 5 1/2 per cent. These are the things that men of England should have forced upon their attention.

## FOR OVER FIFTY YEARS.

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

## ANNUAL CELEBRATION

WILL BE HELD AT  
**SILVERTON, B. C.**  
**May 24th, 1899.**

**\$1,750.00 IN PRIZES**  
**Horse Races**

Free for All,	1st Prize \$200.00
" " 2nd "	" " 100.00
Slocan Horses	1st " 75.00
" " 2nd "	" " 25.00
Pony Race	1st " 50.00
" " 2nd "	" " 25.00

**Caledonian Sports**  
\$500.00 in Prizes.

**GOLD MEDAL FOR BEST ALL-ROUND ATHLETE.**  
**Drilling Contest**  
\$300.00.

**Match Game Baseball**  
**Reel Race.**

**GRAND BALL.**  
For further particulars apply to  
The Secretary, Silvertown.

Established in 1895.

**E. M. SANDILANDS,**  
**SLOCAN MINES**

Sandon, B. C.  
Mining Stocks bought and sold. General agent for Slocan properties. Promising prospects for sale.

**W. S. DREWRY**  
Sandon, B. C.  
**H. T. TWIGG**  
New Denver, B. C.  
**DREWRY & TWIGG,**  
Dominion and Provincial Land Surveyors,  
Civil and Mining Engineers.  
Bedford-McNeill Code.

## SOME HINTS.

How often mothers are perplexed and driven nearly to despair by their little ones losing appetite and refusing all manner of food when children will take

## BOVRIL

at nearly any time. A cup of Bovril between or at meals is the most perfect of nourishment to give the children for

## HEALTH AND STRENGTH

## Are You Weak?

There's a Remedy that will make you strong; give you vitality and energy; invigorate the heart; enrich the blood; make the pale cheeks rosy.

It's Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills.

Mrs. Mehlenbacher, who lives at 29 Ann St., Berlin, Ont., made the following statement: "I have suffered from nervous prostration and general debility for the past four years, often despairing of a cure."

Since I have taken Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills, however, the future looks bright to me. I have taken four boxes of them and the benefit derived is wonderful. They have made my nerves strong, restored their elasticity and given me physical strength to a greater degree than I could have anticipated. Beyond doubt, they are the best restorative for nerve trouble, weakness, debility, etc., in existence, and I heartily recommend them to all who suffer as I did."

Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills cure Palpitation and Throbbing, Dizziness, Nervousness, Sleeplessness, Loss of Appetite, Pale and Sallow Complexion, Anemia, Debility, General Weakness or any condition arising from a Weak Heart, Disordered Nerves or Impoverished Blood. Sold by druggists at 50c. a box.

## A QUICK CURE FOR COUGHS AND COLDS

## Pony Pectoral

The Canadian Remedy for all THROAT AND LUNG AFFECTIONS. Large Bottles, 25 cents. DAVIS & LAWRENCE CO., Limited, Prop's. Perry Davis' Pain Killer, New York Montreal

## ALTA LODGE, NO. U. D.

A. F. AND A. M. Regular Communication of the lodge. Meets 1st Thursday in each month at 8 p. m. Visiting brethren cordially invited. W. H. LILLY, Secy.

## I. O. O. F.

Silver City Lodge, No. 30, meets every Friday evening, at 7.30 o'clock, in Crawford's hall. W. J. GARBUTT, N. G. GEO. WAITE, V. G. REV. A. M. SANFORD, Rec. Sec.

All sojourning brothers cordially invited to attend.

FOR SALE. A first-class hand laundry, with steam connection; doing \$125 worth of work per week; best located. Bath rooms in connection. The purchaser can have the help of an experienced laundry man for a short time. Apply to Victor Klein Schmidt, Sandon, B.C.

## SEALED TENDERS.

Tenders for the new Presbyterian church will be received by Rev. J. A. Cleland until Monday, May 15th. Lowest or any tender not necessarily accepted.

## PAYNE MINING COMPANY OF BRITISH COLUMBIA, Limited.

Notice is hereby given that a general meeting of the Payne Mining Company of British Columbia, Limited, will be held at the offices of the Company in Sandon, B.C., on Monday, the 29th day of May, 1899, at 12 o'clock noon for the purpose of disposing of the whole, or any portion, of the assets, rights, privileges and franchises of the said Company, and for the transaction of such other business as may be lawfully brought before the meeting.

Dated at Sandon, 22nd of April A.D. 1899.  
F. E. SARGEANT,  
Secretary.

## H. BYERS &amp; CO.

Manufacturers of

## GALVANIZED AIR PIPE.

We carry

## THE CELEBRATED WESTERN CHIEF BLOWERS

and

## BUFFALO BLOWERS.

Agents for

## HAMILTON POWDER CO'S POWDER, CAPS AND FUSE, CANTON RIBBED STEEL

for Powder Drills.

## TRUAX ORE CARS.

Mine Hardware of every kind.

## H. Byers &amp; Co.

Nelson, B.C. Kaslo, B.C. Sandon, B.C.

## TO GIVE THE FINISHING TOUCH TO A Dainty WAIST OR COSTUME THE HANDSOME

## Buckles

We are showing surpass anything yet offered this season—made for neck and waist in a variety of elegant and unique designs—in silver, silver gilt, filled gold; prices from 75c to \$3.50. All an excellent value. Also beautiful Dress Pin Sets of nice designs.



## G. W. GRIMMETT.

## Finest Line of GROCERIES Ever Brought to Sandon.

Table Novelties too numerous to mention. Salted and Preserved Fish of all kinds. Jellies, Jams and Fruits, all very dainty and appetizing.

Fine tender Hams and Breakfast Bacon. Canned and Potted Meats for quick meals. Fancy Crackers, Biscuits in bulk and in fancy cartoons.

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

## H. Giegerich,

SANDON.

KASLO.

AINSWORTH.

## FREE BOOK to Men Only.



which deals with those weaknesses results from ERRORS OF YOUTH, such as DRAINS, NIGHT LOSSES, WEAK BACK, IMPOTENCY, VARICOCELE, etc. It explains to you fully just why ELECTRICITY cures and CURES PERMANENTLY. It tells all about the world-famed DR. SANDEN ELECTRIC BELT for weak men, young and old. I am the inventor, and with it I cured 5,000 last year.

## CONSULTATION FREE

at office or if you do not live near enough to call, write for the above book, sent sealed free.

DR. R. SANDEN, 156 St. James Street, Montreal, Que.

When your supply of PRINTING has run out don't forget to give The Mining Review a trial.