

The Mining Review.

VOL. 4.—NO. 45.

SANDON, B. C., SATURDAY, MAY 25, 1901.

\$2.00 PER YEAR.

Lead Refinery to Be Bonused

The Objects Sought By the Delegation Are Obtained.

The Dominion government has decided to give a bonus of \$5 per ton on Canadian refined lead to an amount not exceeding \$100,000 in one year.

It will be decreased yearly in amount the same as the iron bounties until it disappears.

On every ton of lead refined during the calendar year 1902, \$5. On every ton of lead during 1903, \$4. For 1904, \$3. For 1905, \$2. For 1906, \$1. The bounties shall be paid half-yearly on the first day of July and January in each year. The total sum payable in such bounties will not exceed \$100,000 in each year, and not more than \$50,000 in each half year. If one half year falls short of the \$50,000, then the balance can go to the next half year.

Squire Lovatt is Now Mayor.

Monday was nomination day for the civic by-elections, and Squire Lovatt's name was the only one handed in to the returning officer and he was declared elected by acclamation. The squire was congratulated by all present at the nomination. He took ex-Mayor Pitts' place in the council on Monday evening. Robt. Cuning was also mentioned to enter the contest, but he would not enter the field on any account.

Jacob Kelson brought forward the name of Robt. Jalland, as councillor, he did not want to take active part in civic affairs, and no nomination papers were sent in. No other names were mentioned.

Mayor Lovatt's Address.

To the Aldermen of the Municipality of the City of Sandon:—

Gentlemen:—As you are aware I have just been elected by acclamation to the important office of Mayor. Before we proceed to business, I desire to say a few words which I think is customary when a Mayor first takes his seat. In the first place, I desire to thank the citizens sincerely for electing me to this, the highest gift in their power, and to assure them that I shall do my best endeavours to carry on the business of this corporation in an honest and impartial manner, without fear or favor, and with due regard to efficiency and economy, and shall strive to redeem the name of our fair city from the depths of reproach, dishonor and shame, into which previous occupants of this chair have allowed it to descend.

We have been left on one hand, legacies in the shape of delinquent and floating debts, and on the other, a long array of unpaid taxes, both before the fire and since, which should be in the city's hands to meet them. This will render civic government a serious matter for some time to come, and in order to grapple with it, I would ask for the cordial and energetic support of all my colleagues on the board. The delinquent debts we cannot ignore, and we are bound to provide a sinking fund to meet it at maturity. Legitimate floating debt must also be provided for; due sanitary precaution must be taken.

Necessary improvements must be made, and efficient fire and police protection assured the public. As the law at the present time stands and under existing circumstances, our resources appear to be inadequate, and it will only be by careful and rigid economy that we shall be able to pull through.

Under the heading of police, we cannot expect to find the same sobriety as in old settled eastern towns, but being a British colony we must insist on the proper British law and order that guarantee absolute protection to all citizens and visitors.

In conclusion I would ask the citizens to loyally come forward and pay their overdue taxes and licenses, and thereby enable us to meet current expenses and thus avoid further humiliation.

Gentlemen, asking for your assistance in these matters, I close, and take my seat at the head of your deliberations.

GEORGE LOVATT.

Public Notice.

Notice is hereby given that all unpaid taxes for the Corporation of the City of Sandon must be paid on or before June 26th, 1901, after that date all overdue taxes will be placed in court for collection.

W. H. LILLY, Collector.

THE LOCAL GRAFT.

P. J. Hickey has returned from an extended trip south and west.

Joe Stocker has bought his partner's interest out in the Miners' hotel restaurant.

Now write it Mayor Lovatt, the squire was elected by acclamation on Monday.

Mrs. Gordon is shortly to remove to Bruce Mines where her husband is now employed.

Wm. Walmsley, of the Filbert, has gone on a pleasure trip to the Similkameen district.

Little Marshall Barton entertained a number of his little friends with a social tea on Tuesday afternoon.

The three months' old child of Mr. D. Craig, of Three Forks, died on Wednesday and was buried the next day.

The annual meeting of the Western Federation of Miners will take place at Denver, Colo., on Monday, May 27th.

Most of the machinists in all the manufacturing cities of the United States are striking for a nine hour day and ten hours pay.

Mr. G. B. McDonald thinks there is more than one thing Noble up at Cody—a 10 pound son and heir is at least another noble institution.

Mr. Ransom returned on Tuesday evening, bringing with him his wife and family. They will take up their residence, it is likely, in this city or Cody.

Fred Collins, who shot A. Dando dead at Peterborough, B.C., was sentenced to be hanged at Nelson on July 26. Dando was a barber and lived in Sandon a few years ago.

The C. P. R. Co. now issue tickets from Sandon to the Halcyon Springs at \$2.75, leaving Friday and Saturday of each week and good to return the following Monday.

All miners' licenses run out on the 31st of this month, and they can be renewed by Jas. J. Godfrey, deputy mining recorder. His office is in the Grimmett block, Reco avenue.

C. D. Hunter is here from Phoenix taking charge at the store again for a few days until his successor arrives. Mr. Creech, who has been a general favorite in the store for some years, is going to remove to the town of Crow's Nest, near Blairmore, where he enters the employ of a large firm there.

Frank McLeod, a blacksmith, was run over by a train on the Spokane Falls & Northern Railroad near Nelson, Monday morning, and was almost instantly killed. The deceased at one time had a blacksmith shop in Sandon for a couple of years. He was a well respected man.

While south some days ago Mr. P. J. Hickey attended the funeral of his mother-in-law, who died very suddenly of heart failure, in the 59th year of her age. She had not been in the best of health for some time before, but there was nothing to indicate any serious consequences. In short, up to a few minutes before her death she was chatting and laughing freely with all the members of her household. Her death then became the greater shock to all her friends and acquaintances.

On Tuesday morning George McLellan tried to commit suicide at the city jail. It appears he had been sick for four or five days and had not slept any night during that time, and as he was acting rather strangely. The police hearing of it, removed him to the police station for safe keeping and medical treatment. Shortly after the electric lights went out last Tuesday morning he went to his clothes, got his pocket knife and cut his throat, but did not touch the jugular vein, which saved his life. He is now in the hospital. George McLellan is a highly respected citizen, and an act of this kind is a surprise to all who know him.

The R. E. Lee has closed down.

Today is a bank holiday and the local office will be closed until Monday.

The Emerald duet gave two very good entertainments in the city Sunday and Monday last.

The Rev. A. M. Sanford will preach his farewell sermon in the Methodist church tomorrow.

R. F. Green, M. P. P., came in from Victoria on Friday night last, and spent part of Saturday calling on friends.

Bruce White, of Nelson, and Alexander Sharp, M. E., of Rossland, were in the city. Both gentlemen were at the Star.

Ex-mayor Pitts and Cliff Seale left on Sunday for a trip over the Similkameen country. They will be gone at least three weeks.

J. D. McLachlan and C. Culver, delegates from the Sandon lodge, attended the Knights of Phythias convention at Revelstoke last week.

And now the stevedores are at it. All of them on the Pacific coast talk of forming a union and advancing wages from 40 to 60 cents per hour.

Alex. Lucas, provincial organizer for Liberal Conservative association of British Columbia, has been appointed mining recorder at Kaslo.

Two appointments were made by the council Thursday evening, giving Neil McInnis the chiefship of police and fire dept., and Robt. Jalland a council seat.

J. M. Harris left for his Virginia home on Tuesday. On his return it is generally understood he will commence the erection of his power house at Three Forks.

The bill to give a bounty to a silver-lead refinery has passed the first and second readings at Ottawa without opposition, and will doubtless become law at once.

After we had gone to press Friday last week, P. L. Morgan was brought in on a special car from the Queen Bess mine, where he was seriously bruised by a cave-in. He is now doing very well at the hospital.

Gavin Spence and Flora McDonald gave one of their entertainments here on Wednesday evening. Both looked well in full Highland costume. Spence's stories were old—oft told—but he told them very well, and sings in a good, average voice. Miss McDonald's rich Scotch voice showed to good advantage in "Mary of Argyll." They give a good entertainment, but neither of them is the best on the stage. They took perhaps \$108 out of Sandon.

Ruth Expected to Open.

There is a rumor going around to the effect that the Ruth will start up in a few days. As soon as Mr. H. B. Alexander arrives home from England the mine will likely be opened up again. He is expected home any time now.

Sandon Ore Shipments.

The following are the ore shipments from here this week:

| | Tons. |
|---------------|-------|
| Mine. | 123 |
| Slocan Star. | 40 |
| Last Chance. | 20 |
| American Boy. | 20 |
| Total, | 183 |

The proposed Methodist concert is declared off for the present.

Word comes from Montreal that a change of management will be made at the Payne mine.

The Bluestreak says that Squire Lovatt was running for Mayor "on his own account." Then his own account must be the major portion of the constituency.

New Born Infant Found.

Body Found Floating in the Stream by the Chief of Police.

As Chief Stubbs and others were crossing the creek at the lower end of the town on Wednesday evening they saw something whirling around in an eddy that arrested their attention, and taking it out found it to be the body of a male child; born a couple of days before, and without dress of any description. They at once took it to the city buildings where it was kept until next morning when an inquest was held.

Mrs. O'Donnell, a married woman, late of Three Forks, who has been a cook at a hotel for a few weeks and whose husband has left her, acknowledges she had a premature birth, but says she never ordered the body disposed of in that way, as the corpse is some think is the same one.

A jury of six was sworn in by Coroner Lilly, R. McDonald, foreman, and the body viewed by them and examined by Dr. Power. The doctor gave it as his opinion the child lacked a little over two months of maturity and was stillborn.

Dr. Gomm examined the body and came to the conclusion that it was a stillborn child.

N. Nelsen and Miss C. Tide, as witnesses, were examined and declared that they have no knowledge of a birth in the hotel.

The case was adjourned till Monday to get evidence as to what became of the body of Mrs. O'Donnell's child and how this body came to be thrown in the creek.

Celebration at Silverton.

A large crowd attended the sports at Silverton yesterday, who watched the sports with interest. Slocan City and Silverton football teams lined up first, and when time was called the score stood Silverton 4, Slocan 0. The game of the day however, was between Sandon and New Denver. It was well contested throughout. In the first half after much passing, J. B. Cliffe scored for Sandon. The second half was something like the first, the ball being kept confined to Denver's goal, finally they scored by a fluke. This made them a tie, and when time was called the score was 1 to 1. After playing an extra half hour, during which the Denver team were kept on the defensive and nearly worn out, they gave the game to Sandon, seeing it was useless to play longer. This left the final game for the medals between Sandon and Silverton, which did not come, causing much disappointment. The Sandon boys wanted to play but Silverton kept dilly dallying until it was too late to play the game and catch the boat. This is just what Silverton wanted, it being heard on all sides that they were no match for Sandon and were certain of defeat. It expected the game will come off at Slocan City on the 12th of July. In the baseball match between Silverton and Slocan City the former won by a score of 25 to 14. In the athletic sports Gusto carried off all the prizes.

In the Kaslo sports yesterday Sandon Baseball Club were defeated in a score of 5 to 11. This is owing to a few green players on our team.

SOME MURDEROUS TRADES

DEATH OF A SLOW AND PAINFUL NATURE OFTEN THE RESULT.

Disease of the Matchmaker—Wool-Sorters Are Subject to the Terrible Anthrax—Dangers of the Glass-Workers—Fellows-men and Sailors Have Their Troubles.

Practically every trade has some peculiar disease attached to it which more often than not is so malignant that unless the victim changes his occupation a slow and painful death is the result. The matchmaker's complaint of "phossy-jaw" was at one time the most deadly of all trade maladies, though, happily, a remedy has been found in the newly-discovered phosphorus now used which reduces the number of fatal cases to a minimum. Nevertheless, a large percentage of workers in match factories still succumb to the ailment every year, the symptoms being a crumbling away of the jaw-bone, which ultimately ends in total paralysis and death.

Few people look upon the cutlery trade as dangerous, but there are scarcely any callings more so. In every factory the air is laden with invisible metal dust caused by grinding the steel, and this being carried into the lungs produces asthma and consumption. The grinders bending over their work inhale such enormous quantities of the dust that they rarely live above the age of forty, while a needle-polisher who begins to work say at seventeen may think himself lucky if he is living at thirty-seven.

One of the most terrible diseases is that which attacks wool-sorters and all who handle untanned skins, for not only do they breathe the poisonous fumes that arise from all skins before they have been preserved, and which invariably cause consumption or diphtheria, but they are

SUBJECT TO ANTHRAX.

At the time of being killed the animal may not have been in a healthy state, and therefore poison lurks in the skin. Then, if the worker chances to have a cut on his hand, some of the moisture touches the wound and anthrax follows. He sickens, goes into delirium, and after raving for some days in the most terrible agony dies.

Dyers, bleachers, and all who labour in factories where chemicals are largely used seldom attain their fortieth year. The chlorine attacks the lungs and burns them away gradually but surely, while those occupied in making the gas are well aware that a man's life after he has taken up such employment is limited to ten years.

Glass-workers are assailed by a multitude of dangers. In the first place millions of jagged fragments of glass are always floating in the air and, being inhaled, wound the lungs, causing hemorrhage and a premature demise. Then they frequently go dumb through a peculiar complaint brought on by handling the glass, and which attacks the jaws and ends in paralysis in looking-glass factories, in addition to these dangers there is that of mercurial poisoning, which deadens the sight, crumbles away the jaws, and ultimately kills. The average mortality among those who have worked in glass for more than twenty years is over 60 per cent.

When once a man takes to mining he courts death not only from explosion, but from a number of diseases as well. No section of the community suffers so heavily from consumption, and the life underground produces

BLINDNESS AND AGUE.

Paralysis follows if the work is persisted in, and not infrequently loss of reason. In lead, copper, and quick-silver mines the results are even more disastrous. Mineral poison becomes injected into the system, and, besides originating blindness and paralysis, causes the teeth to fall out, while "copper canker," as it is called, eats into the flesh in precisely the same way as leprosy.

Even the baker runs endless risks in producing your daily loaf. First of all if he takes a naked candle into a room in which the flour dust is float-

ing, an explosion equal to dynamite in force will follow. Then there lurks in the flour a little microbe that eats into the teeth, causing them to break away at the roots, and attacking the drums of the ears brings on deafness, to say nothing of fanning the spark of consumption. The painter is poisoned or paralyzed through mixing paints owing to the large quantities of arsenic and whitelead they contain; and the jeweller is likely to suffer a similar fate from the most virulent of all solid poisons—diamond dust. Cataract and loss of sight are also common ailments with those who set jewels.

It is rarely that one comes across a veteran diver, or, if so, he has not been in the habit of diving to great depths. The first warning the deep-sea diver receives to the effect that the high pressure he has undergone is about to end his career is copious bleeding at the nose, accompanied by occasional fits of giddiness. From this two things may emanate; either total collapse of the nervous system and partial paralysis or diver's palsy, both, of course, causing the victim to become

A CONFIRMED INVALID.

Strange to say, exactly the same maladies attack steeple-jacks and all who work at a great height, while the 2,500 men who toil day by day in London sewers are apt to find themselves suddenly struck down by a malignant fever, which, if they recover, leaves them weak and decrepit for the rest of their lives, it being brought on by the poison the deadly sewer-gas instils into the blood.

It is generally believed that no healthier individuals exist than policemen and sailors, but this is a great mistake. Figures which the writer has authenticated prove that 30 per cent. of the police go into consumption, the result of our treacherous climate, and those who do survive are generally attacked in old age by acute bronchitis and asthma. Sailors alone are subject to a terrible disease known as scurvy, which either brings its victim to an early grave or renders them weak and often helpless for life. Moreover, the lack of shade during hot weather at sea and the brilliance of the sun upon the water impairs the sight, and in later years Jack may suddenly and without the slightest warning go completely blind.

ZEALOUS GUESSING.

Few of the struggles of life are more agonising than those of the schoolboy who has no idea of what is expected of him, but determines to do his best. His frantic efforts to meet the teacher's suggestions half-way are simply heroic.

A few days ago, the master of one of the elementary schools in Newbury was teaching his boys the composition of sentences, and said to them:

"If I ask you, 'What have I in my hand?' you must not answer 'Chalk,' but make a full sentence, and say, 'You have chalk in your hand.' Now we will go on. 'What have I on my feet?'"

Boots, came the immediate reply. Wrong, you haven't listened to my directions.

Stockings, ventured another heedless one.

Wrong again; worse than ever! wrathfully replied the master. Well? he continued interrogatively to a lad near him.

Please, sir—then he paused. Perhaps he thought that his answer might seem funny, but convinced that he was right, he recklessly gasped out: Corns!

OVERHEARD AT THE TAILOR'S.

Boy—Please will you give me some trouser patterns for mother to see? Shop-assistant—Certainly, what kind does your mother prefer?

Fcy—Oh, mother is not at all particular as to the patterns, so long as they are strong enough to hold up our creeper.

Indignation on the part of the assistant can better be imagined than described.

The United Kingdom produces 29 million oysters a year, France 300 million, and the United States 3,600 million.

IN CAMP AND HARBOUR.

NAVAL AND MILITARY NOTES OF THE BRITISH EMPIRE.

Condensed Paragraphs of Interest to Both Military and Civilian—How Tommy Atkins Fares in Different Countries.

The amount expended every year on the armies and navies of Europe is said to exceed £200,000,000.

The British soldier is in hospital an average of 18 days a year, the Austrian only 13, but the Russian 28 days.

The thickest armour on our new battleships, such as the London, is 12 inches. The Nile, built in 1858, has 20 inches.

According to an article in Engineering the new submarine boats, which are being built for the British navy, dive like porpoises, instead of sinking on an even keel.

It has been asserted that the only British regiment that marched into Sebastopol, at its capture, with band playing and colours flying was the 20th Foot—Lancashire Fusiliers.

Here's a comfortable way of doing sentry go. A contemporary informs its readers that in the Republic of Hayti the sentinels are provided with chairs in their sentry boxes, on which they can seat themselves during their turn of duty.

It is perhaps not generally known that 17,000 Russian troops were encamped in the County of Kent in the year 1799. They were to form part of that army which made such a disastrous campaign in Holland, under command of the Duke of York.

The appointment of Vice-Admiral Sir C. A. G. Bridge to be Commander-in-Chief of Her Majesty's ships and vessels on the China station, is officially announced to the Admiralty.

The War Office returns show that the total of British deaths in South Africa up to January 31st was 12,989, of which 7,793 died of disease, and only the comparatively small remainder of 5,196 from wounds received in action. More men were killed outright in the three days' battle at Gettysburg in the American civil war than have died on all the battlefields of South Africa in sixteen months.

By the laws made centuries ago, and which have been in existence in some form or another ever since, the reigning monarch is supreme lord of both the army and navy, for both institutions are considered to be his own, and are really supposed to be paid by him.

SUNDAY GOODS TRAINS TO LONDON.

Mr. C. E. Stratton, in a history of the English Midland Railway just published, tells why goods trains are run on Sundays. The heavy fast goods trains composed of covered vans or waggons sheathed over, which may be seen making their way up to London on Sunday, consist almost entirely of perishable food traffic, such as fish, meat, milk, fruit, game, eggs, butter, bread, and the like. London with its five millions of people has practically no reserve of food on hand. If it were possible for one Sunday to stop these trains running for twenty-four hours the results would be that on Sunday and Monday morning the people of London would be starving. The exact total value of the food carried by all the lines into London on Sunday is very great, and taking that over the Midland only, it is worth about £30,000 each Sunday.

The War Office has decided to publish an official history of the war, Dr. Robertson Nicoll, in the current number of the British Weekly, states that the work has been entrusted to Lieut.-Colonel G. F. R. Henderson. There are to be at least six volumes, and perhaps seven, each of about 450 pages.

MR. GAGNON BETTER.

Prominent Quebec Gentleman is Cured of Kidney Disease.

Followed the Advice of an Advertisement, and Secured Results so Satisfactory, that He has given His Own Testimonial for Publication.

Point Au Pic, Quebec, May 6.—Special.—Henry Gagnon is better.

This announcement will be hailed with pleasure by his many friends, who knew of his long illness.

For years, Mr. Gagnon has suffered with Kidney Complaint. What he has endured is beyond description. Everything he tried failed to cure him.

He had read many advertisements of how people were cured of Kidney Complaint by the use of Dodd's Kidney Pills, and at last determined to make one more try. Happily for Mr. Gagnon, he had at last found the sovereign remedy for all Kidney Complaints. Now he is well. He says:

"I have used Dodd's Kidney Pills, and although at first I had little faith, I am happy to say that now I am completely cured of Kidney Complaint. Dodd's Kidney Pills are a grand medicine, and I shall always recommend them to those who may be suffering as I was."

There have been many Kidney medicines offered for sale in this Province from time to time. Some have failed to even relieve, a few others have given temporary relief, but only one has cured permanently and completely every case of Kidney Trouble, and that one is Dodd's Kidney Pills.

There seems to be no case of Rheumatism, Lumbago, Sciatica, Kidney, Bladder, or Urinary Trouble, that this wonderful medicine will not immediately relieve and permanently cure, and Mr. Gagnon's wonderful restoration amply proves the truth of this statement.

Dodd's Kidney Pills are the only remedy known to Science that has ever cured Bright's Disease, Diabetes or Dropsy.

EASTERN POSTMEN.

Means Adopted in the Far East for Carrying the Mail.

Among the most picturesque postmen of the world are the "Camel Express Messengers" of Bokhara. The men wear a serviceable red uniform, and a large green turban, embroidered with gold thread. From their girdle hangs a curved sabre in a red sheath. The camels are adorned with trappings of gay cloth and tassels, ornamented with blue heads and cowrie-shells, and with small brass bells round their neck, to give notice of their approach. The rough and rapid trotting of these animals, sometimes at the rate of eighty miles a day, is so trying to the riders, as to shorten their lives.

If you were in Japan, you would see lithe, wiry runners, darting here and there among the crowd. Everybody gives way before them, for they are the postmen of the empire. Their letters are carried in small baskets strapped to their sides.

Among the placid Chinese, hurry is a form of vulgar impatience, consequently very little is used in carrying the letters in that great empire. They are content to convey all ordinary communications either by slow paddling or poling boats, or else by foot-runners, whose high-sounding title of "the-thousand-mile-horse" does not quicken their pace beyond twelve miles in twenty-four hours. They carry a paper lantern and a paper umbrella, and their letter-bag is secured to the back by a cloth knotted across the chest.

A SHORT ORDER.

Threadbare Tommy—I ordered a suit of clothes ter-day.

Hungry Hank, in amazement—Yer did?

Threadbare Tommy—Sure! But when de lady called her bulldog I decided ter cancel de order, before de dog gimme a fit.

FRAGRANT SOZODONT

a perfect liquid dentifrice for the
Teeth and Mouth

New Size SOZODONT LIQUID, 25c
SOZODONT TOOTH POWDER, 25c
Large LIQUID and POWDER, 75c **25c**

At all Stores, or by Mail for the price.
HALL & RUCKEL, Montreal.

AN ARTIST OF THE LIPS.

An English Exhibitor Who Has Been
Aristocrat Since His Eighth Year.

Fireworks and fancy jewellery seem in the popular mind, to be more closely associated with the Crystal Palace than Art with a big A; yet just at present there is a little studio in the South Nave with a suspicion of Aubrey Beardsley and a decided atmosphere of William Morris; says the London Express.

Artistic wall paper designs, designs for dainty fans, wonderful little water-colors, and striking line drawings are on the walls, whilst the young and handsome artist busily paints by means of his—mouth.

Mr. Bartram Hiles was born in Bristol, and was deprived, at the age of eight years, of both his arms through an accident. Before this catastrophe he had developed a strong passion for drawing—so strong that the loss of his arms in no way diminished his ambition to become an artist. Working with courage and enthusiasm, he obtained a "first-class excellent" in the second grade for freehand (?) drawing within two years of his accident.

At the age of 16 Mr. Hiles exhibited a study in water colors at the Bristol Fine Art Academy, and his career as an artist was fairly begun. But it took him upward of six years to obtain complete mastery over the muscles of his mouth; yet time and practice made him more expert than ever in freedom and touch.

The young artist has exhibited at the Royal Society of Bristol Artists, the Dudley Gallery, etc., "very nearly," he said smilingly, "at the Royal Academy," and where Mr. Hiles' pictures were accepted it was entirely on their own merits, the hanging committee being quite ignorant of the method used.

Definitely a brush was picked up, colour mixed and applied with an exquisite touch, by means of the painter's mouth; and even as one representative looked on a rustic child grew suddenly out of black and white, watching the setting sun.

The artist's delight in his work, and his breezy cheery manner, seem to cast one's pity back; the man who has conquered, nobly and patiently, so many and terrible difficulties, asks for appreciation of his work from the common ground of Art rather than from pity for the misfortune which he has so wonderfully overcome.

SOZODONT for the TEETH 25c

The new warrant constituting a Royal Garrison Regiment mainly appeals to non-commissioned officers and men of the Royal Reserve battalions. Its object is to induce seasoned soldiers up to forty years of age to enlist upon certain favourable terms as to bounty pay and pension, for the specific duty of garrisoning our Mediterranean and other non-tropical stations. The idea obviously is that if a special force of this character can be constituted, a considerable number of the ordinary infantry battalions, at present engaged on work of that character, would be relieved of it, and become available for active service in their own proper sphere.

NOT ESTABLISHED.

Before I register, said the rural guest, I would like to know a few facts about this hotel. Did anybody ever blow out the gas here?

No, responded the clerk; I am glad to say that no one ever did. Anybody ever try to hang themselves with a sheet?

No, sir. And nobody ever tumbled out of the window?

Never! You can register now and feel satisfied.

I reckon not, young fellow. If you never had any case like that this must be a new hotel. I only stop at old-established ones.

PLAUSIBLE.

Little Johnny—Aunt Julia, what makes those funny spots on your face?

Aunt Julia, who is very freckled,—I believe it's because I have so much iron in my blood, it is only when I have been out in wet weather though, that they are noticeable.

Little Johnny—Oh, yes; I know. You go out in wet weather, and the iron in your blood gets rusted.

Port Mulgrave, June 5, 1897.

C. C. RICHARDS & Co.,

Dear Sirs,—MINARD'S LINIMENT is my remedy for colds, etc. It is the best liniment I have ever used.

MRS. JOSIAH HART.

By the will of the late Franklin H. Bishop of Russell, Mass., the State of Massachusetts is made his residuary legatee. The will reads: "As I have no relatives on whom I care to bestow my goods and estates, after the payment of my just debts and funeral expenses, I give all the residue of my estate to the Commonwealth of Massachusetts, to its sole use and behoof forever." The executor says that when the estate is settled the commonwealth will receive about \$7,000. Mr. Bishop was a prominent citizen of Russell and an ardent admirer of his State.

\$100 Reward, \$100.

The readers of this paper will be pleased to learn that there is at least one dreaded disease that science has been able to cure in all its stages and that is Catarrh. Hall's Catarrh Cure is the only positive cure now known to the medical fraternity. Catarrh being a constitutional disease, requires a constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system, thereby destroying the foundation of the disease, and giving the patient strength by building up the constitution and assisting nature in doing its work. The proprietors have so much faith in its curative powers, that they offer one Hundred Dollars for any case that it fails to cure. Send for list of testimonials.

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

STRANGE TRUE STORY.

At Painswick Churchyard, a pretty spot between Stroud and Gloucester, England, there are ninety-nine yew trees. The hundredth always dies, though it has been planted many times. A local story says that "when the hundredth lives after it has been planted, the world will come to an end."

Sydney, 10,120 miles from London as the crow flies, is the most distant large town from England.

Ireland lost 1,746,000 people by famine during the past century.

Advice to Old Maids—

Give your gentlemen friends good tea—
It is unnecessary to go to India for a
Non-Soon

Lead packets — All grocers —

AN UNHEARD OF THING

Is a change in the quality, or a complaint from a customer of

LUDELLA

CEYLON TEA

Lead Packages 25, 30, 40, 50 and 60 Cents

PAINT IT!



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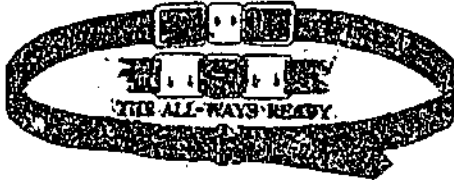
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The Mining Review.

SATURDAY, MAY 25, 1901.

HAS IT PAID?

Now that the mine owners, miners and business people in general have time on their hands, it would not be amiss if they would all take a quiet look over the mining legislation of the last three years, and ask themselves the question quietly "Has it paid?" While the price of lead is now low £12 s8 in England, about \$2.60 here, it has within the last six years been lower, and old miners in this vicinity have assured us they packed ore to Kaslo from here years ago when lead and silver were no higher than they are now, and if not at a profit certainly at no loss. There was then, however, the ten hour day in force when 20 per cent. more work was done by the men for the same outlay than is now done. This 20 per cent. was a very heavy offset against the low price of lead.

Without being asked for it by the men however, the basswood politicians who had no other qualifications to recommend them to the electors passed the law that gave the country its first black eye—a year of absolute idleness, when prices of lead and silver were both profitable.

The next black eye is a double tax on output with conditions already strained to their utmost, and all properties overburdened with a 20 per cent. increase in cost of output and other hampering circumstance. Next again follows increase in cost of locations, assessments, and threatened doubling of poll tax, all to discourage prospecting, finding new properties for the speculator and profitable work for the miner.

Three and four years ago before these vexatious enactments were enforced, capitalists and purchasers were coming in by the score, paying hotel bills, buying more or less goods and making deposits on purchases and options. The beneficent legislation of our basswood politicians has driven all these to other countries and other parts, and we get no more of the money that gave us those good times, and we put on our spy glasses and sigh for their return.

Instead of giving our surplus domain and cash to the prospectors to enable them to make expenditures and open up their claims, our basswood politicians have again handed them over to foreign railway charter mongers who are expending them in ease and luxury, and we get none of the returns.

Again we ask our mine owners, miners and business people to sit down in the cool shade of the leafy tree and ask themselves the question "Has this all paid?" It should teach them a lesson in politics, and induce them when elections wheel around again to give their confidence to men of more stamina—to men who pledge themselves to work for the growth of the country instead of legislating for the votes of men, but will they do it?

It is simply amusing to read the arguments put forth by a portion of the eastern press to show that eastern Canadians have lost money "mining" in this province. It is just as sensible for a man who has lost his all in the bucket shops of Chicago on the grain exchange, to say he was ruined by farming in Manitoba. The stock broker for purposes of personal gain runs up, or his friends run up, the stock of this, that or the other mine, and after it has

THIN CHILD

If a child is thin, let him take a little of Scott's emulsion of cod-liver oil.

Some children like it too well; begin with a little. A half- or quarter-teaspoonful is enough at first, if the stomach is weak; but increase, as you find the stomach will bear.

The effect is: the little one takes on strength; gets hungry; eats and is happy; gets fat—he ought to be fat—and gets healthy.

We'll send you a little to try if you like.
SCOTT & BOWNE, Chemists. Toronto.

gone out of sight, or beyond all that the practical results of the mine would warrant, down comes the price of stock and the dupe is swamped. He has then lost money in mining? He has lost it just as the card fiend loses in a game of Black Jack, and he should have just as many to sympathize with him. How many eastern men are there who came to this country personally, looked over properties, had a competent man measure the ore in sight, paid a price for it based on mark value, less the cost of mining, transport and such charges, and can truthfully say they lost money in mining? Or again, how many are there who bought several young properties at moderate upset prices, and after working them all can conclude they lost money on the full deal? We venture to say the number who can answer these two questions in the affirmative is very limited.

DR. PIERCE'S GOLDEN MEDICAL DISCOVERY

"I have been thinking of writing to you for some time," writes Mrs. W. D. Benson, of Maxton, Robeson Co., N. C., "to let you know what a wonderful thing Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery did for my little boy. He was taken with indigestion when he was a year and a half old, and he was under the doctor's treatment for five long years. We spent all we made for doctor's bills, and it did no good. He could not eat anything only a little milk and cracker, and sometimes even this would make him sick, and he got very weak; could not sit up all day, and I gave up all hope of his ever getting any better. Looking over one of your books I noticed Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery recommended for indigestion. We bought some and gave to our boy. Two bottles of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery cured him. He is well as can be, and can eat anything that he wants and it does not hurt him. He has not been sick a day since, and it has been three years since he took your medicine. I pray that God will always bless you and your medicine."

FOR DISEASES OF THE STOMACH BLOOD NERVES AND LUNGS

Of course, money is lost every day in stock jobbing, and will be in all such interests to the end of time; but the public must understand this is gambling and not mining.

John Houston, since he got into the House, is showing himself at the elbows every turn. In short, it is proof of the old saying "The higher up a monkey climbs, the more more he shows his tail." When the mine owners a short time ago began to import miners from the east to start up the mines, Houston denounced them in the most unmeasured language, to curry favor with the miners, whose votes he wanted a few weeks later. Now a mid-week half holiday has been conceded by some of the merchants in Nelson, to shorten the labors of their clerks, and Houston opposes it. The Nelson Clerks' Union say they require the recreation, as some of them work 11 hours a day and more. Houston retaliates by saying if the clerks don't like their long hours plenty of young men can be brought in from the east to take their places. What do the miners think of the consistency of their idol Houston? He is in parliament now and is not looking for votes.

The Bluestreak: THE MINING REVIEW man says that the Paysbreak favors dis-incorporation. That is a lie. Nothing ever contained in these columns could honestly be construed to mean anything of the kind.

It is never well to have one liar alone in any town; it is always better to have two. McAdams, what about that letter to Type and Press saying the Bluestreak "always" got \$1.00 per inch per month for advertising and "never" took less. The Review got its statement of the Bluestreak's favor for dis-incorporation from our exchanges, several of which put the same construction on the paragraph as we did. Probably they are all liars, and McAdams is alone in his house of truth.

It may be fitting now to advise the public the new council are in for a new departure. They are going to force collection of all taxes and revenues up to date, that is all real estate and other taxes due from 1900 and all licenses, &c., for the first half of this year. This is only right. It is unfair that the public should be compelled to pay interest on loans, and that employes should go without salaries while taxes remain unpaid from last year. It will require the utmost care and the best of financing to float this city through with the slender revenues at the command of the council, and all should do their best to pay up under the circumstances.

There were those who ridiculed the idea of sending that delegation to Ottawa to press for a bonus to a silver-lead refinery. Well, the upshot of it all is the government has introduced the measure, and in a few days it will become law. The amount to be voted may be less than the sum asked for, but it will be sufficient to meet the demands of the country for some time to come, and once refining has been commenced, it will give new life to the silver-lead mining in the country.

The owners of the Donnelly mine are very much elated over an important strike made on the property last week. The find was the result of crosscutting and the metal exposed is a large body of clean ore. Donnelly left the place too soon—some weeks before he might have risen to fame.

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Try Lethbridge Coal, then you will have the best and cheapest. This coal will make the hottest and brightest fires besides it is easily handled, as it is very clean. We have it for all kinds of grate.

E. A. Cameron

The Home

NEW AND PIQUANT SALADS.

An authority on cookery tells us that "a salad should be pleasing to the eye, delicious to the taste, artistic in combination of color, beautiful, and above all daintily served." Certainly, then, if all these be considered, no more attractive dish can be imagined with which to tempt the appetite on the warm days of spring and early summer. And how infinite is the variety of salads now compounded—those of fruit for breakfast and dessert, and of vegetables for dinner, as well as the heavier meat and fish salads suitable for luncheon or supper.

A salad in which celery plays an important part is generally popular, and the crisp white stalks are combined with many other edibles. For instance:

Nut and Celery Salad.—This is excellent and very dainty, served in green peppers, which have been scooped out. To 1 qt walnut, hickory-nut or even peanut meats, allow 3 pts finely cut celery and 1-2 pts mayonnaise. Place the nuts in a saucepan with 1 teaspoon salt, 1 small onion sliced and two bay leaves, if they can be procured. Cover with boiling water and cook 10 minutes. Skim out the nut meats and drop into ice water for half an hour. Then drain dry, sprinkle with salt and pepper and mix with the celery and dressing. Fill into the little pepper cups, putting 1 teaspoon mayonnaise on the top of each.

Russian Salad.—This is a mixture of vegetables, which may often be prepared of "left-overs." All or any of the following vegetables can be used. One-third cup each, of cold boiled carrots, cauliflower, beans, green peas, beets, turnips and potatoes, and 1 teaspoon finely chopped parsley. Separate the cauliflower into small sprigs and cut the carrots, beets, turnips and potatoes into dice. The beans and peas can, of course, be left whole. To brighten the colors, drop them into cold water as soon as cooked, when it is pretty to drain, dry and arrange them in order on a flat dish, alternating in rays of red, white and green from the centre formed of the heart of a small head of lettuce. Pour over all a French dressing and set on ice, so as to be very cold when served.

French Fruit Salad.—The ingredients are 2 oranges, 2 bananas, the meats of a dozen English walnuts, 1 head of lettuce and 1 cup mayonnaise. Peel, seed and divide the oranges into mouthfuls. Peel the bananas and cut in thin slices. Break the nuts quite small. Arrange the lettuce leaves on the serving plates and in each little green cup put alternate layers of the bananas and oranges. Dress with the mayonnaise and garnish with the nuts.

A BOY'S ROOM.

"Roy takes such a pride in his room and keeps it so orderly we must put fresh paper on the walls and give the woodwork a coat of paint," said his mother when talking over her house-cleaning plans for the spring.

This mother may not have guessed it, but she held the secret of her son's interest in his room. Keeping it freshened up and inviting looking as she does, he naturally takes pleasure in having it always in nice order.

Boys enjoy pretty things and conveniences as well as girls, but too often their room is scantily furnished that their sisters' room may be inviting and comfortable.

If a boy's room is dingy, uncarpeted and without decoration, of course, he will keep it cluttered up and untidy and will stay out of it as much as possible. But if he has a desk, where he can sit and study and keep his papers in neat order, a bookcase or a book shelf, where his schoolbooks and story books are

placed, pictures that he has fancied and cut out of papers and magazines put on the walls, his treasures collected from the woods and here and there arranged in convenient places, pretty curtains at the windows, an easy chair or two, his guitar, a lounge with a few pillows; if he has these comforts, and conveniences he will enjoy his room, invite his boy friends to join him there and will never be found, you may be sure, lounging on the street, because there is no place for him at home.

A boy's own room has a great influence on his character, and the neater and prettier it is the more refining the influence. Mothers who desire to make their boys happy and keep them in the safe shelter of the home will give special attention to their room when freshening and brightening up the rest of the house; will see, indeed, that it is made as pleasant and comfortable as possible.

HOUSECLEANING SUGGESTIONS.

Equal parts of fine salt and fine white sand, moistened with vinegar, will clean brass faucets.

If a lump of common washing soda is put into the sink over the drain down which the waste water passes and boiling water be poured over it at frequent intervals, it will thoroughly cleanse the pipe from grease and keep it from clogging up.

If a little ammonia is put into the warm soft water used for washing windows, and plenty of clean lintless cloths are used for polishing, the secret of beautifully shining windows is known.

See that every part of the cellar is perfectly clean and have it white-washed if possible. After your cellar is cleaned, if there is the least dampness, use unslacked lime, to absorb the moisture. Place a chunk here and there about the cellar. A good way to have a sweet cellar is to close the cellar and burn sulphur in it three or four times a year. A clean, dry cellar is essential to health.

Use raw linseed oil and benzine in the proportion of one teacup of benzine to a quart of oil, to oil hardwood floors. After rubbing it into the wood polish it smooth with a soft cloth.

To stain soft wood floors mix together a pint of boiled linseed oil, three-fourths pint of turpentine, three tablespoonfuls of raw umber and three tablespoonfuls of whiting. Try the color on a piece of plain board before using it on the floor. If too light, add a little more umber. If too dark, more oil and turpentine. Lay it on with a good sized brush making the strokes the way the grain runs. Apply it evenly. After a day or two rub with a soft woolen cloth. Then varnish the floor, adding half a pint of unboiled linseed oil to a quart of varnish.

A HANDY GARMENT.

If you have an old but good jersey jacket that you have outgrown, just cut off the collar, cut out the sleeves bind neatly and knit or crochet an edge for it, and you will have a handy garment for slipping on in the house, or to put on under some other garment. We should have said round the fronts, make the jacket just waist length, but don't get it too short in the back.

TOO CLASSIC FOR THEM.

A resident in a small suburban town had a visit from a German friend who knew very little English but played the violin well. One of this resident's neighbours gave a musical evening" and, of course, he and his visitor were invited. The German took his violin, and, when his turn came, he played one of his best pieces, from one of the great masters.

When he had finished there was an awkward silence and no applause. The people were still looking expectantly at the German who looked disappointed and flustered. The silence grew painful.

Finally the hostess, quite red in the face, edged over to the side of the German's friend.

"Can't you get him to?" she whispered.

"What do you mean?"

"Why, now that he's got tuned up, isn't he going to play something?"

HOARDS OF GOLD.

Newfoundland Fishermen Have \$2,000,000 Stored Away.

It is estimated that fully \$2,000,000 in American gold is hoarded up in Placentia and Fortune bays on the south coast of Newfoundland. This money has been saved by the fisher folk and is hidden in the most unlikely places. Since the disastrous bank failures in 1894, which taught the fishermen a lesson about banks, every man into whose possession a bank-note, cheque or Government order comes hurries at once to exchange it for a Yankee eagle, and this is as hurriedly put away with the secret hoard, which in some cases amounts to thousands of dollars.

In Placentia Bay most of this money is obtained through the frozen-herring fishery, which is prosecuted during January, February and March. Every American captain brings from \$2,000 to \$3,000 in gold with him when he comes after frozen-herring. Of all this stream of gold comparatively little finds its way out of the district. In many cases men seemingly but ill-supplied with the world's goods, have been known to produce \$2,000 and \$2,500 for the purchase of a schooner or fishing property, paying down the money in every instance in United States coins.

In Fortune Bay the gold is obtained by the sale of herring for bait during the summer months. All the American vessels frequenting the Grand Banks in quest of cod have to come into the shore for this bait, without which it is impossible to secure the cod. Herring and ice in which to keep it fresh are chief items of outlay by the fishing vessels, and probably \$100,000 is spent in this way during the summer.

UTILIZING THE "AD."

Now, if you will show me where the burglars got into your shop, said the detective, I will see if I can find a clue.

In a moment, said the proprietor, I am working at something a little more important than hunting for a clue just now.

And while the detective waited, the merchant wrote as follows at his desk:

The burglar who broke into Katzenheffer's shop on the night of the 15th and carried away a silk hat, a pair of French calfskin boots, a fur-trimmed overcoat, a black broadcloth suit, and two suits of silk underwear, was a blackhearted villain and scoundrel, but a man whose judgment cannot be called into question. He knew where to go when he wanted the finest clothing the market afforded.

Jacob, he said to the book-keeper, send a copy of this to all the papers, and tell 'em I want it printed in big black type to occupy half a column to-morrow morning. Now, Mr. Hawkshaw, I am at your service.

REALISM.

Ethel—Yes, we played husband and wife. I kissed him and said he was the handsomest man in the world, and he said, Here's forty dollars, go and buy some gloves.

PERSONAL POINTERS.

Notes of Interest About Some of the Great People of the World.

All the eight ladies who acted as train-bearers to the Queen on her wedding day thirty-eight years ago, are still alive; all save one are married. The Lady Victoria Howard is the one exception.

The Crown Prince of Germany, when younger, did not at all like the idea of everybody being sinners. When his tutor told him that all men were sinners he said, "Is my papa then, a sinner?" On being answered in the affirmative, he exclaimed, with warmth, "But I am sure my mamma is not!"

Few even among his many friends remember that Sir Howard Vincent was at one time a practising barrister of considerable promise. Curiously enough, he was a fellow-law pupil of Sir Evelyn Wood, a still more eminent soldier-barrister. Sir Howard achieved the rare distinction of securing sixteen briefs the first time he went on circuit.

There is no more ardent admirer, among foreign Royalties, of England, and all things English than the Empress of Japan who, with her husband, has done so much to develop her country on Western lines. The Empress, who has been married thirty years and has a family of five children, is still as essentially young and vigorous as any of them. Every day she spends an hour in her private gymnasium in the palace at Tokio, and she is said to be one of the most skilful horsewomen in Japan.

M. Benjamin Constant, has been giving his impressions of Queen Alexandra as a sifter. "Your Queen," he told an interviewer, "can never grow old; she has perennial youth and perpetual beauty. Ah, what a Sovereign!" And then, with a great laugh, he added, "Sometimes, when I visited Buckingham Palace, she kept me waiting for a quarter of an hour, and I was glad of it, for her apology was so charming and her manner so delightful that I could never have had the heart even to look cross."

Literary people are evidently not in need of holidays, so long as they have pens, ink, and paper, and access to a library, they can write their books anywhere, and many choose to write them in the quiet seclusion of a country house. Mr. Rider Haggard enjoys the seclusion of a Norfolk farm, Mr. George Meredith leads a reclusive life among the Surrey hills, Mr. G. A. Henty writes all his boys' books on board his 80-ton yacht, and Dr. Gordon Stables has for his study a gipsy caravan in which he wanders at will for a half of every year.

"The public are very fond of offering me advice," Gen. French told an interviewer. "One fellow wrote, 'Why don't you collar their horses?' And then I also have my little correspondents who take me after their own fashion. 'My dear French,' came from a Rugby boy, 'I want you to send me your signature, but mind you don't let your secretary write it,' and a little girl, expressing herself as very wishful to see me back in London, pointed out an immense number of ink crosses she had traced on the paper, and said she hoped I would take them for kisses."

CEYLON AND INDIA TEA, GREEN OR BLACK. JUST A WORD OR TWO

from your brother colonists, the Tea Planters of Ceylon and India. They ask you to try their machine-rolled tea and compare Japan with it. They know the comparison will be so odious that you will wonder why you ever drank JAPAN.

"SALADA"

Ceylon Teas are sold in sealed lead packets only, never in bulk. Black, Mixed or uncoloured Ceylon Green. Sample on application. Address "SALADA," Toronto.

"Purple Violets."

"Arrah, Masther Gerald, but it's a grate day for Ireland that sees ye home in the ould place agin!"

Colonel Desmond smiled at his old gardener's fervency.

"Thank you, Casey. By Jove!"—glancing round the quaint, straggling garden—"it is good, to be home in old Ireland again. Seven years' roasting in India makes a man appreciate his own country with a vengeance."

"But look at that, now!" cried Casey admiringly. "And to think it's seven long years since ye put yer foot in this ould garden! And is it thrue, Masther Gerald, you've been fightin' the blacks iver since? Micky Milligan, who reads the paper reg'lar, sez the Queen sent you a goold cross, she was that plazed at the way you knocked the devil out of the bay-thens!"

"Not a gold one," laughed his master. "It's one made of gunmetal, but not all the coin in the realm could buy it, Casey. And now tell me all the news. I see"—glancing around—"you've looked after the old place thoroughly during my absence."

"Thank ye, Masther Gerald," said Casey, beaming with pleasure. "Me an' the ould woman's done our best be Coolager since the day ye shut it up and wint abroad to fight. As for the news, the devil a scrap of change there's been hereabouts, save and except the killin' of the one-eyed fox in Kelly's wood the saison afther you left, and the death of Owen Molloy, the schoolmaster, six months ago."

"And the rectory people—how are they?" queried Colonel Desmond, with the faintest flush of colour on his forehead.

"Musha, they're all thrivin'," replied Casey, with a covert glance at his master. "Of coorse, the rector himself gets an odd twinge of gout, but that's natural enough in a man of his age. As for Miss Cynthia, she's the swatest lady in all Ireland! You'll be afther seein' hur yerself, Masther Gerald, in a few minits. She comes over to me ivery mornin' for a poey of —"

"Miss Cynthia!" interrupted the colonel, with a start. "Why—why, I thought she was to have married Mr. Harvey!"

"Lord bless you, no, sir! Miss Cynthia will never marry—leastways," he added confidentially, "not unless she gets the man she's been atin' her heart out about this many a year!"

"And who may that lucky individual be, Casey?" asked Colonel Desmond, with the faintest touch of bitterness in his voice.

Casey shuffled uncomfortably.

"Arrah! sure it's not for the likes of me to be discussin' the gintry," he began insinuatingly; "but they do say in the village that he wint off to the wars sivin—Begorra, Masther Gerald, he wint somewhere about the same time as you wint yerself!" "They talk awful rot in the village," was Colonel Desmond's emphatic comment, as he turned away impatiently, and walked down a side alley.

From the farther end of the alley he could see a wide sweep of meadowland, with a house or two peeping from out some distant woods.

"So she never married Harvey, afther all!" he muttered. "I wonder—I wonder why? Confound it!"—he broke off angrily—"am I never to get rid of that confounded episode? Seven years, and I haven't forgotten. Seven years since she—since she sent me about my business," he concluded bitterly, "and I haven't had the decency to forget!"

For some moments he stared straight across the soft sweep of meadowland.

Memory pulled back the hands of the "clock" seven years, and in his dream he looked on life with eyes that never would, in reality, look the same again. Life was such a good thing in those dear old far-off days—so good, that not all the bitter disappointment and reckless danger of seven years' had rubbed one hour from off the slate of his memory.

But what a fool he had been! She had fooled him—led him on, played with him as a cat plays with a mouse, and then—It is the way of women to sacrifice men's hearts to their vanity. But she might have spared him, because—well, because, after all, he had loved her ever since she had been a long-legged kiddie in short frocks. That was years before Harvey had appeared upon the scene, with his pushing insistence, and knack of dangling around her wherever she went.

He had always believed in Cynthia, in whose cause he had first learnt the art of battle. It was like losing his faith in God when he lost faith in Cynthia.

He remembered the anguish of jealousy that had prompted him to write that last letter—the letter whose answer was to finally settle his hopes and fears. Every phrase of that fateful missive had burnt itself into his brain for ever. His reproaches, his burning love and passionate jealousy, all passed before him now, like the ghosts of a play. And then there blazed out before him, in letters of flame, the closing words—the words that demanded her final decision.

"I am sending this note by Casey," they ran, "who will also give you a bunch of violets. Should you wear the latter at dinner to-night, I will know at once, and for all time, that you love me; if not, I will never bother you again!"

That was all—an ill-written note and a bunch of violets; but they were the last chapter in a man's tragedy.

II.

He had ordered Casey to gather a bunch of white violets—white violets were her favourite flower—and deliver them with the letter to Miss Cynthia without delay.

That was in the afternoon. In the evening his fate was decided. At dinner she wore a bunch of purple violets.

Looking backward now, Colonel Desmond knew that of all the battles he had been through in his time, the one he had fought with himself that ill-starred night was the hardest, and the victory the most creditable he had ever won. He had taken his leave like a gentleman, and a week later sailed for India on active service.

That was seven years ago now; and the years blunt our sorrows wonderfully; but he had never forgotten the white violets, nor Cynthia.

Presently the colonel retraced his footsteps.

"Casey," he said, "is the bed of white violets by the south wall still in existence?"

The gardener scratched his head.

"Lord, no, Masther Gerald!" he said. "A blight seemed to come over them soon afther you left, and the devil a stem in the bed but died!"

"Ah! Like dreams, Casey," said the colonel. "Violets die quickly."

"Shure, sir," agreed Casey vaguely; "but the other wans—you remember the bed of double purple wans be the ould greenhouse—"

Desmond nodded.

"Well, though it's meself that says it," continued Casey proudly, "they're as bright and bloomin' as the day you told me to pull a bunch and take them across with the letter to Miss Cynthia! Will ye come and have a look at them, Masther Gerald?"

"I am afraid, Casey," said Colonel Desmond, smiling, as he followed the old gardener, "your memory is playing you a trick. They were white violets I told you to take to Miss Cynthia that day. I have every reason for remembering."

"Bless your soul, no, Masther Gerald!" replied Casey confidently, as they stopped opposite a bed of rich purple violets. "They waur the double purples. These is the very wans at out feet. I remember it as well as if it waur only yesterday. Ye called me up to the verandy. 'Casey,' sez you, 'take this letter, along wid a bunch of violets, across to Miss Cynthia at wunee. And, Casey,' sez you, 'it's to be a big bunch—remember, a big bunch.' Yez may have ged white,

but the devil a bit of me heard, so I tuk her a darlin' bunch av the double purples," and," continued Casey, too interested in his narrative to notice his master's white face—and I'm goin' to tell ye a saycret, sir. The devil a flower Miss Cynthia has ever worn from that day to this but purple violets!"

But Casey's information appeared to pass unnoticed. The colonel never spoke, only stared across the sunny meadows to where a spiral wreath of blue smoke crept upward through the distant woods. So that was the explanation of Cynthia's purple violets. Poor Cynthia! She had loved him, after all. And he—what had he done to her? He turned on Casey. A savage desire to choke the life out of this soft-hearted idiot, who had well-nigh ruined two lives, swept through him. Then the man in him triumphed. He fought down the passion bravely. What was done, was done, without hope of redemption. "For all the world as if he'd seen a ghost," Casey told a crony long afterwards.

"She kem over here wan day afther ye'd gone abroad, sir," resumed the loquacious Casey, at length, "and axed me if I'd let her have a bunch av the double purples ivery mornin' while they waur in saison, which was quare, seein' they have the best flowers on the countryside in the rectory garden. I reminded her av that," continued Casey, "but she only smiled a bit sorrowful like, and sed she'd rather have the wans that grew here. She called them a quare name—sed they waur her romance, or somethin' like that—but the devil a name I've iver heard them called meself but purple violets!"

"And you always let her have them?" asked the colonel slowly. His face was very white.

"Av coorse, Masther Gerald!" assented Casey insinuatingly. "I know if ye waur at home yerself ye'd let Miss Cynthia have the sowel out of yer own body if she axed it. So ivery mornin' she comes over about this time, and — Begorra! here she is herself!" broke off Casey suddenly.

"And if ye don't mind, Masther Gerald, I'll go and look at the roses."

She came along the wide, gravelled path, with all her old grace and dignity; and Colonel Desmond, as he watched her, thanked God he had loved and waited even seven years.

Her eyes were fixed on the ground, as if she were lost in thought, and she had drawn quite near before she looked up. Then he went towards her.

"Cynthia!" he said.

A flush of color suddenly swept through her face, and as suddenly receded again, leaving her deadly pale.

"You?" she cried, recovering herself, with a brave effort. "I—never heard you had come home."

"No," he said, gently, taking her hand. "I came home last night quite suddenly. Only yourself and Casey know I am in Ireland. I never meant to have come home again," he went on; "but Fate seems to have forced my footsteps back to your side again. Oh, Cynthia, Cynthia," he cried, "forgive me! I made an awful mistake that night seven years ago!"

Then, with one hand tightly clasped in his, he explained Casey's mistake—the mistake that had swallowed up seven years of their happiness, and well-nigh wrecked their lives.

"I could stake my life that I told him the violets were to be white," he concluded; "and when you came into dinner wearing purple, I—Well, afther that, nothing mattered much." He broke off thickly.

Her eyes suddenly filled with tears. "It nearly broke my heart," she said softly.

"Oh, Cynthia, Cynthia," he cried, his clasp on her hand tightening, "what a heartless brute you must have thought me! Try to think of what I did a little gently. And—and will you let me try to atone for the wrong I did you in the past? Let me try to win back a little of the old love—only a little."

She suddenly stooped down, and pulled some of the violets growing at their feet. As she pinned them in his coat, her eyes met his.

"For seven years," she said, "I've never worn any flowers but these!"

AFTER THE PARADE.

Mrs. Casey, admiringly—Faith, yer appayrence must hev attracted attention an' gev rise to raymar-rk! Casey—it did! Oi licked the mon in less nor foive minites!

RICH, RED BLOOD

ABSOLUTELY NECESSARY TO HEALTH AND STRENGTH.

Through the Blood Every Organ, Every Nerve and Every Tissue in the Body is Nourished—If the Blood is Impure Disease Takes Possession of the System.

If you want to be well take care of the blood. The blood is aptly termed the vital fluid, and it is through it that every organ and every tissue of the body is nourished. If the blood becomes impoverished, the entire system is in danger of a breakdown, and what is termed anaemia, general debility, or even consumption may be the result. Prudent people occasionally take a tonic for the purpose of keeping the blood pure, but the unwell are those to whom this article is chiefly valuable, as it will point out an easy and speedy means to renewed health. Mrs. Joseph Herbert, who keeps a grocery at the corner of St. Germain and Hermeine streets, St. Sauveur, Que., tells the following story of broken health and renewed vigor: "I suffered for many months, said Mrs. Herbert, 'from an impoverished condition of the blood, coupled with extreme nervousness. I was very pale and felt languid and indisposed to exertion. A dizzy sensation on arising quickly from a chair, or coming down stairs, often troubled me. The least exercise would leave me almost out of breath, and my heart would palpitate violently, while at other times I would feel a smothering sensation. Often my face and arms would swell and puff and the arms became almost useless. I doctored more or less for the trouble, but did not get any real benefit until I began the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. I had been using the pills only a few weeks when I found myself growing stronger and better in every way. I continued taking the pills for nearly three months—for I was determined the cure would be thorough—but sometime before I discontinued using them I felt in better health than I had enjoyed for years before. My sleep is now healthful and refreshing, my appetite excellent, and I feel equal to almost any exertion. I feel that I owe all this to Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and it will always give me pleasure to recommend them."

It is the mission of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills to make rich, red blood, nourish the nerves, tissues and various organs of the body, and thus by reaching the root of the trouble drive disease from the system. Other medicines act only upon the symptoms of the disease, and when such medicines are discontinued the trouble returns—often in an aggravated form. If you want health and strength be sure you get the genuine with the full name "Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People" on the wrapper around every box. If your dealer cannot supply you the pills will be sent post paid at 50 cents a box, or six boxes for \$2.50, by addressing the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

Lord Salisbury speaks best when he rests his elbow on something. In the House of Lords he usually finds the support he needs in two or three books placed one above the other. Somebody one day removed one of these, it was some book of reference, and Lord Salisbury missed it immediately. His eloquence was checked, he floundered in his speech, and did not resume it until the book was returned. On another occasion at his own house, where there was a political meeting, he began to speak rather lamely and after considerable hesitation he walked across his drawing room to where there was a rather high fire screen. He got inside this, with his back to the fire, and facing his audience, with his elbow on the screen, proceeded to make a most eloquent harangue.

MINES AND MINING.

There are thirteen men at work on the Utica, Paddy's Peak.

Some of the hands of the American Boy are laid off for a time because of surface water.

It is not unlikely the passing of the refinery bonus by the Federal government will at once renew activity in the Slocan.

Some 400 men are laid off at the Northport smelter and the Le Roi mine because of a grudge against the foreman of the smelter.

Mr. Hughes says the Idaho will commence shipping about the first of July, when wagoning becomes good enough to keep the concentrator going.

The second payment has been made on the Mountain Con, and work will be resumed on the property, under new management, as soon as the snow disappears.

The Payne people are dickering with the K. & S. for a block of land a mile or so out of town on which to locate a compressor plant they now find to be required.

It is expected the Miner-Graves syndicate will operate the Rockland Group on an extensive scale shortly. This property is a gold-copper proposition carrying good values.

Geo. Ransom expects to have the Sovereign opened up in about two week's time. At present the roads and trails will be repaired so as to have them in good shape for traffic. He will put a few men to work on the Madison at development work.

A Curious Find.

The New York Engineering and Mining Journal last week published a paper on "A Curious Copper Deposit in Chile," in the course of which the following occurs: "It may be interesting to note that a few months ago the body of an Indian was found in one of the workings. He had been killed by a fall from the roof, while engaged in collecting atacamite in a small basket, which was still in his hand, his stone implements being found alongside. The body is in a perfect state of preservation, evidently due to impregnation of the tissues by copper salts, as well as to the antiseptic action of the exceedingly dry climate. As these mines were apparently quite unknown to the early Spanish colonists, it is to be inferred that the body is of considerable antiquity; this is corroborated by the style of dress (a waistcloth and two anklets) and by the stone tools used. The local belief is that it dates from before the time of the Spanish occupation, say 1600, A. D. I see no reason to consider this improbable."

While eight or ten men were sitting in a hotel at Midway one evening last week, two masked men entered with six shooters. One asked for all to hold up, which was readily granted, and the other relieved two of the men of \$550, giving a first thought to the pockets in which the wallets were found. The country is being searched for the robbers, but so far there is no trace of them.

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Certificate of Improvements.

NOTICE:—Erie Mineral Claim, situate in the Slocan Mining Division of West Kootenay District.

Where located: On R. E. Lee mountain, adjoining the Minneapolis claim.

Take notice that I, P. M. Hayes, acting as agent for the Erie Mining & Milling Company, Limited, of Sandon, Free Miner's Certificate No. B 21621, intend, sixty days from the date hereof, to apply to the Mining Recorder for a Certificate of Improvements, for the purpose of obtaining a Crown Grant of the above claim.

And further take notice that action, under section 37, must be commenced before the issuance of such Certificate of Improvements. Dated this 5th day of March, 1901.

P. M. HAYES

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TENT AND AWNING

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