The Mining Review.

VOL. 3. NO. 24. SANDON, B. C., SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 18, 1899. FIVE CENTS.

TYRANNY VS. LIBERTY.

And Not Capital Vs. Labor, as Some Are Putting It.

An exchange speaks of the struggle between capital and labor in the Slocan. There is no such difficulty, but there is one between tyranny and liberty. Had the owners said to the men we were paying you $3 50 for what was in reality nine hours' work all around, with which you were thoroughly satisfied, and we now intend either to reduce the wages or increase the hours; and the men refused either change, it would then be a struggle between capital and labor; but there is nothing of the kind in it.

The owners say as before "We are willing to pay you the wages that gave you full satisfaction last winter and board you at the same figures;" but the law steps in and says, "That cannot be allowed. The miners who work underground are the Israel of British Columbia, the especially chosen because they have a great many votes the government wants to secure. They were incapable of knowing what was best for themselves, or of acting in their own behalf. They are now wards of the state, and the government will look after them. The government does not care a straw for the miners who work on the surface, for railroad men who work in tunnels, for carpenters, or masons or farm servants—they are not numerous and have not many votes." This we call rank tyranny, and it is this the owners are combating. They want to be free and have the miners free to make the terms most suitable to both—as a merchant hires a clerk, or a farmer his help. As the law stands, this, we repeat, is a struggle between liberty and tyranny. If there is any more suitable name for it, we would like to hear it. If both parties were free, The Review would not interfere—it simply contends for freedom—the liberty of the subject.

FOR DISTRIBUTING BILLS.

A Labor Union Representative From Sandon, B.C., Arrested.

Angus McDonald, a representative of the miners' union at Sandon, B. C., was arrested yesterday morning by Officer Milliken on the charge of distributing bills on the street without a license. There is a strike on among the miners at Sandon, and the miners claim the companies there have been at work in this city attempting to induce men to go to Sandon to take the places of the strikers.

McDonald was sent to this city to counteract the efforts of the company in securing men. He had some "dodgers" printed advising miners not to go to Sandon, and it was for distributing these that he was arrested. He will be tried before Judge Cann today.—Seattle P.I., November 10.

How It Is Done.

The marvel of the age, the great Australian salesman and his company of 15 artistes," which, by the way, composed himself and another juggler, came to Sandon Monday night and plied his trade with a fair degree of success. His plan was to ask the audience to give him $10, $5, $2 and even $1 "for nothing" and trust to his magic to return them 100 fold. He gave some watches and chains and "a guarantee," and, of course, he will be here later on to make good his guarantee. What surprises most people is the eagerness with which some people like to be gulled, in short, fleeced is a more appropriate term. It is supposed they took in about $150. Now the average man knows, or ought to know, that strangers cannot travel for nothing, no matter how Christian-like they may be, and give the public bargains besides. These men paid $15 for hall and license, $5 a day at the hotel, $3 for advertising, $2 railway fare from the last town and say $10 for their own time. This $35 and the cost of the goods they give away had to come out of the $150 before the public could get anything. While it is possible then that a few got the worth of their money, the bulk of those who put up must have scratched sore heads the next day. But there is no use in telling the public that no one can sell goods as cheap as the resident dealer, who carries a stock and is saved all the expenses a travelling man has to bear, for if another Peter Funks and his "15 artistes" come along tomorrow with another "marvel of the age" they will bite again and again, only to find the hook when they come to count their gains. Ask some of these people to give their spending money to something deserving in the place, and you will be laughed at. Some say that such "showmen" ought to be debarred from coming to the country; but we say emphatically "No." They spend money at the hotels, rent halls, pay licenses, from which the public derive some benefit, even if the money does come out of those who are gulled. As long as the public like to be gulled, let them be gulled, there appears to be no help for it.

PERSONAL MENTION.

Mr. H. P. Alexander has been spending some days in Alberta.

Miss Moore, of Kaslo, visited with her sister here on Saturday and Sunday last.

Rev and Mrs. Wood, of Kaslo, made a short visit at the parsonage this week.

Miss McQueen, late of the telegraph office here, is removing from Kaslo to Columbia.

Miss Vallance left this morning, via C. P. R., for Vancouver, where she will spend the winter.

F. A. Wood has been away in the west for a couple of weeks or more. He is expected back now any day.

W. Godfrey, manager of the Bank of B. C., Vancouver, and W. T. Oliver, of the same institution at Rossland, were in the city this week.

The public will, one and all, regret to learn that the Rev. J. A. Cleland has finally decided to leave British Columbia and settle in Oregon, where he has a unanimous call from a large congregation. It will, however, be a couple of weeks before his departure.

Mr. Stratton, who has held the position of manager and bookkeeper at the Reco hotel for about a year, with Mrs. Stratton, left this week for a new field of labor. He is a steady, reliable, accommodating man, satisfactory alike to guests and proprietors, and his numerous friends here will always be pleased to hear of his continued prosperity.

Guests at the Reco.

J. W. Bauer, Rossland.
W. T. Oliver, Rossland.
E. Rammelmeyer, Silverton.
J. J. Moore, Silverton.
E. A. Patterson, Silverton.
J. Scott, Montreal.
A. W. Smith, Montreal.
W. S. Drewry, New Denver.
J. K. Clark, wife and daughter, New Denver.
W. H. Sandiford, New Denver.
G. H. Aylard, New Denver.
P. Chapman, Nelson.
B. C. Riblett, Nelson.
J. R. Robertson, Nelson.
W. T. Perkins, Nelson.
C. A. Waterman, Nelson.
A. S. Farwell, Nelson.
R. M. Glass, Granby.
J. W. Bengough, Toronto.
J. McDonald, Winnipeg.
M. B. Steel, Winnipeg.
Miss Moor, Kaslo.
W. N. Bragton, Kaslo.
W. H. Adams, Kaslo.
W. J. Twiss, Kaslo.
Geo. Alexander, Kaslo.
Harry H. Watson, Vancouver.
T. Cloustan, Vancouver.
J. Buscombe, Vancouver.
J. E. Edwards, Vancouver.
B. Herbert, Vancouver.
W. Godfrey, Vancouver.
W. E. McCormack, Vancouver.
G. L. Williams, Spokane.
A. A. Young, Spokane.
J. J. Southcat, Victoria.
W. Gill, Victoria.
H. C. Barton, Victoria.
H. Chapman, Victoria.
F. W. Gadsoil, Pincher Creek.

Whitewater Ore Shipments.

The following is a statement of ore shipped from this station for the week ending November 17:

Mine.	Tons.
Jackson	16
Whitewater	43
Total	59

NO GRIPE OR PAIN.

When you use those gentle acting little Laxa-Liver Pills. They cure constipation, biliousness, sick headache and dyspepsia and produce no weakening or sickening effects.

ST. ANDREW'S DEDICATED.

A Large Attendance at the Various Services and Entertainments.

Church circles generally have been very active in Sandon the past few days. For some time, because of unexpected delays, the date of the opening of the new Presbyterian church (St. Andrews) was uncertain, but when Sunday last was announced as the set day, preparations were hurried through with a rush. The finishing touches were put on, choir practices were held often, and the ladies and gentlemen, who had charge of other details, lost no time in hurrying them up. Accordingly on Sunday last, the building was formally dedicated by the Rev. R. Frew, of Nelson, moderator of the district, at the evening service. In the morning, the opening service, the Rev. A. M. Sanford, pastor of the Methodist church, preached an excellent sermon from the texts: 2nd Cor. 2: 7—"Send me now therefore a man cunning to work," and 1st Cor. 3: 10—"As a wise master-builder I have laid the foundation and another buildeth thereon." The Rev. R Frew then conducted the communion service. In the afternoon a children's service was held, the Rev. Frew giving a practical discourse on "Prayer," which was followed by a baptismal service performed by the Rev. Cleland. In the evening Rev. Frew preached one of his able sermons to an audience of quite 200 persons.

It devolved on the pastor, the Rev. J. A. Cleland, towards the close, to offer the usual thanks on such occassions, and he did it most gracefully, saying there was scarcely a person in town, irrespective of denomination, who had not in some way or other contributed towards the cost of the building. The three collections of the day amounted to $141. Among the thanks tendered was an illuminated card, in a neat oak frame to, Mr. Harris for the assistance he had given the congregation in various ways—in the free use of Virginia hall, so long, site of present hall, in free lights, etc. The religious denominations of the city irrespective of name have every right to thank Mr. Mr. Harris for his assistance to all in various ways from time to time.—Ed. Review.]

DESCRIPTIVE.

The site is at the K. & S. crossing of Sunnyside wagon road. Being on a steep side hill a 13-foot basement is had, bringing the church floor level with the track and sidewalk. The basement (St Andrews hall) is, inside, 23 x 38. This is fitted up with a stage under the chancel, while at the front are rooms now used for kitchen, etc., which makes a convenient place for concerts and social gatherings. The exterior with its high roof and corner tower painted in light colors with dark sadings (the work of Messrs. Milne and Billadeau) is very striking and attractive. The tower, which is the main entrance, rises about 60 feet above the church floor, with a belfry at the top for a future bell. The interior is, of course, the most important and is certainly very tastily furnished, adding much to the beauty of the design. From the tower a lobby is reached opposite the aisle and pulpit, off which is the minister's vestry. Above these is the gallery, occupying the front of the church. In the rear, behind the large rostrum, is an 8-foot deep choir loft with waiting-room, the choir loft and rostrum carpeted in red, the aisle with matting. The auditorium is 23 x 48, 22-foot ceiling, and with gallery and choir gives a seating capacity of 175. The windows are of leaded glass, the front and rear ones of circular form, having St. George's cross in red lights. Altogether the building is well-appointed with the prettiest of shades and colorings and reflects much credit on the skill of the workmen and the architect, Mr. Balmain. The altar, pulpit chair and communion table are of solid oak beautifully carved. The chair, we are informed, was the gift of Mr. F. L. Christie, the pulpit that of Dr. Young (Vancouver) and the table that of Misses Crawford, Rawlings and Vallance, while through the latter the Hamilton Presbyterians donated a beautiful silver communion set. The building cost about $2,000 and stands almost clear of debt, raised by private subscriptions, collections, concerts etc., and shows that members must have worked hand in hand with the pastor with that end in view.

Not the least interesting feature of the occasion was the special choir of 14 voices, under the leadership of Mr. W. W. Fallows. Those of the church were assisted by Mrs. F. A. Wood, city; Mrs. Clarke and Mr. Smitheringale, of New Denver, and the members of the one-time Methodist choir, who unitedly and individually made music a delightful feature of the opening ceremonies.

On Monday evening a dinner was served in the basement of the building which was patronised by about 300 people as $159 was realized. This shows Catholics and Protestants were alike hungry on that occasion.

At 8:30 a concert was held in Virginia hall, which was attended by some 300 people contributing some $80 more towards the finances of the building committee.

The following was the program as rendered:

PART I.

1. Selection.....“Campania”, Sandon Brass Band.
2. Duet.....“Matrimonial Sweets” Mrs. Robinson and Mr. Ferguson.
3. Solo.....“Island of Dreams” Mr. Smitheringale.
4. Recitation.....Her Little Brother” Miss Katie Bernard.
5. Solo“Let Me Kiss Your Tears Away” Miss Florence Clarke.
6. Violin Solo.“Souvenir d'Athabasca” Mr. T. J. Barron.
7. Solo.....“Soldiers of the Queen” Mr. W. J. Twiss.
8. Reading...“The Irish Schoolmaster” Mr. Joe Henry.
9. Solo.....“Daddy” Mrs. J. K. Clarke.

PART II.

1. Solo.....“A Dream of Paradise” Mrs. Robinson.
2. Reading...“The Story of Some Bells” Miss Lou Hammond.
3. Solo.....“Bobolink” Mrs. F. A. Wood.
4. Solo.....“The Old Sexton” Mr. Gable.
5. Recitation—Selected. Miss Florence Clarke.
6. Solo—Selected. Mr. Joe Haney.
7. Solo.....“My Susie Anna” Mr. Smitheringale.
8. Selection.....“A Hot Radiator” Sandon Brass Band.

"God Save the Queen."

Accompanists: Mrs. Funk, Miss Hammond and Mr Fallows.

Most of the numbers were encored showing that the entire program was highly appreciated. The recitation of Katie Bernard, a precocious little Miss of 5 or 6 summers, brought down the house. Miss Florence Clarke also showed to excellent advantage in her song and recitation. Of the home talent we will say but little, as most of them are known to our readers as good entertainers in their respective ways. Miss Lou Hammond, probably for the first time before the public, won much praise. Mrs. Clarke (New Denver) gave evidence of having had considerable voice culture; Mr. Smitheringale, also of N. D., has a nice, mellow tenor of ordinary compass, while Mr. Twiss and Mr. Henry were deviations with good baritones. Mrs. Robinson (Whitewater) has a pleasant all around voice and sings in good style; but Mrs. Wood in "Bobolink" especially captivated the audience. It takes a cultured pure soprano voice to do that piece justice, and she did it completely.

The Presbyterians have a right to feel elated over their success, contributed to largely by all other denominations in the place.

Bengough Entertainment.

On Thursday evening Bengough, the wind-up of the church opening affairs, appeared in St. Andrews hall before a crowded house. Canada's great cartoonist is too well known to require much mention here, sufficient to say that he sustained his reputation as an able caricaturist. His rendering, in recitation, of the dialects was quite up to the standard, but for the entertainment might have been improved on. He is very versatile in his way, butit is hard for even a talented man of high merit to successfully entertain an audience alone, when they are looking for amusement. His local hits, in crayon, were good, though scarcely varied enough; but he no doubt struck the key-note in the audience when he put on paper Sandon's architect and his late production—the new church—with the words: "Mon! I'm prood o't."

TO CURE COLD IN ONE DAY.

Take LaxativeBromo Quinine Tablets. All druggists refund the money if it fails to cure. 25 cents.

MINES AND MINING.

The Wakefield concentrator is going ahead quite rapidly.

The Standard, above Cody, is likely to turn out a mine of great wealth.

The Torpedo, near New Denver, is showing a nice ledge of galena that assays 192 oz. silver.

Mr. Fallows is keeping quite a force of men on the Sovereign and Madison mines doing only development work, however.

The gooderham-Blackstock Company have bought several of the galena prepoerties around Moyie, and are organizing the strongest silver-lead company in the province.

It is said the Blue Bell, near Pilot Bay, will open up with about 75 men on the 1st of January, under the management of A. R. Brown. Preparations are being made to that end.

The Lucky Jim in October was working 40 men, about 15 in November up to Wednesday night, when it closed down pending a change in management. It is said there are 2000 tons of ore blocked out in the workings.

MINING RECORDS.

Recorded at New Denver.

LOCATIONS.

Nov 3—Night Hawk, nr Rosebery, J H McAuley.

4—Mother Hingly, McGuigan basin, J C Ryan.

6—Number One, Noble Five mt, J A Whittier. Number Two, same, same. Seattle Fraction, nr Bear Lake, N Flager. Nonpariel Fraction, same, W C McLean.

7—Central, Carpenter creek, G H Main. Black Hawk Fraction, Noble Five mt, F C Baker. Single Tax, nr Cody, J B Huey.

10—Sunset, Kaslo road, H Anderson. Four Mile, Four Mile creek, F Liebscher

ASSESSMENTS.

Nov 1—Speculator, Elk, Consolidated, Virginia. 2—Turris, Chambers, Wellington, Jay Gould, Eureka, L H C. 3—Far Away. 6—Edna Kate, No 3 Fraction. 8—Marco Polo, Drumlummon, Home Stake. 9—Rico. Royal City, Royal City Fraction, Texas Boy Fraction, all for 3 years. Chio. 10—Mikado Fraction, Alice, Sunrise No 6. 11—Concord, Boston. 12—Mollie.

TRANSFERS.

Oct 23—Oom Paul ¼, W H Brandon to C Kloffer, Oct 23.

Golden Chariot and Willard ¼, M E Bragdon to D F Burk, Sept 9.

Gibralter all, E M Quirk to W P Dickson, Oct 3.

Cliff Extension ½, P Daly to M R W Rathborne, Sept 20, $140.

Chicago No 2 1-16, F P O'Neil to B Goodwin, Oct 12, $1,125.

Cody and Joker Fractions 5-24, F H Lantz to John McQuillan, Oct 11.

27—Deception, Lone Star and Colonel Sellers ¼, L H 608-1000, W Hunter to J Tinling.

30—L D Fraction ¼, C Freeman to J Wilson.

Same ¼, same to L W Toms.

Cawnpore Fraction all, E Harrop to C Gates, Sept 26.

Iselin all, E M Sandilands to C H Thompson, Oct 16.

Mowitch all, A E Fauquier to J H Moran, Oct 30.

Nov 2—Rustler all, Frank Watson to W W Spink, July 4.

8—Tramp Planet all, C Dart to A S Farwell, Nov 6.

Brunswick 1-6, W H Robertson to H Wilson, Oct 21.

9—Chico ¼, James O'Brien to John Brinen, April 3, $50.

11—Mountain Scenery and Continual 1-6, J C Butler to H C Wheeler and F Liebscher, Oct 18.

Mineral King ¾, Mary McKay to J Sheridan, May 22.

13—Emma No 2 ¾, H D McDonald to T H Hoben, May 30.

Grand View all, J M Kelly to F T Kelly, Oct 3.

Willard 1-6 each, G M Willard and P Perkins to J G Gordon, Oct 4, $150.

Willard ½, J G Gordon to D F Barke, Nov 11.

POWER OF ATTORNEY.

Oct 23—M E Bragdon to James Bowes, July 19.

CERTIFICATE OF IMPROVEMENTS.

Oct 24—Centaur, Eagle Fraction, Midnight, Iron Clad, Emily Edith Fraction, Eagle, Irene Fraction.

28—St Charles.

That Student Girl.

A crotchety and contrary old chap was Dick Shellen, a rich old farmer, as stubborne as a mule. He had made his way in the world by the doggedest obstinacy—seizing hold of whatever came his way, and retaining hold, as though life depended upon it.

Shellen had one son—a handsome, clear-headed young man—straight as a young larch, tall and as tenacious in his way, when he chose to have one, as old Dick himself. This son, as he grew up, had proved a great assistance to his father in working the farm, and his services had been made the most of.

The old man managed to keep him at home with him some time after he ought to have been doing for himself. Not an acre of his father's possessions was ever called his son's; he owned nothing, save a horse, which some neighbor had given him when it was a sickly colt, and some sheep obtained in much the same manner; and the old man grudged him the keeping of these.

Shellen and his son differed often, but there were two points in which the difference amounted to something serious. The first point concerned education, for which the old man had the most profound contempt, and the son had not. There was a college some dozen miles from the Shellen farm, and thither—having thoroughly prepared himself in spite of fatherly thwarting and opposition—Henry betook himself, and by one contrivance and another, and helped by his mother's small marketing, kept himself there for several months.

The second point was not likely to be so easy of arrangement.

At college Henry had found something besides scholastic honors. He had chanced upon a very charming combination of curls and azure eyes, a red-lipped, dimpled-cheeked fairy, daughter of one of the professors who, instead of curving her dainty lip at the home-spun suit which his poverty and his father's niggardliness compelled him to wear, never seemed to be conscious of anything or anybody else when he was near.

In short, Henry had found some one to love, some one that he wanted to marry, as he gravely informed his father. You should have seen the old man's eyes; it was a mercy they were fast in their sockets. "Marry a girl student—it was ridiculous!"

"And pray what harm is there in being a girl student?" questioned Bertha Halmstead, when Henry told her, half laughing, half vexed, and altogether rueful; for without assistance from his father he could not marry her for a long time yet.

Henry laughed again, but with some embarrassment, saying, "My father is afraid that a daughter of Professor Halmstead would not make a very good farmer's wife."

"Does he think"—— Bertha hesitated, looking with smiling perplexity at her little white hands.

"That these pretty hands don't know much about baking, etc.? Exactly; I believe he thinks that."

"Then he thinks wrong," said Bertha, reddening and looking up at her lover with a comical little pout. "Didn't I hear you say you wanted a servant at home? I've a mind to go down and offer to take the place."

Henry laughed.

"We want one badly enough, but my father will not suffer one inside the house."

"Why, how do you live then? Who cooks for you now that your mother is ill?"

"We do our own cooking," Henry said, with a return of the half-smiling, half-embarrassed expression. "We cook for ourselves or do without."

The very day succeeding the one which witnessed this conversation Henry was at home busying himself over some culinary operations, when the outside door, which stood ajar, was noiselessly pushed wide open and a singularly attired form presented itself on the threshold. It wore a red and green plaid dress, the checks very large, a yellow shawl and a very tumbled white bonnet. A red feather, nearly as long as his arm, streamed from one side.

The face, what could be seen of it, was a very curious one to be inside such a bonnet. Just now, as she surveyed th ekitchen and Henry, herself unseen, the muscles about her mouth twitched nervously and her eyes twinkled with roguish brightness.

Presently Henry looked that way. Instantly the face took a lugubrious length, and, coming from the room, the girl said, hesitatingly, but without looking at him:

"An would ye be afther employing a servant the day?" and stood fidgeting with the fringe of her shawl.

"I believe not," said Henry, coloring with some annoyance, perhaps, at the nature of his employment.

"Shure, sir, and the lady that sint me said you'd be shure to take me on her recommendation, which I has in my pocket, and here 'tis now."

She gave him a note which proved to be from Miss Halmstead. Henry read it with very lover-like carefulness, but shook his head.

"I'm very sorry, my good girl, but we do not wish to hire a servant."

"Belike your father mayn't object when he sees me," the girl persisted.

Henry looked at the soiled white hat and red feather and repressed a smile, wondering what his father would say. But he was of too kindly a nature to be willing to expose even this servant to his father's rough manner. He repeated what he had said before, assuring her that it would be of no use to see his father.

The girl stood for a moment.

"If you please, sir, I'll just see him a moment. Belike he may take a likin' to the look of me."

And before he could reply she had crossed the room and stood upon the threshold of the next. Henry followed presently, curious to see what kind of a reception she would get.

"Shure, an' I'll be worth a lot to yees," she was saying, with innocent emphasis, as Henry entered.

She talked rapidly, pouring out such a torrent of words that the old man could not by any possibility slip one in among them, and sat regarding her with an expression of the most ludicrous astonishment.

This remarkable volubility completely baffled th cold man's slowness.

He could not say a word now if he wished to, and she concluded with "I can bake bread that'd bring the very eyes out iv yer head and make ye swally yer tongue with delight."

He could only twirl his thumbs in a sort of ridiculous awe, and asked her, with a sudden smile, how much she expected "to get for doing all these things."

The end of it was that her services were accepted and she began work at once.

Henry deliberated and furtively watched her. For some time she seemed unconscious of his scrutiny; but presently she turned, and clasping both her little hands on top of the broom handle, said, with a mixture of bravado and archness too natural to be mistaken:

"Well, Henry, what do you think?"

The young man laughed and looked annoyed in the same breath.

"Then it is you, Bertha," he said; "I was suspecting something of the sort."

"Not till I looked at you," said the girl, roguishly retreating as he approached.

"Do you think it quite the thing, Bertha?"

"Shure, an' why ain't it the thing for a poor girl to be gettin' her living dacently and honestly?"

And that was all he could get out of her. Having acknowledged her identity with Bertha, for an instant, she was the most unapproachable Biddy the next, and would have nothing to say except in that character.

"Does your father know of this, Bertha? What would he say?" persevered Henry.

"Shure, an' it's my own fadder would be inteferin', wid me, would he?" said Biddy.

In vain were all remonstrances with the roguish and willful girl. She persisted in being Biddy, even to him, and maintained a distance between them very different from that between him and Bertha in her own proper self. Annoyed, provoked, chagrined, almost angry, the advent of his father forced him to retire from the kitchen, for fear of betraying her secret, which he would not have done for a good deal.

It was several hours before he could return to the house, his father having, upon one pretext or another, detained him.

When at last they entered together, kitchen and dining-room, both of which had been in a most untidy state when they left there, had undergone such a remarkable renovating process that old Shellen draw back at first, thinking he had set foot in comebody else's house instead of his own.

Supper was smoking on the table—such a supper as old Shellen, at least, had not seen for months. To crown all, Mrs. Shellen was sitting propped up with pillows in a great easy chair and looking wonderously contented, and with reason—the poor lady had not had a woman's hand about her before since her illness. They lived in such an isolated, inhospitable manner that very few of their neighbors even knew Mrs. Shellen was not as well as usual. Biddy, as she called herself, had tidied the poor lady up in a wonderful manner.

Shellen sat down to the daintily spread table and made a most hearty and keenly relished meal, glancing askance at Biddy meanwhile. Henry, strange to say, ate very little, and he watched Biddy askance, too.

This was only the beginning of reforms this darling girl instituted. First, however, for her own peace of mind as well as Henry's—knowing that mother and son were fast friends and always of one opinion—she told her secret to Mrs. Shellen and fairly wheedled the good lady into approval.

It is true that she shook her head at first and looked wondrously shocked. It was so charming to have those little soft hands fluttering about her and to see such brightness and comfort spring up around, that she could not, for her own sake, help countenancing, as much as silence could, Biddy's mysterious presence.

Having made a good beginning, Biddy established herself in a short time completely in the good graces of the old man.

He had a lurking fondness for neatness and good order, and Mrs. Shellen, poor woman, wasn't a very tidy housekeeper. Under the new reign order grew out of chaos; the house seemed in holiday garb all the time, and an atmosphere of social cheerfulness pervaded everywhere.

One morning, Biddy had said something the day before, the old man ended a grumbling complaint of Henry's with "I never see no good come of eddication yet. If it hadn't been for that college business you might have taken a liking to a sensible girl and she to you."

He glanced at Biddy as he spoke. She turned scarlet and came near dropping the dish she was holding. It was not the first time Henry had heard such insinuations, and he rather enjoyed Biddy's trepidation.

"Look here, father," said Henry, smiling maliciously, "just pick me out a wife, and see what will come of it."

"The only girl I know of worth having wouldn't have you, I dare say—would you, Biddy?" Shellen said, grumblingly, but suddenly turning to the girl, Bridget O'Flynn, who had kept Bertha's lover at a tantalizing and unrelenting distance all that time.

He was taking his revenge now. Making a desperate effort, Biddy rallied her confused senses to say, with considerable self possession:

"Shure, sir, it isn't myself that'll be after having any man till I'm asked?"

"Biddy, will you marry me?" said Henry, gravely extending his hand.

"I will that, now," said Biddy, promptly putting her hand in his, while old Shellen came near choking himself with amazement.

It was too late to recede, however, whether he had really wished such a thing or not, as they soon made him understand. He went out of doors presently, privately pinching himself to ascertain if he were really in his senses or not. Seeing the two standing by the window in close conversation soon after, he crept with the same laudable intention toward them, under cover of the bushes that grew by the house.

"Now, Bertha," Henry was saying, laughingly, "what is to be done next? I must say you have managed wonderfully so far; but what do you suppose he'll say when he knows you're not Biddy at all?"

"Not Biddy at all!" screamed Shellen, struck with a sudden suspicion of he knew not what, as he started out of his covert.

There stood Biddy, the white frill of her close cap as immense as ever. She laughed though, when she saw him, and, deliberately taking off her cap, shook her bright curls all about her face, and, reaching toward him her little hand, said:

"Sure, sir, an' ye won't be afther hating a poor girl because her name's Bertha Halmstead instead of Bridget O'Flynn?"

"You—you Professor Halmstead's girl?"

"Professor Halmstead is my father," said Bertha in her natural voice.

"What's that?"

Bertha repeated it.

"And you're not Irish?"

"Niver a bit!"

The old man stood for a moment, clouds gathering in his face.

"Well, Henry," he said, rather sourly, "you' have outwitted me again; much good may it do you. You had better get out the horses now and take Halmstead's girl home. He must want to see her by this time."

"Yes, sit." And Henry colored with mingled anger and amazement.

Bertha did not change countenance, however. Extending that pretty hand of hers, she said, sweetly:

"You'll shake hands with me, sir?"

Shellen turned back and gave his hand awkwardly. The girl took it in both hers, bending her bright, arch face toward him, saying:

"I shall come back some time, sir. Will you be glad to see me?"

Shellen hummed and hawed, and stammered out at last:

"Ye—es; come back, Biddy—I mean Miss O'Flynn—I mean Miss——'

"Bertha," suggested the girl, quietly.

"Yes, come back; and the sooner the better. There. Henry, make the most on't!"

Bertha did come back, in a very few weeks, too, and nobody was gladder to see her than old Shellen, though he was a little shy at first of Professor Halmstead's girl. She soon made him forget everything save that she was Henry's wife; and the way he humored the sly puss to sundry grants of money refurnishing and repairing, I couldn't begin to tell.

FANCY TRICK DOGS.

A young woman who found herself in need of extra funds has started a new school—a school for pet dogs. The idea is not to make professional tricksters of them, but simply to teach them to amuse their masters and mistresses at home by doing something requiring more intelligence than simply eating, running and barking, or lying in comfort on a satin sofa pillow.

The idea was evolved by the need of the hour, and the presence of her own little dogs, which do all sorts of funny little "stunts" even without direct orders, so used are they to going through their little tricks. It has become second nature to them, and they voluntarily go through with them in their own play together, or to attract attention to themselves when they want anything to eat.

She has always been fond of pets, but was never content until she had taught each pet little tricks. At one time her rooms were a regular menagerie. There were two white mice, a squirrel, two little marmoset, or South American monkeys; a parrot, a canary, a robin, a fox terrier, a Maltese poodle and a Brazilian terrier, besides three tame common house mice which found their way through their own little doors in the casing of the doorway when the dogs were not in sight, and fed on the crumbs left for them, and, if their mistress was there, running up to her and eating out of her hand and running up her arm onto her shoulder.

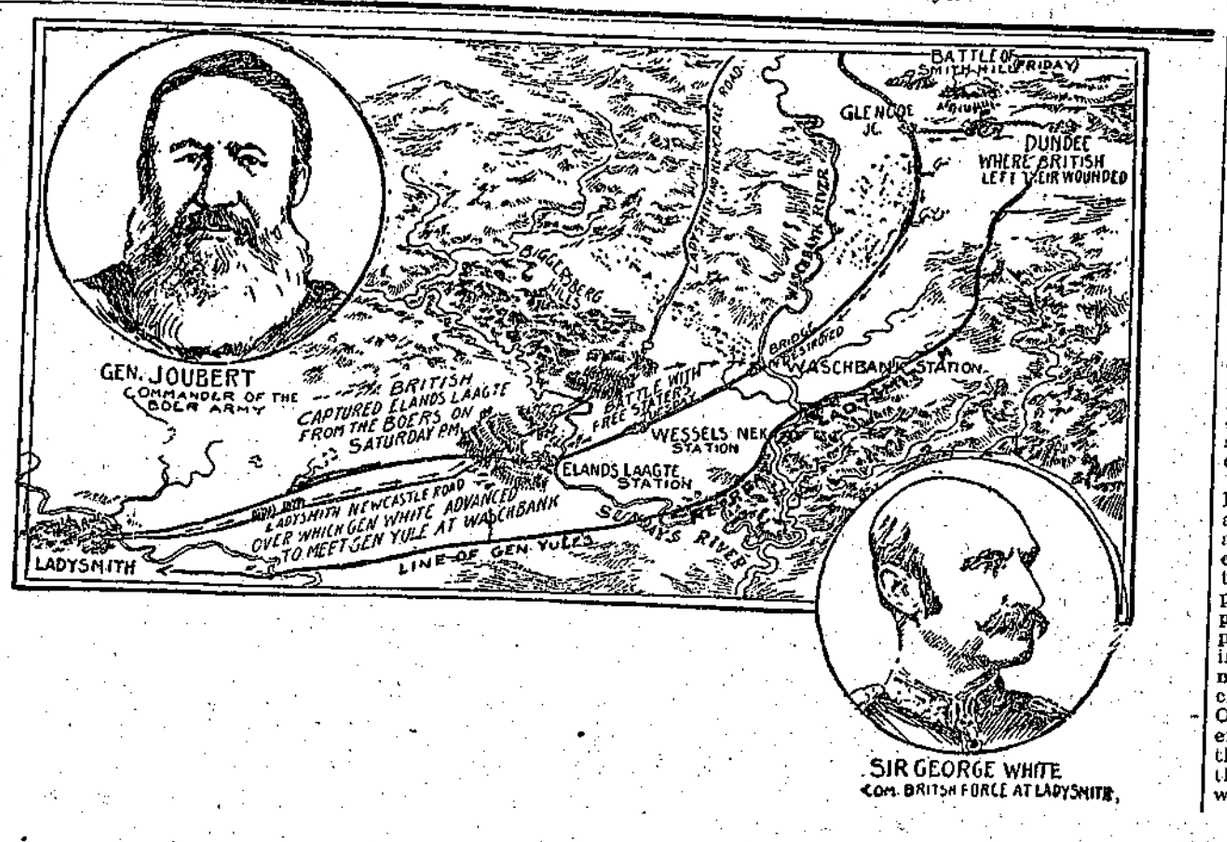
She had taught all the pretty little show tricks to her own pets, dogs included, and also trained the pet dogs of her friends; so why not train other dogs?

The younger the dogs the better, according to the saying that "you cannot teach old dogs new tricks," although that is not strictly true, as many an old dog has been trained to do all the sprightly tricks taught to puppies, but the puppies learn quicker. They are more fond of playing, and tricks are simply an intelligently guided lot of games. It requires time and the patience of Job; that is all. But few persons have the necessary time or patience to spend on their dogs.

The first thing the teacher does is to make firm friends of the dog under tuition, the next to make him respect her authority, and then reward him for obedience. All dogs expect rewards for extraordinary exertion, just like people. A few lessons are all that is necessary usually, following each in quick succession, always with the reward at the close. It is just as easy to teach several dogs at once as one at a time. One of the prettiest sights is to see two dogs marching like little soldiers across the room.

Her own two little white dogs—the poodle and terrier—are about the same size. Every day they go through the same performance when the mail carrier comes and leaves a letter. They rush to the door at his ring, and if there are not enough letters for both, the terrier, Nuisance, allows the poodle, Midget, to take the letter in her mouth, and they scurry to the door of the mistress' room and both stand erect, the letter in full sight in Midget's mouth, and then they march upright on their hind legs across the room to their mistress and sit down on their haunches to deliver the letter.

If she pretends not to see them they wave both front paws up and down rapidly to attract her attention. If she still remains oblivious Nuisance gives a little bark—speaks—and they cock their eyes and turn their heads on one side, looking at her inquiringly in a very cunning way, and she takes the letter. Then they remain seated until she gives them each some candy. If she should pretend not to think of it they sit there patiently until she remembers, waving their paws energetically every time they can catch her eye.



SIR GEORGE WHITE
COM. BRITISH FORCE AT LADYSMITH.

GOLD PROVES BOERS' RUIN.

THE MAIN CAUSE OF THE PRESENT WAR IN SOUTH AFRICA.

Marvellous Richness in the Witwatersrand, Realized Too Late by the Burghers, Overwhelmed Their Territory With a Rush of Outlanders, Among Whom the English Predominated.

When you get right down to the facts, this war in the Transvaal is all for gold. It is not, to be sure, a war of loot on Great Britain's part. Great Britain is fighting for civil rights. The burghers are fighting for Dutch supremacy. But there never would have been any war if gold had not been discovered in the range of hills known as the Witwatersrand, some fifteen years ago.

The Transvaal was nothing but a rolling inland tract of meadow and mountain. It was fit for nothing but farming and ranching, with an occasional good shot at big game. The Dutch settlers had won it from the savages by blood and suffering and they held it against the English with their lives forfeit. The English let them have it. Why not? It was scarcely worth the quarrel. The land did not even possess a seaport.

It was in 1880 the British left the Boers their barren republic. Resources were few, exports fewer and the treasury was empty. There was little communication with the outer world, for there were no railroads. It was forty days by ox cart to Cape Town.

In 1884 a man named Arnold told a farmer named Geldenhuis that there was gold on his land. Geldenhuis did not believe it, but repeated the gossip and sold his farm to two adventurous brothers named Struben, who put up a mill and began to work the grayish powdery dirt, that has since proved the richest gold ore the earth has ever shown. The Boer government proclaimed nine farms public gold fields.

Then the rush began. The Boers, always slow where enterprise wins out, were unbelieving; They could not make up their minds to abandon the certainty of cow punching for the uncertainty of mining, even with rich claims crying for takers. A few settled on the Witwatersrand and went to work.

Meantime the news of the find spread over the borders into English territory. The word made a sensation in Cape Town and a horde of adventurers at once set out. The news reached London and started the adventurous there. Within a year nearly every working claim was under the spade and nearly all were in English hands. The Boers, on the spot, had made up their minds too late.

DISCOVERY OF GOLD.

The workings of the Witwatersrand—White Water Range, in English—were thirty miles in length when all were developed. The gold was found in a formation seen nowhere else in the world. Regular beds, or "reefs" of dry, powdery conglomerate, in thickness from two to twenty feet, are found throughout this district. This black veldt is the ore. Nowhere else on earth is gold mined and worked so easily or so cheaply.

In 1887, midway in the district and on the site of a hamlet that had become the centre of the industry, a hustling, bustling town was laid out, the city of Johannesburg. It was named after the surveyor. Its altitude is 5,600 feet above the sea. In twelve years the finest and largest city in South Africa has sprung up on the bare mountain side, and the hills have been lined with the huge chimneys, the reservoirs, the engine sheds, the stamping houses and the offices of great works that employ 60,000 native miners and 10,000 Europeans.

Fifteen years ago £10,000 at the outside would have bought from the burghers that entire group of farms that is now valued at £300,000,000. The gold finds of the Witwatersrand were followed by others within the Transvaal's borders—at De Kaap, at Zoutpansberg, in the northeast mountains; at Lydenburg, in the same direction; at Malmani, on the Bechuanaland border; at Klerksdorp and at Heidelberg. All of these develop gold in well paying quantities.

ENORMOUS DIVIDENDS PAID.

The capital of the 198 gold mines working at the end of 1897 was $363,863,750. Of these twenty-eight mines, with a capitalization of nearly $50,000,000, paid $14,750,000 in dividends, or nearly thirty per cent. Sixty-four other mines were producing gold, but paying no dividends, and the remainder was in course of being opened. The total value of the gold yield in 1897 was $58,520,000, an increase of fifteen millions over the year before.

Nevertheless, there were great losses during 1897, due to unscrupulous speculation, more than four hundred companies having been formed for stock jobbing purposes in localities where no gold existed. Some weak companies went to the wall, also.

In 1898 the 198 companies had decreased to 137, but those paying dividends had increased from twenty-eight in 1897, to forty-five. These forty-five companies paid dividends of $25,448,925 on a capital of $101,473,375, or something more than twenty-five per cent.

"It is a curious anomaly," wrote Major Ricarde-Seaver, in 1894, "to see, at the end of the nineteenth century, a minority of fifteen thousand burghers, all told, ruling a majority of sixty thousand enlightened, wealthy and prosperous aliens, who although they possess the richest and most valuable portion of the country, have no voice in its management. * The franchise must be extended to all qualifying for citizenship, and when this is done, the Outlanders, as a class, will cease to exist. They will become citizens, and the control of the State will pass into the hands of the majority, or in other words, 'the Anglo-Saxon race.'"

Love is Specialized.

The novelist is kept hustling in his research concerning things psychical these days. A half century ago, when it was his agreeable task to portray the demeanor of a love-sick maid, and when was that not the case, we should like to know, what was his usual procedure? Didn't he seat her at a table where lay a piece of work which needed a button hole — a neat little business, presupposing concentration and subversive of romance? He gets his maiden to say "Heigh ho" if she has rosy cheeks and her curls are insecurely fastened in a net; if she is a lily maid, with Cupid's bow lips, they form the more elegant expletive of "Alas! alas!" while she pushes away her work languidly.

And then this composite photograph of the novelist's women goes to her desk, where lie three unanswered letters, and she toys with her wafers and bites the nib of her quill pen in the abstraction which is incident to love. Sometimes she seizes one of these letters and presses it passionately to her lips before secreting it in her gown, as close as possible to the organ that is throbbing with the most approved sentiments of the period. Sometimes, too, a high resolve lighting her pure face, she draws toward her the silver candlestick and snuffers, her hand trembles as she lights the beautiful toy, but without shrinking she watches the black flakes fall, mourners of that happy hope that once was hers.

The scribe of that time, you see, was a baby. He could push himself just so far in his little go-cart, and no one expected more of him. Entrance toward the bogs or precipices of psychological investigation would have elicited shrieks of horror from the fond nurses and mothers — that is to say, the readers of polite literature of that day. It was not until he grew big enough to admire Gwendolen Grandcourt that he stepped out on his own little legs and told her what he thought of her.

The readers of polite literature adjusted themselves with half anxious half eager interest, ready to lift up warning fingers, and yet edified by his boldness. Long, long ago they had recognized the futility of coercing the little man, so that now they wander with him, companionably and without reproach, over the England of Thomas Hardy, and don't mind the mud that collects on their boots when they can learn something new "in Zolaland." Which excursions are pleasant enough —for the mothers and nurses. The novelist has had a hard time to make such fields traversable; nor is he content to let Gwendolen's nose turn up at the dullness and ridiculousness of men and things. He must needs push her hair back and show you the cerebral dimensions, which are all sufficient reason for her disaffection, meanwhile commenting on the softness of that hair, which has a subtler significance than merely.

"Fold after simple fold
Binding her head."

Bless your soul—any one that would be at the fatigue of holding a book demands a fullness between its covers that will leave no square inch of gray matter unexplored.

The novelist pulls off his gloves these days and he would better, for it takes a naked deftness to form types and incarnations and symbols, when the 'prentice work that turned out plain men and women no longer suits a generation that is ready for its man with all the rules of psychometry. The question of human love enters just as fully into the novel of to-day as it did 50 years ago, with this difference; it is falling into the hands of specialists; it is shown in its infinite prismatic lights from the red to the lowest animal passion in which grovel Rebecca West, Dr. Pascal and Kipling's sunken scholar, to the other end where it shades off from the blue that lends its luster to the true eyes of Evadne to the silver white which bathes the head of Balzac's saint.

We have love presented to us as a disease which is germinally present in the most enraptured lover's kiss; some transcendentalist or other whispers his conviction that it is an essence, concentrated and precipitated fortuitously; Neo Buddhism and other cults of that ilk assert that every lover is an Avator of Spirit, and that his involuntary function brings extrinsic salvation; alienists tell us dreadful things about its repression and license, and all of these have some representation in the modern novel. Oh, for the "good old times" when the lover's smile at us out of "happiness ever after;" or thrill us with the nobility of their grandiloquent renunciation, without being merely "facades of a temple" whose interior is the recondite subtlety of the modern Zeit Geist, when we could tell the plot in words of less than four syllables, albeit in many words.

In this day of effete culture not only the scribe has to open his metaphysical dictionary while he poises his pen over the well that has truth at the bottom of it, sometimes, but madam as well, his professional sine qua non, is fain to send to the library her companion, Miss Theosophia Sophistry, Ph.D., for the volume of Hegel, Fichte, Kant or the Great Currant Magazine, without which she will not be prepared to discuss the New Novel.

And so on. Medicine is specializing—art is pulling up the rootlets of the grass blades and subjecting them to the microscope, that it may be ready to reproduce them on canvas when the multimillionaire is tired of gloating over his dollars and listlessly turns to art as being the thing nearest reachable after the unreasonable moon. Love is specializing, and so literature must specialize, too. Quo vadimus?

INGERSOLL MAN

Can Do More Work on the Farm Than His Twenty-Four Year Old Son.

For Three or Four Years at One Time He Was Too Weak to Work at All—Disabled With Kidney Disease—Dodd's Kidney Pills Gave Him His Present Strength.

Ingersoll, Nov. 6.—We have a man in this district who is a remarkable example of the adage, "Health and strength go as a pair." He is a middle-aged man in perfect health, and glories in his strength. Yet some years ago he used to be as weak and helpless as a kitten.

Mr. W. H. Bailey lives on lot five on the town line between Derham and West Oxford. He is a farmer by occupation and well known throughout the district. For years Mr. Bailey was a victim of Kidney Disease which sapped his strength. He was not a believer in patent medicines, but he tried all the doctors in Ingersoll without avail. Then he took three boxes of Dodd's Kidney Pills and became a whole, sound man once more. To so great an extent did he gain in strength that in spite of his years he could overmatch his grown-up son, a big strapping man of twenty-four.

Mr. Bailey says: "For years I have been troubled with Kidney Disease, being so bad at times that I could do nothing. I had tried all the doctors in this town but they would have put me in my grave. I took three boxes of Dodd's Kidney Pills and am now able to do more work than my twenty-four year old son."

THEN THEY MOVE.

How long have they been keeping house?

Well, I understand they usually keep one until the landlord insists on having the rent.

A Pleasant Surprise

For those who have thought that Catarrh is incurable, and to whom the constant use of snuffs and ointments has been almost unbearable, is to learn of Catarrhozone, the new medicated air treatment for Catarrh, Bronchitis and Asthma, Catarrhozone is a guaranteed cure for those diseases and never fails to cure them. It cures by inhalation of medicated air and always reaches the right spot. This is no theory, but the result of actual experience, and thousands of testimonials back up all we say for our medicine. Price $1.00 at all druggists, or direct by mail on receipt of price. Send 10c. in stamps for sample outfit to N. C. Polson & Co., Box 518, Kingston, Ont.

ACCORDING TO PRECEDENT.

Uncle Dick—I hope you are a good boy in school, Bobby.

Bobby—Naw! I'm going to be a hero.

CALLA LILY CREAM

ensures a youthful complexion. Send 25 cents for trial bottle, or post card for circular on skin and complexion. Address W. J. UROUHART, 489 Queen St. W., Toronto.

SENSIBLE LEGISLATION.

Western Australia has an act in force prohibiting the landing of any one who cannot write out a given passage in English.

ASSESSMENT SYSTEM.

The Toronto office of the Mutual Reserve Fund Life Association during the past week has paid to the beneficiaries of deceased policy-holders over forty thousand dollars. Among the checks we notice one of ten thousand dollars to the estate of the late Senator Sanford of Hamilton. These large amounts were paid at a cost to the insured much below that of competing companies, and considerable time before due. Active agents wanted in all unrepresented districts to sell our new and taking policies. Address W. J. Murray, Manager Mutual Reserve Fund Association, Freehold Loan Building, Toronto, Ontario; J. P. W. Patterson, Manager for Quebec, St. James St., Montreal; Alfred Manley, Manager Maritime Provinces, Halifax, and A.R. McNichol, Winnipeg, for Manitoba and N. W. T.

A great many people live according to their convictions — especially those who reside in the penitentiary.

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

A bee undoubtedly possesses a powerful memory, says a scientist. This may not be true, but the man on whose neck one happens to camp certainly does.

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

HELP.

Hicks—To be strictly up-to-date you should get an automobile.

Nawson — I suppose I auto; but—

WHEN LONDON SLEEPS.

I wanders out at night, becos
It's then I earns me bread,
I waits till every omnibus
Is silent in 'er shed.

'Tis then I sneaks me way around,
An' spots some likely "crib."
I listens fer the slightest sound,
An' then I lifts the "snib."

It's werry nice ter prowl about,
When London's fast asleep,
Fer then I rarely 'as a doubt
Some pusson's on the peep.

And so I likes the small hours best,
As they 'ides my crafty work,
While others lie in bed an' rest
I'm workin' like a Turk.

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

Owing to ill-health Vice President Hobart will not be a candidate for re-election.

La Toscana, 10c. RELIANCE CIGAR FACTORY, Montreal

Self-respect is the corner-stone of all virtue.—Sir John Herschel.

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

FISH BETTER THAN BEEF.

According to chemical analysis, 15 parts of the flesh of fish have about the same nutritive value as 12 parts of boneless beef.

THE WRECKED STEAMER SCOTSMAN
Was no more out of her bearings than people are who use any other dye than Home Dyes, as they are pronounced by persons who have used them, to be the cleanest and most satisfactory dyes ever produced. Any person can use Home Dyes without soiling their hands, with the best results, by being a little careful and following the direction on each package. A trial package is all that is required to convince you that the above are solid facts. To be had at all druggists, or mailed direct, free of postage, 10c. a package, or 3 for 25 cents. Get a package and be convinced.
TORONTO HOME DYE CO., Toronto.

OLDEST COAL MINES.

The oldest German coal mines were first worked in 1195. They are near Worms. England did not begin to mine its coal until the fourteenth century.

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

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

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

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

FOOLISH MAN.

Bessie—Goodness gracious, Mabel! What are you crying for?

Mabel—George proposed to me last night and I refused him — boo-hoo!—and the silly goose th—boo-hoo-hoo!—thought I meant it.

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

COMPARATIVELY SPEAKING.

He is honest enough. He paid me a dollar he owed me which I had forgotten.

Yes, he did the same with me, and then borrowed five more.

W P C 997

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

Too little iron means weakness, lack of spirits, pallid cheeks, shortness of breath, sleeplessness nervousness, want of appetite, ending in general breakdown.

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contain iron in a soluble form, so that it easily and naturally assimilates with the gastric juices of the stomach, and the result is that **you feel yourself getting well immediately on taking these pills.**

We have on fyle thousands of testimonials from well known people who have been cured by these pills, and will, on application mail a book containing a few of them to any address free.

THERE IS NO SENSE IN FEELING MISERABLE WHEN YOU CAN BE SO EASILY CURED.

PRICE 50 CENTS PER BOX, FIVE BOXES FOR $2.00.

All druggists, or SAM. WILLIAMS & CO., TORONTO, ONT.

Sent by mail on receipt of cash.

All People Die Sooner or later, but not the way you wish to appear like new, as they bring gladness into your heart instead of sorrow. You will be surprised how you can improve your appearance on the street by getting a package of HOME DYES and DYEING YOUR LAST YEAR'S DRESS, JACKET, OR SUIT OF CLOTHES, at such a trifling cost. It does not matter of what material they are made, as Home Dyes will dye any shade you require, on cotton, silk, wool or mixed goods, with equally good results, as they are POSITIVELY Union Dyes, and will not run or streak, if used according to directions on each package. Be sure and ask for HOME DYES and accept no others. Do not be put off with something "just as good," but insist on getting HOME DYES. For sale by your druggist, or write direct to us and we will mail you, free of postage, 10c. package, or 3 for 25 cents. **HOME DYES**
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To send for our complete SHEET MUSIC CATALOGUE and SPECIAL RATE OF DISCOUNT. We are equipped to supply every MUSIC TEACHER in Canada
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BARGAIN—Seventy acres, less if desired; all clay, in grass; adjoining Manchester, best village Huron County; house, orchard, never-failing water. Will take bush farm in exchange. E. N. LEWIS, Goderich, Ont.

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Cereal Coffee Health Drink. Pure, Wholesome, Nourishing. 15c lb., or 2 lbs. for 25c. ROKCO is equal to 40c coffee. For Sale by all Grocers, or send 10c for ½-lb. package to the ROKCO MFG. CO., 154 Queen E., Toronto.
Agents wanted in every locality.

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Best Gold Fill 1.50
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We guarantee perfect satisfaction.
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Large and fast Steamers Vancouver, Dominion, Cambroman.
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The Mining Review

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 18, 1899.

AN EXPLANATION.

The Nelson Tribune is terribly exercised over the impression that the mine owners are going to start stores in some of the towns of the Slocan, to operate against some of the dealers who are unfriendly to them. We do not know that there is a word of truth in the report, and if it were all truth, it would be only serving some of the dealers right. There is scarcely a town in the Slocan, you may go into that you will not find some storekeepers and saloon-keepers sitting at their doors on boxes or stools inflaming the minds of Coeur d'Alene dynamiters (as it is unfortunate that while the bulk of the miners are calm, sensible men there are always some of the element present) against the owners and urging "$3.50 for eight hours for all." It appears to us that it is just as reasonable for the owners to advise the men that the merchants should sell socks for 10 cents a pair and the saloon-keepers should sell whiskey at 5 cents a glass, as it is for either class of business people to take sides in this issue. Abstractedly it should be but a business proposition between owners and men and would be only that but for the infamous legislation flying in the face of the owners. We today challenge the press—of the Nelson Tribune stripe—the members of parliament who supported the measure, any of the street corner politicians or drygoods-box orators to point to a parallel in crookedness to this nefarious enactment in the history of constitutional government in any country.

Inspired by a few aliens (and the Tribune does not like the name) who live by their wits, the miners of Rossland induced their member, when a candidate, to promise to introduce an eight-hour law, which, in the form passed, was not announced until three days before the close of the session. If the parents of that amendment did not intend to smuggle it through in deception and fraud why were not the amendments, as passed, incorporated in the Bill when first introduced? That is a question the people want satisfactorily answered. Here is an act passed through deception and trickery in the highest sense giving class legislation for the sole purpose of making votes for the government party. It perpetrates a travesty on British justice, if not a fraud on one class of the community, and for the sole purpose of gaining favor with the class it is calculated to serve, and men who should be supposed to be independent are toadying to it.

The proper consideration in no way involves the question of an eight-hour law as such or the right of good men to $3.50 a day, it only embraces the motives of the men who passed it, and its consequences in the country. The people of any and every country have the right to say whether or not they shall have an eight-hour law; but before forcing one on them with all the viciousness of class legislation, statesmanship would say they have a right to be consulted. In what way were they consulted before this act was passed? In what way were the people advised the deception was even contemplated, when the House met? before the press of the country was even advised the fraud was contemplated. To say nothing of the reprehensible sectionalism of the measure there is no defending the stealthy, fraudulent manner in which it was introduced and smuggled through. It appears to us that if many of the parrots throughout the country who prate so glibly about "the eight-hour law" and the right of miners to $3.50 a day under it, would only look a little more carefully into the exceptionally fraudulent manner in which the enactment was placed on the statutes and then cultivate a little respect for honorable methods in legislating, they would have something with which to pick their teeth.

We believe that most of the people of the country, whose opinions are worth considering, would be glad to see good miners getting $3.50 a day, and for eight hours except under specially favorable conditions; but they also respect that British spirit of fair play to all classes that forces injustice on none through the pistol route. That country is always most progressive and prosperous that leaves the right to contract open to all alike, that all may be permitted to do the best they can for themselves. The regulation of a standard day could do no more harm than the regulation of a standard minute or hour, if unassociated with vicious conditions that deprive adults of their personal liberty. With an eigh-hour law without penalties, the owners would be as powerless to extract 9 or 10 hours work from the men, if the latter did not want to put it in, as they now are to draw lightning from the moon, and what more could the men desire.

Carpenters' Kidneys.

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

DOAN'S Kidney Pills

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

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

WHAT RIGHT?

Here are a few questions for those who are stuck on the eight-hour law to answer.

What right has any legislature to single out any section of the community and give them special legislation? To give miners underground shorter hours than miners on surface work? To give men in mining tunnels shorter hours than it gives men in railway tunnels?

What right has it to limit the earning power of any section of the people as this law does?

What right has it to prevent two men from making a contract mutually advantageous, when there is no one else interested or affected thereby.

What right has it to pass the most important enactment ever passed in the country without giving the people the slightest notice of its intention till the deed was done?

Straight answers to these have nothing to do with whether there should or there should not be a proper eight-hour law in B. C., or whether miners should get $3 or $4 a day.

The Silvertonian must have a peculiar interpretation of its own of the Queen's English when it says that this paper favors the importation of Italian miners. The only reference we made to the matter was in our issue of the 4th, and in it we only expressed the natural feelings of the owners, on the lines of human nature, and not our own. This thing of misrepresenting papers for prejudicial purposes is growing wearisome. The Review has never opposed a proper eight-hour law; it never said that the miners' earnings should be limited to $3 a day, and lastly it has never advocated Italian labor or foreign labor of any kind. It is a much more difficult task for some of these prints that advocate "compromise, or settlement" to square themselves with consistency. A law was passed at the suggestion of alien agitators, that live by their wits, reducing the earning capacity of miners by 20 per cent. The Star here, before closing offered the men under this 80 per cent of former work $3.25, or 93 per cent of former pay, and at the instigation of the union this liberal offer was rejected. The owners now say, what is common sense, that had this offer been accepted it would have been a basis of settlement all around. Many of the owners too say that if $1.00 a day is too much for board, the men can rent their boarding houses and board themselves. These are the circumstances on the one side. The owners, to keep their mines running and meet the necessities of the country as they see them, attempt to import, not alien nor worse, Italian, but Canadian labor, and the unions set to work to defeat them. They send out men the country over, where labor is supposed to be had, urging miners to stay away. Is it then human nature, or is it not, for the owners to resort to another course in retaliation? That is the way we put it—from an owners point of view and not from our own. The writer has before now heard the Silvertonian editor say the eight-hour law should never have been passed. If that is his honest conviction why does he not so express it, and endorse all The Review has ever said, instead of remaining behind a screen catering to a sentiment.

If the Nelson Tribune only had intelligence equal to its venom, it would be a power in the land. In its issue of the 10th, it attacks Mr. F. A. Wood, of the Last Chance, as an alien manager. Ever since the editor of the Tribune failed to make a success of business in the States, he has been sadly afflicted with alien aphobia. The fact of the matter is that Mr. Wood is a born and bred British subject, and never even attempted, as the Tribune man did, to do business across the lines, though he spent some years there in a professional capacity. While on the subject, we may say that as probably 50 per cent of the former miners were aliens any way, the worst fears of the Tribune, if realized in the Slocan, on the importation lines, would only be the importation of one alien to displace another; and from a right down Canada-thistle patriotic stand point we fail to see much infliction on British sensibilities in that.

Will the Nelson Tribune or some of these apostles of righteous labor show why miners are more to be cared for than other classes of the community—why they are prevented from working longer than eight hours underground, while others may work as long as they like? At the present there is a tunnel being driven on the C. P. R., between Robson and Grand Forks, over a mile in length, and many railroaders are working there ten hours a day. The question is, why are they not, and many of them are not aliens either, let off with eight hours work as well as miners? Is it because they have not as many votes as the latter?

We have asked the Nelson Tribune a couple of times to show us how, if the eight-hour law was without penalties, the owners could compel the miners to work longer than eight-hours a day if they did not want to do it, and as yet we are without an answer. We have also asked it to show one valid reason why a strong, sensible, steady man, who wanted to work 9 or 10 hours, and found the conditions favorable for it, should not be allowed to do so, if he found a man willing to pay him satisfactorily for over time.

"The Sandon Review is fond of putting what it calls "practical" questions to the individual who is credited with being the editor of the Tribune. The editor of the Tribune does not employ "scab" labor, never has, and never will. He practices what he preaches."

Well, then, if the Tribune man is as free from "scabs" as he says he is, he should have the more time to answer The Review's "practical" questions.

The Tribune will have it that the owners of the Last Chance "never invested in British Columbia a dollar of the thousands they have won here." Oh, yes they have. They once invested $2.00 in the Nelson Tribune, and their confessor now says it is the only bar that stands between them and paradise on the final day.

How is "alien manager" Wood indebted to the B. C. government in any way when his company bought their property outright from individuals and not from the B. C. government?

Lost flesh lately?

Does your brain tire?

Losing control over your nerves?

Are your muscles becoming exhausted?

You certainly know the remedy. It is nothing new; just the same remedy that has been curing these cases of thinness and paleness for twenty-five years. Scott's Emulsion. The cod-liver oil in it is the food that makes the flesh, and the hypophosphites give tone to the nerves.

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

The country woman is usually healthy and robust. If she isn't it is generally because of her own ignorance or neglect. She is a hard working woman, but her surroundings are healthy, and unless she has some local weakness, she bears her heavy burden without serious inconvenience.

The trouble with too many country women is that they do not sufficiently realize the supreme importance of keeping healthy in a womanly way. A woman's general health cannot be good if she suffers from local weakness and disease. If she suffers in this way, the strongest woman will soon break down and become a weak, sickly, nervous, complaining invalid. Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription cures all weakness and disease of the organs distinctly feminine. It acts directly on these organs, making them strong, healthy and vigorous. It cures all weakness, disorders and displacements of the delicate internal organs. It is the greatest of all nerve tonics. It banishes the discomforts of the period of solicitude, and makes baby's advent easy and almost painless. It positively insures the little new-comer's health and an ample supply of nourishment. Thousands of women have testified to its wonderful merits, and many of them have cheerfully permitted their experiences, names, addresses and photographs to be printed in Doctor Pierce's Common Sense Medical Adviser. The "Favorite Prescription" is sold by all good medicine stores, and a paper-covered "Medical Adviser" of 1008 pages is mailed free on receipt of 31 one-cent stamps to cover cost of customs and mailing. Cloth-bound 50 stamps. Address Dr. R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y.

Mrs. Frank Canfield, of East Dickinson, Franklin Co., N. Y., writes: "I deem it my duty to express my deep, heart-felt gratitude to you for having been the means of restoring me to health. My troubles were of the womb—inflammatory and bearing-down sensations."

Don't suffer from constipation. Keep the body clean inside as well as outside. Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets cure constipation and biliousness. They never gripe. All good dealers have them.

Agony of Eczema.

Couldn't sleep at night with the torture.

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

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

It is Burdock Blood Bitters.

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

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

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

A PERMANENT CURE

Of such serious diseases as scrofula, old sores, eczema, ring worm, ulcers and all such malignant diseases having their origin in bad blood can only be obtained through the use of Burdock Blood Bitters.

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Every Representation Guaranteed.

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All sojourning brothers cordially invited to attend.

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Has for sale in quantities, Milk, Cream, Butter Milk, Butter and Fresh Eggs. Anyone wanting these can be supplied at moderate prices, by leaving their orders with my milk delivery man.

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The Deemster, by Hall Caine.
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The Celebrity, by Winston Churchill.
A Son of Hagar, by Hall Caine.
David Harum, by Edward Noyes Westcott.
Equality, by Edward Bellamy.
Micah Clarke, by A. Conan Doyle.
Bob, Son of Battle, Alfred Ollivant.
The Measure of a Man, by E. Livingston Prescott.
A Tramp Abroad, by Mark Twain.
Short Line War, by Merwin-Webster.
With Nansen in the North, by Lieut. Hjalmar Johansen.
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If Tam O'Shanter'd Had a Wheel, by Grace Duffie Boylan.
Joan, The Curate, by Florence Warden.
The Bondman, by Hall Caine.

The Mining Review, $2.00 A YEAR.

A Nakusp Sanitarium.

Mrs. McPherson, of the Leland hotel Nakusp, has a proposition to before those of the public who have a little money for safe investment, that demands a little attention. She has one of the best hot water mineral springs, about seven miles from her hotel, to be found anywhere in the province. It has been fully tested and analysed, and found to possess many medicinal qualities lacking in other springs in the country. Her commodious hotel at Nakusp was built specially for a summer resort and sanitarium, having all the necessary appointments and requirements. The idea is to bring down the water by pipe, which would have a sufficient head for the purpose, and convert her property into a sanitarium and summer resort. There is not a better adapted property in the whole country, and with a stock company it would not take much capital to do it. The citizens of the town would take a considerable slice of the stock. She is ready to receive propositions from parties who think well of the project.

Unwilling to Bear Their Share.

The cheek of fire insurance companies is growing next thing to unbearable. Because some municipalities threaten to tax them they propose to advance their rates. There is scarcely a fire insurance company, doing business in Canada for any length of time, that has not made more money than all the mining companies of the Slocan put together, and yet they refuse to pay taxes. The only sensible way out of this is legislation that will enable municipalities to do their own insuring, and when this is once commenced the chartered companies will soon fall on their knees. Although but few risks have been taken in Sandon, ten times more money has been paid in premiums than would cover all the fire losses the place ever had; and the same is true of most other places in Canada, enabling the companies to pay fat salaries to their officers, and make big money for shareholders out of loans from surpluses.

NOTICE.

Notice is hereby given that an application will be made to the Legislative Assembly of the Province of British Columbia, at its next session, for an act to incorporate a Company with following powers:—

To carry on the business of miners of every description; to advance, promote and foster the mining industry of British Columbia and more especially to advance, foster and protect the interests of Silver-Lead producing mines; to carry on every description of commercial or financial business; to purchase, lease or exchange, mines, mineral lands, or mining rights; to deal in mines, metals and minerals of every kind and description; to acquire by any lawful means, water rights and privileges, and to furnish water power; to build mills and factories of every kind and description; to acquire timber limits and timber lands; to organize and promote joint stock companies and manage and control the same; to take shares of other interests in such companies; to build, operate and in any manner deal with samplers, concentrators, mills, smelters, refineries or foundaries; to buy, sell and deal in ores, metals, mineral substances of all kinds; to deal in, make, sign and execute promissory notes, bills of exchange and all kinds of negotiable instruments; to deal in real estate; to build, operate, buy and sell, and to generally deal in all kinds of factories and plants for the manufacture of machinery of all kinds; to build ships, railways and tramways; to use water, steam, electricity or any other power as a motive power; to deal in stocks, shares or bonds or debentures of any Company or association; to act as a principal, factors or agents in relation to individuals or corporations; to acquire from any government or legislature any rights, privileges or franchises; to procure the Company to be registered in any foreign country; to construct, improve, control or subsidize, baths, parks, churches, hospitals, sanitariums and private and public works of any kind; to establish, subsidize and maintain newspapers, and publishing and printing plants; to establish and maintain clubs and associations; to carry on the business of iron and steel converters, wood workers, machinists, metallurgists, and to manufacture and deal in every kind of explosive material; to construct, operate and maintain, bridges, ways, ferries, wharves, railways, tramways, telephone and telegraph lines, and to carry on the business of transportation, and express, with power to act as bailees, and common carriers; to generate electricity for the supplying of light, heat and power; for the use of the Company or for private or public use; to carry on the business of mining, smelting and refining in all its branches; to expropriate lands for the purpose of the Company; to deal in coal and timber lands and all kinds of real and personal property; to raise or borrow money by or upon the issue of bonds, notes, mortgages, debentures or the pledge of any of the Company's assets; to act as trustees; to acquire all the other rights, privileges and franchises as may be incidental to or conducive to the attainment of the objects of the Company as set out above, or any of them.

Dated at Sandon, B. C., Nov. 8th, 1899.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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Apply to THE SILVER-LEAD MINES ASSOCIATION, Sandon, British Columbia.

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

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

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8.00 Leave Sandon Arrive 16.30

Connections daily to points reached via Rosebery and Slocan City.

Tickets issued through and baggage checked to destination.

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THE FAST LINE TO ALL POINTS.

The Dining Car Route via Yellowstone Park is safest and best.

Solid Vestibule Trains equipped with Pullman Palace Cars, Elegant Dining Cars, Modern Day Coaches, Tourist Sleeping Cars.

Through tickets to all points in the United States and Canada.

Steamship tickets to all parts of the world.

Tickets to China and Japan via Tacoma and Northern Pacific Steamship Co.

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No. 1, West at 3.40 p. m., daily.
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Pullman Palace Sleeping and Chair Cars on through trains.

Dining Car service excelled. Meals served a la Carte.

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

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

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Kootenay Railway & Navigation COMPANY.

Operating Kaslo & Slocan Railway
International Navigation & Trad. Co

Schedule of Time Pacific Standard Time

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

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

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

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Leaves Nelson for Bonner's Ferry, Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays at 7 a m, connecting with Steamer International from Kaslo at Pilot Bay; returning, leaves Bonner's Ferry at 7 a m, Wednesdays, Fridays and Sundays, connecting with Steamer International for Kaslo, Lardo and Argenta. Direct connections made at Bonner's Ferry with the Great Northern Railway for all points east and west.

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

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

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The only All-rail route without change of cars betwen Nelson and Rossland and Spokane and Rossland.

LEAVE	DAILY	ARRIVE
8.20 a.m.	Nelson	5.35 p.m.
12.05 a.m.	Rossland	11.20 p.m.
8.30 a.m.	Spokane	3.10 p.m.

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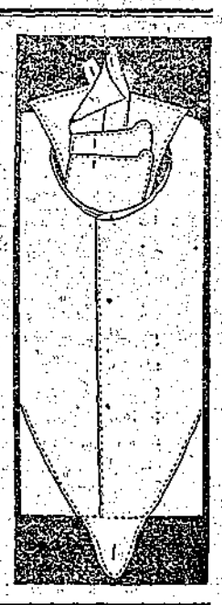

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A VANDERBILT ROMANCE.

The recent death of Cornelius Vanderbilt was not merely the passing of the chief of the richest family in America. It furnished the climax of a drama of extraordinary human interest.

The theme of this drama is the most ancient and classical known to the novelist and dramatist.

It is the drama of the rich, stern father, who loves his children but seeks to enforce his wishes in their love affairs; of the son and heir, who submits to disinheritance and estrangement in order to marry the woman of his choice, and of the final reconciliation when the father is on his deathbed.

The circumstances in this drama, of real life were in many respects more impressive and thrilling than they have ever been on the stage or in fiction. The father was rich beyond the dreams of avarice, rich to a degree that an author would hardly dare to represent. He was also more unacountably obdurate than any literary prototype, for no stern father of fiction ever objects to a daughter-in-law who is rich, beautiful and a leader of society.

The son, young Cornelius Vanderbilt, made a greater sacrifice of wealth than any man has ever been known to make in order to marry the woman he loved—Miss Grace Wilson. He was more obdurate and uncompromising when he discussed the subject of his marriage with his father than we have ever known a son threatened with disinheritance to be.

The reconcilation was not of the conventional, old-fashioned, dramatic kind. It was only partial, and it was very sorrowful, not taking place in the midst of an admiring group of relatives and friends. It came about after the father knew what he was in the grasp of a cruel malady which might strike him dead at any instant.

Such are the elements of this drama of real life, which has been played before the people of New York. Its personages occupy the most conspicuous place in the life of the great metropolis. Its scenes are laid in the most splendid houses of the country. All the great millionaire families of New York are more or less directly concerned in it, and the British aristocracy is not without personal interest in it.

The hero of it, without question, is Cornelius Vanderbilt, Jr. His attitude is one that appeals deeply to every human heart capable of emotion. Many lovers have proclaimed what they would do for love, but young Vanderbilt actually forfeited the principal share in his father's untold millions in order to marry the woman he loved. He said:

"Father, I am going to marry this girl, and the fact that I shall lose $100,000,000, or all the money in the world for that matter, will not make the slightest difference to me."

High finance plays a part only secondary to love in this drama. In order to keep a great fortune like that of the Vanderbilts together it is necessary that the bulk of the property should be under the control of one or at most two men.

When William H. Vanderbilt died, in 1886, he left $10,000,000 apiece to each of his eight children, and the residue to the two oldest sons, Cornelius and William K. They received in all about $60,000,000 apiece. Cornelius was already the richer, for he had inherited $5,000,000 from his grandfather, the old Commodore.

It was upon the late Cornelius Vanderbilt that the task of managing the whole vast family fortune fell. He discharged it with a devotion to duty and a conscientiousness which have never been surpassed, and which undoubtedly hastened his death. By his conservative but wise measures the fortune increased steadily until at his death his own share was estimated at from $125,000,000 to $200,000,000.

In accordance with the family policy, Mr. Vanderbilt had to select a son of his own who should inherit the bulk of his fortune and look after the interests of the others. Mr. Vanderbilt married Miss Alice Gwynne, of Cincinnati, and they had six children—William H., Cornelius, Gertrude, Alfred, Gwynne, Gladys and Reginald. The oldest, Wm. H., was at first regarded as the principal heir, but he died while still an undergraduate at Yale.

Upon Cornelius, Jr., then devolved the great prospective responsibility. He was educated with endless care, and the fact that he would have control of one of the greatest fortunes in the world was constantly impressed upon him. His father looked with satisfaction on his progress, for, while the young man was not brilliant he showed steadiness and strength of character. What appeared particularly promising was his love for mechanics, which he has never lost. He has been through a complete apprenticeship in the yards of the New York Central Railroad, and is to-day capable of fitting a complete locomotive together. This inclination to mechanics gave an assurance that he would take a personal interest in the affairs of the great railroad he was to direct.

Physically, young Cornelius Vanderbilt is slightly above medium height and rather slender. His features indicate considerable strength of character. One peculiarity of them is that the eyelids have a slant which is almost Chinese.

He graduated from Yale in 1895, and his own family and the world expected that he would at once enter upon the career which was to culminate in his control of the New York Central Railroad and a score of others that are connected with it.

But Cupid rudely disturbed that carefully laid family and business scheme. While at college young Vanderbilt had experienced a growing attachment for Miss Grace Wilson, the pretty daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Richard T. Wilson. After he left college this feeling developed readily into ardent love, and he spent every moment he could in the society of his adored.

His father then warned him, that he would never consent to his marriage with Miss Wilson. The son replied that he loved her, and that she had all the best qualities that a girl could have. There were various reasons suggested for Cornelius Vanderbilt's uncompromising opposition to Miss Wilson. At this time young Vanderbilt was only just twenty-one years old, while Miss Wilson was at least eight years older, having been in society many seasons. At any rate, the older Vanderbilt insisted that she was absolutely unfitted to be a wife for his son.

Judging from past events, young Vanderbilt's fate was sealed from the moment the Wilsons desired to admit him to their family circle, for Mrs. Richard T. Wilson is conceded to be the greatest matchmaker in America. She married her oldest daughter, May, to Ogden Goelet, whose fortune is estimated at $50,000,000. The Goelets are, next to the Astors, the greatest owners of New York real estate. To complete the real estate connection, Orme Wilson married Miss Caroline Astor, daughter of Mrs. William Astor. Then Miss Belle Wilson brought blue blood into the family by marrying the Hon. Michael Henry Herbert, brother of the Earl of Pembroke.

Richard T. Wilson is credited with a fortune of $20,000,000. He is of Southern birth, and worked his way up from extreme poverty. His wife is a Napoleon of society.

To crown her matchmaking achievements, then, Mrs. Wilson proposed to marry her daughter Grace to the heir of the greatest railroad property in America. Miss Grace Wilson was an extremely pretty, fair-haired girl, of slight figure and great vivacity. She had admirable taste in dress, which was always of exquisite neatness. Society loved her for her cheerful and unrestrained ways. She was the life of the gayest set in the "400."

Some years ago her engagement was reported to the Hon. Cecil Baring, the New York representative of the great English banking firm, but that was broken off, it is said, because Mr. Wilson could not meet the financial views of the finance.

The first public indication the Vanderbilts gave of their disapproval of their son's attentions to Miss Wilson was at the Patriarchs' Ball, in February, 1896, when they failed to recognize the Wilsons. In August of the same year Mrs. Ogden Goelet, and her sister Grace went to Europe, and young Vanderbilt accompanied them. That sealed his fate. His father sent a friend, Worthington Whitehouse, to Paris, to urge him to return, but in vain. When the youth did return he was engaged.

The engagement was announced on June 10, and the wedding fixed for June 18. Vanderbilt partisans remarked that the Wilsons were going to devour their prey before he could be rescued. Cornelius Vanderbilt urged his objections to his son's choice more strenously than ever, but without avail. The father then told the son that he would cut him off from all share in his fortune and would no longer recognize him if he persisted in his determination. These threats had absolutely no effect on the young man, who said that no love that was worthy of the name could be affected by the loss of money or material things. So deeply did the father feel on this matter that, although he shrank from publicity, he gave out this statement to the newspapers:

"The engagement of C. Vanderbilt, Jr., is against his father's express wish and without his consent."

All society took sides on the question. The Vanderbilts were many and powerful, but on the Wilson side there were the Astors and the Goelets.

Just before the day first fixed for the wedding the prospective bridegroom was laid up with an attack of acute inflammatory rheumatism and could not be married. His father hoped that the delay would give him another opportunity to influence his son's mind. When the boy was nearly well his father returned from Newport one day and saw his son, who had just come in from a drive. The father remarked that he was looking well.

"Yes," said the son, "I am feeling well enough to be married."

That began an angry discussion, which only ended in a reiteration of the son's determination to marry Miss Wilson, and of the father's determination to disinherit him.

Immediately after the interview the father was attacked by a stroke of apoplexy, which almost killed him at the time, and which eventually led to his death. The emotions of this painful meeting undoubtedly brought on the attack.

On August 3, 1896, while the elder Vanderbilt was still lying at death's door, the momentous wedding took place. It was celebrated in the Wilson house, No. 511 Fifth avenue. Not one of the Vanderbilt family except the bridegroom, nor any of their relatives or near friends, were present.

After a brief honeymoon at Saratoga the newly-wedded pair went for a very extended trip to Europe. It was while they were still away that society began to be excited by the news that scurrilous reports had been put in circulation concerning Mrs. Cornelius Vanderbilt, Jr. The Wilsons received a number of anonymous letters on the subject. A valet named Sugden brought an action against R. T. Wilson for $1,000, which he said the banker promised him for endeavoring to track the writer of the anonymous letters. Sugden was afterward arrested for robbing Mr. Wilson. The affair was involved in much mystery, which has never been entirely cleared up.

Cornelius Vanderbilt, the elder, slowly struggled back to life, but his right side remained partially paralyzed. He could never again take charge of the numerous affairs which he had formerly directed. His attitude toward his son remained unchanged, and he did not meet the latter until more than two years after his marriage.

It was announced that Alfred Gwynne Vanderbilt, the second surviving son, would be the principal heir to the fortune. An entertainment was given in Newport last summer to celebrate his coming of age, and, although the disinherited brother was in the same little town, he was not even asked. This year young Alfred started on a luxuriouss voyage around the world, and was honored as the prospective head of the house.

A baby was born to Mr. and Mrs. Cornelius Vanderbilt, Jr., nearly two years ago, but, although they named him Cornelius in honor of his grandfather, that did not soften the latter's heart. During the past year, however, a partial reconciliation was effected. Father and son met in Newport and New York, and were on kindly terms once more, but the father would not admit of the slightest reconciliation with his daughter-in-law. It is understood that the son will receive a handsome fortune under his father's will, but he will still be regarded as having been deposed from the leadership of the family.

About a year ago the elder Cornelius Vanderbilt was attacked by a second stroke of apoplexy. Although it was very slight, it was a warning that the end was likely to come at any moment from this disease. It came at last so suddenly that a doctor could not reach the house before the patient died.

Young Cornelius Vanderbilt had been yatching at Newport the day before his father died, but as soon as he heard the newss he hastened to the great house on Fifth avenue, which he had not entered since his marriage, and helped to comfort his mother. Thus death threw its mystery over the final act of the drama.

CYANIDE'S DEADLY ATTRACTION.

Those Who Handle the Drug Drawn Almost Irresistibly to Swallow It.

"Just now we are engaged in the making of tons of cyanide of potassium," says a member of a firm of manufacturing chemists, "and of all poisons, this, to my mind, is the most dangerous, because of a singular quality it possesses. It is in appearance so very attractive to those who handle it that they are often seized with an almost overwhelming desire to eat it. To one man it probably suggests sugar, if he have a fondness for saccharine substances, and to another snow newly fallen; but to both it is so alluring that they may only overcome the temptation to put it in their mouths by great force of will power.

"The very men who make it and who are most familiar with its deadly properties are pursued by an unreasonable desire to eat the poison, and as long as they remain in its vicinity this extraordinary craving endures. They know that to give way to the craving means death almost instant and horrible, and as a consequence are usually able to resist the strange temptation, but during the last ten years we have been engaged in the manufacture of the drug four of our most intelligent and steady workmen have committed suicide in this way."

"Ever feel like eating it yourself?" he was asked.

"Yes," the manufacturer replied: "Many times when in contact with the cyanide fumes, and have had to leave work precipitately in consequence. So well is this curious fact known in all works where cyanide of potassium is made there are always two men at work together, and a jar of ammonia, which is the antidote to the poison, is kept at hand.

"Potassium is one of the most interesting substances known to chemical workers. The metal itself is scarcely used at all in the arts, but its many salts are of immense practical value being used largely in the production of gunpowder, fertilizers, medicines and dyeing compounds. Cyanide is a compound of cyanogen with a metallic agent. Cyanogen is a colorless, poisonous liquefiable gas which has the odor of almonds and burns with a purple flame. Cyanide of potassium is made by burning potassium, an alkali metal, in cyanogen gas, and is really a prussiate of potash. It is produced also in blast furnaces in which ore is smelted, with coke or coal, and is permanent when kept dry, but decomposes readily in moist air. It crystallizes in dry, octagonal blocks, and is extremely soluble in water. It has the odor of prussic acid and kindred bitterness of taste. Cyanide of potassium is also used in electro-metallurgy and photography to a considerable extent. It will remove metallic oxides, the juices of fruits and indelible ink."

NO ECONOMY.

It will cost you, $1 said the jeweler, inspecting the works of the timepiece through his eyeglasses, to put this watch in thorough repair.

Hand it back, haughtily replied the young man on the outside of the counter. I can get a new one for 98 cents."

HOW THE RACES COMPARE

THE BLACK AND WHITE POPULATION IN AFRICA.

Vast Preponderance of Natives in Even the Southern Colonies—No Danger From the Transvaal Natives—The Swazies Want to be Controlled by the British.

Very curious misconceptions are prevalent as to the relative proportions of the black and white population of Africa, south and central. It is, of course, not possible to give with any accuracy, the numbers of natives in those portions of the center of the vast continent which have not come under British control, either direct or indirect. These provinces remain practically in the state in which Livingstone and other explorers found them.

In South Africa, however, and in what is known as British Central Africa, figures are obtainable which are approximately reliable, though it must always be borne in mind that the white population of a comparatively young and more or less unsettled continent is necessarily unstable, and inclined to shift from one center to another.

In every case throughout South Africa the black population outnumbers the white to a greater or lesser extent; in some instances the disproportion is stupendous, as in Natal, Rhodesia, and British Central Africa.

The center of interest in the present juncture is naturally the Transvaal, where there are 850,000 natives and 250,000 whites. The natives are mostly confined to the northern portions of the republic, the Zoutpansberg, Spelonken and Letaba districts, and here they live and thrive in their thousands. The Witwatersrand mine labor is largely supplied from these districts, and the Transvaal government has its native commissioners scattered throughout the country.

There is not very much chance of any serious danger to the Transvaal from the natives within its borders.

SMALL SPORADIC UPRISINGS

might take place among the late Magato's men, and the tribes under M'pefu; but generally speaking, the Transvaal natives are too downtrodden, bullied and cowed to offer armed interference.

On the other hand, the Swazies constitute a serious menace, inasmuch as they bitterly resented the handing over of their country to Boer authorities, and have over and over again pleaded for direct British control. The Swazies are an offshoot of the Zulus, and a valiant fighting race. If they attack the Boers or come over the Transvaal border it will be a serious and not easily quelled affair.

In the Cape Colony there are 1,600,000 natives and 400,000 white. Between these two, it must be remembered, there are several of thousands of Malays and "Cape Boys," the latter of whom are practically half-castes, and the former to all intents and purposes whites. The Malays form an integral, reliable and considerable portion of the population of Cape Town, and its suburbs. They are all Mahometans, and have their own mosques and hadjies or priests. Most law abiding, thrifty and honest, they make excellent and desirable citizens. They are, moreover, among the most loyal of her majesty's subjects.

In Basutoland, which lies on the borders of the Orange Free State, there are 250,000 natives and barely 600 whites. The natives are excellent agriculturists, and, next to the Zulus perhaps the best specimens of any of the black races of the sub-continent.

The most recent portion of South Africa, to come under the British sway is Rhodesia, which embraces the combined provinces of Matabeland, Mashonaland, Manicaland, and a portion of what was formerly Linch-We's country. Naturally, being as yet, barely colonized, the disproportion of races is enormous. In Rhodesia there are over a million natives, and less than 5,000 whites. At the same time it may safely be taken for granted that it is to this portion of the continent that the tide of emigration will set during the next few years.

IN BRITISH CENTRAL AFRICA

there are 850,000 natives and 500 whites. This huge tract of country, although under British influence, will take many years to colonize, and is bound to remain for a long while "a black man's country."

Bechuanaland, which is now formally annexed to Cape Colony, and includes the vast tract of land at one time known as Khama's country, numbers 250,000 natives, and 2,000 whites. The latter are mainly farmers, transport riders, storekeepers, and that section of the police formerly called the B.B.P., or Bechuanaland Border Police, a very fine body of men, to all intents and purposes a semi-military corps of mounted infantry.

Natal contains within its borders no fewer than 530,000 natives, almost all Zulus. Natal is reckoned as including Zululand proper, and 50,000 white folk. There are thus twelve natives to every white inhabitant. The Zulus are a fine healthy upstanding race, and when not contaminated by European influence, customs and vices, for the Zulu is very imitative, they are reliable, trustworthy, honorable, and, in short, a tribe of nature's noblemen. Unfortunately, they easily deteriorate, but when isolated in their own locations, they keep up all the traditions of a fearless independence. They are loyal to England.

By a curious concatenation of events which is not without its bearing upon the manner in which the Boers treat natives, according to their immemorial custom, the Orange Free State presents the nearest approach to equality between the two races. Here there are 200,000 natives and 80,000 white, or about two and a half to one. There is a lesson in this which may bear evil fruit in the near future.

The total white population of the whole of South Africa is approximately 820,000, of which 432,000 may be classed as Dutch and 388,000 as English, in sympathy, at any rate, if not by birth.

KIMBERLEY'S VAST RICHES.

The Enormous Value of the Diamond Mines in South Africa.

Kimberley is the diamond region of the world far surpassing the mines of Brazil in richness. It is not a city in the modern use of the word. It is a great camp in which men's passions rise and fall as the treasures of the earth are uncovered or not found. The camp is in what is called the Vaal Basin, the wash ground of the river which divides the Transvaal from the Orange Free State. The first diamond discoveries there were made about 1870, but it was ten years later when Englishmen and others realized that the spot was the most valuable of its kind in the world.

By 1881 the mines which had been opened had yielded gems to the value of $20,000,000. By 1887 seven tons of diamonds had been taken out valued at $250,000,000. This record placed the Brazil diamond mines in the shade and made Kimberley world-wide in its fame. The Cecil Rhodes syndicate, known as the De Beers, came into control of all the mines after much negotiation. This syndicate is capitalized for $75,000,000 and pays interest at the rate of 5 1-2 per cent. per annum and an annual dividend of 20 per cent. Since Cecil Rhodes came into control of the mines they have given out 2,500,000 karats of diamonds. To get at these it has been necessary to wash 2,700,000 loads of the blue earth in which they are found.

In the working of these diamond mines there are employed about 1,500 white men and 6,000 natives. The greater proportion of these men are employed in the De Beers and Kimberley mines

THE TWO BIGGEST HOLES

which greedy man has ever dug into the earth. The De Beers mine has an area at the surface of thirteen acres and a depth of 450 feet. The mines are worked from shafts sunk some distance from the original holes and penetrating to the blue earth by transverse drivings at depths varying from 500 to 1,200 feet. The blue earth, when extracted, is carried in small iron trucks to the levels. Upon these levels the blue earth is worked until the gems within are extracted. The process of extracting takes from three to six months. The stones found vary in size from a pin head to the largest ever found—428 1-2 karats. This largest stone when cut weighed 228 1-2 karats. It is one of the experiences of the mine owners that they lose from 10 to 15 per cent of their product each year through the thefts of employes, who, although closely watched, still manage to get away with their loot. The punishment for stealing a diamond is fifteen years imprisonment. All diamonds except those which pass through illicit channels, are sent to England, the weekly shipments averaging from 40,000 to 50,000 karats. The greatest outlet for stolen diamonds is through the Transvaal to Natal, where they are shipped by respectable merchants.

It is said of the Rhodes interests in the mines that they take good care of their workmen. They have built a model village called Kenilworth, within the precincts of the mines. In this village are cottages for the white workmen. A clubhouse has been built for their use and there is a public library. The equipments of the mines is something remarkable. Each mine has ten circuits of electric lamps. They consist of fifty-two arc lamps of 1,000 candle power each and 691 glow lamps of 16 and 64-candle power each, or a total illuminating power of about 64,000 candles. Thirty telephones are located in each mine and over 100 electric bells to each for signalling. The lives of the workmen are insured and every precaution is taken to make their condition tolerable. The rate of wages runs from $2 to $8 per day, unskilled labor receiving the lower price. What effect the closing of the mines by war will have on the world at large it is hard to say. Diamonds have already risen in price, but there is a large stock on hand in English and French hands. Of course all labor has ceased at Kimberley, and if the Boers get into the mines they may win rich prizes.

THE MARK OF THE LYDY.

The house surgeon of a London hospital was attending to the injuries of a poor woman whose arm had been severely bitten. As he was dressing the wound he said:

I cannot make out what sort of a creature bit you. This is too small for a horse's bite and too large for a dog's.

Oh, sir, replied the patient, it wasn't a animal, it was another lydy.

SOMETHING LACKING.

She—Cholly Chatterton is one of those fellows who never stops to think.

He—Perhaps he knows it would be no use stopping.

A Double Disobedience.

CHAPTER II.—Continued.

"If you were only a spectator was that my fault?"

"Not at all. I always do you justice, don't I? And you have never yet slighted or forgotten an old friend. I do not in the least mind Mr. Daryl's neglect of me. That is not what I wished to speak about."

"I don't want to be put on my guard about anything!" Kilmeny cried petulantly. "We had a wonderful and delightful time, and I won't have the bloom taken off it! Such rooms and such magnificence! It is like a fairy tale."

"Don't forget the ogre."

Kilmeny stopped abruptly and turned to her companion with a severe look.

"Say what you have to say!" she commanded. "I don't go a step further until you have delivered yourself of all the horrid things you have in your mind. If I decline to be put on my guard, you will think it your duty to unbosom yourself to mamma, and I won't have her disturbed."

"What did you imagine was Mr. Daryl's motive in all that he said and did to-day?"

"I did not search for his motive. I do not care to discover it, if he had one."

"Such men do not act without one. He intends to find out your tastes and wishes."

"Oh, well, if that is all," cried the girl, resuming her walk, "he shall discover them without any trouble! Do you know, Chris, I never told this to any one before, but every now and then I have longed to be rich and have just such a house as Mr. Darly's. I have wished that I were not merely a doctor's daughter, but some wealthy man's only child, and that I could have servants and money and pretty dresses by the dozen, and nothing but pleasure. Of course it is shocking to confess it, and I am sure that you are shocked."

"I am never shocked by anything that you may say."

"I wish you did not feel so about me!" Kilmeny cried, and there was genuine trouble in her voice. "It makes me realize that Iam ungrateful and stony and altogether mean to know that you think of me that way, and that I have no feeling for you a bit like it. Couldn't you change, Chris? Couldn't you go back to what you were once?"

"When?" the young man asked, and there was sadness in his smile. "I don't think there was ever a time when I did not think of you 'that way,' as you call it. But if it troubles you for me to speak of it I promise you not to do so again. So you may be easy as far as that assurance will make you."

The girl turned away her head and was silent until they reached home, and Christopher, after all, was not so very sure that he had succeeded in his intention. He called the next evening, bringing a low carriage, and conveyed his guests to his house.

Mr. Warrender's house was not in in the least like Mr. Daryl's. It was cheerful and modern, with no gloom or suggestion of mystery about it. The dinner was excellent, and the preferences of each guest had been remembered and provided for. Chris had no more romance about him than his house, but he was thoroughly kind-hearted, and wonderfully thoughtful for a man. He spoke to Kilmeny exactly as if nothing had taken place, but there was a shade of reserve or embarrassment in her manner. He determined to dissipate it and restore the old freedom. He considered his best plan would be to leave her free to do as she pleased, and when she and the others went to ask the housekeeper to show them all over the house after dinner, he remained behind with Mrs. Richmond.

"What did you think of Mr. Daryl?" the mother asked anxiously when they were alone. "Kilmeny did not seem inclined to talk, and I fancied that something odd had taken place. I feel so helpless without Doctor Richmond, and I trust in you. How did things go yesterday?"

"Mr. Daryl seemed to be greatly interested in Kilmeny. He took immense pains to please her."

"Surely you don't think that there is anything in it? He must be sixty or seventy, while she is barely twenty."

"No, no—I don't believe that there is anything of that kind. Make your mind easy on that score. But it struck me that he had some object in view—what it was I could not exactly make out.'

"I wish he had never seen Kilmeny! I should be so much happier if this acquaintance had never begun. People tell such stories about him, and Kilmeny's father is so far away! If anything unpleasant were to happen, I should never forgive myself. What ought I to do, Chris?"

"Kilmeny would not thank me for the advice which I should feel inclined to give. Mr. Daryl's desire to know her without first making your acquaintance does not seem to me just the right thing. How does it strike you, Mrs. Richmond?"

"Exactly as it does you. I have felt uneasy since he sent for her in that abrupt unceremonious way. I should not have consented at all to her going only she was so headstrong about it and you were with her. But I shall tell her, if any more invitations come that she must not accept them until Mr. Daryl gives me an opportunity of becoming acquainted with him myself."

Mr. Warrender made no reply. He knew that the blame would fall on him, and he had no wish to injure himself too deeply in Kilmeny's eyes. Mrs. Richmond seemed to divine his feeling for she changed the conversation by asking him to look where the children were, as they must soon think of driving home."

"I shall stroll round the garden," she said, "and you can come for me when they are ready."

It was some time before Mr. Warrender could collect his young guests and convince them that their mother really intended to return home. When at length they were gathered, the younger ones remembered that they had not seen Chris' own room, and rushed off in a body to inspect it, leaving their host and Kilmeny together.

"You have been talking over Mr. Daryl with mamma," the girl said quickly when they were alone. "I was convinced that that was both her intention and yours when I saw you settle yourself down with her. What have you been saying?"

"It is better for your mother to tell you."

"No—I will hear you! If you have advised mamma to put an end to the thing, remember, that I will not submit to it. Mr. Daryl is quite an old man, and if it gives him any pleasure for me to visit him I intend to go. Of course, if papa were at home and were to forbid me, I should obey, or if mamma were to think things out for herself I should not mind—"

"What you object to is my interference in the matter?"

"You are only eight years older than I am!" cried Kilmeny with a laugh. "Why should you be so immensely wise? I, for one, am not going to st and it!"

She stopped with her charming face lifted to his and a little audacious sparkle in her eyes.

"Are you still bent on thwarting me, Chris?" she asked, in a soft voice, going close to him. "After all, my acquaintance with Mr. Daryl must cease when we leave this place, and that will be in a few weeks. And I cannot see any possible harm in it.""

"If he comes to visit your mother, and she accompanies you on your visits, neither can I. Your mother is a good deal older than you, Kilmeny."

Kilmeny dropped him a little curtesy.

"I am going to see Mr. Daryl," she said gaily. "See if I don't!"

CHAPTER III.

Mr. Warrender and his companion went back to the drawing room rather soberly after Kilmeny's declaration. They expected to find Mrs. Richmond awaiting them, but she was not here. The girl looked round in surprise.

"Mrs. Richmond said that we should find her in the garden," Christopher observed. "This way, Kilmeny; I can let you out without going round to the door."

He opened a French window, and they passed through it. The summer dusk was falling, and the garden was beginning to take on the solemn, ghostly look which twilight brings with it. The colors of the flowers had disappeared, and they looked phantom-like as Kilmeny and Christopher went along. The garden was large, and they walked to the very end without perceiving any trace of Mrs. Richmond. As they stood looking back towards the house, which seemed to be a long way off, Kilmeny broke the silence.

"Where can mamma be?" she asked. "You are sure that she said the garden?"

"Quite sure. We must have missed her somehow. She will be looking for us; we had better go back."

They quickened their pace and soon regained the house, but Mrs. Richmond was not there. The rest of the party had gathered in the hall, and declared that their mother had not returned.

"You can see about the carriage being brought round, Lancelot," Christopher said. "Come, Kilmeny — you and I will have another search in the garden. She must be somewhere."

They went out again, Kilmeny slightly nervous in spite of herself.

"Why do you look so anxious?" Christopher said, laughing. "Your mother is not lost; she is only in some other part of the garden, and we shall find her in a minute. Stay—I think I see her yonder."

It did seem to them, as they both eagerly moved in the direction which he indicated, that there was some person moving in a little shrubbery at one side. Christopher called out Mrs. Richmond's name, and there came a rustling sound. The next moment Mrs. Richmond came hurriedly out and looked towards them without making any reply to Mr. Warrender's shout.

"Mamma—mamma!" Kilmeny cried, running to her. "Where have you been? This is the second time that we have been out looking for you, and Clare is crying, and I was beginning to feel frightened! Why don't you speak?"

"I was here in the garden," Mrs. Richmond answered. "Oh, Kilmeny," she cried a moment after, "let us get home! I don't feel well. I have a pain here" — putting her hand to her heart—"and I want to write to your father! He must come home at once!"

"Yes, yes!" Kilmeny cried, shocked. "I will write for him to-morrow! What is anybody to him in comparison with you? You must have got cold out in the garden, staying so long! Chris, take her other arm, and we shall soon have her in the house."

"No, no—I will lean on you!" cried Mrs. Richmond, shrinking away from the young man. "It was only a passing weakness and I am much better now. Let us go home, Kilmeny; I will not delay for anything!"

"You must come in until you are better," Chris said anxiously; but Mrs. Richmond positively and almost vehemently declined, and Kilmeny made him a sign not to press her.

The faces of both the young people looked pale and anxious as they went along. Mrs. Richmond's state was incomprehensible to them. She had always enjoyed excellent health, and they never remembered such an occurrence as this. Their thoughts flew to Doctor Richmond, so far away, and they heartily desired his speedy return.

There was no time for consultation between them. Mrs. Richmond, finding the carriage at the door, insisted on getting into it at once, and entreated Mr. Warrender not to accompany them. She seemed so bent on it that he was reluctantly obliged to consent, but declared his intention of riding over early in the morning to inquire after her.

"You are sure that it would not be better for me to fetch a doctor at once?" he asked.

"A doctor?" cried Mrs. Richmond, and her voice had an odd, almost hysterical ring in it. "What could a doctor do for me? I am not ill at all—I merely got a chill in the garden. Please do not let us delay."

He stood back to allow the carriage to start, when she again leaned out.

"Good-bye, Christopher!" she said. "I have not thanked you for your kindness, but I do not forget it. Good-by—good-by!"

Her words seemed to him in some curious way to be a sort of farewell for more than that day, and made him feel as if the old life which stretched behind him into such infinite distance, with its cheerfulness and happy homeliness, were suddenly and unaccountably over.

The next day Mr. Warrender rode over early to the cottage. He reflected that one good thing which would arise out of Mrs. Richmond's illness was that Kilmeny would be obliged to remain with her mother, and that no visits to Mr. Daryl would be possible for the present. He was struck with astonishment therefore at the new developments which awaited him. Mrs. Richmond was sitting in the little arbor on the grass plot at the side of the house, and, except that she was pale, he could not at a distance discern any difference in her appearance. She was sewing, and he dismounted and tied up his hirse in order to speak to her. He could not see Kilmeny.

"You are better?" he said, in a relieved tone, approaching her.

"Yes, yes—I am quite well," she answered. Her voice sounded nervous, and she hurried on as if to avoid any closer questioning. "It is such a lovely day that I thought I would sit out of doors. The children have gone off on a picnic, and do not expect to be back until the evening. I have a good deal of sewing to do, and shall not have time to miss them."

"Have you written to Doctor Richmond?"

"I wrote this morning."

Mr. Warrender sat pondering. It was plain, from Mrs. Ruchmond's writing to her husband, that there was more amiss than she wished him to know, but he felt debarred from further inquiry. Her manner had totally changed. It was nervous and constrained, and for the first time in his life he felt as if she wished him away. Her mysterious illness in the garden, which he had expected to have completely explained during his morning's visit, was only rendered still more mysterious.

"I wonder that Kilmeny left you," he said abruptly. "Did she go with the others?"

"Kilmeny and all left me," she said, trying to laugh. "There was absolutely no reason for their staying. I am quite well."

"I am glad you think that you are better," he said. "There is no use in my staying any longer."

She did not try to detain him, and he rode slowly away. He was determined to see Kilmeny and to warn her that her mother's illness had not passed away so wholly as Mrs. Richmond seemed anxious to have them believe. An hour's searching brought him to the children, seated under the shade of a tree by a little lake. They jumped up and hailed his appearance with delight.

"Where is Kilmeny?" he asked, gazing around.

"Oh, she is not here!" answered Jessica, a pretty girl of sixteen. "She went off to see old Mr. Daryl as soon as breakfast was over. I am sure I wish that she had never heard of him! She used to come everywhere with us, and now this is the second or third time that she has gone to see him and left us by ourselves."

"Gone to see Mr. Daryl?" Chris repeated in blank amazement. "Are you sure? How do you know?"

"I know quite well. A note came from him to mamma, and she sent for Kilmeny to her own room. After a while Kilmeny came, out and said that she was going to see him, and set off in a great hurry. She was laughing, and seemed pleased. We wanted her to wait for the picnic, but she would not."

"And the mater told you to hold your tongue about it, Miss Jessica," interposed Lancelot, "but girls never can be quiet about anything."

"She did not mean us not to talk to Chris," his sister answered. "We tell him everything. Do stay with us, Chris, instead of Kilmeny. We are all longing to go out in the boat, but mamma made us promise not to do so even under Launce's experienced guidance."

Christopher good-naturedly consented, seeing their eagerness for his presence, and did his best to supply Kilmeny's place, but his mind was painfully exercised during the whole time. Even when he was fishing up water-lilies for little 5-year-old Clare, and allowing Lancelot to row with him to the far end of the lake, and setting out the eatables for Jessica, his thoughts were on far different things. That something had occurred to turn Mrs. Richmond against him, and decide her to reject his advice and shut him out of her confidence, was beyond a doubt. What that could be remained a mystery. There was nothing in his very uneventful and simple life which it would give him the slightest concern for the whole world to know, and he racked his brains for a solution of the puzzle.

Altogether, Mr. Christopher Warrender's reflections were anything but pleasing as he left the young Richmonds behind and made his way towards evening in the direction of his own home. He was too proud to try to find out any more about Mrs. Richmond's affairs after her very decided action, but he suddenly felt very lonely as he entered the house.

To Be Continued.

MOTHER OF TWENTY-FIVE.

Mrs. Smartwood Married Twenty-Seven Years Has Twenty Living Children.

Mrs. Samuel Swartwood of Wilkesbarre, Pa., is the mother of the largest family in the United States. Although a comparatively young woman being only 41 years old, she is the mother of twenty-five children, twenty of whom are living. The youngest is only a few days old, and gives promise of being, like his brothers and sisters, hale and hearty.

To be the mother of twenty-five children is no mean achievement, and Mrs. Swartwood is proud of it. Her children are her greatest blessing, and, singularly enough, they are all good, obedient children, without the proverbial black sheep among them. Mrs. Swartwood said:

"My children are my joy. Though I have always had a baby,"—she laughed modestly—"and sometimes two to look after, they never seemed to be the trouble and worry some babies are. My last little one seems more cute and sweet than any of the others, but I suppose all babies seem interesting when they are just born."

Mrs. Swartwood is a remarkably well-preserved woman. She was married when very young, and her first baby was born fourteen months after her marriage. There have been but five years since, during which the household has failed to be blessed with a baby. These years were 1874, 1883, 1887, 1888 and 1896. But two of them were in succession, and in the succeeding years twins were born.

Of the entire twenty-five children, there were but the

TWO SETS OF TWINS,

which were born in 1889, and 1893. One of each set of twins is dead. Mrs. Swartwood can recite the hour and day each child was born.

"Walter was our first child," she said. "He was married a little over a year ago. He was born on June 25, 1872. Louis came next on Sept. 9, 1873. Then came Thaddeus, Jan. 5, 1875; Maude, who is married to Charles Heslop and has one child, Jan. 12, 1876; Cora, March 15, 1877; Blanche, May 19, 1878; May, who is dead, on May 20, 1879; Herbert, Aug. 21, 1880; Warren, March 14, 1881; Elsie, April 27, 1882; Samuel, March 11, 1884; Daniel, Sept. 3, 1885; Ruth, Sept. 23, 1886; Alonzo and Gertrude, the first twins, Jan. 20, 1889; Gertrude is dead; Elmer, June 21, 1890; Calvin, July 31, 1891; Florence, Nov. 19, 1892; Esther and Benjamin, the second twins, on Dec. 31, 1893; Earl, March 29, 1895; Jesse, May 3, 1896; Edith, June 8, 1897; Lottie, Sept. 5, 1898 and our baby, which was born on Sept. 17 of this year."

Regarding her married life, Mrs. Swartwood said: "I was married when I was fourteen years old. I loved Will when I was a girl and I wanted to be married. Ever since, we have been very happy, and I would not change places with any rich lady.

"Look at these children. Ain't they riches enough, and every one living at home except the two girls that got married. It's nice for father and me to have them all here, although it does crowd us up a bit. We haven't got a big house, as you can see, and every bit of the space is used. Walk into the dining room there and look at the table."

It was a table to look at, of generous width, and very long. It bore plates and knives and forks for

TWENTY-TWO PEOPLE.

At intervals were great piles of bread.

"It keeps me and the girls pretty busy looking after the eating and washing for our big family," resumed Mrs. Smartwood when I came out of the dining room. "Father makes about $70 a month, and the boys bring in about $90 a month, and while we get along nicely, we have nothing to spare. We've given all the children as good schooling as they can get around here."

"What do you think of married life?" I ventured to ask.

"Well, I ought to know, I guess. Every woman should get married, I think. I don't know much about the new woman, but if she don't believe in married life, I don't want to know anything about her. What's as happy as having children to love you and you loving them?"

"None of my children has been a source of grief, trouble or anxiety to me, and I think God has been especially kind to give me so many. Yes, sir, you can put me down as believing in the married woman who believes in having children."

Mr. Smartwood, who is an engineer on the Jersey Central Railroad, has been receiving the congratulations of his fellow workmen for several days upon his wife giving birth to the twenty-fifth child.

OUTCLASSED.

Nextdoor—I haven't heard your dog barking at night for some time.

Homer—No. Guess the poor fellow got discouraged. We have twins at our house now, you know.

MISERABLE WOMEN

HOW WOMEN LOSE INTEREST IN THEIR HOUSEHOLDS.

The Ills to Which Women Are Heir Cause Much Suffering—The Experience of a Lady Who Has Found a Speedy Cure.

Mrs. Isaie T. Comeau, who resides at 83 1-2 Arago street, St. Roch, Quebec, is a teacher of French, English, and music. For many years Mrs. Comeau has suffered greatly from internal troubles, peculiar to her sex, and also from continuous weakness the result of headaches, neuralgia and nervous prostration. Her trouble became so bad that she was forced to give up teaching, and go to an hospital, but the treatment there did not materially benefit her and ultimately she left the hospital still a great sufferer. Meantime her husband having heard of the great value of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People, purchased a few boxes and prevailed upon his wife to try them. When interviewed as to the merits of the pills Mrs. Comeau gave her story to the reporter about as follows:—

"My trouble came on after the birth of my child, and up to the time I began to use Dr. Williams' Pink Pills I could find nothing to cure me. I suffered much agony, was very weak, had frequent severe headaches, and little or no appetite. It was not long after I began the use of the pills that I found they were helping me very much and after taking them for a couple of months I was as well as ever I had been. My appetite improved, the pains left me and I gained considerably in flesh and am again able to attend to the lessons of my pupils, and superintend my household work. Since using the pills myself I have recommended them to others and have heard nothing but praise in their favor wherever used."

No discovery of modern times has proved such a boon to women as Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. Acting directly on the blood and nerves, invigorating the body, regulating the functions they restore health and strength to exhausted women, and make them feel that life is again worth living.

Sold by all dealers in medicine or sent post paid at 50c a box or six boxes for $2.50, by addressing the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont. Refuse all substitutes.

FINE PRIVATE ZOO.

An English Gentleman is the Owner and He Has Some Rare Birds and Animals.

The distinction of having probably the most comprehensive zoo in England belongs to Mr. C. J. Leyland, of Haggerston Castle, Beal. Among the birds are the rhea, South American, ostrich, domiselle, Numidian, crane, Liberian crane, Zambesi goose, Australian black swan, emu, and waterfowl from all parts of the globe. Fine, however, as the bird side of the collection is, that of the animals is more interesting. It includes many kangaroos, of which Mr. Leyland has bred and reared numbers. Considering the bleakness of the Northumberland coast, this circumstance proves that the marsupials are more hardy than one would think. In the park there is also a herd of Canadian deer, from one of which Mr. Leyland has had a pair of cast horns weighing 22 pounds. Here, too, may be seen a magnificent herd of North American bison; indeed, it is considered to be the finest and largest in the world, for the animals are now practically extinct in their own country. Another herd is worth mentioning—one of white-tailed gnus. The ruler of this community is a most ferocious animal, a bull that has killed two of his species, one of them older and bigger than himself. In consequence of this performance he was docked of his horns; but even now he defies anybody or anything that comes near him, glories in a fight, and would give a good account of himself in a mortal combat.

There is no doubt that the authorities are at their wits' ends how to find officers for the cavalry, says the Broad Arrow. Sixty vacancies actually exist and very shortly there will be twenty more. To meet this pressing demand only twenty cadets will be available for commissions from Sandhurst, and about half that number are, we understand, coming from the militia. The cause of the present difficulty in obtaining officers has been erroneously put down as solely due to the increasing expenses of cavalry service. In a measure this is partly the case. Formerly a young officer could get along on an allowance of £200 or £300 a year besides his pay; but the lowest limit of a cavalry subaltern's private income to-day may be safely set down at £500 or £600. This fact undoubtedly keeps out the man of moderate means.

A DANCING PROCESSION.

A peculiar, but famous, dancing procession annually takes place at Echternach. In Belgium, France and Germany excursions are organized to the little Luxemburg town, whose church contains the remains of St. Willibrord. The pilgrims to Echternach execute in a certain rhythm what is called the dance of the "leaping saints." It takes the form of advancing three steps, making a step backward, advancing three more and so on. It is in this quaint way that the procession in which ten thousand persons take part each year, starts from the bridge on the Lure, the place of assembly, to the church.

MOUNTAIN ECHOES.

Sandon is going to witness a Coon presentation one of these days.

Mr. Gill, inspector of inland revenue, is making his round through Kootenay now and was here this week.

Manicure sets, novelties, cut glass in pepper and salts, etc., all just arrived at Grimmett's, the jeweller.

The Rev. Father Ferland, of Nelson, ministered to his flock here, Sunday morning last in Virginia hall.

War news is very scarce, in fact it is thought but little more will be heard till the Boers are fully wound up.

The Kootenaian heads its mining news with, "Quite a number of Kaslo people are suffering with quinsy."

Much of this talk about "Dago" miners is all moonshine. It is a question if there are half a dozen in the whole Slocan.

D. Sullivan and Miss Brown, of McGuigan, were married in Rossland recently, and have returned to McGuigan to reside.

The Messrs. Main have now business running in their commodious warehouse in very systematic order. Their large bonded wareroom is very convenient.

The night policeman had "Little Annie Rooney" in the jug Wednesday night for parading the streets in men's attire and disorderly.

Mr. W. S. Clark, for a long time the popular C. P. R. agent at Silverton, has been transferred to Sandon, and Mr. Reeves, operator here, has gone to Silverton.

Dr. and Mrs. Young appear to be making good headway out at Vancouver. There were born to them twins, the other day. With such a start what will the end be?

The fire laddies can count on a good attendance at their ball on Tuesday evening in Virginia hall, as it is some time since a large one has been given. A good time is promised. Tickets, including supper, $1.50.

Wm. Hamilton, while working on the Wakefield concentrator the other day, fell a distance of 40 feet to the ground and received serious injuries. He was removed to the New Denver hospital where he is recovering.

Our Junior Hockeyists have organized for the winter's work with J. Crawford, captain; A. Grierson, manager, and J. A. Gusty, treasurer. They are going to fight anything from a fleet of cockroaches to the Rossland and Nelson seniors.

New Denver has a miners' union with 50 members. It was organized last week with D. J. Weir, president; J. Wolff, vice-president; C. M. Nesbitt, financial secretary; P. Linguist, treas.; G. Dover, Warden, and F. J. Lloyd, conductor.

Silvertonian: "To fill the columns of a Slocan newspaper just at present calls for the imagination of a 'Haggard.'" Yes; and for that reason our neighbor drew on his "naggard" imagination and concluded that The Review favored the importation of Italian miners.

Supposing the government was to enforce the Alien Act would it not prevent many of the alien miners now across the lines, and who at one time or another joined the Sandon Miners' Union, from returning. The enforcement will have to apply to Coeur d'Alene aliens as well as Italians.

George Kirke, at one time foreman on the Silver Cup, died last week at the Balmoral hotel, where he had been staying for some time. He was a native of the State of Maine. He was buried in the Sandon cemetery on Sunday; the services were conducted by the Rev. Father Ferland.

It seemed to be evident on Sunday last at the Presbyterian church opening that there is a growing sentiment among the citizens generally in favor of church organizations. As a proof of brotherly feeling existing in church circles, alluded to by the speakers of the day, we will mention the four baptisms, the parents—Mr. and Mrs. Kavanagh, Mr. and Mrs. Main, Mr. and Mrs. I. Crawford, Mr. and Mrs. Williamson—embraced the different faiths represented here.

There are 1932 names on the lately revised Slocan voters' list; but as no one appeared to strike off those removed from the country, and as our crude law makes no provision for the knocking off of absentees from the division, it is a very imperfect list after all. If an election were held today, no more than 1200 votes could be cast. As there are 716 miners on the late list, and as more miners than other people have left the division lately, out of the possible 1200 votes available there would probably be 450 miners and 750 of all other callings.

Premier Laurier is not then going to enforce the Alien Labor Act at the request of the Sandon Miners' Union. He is going to appoint a commission to enquire into the difficulty between the owners and the men. That's right; get at the facts, and give Mr. Hagler a chance to show where the thousand naturalized miners are in the Slocan, with their wives and families. A proper representation of the working of the eight-hour law may lead to its disallowance, and then owners and men will be at liberty to make proper contracts between themselves.

Pat Fogarty had Pat McClusky summoned before the police court last Wednesday for striking him and Pat was fined $10 and costs.

On Friday evening week, several members of the Masonic Fraternity here went to Kaslo to assist their brethren there at a ceremony. A banquet followed.

Hughie Cameron believes in advertising. When Bengough so graphically portrayed his coal delivery and benign countenance, he didn't hesitate to put up the price. It will, no doubt, appear as a shingle.

My little girl, 7 years old, used to grind her teeth at night and had pain in her stomach. I gave her Dr. Low's Pleasant Worm Syrup and it acted promptly and with good effect. Mrs. Joe Doty, Port Gilbert, N.S.

The New Denver correspondent of the Nelson Tribune is every day reporting great activity in mining operations in the Slocan. Will that gentleman kindly tell where all the ore stoped goes to, as no one hears of any shipments of any importance.

"I have used Hagyard's Yellow Oil for burns, scalds, frost bites, sprains, bruises, sore throat and pains in the stomach. I always say it is a regular medicine chest, it can be used in so many different ways. Mrs. D. Williams, Goderham P. O., Ont.

The Noble Five Company held their advertised meeting at Cody, Tuesday. About 1,000,000 shares of stock were represented. The only business advertised was transferring the assets from the old American to the new Canadian company, and that was done in half an hour. The two companies are, however, to a large extent personally the same. James Dunsmuir holds a majority of the stock.

FOR OVER FIFTY YEARS.

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

A WORD OF WARNING.

There are so many substitutes, most of them dangerous, being foisted on the public, that we would advise everyone to see that the full name Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry is on every bottle you buy.

APPLICATIONS

Will be received by the Municipal Council of the Corporation of the City of Sandon for the position of Licensed Night and Day Scavenger.

FRANK C. SEWELL,
City Clerk.

ALTA LODGE, NO. 29.

A. F. AND A. M.

Regular Communication of the lodge. Meets 1st Thursday in each month at 8 p. m. Visiting brethren cordially invited.

W. H. LILLY,
Sec'y.

CERTIFICATE OF IMPROVEMENTS.

NOTICE.

Number Three Fractional Mineral Claim situate in the Slocan Mining division of West Kootenay district. Where located: South of the Sunset and east of the Trade Dollar Mineral Claims.

Take notice that I, Herbert T. Twigg, as agent for George W. Hughes, Free Miner's Certificate No. 64975, intend, sixty days from the date hereof, to apply to the Mining Recorder for a Certificate of Improvements, for the purpose of obtaining a Crown Grant on the above claim.

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

Dated this 9th day of November, 1899.

NOTICE.

Genesee Mineral Claim situated in the Slocan Mining division of West Kootenay district. Located on Star gulch, about three miles from Sandon.

Take notice that I, William A. Bauer, agent for G. W. Shaw, Free Miner's Certificate No. B 15083, intend, sixty days from date hereof, to apply to the Mining Recorder for a Certificate of Improvements, for the purpose of obtaining a Crown Grant on the above claim.

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

Dated this 9th day of November, 1899.

WILLIAM A. BAUER, P. L. S.

NOTICE.

Vulture, Vulture Fractional and Vult Mineral Claims situated in the Slocan Mining division of West Kootenay district. Located on south fork of Carpenter creek.

Take notice that I, William A. Bauer, acting as agent for Financial & Mining Trust of Canada, Limited, Free Miner's Certificate No. B 17050, intend, sixty days from the date hereof, to apply to the Mining Recorder for a Certificate of Improvements, for the purpose of obtaining a Crown Grant on the above claims.

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

Dated this 9th day of November, 1899.

WILLIAM A. BAUER, P. L. S.

FREE TO RHEUMATIC SUFFERERS.

Those who are afflicted with rheumatism, sciatica, lumbago, neuralgia or gout, who have never tried Milburn's Rheumatic Pills, can have a full regular sized box free of charge by enclosing 4c. in stamps for packing and postage. T. Milburn & Co., Toronto, Ont.

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

DR WOOD'S NORWAY PINE SYRUP.

CURES COUGHS AND COLDS.

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

LAXA-LIVER PILLS

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

ALWAYS KEEP ON HAND

Pain-Killer

THERE IS NO KIND OF PAIN OR ACHE, INTERNAL OR EXTERNAL, THAT PAIN-KILLER WILL NOT RELIEVE.

LOOK OUT FOR IMITATIONS AND SUBSTITUTES. THE GENUINE BOTTLE BEARS THE NAME,

PERRY DAVIS & SON.

Before. After.

Wood's Phosphodine,

The Great English Remedy.

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

The Wood Company, Windsor, Ont.

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

FOR RENT.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

FIRE-PROOF CELLAR.—Opposite Kootenay hotel.

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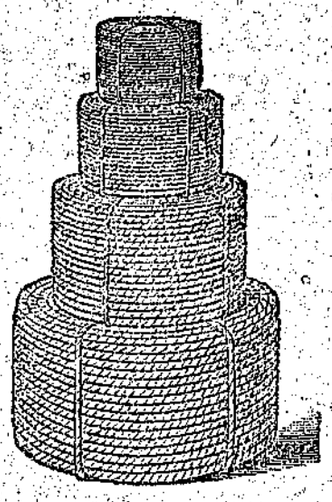

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