The Mining Review.

VOL. 3. NO. 20. SANDON, B. C., SATURDAY, OCTOBER 21, 1899. FIVE CENTS.

WAR INTELLIGENCE.

Press Censorship on Transvaal News Established.

London, Oct. 16.—Dispatches from the Cape are very meager tonight, but they include one important message from Glencoe Camp, dated 3:50 this (Monday) afternoon, announcing that the Boer commandos, which invaded Natal through Laing's Neck and after occupying New Castle advanced to Dannhauser, retired on Ingagne yesterday. Their transport service is reported deficient. This will delay indefinitely the anticipated and hoped-for assault on the strong position at Glencoe.

Another dispatch reports activity on the part of the Free State commando in the neighborhood of Allwalorth on the southern frontier. The Boers' advance patrol, the dispatch says, goes to the frontier bridge nightly to keep watch, firing shots at intervals as signals. It is believed that the enemy intends shortly to rush the railway station with the help of artillery posted on a bridge commanding the town.

RUMOR OF BOER REPULSE.

There are rumors that the Boers have been repulsed at Mafeking and are attacking Vryburg.

A Cape Town paper has a dispatch from Orange river stating that the telegraph wires have been cut between Vryburg and Kimberly.

It is beleived the Boers are taking advantage of the large number of disloyal farmers celebrating Nachmaal to attack the town, hoping the farmers will help them.

The same dispatch says the force at Kimberly is confident of its ability to hold out, but advises the dispatch of a relief force. This question of a possible rising of the Dutch farmers in the northern portions of Cape Colony, is very important.

NO RISING OF FARMERS.

The Daily Mail's correspondent at Colesburg has been inquiring regarding the matter and on the whole thinks the chances are against a rising. He bases his opinion on the prospects of good crops after four lean years, which he believes will predispose the farmers to peace. Nevertheless, there is serious distrust and much anti-British agitation in these districts, while the Free State Boers threaten an immediate invasion of Colesburg and Aliwalorth.

The Daily Mail's correspondent asserts that Sir Alfred Milner is worked to death and that Cape Town is surging with bitter resentment at what is called the Schreiner cabinet's betrayal of Mafeking by its constant refusal to send a volunteer force to its relief.

New York, Oct. 16.—The Commercial cable has issued the following notice: We are advised that the Natal administration announce that telegraphic communication with the Orange Free State and Transvaal has been suspended. The Eastern company notify us that censorship has been established at Aden on all messages for South Africa.

Colesburg, Cape Colony, Oct. 16.—Passengers arriving from Johannesburg are forced to leave the train north of Norval Point, and to take a detour through the veldt under escort, joining the train further south. This is understood to be due to the fact that the Boers have undermined the line.

Boers Checked at Mafeking—Several Reported Killed.

London, Oct. 17.—The Standard's Dundee correspondent telegraphing Monday night says: The Boers have brought artillery from Newcastle and are destroying the railway at Ingagane in order to prevent the approach of our armored trains.

London, Oct. 17.—A special dispatch from Pretoria, dated October 14th, via Delagoa Bay, says: A cyclist dispatch was received here from Otto Shoop, near Mali, at six o'clock this evening, asserted that heavy firing had been in progress all day north of Mafeking. The British troops were on board an armored train, acting as a covering force to the military engineers engaged in repairing the track. A Maxim on the train kept up a continuous fire. Conspicuous bravery was displayed on both sides, but it soon became apparent that the rifles of the burghers were ineffective against an armored train. Later, however, the train was forced to retreat before a particularly strong assault, but it soon returned accompanied by a British mounted contingent, and the fighting was renewed fiercely. Fighting still continues, the Boers holding their positions well. A dozen Boers were killed but the British casualties cannot be ascertained. Heavy firing can be heard south of Mafeking, where general Cronje's command is operating.

A corps of experienced continental engineers has left Pretoria for the borders accompanied by a command of picked Boer shots. It is probably intended for large dynamyting operations. A big engagement is expected shortly in the vicinity of Ladysmith.

London, Oct. 18.—The Morning Post's Ladysmith correspondent telegraphs that the Basustos have risen against the Orange Free State.

Capetown, Oct. 18.—The colony of Natal was invaded from the Transvaal early on the morning of the 13th inst. The advance was made by the enemy in three columns. On the right was a mixed column of Transvaalers and Free State burghers, with the Hollander volunteer troops. In the centre was the main column under General Joubet's personal command. It crossed Laing's Neck and moved forward by way of Ingogo. On the left a large command advanced from Wakkerstromby by way of Motts Neck and Woods Drift. The objective point of the three colums was Newcastle, which was occupied on the night of October 14, the central column having slept the previous night at General Colley's old camping place, Mount Prospect. Yesterday an advanced artillery of 1500 Boers pushed south to Ingagen, but the greater portion of the commands retired during the day on Newcastle. The Boer forces, which for same days have been concentrated east of De Jagers Drift, on October 14, captured a patrol of six men of the Natal police.

Ladysmith, Oct. 18.—An official note published here says: "A Free State command yesterday commenced actual hostilities. The Orange Free State has thus taken upon itself the responsibility of beginning the war and cannot hereafter pose as the injured party."

London, Oct. 19.—The Times' Lobatzi correspondent, telegraphing under date 14th, says: The Boers were around us all day yesterday and broke up the line in several places between Pietzani and Mafeking. They were attacked and defeated by the party of our men from Mafeking. Thirty Boers were killed during the fight.

London, Oct. 18.—According to a special from Durban, the Zulus are arming with assegais. Chief Dinizulu says he is unable to restrain. It is expected that they will be joined by the Swasis.

Ladysmith, Oct.—5.25 p. m.—The British forces came into contact with the enemy in the neighborhood of Actonholmes and Leicester station, about sixteen miles out, this morning. Firing began at 10 o'clock.

YESTERDAY'S CABLEGRAM.

Boers' Loss Was 1,500 Men in the Attack of Mafeking.

London, Oct. 20.—The Mail's Capetown correspondent says: "It is reported here that news has reached Deer Junction that the Boers attacked Mafeking in force, but were repulsed. The defenders seeing the enemy retreating pursued them for some time. Then a feint was made and they commenced to retire on the town, allowing themselves to be driven in by the Boers, who, eager to retrieve their position, again advanced to the attack and were drawn over the Lydite mines laid for the defence of the town. It is reported that 1500 were killed by the explosion.

A regugee who has reached Grahamtown from the Rand states that a train arrived at Johannesburg on Monday from Klortasdorp with 300 burghers. Every available conveyance was called into requisition to take the wounded men into the hospital. The Daily Mail suggests that these wounded were from Mafeking.

Vrysburg surrendered on Sunday. Thursday night's dispatches from Kortman, ninety miles west by south of Vrysburg, states that the police, having withdrawn from Vrysburg the town surrendered to the Boers, the inhabitants fleeing in all directions. When the police withdrew, the Cape Boers notified the enemy thus invading them to take possession. There was a fearful panic. The British are wildly indignant at this scutting.

PERSONAL MENTION.

Mr. Harris returned from Spokane last evening.

E. M. Sandilands is looking over the Boundary country this week.

Mr. P. J. Hickey returned yesterday from a visit to his family in Spokane.

Mr. Geo. White is visiting his family, his mine at Nelson having shut down.

Mr. Donald, for some with P. Burns, has gone to Rossland to take charge of the company's shop there.

Mr. Barr, who has been storekeeping in the Lardo-Duncan country the past summer, is now in the city.

B. S. Wilson left yesterday to spend the winter at Spokane or some eastern point. Mr. Culver left the previous day and will likely be away a couple of months.

Mr. C. J. Smith returned this week from the Spokane fair. He says there was "A Hot Time in the Old Town," so hot that he got burned. While in the Elk parade he "got it in the neck" by being hit with a rocket.

Mr. Shave, one of the proprietors of the Bosun mine, and wife, of England, dropped into Sandon on Monday evening. He is delighted with the prospects of the country, if the labor trouble was only settled amicably, and was surprised at the superiority of the hotels, and especially the Reco, this city. Mr. Sandiford accompanied the party to the city.

Canadian Good Enough.

There cannot be much force in this cry that no officer in Canada has seen the active service necessary to qualify a soldier for the command of the handful of men in any Canadian detachment which may go to the Transvaal. Every Canadian officer who was through the rebellion of 1865 has a greater experience of active service than an overwhelming majority of the officers on whom Germany would have to lean in case of war. There is no pretense that Canada's officers are technically as well trained as German soldiers, but, if experience in active service be a disqualification for a subordinate command, then there are few qualified officers in the armies of France or Germany.

Railway and Steamboat Notes.

Word has been received from Montreal to stop all construction work which the Canadian Pacific Railway Company has in hand in the Lardo district. A force of close upon 300 men was employed on this work, and the grading of the road was about completed to Duncan City. It is said that the construction work will be resumed in the spring.

Track laying on the Nelson & Bedlington railway will be completed next week, when the junction with the Crow's Nest Pass road will be reached. Port Hill, Idaho, and Rykert, B.C., now have railway connection with the world via Bonner's Ferry.

Lardeau Is Benefitted.

"It's an ill wind that blows nobody good, and the partial close-down of a few Slocan mines has had a wonderfully beneficial effect in the Lardeau. Some of the best Slocan miners are securing positions on good prospects, which are now being developed in the Lardeau and Trout Lake districts and the Lardeau prospect owners pay the scale willingly. A large number of important locations have been made this season many of them by these same Slocan miners, who will soon be mine owners themselves, with the hearty assistance they are receiving on every hand.—Revelstoke Herald.

SUFFERING IN THE NORTH.

Short on Food for Nearly Four Days—About to Eat a Horse.

Latest news from Atlin tells of great hardships suffered by a trio of miners, named S. Taylor, W. Bickford and A. Tomasse, who were lost on Teslin trail to Atlin. They arrived at Atlin on Oct 4, sixteen days from Teslin. Tomasse anticipated the arrival of his two more unfortunate companions by two days, having separated from the others hoping by a wide divergence of route to come upon something in the way of humanity. When he reached Atlin he got together a small party and went back to search for his lost friends. They were found encamped on a hill about 12 miles to the north of Snober lake, and the tale they had to tell when rescued was a pitiful one. When the food ran shy they lived for four days and a half on one-half pound of beans each. They then reluctantly killed their pack horse. But the sacrifice need not have been made, for a couple of hours later the rescuing party arrived.

No Ill-Feeling.

The miners of the Slocan must not for a moment imagine that the owners, though there may be exceptions, have any ill-feeling towards them individually over this struggle. They feel that the men are quite within their sphere in trying to get all the money they can for as short hours as possible. They feel, however, that the unions are not in all respects doing the proper thing. They naturally think that the unions have no right to take into their ranks inferior or inexperienced men and demand old wages at short days for them. They also feel that when they make contracts with outside men, for places they themselves refuse to fill, they have no right to interfere. It is not allowed in other employments, and should not be in mining. If a clerk with one of our city merchants does not like his job, because of salary or otherwise, he has a perfect right to throw it up, but he has no right to interfere with another engaged to take his place.

The Reason Why.

The Nelson Tribune is very anxious to know why the Slocan owners did not, in days gone by, object to paying $3.50 when the Ainsworth and other camps paid but $3.00. To one who wishes to see, the answer is easily seen. The Slocan owners are a fair-minded class of men. They are always willing to pay for what they get. When they paid $3.50 they felt they got value for it, and are now as willing as ever to pay for what the law allows them to get. If the law will concede them old work they are as willing as ever to pay old wages. Is not this clear enough for even the parliamentary aspirant of Nelson.

Guests at the Reco.

A. L. Wyman, Boston.
J. McNaught, Vancouver.
R. C. Shann, London.
F. S. Clements, New Denver.
Miss Ruby Gilbert, Kaslo.
D. Davenport, Vancouver.
A. W. Ross, Vancouver.
E. M. Toeqean, London, Eng.
E. A. Paterson, Silverton.
T. T. Wynne, Nelson.
Thos. Parkinson, Nelson.
Mr. and Mrs. H. O. Shave, London, Eng.
W. H. Sandiford, New Denver.
A. H. B. Macgown, Vancouver.
J. M. McGregor, Slocan.
D. J. Weir, New Denver.
John Keen, Kaslo.
H. M. Welch, Victoria.
P. J. Russell, Nelson.
F. Starkey, Nelson.
H. J. Trethway, Vancouver.
Allen D. Dodds, Vancouver.
S. Brooks, Victoria.
Geo. S. Dingle, Winnipeg.
F. W. Elems, Hamilton.
R. A Garbutt, Montreal.
W. J. Twiss, Kaslo.
F. M. Gibison, Kaslo.
Stanley Henderson, Vancouver.
W. S. Swain, Portland, Ore.
O. K. Olsen, Whitewater.
A. Davis, Clinton.
F. B. Prine, Clinton.
F. L. Smith, Winnipeg.

CHURCH NOTES.

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

PRESBYTERIAN.—Rev. J. A. Cleland, will preach as usual in the Virginia hall, to-morrow at 7:30 p.m.

Union Sabbath School in the Methodist church at 12:15 p.m., after close of morning services. Everybody welcome.

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

MINES AND MINING.

Silver is 57½ and lead $4.10.

The Rambler-Cariboo has 30 men at work.

The shareholders of the Leviathan mine meet today.

The Nelson Poorman mine has been sold to an English syndicate for a good round figure.

Mr. Geo. W. Hughes has a number of men at work driving a tunnel on his property on Paddy's Peak.

Gooderham and Blackstock are offering 1,320,000 shares of the Centre Star at $1,50. They want to unload.

The American Boy has 14 men at work, is going to ship all winter at intervals and has a fine showing of ore.

The Slocan Star is reported to have struck a very fine chute of ore—probably the best yet encountered on the property—in No. 5 tunnel, their lowest level.

The Jeanette, on Wilson Creek, is showing up well under development. Six ore chutes of high value have been found. Roseberry has seen its worst day.

Dockstader Bros., of Cody, have bonded the Standard group for $12,000. The new company are putting up buildings and doing extensive work.

"Red Paddy" and three associates have staked a group of six claims in the Kettle River district. Some of them show very high grade ores—mostly gold.

City Council.

Regular meeting of the city council was held in the council chamber on Monday evening, Oct. 16.

Present, Mayor Pitts, Alds. Hunter, Thompson and Atherton.

Minutes of previous meeting were read and adopted.

MOTIONS.

Atherton—Thompson.—That communication of the Sandon Waterworks & Light Co. be received and fyled.—Carried.

Atherton—Thompson—That the clerk be instucted to advertise for a scavenger.—Carried.

Hunter—Thompson—That the public works committee be authorised to expend a further sum of $150 for street improvements on Reco ave.—Carriad.

The council adjourned.

McGuigan Notes.

McGuigan, Oct. 18—The Surprise mine, situated near the Antoine, has re-opened. Four men are now at work upon the property.

Mr. Trethewey, manager of the Dardanelles, visited the mines this week. There are now twenty men at work in the mine, which is looking very well.

Sandon Ore Shipments.

The following is a list of ore shipments over the K. & S. from Sandon for the week ending September 20:

MINE.	TONS.
American Boy	20½
Total	20½

DREADFUL LYNEROUSY.

GENTS:—I was dreadfully nervous and for relief took your Karl's Clover Root Tea. It quieted my nerves anp strengthened my whole nervous system. I was troubled with constipation, kidney and bowel trouble. Your Tea soon cleansed my system so thoroughly that I rapidly regained health and strength. Mrs. S. A. Sweet, Hartford, Conn. Sold at McQueen's Drug Store.

WANTED—We will pay $12.00 a week salary to either a man or a woman to represent the Midland Monthly Magazine as a subscription solicitor. The Midland is the same size as McClures or the Cosmopolitan. It is now in its sixth year and is the only magazine of this kind published in the great Central West. A handsome premium given to each subscriber. Send 10 cents for a copy of the Midland and premium list to the TWENTIETH CENTURY PUBLISHING CO., St. Louis, Mo.

She Would Be a Lady

CHAPTER VIII.

Eva was not dead, she was not even injured beyond the effect of the shock, and the complete drenching which she had received from the furious downpour of rain.

Mrs. Westbrook superintended all the efforts made for recovery, and she shut herself in the same room with the girl, and did not even go to speak to her own son when he sent to inquire into the condition of the fair patient.

All this was very kind, or it would have been so had the action been prompted by good will. In very truth, however, Mrs. Westbrook was afraid to lose sight of Eva for a single instant. If once Ernest proposed to the girl and was accepted, her own objections would go for nothing, and she sternly resolved that all she could do should be done to avert such a sequel to her own unwise conduct in holding out a helping hand to this poor girl. All through that night Mrs. Westbrook watched by poor Eva's side, while she slept heavily and dreamlessly, and when the first streaks of morning made their way into the chamber, and the sleeper opened her eyes, Mrs. Westbrook hardened her heart to the self-imposed task she had undertaken.

"Eva, are you awake?" she asked, gently.

"Yes, I think I am," was the drowsily uttered reply.

"I wish you would rouse yourself," was the next remark, "I want to talk seriously with you."

The girl raised herself on her pillows, passed her hands over her face, and then, feeling more thoroughly awake, she asked:

"Yes; what is it?"

"I have been kind to you, have I not, Eva?"

"Yes; very kind, indeed," was the grateful reply; "but for you I might have been helpless and ignorant. I owe all that I am, and all that I ever may be, to you, Mrs. Westbrook. If I never speak of gratitude it is not because I do not feel it; but because words are too weak to express my deep sense of what I owe to your kindness."

"And would you really do anything in your power, Eva, to prove your gratitude to me?" asked the lady gently.

"Try me," she answered; "put me to the test."

"I will put you to the test," replied the elder woman, slowly. "You have it in your power to make me very happy or intensely miserable; to make me love you or to make me curse the day on which I first saw your face."

"You frighten me," said Eva, while her face became pale with agitation. "What have I done? What can I do?"

"You can swear to me that if my son ever asks you to be his wife you will refuse him," was the coldly-deliberate reply.

"Your son Ernest?" and the girl seemed to shudder with emotion and surprise. "He never spoke to me; he—"

"All the more easy for you to give me the promise," interrupted the mother promptly; "if he has never spoken of love and you do not love him the assurance can cost you no pain, and can be no sacrifice."

But Eva's face had suddenly flushed hotly; she covered her burning cheeks with her hands, and she made no answer to the woman who looked down so coldly and so keenly upon her.

"Well?" asked Mrs. Westbrook after a time.

"I—I will go away; I will hide from him; I will try to forget him," sobbed the girl, painfully.

"And you will swear that you will never marry him without my consent?" asked Mrs. Westbrook, sternly.

For reply Eva flung herself upon her knees, moaning pitifully, as she pleaded:

"Don't make me swear that; have mercy upon me for—for—I love him."

She hid her face as though she had pleaded guilty to some dreadful crime and even Mrs. Westbrook's worldly heart was slightly touched by the poor maiden's deep humiliation.

But she had her end to gain, she had her son to save and she replied scornfully and bitterly:

"Everything but what I ask; I have been a fool for my pains. I have nurtured a serpent in my breast, and it takes the first opportunity of stinging me. Upon my word, you have played your cards well Eva Randolph; but I shall not condescend to reproach you if you have no more dignity of character, no more self-respect than to live for years upon my bounty and then try to entangle my son into a marriage that will be an outrage to me, and in every sense of the word, a wrong to him, then anything I can say against it would be in vain."

And Mrs. Westbrook rose to her feet with an air of injured virtue and dignity and moved a step or two toward the door.

Eva rose also. Her face was white as the nightgown she wore; her large dark eyes seemed bigger and more mournful than was there wont but there were no tears in them and she said resolutely but with strong emotion:

"I give you the promise you require; you have a right to exact it, for I owe all that I am to you. But I must go away; I must not see Ernest again till I have conquered myself and forgotten him."

"You swear to me that you will never marry my son without my consent?" asked Mrs. Westbrook, her eyes flashing with triumph.

"Yes; I will swear that never under any circumstances will I be his wife, if you like," was the passionate reply.

"You need not promise too much, my dear," was the smiling reply; "but you are a good girl, Eva, and I find I was not mistaken in you; and now you had better go back to bed and sleep awhile."

"I cannot do that," was the dejected reply. "I must go and hide myself; I must start for London at once. I must never see Ernest again."

"You shall not see him, but you cannot go now. Get into bed; leave it all to me. I will send Ernest out of the way in the course of the morning, and you can start for town with Barbara, as arranged; then you will give rise to no curiosity; our compact must be a secret between us."

And so saying, Mrs. Westbrook, half by force, and half by persuasion, induced Eva to return to bed.

The scheming mother managed everything as she had said she would. Ernest went away to keep an appointment about the purchase of some land in the neighborhood, believing that Eva was still too unwell to leave her room. But as soon as he was out of the way the carriage was brought round, the two girls and their hostess entered it, and Mrs. Westbrook, when she returned to the Grange, had the satisfaction of feeling that she had removed a great temptation out of the way of her son.

When Ernest returned home he was surprised and annoyed to find that Eva had gone away without his seeing her; but he strongly suspected that it was his mother's work, and he smiled mischievously when he thought how soon he would outwit her.

With this object in view, he went up to London a few days after Eva had left the Grange, but when he called at the house in Gower street he was informed that Miss Randolph was gone to Rome.

In some agitation he asked to see Mrs. Longford or Barbara. Both ladies were at home, and both received him cordially. But neither of them could tell him much about the girl he sought.

She had suddenly announced her intention of going abroad with a married lady, who was likewise an artist, and Barbara declared herself hurt and indignant to think that Eva would not be in England to be present at her approaching marriage.

"I suppose she left you an address to which her letters are to be forwarded?" asked Ernest, as he rose to take his leave.

"No; but we are to write to the post-office at Rome as soon as we hear from her the probable date of her arrival there," was the reply; "and if you or your mother wish to write to her, and will send the letter here, we will forward it."

After this he took his leave. He felt hurt and perplexed; he saw his mother's hand in the girl's sudden flight, but how to thwart his parent and how to bring Eva back he did not know.

At one moment a wild notion of following here to the Eternal City and there pleading the love with which his heart was filled, occurred to him, but he soon dismissed that idea, and though he was not clever as a letter writer, and had but little faith in the success of an offer sent by post he was compelled to make his choice between waiting until Eva should return and appealing at once to her on paper.

So he decided upon the latter course and he wrote such a letter as only a true, generous-hearted man could write, and one that any pure woman might be proud to receive.

He told her that he loved her; that his love was not the sudden passion of an hour, but a feeling that had been growing for years. Her noble character had first compelled his esteem he wrote, and her sweet disposition and beauty had won his love, and now he asked her if she could return his affection and if she would be his wife.

He put his heart into the page, but he was dissatisfied with the letter when it was written. It seemed so cold and formal, and he felt that whole volumes of written words were less powerful to evoke responsive love than would be one touch of a hand, or one glance full of meaning into loved eyes that were able to read that meaning.

But the letter was sealed and posted, and after a long journey and much delay it reached Eva's hand. In the meanwhile Eva traveled with her companion, with whom it must be confessed she had little or no sympathy, from one Continental city to another, visiting all the museums and picture galleries and studios; but to her preoccupied mind they seemed very much alike, and she took far less pleasure in them than she had anticipated.

At length they arrived at Rome, and Eva went to the post-office to ask if there were any letters for her.

Yes, there was one, and it came from Barbara Longford. But in it was inclosed another missive, and a glance at the handwriting told Eva from whom it came.

How her heart beat, fast and painfully, and then seemed to stand quite still; how she became hot and cold by turns, and how her head swam, and she nearly fainted with emotion, I need not tell. But she recovered slightly, after a time. The letter was still unopened; it might contain some mere friendly message; it might even be reproachful, but in any case it was passing strange that he should write. And so she sat and pondered, afraid, and yet longing to break the seal.

She opens it at last, and reads the fervid words addressed to her, and then she feels like one whose heart is so full of love and thankfulness that now in the hour of her triumph she would like to die.

But death does not come. Instead of the sleep of oblivion that she longs for, comes the slow but cold awakening.

"He loves me!" was the glad cry of her heart. "He loves me. They can never take that assurance from me, even though they take him. And I shall spend the rest of my days in peace and contentment with the knowledge that he loves me, and that he once thought me worthy to become his wife."

And, oddly enough, this conviction gave her peace and comfort.

To a man, such a sentiment would have been impossible, but a woman of Eva's temperament this state of feeling was by no means unnatural. Her pride and her heart were satisfied, and though the sweet end of love might never be hers, she thought with a sad smile that thousands of women as pure and as gifted as herself were compelled by fate to live their lives alone.

But the life of an old maid had no terrors for Eva Randolph; and one thing she knew beyond all shadow of doubt—she would certainly die unmarried if she could not be Ernest Westbrook's wife.

Some days elapsed before she felt strong enough to put the proffered cup of happiness definitely aside, before she could nerve herself to accomplish the sacrifice which she had sworn to make. When she did take up her pen, however, with her own hand to seal her own fate, her letter was as decisive as Mrs. Westbrook herself could have desired.

"I am very grateful for the high compliment you pay me," she wrote, "but I shall never marry; therefore, you will perceive that I must say 'No' to your question, though I hope always to regard you and your mother as my kindest and dearest friends."

This letter she posted herself, and then the days and weeks rolled on, and no second appeal came in answer to her rejection.

Ernest Westbrook evidently regarded her decision as final, and she told herself that it was so, and yet she could not rest. She worked hard, and she did all she could to drown thought and memory in labor, and she made pleasant acquintances; but though she endeavored to reconcile herself to the idea of taking up her residence in Italy for a few years, she could not do so.

A feeling of home-sickness, which she struggled against, but which she could not overcome, took possession of her, and at length she yielded to it and turned her face homeward.

The Longfords were delighted to have her back with them, for they had almost learned to regard her as a member of their own family.

So once more we see her in her old rooms, glad to be with friends, and trying hard, and with some success, to treasure her love, and yet keep it from wounding her.

In all these years she has never heard from her stepmother, Mrs. Church, or received any help from her or from her husband. More than once it has occurred to Eva to make inquiries about the affairs of her late father, but various causes have made her defer doing so.

Suddenly, about a fortnight after her return to England, she remembers one morning that it is her birthday—her twenty-first birthday. She is of age! And as the thought occurs to her she laughs bitterly; for what can it matter to any one but herself how old she may be?

Succeeding these meditations comes the sudden resolve to employ a solicitor, to ascertain whether her father was possessed of any property when he died; and, if so, what had become of it.

Acting on the impulse of the moment, she dressed herself for walking, and was just about to leave the house when a letter was brought to her.

Something in the handwriting of the address seemed to be familiar to her she laughs bitterly; for what can at once. It was actually from her stepmother, Mrs. Church, who, by some means or other, had always kept herself acquainted with Eva's movements, though never till now had she given hert he least reason to suppose that she or her husband knew or cared what had become of her

The letter began by remarking that, as it was Eva's birthday, she thought she would write and send her the inclosed piece of lace, which had belonged to the first Mrs. Randolph.

"And that reminds me, dear," the writer went on, "that Mr. Church wants you to sign some paper. I don't know what it is; but don't do it if you don't like, my dear, only write and tell me if you get the lace safely, and remember there's always a home with us when you want one."

Over and over again Eva read this odd epistle; then she glanced at the lace. It was not a piece of rare old lace, and certainly could not have belonged to Eva's mother. What could be the meaning of it? What paper could they want her to sign, and why were they so anxious that she should write to them? She could ask the questions, but she could not answer them, and, as the surest way out of her dilemma, she sent for a cab and drove to the office of a solicitor whom she had once met, and whom she knew well by reputation.

To him she stated her desire to know something about her father's circumstances at the time of his death, and then she produced the puzzling letter.

"Don't answer it, and don't sign anything," was Mr. Garrett's advice. "Leave the matter in our hands and we will soon unravel the mystery."

Eva acquiesced and returned home, but the surprises of the day were not yet over.

A letter from Mrs. Westbrook awaited her.

"My Dear Eva," it ran, "I know it is your birthday, and I want you to come and dine with us, and Ernest will take us to a theatre to-night. We have secured a box. You must come. The promise I once exacted I give you back, so consider yourself a free agent—but come.

"Your old friend,

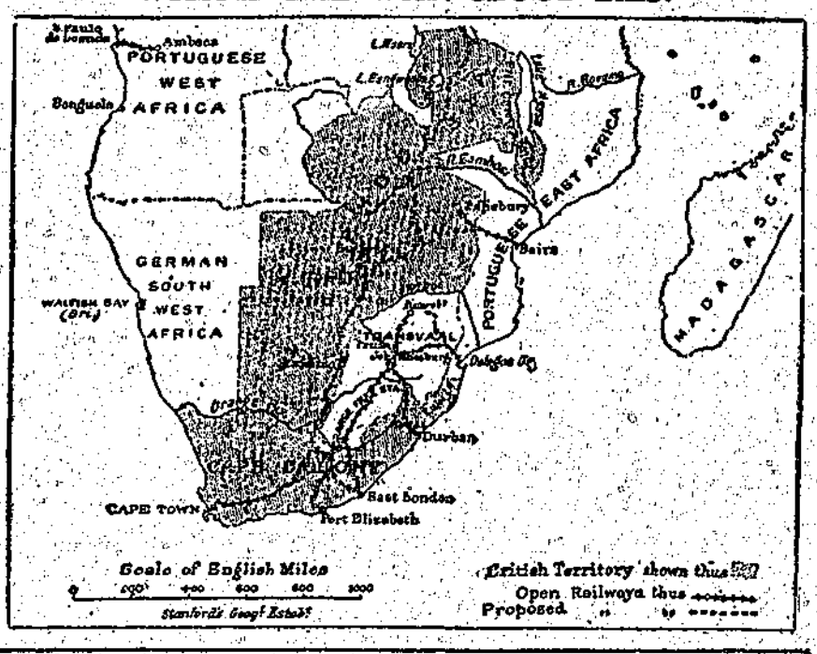
"Celia Westbrook."

This letter utterly bewildered the girl. Did Mrs. Westbrook want her to marry Ernest? No; that could not be. Was he married? But again her reason answered "No," for there was no mention of anyone but themselves.

Should she accept the invitation was the next consideration. Pride said "No," but love said "Yes," and the conflict in the girl's breast was a long and trying one; so long, indeed, that evening came before she had decided whether she would go or not. She was still sitting in her own room debating the matter with herself, quite unconscious of the flight of time, when a second and far more earnest appeal arrived from Mrs. Westbrook and this turned the scale of victory in love's favor, and Pride spread his wings and fled vanquished from the field.

To be Continued.

WHERE THE WAR CLOUD LIES.



DISHONORED GENERALS.

Those of France Are a Disgrace to the French Nation.

The French staff has thoroughly discredited militarism by its treachery and dishonor in the Dreyfus trial. The generals have completed the work begun by intriguers and forgers.

General Mercier has been, during recent years, the most powerful of the military martinets who have overawed the French Legislature. Ministers have taken their orders from him; presidents have been jealous of his authority.

He has had the reputation of being a great, silent soldier, who knew all the details of the service and was competent to conduct a great war in the most scientific way. He had the self-conscious air of a man who knew a great deal more than anybody else, and had no leisure for idle talk. In reality he has been an ambitious politician, who aspired to the presidency and surrounded himself with flatterers and wire-pullers.

When he was Minister of War he considered it unnecessary to consult either the president or the premier on any question relating to the army. If he had been a dictator, his power could hardly have been more absolute over the military service.

Yet he testified in the Dreyfus trial that during his term of office France was not prepared to undertake a great war when a campaign seemed almost unavoidable. This was a confession that he had failed as an organizer, and did not deserve the great reputation cheaply won by his silence and pretentious air. The nation had provided money and men lavishly. He had full authority over military policy; yet he himself being the witness, France was not in condition for war.

The military chieftains who have pretended to be more important personages than ministers responsible for the government of France, have been neglecting their own work and playing a game of intrigue. They are not great soldiers, but political generals with secret ambitions. Their littleness has found them out.

Militarism under favoring conditions breeds intriguers. It exhausts the resources of nations without securing them against the evils and horrors of war, or adequately safeguarding their interests.

Words From the Heart

A NOVA SCOTIAN FARMER TELLS HOW HE REGAINED HEALTH.

He Suffered for Years From Kidney Trouble, Sick Headache and Rheumatism—Although Advanced in Life He Has Found a Cure.

From the Enterprise, Bridgewater, N.S.

Solomon Meldrum, Esq., of Upper Branch, Lunenburg Co., N.S., is a gentleman of Scotch descent, and well known throughout the county. He is an agriculturist of repute and is prominent in the local affairs of the Baptist denomination. Referring to Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, he says:—"I consider them a most wonderful and beneficent revelation in the realm of medicine. Previous to using these pills some two years ago, I had suffered for years from kidney trouble and rheumatism. Many a time had I been so bad that I could do nothing but endure the pain and pray for physical deliverance. My advanced age, being nearly 70 years old, made a cure look almost impossible, humanly considered, in a case of such long standing. But thanks to the Lord and Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, I am here to-day in excellent health with scarcely an ill feeling to remind me of past sufferings. Something over two years ago I read of the wonderful cures attending the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. I thought if these testimonials are true it is possible the pills may benefit even me. I bought six boxes first, used them strictly as directed, and with the Lord's blessing they did me much good. But my ailments were chronic, deep seated, and I am an old man. The cure was not complete, and I got twelve boxes more with all faith in the result. I only had to use six boxes of the second lot when I found myself quite free from kidney troubles, rheumatism, and all other bodily ailments, except the disability incidental to persons of my advanced age, and even these were in a measure relieved. I may add that for a long time before I used the pills and when I began their use, I was the victim of the most distressing attacks of sick headache, the sensation of seasickness in extreme violence, being not a whit more distressing. These attacks came on once or twice a week. After taking the pills, the attacks became less frequent and less troublesome and finally ceased almost entirely. My son who lived at a distance took the remaining six boxes and stated to me that they did him much good. This I do know, that he looked much fresher and appeared in better spirits after their use. Believing as I do that an over-ruling power suggests to mortals all the wise and beneficial thoughts and inventions which operate to improve our race, and allay and cure our suffering I say again that I thank the Lord and Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for my prolonged life and present good health.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills cure by going to the root of the disease. They renew and build up the blood, and strengthen the nerves, thus driving disease from the system. Avoid imitations by insisting that every box you purchase is enclosed in a wrapper bearing the full trade mark, Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. If your dealer does not keep them they will be sent post paid at 50 cents a box or six boxes for $2.50 by addressing the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

GREAT TRAVELLER.

Covered More Than Two Thousand Miles in a Coach and Four.

Two thousand miles is the length of a journey made with a four-in-hand by Right Rev. John Francis Stretch, Coadjutor Bishop of Brisbane. Dr. Stretch is himself a native of Australia, and presides over a district larger than the whole of England. His people are scattered far and wide, and it is nothing unusual for him to set out on a drive of several hundred miles to visit a handful of people in some outlying settlements. Obstacles count for naught with this enthusiastic Bishop, who thinks nothing of swimming across a river when a fording place is not readily available. He discards when on his long drives the usual Episcopal attire, and has many curious tales to tell of strange adventures in the bush and on the lonely plains. Dr. Stretch, the long-driving Bishop, is most popular with the people of his vast diocese.

SOMETHING TO BE CONSIDERED.

Prospective Tourist, at booking office of great ocean liner—That state room is near the stern of the vessel, isn't it?

Agent—Yes, sir.

Prospective Tourist—You ought not to charge me full price for it.

Agent—Why not?

Prospective Tourist—Because when the steamer comes to land I'll have to walk half a mile to get ashore.

MODESTY.

She glanced up at the clouds, apprehensively.

I verily believe the sun is going to shine! she faltered, paling. And here I am two miles from home in my rainy-day skirt! How shockingly immodest I shall appear!

Modesty is the crown of womanhood, being rather more complex than the average imported hat, even.

A MISLEADING ANALOGY.

When you eat, be careful to leave off hungry, is advice often given at the dinner-table; but seldom received in an obedient spirit.

The caution was repeated not long since to a young man of vigorous appetite.

Pshaw, said he, you might as well tell me to wash my face and be careful to leave off dirty.

NO EXPRESSION IN THE EYE.

It Is the Eyelid That Does the Business, Says an English Oculist.

There are no expressive eyes. The expression of the eye is really in the lid. The eye itself, independent of its surroundings, has no more expression than a glass marble. A prominent English oculist makes this daring statement, and he defends his position with emphasis "The eyes have no expression whatever," he says. "How do you explain the fact that the eyes of one person are more expressive than those of another?" I am asked. They are not. The difference consists in certain nervous contractions of the lids peculiar to the individual.

"Observe for yourself, and you will see that I am right. We will see that I am greatly interested in something, and my attention is suddenly called from it by an unexpected interruption. My upper eyelid raises itself just a little but the eye proper does not change an iota in appearance. If the interruption is but momentary, the elevation of the lid will be but momentary. If the surprise caused by an interruption is continued the lid may be raised even a little more, and in fact, the whole of the forehead, including the eyebrows, is raised and wrinkled. But the eye remains the same.

"When a person is excited, much the same emotions are gone through," continued the doctor. "His eyes are open wide, in cases of intense excitement, to their greatest extent, but the forehead is not wrinkled, and the ball of the eye is as expressive as a bit of glass. No more.

"Observe the face of one who laughs, You will see that the lower eyelid has no muscle of its own, and it is only by the contraction of the adjacent muscles in smiling or laughing that it is made to move. That is why there are many wrinkles about the eyes of merry persons.

"The expression of deep thoughtfulness is produced by the drooping of the upper lid. The lids of some persons fall so low that the pupil of the eye itself is the same. If the meditation is over a subject that worries the thinker the expression is again quite different. The eyelids contract and the eyebrows are lowered and drawn together. This is true of a reflective mood.

"As to emotional moods, there is the expression of anger, for instance. The eyes, instead of closing, are open wider than they are normally, but the brows are closely knit.

"In expressing sadness the entire upper eyelid comes about half way down and the folds of the skin collect there, giving the lid a thick, heavy appearance."

THE TEN TRIBES.

They Were Not Lost, But Merely Absorbed by Other Nations.

After the death of Solomon the Jewish Kingdom was split into two, that of Israel consisting of 10 tribes, and that of Judah consisting of two tribes. In 712 B. C. the 10 tribes were attacked by Shalmaneser and carried away captive to Assyria, their places being occupied by Assyrian colonists. The Kingdom of Judah continued till 588 B. C., when it was overthrown and the main part of the population carried away captive to Babylon. In 539 B. C. Cyrus conquered Babylon and restored liberty to the Jews, of whom a large number returned to Palestine. Some writers maintain that those who returned all belonged to the two tribes who were taken captive in 588 B. C., and that the 10 tribes who were taken earlier never returned. These 10 tribes they call the Lost Tribes. They have been identified with various races Afghans, Japs, Mexicans, North American Indians, Gypsies, etc. Some even maintain that the inhabitants of Great Britain and Ireland are descended from the Lost Tribes. There is little or no reason for any of these identifications, and the last, according to Prof. Tylor is "abject nonsense." There are very good grounds for believing that the 10 tribes were never lost. When Cyrus freed all Jews indiscriminately, the 10 tribes as well as the two, were under his authority, and it is most probable that all the Jews of all the tribes who wished to return home did so together. Those—and they were a large number—who preferred to remain where they were, either gave up their religion and became merged with the Assyrians, or remained in scattered communities, the descendants of which still exist in many parts of Asia.

THIRTY TO THIRTY-FIVE.

"Thirty or thirty-five," says a woman who has evidently given some serious thought to the problem, "is, I think, the age when a man is at his most attractive stage. His manners are then modeled and his character formed; he has had some experience with the world and human nature, and consequently knows how to act and make allowances. He realizes, too, how utterly impossible it is to live on romance and flattery, which younger fellows fondly imagine possible; is more level-headed, practical, sensible, sincere, and just in his attachments. Not so liable to be led away with every pretty face, and, mixing with the world, has found out perhaps that 'all is not gold that glitters.'"

$3.95 Cut this out and return to us, with name of your nearest express office and we will send this watch there for you to examine. It is an open-face, gold-plated, dust proof case, handsomely engraved, fitted with American model 7 jewelled stem wind and set movement, lady's or gent's size. It is a good time piece, equal in appearance to a $25.00 watch, and is just the thing for reading purposes. If, on careful examination you are convinced this watch is worth far more than we ask, pay the express agent $3.95 and express charges and it is yours. Terry Watch Co., Box Z, Toronto, Can.

A HUSTLER.

Now, then, my friend, said the business-like young preacher, pocketing the wedding fee and turning again to the bridegroom, let me ask if you are carrying any life insurance?

No sir, replied the newly-made benedict. Not yet.

Well, the most sacred duty resting upon you now is to take out a liberal policy for the benefit of this young woman who is to be dependent upon you hereafter. I represent one of the strongest and best companies in this country. Here are the figures showing, etc.

And he got the young husband's application. There is nothing like finishing a job thoroughly while you are about it.

DID NOT KNOW

Plight of a London, Ont., Man.

Had Brig't's Disease and Didn't Know It—Had Existed for Three Years Before He Found What it Was—Then He Found What it Was and Cured it by Dodd's Kidney Pills.

London, Oct. 9.—Mr. G. E. Brady, 229 Talbot St., this city, feels that he is a lucky man. For three years he has been slowly sinking into a quicksand, deeper and deeper all the time and he not aware of his danger.

Mr. Brady had Bright's Disease. Bright's Disease is generally considered incurable — in fact there is only one known cure. It is a Kidney Disease, those organs decaying and neglecting to filter the blood. Well, Mr. Brady never found out what was the matter with him until the disease had run three years and eaten right into his kidneys. He was sunk hopelessly in the quicksand. There was only one thing to save him.

Mr Brady found out what was the matter with him by chance. He read a list of the symptoms of Bright's Disease in a paper and at once recognized his own case. Then came the cure. Again he was lucky. After trying several medicines in vain he struck the right one, the only one that is a particle of use in Bright's Disease—Dodd's Kidney Pills which have never failed yet.

Says Mr. Brady himself:—"I have been troubled for three years with Bright's Disease and I did not know it until I read the symptoms in one of your papers. I tried several remedies, but none could touch the spot. I purchased three boxes of your Dodd's Kidney Pills and after I had used one box I felt the disease leaving me. I am now completely cured. I am a contractor here in London, and my friends will vouch for what I say. Dodd's Kidney Pills saved my life."

LONG WORDS.

If you would win the the world's respect,
For what you have to tell,
First learn to use four syllables
Where one would do as well.

THE FINAL STAGE.

Banks is in a bad way financially.
All his money gone?
Worse; he can't borrow any more.

La Toscana, 10c. RELIANCE CIGAR FACTORY, Montreal

NUTRITION IN CHOCOLATE.

The great nutritive powers of chocolate are now so generally recognized that it has been adopted for campaign use in the armies and natives of almost every European Government. The increased consumption in Europe within four years is 35 per cent.

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

THREE THINGS.

Three things to cherish—virtue, goodness and honor.

Three things to hate—cruelty, arrogance and ingratitude.

Three things to like—cordiality, goodness and cheerfulness.

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

NO EXCUSE FOR THEM.

Mother—I don't see why you and your husband should have so much trouble. You don't belong to different churches, do you?

Daughter—No, mother.

Mother—Then there is no excuse for fighting like cats and dogs.

TWO FAMOUS RINGS.

Two silver rings, of which one is in Paris and the other in Germany, have associations of rare interest. They were worn by Martin Luther and his bride, Catherine de Bora, on their wedding day in 1525. The rings bear on the inside the names of Martin Luther and his wife, and on the outside are engraved the spear, nails, and ropes, the symbols of Christ's suffering and death.

Nature's Voices.

To the discerning ear Nature has many voices. She has a message in the sweet tones of the brook as it rushes down the hillside in ocean's moody voices, now rippling with gentlest cadence upon the golden sands, anon in deep boisterous voice as she lashes the beach with foam. Then the voice of trees which the laughing winds bear to our ears, of sunshine and shade, of hill and valley, of bird and flowers. But she comes in pain, too, the voice of the aching, stinging corn speaks impressively, but Putnam's Painless Corn Extractor removes the worst corn in twenty-four hours, painlessly and without leaving sore spots.

SORT O' MIXED.

First Hindoo—Have you ever been for a boat sail?

Second Hindoo—Oh, yes.

First Hindoo—How did you enjoy it?

Second Hindoo—I did not like it; it's too horrible. The boat is going upside and downside, and your inside is going inside and outside.

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. URQUHART, 489 Queen St. W., Toronto.

HIS PREFERENCE.

Great Employer—I always employ married men if possible.

His Friend—Good idea. Helps conserve that sacred institution, the home.

I hadn't given that a thought, but I guess it is so. I employ married men because they are more tractable.

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.

THE BITTER PART OF IT.

Some philosopher says: The contented man is never poor; the discontented man never rich.

That may be all right as far as the man himself is concerned, but it's discouraging to be a member of a contented poor man's family.

LUBY'S Gives new life to the Hair. It makes it grow and restores the color. Sold by all druggists. 50c. a bottle.

BURGLARY WITH SPONGE AND WATER.

When a burglar wants to break into a Peruvian house he takes a sponge and a bucket of water and moistens the walls, which are covered with only a thin coating of mud, and easily dissolve upon the application of moisture. Then when the mud is removed he takes a sharp knife and cuts the strips of split bamboo which serve as a substitute for laths. That easy little operation produces a hole in the wall large enough for a man to crawl through, and can be performed so silently that people sleeping in the house will not be awakened. Not long ago the residence of the cable manager at Barranca was entered in this way. The thieves frightened the family, but were discovered before they had seized much booty.

MONTREAL HOTEL DIRECTORY.

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

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

AVENUE HOUSE—McGill-College Avenue. Family Hotel rates $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

REAL GREATNESS.

An exchange gives this story of a pompous member of Parliament who attended an agricultural show in Dublin. He arrived late, and found himself on the outskirts of a huge crowd.

Being anxious to obtain a good view for himself and a lady friend who accompanied him, and presuming that he was well-known to the spectators, he tapped a burly coal-porter on the shoulder and peremptorily demanded, Make way there.

Garn, who are ye pushin'? was the unexpected response.

Do you know who I am sir? cried the indignant M.P. I am a representative of the people.

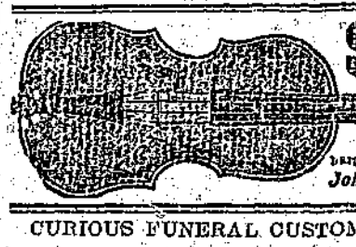
Yah, growled the porter, as he stood unmoved, but we're the bloomin' people themselves.

THE SUPERIOR QUALITY OF

LUDELLA Ceylon Tea

speaks for itself. A trial is the most convincing argument in its favor.

Lead Packages. . . . . .25, 30, 40, 50 & 60c.



$4.95 Cut this out and send it to us with the name of your nearest express office and we will ship you this Violin with Outfit by express, subject to examination. Examine it at your express office, and if you find it exactly as we represent it and entirely satisfactory, pay the express agent our special price, $4.95 and express charges. This is a finely finished, regular $9.00 Stradivarius model violin, richly colored, highly polished, powerful and sweet in tone. Complete with fine bow, extra set of strings and rosin. A genuine bargain at the price. Buy direct from us and save the dealer's profit.

Johnston & McFarlane, Box 'Z,' Toronto, Ont.

CURIOUS FUNERAL CUSTOM.

In Switzerland a death is attended by a custom which calls upon all charitable and Christian people to show their sympathy. A notice edged with a wide black line appears in the daily papers setting forth the day and hour when sympathizers must assemble before the house of the deceased. At the time named a little cloth-covered table supporting a good-sized jar is stood before the house—table, cloth and jar all being of a sombor, ebony hue—and into the latter small mourning cards, bearing the name and address of their owners, are deposited. The day the funeral takes place is the day selected for the exhibition of the jar. No ladies are allowed to follow at a Swiss funeral.

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.

FASHION IN CHINA.

A missionary paper reports that the opposition to the National Foot Society in China comes chiefly from the women, who are afraid to go against fashion.

There is more Catarrh in this section of the country than all other diseases put together, and until the last few years was supposed to be incurable. For a great many years doctors pronounced it a local disease, and prescribed local remedies, and by constantly failing to cure with local treatment, pronounced it incurable. Science has proven Catarrh to be a constitutional disease, and therefore requires constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure, manufactured by F. J. Cheney & Cy., Toledo, Ohio, is the only constitutional cure on the market. It is taken internally in doses from 10 drops to a teaspoonful. It acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. They offer one hundred do lars for any case it fails to cure. Send for circulars and testimonials.

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

NONSMOKERS DEVELOP BEST.

Doctors say that nonsmokers increase in height, weight, chest measurement, and lung capacity much more readily than smokers.

WPC 993

CALVERT'S

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

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

Brass Band

Instruments, Drums, Uniforms, etc.

Every town can have a band.

Lowest prices ever quoted. Fine catalogue, 500 illustrations, mailed free. Write us for anything in Music or Musical Instruments.

WHALEY ROYCE & CO., - Toronto, Can.

Sausage Casings—New importations finest English Sheep and American Hog Casings—reliable goods at right prices. PARK, BLACKWELL & CO., Toronto.

Carters COLD CURE 10c. Cures in a jiffy. P. McCormack & Co., Agents, Montreal.

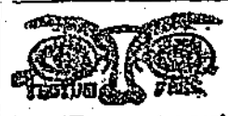
THE DES MOINES INCUBATOR—Best and cheapest. O. Rolland, sole agent for the Dominion. Send 3 ct. stamp for catalogue. 373 St. Paul Street, Montreal.

LAW Millo, Millo & Hales Barristers, etc., removed to Wesley Bldgs., Richmond St. W., Toronto.

I.C.C. permanently cures Catarrh of nose, throat, stomach and bladder. 50c & $1 a box. Write for particulars. The Indian Catarrh Cure Co., 146 St. James-st., Montreal.

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

The Dawson Commission Co., Limited,
Cor. West-Market & Colborne St., Toronto,
Can get you best prices for your Apples, Butter, Eggs, Poultry, and other produce, if you ship it to them.



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Best Gold Fill 1.50
5 yrs Gold Fill 1.00
Best Glasses... 100

We guarantee perfect satisfaction.

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93 Yonge Street, Toronto.

TORONTO Cutting School offers special advantages to all desirous of acquiring a thorough knowledge of Cutting and Fitting Gentlemen's Garments. Write for particulars.
113 Yonge St., Toronto.

WANTED—IN EVERY VILLAGE—BOYS AND GIRLS under seventeen, for easy work in spare time; big pay. Apply, in own handwriting, The Enterprise Company, 67 Yonge Street, Toronto.

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

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

Stammerers Especially those who have failed to be cured elsewhere, write to Dr. Arnott, Berlin who will convince you he can cure you

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HARRIS Buys Scrap, LEAD, COPPER, BRASS.
Wholesale only. Long Distance Telephone 1720.
WILLIAM ST., TORONTO.

Wanted—BOYS and GIRLS
in every village to procure lists of names, and work in spare time. Remuneration, $2 for every 12 names Apply,
THE ENTERPRISE CO.,
67 YONGE ST., TORONTO.

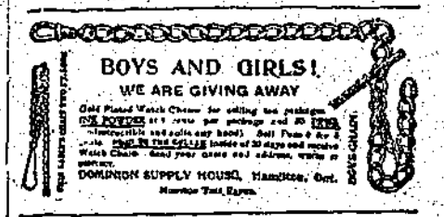
ROKCO

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.

Dominion Line ROYAL MAIL STEAMSHIPS
Montreal and Quebec to Liverpool.
Large and fast Steamers Vancouver, Dominion, Scotsman, Cambroman.
Rates of passage:—First Cabin, $50 upwards; Second Cabin, $35; Steerage, $22.50 and $25 50
For further information apply to local agents, or
DAVID TORRANCE & CO., General Agents, 17 St. Sacrament St., Montreal.

SHOW CASES. WALL CASES
Office and Bank Fixtures, Modern Store Fronts, Mirrors and Plate Glass. For low prices write
TORONTO SHOW CASE CO.,
92 ADELAIDE W., TORONTO, CAN.

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



BOYS AND GIRLS!
WE ARE GIVING AWAY
DOMINION SUPPLY HOUSE, Hamilton, Ont.

THE MOST NUTRITIOUS.
EPPS'S
GRATEFUL—COMFORTING.
COCOA
BREAKFAST—SUPPER.

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Personally conducted California Excursions Every Thursday via MISSOURI PACIFIC R'Y and IRON MOUNTAIN ROUTE.
THROUGH TOURIST SLEEPERS.
LOWEST RATES.
For full information and reservation of sleeping car berths, address
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BISSELL WILSON, D. P. A., 111 Adams-st., Chicago, Ill

HEALTH RESTORED without medicine or expense to the most disorderly Stomach, Lungs, Nerves, Liver, Blood, Bladder, Kidneys, Brain and Breath by
Du Barry's Revalenta Arabica Food,
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Blue Ribbon Ceylon Tea
is always uniform and always the best. Try it

The Mining Review

SATURDAY...OCTOBER 21, 1899.

TRY AND COMPROMISE.

Very frequently you will hear business men say the country would be all right again if the miners were only at work. This is true as far as it goes; but it must not be forgotten that we must have mines as well as miners to bring back old-time business and prosperity. Either one is perfectly useless for the purposes of the business man without the other. Then when difficulties like the present arise, it is but absolute justice that in making settlements the one shoud be consinered as well as the other. This, however, is not the feeling, even with business men, they too often run either the one side or the other madly. This is not right.

To get a better view of the case we must commence at the beginning. Prior to the passage of the eight-hour law, there was the best of feeling in the Slocan between employer and employees. They met and talked with one another as sociably as any other two classes in the community. The employee felt that he was well paid, and the employer was well satisfied with the service for which he paid his $3.50. Will any sensible man in the world say that under such circumstances legislative interference was either called for or justifiable? You will sometimes hear men say "There was no call for the law, but now that it is passed we must support it." This certainly is very lame argument. There was no necessity for the serpent to tempt Eve, but when he did it we say he did right. Though every thing was satisfactory between owner and men up to the passage of the law, our jockey politicians were not satisfied; they wanted to get back to the House again, and the whole country had to be thrown back two or three years in its progress to enable them to get back. That is the whole issue in a nutshell.

The question now, however, is the settlement of the trouble.

The public naturally sympathises with the good, responsible miner who says, "$3.50 a day and pay $1.00 for board is as little as I should take, all circumstances surrunding my calling considered." The owner at the same time says, "If I was paying good wages for an average of 9 hours work, for the value I received and with which the miner was perfectly satisfied, why should I now be asked to pay the same wage for 20 per cent. less value because the politicians for personal gains have thrown the country into a turmoil setting capital and labor at daggers drawn?" This is the real situation, and any fair man must see that no settlement can be made, on just principles, that does not consider the one side as well as the other. There is no possible way of evading this fact. If an amicable compromise on an equitable basis, that will take no more from the one side than the other, can be made, that would be one way of disposing of the question. If it cannot, in all conscience let all classes of the community petitition for the repeal of a law that was never asked for and never required, at least in its penal clauses, so that the men on both sides will be allowed to adjust their differences at will, without the violation of the law of the land. If, then, the men conclude that they want $3.50 again, and that satisfactory work can be done for the money in less than 10 hours—in 8, 8½ or 9, as the case may be, let them stipulate accordingly. One advance step on the part of the unions towards a settlement on any of these lines, would be assurance that they took no men into their ranks who could not be guaranteed to do a good man's work every day they went into a tunnel.

THE PRINCIPLE COVERS ALL.

The Nelson Tribune cannot understand that section of the Conservative platform that binds the party to the principle only of the eight-hour law. It declares that that party cannot be sincere because it has not declared assent to Joe Martin's Act, body and bones. There is an old saying, "There is none so blind as he who will not see," and it is a true one. The Conservatives of this province, no matter what else they may be, are not a body of fools. They believe that one class of the community is as much entitled to consideration as another—they are not vote hunters

Youthful Recklessness.

The natural exuberance of youth often leads to recklessness. Young people don't take care of themselves, get over-heated, catch cold, and allow it to settle on the kidneys. They don't realize the significance of backache—think it will soon pass away—but it doesn't. Urinary Troubles come, then Diabetes, Bright's Disease and shattered health.

A young life has been sacrificed.
Any help for it? Yes!

DOAN'S KIDNEY PILLS.

These conquerors of Kidney Ills are making the rising generation healthy and strong.

Mrs. G. Grisman, 505 Adelaide St., London, Ont., says:
"My daughter, now 13 years old, has had weak kidneys since infancy, and her health as a consequence has always been poor. Two boxes of Doan's Kidney Pills have removed every symptom of kidney trouble, and restored her to perfect health. I am truly thankful for the great benefit they have conferred upon her."

to the prejudice of fair play and decency. They fully recognise that the tendency, the world over, is to reduce the working hours of the mechanic, the artisan, the laborer, the clerk and the miner, not singly, as Joe Martin affirms, but bodily. To use all alike the proper course is to declare eight-hours a statutory day, so that any man hiring with an other by the day, the week or the year knows when eight hours expire every day his day's work is done, unless he himself distinctly arranges for longer service. We believe too it is the feeling of many of the Conservative party, as it must be that of all thinking Liberals as well, that this province has outgrown the age of serfdom, that the people are too intelligent to desire legislation that creates them the wards of the state. They want laws that protect the industrial classes from unnecessary toil at the wish of hard task masters, and at the same time guarantee the toiler personal independence—that leaves him free to sell his own services as he thinks best in his own interest. We are very much surprised if such legislation would not be preferred by a large section of the mining community as well as other classes of the people.

We very much fear the Nelson Tribune's explanation of the reason why miners who refuse $3 here accept it in Ainsworth and elsewhere, only leaves confusion worse confounded. It is in substance that the miners now only ask for the eight hours in every camp what they formerly got there. But why should even this be the case? Has the eight-hour law advanced the price of ores? Has it increased the quantity or grade of the ores in the leads? No; it has diminished the output 20 per cent. for a given wage. That is all; Why then have not the owners a grievance? Up to the coming in of the law they paid men all they demanded and satisfied them fully in wages. Then why should they not now object to the demand for the same wage for 20 per cent less work, when no compensating element of any character comes into the question? While at the matter, it is a very pertinent question to ask why there ever should have been a difference of 50 cents a day between the Slocan and Ainsworth, Rossland and other camps. If in days past the Slocan owners paid 50 cents more than other camps, they are entitled to some consideration now for past liberality and good offices towards the men.

There are three conditions:
When the blood is poor;
When more flesh is needed;
When there is weakness of the throat or lungs.
There is one cure: that is
Scott's Emulsion.

It contains the best cod-liver oil emulsified, or digested, and combined with the hypophosphites and glycerine. It promises more prompt relief and more lasting benefit in these cases than can be obtained from the use of any other remedy.

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

From the way straws are bending it would not take a world of effort to settle the mining trouble on a basis of $3.25 a day. It is better, however, to have the trouble spread over the whole of Kootenay before anything is done, and then there will be uniform wages and uniform work the country over. Much better it would have been if the men had accepted $3.25 from the Star when offered. The other mines would doubtless have followed, and no time would have been lost to either the mines or the miners. With that rate established for the eight hours, the miners could next have petitioned the legislature to abolish the penal clauses. This done, where extra time was desired, they could have asked 50 cents an hour for it, and in the end secured better pay than they ever got, and that voluntarily from the owners, which amounts to a great deal.

We cannot see the argument there is in the personal attacks which some papers are now making on the Hon. F. Carter Cotton for alleged misdeeds of his in the western states before coming to this province. As far as we can learn he never took up an assumed name, and has since coming to the province been, more or less, in public life so his whereabouts have always been known. If his acts were punishable he has always been available for punishment. We do not look for angels in public life in Canada more than elsewhere. Perhaps the history of many who are attacking him is no better than that of Mr. Cotton. We are not in love with all of his public acts since he became a cabinet minister, and we are quite content with attacking these.

The Nelson Tribune says: "If it is found (after a trial) that the eight-hour law is injurious to the mining industry then it can be repealed." Now, has the Tribune the slightest idea that the miners, as they stand in the province today, would voluntarily consent to a repeal of the law, if all who have substantial interests in the country knew its operation seriously injured the country? The answer is certainly, "No." Then as our present legislators passed the law to catch that vote would they dare offend it by repeal? The answer is obvious. Then why was not well enough left alone?

The Silvertonian, in its own quiet way, takes a shy at The Review without mentioning names. It matters little whether it is by the day, the night or the shift the miners work, the fact is they want former pay for 20 per cent less work. The owners offer them relatively 7 per cent more than they formerly got. They persist in the demand for the 20 per cent. and circulate the report that they are fighting against a reduction of wages. This is not a fact.

Some people make light of the statement that the miners of all the southern country contemplate a strike for higher wages, but time will tell. The reason they have not struck before was they hoped the Slocan owners would grant the demand of $3.50, and if that was granted they would have a strong lever to force like terms in the south. When they find that the demand will not be met here, a general strike may be looked for.

The Silvertonian says that considering the cost of living, etc. "skilled miners" should not be asked to work for less than $3.50 a day. Are all the men skilled miners that the miners' unions are putting forward at that wage? That is one important matter to unravel. Another is why do they take $3.00 at Ainsworth, Rossland, at the Silver King, Nelson, and other places, when they refuse it here?

The Tribune says the Slocan Star is working its full force. For the past month its force has varied from 6 to 20. Perhaps the Tribune is "fuller" than the Star's force.

The Tribune says the membership of miners' unions "should be confined strictly" to men who follow mining for a livelihood. If the Sandon union followed this advice it could not boast of 500 strong.

TO CURE COLD IN ONE DAY.
Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. All druggists refund the money if it fails to cure. 25 cents.

Of all the bereavements which are possible to a home, the loss of a child is perhaps the most disappointing, and the hardest to bear. During the heated spell in the summer in New York City as many as a thousand babies have died in a week. Of course, in a crowded city, with its unsanitary districts, many of these deaths would have occurred any way. The fact remains that this tremendous mortality was to a great extent due to the lack of inherent resisting power in the victims. These babies when born had in their bodies the seeds of disease. The deadly heated term only shortened the period of their sufferings.

If a woman wishes her babies to be healthy and strong and able to resist the usual ailments of childhood, she must take proper care of herself in a womanly way during the period of gestation. A woman who suffers from weakness and disease of the organs distinctly feminine is unfitted for wifehood and motherhood. Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription is a wonderful medicine for ailing women. It acts directly on the delicate and important organs concerned. It makes them well and strong. It allays inflammation, heals ulceration, soothes pain, stops exhausting drains and gives rest and tone to the tortured nerves. Thousands of women have testified to its almost miraculous merits. Many of them have permitted their names, addresses, experiences and photographs to be reproduced in Dr. Pierce's Common Sense Medical Adviser. This great book used to sell for $1.50, now it is absolutely free. It tells all about the home-treatment of ordinary diseases. It contains 1008 pages, and over 300 illustrations. Several chapters are devoted to the diseases of women. For a paper-covered copy send 31 one-cent stamps, to cover cost of customs and mailing only, to the World's Dispensary Medical Association, Buffalo, N. Y.; Cloth binding, 50 cents. "Favorite Prescription" is sold by all druggists.

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.
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2,500 MINERS

To work in the Metalliferous Mines of British Columbia, at the following prices per day of eight hours:—

Hand Drillers,	$3.00
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Apply to THE SILVER-LEAD MINES ASSOCIATION, Sandon, British Columbia.

Notice to Creditors.

Notice is hereby given that John Bull, of Argenta, B. C., merchant, has by deed, dated 29th day of August, 1899, assigned all his real and personal property, except as therein mentioned to William H. Bell, of Argenta, B. C., hotel-keeper, in trust for the purpose of paying and satisfying rateably and proportionately, and without preference or priority, the creditors of said John Bull their just debts. The deed was executed by the said John Bull, the assignor, and the said William H. Bell, the trustee, on the 29th day of August, 1899, and the said trustee has undertaken the trusts stated by the said deed. All persons having claims against the said John Bull must forward full particulars of such claims duly verified to the trustee at Argenta, B. C., before 1st day of November, 1899, after which day the trustee will proceed to distribute the assets of said estate among the persons entitled thereto having regard only to the claims of which he shall then have had notice. A meeting of the creditors of said John Bull will be held at the McLeod hotel in Argenta, B. C., on the 21st day of September, 1899, at 10 o'clock in the forenoon.
Dated at Argenta, B. C., this 31st day of August, 1899.

WILLIAM H. BELL,
Trustee, per O. W. B.

MINING STOCKS
AND OTHER INVESTMENTS.

Every Representation Guaranteed.

J. M. Harris
SANDON, B. C.

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Sandon, B. C.

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All sojourning brothers cordially invited to attend.

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CLIFFES' BOOKSTORES,
SANDON. NELSON.

SACRED TO THE INDIANS, BUT A HOODOO TO PALEFACES.

When Jim Jacobs Threw Up a Job as Guide—Ruth Kemble's Shot at the Mysterious Beast—An Organized Hunt and the Queer Way In Which It Ended.

Fifty years ago a family of Cattaraugus Indians lived on the corn planters' reserve, in Venango county. They were known as the "Jacobs," and the males were all tall, powerful men and stark hunters, who followed game clear to the Canadian frontier. Jim, the youngest, was the best known.

In 1863 he was guiding a party of gentlemen from New York, among whom was the late Roscoe Conkling, through the wilds of Elk county. A camp was made on the head waters of the Clarion, and the party made preparations to hunt for deer the next day. Jacobs had been ranging around the camp and came in late. He was more than usually silent and sullen. After a time passed in smoking he startled the others by declaring that he intended leaving them at once and gave directions to find McCarty's trading post, three miles down the river, where another guide would be had. After some questioning as to his sudden resolution he explained "he had seen a big white wolf, and it was bad medicine for Injuns," so, gathering up his traps and calling his two dogs, he disappeared in the darkness of the woods.

Next morning McCarty's post was found without any difficulty and the party hospitably received. They told their story, and McCarty, a man of 65, who had passed his life on the frontier, said: "So Jim seed the white wolf again. I've heard of the varmint 50 years ago, but never seed it, nor do I know of any white man who has, but Jim has no doubt, for he ain't a liar or boaster, and all the Injuns think it bad luck."

Twenty miles east of McCarty's, on Beaver creek, lived Rush Kemble. He was a hunter and trapper, cultivating enough land to raise corn for the family. He had a small flock of sheep that he had succeeded in raising, although bear and panthers were plenty in the country around. But his luck changed. The sheep began to disappear. He set traps, watched at night, while his son scouted around with his powerful bear dogs. It was no use; the sheep were taken. One day he found on the soft mud on the bank of the creek a number of tracks, unmistakably wolf.

One day in September while he was absent from home his daughter Ruth was feeding their one pig. Suddenly she saw the chickens scampering for the barn, while behind was an animal like an enormous dog, gaunt, covered with rough hair and pure white in color. It had caught a chicken and was devouring it. Full of terror, she rushed into the house. Catching up a rifle and calling the house dog, she crept around the cabin. The wolf caught another chicken. The dog was an old bear hound and game. He rushed on the beast, while Ruth, resting the gun on one of the projecting logs of the cabin, took a long aim and fired. The wolf gave a leap in the air and came down plump on the dog. In an instant the beast had disappeared and poor Boston lay dead with his head half bitten off.

The next day Kemble and two others started out to hunt down the "white wolf." As a lure the forequarter of a deer had been hung in the woods a few miles away, and in the early morning they found this gone and on the slightly frozen snow were plainly seen the big tracks of the wolf. They had 13 fine dogs who hunted by scent, and all were confident that "Jim Jacobs' white wolf's hide would come to the tanyard."

The trail led northwest over a range of hills covered with laurel, utterly sterile. The dogs ran freely, keeping the men well up to the collar. About midday they found pheasant feathers on the trail—the wolf had snapped up one for lunch. Their game was heading for Bakers' rocks.

It was growing dark as they entered a wild ravine, one side faced with rocks, full of holes. Here they resolved to camp. If the wolf holed, they could get at him at daybreak; and if he tried to get away the dogs would give warning. A fire was built and each man divided his roast venison and corn dodger with his dogs. It grew bitter cold, and very little sleep was had. At daylight they began to scout around, and shortly a wild burst of trumpets from the pack showed they were running on sight.

"See, look on the top of yon rock! Jacobs was right. It's white."

Although there was no sun, it was perfectly clear, and there was the wolf soon through the thin wintry air. The rock was bare, and the animal stood as if carved in stone—over three feet high at the shoulder. The dead white hair was bristling with rage, and the tail lashing like an angry cat's. One could see the huge jaws and iron teeth clash.

"It's nigh 300 yards, but let him have it."

Four rifles cracked, and the bullets sang, but the "white wolf" was gone. The yelling of the dogs was plainly heard.

Excited and eager, all hands charged the rocks. It was a hard climb. They reached the top, and the wolf was gone. Inside of an hour the dogs found the trail. The dogs seemed confident and ran at racing speed. The top of the ridge was covered with a scant growth of scrub oak, and on the river side was sheer rock down 60 feet to the water. Right on a point of rocks that jutted out into the river the "white wolf" came to bay. Kemble plainly saw a huge, gaunt animal covered with bristling white hair. The red eyes glowed with fire, and for an instant he lost his head. The dogs were getting the worst of it, and he fired. A sudden flash, and he plainly saw the wolf disappear over the face of the cliff.

All rushed to the spot. There was not a trace. At the foot of the cliff the river was open. No splash was heard. For an hour they watched and then made a circuit, but the dogs seemed indifferent and made no effort.

And this was the last of Jim Jacobs' "white wolf." It was never seen or heard of again in northwestern Pennsylvania. There were skeptics, but they were silenced by the fate of the hunters. Not one died a natural death nor long after, and Jim Jacobs escaped the many perils of the wilderness for 30 years to be crushed to death on the Erie railway in 1865.—Philadelphia Times.

Permanent Cure of Cancer.

MRS. GILHULA.

Some twelve years ago Mrs. Elizabeth Gilhula, wife of the postmaster of Buxton, Ont., was taken ill with an obscure stomach trouble which her physicians pronounced cancer of the stomach and informed her that her lease of life would be short. On the advice of friends she commenced taking Burdock Blood Bitters. The results that followed were little short of marvellous. Her strength and vigor returned and in a short time she was completely cured. Mrs. Gilhula is to-day in the full enjoyment of good health, and in all these years there has not been the slightest return of the trouble.

Here is the letter Mrs. Gilhula wrote at the time of her cure:

"About four years ago I was taken sick with stomach trouble and consulted several of the leading physicians here, all of whom pronounced the disease to be cancer of the stomach of an incurable nature, and told me that it was hardly to be expected that I could live long. Afterward the two doctors who were attending me gave me up to die.

"By the advice of some of my friends, who know of the virtues of Burdock Blood Bitters, I was induced to try it, and I am now happy to say that after using part of the first bottle I felt so much better I was able to get up. I am thankful to state that I am completely cured of the disease by the use of B. B. B., although it had baffled the doctors for a long time. I am firmly convinced that Burdock Blood Bitters saved my life."

Here is the letter received from her a short time ago:

"I am still in good health. I thank Burdock Blood Bitters for saving my life twelve years ago, and highly recommend it to other sufferers from stomach troubles of any kind." ELIZABETH GILHULA.

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CONSUMPTION and all LUNG DISEASES, SPITTING of BLOOD, COUGH, LOSS OF APPETITE, DEBILITY, the benefits of this article are most manifest.

By the aid of The D. & L. Emulsion, I have gotten rid of a hacking cough which had troubled me for over a year, and have gained considerably in weight.

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Should take with them a supply of Dr. Fowler's Ext. of Wild Strawberry.

Those who intend going camping this summer should take with them Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry.

Getting wet, catching cold, drinking water that is not always pure, or eating food that disagrees, may bring on an attack of Colic, Cramps and Diarrhœa. Prompt treatment with Dr. Fowler's Strawberry in such cases relieves the pain, checks the diarrhœa and prevents serious consequences. Don't take chances of spoiling a whole summer's outing through neglect of putting a bottle of this great diarrhœa doctor in with your supplies. But see that it's the genuine Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry, as most of the imitations are highly dangerous.

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MINING'S LUCKY PHASE.

ODD TURNS OF FORTUNE THEY TELL ABOUT AT ROSSLAND.

Fortunes Suddenly Discovered in Shares Supposed to Be of Little Value—The Young Englishmen With Remittances, Introductions or Merely Ambition—The Parson.

"What's that?" asks the stranger to Rossland the first time he hears the ore thundering down the chute from the War Eagle mine; and the Rosslander answers with the pride of an inhabitant of a solid camp:

"That? That's dividends."

The mining camp that has divided payers and the camp that has only properties "which will make a mine" are very different things," says a Rossland letter. And a camp like Rossland, which has passed through its period of depression and showed that it has bottom, is very likely to prove a surprise to the stranger from the East, who usually expects to find a few shacks stuck on a hill, along with one general store, a log-cabin hotel and twenty-five saloons. As for the saloons, he is right, but he finds also, as an addendum to these and the mines, a city of 8,000 people, regularly laid streets, several excellent buildings, electric lights, water works, shops of all kinds, five banks, plenty of hotels, and a club with a $20,000 home. Six years ago the place was a hillside of rocks and trees, one of a dozen such roundabout.

The history of Rossland is the history of most camps. In 1890-91 two French-Canadians prospecting among the mountains, chanced on this hill and staked out claims. In one day they located the present rich mines, Le Roi, War Eagle and Centre Star. Having no money for recording purposes, they offered a man in an adjacent settlement his choice of the claims for the recording fees. He chose the Le Roi. Thus a mine now computed at $9,000,000 first sold for $12.50. The Frenchmen, being men of no money, considered the $46,000 which they finally got out of the claims to be a fair clean up, yet to-day their hillside is calculated to have a producing power of $15,000,000 yearly, under improved working conditions. A year or two after the locating of the claims an American general came in, bringing along his cook. This cook is

THE FATHER OF ROSSLAND

and the man for whom the town is named. He staked out the present town site, and has found the stakes an excellent investment, so far having made some $300,000 out of the sale of the real estate.

Such instances are nothing, however, in a country where paupers become millionaires within the year. Two years ago a miner in Rossland was borrowing a few cents to get food, while the other day he was entertaining Spokane, the Mecca of miners who have made their stake, at a large ball. Twenty-four months and the hungry miner is worth $2,000,000. Some curious stories are told of the Le Roi mine. For instance, one man, a tailor, doing business in Spokane, had a Rossland customer who wanted a suit of clothes, but had nothing to pay with, save shares of the Le Roi, then unheard of. After persuasion the tailor gave the Rosslander a suit and received 6,000 shares of Le Roi. He put them away, and forgot about them until months later, when a mining friend asked him to invest a trifle in developing a gold claim.

"Not much," said the tailor. "I was only in one mining deal in my life and I got hung up for a forty dollar suit. Got paid with a lot of shares of some blamed mine that ain't worth a darn, I guess. Where are those shares anyway?" He routed them out of an old desk and held them up, contemptuously. "Thar they are," said he, "are they worth anything, anyhow?"

As the shares were bringing $6 each at the time, the tailor made $35,999 on his suit of clothes. It is related that another man, who originally put in a capital of $2,000 for an interest in the mine, sold his shares after the property had been worked, for $1,043,000, besides having received some

$80,000 IN DIVIDENDS.

This reads more like romance than mining, yet it is quite overshadowed by what is told of the earnings of a certain other man's dollars. This man, with his partner, used to own a bar in Rossland. A customer, owing them a bill of $100, came to them one day, said he had no money, and offered 46,000 shares of Le Roi stock for the debt. It being the only thing to do, the saloon men accepted what they thought a worthless security and wrote off the debt. Now it seems that besides owning a bar in common, they also had a racehorse, and when the shares came in one of them persuaded his partner to give him all the horse, the partner taking all the shares as equivalent. To do this the first had to make out that the animal was ailing but unfit to race any more. But summer coming on, it turned out he had lied and the horse that season won $2,500. The second partner got furious, wished his shares at the devil, and started to sue his partner. Not long after this, second man sold his 46,000 shares for $8 a share, thus realizing $368,000 from an original amount of $100.

It is probably the chances like these given by a mining country that have brought such droves of young Englishmen to British Columbia camps. Rossland, for instance, is filled with Englishmen. Most of them live on money from home and are everywhere known as remittance men, while their passion for golfing caps give them their other designation of the small hat crowd. Some of them lacking remittances come out armed with letters of introduction, carrying the signatures of any thing from a Marquis to a K. C.M.G. These letters are usually to the manager of the British America Corporation, the big London company, operating in British Columbia, and as the bearer always imagines he is to fall into a high place and large income, his talk with the manager is

A DECIDED SURPRISE.

"Ah, yes," says the manager, after preliminary courtesies. "Now, as a matter of fact, what can you do, Mr. Smith?"

"Well, I can do almost anything."

"Have you a technical mining education?"

"No."

"Have you a profession?"

"No, but I'm a graduate of Oxford. Lord So-and-So's son and I were chums there, and that's how I got this letter."

"Ah, yes. Delightful place, Oxford. Now, I beg pardon, you know, but have you any money to invest?"

"No."

"Well, Mr. Smith, I say to you as to dozens of men before you, if you have money enough to pay your passage out of here, do it. It's the hardest country to starve in that I know. The only work I can give you is manual labor in the mines, ore sorting at $2.50 a day. We have several Oxford graduates there now, and plenty of other good men. But as for a position, at present, we have down 250 names of men wanting what clerical positions there are in the company. Again, I tell you, get out of here, if you can."

And the manager is right. In mining camps there is nothing but mining and the professions, unless a man has capital, and for an educated man unacquainted with mining, as for others, the choice is between day labor and starvation. Thus it is that many of these penniless English lads leave the country at once, but some remain to take what they can get, and very pluckily they take it, too." One young fellow, who had come out with letters from a Marquis well known in politics, and an equally well known financier, took the job of shovelling snow and washing bottles for the first winter. At the end of that time he was encountered by the manager to whom he had brought the letters, and was asked what he thought of the country.

"Well," he said, slowly, as though loath to admit even so much defeat, "I am just the least bit disappointed in it, don't you know."

Some Englishmen come out with neither remittances nor introductions, but only a beautiful confidence. One such, swaggering around a day or two after his arrival, was questioned as to what he was going to do.

"Oh," said he, in a matter-of-fact way, "until I look around a bit I think I shall become superintendent of one of the large mines here."

The "dollars in front," Englishmen was the kind, who, it is related,

SAVED THE CITY OF SPOKANE.

in the early days. Some fifteen years ago it was a town of 2,500 people, with no future and every one dead broke. At this juncture in came an Englishman with $30,000. He was induced to deposit this in the bank, which at the time had just $500 on hand. Then they got him to invest $15,000 in real estate, and this amount circulating through the town gave it an impetus and got it on its feet again. It was computed that $250,000 worth of debts was paid off with this $15,000. Spokane is now a place of 40,000 people, the New York of northern Washington and Southern British Columbia, to which many miners retire when they have made their stake. Here they live in much splendor, in houses furnished throughout by the decorator and surmounted by as many turrets as possible.

In a country of so much drinking and gambling men attend pretty thoroughly to their own damnation, and some one else must look to their salvation. While there are clergymen of several denominations at Rossland the English Church parson is the clerical character of the place. This is an old Cambridge man, a great oarsman and football player in his day, who has been in British Columbia for twenty years, and is known far and wide as Father Pat. Father Pat is distinctly western timber for a western land, prides himself on being one of the boys, and will take his whiskey at the bar with you whenever you ask him. By sheer force of character he made himself respected and loved in the rougher days of British Columbia, when a man of more dogma and less strength of body would have failed. In these days his physical fights were many, for the miners thought one parson much like another. It is said that one of his first experiences was the attempt to hold services in a saloon. There was no place else in the camp to hold the meeting, so he walked into the largest saloon in the place on Sunday morning, and remarked that he was

GOING TO HOLD A SERVICE

there. When the miners got over their daze one big fellow stepped out,

"You don't hold no service here, unless you lick me first," he remarked.

"All right," said Father Pat, cheerfully, maybe, and squared up to him.

As the miner was as strong and as clusmy as a bull, and knew rather less of boxing than an elephant, he was knocked out inside of two minutes. Then another came out, and after him a third, and when they had been thrashed in succession, their fellows not only cheered the parson, but helped him rig up a church in the saloon, and the freedom of the camp became his. So the stories go of him in many cases. The miners in those days couldn't understand a parson, but "be gum a parson that can fight 's all right," as one said. In these more advanced days, when afternoon teas are heard of in British Columbia, mining camps, there are those who object to this kind of minister, who say that he can't preach and knows nothing of doctrine; that he shouldn't drink and that it's wicked to fight. But the miners still seem to think that a parson is about right who will sit up all night with their sick children, or ride twenty-five miles to nurse a man with a broken leg, even if he doesn't care anything about ritualism.

Thus, though a pioneer like Father Pat has seen great changes in twenty years, they are nothing to the coming changes of the next twenty. The amount of Eastern and English capital invested in British Columbia is prodigious, and the province is being opened up with amazing rapidity. With the extension of the Canadian Pacific lines will come a much greater population, and women, in particular, will probably go into the country in far greater numbers than heretofore. At present there is a keen demand for honest female labor in South British Columbia, the country depending entirely on Chinamen for cooking and domestic service. For this work they get anywhere from

$20 TO $35 A MONTH.

and women domestics would command like prices.

These Chinamen, while cleanly and industrious, are, as a rule, surly fellows, and liable to startle housekeepers by their vagaries. One Rossland woman, for instance, had occasion to teach her Chinese cook how to make a new cake, and for the first time made it herself before him. The recipe called for six eggs, and after she had opened four there chanced to be two bad ones, which she naturally threw away. Some weeks after, during which the cook had made the cake excellently several times, she happened to be in the kitchen when he was at the cake again. The Chinaman opened four eggs, then threw two away and then went on.

"What did you throw those eggs away for?" she asked.

"Ah, me do likee you," said John, with a surprised stare. And it turned out he did it each time he made the cake. So much for their imitative faculty.

Another woman of Rossland had a puppy given her, which she turned over to her Chinese servant to look after.

"John," she said, "this puppy has just been given to me. I want you to take him into the kitchen and be very careful of him."

"Me understand," said John.

At dinner that night John brought in a covered dish and set it before his master.

"Me heap careful," he remarked to his mistress, as he raised the cover with a pleased smile.

Under the cover was, of course, the puppy neatly cooked. Such Oriental peculiarities as these hardly encourage housekeepers to consider their China boys, as they call them, complete substitutes for the servants of their Eastern days.

REGULARITY.

Nature's Price for Good Health Is Only Attention to Rules.

Nature's price for health is regularity. We cannot safely bottle up sleep to-night for to-morrow night's use, nor force for stomachs at one meal, because we expect to eat sparingly at the next, nor become exhausted in working day and night, expecting to make it up later. Nature does nothing before her appointed time, and any attempt to hurry her invariably means ultimate disaster. She takes note of all transactions, physical, mental and moral, and places every item to our credit. There is no such thing as cheating nature. She may not present her bill on the day we violate her law, but if we overdraw our account at her bank and give her a mortgage on our minds and bodies she will surely foreclose. She may lend us all we want to-day, but to-morrow, like Shylock, she will demand the last ounce of flesh. Nature does not excuse man for weakness, incompetence or ignorance. She demands that he be at the top of his condition.

HORSE ON HIM.

Got a good joke on myself, said the man who has accumulated a little property by hard work. I asked my wife what was the difference between me and a horse, intending to say that I was a forehanded man and the horse was a four-footed beast. What do you suppose she said?

Give it up, said the other man.

Said she guessed it must be the length of my ears.

A GOOD REASON.

Mrs. Takem—Huh! Pretty condition for you to come down in! Been drinking, have you?

Mr. Takem—All, (hic), mishtake, m' dear. I'm all ri' (hic), dash whash I am.

Mrs. Takem—Huh! Haven't been drinking, eh? Then why do you talk as if your mouth was full of mush?

Mr. Takem—'Cause a shoft ansher turnesh away wrath, m' dear.

EASILY AMUSED.

Young Man—I have been—er—very attentive to your daughter for some time, and she—er—has listened favorably to my suit. If you give your consent, I will do my best to make her happy.

Mr. Olddad—Oh, that's easy enough, my dear young friend, easy enough. Just give her a blank check-book to fill out as she pleases.

HOW DARGAI WAS TAKEN.

GRAPHIC DESCRIPTION OF THE BATTLE BY AN EYE WITNESS.

An Illustration of the Fighting Qualities of Her Majesty's Indian Forces—Great Bravery of the Gordon Highlanders.

While we sat below in reserve a cry came down of "More ammunition for the Dorsets," says a writer in Macmillan's Magazine. The message was flashed down accordingly, and soon three ammunition mules appeared at the foot of the steep climb about half a mile below us, where the track skirted the side of a very precipitous hill. The leading mule came to a very bad bit of path, did not like the look of it, jibbed, backed, got his hind legs over the edge, made frantic efforts to recover his footing, was dragged down by the weight of the ammunition boxes and rolled over and over down out of sight. The second mule promptly followed his example, deliberately and without any fuss, nearly dragging a driver down with him. Transport officers and others familiar with the ways of the mule will tell you that instances are not uncommon when mules, weary of carrying heavy loads over frightful tracks, grow sick of life and purposely commit suicide over the nearest precipice. This looked remarkably like an instance of it. The third beast, which, by the way, was not a mule, but a long-legged weed of a pony, let itself be coaxed along a little further, then took fright, reared up close to the edge, fell backward and went down

HEAD OVER HEELS,

after the mules, with the last of the Dorsets' reserve ammunition. Incredible as it may appear, both the mules were got up subsequently, little the worse for their fall, nor was any of the ammunition on this occasion left as a present for the enemy.

Shortly after this A Company of the Derbys, under Captain Menzies, and C, under Maj. Wylly, were ordered to relieve the Dorsets in the firing line, covering the advance or attempted advance through the gap. "They have our range all right," said the Dorset officer whom Captain Menzies relieved, as he showed him a bullet hole through his helmet. Any man exposing himself for one moment there was immediately fired at, while the Afridis above had made so excellent a use of cover that not a man among them was visible, the smoke of their rifles offering the only guide for the direction of our fire. Next B, D and E companies were ordered up to the gap. B had marched out of camp in the rear of the battalion, and E immediately preceded them. This order had been maintained throughout, so that D went up first, followed at intervals by E and B.

As these companies scrambled up to reach the point where the slope lessened, fifty yards or so beneath the gap, they came within view, for the first time at close quarters, of the enemy's position and of the state of things at the gap. Right opposite, only three hundred and fifty yards away, rose a line of almost sheer cliff four hundred feet above us, lined for a length of some four hundred yards with an invisible enemy whose rifles and jezails, mostly rifles, were all

LEVELLED AT THE GAP.

Away to our right, out of sight from this spot, the cliff took a sharp turn backward and became less precipitous, and it was round this turn that the track eventually followed led to the top. The gap itself, formed by the watercourse narrowing to a funnel end at the top, was bounded on the left by a large perpendicular piece of rock, and on the right by a jagged, stony crest with an impossible descent on the further side. But the most hopeless part of the whole thing was the frightful block in the gap. There must have been some three hundred or four hundred men jammed together there, several wounded among them. Right in the mouth of the gap, and plastered against the rock on the left, squatted a number of Gurkhas, officerless, dogged and sullen, thirsting to revenge the slaughter of their comrades.

WINNING A VICTORIA CROSS.

The heroism of Colonel Travers's gallant regiment, who bore the brunt of the first assault and suffered more heavily than any other regiment engaged, had not been so generally recognized as it deserved. Immediately behind them, completing the block, was a mass of Dorsets. So densely packed were all these men, and so encumbered with wounded, that, until a line through them was cleared, as was done for the Gordons, it was only possible for any fresh troops to elbow a way through slowly one by one, and the continuous stream necessary to carry the place with a rush, the only chance of success, was then a physical impossibility. Nevertheless Captain Smith, who commanded D Company, the first of ours to come up, forced his way through the mass, and, followed by his subaltern Pennell and three or four more men of the company who managed to struggle through at short intervals, made a dash across the gap into the open under a murderous hail of bullets. Before he had gone more than a few yards he fell, shot through the head, and then men behind him were mowed down. Private Dunn being killed on the spot and Private Pomberth mortally wounded. Pennell, not knowing his captain was dead, won a Victoria Cross by making gallant efforts to carry him back under cover. He got him some way with difficulty, and seeing some men lying on the ground, called to them to assist. No answer came at first, until a man of the Dorsets lifted his head and answered, "We are all wounded, sir, except those that are dead." Then seeing that it was hopeless, he placed poor Smith's helmet over his face, the

ENEMY'S BULLETS WHIZZING

around him all the time, and made for the shelter of the gap again. Another small party with Lieutenant Way fared no better. Way escaped with a bullet through the edge of one of his puttees. Keeling, the color sergeant, and Spick, a private of D Company, were both severely wounded almost as soon as they crossed the gap. Both the men were subsequently awarded the Distinguished Conduct Medal. Way, for unknown reasons, although his name, with those of other officers, was brought forward, never was even mentioned in dispatches.

Men grew disheartened. Such fire could be faced no more. There was a dreadful pause for a full half hour, during which the attack stood still. A message was flashed down to General Biggs that the troops could not advance. The engagement had lasted now four hours and success seemed no nearer than at the beginning. The assault so far had failed, and failed completely. It was 2 o'clock; none of the second division had advanced a step beyond the Kotal toward Khorappa, and things looked remarkably ugly.

"THE GORDONS WILL TAKE IT."

But the time and the men were now at hand. More than an hour before the Gordons had been ordered up from Mama Khan, where their long range volleys can hardly have been very effective, to reinforce the attack, and the 3rd Sikhs not long after them. These fresh troops had now climbed up to within a few hundred yards of the gap, and a signaller brought a message to our colonel from the general to say: "The Gordons and the 3rd Sikhs will attack; Derbys and Gurkhas in support; Dorsets in third line." Soon after the red tabs of a staff officer or two appeared, staff officers up to this point had been conspicuously absent, and we were ordered to withdraw our companies aside. Then arose a cheer from the spot below where Colonel Mathias, very much the right man in the right place, had halted and closed up his regiment, and addressed them in that famous speech which will ever be connected in history with the name of Dargai: "Highlanders, the general says the position must be taken at all costs. The Gordons will take it." If ever one man's cool assurance and unbounded confidence in his regiment helped to turn impending disaster into brilliant success, it was done by Colonel Mathia's few strong words that afternoon. Roused to fierce enthusiasm by their leader's stirring speech and by the familiar skirl of the pipes, the Highlanders leaped to the assault. Up they came, a long, thin string of men with stern, set faces, stumbling, scrambling up the steep, in a frenzy of courage, not to be gainsaid, amid occasional spasmodic gasps from the pipes and cheers from any who had breath to utter, a sight for those who witnessed it to

REMEMBER ALL THEIR LIVES.

But no longer was the attack to be attempted by the fruitless valor of small detachments and driblets of men struggling through a crowded mass. As the Gordons neared the gap the word was passed up and shouted along to "clear a line for the Gordons," and the mass above surged and swayed apart, leaving a narrow pathway clear.

The Gordons enjoyed the inestimable advantage of being to a certain extent familiar with the ground, from having descended from Dargai two days before by the very path which they were now about to ascend. They therefore knew that when once the dangerous space to the foot of the cliff was crossed the heights could be scaled. Moreover, shortly before the Gordons' advance General Kempster had asked for a rapid artillery fire to be concentrated on the enemy's sangas, and at this moment a perfect avalanche of shot and shell broke from the eighteen guns on the Kotal and swept over our heads upon the position. Under cover of this, combined with a torrent of independent fire from the Dorsets, Derbys and Gurkhas, the Gordons streamed through the gap one after another as fast as they could clamber up, and dashed across the open space beyond.

BULLETS WHISTLED AND SPAT

all around them as thick as ever, but, though a large number were wounded, fortune so far favored them that only one officer and two men were actually killed, a smaller number than that lost by any of the other regiments. Probably the enemy's fire grew wild and inaccurate under the storm of shrapnel that rained upon their sangas, aided by the sight of the now at last continuous stream of men pouring through the gap; for in quantity at least it had not abated one whit. In a momentary pause, after the first two groups of Gordons had passed, a company of the Derbys stared up and followed them, and then another, and then, as from a dam let loose, the long pent up mass at the gap broke through and an indiscriminate crowd of Gordons, Derbys, Dorsets, Sikhs and Gurkhas were rushing pellmell across the open.

The day was won. Whether it was, as some think, that the enemy's supply of ammunition was running short after the five hours' fight, or whether they were cowed by their failure to stay the advance to the foot of their position, they broke and fled when the leading troops were still two hundred yards below them. The final storming of the steep track to the crest, which a few resolute men amply supplied with ammunition might still have made impossible, was accomplished unresisted. When, at three o'clock precisely, the heights were crowned, beyond some splashes of blood and heaps of empty cartridge cases, no sign was visible of Afridi or Orakzai, alive or dead. This seems to preclude the belief that their losses can have been very heavy. Ours amounted all told to a hundred and ninety-nine, including three officers killed, ten wounded, one fatally, and thirty-three men killed.

A Country Thanksgiving.

Uncle Jerry Foster was too stingy to live, and everybody knew it. But everybody didn't know how poor Aunt Betsey, his wife, had to manage and contrive and s_imp to get along.

She never had the handlin' of any money. Even the butter and egg money, that most every farmer's wife has for her own use, all went into Uncle Jerry's pockets; and if she wanted a new gownd or a bonnit or a pair o' shoes—I hadn't orter say if she wanted 'em, but if she must have 'em, and there wa'n't no possible airthly way for him to skin out o' gettin' 'em—then Uncle Jerry would go to the store with her and buy 'em and pay for 'em, jest as if she was a child or an ijiot, and incaperable o' dewin' business on her own hook.

If Aunt Betsey hadn't a' had the best disposition in the world, she wouldn't 'a' stood it all them years. As it was, it were on her, and told on her fearful. Though Uncle Jerry was one o' the richest men in town, she might 'a' been the wife of the poorest and miser'blest, so fur's any outward indication was consarned—or inward indications either—for she was alwers holt starved, and wa'n't nothin' but skin and bones, as you might say.

You see, everything they raised, on the farm that orter have gone to furnish their table bountiful, sech as beef creaturs, pigs, turkeys, hens, eggs and fruit, and vegetables, was either sold at the store or sent off on the cars to the city markets; and the money that come from 'em was put in the bank an' kep' there. Pretty much all their livin' the year round was salt pork and pertaters, with now 'n' then a biled dish.

And the wust on't was that as Uncle Jerry got older his stinginess grew upon him, and every year he made it harder 'n' harder for Aunt Betsey, ter git along. She never had nothin' ter do with! That was her everlastin', continewal complaint. Sometimes she had thought seriously of applyin' to the town, to see if that wouldn't shame her husband into bein' more liberal. She never thought of applyin' fer a divorce for non-support! Bless you, no! I don't s'pose sech an idee ever entered her head! She wa'n't one o' that kind; there wa'n't nothin' strong-minded nor woman's-rightsy about Aunt Betsey. She was one o' these ere mild, meachin' little women, that don't darster say their soul's their own, 'less everybody's willin', you know.

Wall, as I said, Uncle Jerry grew wuss 'n' wuss, and come along towards Thanksgivin' he got a bran'-new crocket fer savin' into his head.

It was just at family devotions one mornin', jest before the readin', that he divulgated it to his wife.

He finds the place in Nehemiar—he alwers reads the long chapters in fall and winter, and kep' the short ones, the Psalms and sech, for burryin' time—he finds the place and puts his thum' in to keep it, then, drawin' on a long face, he looks at Aunt Betsey over his spe'tacles, and, says he:—

"Wife, I are of a notion that this 'ere Thanksgivin' business is all foolishness! Seems if it must be a sin in the sight o' the Lord to eat so much one day in the year. I don't believe it's necessary to make pigs 'n' gluttons of ourselves in order to have thankful hearts; and if we go to meetin', and so on, why ain't that enough?"

Aunt Betsey didn't say nothin'; jest set and looked at him kinder helpless, with her hands in her lap, and he went on:—

"I reckon we'll sell the turkey this year and have our usual dinner, 'long's there ain't no children comin' home, nor nothin'."

Then he began to read a hull chapter full of long, hard names, and his pronunciation was enough to make a cat laugh. But Aunt Betsey didn't laugh; there ain't no laugh in her no time, and that mornin' she felt uncommon num'.

All through the readin' she set there with her hands in her lap, not exactly thinkin', but kinder wonderin' and grievin'. And when they kneeled down to pray she kept on wonderin' more'n ever. She wondered what she had to be thankful for, anyway. "Now, if Ellen could come home!" Ellen was their daughter, all the child they had in the world, and she lived so far away that she couldn't afford to come home and bring the children—bein' she was a widder and poor—but, oh, how her mother did wanter see her! "What did she care about turkey and plum puddin' if Ellen and the children couldn't eat it with her? Yes, the money might as well be put in the bank, she didn't care." So she thought on and on, not hardly sensin' the prayer a mite.

She went out to her work in the kitchen feelin' all broke up. She didn't know why she should be, 'less she'd been kinder secretly hopin' to have Ellen and the children. But she had no business to,; she might a' known better.

But it was a great while sence she'd seen Ellen, and the prospect of the lonesome, miser'ble Thanksgivin' was more than she could bear. There wa'n't nothin' to her, no time, as you might say, and this was the last straw on the camel's back. T' any rate, all at once she give out and had to go ter bed.

The next mornin' she couldn't get up, but Uncle Jerry didn't think much about it, s'posed she'd be up bimeby; and so he shuffled round and warmed up some ten 'n' got a bite o' somethin' to eat and went out to work. But when he come in to dinner, there lay his wife jest the same, as if she hadn't no thoughts o' gettin' up.

"Wall, wall!" says Uncle Jerry, "I wanter know if you're goin' ter be sick! I'm 'fraid you haint been careful enough about your diet, what have you o't?"

Upon this poor Aunt Betsey turned her face to the wall and cried like a baby. She didn't say a word, jest laid and cried. It wa'n't often she cried and it scairt her husband. Why! how she did cry! Seemed as if she wouldn't never stop.

He didn't know what under the sun to do, but he knew he must do somethin', so he het a brick and put to her feet; and was jest makin' a mustard plaster to put on her somewheres when Mis' Hopkins happened in.

She see how it was with Aunt Betsey in a minute. She's awful cute about some things, Mis' Hopkins is, and she ain't afraid o' no man livin'.

"Now," she says to herself, bracin' up, "now is the time to strike for Aunt Betsey's future good 'n' welfare," and she meant to make a thurrer job on't.

"Uncle Jerry," says she, matter of fact as you please, "your wife's a very sick woman, and she's goin' to die right off, I'm afraid, 'less we hyper round, and do somethin', and do it quick. But fust I'd better step over 'n' fetch the doctor."

Uncle Jerry was wonderfully took down. All of a sudden he realized that his wife was invalooable to him; he felt that he could not get along without her, nohow. He was as anxious to have the doctor as Mis' Hopkins was, and told her to hurry and bring him.

So she went—he lived near by—and she says to him:—

"Doctor Cross now is your chance to do a deed o' humanity, and put a spoke in Uncle Jerry Foster's wheel for all time! If he's got any heart and feelin's you must find 'em and work on to 'em for his wife's sake. It would be cruel to bring her back to life, 'less you can do somethin' to make that life endoorable. Don't, I beg on ye, raise her up to live on in the same old skimpy, miser'ble way,! Better let her die and done with it."

They discussed and considered over the matter for a few minutes, then went together to the house.

They found Aunt Betsey layin' jist the same only she stopped cryin'. The doctor examined her and diaggernosed her case as well 's he could, then he motioned Uncle Jerry out into the other room and shet the door behind him.

They talked there a good half hour, and when Uncle Jerry came out he looked as if he'd been drawed through a 'nothole. He looked like a man who had been made to "renounce the world, the flesh and the devil, and all his stinginess to once," Mis' Hopkins said, laughing in her sleeve.

Afterward Dr. Cross gave her a full account of that 'ere interview; and it was interestin', and, as it turned out, satisfactory to all concerned.

It seems the doctor took him awful sollum and in dead earnest, and says he, to begin with:—

"Uncle Jerry, do you set high vally on your wife's life?"

"High vally on my wife's life?" says Uncle Jerry, red in the face. "Of course I dew. What you talkin' about?"

"She has been a devoted and lovin' pardner," goes on the doctor, calm's a clock; "she has been kind and equinomical, nussed you in sickness, 'n' shared your labors in health, hain't she?"

"Yes, yes! of course! What in natur' be you drivin' at?" says Uncle Jerry, gettin' excited.

The doctor only waved his hand to enjine silence, and went on, kinder dreamy now, as if talkin' to himself:—

I was here when you fetched her home a bride. I remember how handsome she was; plump as a pa'tridge, fresh as a flower; and as laughin' and chipper a girl as I 'bout ever see. Changed, terribly changed, ain't she?" turnin' to Uncle Jerry and feelin' in his pocket fer his han'k'chif to wipe away the tears. "It does beat all how she's changed," says he.

"Changed!" says Uncle Jerry, all of a fluster, "of course she's changed! Why, we've been married goin' on twenty-five year! You can't expect a woman to stay eighteen all her life?"

"That's so," 'lowed the doctor, 'pearin' to reflect. "But she's alwers been pretty well, hain't she? Been able to work most o' the time?"

"Never sick a day in her life before, except when Ellen was born," answers Uncle Jerry proudly. "She's a healthy woman, I calf her."

"H'm, yes. Has an excellent constitution, no doubt," says the doctor, noddin' his head approvin'. Then he seemed for a minute to have got lost in thought.

"I know," he said at last, "that farmer's wives grow old pretty fast as a gineral thing; break down young, don't they? But, Uncle Jerry," squarin' round on him suddenly and lookin' him in the eye, "I want to ask you to compare your wife's looks with the looks of other women of her age in town, no handsomer, no healthier than what she was when you married her and tell me if you think there's a difference."!

Then he mentioned a dozen or so jest as it happened, most o' 'em slick, fat, comfortable, happy lookin' women, and says he:—

"Now, they're different from your wife and why I ask you fair and candid, why shouldn't she look as happy, be as happy and make as good a 'pearance every way as them women? And why is it that she has took to her bed in the prime of life and don't wanter live no longer? For I find that's about the way it is with her."

He stopped, and Uncle Jerry set there pale as a statu'. He didn't answer back a word, jest set there with his head dropped down on his chist, as if he was stunned or somethin', and the doctor went out and left him alone.

When Doctor Cross went back to Aunt Betsey he prescribed for her—not much medicine, but plenty of good nussin' and good feedin'—wine and beef tea and chicken broth, to begin with; and he left it to Mis' Hopkins to see that she had 'em. Then at last he leans over Aunt Betsey and says, real cheerful:

"Now, you must brace right up, Aunt Betsey, and try to get well. Your husband can't get along without you, noways, and I guess he'll make things as easy and pleasant as he can for you if you'll only get well."

She hadn't no idea what he really meant; so she only smiled, kinder sad, but her great eyes spoke volumes. She didn't wanter live—not yet—and the doctor knew it.

When Uncle Jerry came back he went up to the bed and set down beside his wife and looked at her. She was asleep, and Mis' Hopkins thought he must 'a' realized how pitiful she looked, for she seen him draw his hand acrost his eyes two or three times on the sly.

Bimeby he got up and went out to Mis' Hopkins and, says he:—

"What was the doctors orders? What can I do to help ye?"

"He ordered nourishin' food, and wine and so on," she says, "and I guess the fust thing you may kill a chicken, if you're minter, and git it ready for the broth; then go over to Jim Jackson's and buy a quart or so of the oldest grape wine o' his'n. She'll be awake by the time you get back with it, I guess."

Uncle Jerry didn't so much as wink at mention of the chicken, but when she spoke o' the wine so offhand and matter o' course he drawed in his breath once or twice kinder spasmodicky, but he never opened his head.

He killed the chicken and got it ready fer the pot, as spry and handy as a woman, then took a gallon jug and started off to Jim Jackson's after the wine.

When the broth was ready Uncle Jerry asked if he might take it in; so Mis' Hopkins filled one of the chiny bowls that was Aunt Betsey's mar's and set in a plate with a cracker or two, and he took 'em along.

The broth was good and strong, and when Aunt Betsey tasted on't she looked at her husband real kinder scairt, and, says she:—

"Where did this 'ere come from?"

And he laughed and says: "It's made out o' one of our best Plymouth Rocks; is it good?"

A wonderin', quiverin' smile hovered for a minute on to her poor face; she didn't know what to make on't. But when he lugged in the jug o' wine and poured out a full half a tumbler full and handed it to her, her eyes fairly stuck out of her head with astonishment.

"Drink it: it'll do you good," says he "It's Jim Jackson's oldest grape wine you've heard tell on."

"Why—why, husband!" she whispered, "didn't it cost an awful sight o' money?"

"Only three dollars a gallon," he answered, tryin' to smile, but lookin' rather ghastly. She sipped it slow, eyein' him over the top o' the tumbler as she done so; but pretty soon she set it down and spoke again, awful meachin' and 'pealin", her lips tremblin' as if she was goin' to cry.

"I'm sorry to put you to so much expense, husband. I'm afraid—I'm afraid it ain't wuth while!"

He got up and blowed his nose with all his might and main.

"I want you to get well, Betsey, I want you to get well!" he managed to say.

The strangest expression come into her face you ever see in any creature's. Seemed as if she thought at fust:—

"Yes, you want me to get well, so I can work and save 'n' slave for you again," and I s'pose she felt as if she didn't wanter do it. Then, as if struck by somethin' in his looks, she seemed to get a dim idee that he was different, and she tried to make out how it was, but couldn't, and, bein' too tired and weak to think much, she jest shet her eyes and give it all up.

That night Uncle Jerry harnessed the old mare and went over and got Mary Buell to come 'n' stay with 'em a spell. Mary's an excellent good hand in case o' sickness, and bein' an old maid, she's alwers ready to go and dew for the neighbours. She's a prime nuss and housekeeper, and she's good company, too—jest the kind of a person to cheer Aunt Betsey up, you know.

After Uncle Jerry got fairly started on the right track, it seemed to be easy enough for him to keep a-goin'. When he began to spend his money he seemed to almost enjoy it. The fact was, he set the world by his wife, only he never realized it 'till the thought o' losin' her and the doctor's rakin' down brought him to his senses. He see that if he wanted to get her up again he must make her happy and offer her inducements to live. So he set about it in earnest.

Mary Buell said she never see a changeder man that what he was, all through.

* * * * * *

There was jest about a week to Thanksgivin' now, and he and Mary put their heads together to make that Thanksgivin' a day that Aunt Betsey'd remember as long as she lived.

Fust they bought a nice easy-chair and a lounge for the settin'-room, so that Aunt Betsey might be comfortable when she begun to set up, as she did right away. Then they had Miss Trim, the dressmaker, come over and fit her a pretty flannel wrapper and help Mary make it. When it was finished they sewed some lace in the neck and sleeves, and it was nice and ladylike enough for anybody. When Uncle Jerry fust see her in it he actewally blushed and looked as bashful n' awkard as if he'd come a-courtin'. As for Aunt Betsey, from the minute she begun to hope she begun to get well, and seemed as if she was growin' young and pretty all the time.

Wall, it come along to the day fore Thanksgivin', and Aunt Betsey lay back in her easy-chair in the cheerful settin'-room. A pitcher full of late fall flowers stood on the mantletry shelf; a cracklin fire was burnin' in the open fireplace, and the old tabby-cat lay before it on the rug, purrin' for all she was wuth—a perfect pictur' of content.

The door was open into the kitchen and she could see Mary steppin' round about her work, gettin ready for tomorrer. She could smell the stuffin' for the turkey, and the plum puddin' bakin' in the oven. She knew there was a hull shelf full o' pies in the pantry—she see 'em yesterday—six mince, six punkin, three apple and three cramb'ry tart. She thought it was too many to make at once; and it seemed so strange. Why, she never used to have pies—not even one, 'less some great company was comin'! But everything was strange now'days! She looked down at her pretty gownd and round the pleasant room, and listened to Mary hummin' a hym'-tune as she worked, and she couldn't hardly believe she was herself at all, or that this was really her home! "How nice everthing is, and how happy I orter be, only—only!"—— She sighed and laid her head back, with the old look on her face. She was thinkin' of Ellen and the children.

"How could she bear to be happy—how could she feast on turkey and plim puddin' to-morrer, and know that Ellen and the children hadn't nothin' o' the kind!

"Oh, she wished that she had asked her husband to sell the turkey, jest the same, and send the money to fetch 'em home. No dinner at all with Ellen would be fur better then turkey and everything nice without her."

She sat there, blamin' herself and thinkin' what a poor weak kind of a mother she was, till the tears rolled down her cheeks. Then, all to once, she heard a noise outside.

The stage had stopped, and there was the sound o' voices talkin' and laughin', and of feet hurryin' up the steps. Then the door opened—no, it was burst open—and in trooped a parcel o' children, and behind 'em not fur behind, with her hands stretched out and the happy tears streamin' down her prety face, come her daughter Ellen!

How them two kissed and clung to one n' other, till the children got out o patience and wouldn't wait no longer for their turn! And how they pounced upon their little gran-mar, that they loved more by hearsay than by actewal knowin', and hugged her like bears, so that she almost fainted away in their strong young arms!

Then Uncle Jerry came to the resky and says betwixt laughin' and cryin':

"There, there, children! I guess that'll dew! It's my turn now," and he took her to the lounge where she could lay and rest and still be with 'em all.

When she was fixed comfortable he started to leave her, for he felt that he couldn't stan' much more; but she put her arm round his neck and pulled him down to her and kissed him and whispered:—

"Oh, husband, how good you be! You've made me the happiest woman in the world!"

Uncle Jerry got away as quick as he could, and went out to the barn and set down on the hay-cutter and laughed and wiped his eyes till he wuz some calmer. Then he fell on his knees and thanked God reverently for showin' him before he died what true happiness wuz, and how to get it for himself by bestowin' it on others.

WEALTHY JAP.

He Triumphantly Rehearsed His Own Funeral at Great Expense.

A curious incident is related by the Japanese papers about Mr. Kumekawa, of Kobe, who, like every other intelligent Japanese, desired that his funeral should be attended by ceremonies appropriate to his rank and social position. In order that he might not be disappointed in this respect, having reached his seventy-seventh year, and feeling that his days were numbered, he determined to have his funeral in advance and make the arrangements himself. On the day appointed his relatives and friends were invited to his house and gathered around an empty coffin with all the paraphernalia of mourning and engaged in the most elaborate Buddhist ceremony that could be devised. Mr. Kumekawa sat at the head of the casket and watched with interest all that was going on.

After the ceremonies at the house were concluded, a procession was formed, which marched through the principal streets to the cemetery. Mr. Kumekawa walked in front of his own coffin. The floral offerings were numerous and beautiful.

The Kobe City Band led the procession and played modern airs, while at intervals groups of dancing girls and members of the theatrical profession, who performed pantomime allegories to illustrate the nobility of Mr. Kumekawa's character and the loss that was suffered by the community at his death. Just before reaching the gates of the cemetery the procession was halted, and several photographs were taken. After the coffin had been lowered into the grave and covered with floral offerings, the funeral party proceeded to the Jinko Club, where an elaborate feast was served, and speeches eulogistic of Mr. Kumekawa were delivered by several of his friends. Mr. Kumekawa was thoroughly satisfied with the success of his funeral, although it cost him a large sum of money.

THE FUTURE UNFOLDED.

She—Suppose I didn't dress as well as I do now, would you love me as much?

He. Certainly, dear. Why, that is as much as to say that I won't care for you after we are married.

WAS NOT A SEA SERPENT.

EIGHT FEET LONG, AND LOOKS LIKE A WOLF FISH.

Affidavits Made to the Fact of the Capture —Description of the Creature.

Has the sea serpent at last been captured? That is the question residents of Victoria, British Columbia, are asking. Three thousand persons have seen the monster. Not one has been able to recognize it as belonging to any known species of the fish or reptile family.

The man who captured it, when he saw it in the water thought it must be at least twenty feet long. Great was his surprise when actual measurement proved that it was less than eight feet long. Pictures and descriptions of the monster seem to indicate that it is a variety of the ferocious wolf fish, a common article of diet among the natives of Iceland. Not that the residents of Victoria are ready to believe this. So firmly convinced are they that a new monster of the deep has been captured that affidavits have been taken of the method in which the fish or serpent, was taken in the Euklatat Rapids, on the southern coast of British Columbia.

AFFIDAVIT AS TO CAPTURE.

The following is a true copy of the sworn statement regarding the capture:

"These are the facts as to the fight with the sea serpent, or wolf fish, or whatever it may be:—Three of us were in a fifteen foot Indian canoe, anchored in the rapids, which run about twenty miles an hour in the spot where we were located. We were engaged in fishing for codfish. The man in the bow, named 'White-Frenchman,' who has been fishing the rapids for nine years, and who hasn't any other name in these parts, was just in the act of hauling in a cod on the line when the sea serpent poked its head above the water and made after the cod to devour it.

"As the monster was coming direct for the boat, 'White-Frenchman,' thought he would take no chances, and, poising his gaff, thrust it into the serpent's side two feet from its head. After being landed in the boat the animal or fish, made a desperate fight for liberty and attacked the Frenchman who had wounded him. The old fisherman thereupon seized the canoe paddle and struck at the monster's head.

"In a half stunned condition the creature then seized the paddle between its jaws and crushed it in two, but afterward lay quiet.

"The serpent was then taken quickly to land and thrown into a salt water tank to keep it alive. The creature was afterward shipped to Vancouver, British Columbia, where it was on exhibition for four days alive in a tank, but finally died from its wounds.

"When alive it came to the surface of the water constantly for air, but was for the most time underneath the surface. Three thousand persons have seen the animal up to the present, and not one of them has ventured to give the creature a name or classify it.

"Sworn before me this 18th day of September, 1899.

"A. A. ANDERSON,
Notary Public
"SIMON RYAN,
"D. H. FORBES."

DESCRITPION OF THE MONSTER.

This baby sea serpent, although only eight feet long and ten inches through the thickest part of its snake body, possessed enormous strength, and in fighting used its two sets of teeth, its flippers as claws, and its muscular body snake fashion.

The snake had a gray mottled body, almost round, and had a mane composed of a hairy substance, which will stretch out over eight inches. The body is some inches over seven feet long. It has two flippers near the head, which look like reversed claws more than a fish's fins.

The head of the creature is the most remarkable part. It has an enormous jaw, and a long tongue, which when the animal was alive, was constantly darting in and out like the forks of a venomous snake. It is asserted that this tongue contains poison. The tongue is pointed, but not forked.

The creature had a large, clear eye, much like the eyes of a fur seal, but black and vicious looking. The jaw is heavy and of great strength, and encloses two sets of teeth. The front set are pointed much like cats' teeth and are strong set in the mouth. The top set, five in number, protrude, and when the jaw is closed lap into the lower set, which retreat from the mouth. Behind this set is another combination of molars, upper and lower, massed together in circular form. Evidently after the prey was torn by the front teeth it was masticated on the crunchers behind.

The monster will be sold to the British Columbia Museum of Curiosities at Victoria.

CHECKED IN TIME.

In Launceston, Tasmania, a mother of ninety years, brought her son of seventy-two to the Benevolent Asylum to be looked after. The poor lad had apparently taken up with bad companions and fallen into bad habits. The other day his speech was certainly thick, while from the odor of his clothes and breath her worst fears were aroused—she'd every reason to suspect that he had begun smoking. The asylum superintendent took charge of the bairn, and promised to let his mother know if he misconducted himself, so she might come and correct him.

MOUNTAIN ECHOES.

Dr. Elliott is likely to locate in Silverton.

The K. of P.'s hold a ball at New Denver on March 2nd.

The beautiful has put in an appearance, and quite likely for keeps.

The Harris-Spencer case for enjectment is now in court at Nelson.

The Boers are getting more "bored" as the struggle in Africa progresses.

The B. C. bank is going to move into Miss Wilson's old stand, Harris block.

Though disfigured the Shamrock is still in the ring and ready for another race.

The Roman Catholics are going to hold regular services in New Denver hereafter.

A report that 400 Welch miners were on the way to the Slocan has created a furore in town the past few days.

G. L. Taylor, formerly C. P. R. agent at Rosebery, goes to Nelson, and R. G. McGonman, of Slocan, takes charge at Rosebery.

Stop that Cough! Take warning. It may lead to consumption. A 25c. bottle of Shiloh's Cure may save your life. Sold at McQueen's Drug Store.

The Ledge in its list of miners at work in the Slocan had 10 at the Bosun, while Mr. Sandiford, the manager, says there is not one man on the property.

Karl's Clover Root Tea, for constipation it's the best, and if after using it you don't say so, return the package and get your money. Sold at McQueen's Drug Store.

Pat Russell and F. Starkey, representing the Parsons' Produce Co., were drumming up the town the past week. They took some orders, but most of our dealers import themselves.

Shiloh's Consumption Cure cures where others fail. It is the leading Cough Cure, and no home should be without it. Pleasant to take and goes right to the spot. Sold by McQueen the Druggist.

The yacht farce was advanced a step on Monday when the Columbia won the first heat by 9 minutes. She also again beat the Shamrock on Tuesday, the latter breaking her topmast a few minutes after starting.

Some of our exchanges have it that there is a case of small-pox in Sandon. The doctors do not say it is small-pox, but in any case the patient is safely quarantined outside the city limits, so that no uneasiness may be felt in any quarter.

The change of time on the C. P. R. is helping out things at the city hotels—trains arriving at 4:30 p.m. and departing at 8 a.m. It occasions all bound for Kaslo way to stop in town over night, and also those from K. & S. for C. P. R. points.

ALL ORDERS for the write-up of the Slocan by Mr. Cliffe can now be filled at Cliffe's bookstore. It is conceded to be, by all who have looked over it, by long odds the most complete, comprehensive and reliable description of the district that has yet been published. Buy it and send it to people who want to know more about this country. Price 25 cents.

We understand some people dispute our figures as to the number of men at work at the mines. We got our figures direct from the owners or managers themselves. It is no argument that because a mine pays hospital fees on a given number of men, say on the first of the month, that it should have that number working on the 15th. Our figures related to the day of publication.

For the information of the Nelson Tribune, we may say that Mr. Sandiford had no more knowledge that Mr. Thompson had written a letter correcting the ledge's figures as to working miners than the man in the moon, until he saw it in print. Whenever Mr. Sandiford really wants to speak through the press he will do it over his own signature. The Tribune need not be alarmed on this score.

In a word the situation in the Slocan is this: The miner says he cannot live and make any money on less than $3.50 a day, and the law limits him to eight hours works. The owner says he cannot forego 20 per cent on his returns on labor without some reasonable equivalent from somewhere. Many of his properties, on which he has spent large sums of money have not yet shipped a ton of ore, and 20 per cent less work for the same outlay will cripple work on all young properties.

We hear some business people talking of leaving town because of the stagnation of trade; but we do not see what is to be gained by it. This labor trouble cannot last always, and when it is settled Sandon will furnish as good a business as any town in the country possibly can that is depending wholly on the mining trade. Aside from this it is more than likely that a strike all over the south country will shortly take place, and, in that event, leaving Sandon and settling in any of the south towns will only be jumping from the frying pan into the fire. Leaving here and locating elsewhere means considerable expense—an amount that even with a fair trade elsewhere will hardly be made up before the revival here.

Michael McAndrews is in the hospital with indigestion.

A large number of Slocan miners are in the Windermere country for the winter.

A. B. Docksteader is suing F. H. Lantz for the possession of 77,380 shares in the Financial Trust of Canada.

Dan Creedan, of Australia, knocked out Pat Reidy, of Washington, in New York on Tuesday in the 8th round.

If a good trail could only be got from Cody to the head of the South Fork of Kaslo creek, it would enable our business people to get a share of the trade of that district.

Catarrh cured. A clear head and sweet breath secured with Shiloh's Catarrh Remedy. We sell six bottles for $3 and guarantee an absolute cure. Sold at McQueen's Drug Store.

The Tribune has a telegram from Montreal saying that the Payne will be working 20 men in two months. He must be a wise man indeed who can see two months ahead in the present trouble.

For Constipation take Karl's Clover Root Tea, the great Blood Purifier. Cures Headache, Nervousness, Eruptions on the skin, and makes the head clear as a bell. Sold at McQueen's Drug Store.

The Rev. J. A. Cleland has been selected by the Home Mission Committee for Greenwood; the Rev. Ferguson takes Sandon and Whitewater; M. D. McKee, Slocan City; G. S. Scott, Silverton, New Denver and Nakusp.

There are cigars and cigars, but if you really want a good healthy smoke, of a cigar that will not rob your purse, you will use the "Interior" or "La Morena" manufactured by the Inland Cigar Manufacturing Co. of Kamloops. One trial carries conviction.

The Nelson Tribune cannot, in justice, glean from The Review a statement to the effect that all the mines are closed. There are some properties under bond and mortgage, and others under contract that must be worked for a time.

It is a difficult matter at any time to publish the exact number of men at work in the Slocan, for though a paper might get the number in a given mine on Thursday, it might be changed on Saturday when the paper appeared. We invariably, however, get our figures from the managers.

Fire inspectors representing some eastern companies, were in the city the past week; but they need not come. It is now universally admitted that towns that have the least insurance have the fewest fires. Without insurance Sandon is quite likely to enjoy immunity from fires.

Purely Social.

Mrs. M. L. Grimmett gave a pleasant whist party Thursday evening in honor of Miss Vallance, who is leaving shortly for Vancouver. At the close of the games prizes were given the victors as follows: 1st—Mrs. Vallance, Mr. May; Booby—Miss Williamson (New Denver), and Mr. J. Cameron. Music and refreshments following completed a very entertaining evening.

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."

CORPORATION OF THE CITY OF SANDON

NOTICE.

All City Time Checks issued during the year 1898, on account of "Creek Improvements," will be redeemed upon presentation at the city offices, Sandon. Sandon, B. C., Sept. 14th, 1899.

FRANK C. SEWELL,
City Clerk.

ALTA LODGE, NO. U. D.

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

W. H. LILLY, Sec'y.

WHAT DR. A. E. SALTER SAYS.

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

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

Two Stratford Ladies

Tell How Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills Make Weak People Strong.

MRS. ELIZABETH BARTON, Brittania St., says: "I speak a good word for Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills with pleasure. They proved to me a most excellent remedy for nervousness, nervous debility and exhaustion, and I can heartily recommend them."

MRS. POLAND, Brunswick Street, says: "My husband suffered greatly with nervousness, complicated by heart troubles. Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills have cured him, and he now is well and strong."

LAXA-LIVER PILLS. Take one at night before retiring. 'Twill work while you sleep without a grip or gripe, curing Biliousness, Sick Headache, Constipation and Dyspepsia, and make you feel better in the morning.

Pyny-Pectoral

A QUICK CURE FOR

COUGHS AND COLDS

Very valuable Remedy in all affections of the

THROAT or LUNGS

Large Bottles, 25c.

DAVIS & LAWRENCE CO., Limited
Prop's. of Perry Davis' Pain-Killer

FOR RENT.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

FIRE-PROOF CELLAR.—Opposite Kootenay hotel.

FIRST-CLASS TWO STORY BARN.—30 x 80.

ONE COTTAGE.—4 rooms, next door west of comique, $10 per month.

Several other cottages and buildings furnished and unfurnished, to rent, or sell, or will build to suit tenants.

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

Cook's Cotton Root Compound

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

☞ Nos. 1 and 2 sold and recommended by all responsible Druggists in Canada.

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

THE NOBLE FIVE CONSOLIDATED MINING & MILLING COMPANY (FOREIGN).

Notice is hereby given that a Special General Meeting of the Noble Five Consolidated Mining & Milling Company (Foreign) will be held at the office of the company at Cody, British Columbia, on Tuesday, the 14th day of November, 1899, at the hour of 11 o'clock in the forenoon, for the purpose of considering, and, if thought fit, passing resolutions authorising the sale of the whole of the assets of the company, and the entering into an agreement to that end with a new company about to be incorporated under the "Companies Act, 1897. Dated this 10th day of October, 1899.

By Order of the Trustees.

F. J. HOLMAN,
Secretary.

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.

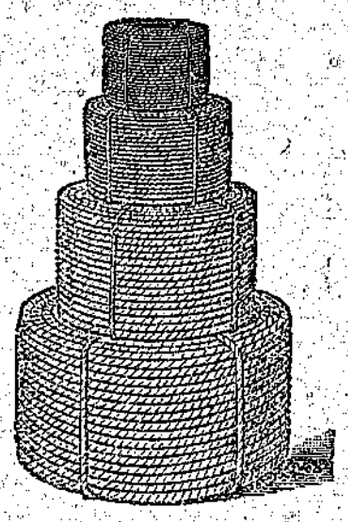
FRANK C. SEWELL,
City Clerk.

Established in 1892.

H. BYERS & CO.

Jobbers and Retailers in

HARDWARE AND MINING SUPPLIES.



'T' Rails and Track Iron,
Crow's Nest Coal,
Bar and Sheet Iron,
Jessop & Canton Steel for Hand and Machine Drills,
Powder, Caps, Fuse,
Iron Pipe and Fittings,
Oils, Waste, Etc.,
Mine or Mill Supplies of all kinds.
Agents Truax Automatic Ore Cars.

Head Office—Nelson B. C.
Stores at

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

THE HOTEL

NAKUSP

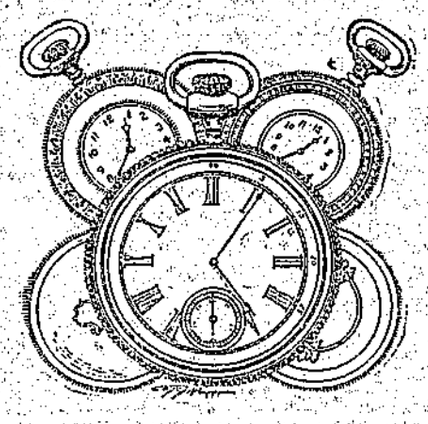
Nakusp.

Renovated in all appointments.
A good table always.
Choicest liquors and cigars in the bar.

Mrs. Snowman Proprietress.

DON'T LET

your Watch or Clock run longer than 18 months without cleaning and re-oiling. It is only doing injury and wearing them out. G. W. Grimmett, Jeweller and Optician guarantees his work strictly first class and to give satisfaction.



A beautiful stock of Watches, Jewellery and Optical Goods always on hand.

G. W. Grimmett, Jeweller and Optician.

A TIME-CARD

GOING EAST OR GOING WEST.

THE GOOD OLD FIRM OF

H. Giegerich

Are always to be depended on for nice, clean Groceries.
One car of fine Fresh Vegetables.
One car of Hams and Bacon—of the Swift & Co.'s famous brands.
Part of a car of Nice Cooking and Eating Apples from orchards of Canada and Washington now in stock and more on the way.
Also a great variety of toothsome table delicacies on the shelves and more to arrive.
Salted and Canned Fish for quick meals and lunches.

CALL IN AND SEE US.

H. Giegerich,

SANDON. KASLO. AINSWORTH.

WEAK MEN YOUNG OR OLD

suffering from DRAINS, LOSSES, WEAK BACK, IMPOTENCY, VARICOCELE, etc., I say to you, as man to man, as physician to patient, DRUGS NEVER CURE. Why not use nature's own remedy—

ELECTRICITY?

With my ELECTRIC BELT and SUPPORTING SUSPENSORY, I cured 5,000 last year. Book—"THREE CLASSES OF MEN," explaining all, sent sealed free upon request. Or, if you live near by, drop in and consult me free of charge.

(There is but one genuine Electric Belt, and that is the Sandon. Don't be deceived by cheap, worthless imitations. I have had 30 years' experience and control patents covering every part of my belt.)

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

THE RECO LAUNDRY

WEST ON RECO AVENUE, IS NOW RE-OPENED.

Every class of work laundried to the satisfaction of customers—all by hand Goods called for and delivered.

Up-town office, Gale's barber shop. McKENZIE & NYE, Proprietors.

The Mining Review, $2.00 A YEAR.