The Mining Review.

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FALLACIOUS ARGUMENTS

Advanced by Many of the Supporters of the Miners' Side in the Present Crisis.

One of the great "arguments" adopted by those who champion the cause of the miners in the Slocan and Nelson Divisions in their present "strike" is, that having regard to the profits derived from mining, it is manifestly to the interest of British Columbia that the mine workers, who are residents of the Province, should be more particularly considered than alien shareholders, who have absolutely no stake in the country outside of the stockholdings in question. Like most of the reasoning adduced by the miners' unions and their supporters, this is based on a fallacy. It presupposes that mines would be operated under any or all conditions. Looking at the matter, however, from a matter of fact standpoint, one is confronted with the question, what are the inducements which lead to the investment, or rather, risking of capital in mining ventures? The answer to this undoubtedly is, the big chances offered by this class of enterprise, beyond all others, of large profit earning. The capitalists of a mining country as a field for investment can only, from the point of view of the ordinary investor, be judged by the standard of the number and importance of its dividend-paying mines. If these are inconsiderable, and the results as regards returns are unsatisfactory, capital, with natural caution, seeks elsewhere for openings where the opportunities appear to be more favorable. There is no demand for labor unless capital creates it, and, consequently, any attempt to antagonize capital by unnecessary restrictions or unjust demands has generally a retroactive tendency, necessarily injurious to the community as a whole. Thus the policy adopted by New Zealand governments of late years, of introducing legislation to benefit the laboring classes, has, by limiting the scope of capital, had a diametrically opposite effect; and not only has enterprise in every direction been sadly curtailed and crippled, but labor there now actually commands a lesser price. Comparing British Columbia with the Transvaal, we find, it is true, that the mining industry in the latter country is seriously hampered with more irksome laws and is further subjected to a very heavy taxation. It may, therefore, be argued that notwithstanding these drawbacks, capital, as represented, at least by the British investor, has in consequence displayed certainly no very marked timidity in engaging in mining enterprises in the field, nor yet when the restrictions were made even more severe, of withdrawing from the country. Of course the reply to this is that the mining industry of the Rand had been well established on a permanent and profitable basis before the imposition of a heavy taxation on the output of the mines by the Boer government. In this country, on the other hand, mining is still in the first stages of industrial development, and comparatively few of our mines operated by British capital are yet on a dividend-paying basis; a not inconsiderable proportion of British Columbia properties controlled in London being, unhappily either "wild-cats" or over capitalized. In fact, it is possible, we believe, to count the number of our regular dividend-paying mines owned by either British or American mining companies on the fingers of both hands. Yet it is asserted that the working miner, who suddenly and quite unwarrantably "strikes" because mine owners refuse to pay him the same wage for eight hours as for ten, is entitled to more consideration than the alien shareholder, who has risked his money, and in the majority of cases, as yet, got nothing in return. The alien shareholder is very likely to come to the conclusion that if that is the opinion of the country they can do without him altogether. In such an event miners' unions would be quite as useless and, certainly, no more ornamental than the abandoned and rusting mine machinery, whose wheels they had been instrumental in stopping.—Mining Record.

The Rambler-Cariboo Mine.

There has been considerable trading on the Rambler-Cariboo, and the cause of the incresed demand is the finding of the ore body in the lower tunnel which the management has been driving for the past six months. All the ore that has hitherto been taken from the Rambler-Cariboo was extracted above the 100-foot level. There are still large reserves of ore above the 100-foot level. In order to tap the ore body 115 feet below the 100-foot level, the tunnel is about 400 feet in length, was driven. Another object which it was desired to obtain, was to get rid of the water. The mine is located in a basin, and as a consequence, there is considerable water in the workings. The pumping of this water was costly, and as soon as the 100-foot level is connected with the lower tunnel there will be no more bother from the water, as it will run out through the tunnel. The ore body in the face of the lower tunnel is four feet in width, and the ore is of high grade. The ore chute has a horizontal length of 200 feet on the 100-foot level, and the presumption is that it will show an equal length on the 225-foot level. If this is true the management estimates that there will be found to be $750,000 worth of ore in the mine above the 225-foot level. Of this there is said to be $250,000 worth above the 100-foot level.—Exchange News.

City Council.

A council meeting was held in the council chamber on Monday evening, Sept. 11. Present, Mayor Pitts, Alds. Crawford, Atherton, Hunter, Buckley and Thompson.

The following accounts were recommended to be paid:—

Salaries	$396 63
F. D. Maint	17 40
H. Byers & Co	4 15
Sandon Cartage Co	2 75
B. C. Gazette	8 00
J. M. Harris	30 00
Sundries	5 75
Louis Hupperten	4 00
Paystreak	7 50
Sundries	3 80
A. Osborne	27 75
Folliott & McMillan	17 68
Court House rent	15 00
	$540 41

MOTIONS.

Thompson–Atherton—That the accounts of the Miners' Union hospital, the Sandon Water & Light Co. and D. J. Robertson be referred back for correction.—Carried.

Crawford–Atherton—That the acceptance of the sight draft, presented by the Standard Publishing Co., be laid over till next meeting.—Carried.

COMMUNICATIONS.

From A. C. McArthur resigning the auditorship.

The council adjourned until Wednesday's special meeting.

SPECIAL MEETING.

A special council meeting was held in the council chamber on Wednesday evening, Sept. 13, for the purpose of considering the accounts and other matters in connection with the creek improvements.

Present, Mayor Pitts, Alds. Crawford, Buckley, Hunter and Atherton.

The following accounts were recommended to be paid:—

P. Genelle & Co	$2365 61
R. Cunning	113 00
B. C. Riblet	43 00
Geo. Lovatt	54 65
White & Cavanagh	304 49
Reco Mining & Milling Co	8 50
McDonald Bros	140 60
L. Doolan	348 15
F. McLeod	51 20
L. Doolan	233 45
H. Byers & Co	400 88
J. M. Harris	4964 70
Bank of B. C.	670 70
Outstanding time checks	1742 90
Poll tax	1444 00
	$11555 28

MOTIONS.

Buckley–Hunter—That the report of the city auditor and special auditor of the creek improvements' accounts, and the report of John Black who was appointed to measure the flume, be accepted and final.—Carried.

The council adjourned.

CHURCH NOTES.

PRESBYTERIAN.—Rev. J. Clelland will be absent at the Coast for two weeks. Services will be conducted in Virginia hall at 7:30 p.m. as follows:

Sunday, Sept. 17—Service will take largely of the nature of a song service, conducted by Mr. T. A. Barron, B.A.

Sunday, Sept. 24—Rev. J. A. Ferguson, of Whitewater, will conduct the services in New Denver and Sandon.

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

AN IMPORTANT STRIKE.

The Sunshine Uncovers a Rich Vein on Its Second Level.

The Ivanhoe, One of the Minnesota-Silver Company's Properties on a Big Cross-Cut.

Although there is but little mining being done around the camp, assurances are daily being unearthed, that Sandon must yet become a marvel as a mining centre. On almost every one of the forty or more properties around, that either have shipped or could ship at any time, ample preparations are being made for extensive mining whenever actual work begins. In short it would be safe to say that when operations fully open there will be a demand for half as many more men in the camp as were ever employed before. One of the last properties to develop a most important strike is the Sunshine, in its second level and quite close to the surface. It is 20 inches, almost the full width of the ledge, of solid galena, yielding 246 oz. silver, 70 per cent lead and a value in grey copper. This means a very high value to the output, even at present prices of silver and lead. When their concentrator is built and running, with immense quantities of ore coming in from the Ivanhoe and Sunshine groups, the operations of these two properties will be of great value to the city. The new road to the Ivanhoe has reduced the distance from the city to a little over two miles, while the Sunshine is not more than one mile.

THE IVANHOE.

The Minnesota Silver Company are working hard at their Ivanhoe property. They have the trail, which can be widened to a wagon road at small cost later on, fully completed, and a start made on the delivery of the compresser plant. About 20 men are now employed, but all on outside work. They are shortly to commence a 1100-foot cross-cut that will strike the lead some 255 feet below where the present chief cross-cut strikes it. It will be commenced nearly opposite the bunkhouse, and the compressor, for which the excavation is now nearly completed, will be some 700 feet below that cross-cut again. This will give the company immense working power at their very extensive property. We expect to have full particulars of the concentrator in a few days.

A STRIKE OF FOUR FEET

Of Solid Galena on the Argenta Lead of the Madison.

One of the most important mining strikes ever made in the camp was made by Mr. Warner in No. 5, or lowest, tunnel on the Argenta claim of the Madison group, on Wednesday last. The strike four feet of almost solid galena, running high in native silver with some grey copper—the assay report will be given in a mining brief. The massive body was encountered at a vertical depth of about 270 feet, giving a stoping depth of 300 feet.

This new discovery is most important to Sandon for two very substantial reasons. The property was bought but a few months ago by Montreal parties for some $20,000, and this will lead them to place more money in the camp. It is also important to the city in that, if they desire it, the miners can live in the city while working at the mine, as it is but little more than half a mile from the northern boundary of the place. A good wagon road, or trail, up would bring the mine within a few minutes' walk from town. What gives Rossland, Butte and many other similar places their growth and activity is the fact that the miners can live in town while working, and the present promise of the Madison is that it will do much for Sandon in the same direction.

A Presentation.

On Monday evening last about 25 of our business men assembled at the Filbert hotel and there presented Mr. A. C. McArthur, who has been C. P. R. agent here for over three years and is leaving to take charge at Rossland, with a gold chain and charm as a mark of their esteem for him as a citizen and an official. Short addresses were delivered by several, all clothed in expressions of regret at losing a citizen so universally respected for his uniform courtesy to all with whom he had either private or official dealings. The guest felt considerably overcome by this spontaneous overflow of good-will, but managed to recount many of the incidents of pioneer days, in his usual humorous style, and concluded by assuring all that he would ever hold in respectful memory his many friends and their many kindnesses to himself and family during their more than three years' residence in the city.

We may here remark that Mr. McArthur and family have the best wishes of our citizens, one and all, for their future prosperity in Rossland, or wherever else they may from time to time decide on taking up their residence.

Musical Criticism.

In music, as in most other things, it requires education to be a fair critic; and still after a concert in any small place like Sandon every one is a critic, and pronouncing So and So "the best singer." Of course no paper would criticise any singer harshly, when the offers were all voluntary and often for charitable purposes. No one voice is good for all clases of music. The voice that has range and is trained for classical music cannot give the effect to coon songs that many people look for; but training always gives shades, modulation, articulation and pronunciation, that always give better execution to any piece of music. It is no proof that because a singer may capture the masses with plantation ditties that he or she is a capable singer. As a matter of fact, those who have charge of entertainments in small places, where money is the object, generally secure the singers that "take" with the listeners; but this is no proof at all that the singing is good. Some singers retain local success by selecting the music to which their voices give best effect. Others make a mistake in that particular, and do not reach the same success, even though better singers from an educated point of view.

PERSONAL MENTION.

The Hon. F. C. Cotton is expected in town today.

Mr. Sandilands spent some days in Nelson last week.

Mr. Wm. Hunter, of Silverton, was in the city Thursday.

C. M. Wilson returned from a short visit at Spokane on Tuesday.

Mr. and Mrs. Geigerich, Kaslo, are visiting Mr. and Mrs. F. A. Wood.

H. B. Alexander went to Nelson Friday last and returned on Tuesday.

Miss Pollock, of Rosedale (Concentrator), visited with Miss Beamis this week.

Mr. Bruce White and his father-in-law, Mr. Fellows, are visiting Mr. Oscar White.

Mrs. Funk has taken the Lloyd residence, Cody Ave., where the family will now reside.

Rev. J. A. Cleland is taking a trip to the Coast. He will preach at Comox and Victoria while away.

Mr. Hunter, of the Heather Bell, (teacher at Cody) returned from the Coast Thursday, where he had taken the remains of his child for burial.

Mr. Callahan, of Boston, brother of Wm. Callahan, who died here some time ago, is in the city looking after the mining interests held by deceased.

Mr. and Mrs. Hawke and children, of Bear Lake, were in the city this week. Mrs. Pitts and Mrs. Donaldson accompanied them on their return for a few days outing at the lake.

Mr. P. J. Hickey accompanied Mrs. Hickey and the little Hickeys to Spokane on Monday, where the latter are attending school. He returned, however, on Wednesday and is again doing business at the old stand.

The following are among those who went via K. & S. to Nelson to hear the famous Godfrey's band: Mr. and Mrs. Vallance, Mr. and Mrs. Christie, F. C. Sewell, C. D. Hunter, W. McAdam, Jeff Main, Jas. Williamson and Wilkie McKenzie. There were also some went by C. P. R., the entire party pronouncing the entertainment eminently satisfactory.

MINES AND MINING.

Sandon dealers are sending considerable supplies to Wilson Creek.

The Madison ore referred to in another article assayed 509 oz. silver and 79 per cent lead.

About 25 men are working at the Payne, some on surface work and others on contracts.

The Noble Five is going to be organized under the laws of B. C. Steps to that end will be taken before long.

There are about 200 men all told working at the mines tributary to Sandon; but little shipping is done. The public may look for an immense rush whatever time the mines do open.

At the present time there are some 12 men working on the American Boy, 2 on the Freddie Lee, 3 on the Ajax and 12 on the Ajax Fraction—all either on surface or contract work, 10 hours on the former and 8 on the latter.

The Noble Five has sufficient water pressure to generate 500 horse power for drilling, and are now installing plants at the Last Chance and the Sovereign mines. The Reco company are are also talking of employing it. As one machine can be operated by two men and do as much work as six, general adoption will cut off many hand drillers.

Sandon Ore Shipments.

The following are the ore shipments via the C. P. R. for the week ending September 15:

MINE.	TONS.
Payne	80
Total	80

Whitewater Ore Shipments.

The following is a statement of ore shipped from this station for the week ending September 15:

Mine.	Tons.
Jackson	33
Whitewater	53
Total	86

Guests at the Reco.

S W Ray, Port Arthur
Thos E Armitstead, Spokane
R C Churchill Shann, London, Eng.
J Bryden, Victoria
J W Bryden, Victoria
F S Wilmer, Victoria
R D Seymore, Chicago, Ill.
John Hickman and wife, Whitewater
Mrs Mary Philips, Whitewater
James Crawford, Victoria
J H Hawke and wife, Bear Lake
John Leslie, Toronto
R H Carley, Nelson
F C R Bear, Nelson
Chas St Barbe, Nelson
W. H. Yawkey, Detroit, Mich.
R S Sheridam, Spokane
H G Davis, Montreal
W H Languidge, Revelstoke
J Kingtore, Nelson
E A Murray, Nelson
H M Fullerton, Bralisford, Ont.
Jas S Reid, Portland, Oregon
John Hirsch, Nelson
H A Brayfield, Victoria
O B M Wilkie, Rossland
A W Stevenson, Montreal
R Meredith, Montreal
W Mann, Montreal
Feader Boas, St Hyacinthe
T O Bolski, Quebec
G H Grant, Victoria
W J Sutton, Victoria
F S Sutton, Victoria
F M Kirby and wife, Midway
J F Wilkanson, Vancouver
W Hunter, Silverton
Miss Wilson, Silverton

TO CURE COLD IN ONE DAY.

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

FREE TO EVERY SUFFERER.

Those who are afflicted with rheumatism, sciatica, lumbago, neuralgia or gout can have a full-sized box of Milburn's Rheumatic Pills, free of charge, by sending their name and full statement of their case to T. MILBURN & Co., Toronto, Ont.

THE RETIRED BURGLAR.

HIS UNFORTUNATE EXPERIENCE WITH A FLYING TRAPEZE.

A Second Story Experiment That He Made On Only One Occasion—Made a Miscalculation and Went Crashing Through the Glass.

"Once in the course of my experience, and only once," said the retired burglar, "I tried to get into a house by a flying trapeze. That was when I was young in the business, and young in years. There was a big comfortable-looking house in a town I had made a few visits to that summer that had a window that sort of fascinated me. It was always open, the lower sash thrown up back of the upper; but this window was in the gable end of the house, where there was no veranda roof to reach it by, where it seemed in fact perfectly safe to leave it broad open as they did, day and night, because nobody could reach it without a ladder. But I never looked at that window without thinking of what an easy way into the house it would be if one was only on the level with it.

"Standing in the lawn about twenty feet from the end of this house there was a big tree, with stout, big branches. One of these branches that grew out toward the house had a curious sort of turn or elbow in it that grew in such a way that it had a nearly horizontal section running about ten feet from the house and about ten feet higher up in the air than the top of that window. That ten feet was as practically good as ten miles as far as keeping people out was concerned, but one day it struck me that a man could swing into that window from the tree by a trapeze, made fast to that straight stretch of limb. I'd just been seeing some circus stunts done on a swinging bar, and I didn't see why I couldn't swing on one well enough to land on that window sill anyway.

"I climbed the tree one night with piece of twine and

A NAIL FOR A WEIGHT,

to make some little experiments and see just how long the trapeze would have to be to strike the window sill. I tied the string with the nail weight on the horizontal limb, and swung it from another limb back of it, further away from the house, the limb that I intended to swing from myself when I had the trapeze ready. I swung it to get a length that would bring the trapeze just so that when I swung forward I could put my feet and legs through the window, and bend 'em down and hold on by 'em there inside and slip off the bar onto the window sill. Then I was going to tie the trapeze to one of the window blinds to keep it there while I was exploring the house, and when I came back to the window, loaded up, I was going to get on the trapeze and cast loose and swing back to the tree and go my way.

"Well, I got the exact length that the trapeze wanted to be to reach from the under side of that limb to the window sill, and then I made, at home, a trapeze to carry me over. I had rope ends plenty long enough to wind around the limb, and I had the hanging part measured exactly so I could make the trapeze fast with just the right length below the limb. When the night came that I was to try it I shinned up the tree and made it fast. I had a twine tied to the trapeze bar, and then I climbed the other limb that I was to swing from, and pulled the bar up to me there and got on it, grasped the ropes in either hand and when I saw all ready swung off.

"It seemed like a tremendous drop going down but I did not have long to think of it, I made just one swish down through the air and was going up the other side

BEFORE YOU KNEW IT.

But I didn't forget myself. I'd practised this and I kept my feet and legs straight out in front of me and ready to curve 'em through the open window when I came to it, and then drop 'em and clinch 'em there; but somehow I had made a miscalculation in trying the ropes, or else at the very last instant I went wrong with my feet, for instead of thrusting my feet through the open space of the lower window I jabbed them both plumb through the double sash above, up to my knees. I let go of the trapeze in the excitement, which I don't think was surprising, and the next instant I was hanging head downward outside; with my bag, that I had my tools in, that I had carried by a strap over my shoulder, dangling down below me now with the strap around my armpit.

"When I smashed through those two windows I made as much noise as you'd hear in blowing up a crockery factory, and I knew, of course, that it would only be a mighty short time before there was somebody around, and I made a great effort to get free. I knew I would go smashing down on the ground, but I wanted to take the chances on that rather than be caught, and I didn't hesitate at all about trying to pull my legs out from those windows, though I knew I should fall the minute I got 'em out. But, though I'd lost the trapeze in that one moment's excitement when I struck the windows. I was cool enough now, and I was figuring on how to get the window sill, which I couldn't quite touch now, and so break my fall somewhat, when I did get free, and above all things turn myself over so that when I did go down I'd strike the ground on my feet and not on my head.

"I yanked one leg partly clear and then the other, the glass rattling and

THE SASHES SMASHING

as I pulled on 'em, and I settled down until I could touch the sill below with my fingers. Then I heard the bed in that room jouncing under somebody springing up out of it—you see all this that it takes me some time to tell you about really happened in next to no time at all—and I know if I was going to go at all I'd got to go then, and I just yanked and smashed both legs clear of the frames, settling down more as I did so until I got hold enough on that window sill to turn myself over as I dropped and push myself clear of the building. When the man looked out of the window I was describing a beautiful curve through the air preparatory to landing safely on my feet.

"The man disappeared from the window and was back again in an instant, and then there was a flash from a shot gun; but it didn't do any damage; it was dark and by that time I was a little too far off to be hit by a man whose aim was likely under such circumstances to be more or less uncertain anyway. But there had been danger enough in hanging head down on the side of the house from a second storey wondow and taking the chance on getting righted up before you struck the ground and I made up my mind that one try with the trapeze was all I wanted; I was satisfied after that with cellar windows, and that sort of thing."

FACT AND BEAUTY.

In some far-away time when the perfect-ability of the human race shall be an accomplished fact, then, perhaps, to be born a woman will not be to be born branded. We all, men and women alike enter the world little plastic beings, with so much natural force, perhaps, but for the rest—blank; the world tells us what we are to be, shapes us by the ends it sets before us. To man it says, Work; to woman it says, Seem. To the man it says: You have a strong arm and great knowledge; labor and you shall gain all that the human heart desires. To the woman it says: Strength shall not help you, nor labor; knowledge, of a certain kind, may, perhaps. You shall gain what men gain, but by other means. The question of "Beauty vs. Fascination" is periodically agitated. The definitions of fascination are many and various; but one that more nearly covers the whole ground of a fascinating woman's charm is "tact." A truly tactful woman is seldom very young, for she must have a knowledge of the world and its shams before she can combat them. A rounded chin with a pretty dimple is a very small part of her anatomy, yet it is worth more to a woman than all the wisdom of Solomon. And a pair of beautiful eyes, with a knowledge of how to use them, are worth more to her than a knowledge of all the ologies. As children we are shaped to this end. We are told that we cannot go into the sun to play, because our faces will become sunburned, and our nice white dress will be soiled. So, with our cheek pressed wistfully against the window pane, we for a short time watch the little boys at their happy play, then go and thread a string of bright beads for our neck. We stand in front of the mirror and admire our nice white skin and look into our great deep eyes. The curse begins to work and is only finished when we don our shroud.

Age is another sin which men cannot forgive in a woman, and the woman who is no longer young must be fascinating, have expert knowledge or an experience of exceptional value to stand a chance with her young competitors. Once or twice, perhaps, in a generation, there is born a woman with a surplus fnud of nervous energy such a desire for that "will 'o the wisp" called fame, such a horror of dying and being buried with scarcely a name upon her gravestone, that she forgets all the conventionalities, which, as a woman, fence her securely round. The goddess Grundy has a temple so high up on the banks that, to her worshippers, the river called Life looks like a stagnant mill pond. One day the ambitious woman wanders away from the temple of Grundy, and finds the mill pond a raging torrent with whirlpools of envy and an undertow of censure. Nothing daunted she pushes her tiny bark from the shore, and sometimes she is carried over the falls, at the head of which stands the rock Success. Do you suppose if Napoleon had been born a woman that he would have been content to give tea parties and talk small scandal? No, he would have risen; but instead of a man great and kingly, with all his sins, he would have left one of those names which stain the leaf of every history—the name of a woman who feels within herself a power; but being denied the right to exercise it openly, she rules in the dark, covertly and by stealth, through the men whose passions she feeds on, and by whom she climbs. They tell us we are not forced to use our youth and beauty; that we are free agents! Yes, and a cat set afloat in a pond is free to sit in the tub till it dies there; neither is the drowning man forced to clutch at the proverbial straw. It is a glorious liberty! The plain girl, the woman who is old and ugly and poor, looks in vain for men's chivalrous attentions, but she does not find it. The bees are very attentive to the flowers till their honey is done, then they fly over them. Perhaps the flowers feel grateful to the bees; they are great fools if they do.

WANTED IT TO BE IN HARMONY.

Brisket—What can I send you up today, Mrs. Styles?

Mrs. S.—Send me a leg of mutton, and be sure it is from a black sheep.

Brisket—A black sheep?

Mrs. S.—Yes; we are in mourning, you know.

ADVICE TO SINGERS.

Precautions Employed by Mme. Patti—Rules by Which to Preserve the Voice.

"I don't believe in coddling myself and making my throat too tender," said Mme. Patti to a young woman who sought her advice. "I kept my vocal powers at their full by extreme care, but you will notice, if you have been told of my rules of life, that I've never made myself sensitive to slight exposure.

"Of course a great deal of rubbish has been written about my dread of taking cold, and I have been informed of the eccentric means I use to avoid it. It has been said that I have all my clothing marked with cabalistic signs, and that a variation of a few degrees in the weather will cause me to add to or take from my clothing, so and so many ounces of underwear. I read also in one crazy paper that I never pass from a heated room to the cold air outside, except by easy stages, and that to go from the concert room to the corridor stairs, then to the lower hall, the lobby, the vestibule and finally to pass into the street, is an operation which takes me half an hour.

"ACCLIMATISING MYSELF

as I go.

"All that is rubbish, of course—that is, it is rubbish to say that I took any such time. I'm careful, as every singer should be, to avoid sudden and violent changes; but, on the other hand, I would warn you not to make yourself too tender, and invite cold by the inexperience of slight exposure.

"Harden yourself; build up your constitution; don't occupy overheated rooms at any time; live out of doors at least for two hours every day, and walk and drive. That's my advice. Then, don't be afraid to breathe plenty of good, fresh air, even if the weather is cold. The people who go about with muffled throats, overburdened with wraps—men singers who turn up the collars of their coats at the slightest breath of air and women singers who hide themselves in a mass of carriage rugs and cover their faces with laces and woollen when carriage driving—are the ones who first begin to cough.

"On the other hand, don't go to extremes and expose yourself in raw, damp air, especially at nightfall. Be sensible, and preserve a happy medium between wise caution and

FOOLISH CODDLING.

"If there are any special rules by which I have preserved my voice they are pretty well indicated in what I have just said, and in my invariable rule of sparing my voice when it is not in perfect order. There lies the real danger to singers, not in exposure to cold air so much as to singing when nature says "The voice is in need of rest," and when the delicate organ should not be fatigued or even used.

"Where one voice is injured by exposure to cold twenty are hurt by singing when the voice is not in good condition. Even when I've had to lose $5,000 by missing a performance I have invariably pocketed the loss for the greater gain, and my voice has outlasted twice over those who began their career with me.

"The little things of life make up its total, and a little precaution in a singer's career is what counts and adds to the span of her stage life. For instance, one should never allow the throat to become dry. Keep it moist. The hot, dry air of an overheated room is very bad for it, parching it and tending to encourage inflammation. And when out walking or driving it is apt to become dry and hard, in cold as well as in warm weather. Let me give advice. It's a little thing, and yet effects big results. When you are out doors always keep a bit of candy in your mouth—not to eat, but to dissolve slowly in the mouth, to moisten the palate and the throat and to keep them moist.

"I never go out, summer or winter, riding, driving or walking, without a chocolate caramel in my mouth, letting it dissolve as slowly as possible."

A WOMAN'S TRAITS.

A certain philosopher declares that a woman is known by her mouth. Not by the words that issue therefrom, but by the shape and color of the lips, and the lines and dimples that gather about this important feature. He is supported in his theory by physiognomists, who all endeavor to impress us with the fact that no woman with the small, red lipped, "Cupid bow," mouth so praised in song and story, was ever intellectual or generous of heart, and it is consoling to those whose mouths are not in accordance with the lines of beauty laid down by the poets to be told that a "wide, straight mouth, with strong, white teeth," denotes the woman of superior intelligence, goodness of heart, strength of mind and a thousand and one other sterling qualities which we all like to think we possess. It is the fashion at present to hold the lips very slightly apart. This is supposed to give that innocent, wistful, wonderful expression which was the peculiar properties of the heroines of old-fashioned novels, but which bicycle riding and kindred amusements have caused to vanish. It is difficult for the thin lipped, determined woman to acquire this trick, but perseverance works wonders.

DIPLOMACY.

Will you love me when I'm old? she asked.

Certainly, he replied promptly, if you will love me when I am bald.

MARRIAGE VERSES.

Obituary verses, while nowadays regarded by most people as superfluous, if nothing worse, are not so uncommon as to occasion great surprise. But marriage verses have so completely gone out of fashion, that, when one runs across them in old magazines or papers of 75 to 80 years ago, he cannot refrain from a hearty laugh both at the absurdity of the verse and the oddity of the custom that permitted its use.

In a select magazine, in the column devoted to the marriage notices, and headed "Hymeneal," appear the following:

"Mr. Henry M. Locke to Miss Catherine Storms.

What daring feats the ardent youth performs,
Who bares his bosom to resistless Storms;
And like the fabled heathen god who chain'd
And in a cave the roving winds restrain'd,
So Henry bids the very name to cease,
Secured by Locke, the Storms now smile in peace."

"Mr. Thomas Lemoine to Mrs. Susan Stone.

The widow saw it was not good
For her to dwell alone,
And so the heart she gave to Wood,
Was hardened to a stone."

"Mr. Harry Miller to Miss Magdalene Wolf.

Wolves sometimes take our sheep by night,
And Millers take our grain,
And when these two their trades unite,
Where is our safety then?
A gleam of hope springs o'er my brow,
In this dark, dismal gulf;
For the Wolf has caught the Miller now,
The Miller stole the Wolf."

"Mr. Alvah Finch to Miss Harriet Weed.

A gold Finch late in search of seeds
Explored a rural bower;
And found amidst luxuriant Weeds
A modest little flower."

"Mr. David H. Cook to Miss Laura Mariner.

A Mariner unfolds the chart,
By storms of love o'ertook,
Fearful of shoals—with beating heart,
Calls on the faithful Cook,
Commands, thus given he scorns delay
And crowds each swelling sail,
And onward steers to Hymen's Bay,
To shelter from the gale,
But, much retarded by the wind,
He calls the chaplain's aid,
And quickly leaves the storm behind,
The destined port is made.
Let those who sail life's brook,
Ne'er shrink, nor be dismayed;
But, like the Mariner and Cook,
Call in the chaplain's aid."

Such flattering tributes as the foregoing were doubtless received by the brides and grooms of that time, if not with actual pleasure, at least with fortitude; but fancy the feelings of a young couple of to-day who found their marriage notice accompanied by the mildest of the effusions quoted.

WHAT SHE WOULD DO.

"A young lady just coming out of her teens made me her confidante the other day and asked me a question that I hope she will grasp the answer of," remarked a woman of sixty who has been twice married and is now a widow.

"Something about hearts, or love, or men, I'll venture anything,' said the younger woman with her.

"Of course it is always that, but in this instance it was a little different. She wanted to know what to do to win the love of a young man who does not care for her, but whom she loves 'very deeply,' she said.'

"And what did you tell her?"

"I told her there was but one answer to that most pathetic of all questions a woman can ask; a short and simple answer; the same yesterday, today and forever, yet one which seems impossible to be learned by those foolish hearts who think that love is something which may be acquired by effort, I told her in all sincerity that the man's love could not be won by anything and everything she could do, and that he was as powerless to give it to her as she was to win it. Then I branched out a little and told her if she was rich or had rank and breeding she might get him as a purchasable commodity, for human kind has never quite ascended to a point beyond that, but that his love would not go with his person and his legal binding. That goes where it listeth, I said, or as with some, whose sense of honor is of the very highest, it remains and withers. I told her it seemed to be enough to some men and women to marry the object of their love, trusting to something or other, the Lord only knows what, that it must come around all right, but a more unsatisfactory way out of a difficulty could not be chosen, as thousands of unhappy marriages bore daily testimony. If men and women in love were reasoning beings, I said, life, at least married life, would be a far different existence, but since they are not, nothing can be done to ameliorate their condition except to let them choose their own way, marry as suits their infatuation, and let the end come as it may. No man's or woman's love has ever been won, I told her, and whatever has been given under that name could have been withheld by the donor for a lifetime, and he or she would have never been one whit unhappier or felt a pang more of regret.

"And after all that, and knowing as she must that it is gospel truth," said the other woman, "do you know what that girl would do if she got the chance to marry that fellow?"

"Of course, I do," admitted the elderly woman, "and that is why I said in the beginnig that I hoped she would grasp the full meaning of my answer. And most of us are alike," she sighed in conclusion.

WOMEN LAWYERS.

Scarcely a Country, Except Great Britain, but can Produce One—An Indian Lady's Success.

At the present day France and America between them provide most of the women lawyers, but there is scarcely a country but can bring forward at least one woman barrister, excepting Great Britain.

Lydia Poet, although of French extraction, was, in 1881, admitted to the Italian bar, having passed the highest law examination at Turin University. Although a qualified pleader, she was not allowed to practice in Court, so she joined her brother, a well-known Italian lawyer, and sits in her chambers the recognized leading exponent of penal law.

On the other hand, Mrs. Anna Akesson, a woman lawyer of Finland, is allowed to plead in Court, and has a fine reputation as a speaker. Finland would appear to be the hunting ground of the lady barrister, for there is yet another feminine advocate, Miss Signe Silen, who has much active work to do in the law Courts. She has even pleaded before the Senate of Finland.

Denmark claims Nanna Berg, but she married recently, and has practically

RETIRED FROM THE BAR.

Fraulein Eschelsson is a well-known Swedish woman lawyer, but she does not practice in Court. She is, however, famed for her legal knowledge, and solicitors flock to her for counsel's opinion.

Katrine Dahl is a young lady who, in the ring of lady lawyers, represents Norway. She became a doctor in civil law some years ago, and is naturally anxious to plead in Court, but the Norwegian legal luminaries have up to the present viewed her applications to plead with a blind eye. But she is not in the least daunted by constant refusals, and continues to dispense legal advice.

If you are at all interested in the higher education of women, the story of the Indian young lady, Miss Cornelia Sorabju, will appeal to you. This girl studied at Cambridge and then proceeded to a solicitor's office in London for the purpose of getting an insight into the practical side of law. Her studies completed, she returned home to India, and is now at the head of a

NATIVE WOMAN'S COLLEGE.

Miss Sarmisa Bilcesco is a Roumanian lady lawyer with a wide reputation for the depth of her legal knowledge. She studied law at Paris, where she passed all the qualifying examinations required by the Law Faculty of the Paris University. She returned home to Bucharest and claimed from the legal authorities there the right to practice in the Roumanian Courts. She was granted the right, but has not exercised her privilege, merely wanting to establish a precedent. She is content to advise clients without being their actual advocate.

Germany has one or two lady barristers, one of whom has an enviable reputation for the soundness of her opinion and depth of judgment, namely, Fraulein Anita Augusberg, of Hanover. She comes of an old legal Hanoverian stock, all of whom are well-known lawyers. Having studied at Zurich she is about to persuade the Munich bar to admit her as a working barrister.

It would seem as if Mme. Marie Popelin, of Belgium, was leading a forlorn hope. A qualified lawyer, she is directing her efforts to conquering the prejudices of the Brussels bar, who at present decline to allow her to plead in Court. She is at the head of the Belgian Woman's Rights party.

Miss Clara Brett having successfully passed all the examinations constituting her a lawyer, was refused permission to practice by the Canadian bar. She appealed to Parliament, with the result that a bill was passed authorizing the bar to recognize the lady's rights, and commanding the bar to admit women who were qualified into the faculty.

A DIAMOND SEASON.

What changes fashion goes through! One season it is not correct to wear many jewels; the next we crowd on all that we posses.

One time pearls are the rage; the next year no one will wear anything but opals or sapphires. This season is a diamond year, and we see them worn at all times and at all seasons—in the daytime, in our hats, laces at night, in our hair and on our frocks. Indeed, the amount of jewlery worn this summer is very great.

To be correct, we must wear two delicate gold and jeweled chains around our necks, two or three gold bangles, diamond lace pins, costly rings, collars of pearls and jeweled hat pins in the daytime.

NEW BABY INCUBATOR.

What the French call a "couveuse," or "baby hatcher," of a new kind, has been invented by Dr. Diffre, and recommended by Dr. Buden, of the Academie de Medecine, Paris. It is designed to foster new-born infants, especially those who are at all weakly, and is virtually a copper cradle closed by a movable plate of glass, warmed by a boiler heated by an oil lamp underneath, and ventilated by narrow air holes. A moist sponge inside keeps the air humid, and a thermometer shows the temperature.

An Adventure In The Jungle.

An Adventure in the Jungle

"Tigers very plenty here, Sahibs," said Pandu; "all sleep now. When dark they creep out."

"That's a pleasant prospect," Lucius muttered to me. "The fellow is right, though. This is where the Rajah bags most of his big game. I didn't think we had come so far. We must get clear of the jungle before sunset."

We relieved Pandu of our heavy-bore rifles, and started briskly back. Then we emerged on the brink of a glassy pool of water.

As we instinctively halted, we heard a low, furious growl. Glancing to the left, we saw a sight that chilled the blood with horrow. Twenty feet down the shore of the pool, in the shade of a rock and overhanging reeds, crouched a monstrous tigress. Beside her was a playful, six-month-old cub. The beast had seen us, and was making ready to spring. Up went my rifle, and with a hasty aim I pulled the trigger. Perhaps my arm trembled a little—anyway, the ball hit the cub in the breast and stretched it lifeless beside its mother. The rage of the tigress was fearful to see. Her eyes grew like living coals, and she roared like a fury. The next instant she launched herself forward—straight toward me. I was actually fascinated by the sight. My limbs seemed to have lost the power of motion. As though in a dream I heard Lucius ory:

"Down! down! Jump to one side!"

I think I moved a few inches, and that unconscious act saved my life. The long, tawny body of the tigress struck me sideways and pitched me head foremost into the muddy pool.

As I staggered to my feet, covered with filth and water, I heard the roar of a rifle. Then I saw the tigress quivering in her death agonies on the ground. She was quite dead before I reached the spot. Lucius stood over her with a smoking rifle in his hand. His face shone with triumph through its pallor.

"That was a splendid shot!" I exclaimed.

"It was a deuced lucky one," he replied. "You had a close shave of it, Jove! I thought you were never going to get out of the way. Where is your rifle?"

I remembered that it lay at the bottom of the pool.

"I'll soon get it," I said, and started back to the water.

My legs were a little shaky, and my back felt bruised. I waded out knee deep and bent over to grope for the weapon. But just then a low cry from Pandu brought me stiffly erect. I heard a threshing noise in the dry reeds. It was yet at some distance. I hastily rejoined Lucius, and we looked in the direction of the sound. A second later a deep, awful roar echoed through the jungle. It fairly stood our hair on end. Pandu's mahogany face turned livid.

"The tiger, Sahib!" he gasped. "It is coming to avenge its mate and cub."

His teeth chattered with every word.

"There, Pandu," exclaimed Lucius, "give me your rifle—quick! It has a longer range."

He handed his own gun to the shikaree, but before he could take the other in exchange, the angry roar rang out again, and we had a glimpse of the tiger as it bounded toward us over the reeds. It was less than thirty yards distant.

The sight was too much for Pandu, old hunter though he was. He had never been considered a coward, but in the twinkling of an eye he turned and fled down the shore of the pool, taking both rifles with him.

"Come back, you rascal!" roared Lucius.

Pandu never faltered. With a gun swinging from each hand he bounded into the tall reeds and vanished. We unconsciously dashed at the pool, and floundered across, side by side. The water came only to our knees. Without looking back we plunged up into the reeds. After a few steps the marshy ground gave way to firm footing, and we were again in the fastnesses of the jungle. A dismal roar from the rear, full of blended grief and rage, spurred us to greater speed.

A furious roar woke the jungle echoes. It seemed at our very backs. "God help us!" cried Lucius. I shivered and nearly fell. He took my arm and dragged me along. Again an awful roar that made the ground tremble.

But just when a horrible death seemed imminent we staggered into a bit of cleared space amid the jungle, and here the scant light revealed the proportions of an iron cage, about eight feet square! We gained the strange object by a dizzy rush, and Lucius jerked open the sliding door. I remember falling inside in a heap and hearing the clang of iron as the door shut fast. And then came a moment of agony.

With a stupendous roar, a great tiger launched himself against the cage, and clawed in madness at the bars until they rattled and creaked. Again and again the huge paws dabbed at us.

Lucius had dragged me to the very centre of the cage. There we crouched and shivered while the beast spat and hissed and roared.

Finally, he drew back and prowled around the cage, peering in at us every few steps.

We plucked up courage and examined our shelter. The result was not encouraging. The cage was very old and rusty. The bars were thin. It seemed to be merely hanging together.

"The Rajah who brought this here twelve years ago," said Lucius, "I have heard about. It was his favorite way of killing ttigers. He would draw them to this spot by lying a goat on the edge of the jungle and then shoot them through the bars. I don't suppose he has used it, though, for half a dozen years, and it is rusting and falling to pieces. But as long as the tiger is content to simply prowl about and keep watch we are safe; otherwise—a shrug of the shoulders completed the sentence, and I knew what he meant.

Written words fail me when I try to describe the horrors of that night. The minutes seemed hours; the hours days. Cold, hunger and thirst were slight in comparison to the restless vigil kept by our besieger. His roars of baffled rage constantly resounded through the jungle. Again and again he threw himself against the flimsy cage, or tried to snatch us out with his paws.

Crack! crack! The bars were creaking and bending under his weightt. They bent and bulged. Then, to our horror, two of them snapped.

"Look out!" cried Lucius. "He's dropping on us."

Thr tiger's head and shoulders were actually inside the cage; we could feel his hot, steaming breath on our checks.

In desperation Lucius whipped out his pocket-knife, opened the largest blade, and struck at the creature's paw, and drew blood. The roar that followed drove us to the furthest corner of the cage. There we trembled for a moment, while the struggling tiger slipped deeper and deeper between the broken bars.

Suddenly Lucius caught my arm in a fierce grip.

"The beast is stuck!" he cried. "Don't you see? Now is our chance. Come on!"

We crept to the door and slid it open, and banged it to behind us as we darted out and sped away across the clearing. Roar after roar rang in our ears, and we heard the rattle of bars, and then a heavy crash, and knew very well that the liberated tiger had crept to the ground. At that moment all hope seemed gone, and yet our deliverance was even then at hand.

As we floundered into the jungle we saw flashing lightts just ahead, and a circle of familiar faces.

What followed was confusion. I remember a volley of rifle shots, and then a loud burst of cheering. The tiger lay dead, and half a dozen officers from the cantonment were crowding around us. Pandu had gone home and guided a rescue party back to the jungle. Had they arrived a few minutes later they would have found our mangled bodies.

One of the perils of the Philippines is manifested in the case of Hugh Baker, a discharged soldier, who has just returned to his home in Hazelton, Pa. While in Manilla a sea-fly bit him on the right eye, destroying the sight. The other eye is now affected, and it is feared total blindness will result.

A young crocodile, immediately after emerging from its egg, starts instinctively for the nearest body of water, even if it is not in sight and at a great distance.

Korns. Korns.

There are more than one sort of korns Some korn is planted in the ground and the other sort don't need planting; they grow quite naturally on men's toes and don't need hoeing. This kind of korn has two sorts—one gentle or tender like until Bill Jones steps on your foot, when it gets boiling mad and swears like everything; the other is hard headed and makes a row all the time, especially when your boots are on. I don't like korns, and use the extracting medicine, Putnam's Painless Corn Extractor, which removes them painlessly in twenty-four hours.

An eloping couple met with a mishap in Warner, Tenn. Miss Florence Williams was eloping with her sweetheart, Mr. G. C. Bishop, in a buggy, when an obstruction on the road upset the vehicle. She was hurled out, breaking an arm and dislocating a wrist. Two hours later she stood before a clergyman with both of her arms in splints and was married.

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For thirteen years the left arm of Eli Forbes of East Brushfield, Mass., had been useless from rheumatism. He was sitting at his window one evening recently when a thunderstorm arose. A flash of lightning seemed to play about his affected arm, causing a shock and prolonged prickling sensation. In an instant the arm shot forward involuntarily, and from that time it has been as well as ever.

Scientists now assert that the human body is full of microbes. When they are in good condition the man is healthy; but when they are inactive from illness, the man needs medical treatment.

The lily of the valley contains prussic acid. It is thought dangerous to put the stalks in a person's mouth, because if the sap chances to get into a crack in the lips an annoying swelling is produced.

Some of the largest jewelry houses in New York have immense mirrors behind the counters, so that when they turn their back upon a customer they can see if he transfers any gems to his pockets.

Conscripts in Cologne produced symptoms of heart disease by taking pills recommended for that purpose by local doctors. Several of the physicians have been arrested.

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

Several societies in Germany amuse themselves by dispatching carrier pigeons to and from various points. About 300,000 birds are thus employed. It is said that the army uses 8,000 of them.

THE CHEERFUL IDIOT.

I see some fellow is going into the rabbit rearing business, said the boarder who got the morning paper first.

Seems to me that raising rabbits would be something of a hare-lifting nature, said the Cheerful Idiot.

THE ENEMY'S SACRIFICE.

Maud—Major, is it true that once during the war one of the enemy died to save your life?

Major Bluntly.—Yes.

Maud—How noble! How did it happen.

Major Bluntly—I killed him.

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

VERY LIKELY.

White—She has a great command of language, hasn't she?

Black—Yes; that's the reason, I'm inclined to think, that she never got married.

La Toscana, 10c. RELIANCE CIGAR FACTORY, Montreal

AN IMPORTANT PERSON.

Visitor—You seem to be an important person; everybody turns round to look at you.

Local Great Man.—Yes;; there isn't a man in the town I don't owe money to.

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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.

LIBERTY.

New Cook—Then I am not to wear your bonnets when I like?

Mistress.—No, but think how large your wages are!

New Cook. haughtily.—My liberty is not for sale!

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

HELPFUL KNOWLEDGE.

Go to school, sonny, said Uncle Eben, an' git educated 'bout geography. It'll help you to un'stan' dat dis worl' would keep gwine round, even if you didn' happen to be on han' to push an' holler.

Deafness Cannot be Cured

by local applications, as they cannot reach the diseased portion of the ear. There is only one way to cure deafness, and that is by constitutional remedies. Deafness is caused by an inflamed condition of the mucous lining of the Eustachian Tube. When this tube gets inflamed you have a rumbling sound or imperfect hearing, and when it is entirely closed deafness is the result, and unless the inflammation can be taken out and this tube restored to its normal condition, hearing will be destroyed forever; nine cases out of ten are caused by Catarrh, which is nothing but an inflamed condition of the mucous surfaces.

We will give One Hundred Dollars for any case of Deafness (caused by catarrh) that can not be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure. Send for circulars, free.

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Yes, I've heard him spoken of sometimes, but I didn't know he was the richest man in his ward.

I didn't say he was the richest. I said he was the heaviest taxpayer.

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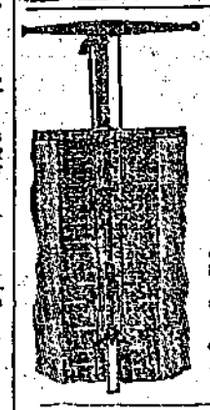

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The Mining Review

SATURDAY.....SEPTEMBER 16, 1899.

MR. SMITH AS A DEVELOPER.

In his speech at Rossland Mr. Ralph Smith "the recognised leader of organised labor in the province," omitted reference to many matters in connection with mining interests, to which any man who has the welfare of the province at heart should give due attention. Any fair man will admit that labor is one of the most important elements of a country—that it must be properly treated and adequately paid, but it is not the only one. According to the drift of his remark at Rossland, the only question to be settled is good pay for present labor, and he went so far as to intimate it was within the power of the legislature to take the developed mines in the Slocan out of the hands of the present owners and operate them itself. What the courts would be doing in the meantime, when set to work by the owners, was to him a matter of but little moment. Now every one knows a silver-lead mine cannot last forever, and what the miners in the country would do when the present dividend payers worked in that way became exhausted, he did not even surmise.

To our mind, any man who has a regard for his country, as all M.P.P's at least should have, should look to the future as well as the present. We want capital and a lot of it to take hold of our present prospects and work them till they become dividend payers. We want capital to build refineries and thus save the very large sum the mine owners are paying yearly in freights, duties etc. to get their bullion refined and returned to Canada for home use and export, and not a word from Mr. Smith as to how this is to be got. It can never be got while the government continues tampering and shystering with the mining laws leaving capitalists in continual dread that every year's laws may be worse and more dangerous than those of its predecessors. As we have said in previous issues, the mere matter of 50 cents a day, though a serious matter to prospect owners with limited capital, is an item of small consequence to shipping mines, if it ensured good, faithful men and was proof against further legislative tinkering.

The province has gone into heavy debts for facilities to develop the mining industry, and now the problem is seeking the best means of securing capital to open our resources. It cannot surely best be got by piling up enactments each one of which is more crippling and unsatisfactory than those immediately preceding.

THEN AND NOW.

The Kootenaian publishes with much gusto a speech of Sir Richard Cartwright, from which the following is an extract:

"Surely it must be evident to every man who will give the subject a second thought that it would be far better for Canada to have an expenditure of 40 or 42 millions a year to a population of six or seven millions than to reduce the expenditure to 35 millions, let us say, and retain our population of barely five millions here. But, sir, as we are on this question of population, let me here say one thing, I have pointed out to you the extreme slowness of the growth of Canada, according to population from 1881 to 1891. As probably most of you know, over whole provinces of this Dominion there was no increase at all."

In the first place it may be noticed that the population has not increased to six or seven millions since Sir Richard was in opposition in 1896, when the Tories were in power, here is what he had then to say:

"For my own part I do not hesitate to tell him (the Finance Minister) that I consider a yearly expenditure of $40,000,000, or $38,000,000, altogether too large for the resources of Canada.

"I say it is a disgrace and a shame to the government that has been entrusted with our affairs that those come down to us and ask for an expenditure of $38,000,000 a year for Federal purposes.

"Sir, the thing is utterly unjustifiable.

"Sir, there is very little use for honorable gentlemen whining over this matter.

"They ought to try and meet it, and the way to meet it is to reduce your present extravagant mode of government, and to reduce your extravagant ideas.

"I have said before, and I repeat it, that $38,000,000 is, in my judgement, a monstrous sum for this people to be called on to provide for."

It was a shame and a disgrace to spend $38,000,000 in 1896, but it is a virtue to spend forty or forty-two millions now. Its readers would like to see the Kootenaian publish those two speeches side by side, and express an honest opinion on the contrast. The facts are simply these, when the 1896 speech was made, Sir Richard and friends wanted office, and they had to find fault with Tory extravagance to secure it. Now, however, they are face with Grit extravagance, and a defence must be manufactured to hide it from the people. Only this and nothing more.

On the first indication of Diarrhœa or Dysentery a few doses of DR. FOWLER'S EXT. OF WILD STRAWBERRY will promptly check the advance of these dangerous diseases.

It has been over 40 years in use and has no equal for the cure of bowel complaints of young or old. There are many dangerous imitations on the market, so it would be wise to see that the full name, *Dr. Fowler's Ext. of Wild Strawberry*, is on every bottle you buy.

When one suggests the repeal of the penal clauses of the eight-hour law it will at once be asked, "Where is the use of a law without penalties for its non-observance." Penalties in the abstract are all based on the law of compensation for offenses. If a man takes a life, he is supposed to give his in return. If he steals, he is either fined sufficient to make a return, with costs of collection, or imprissoned to render an equivalent to the state, and so on of all other violations. All penalties are based on an equivalent for an infraction of justice. If a statutory day is exceeded in labor, the laborer has it in his own hand to enforce a penalty—to compel an employer to make recompense for the extra time put in. Supposing then, for instance, there were no specified penalties attached to the B. C. eight-hour law, those affected would still have it in their own hands to make and enforce them on the fundamental principle governing such cases—compensation. With an eight-hour law without penalties the owners would have no way under heaven of compelling men to work longer than eight hours, if they did not want to, any more than they have now of compelling the men to take $3.00 if they don't want to do it. If, on the other hand, they did want, or were induced, to work longer than eight hours, the penalty for asking them to do it would rest in the hands of the miners themselves. They say what compensation was right for an infraction of the law—whether it should be 25, 50 or 75 cents per hour. We think that viewed from any sensible standpoint where the settlement of penalties for the violation of laws lies in the hands of the parties affected, there can be no resonable ground for complaint. The miners say that the mines must be worked some time, and that the owners will have to pay $3.50. As there is no law fixing the scale of wages, and but the decision of the miners required to enforce it, the same decision could enforce an eight-hour day without penalties to manacle their freedom, and declare that they were incapable of managing their own affairs. A compulsory measure to teach men their duty to themselves appears to be repulsive in this age of intelligence and enlightenment.

Keep in mind that Scott's Emulsion contains the hypophosphites.

These alone make it of great value for all affections of the nervous system.

It also contains glycerine, a most valuable, soothing and healing agent. Then there is the cod-liver oil, acknowledged by all physicians as the best remedy for poor blood and loss in weight.

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Hugh John Macdonald, leader of the opposition in Manitoba, has said that he does not propose to give the franchise to foreigners who cannot read English, and he is soundly berated in some quarters for saying so. His contention is, however, sound. There is a plea for not withholding it from British subjects so circumstanced, in that from long residence and contact with the public they have learned much of our constitution and laws that foreigners cannot get without reading. The franchise—that which makes and unmakes the laws of a country—is a very sacred thing, and should be handled with care. Very often the votes of a community may change the entire fiscal policy of a country, and entail heavy responsibilities upon it for unborn generations to bear. It is not enough to say "Even if it is so, the illiterate foreigner as well as the learned British born subject will have to bear his share," for if the former knew the meaning of his vote he might have cast it the other way. "Manhood suffrage and universal franchise" sound well on paper, but when traced to their effect in any country, they often do not look as well as they ring. If Hugh John, for his country's welfare, went even further than he has gone, and said the ballot should not be put into the hands of men who have not got some kind of stake in the country to constitute their future liability for the consequences of their votes, or who, through being ignorant of the meaning of the institutions of the country, saddle burdens on it for future generations to bear.

Some of our exchanges are continually ringing the changes on "the mine owners" in considering the eight-hour law, as if the working of the present dividend-paying properties was all that was involved. As a matter of fact they are but an insignificant item in the controversy. Those who have even but a partial knowledge of the resurces of the Slocan must be fully aware that, numerically, the present producing mines are but a mere index to what we will have when the country acquires age and development. The question is then more what laws will assist and what laws will cripple the in come of the required capital and enterprise to do the work. Shortening hours the world over shortens wages, and lowering wages is the first step towards the crippling of any country; and continual changing of laws is always a menace to the encouragement of capital. As matters stood under the old law, capital was forging its way into the Slocan at a rapid rate. The men were satisfied, and changes were fast being made at all the mines to make them comfortable and contented. All this is now changed, and there are prints which say it is best for the country. What man is there, who has the true interests of the country at heart, that believes it?

Nelson Tribune:

"Why do not the business men of the country bring pressure to bear on the two men who are responsible for the non-working of the shipping mines of the Slocan. A strongly worded resolution passed by the boards of trade at Rossland, Nelson, Kaslo and Moyie might have o good effect."

The business men do not interfere for the good reason that they know it is no more their business to ask any of the mine owners to open and close their mines than it is for them to ask John Houston to open or close his print shop against his will.

If we can judge correctly, six months will not have elapsed before the lieut.-governor will call on Joseph Martin to form a new government, and W. W. B. McInnes will be one of his colleagues. Let our readers preserve this and see if we are not telling the truth. It should then be a union of all those who desire to see the province grow and prosper against an irresponsible band of fire eaters, whose only aim will be to stir up the worst blood of the whole country.

The man whose home is menaced by midnight marauders isn't slow to grasp a weapon to defend it. The same man when threatened by an enemy ten thousand times more dangerous, will calmly go his way and make no effort at defence. The most dangerous of all mankind's enemies is consumption. There is but one effective weapon with which to combat this grim destroyer. It is Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. It cures 98 per cent. of all cases of consumption, bronchitis, asthma, laryngitis, weak lungs, spitting of blood and throat and nasal troubles. Thousands have testified to their recovery under this remedy after they were given up by the doctors, and all hope was gone. Many of these have permitted their experiences, names, addresses and photographs to be printed in Dr. Pierce's Common Sense Medical Adviser. Any sufferer may write to them. The "Golden Medical Discovery" is the great blood-maker and flesh-builder. It makes the appetite hearty, the digestion and assimilation perfect, the liver active, the blood pure and rich with the life giving elements of the food and the nerves strong and steady. Acting directly on the lungs, it drives out all impurities and disease germs. It is also a wonderful medicine for all nervous troubles. Sold by all dealers in medicine.

Jno. M. Hite, of Audubon, Audubon Co., Iowa, says: "I took a severe cold which settled on my lungs and chest. Several of our best physicians gave up all hopes of my recovery. I would cough and spit blood for hours. I took Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery and recovered."

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August 30—Waterloo Fraction, O K cr, J T Kelly. Midday, reloc of Victor, J Tinling. Maybee Extension, Four Mile cr, J Brandon.

31—Kootenay Sovereign, reloc of Forest Fire, E P Bremner.

September 2—Galena Fraction, Galena mt, F H Wilson.

5—L D Fraction, Noble Five mt, C A Freeman. Esmorelda, Howser cr, C Anderson. Corell Fraction, s f Carpenter, G Kay. The Just One Girl, Silver mt, C F Nelson. Ocean Queen, Trout cr, Emily Swan. Copper King, same, F W Wright. Rubee, same, A Finnegan. Michigan, same, M Matson. Emerald, same, R McGregor.

6—Morning Glory Fraction, Fidelity hill, A Jacobson. J M B, Gold cr, D Brandon.

7—Trumpet Fraction, Slocan lake, N W Mining Syndicate. Swede Boy, s f Carpenter, A O Ostby, F Johnson, C Peterson.

8—Bank Roll, Eight Mile cr, D Brandon.

11—Chance, divide, Ten and Twelve Mile cr, J Winters. Continual, Eight cr, J C Butler. Ava, Silver mt, F Pyman. Sunrise, same, D McKinnon. Alert, Eight Mile cr, D A VanDorn.

12—Oakland, Silver mt, Pat Mooney. Nob Hill, Slocan lake, M L Nicholson.

ASSESSMENTS.

August 30—Meno Fraction, Toronto, Province, Pure Gold, Belle Smith, Camp Lodge, Eastern Townships. Sept 1—Mountain Goat, Fedora, Black Horse, White Horse. 2—Neglected, Tramp Plaint, Mountain Queen, Mountain Maid. 5—Tornado, Flood Fraction No 2, International, Imperial, Bosporhus, Gibralter, Silver Band, Troyford, Islington, Winton, Croydon Fraction, Rodney. 6—Surprise Extension, War Fraction, Commander. 8—Fountain Fraction, Black Diamond. 9—Snowdon. 11—Iron Mountain, Holiday Fraction, Lilly, Oakland No 4, Mountain Scenery, Twilight, Storm. 12—Sadie, Ellis, M & M, Ella, Prince, Albambra, Lilly R, Lone Star No 3.

CERTIFICATE OF IMPROVEMENTS.

September 11—Boatswain Fraction, Tyro, Tyro Fraction.

OPTIONS.

September 6—Evelyn, option to purchase for $3,000, J W Kyte, A Horton and W Brown to Ward McDonald, Sept 5.

TRANSFERS.

August 29—Alice Murphy, A J Murphy to V H Behne, April 29. Utica, Andrew Jay, Alice, Bridget McCue to P McCue, Aug 3. Power of attorney, J M M Benedum to J W Kyte, Aug 11.

30—Same, C A Stoess to H McKenzie, Aug 20.

31—Drumlummon and Homestake ½, J Carraher to T McMurry, Aug 24, $200.

September 6—J L P, F A Henneberg to M McAndrews, July 5, 1897. Same, M McAndrews to J V O McLaughlin, June 9, $1,200.

7—Alert ¼, F Pyman to F R Hurry, Sept 4.

8—Humphrey and Best Fraction, all, Rambler-Cariboo Co to W H Adams, July 28. Same, W H Adams to Rambler-Cariboo Co, Aug 28. Coming Event and Central 1-6, J S Reed to T Clair, Sept 8. Power of attorney, J H Bowes to E C Wraggle, Aug 14. Same, F F McNaughton to J A Bowes, Aug 16.

11—Coming Event 1-6, J S Reed to J Taylor, Sept 11.

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.

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.

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The case of Mr. G. O. Archibald, of Hopewell Cape, N.B., (a cut of whom appears below), is one of the severest and most intractable that has ever been

reported from the eastern provinces, and his cure by Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills the more remarkable from the fact that he was given up as incurable by worthy and respected physicians.

The disease, Locomotor Ataxia, with which Mr. Archibald was afflicted is considered the most obstinate and incurable disease of the nervous system known. When once it starts it gradually but surely progresses, paralyzing the lower extremities and rendering its victim helpless and hopeless, enduring the indescribable agony of seeing himself die by inches.

That Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills can cure thoroughly and completely a disease of such severity ought to encourage those whose disorders are not so serious to try this remedy.

The following is Mr. Archibald's letter:

MESSRS. T. MILBURN & CO.—"I can assure you that my case was a very severe one, and had it not been for the use of Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills I do not believe I would be alive to-day. I do not know, exactly, what was the cause of the disease, but it gradually affected my legs, until I was unable to walk hardly any for five months.

"I was under the care of Dr. Morse of Melrose, who said I had Locomotor Ataxia, and gave me up as incurable.

"Dr. Solomon, a well-known physician of Boston, told me that nothing could be done for me. Every one who came to visit me thought I never could get better.

"I saw Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills advertised and thought I would try them anyway, as they gave more promise of helping me than anything I knew of.

"If you had seen me when I started taking those wonderful pills—not able to get out of my room, and saw me now, working hard every day, you wouldn't know me.

"I am agent for P. O. Vickey, of Augusta Maine, and have sold 300 subscribers in 80 days and won a fifty dollar prize.

"Nothing else in the world saved me but those pills, and I do not think they have an equal anywhere.

"The seven boxes I took have restored me the full use of my legs and given me strength and energy and better health than I have enjoyed in a long time."

G. O. ARCHIBALD.

Hopewell Cape, N. B.

In addition to the statement by Mr. Archibald, we have the endorsation of two well-known merchants of Hopewell Cape, N. B., viz.: Messrs. J. E. Dickson and F. J. Brewster, who certify to the genuineness and accuracy of the facts as given above.

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

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

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

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Leave	11.00 a.m.	Sandon	Arrive	11.40 a.m.
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She Would Be a Lady.

CHAPTER I.

"I'm going to be a lady's maid when I grow a bit older. My mother's cousin is own maid to the Countess of Firtop, and you should see the lovely clothes she has—silks and satins and laces, and real gold brooches; it's a rare fine thing to be a lady's maid, I can tell you," and Susan Harper arched her neck, tossed her head, and looked at her companions with undisguised pride and self-satisfaction.

"I don't think nothing of being a lady's maid," sneered Emma Bligh; "it's only like an upper servant, nothing better, and if a lady's maid does get fine clothes, why, they're only cast-off things, as have been worn before by her missus. I'm not going into service when I grows up. There's ten pounds in the bank that my uncle left me, and when I get it I'll have a little shop and sell tea and cheese, and sweets and candles, and I'll have a husband who'll work to keep me; that's what I will. It's better, having a home of your own, to living in a countess' kitchen."

"Lady's maids don't live in the kitchen," retorted Susan, "and you've got to get the home of your own, and 'tisn't every girl with a face like yours as can get a husband, Emma Bligh."

Emma was about to retort angrily, when Mary Matthews interposed, by saying:

"Don't quarrel, girls, but let us all say what we're going to be, and when we grow old we'll see if it comes true; what are you going to be, Eva Randolph?"

"I?" said the girl thus addressed, opening her round, gray eyes and with a half-vacant, half-dreamy expression of countenance, as though she were peering into the future. "I mean to be a lady."

"A lady!" echoed the three who had spoken. "How are you going to manage that? Where's the money to come from?"

"I don't think it is money that makes a lady," replied Eva, in the same dreamy manner; "my dear mamma used to tell me that money wouldn't do it."

"Then how will you set about it?" questioned the others.

"I mean to work hard and to teach myself, and to get other people to teach me, and always to do what is just and right. And I mean to read about great and noble women and to try to be like them. It will be very hard work, but I shall do it."

"But ladies don't work," objected Mary Matthews, who, although she had great faith in Eva's talent and industry, yet could not help thinking that her plans for the future were, to say the least, extremely visionary.

"Some ladies do," replied Eva, confidently; "I've heard that the queen works very hard, and then the ladies who went out in the war last year to nurse the sick soldiers, see how they must have worked. I think ladies do a great deal of work, and I mean to be one, and I mean to work."

"Well, we shall see," laughed Mary Matthews, "But now there's only one more of you, beside me. What are you going to be, Lilas?"

"I shall be the same as Eva," was the reply, uttered in all apparent seriousness.

But at this the other girls laughed aloud, and not without some malice in their mirth, for Lilas Lampier was the most idle, selfish and sensual, as she was by far the best looking girl in the party. Her hair was golden, her eyes were dark, with heavy silken brows and lashes. Her complexion was like the warm pink glow inside a sea shell, and her features bid fair to be firm and delicate.

But she was only twelve years of age, and she was very dirty at the present moment, for the baby she had been carrying had contrived to bespatter her with the mud from which she had more than once rescued him, and to which he had managed to return while she had been talking.

"You needn't laugh," she said, hotly, irritated by their very frank remarks; "I ain't a fool, and I'm as good looking as any of you."

"Yes, mother says you're far too good looking to come to any good," retorted Susan Harper.

"Your mother is a spiteful old cat, and you may tell her I say so," retorted Lilas, losing her temper, "no one could blame her for good looks, and if what some folks says is true, not for goodness neither."

To this Susan retorted by springing to her feet in a passion and tearing off Lilas Lampier's hat.

What further damage she meditated I, cannot say, for the shrieks of the small children under the care of these five girls became so shrill and piercing with terror at the prospect of a fight between their guardians that hostilities had at once to be suspended until silence could be restored.

Before the girls could recommence their discussion a huge bloodhound came bounding into the midst of the group, scaring the little ones out of their wits, and terrifying even the elder girls.

Lilas was the only one of the party who retained her presence of mind; but she knew the dog, and she now called it by name."

"Leo! Leo!"

The animal looked at her and gave his tail a condescending wag of recognition, but he did not care for shabbily dressed people, and probably he was no judge of feminine beauty, so he did not approach the girl even when she held out her hand to him.

Before she could repeat the invitation, however, a young man had leaped the gate which led into the meadow, and seeing at a glance the consternation which his four-footed companion's presence had produced, he called him off, and then approaching the group, said:

"I hope my dog hasn't frightened you; he wouldn't bite."

"Oh! I wasn't frightened," said Lilas, with a smile which showed her white teeth; "but the rest were!"

"I see you are a brave little girl," and he nodded and went on his way wondering how it was that the children of some of the working people were possessed of so much delicate beauty.

But Lilas Lampier was not, in the strict sense of the word, the child of working parents. Her father was a Frenchman—a French "patriot" of humble extraction, some talent, and great want of judgment. He had been compelled to escape from France with his child, whose mother had been an English dancer and had died soon after the birth of her daughter. The poor exile tried hard to get work and failed. He was restless and excitable, and at length, unable to endure his exile any longer, he left his child in the care of some distant relatives of his late wife, while he himself went back to Paris. What became of him there those whom he had promised to write to in England did not know. He might be in prison; he might be dead for aught they knew—almost for all they cared.

Lilas would have liked her father to be with her, but she had no great love for him. Indeed that young person's affections were principally centred in herself. She had shelter and food from her mother's cousin, whom she called aunt, and such clothes as her relative could afford to give her, and she nursed the children, worked about the house and was treated neither better nor worse than if she had been Mrs. Flood's eldest daughter.

So much for one of our heroines. She means to be a lady, a lady, according to her ideal of one. To have fine clothes, dainty food, a soft couch, nothing to do, and every wish and whim gratified, as soon as it can be formed, that is Lilas Lampier's notion of being a lady, and of the life that a lady should live.

Eva Randolph's ideas are widely different. The lever that is to help her onward in life is hard work, strengthened by self-denial.

By earnest seeking after all that is true and noble, and by eradicating anything that is base and unworthy in her nature, she hopes to succeed. And poor Eva is worse than being simply an orphan, for her father's death left her to the tender mercies of a stepmother, who would have sent her to the workhouse, but that the parish authorities would then have taken care that the girl's share of her father's property should be applied to her use.

Mr. Randolph had died without a will. He had no near relatives, and Eva was left to the care of her stepmother. Mrs. Randolph's widowhood did not last long. Her first husband had been a surgeon; her second was a small shopkeeper. Mr. Church, when he married her, quite understood the condition of affairs, and willingly accepted the responsibility.

A little ready money was very useful to a man in business, and a small income from houses which, though they could not be sold, could be let to tenants too simple to ask for proof of his right to receive the rent, helped to cover many expenses, and to enable him to put away money against a rainy day.

There was no one to grumble or to bring the dishonest couple to book. Eva did not know she was being robbed. She was told every day of her life that she was eating the bread of charity, and she believed it, and she worked hard, harder than any servant would have done, to satisfy herself that she earned her food and shelter.

Such was the condition of affairs, on this, her thirteenth birthday.

CHAPTER II.

The day after the conversation of these girls had taken place Eva Randolph sat in her own room, busily at work upon some delicate lace, in the making of which she was remarkably clever.

Her fingers were very rapid in their movements, but her thoughts had wandered far away from her occupation. She was wishing that she had time and money wherewith to get a good education, and thinking thus, her mind soon traveled beyond the question of ways and means, and she had given herself up to the building of some very airy castles, when the harsh voice of her stepmother roused her from her day-dreams.

"Eva, come down, you're wanted!" shouted Mrs. Church.

The girl dropped her work, and descended the stairs, to find in the best sitting-room, the Honorable Mrs. Westbrook, the mother of the young man whose bloodhound had startled her and her companions the previous afternoon.

She was a tall, proud-looking woman with fair hair, blue eyes, and large, regular features, and she bore about with her an air of perfect satisfaction that it had pleased Heaven to make her superior to all her fellow creatures.

Completely assured upon this point, Mrs. Westbrook could afford to be gracious to her inferiors, and she now condescended to smile kindly upon Eva, as she said:

"So you are the little lacemaker?"

"Yes, ma'am,' replied the girl, looking up brightly, instead of dropping a courtesy, as any other girl in her station would have done.

A slight frown contracted the lady's face, but second thoughts transformed it into a smile, and she next asked:

"Are you as clever at mending lace as you are said to be at making it?"

"I don't know, ma'am. I am very fond of mending old lace," replied the girl.

"Then I shall get you to mend some lace for me," said Mrs. Westbrook, graciously; "but you must come up to my house to do it. I could not allow it to be taken away. I suppose your mother can spare you?"

"Oh! yes, she can go; but she isn't my girl," volunteered Mrs. Church, who was always afraid of being taken for her full age, which was considerably over thirty. "She's too old to be my own daughter, as you can see, ma'am. I married her father, who was my first husband, though I was his second wife, and I've taken care of her ever since, for she hasn't got no relations of her own?"

"Indeed! Then what was her father's name?" asked the lady, graciously.

"Randolph—Algernon Randolph" replied Mrs. Church, proudly. "He was a surgeon at Trebourne; so I married beneath me when I took a second husband, as you see, ma'am.'

"Algernon Randolph!' repeated Mrs. Westbrook, while something like an expression of pain passed over her countenance. "And so he is dead!" she added; "and this is his daughter?"

"Yes, ma'am, Did you know him?" asked Mrs. Church, in alarm, for it suddenly occurred to her that any friends of her late husband might become unpleasantly curious as to the amount of property he possessed when he died.

"Yes, I knew him," said Mrs. Westbrook, sadly, "but it was long before he was married—when he was but a young man, in fact; but I shall be glad to help his daughter. Will you come up to my house to-morrow at ten o'clock, my dear?"

"Yes, ma'am," replied Eva, grateful for the changed tone of kindness, almost of affection, which the lady now used toward her.

The change was due to the respect in which her dead father was held, and she valued it upon this account far more than if it had been brought about by any personal regard for herself. So Mrs. Westbrook went away, and Eva returnde to her room.

But Mrs. Church was ill at ease. Oven and over again she assured herself that no one could blame her for appropriating to her own use the money that legally belonged to her stepdaughter. She gave her a home and she and her husband only appropriated the girl's share of her father's property, and exacted two-thirds of all the money she earned at her lace work in return.

Mrs. Church knew that the girl's own property entitled her to good clothing and a fair education, quite as well as any one could tell her so, but for five years she had gone her dishonest way unquestioned, and it certainly would be extremely inconvenient if any investigation were to take place now.

"What could Mrs. Westbrook know of her late husband?", she wondered. "Was the great lady aware that he had a small income independent of his profession?" And, worse still, "Did she know that he had died intestate?"

As she pondered these questions, Mrs. Church thought of making her husband a sharer in her anxiety, but second thoughts convinced her that she had best be silent. Mr. Church was not an amiable man; he was scraping together a very nice little fortune, and it was more than likely that if he thought there was any danger of losing Eva's money, he would, by some imprudent step, precipitate the very crisis they both dreaded, for he greatly disliked the girl whom he was daily robbing, and he grudged every mouthful of food that she ate.

So Mrs. Church said nothing to her husband about Mrs. Westbrook's visit, except that she wanted Eva to mend some lace for her, and that the girl was to go up to the Grange to do it.

(To Be Continued.)

A PRINCE IN MIDAIR.

Lo Bengula, Stuck on a Ferris Wheel, Said, "It Is Not Nice."

Prince Lo Bengula, of the Matabeles, the latest royal African Prince to be conquered and taken to London, had an experience when he was taken up on the big Ferris Wheel at Earl's Court.

Lo Ben was induced to come again to the window, but he evidently did not see anything at all attractive. "I am afraid; we shall all die to-day; oh, my father. Why won't it go down?" he said.

He tried to light a cigarette, but the match would not catch on the box, and the cigarette would not stop in his lips, and his straw hat wabbled all over his woolly cranium, "It is evil," he exclaimed, "I do not like it."

The wheel stopped again some one hundred feet from the ground, and Lo Bengula cried, "Oh, we must get down. I lose all my money; ikona mushla!" It is not nice.

While Lo Bengul raged there climbed up the outer edge of the wheel a sailor in a coil of cordage. Then followed a chain and pully and a steel cable, and finally the rescuing basket containing another sailor.

He unlocked the door of the car and invited Lo Ben to step inside. "I no go," said Lo Ben. "I want not to die to-night!"

After much persuasion and the promise of some golden guineas the difficulty was overcome. Lo Ben landed in the basket, and with the combined weights of the three persons, it slipped down about six inches. Lo Bengula's cry rang out like a blast from twenty trumpets, after which he sank down almost paralyzed. When terra firma was reached he gurgled out, "Oh, my father, my father, bona!" Good.

KAISER A LINGUIST.

The Kaiser is "at home" to some 20 of his friends once a week. He never fails on these occasions to make reference to his progress in the study of the Turkish language, which he has begun since his visit to Constantinople.

FARMING OF THE FUTURE.

PLOWING AND HARVESTING WILL BE DONE BY ELECTRICITY.

Forcing Houses Will Be Established for Stimulating Vegetables and Flowers—There Are Great Changes Coming for the Tiller of the Soil.

The model farm of to-morrow and of the future must avail itself of the most economical systems of plant propagation, and the geomagnetifere must play an important part in its workings. Beneath the rich soil in the gardens where the delicate vegetables are growing networks of invisible wires are laid, collecting and distributing the atmospheric electricity to all the plants.

In the forcing houses similar arrangements are made for stimulating the winter vegetables and flowers for the market, while overhead powerful arc lights make the night as brilliant as day and help to mature the plant growths in half the regular time required by nature. In the fields of wheat and corn the more powerful current from a storage house work out similar results, lessening the season of growth and doubling the yield per acre. Excessive drought and the danger from late and early frosts are thus partly avoided on the electric farm, while, if necessary, two crops can be raised in one season where formerly only one could be grown. The electric power that the farmer has at his command enables him to regulate the growth of his plants to suit the season or the markets. One portion of the garden can be forced, while the other half is kept back several weeks.

There is no limit to the use of the new invisible power which he gathers from the atmosphere around him or generates from the wasted forces of the neighboring stream of water. This leads to the examination of the source of the new power that propels the machinery on the farm.

A SMALL STREAM OF WATER

that formerly flowed across the farm in an irregular course, fertilizing the lower meadows and irrigating the upland districts, has been widened and deepened near its source, forming a large storage reservoir. This artificial pond has been dammed at its lower end, and as the water tumbles over the open water gates it turns several large turbine wheels.

These wheels do not move the machinery of a flour mill but constantly manufacture electricity for use on the farm. By means of the huge storage reservoir the work of making electricity can go on through the dryest season, for the water power never gives out, and the electric power is always ready to do its work. From this storage house the motive power is conducted to all parts of the farm. The forcing houses for winter plants are connected with the power houses by overhead wires similar to those which disfigure the city streets for trolley lines. The great barn and living houses are lighted by electric lights that get their source of energy in the same place. Movable cables radiate from the storage houses to every part of the fields and to those electric motors are attached for performing the various labors assigned to them by the inventive genius of man.

The electric machinery worked by the motors is full of interest. Here are huge plows that turn over six furrows of fresh soil at once, haysacks and reapers which perform their duties automatically, electric weed killers and fertilizers, corn huskers and shellers, hay choppers and gigantic threshing and fanning mills. Electric vehicles rush across the extensive fields with loads of grain, hay or vegetables, moving their broad tires without difficulty over the rough, uneven surface, and behind the plows and harrows the automatic seeders follow in close succession, dropping the corn, wheat or other seed at regular intervals in the freshly turned furrows. Everything is performed by machinery, guided by disciplined hands and propelled by the new motive power that has caused all the revolution.

There are two general types of these electric plows, which will serve to illustrate the general principle of operation in each class. The first type is propelled by a fixed motor.

THE FIELD SELECTED

for plowing is divided into sections of exactly the width of the cable used for pulling the plows. A heavy, powerful electric motor on wheels is stationed at each side of the field, and a strong cable connects them. This cable winds and unwinds upon a spool as the machinery is set in motion. To this cable the plow, which is capable of turning from three to six furrows of soil at once, is firmly attached. When the electric motor on the side of the field is set in motion it winds up the cable and drags the plow toward it, and when it reaches that side of the field it turns around, and the reverse action of the other motor repeats the operation.

The second type of electric plow is run by a movable motor attached to the plow itself. The cable is fixed to an anchor on the opposite side of the field, and the electric motor follows this cable, dragging the heavy plow with it. Even the weeding is accomplished by electricity. The force that stimulates plant growth and gives motive power to all the machinery can also kill and destroy. Electrocution is applied to the weeds just as successfully as to prisoners in our jails. The delicate current of electricity may give life and vigor to plant life, but a powerful current destroys every germ of life, animal or vegetable. In the spring of the year the new weed destroyer goes over the field, and annihilates weeds, insects and larvae. As the vehicle moves along a series of many wire brushes drags on the earth and kills everything that comes in contact with it. A field overgrown with rank weeds can thus be comparatively cleared in a remarkably short time of every noxious growth.

Death is just as sure and sudden as if each plant received a lightning stroke from the summer clouds. The weedor goes over the field after a storm, so that the wet stalks will act as more perfect conductors. There comes from Buda-Pesth the first

ELECTRIC TREE DESTROYER

the farmer who has extensive woodlands to clear finds science ready to help him in this respect. The tree-destroying machines were invented to fell the giant trees in the forests of Galicia. They are comparatively simple in their construction, but veritable giants in their operations. A small motor carried on a movable truck is drawn up to the whole product of the forest and secured to it by chains and steel clamps. The automatic saw chisel is next put in position, and when the electric current is turned on it eats its way rapidly into the huge trunk and nearly severs it in two. While the machine is being adjusted to another tree the first one is easily pulled over by ropes and sawed up by a huge saw operated by another motor.

To complete the picture of the model farm the owner should travel from one part of the extensive estate to another in his automobile victoria or upon a motor bicycle. Where electricity can be obtained so cheaply thousands of the newest inventions can be introduced without difficulty. In his spacious living quarters his wife no longer stews over obstinate wood or coal fires; she simply turns on the electric current when needed and cooks the dinner without fuss or worry. Electric fans turned by the power that cooks her dinner and lights her house make the atmosphere of the midsummer day delightful and refreshing. There is no longer any tri-weekly churning to try one's temper, for the near-by creamery converts the cream into butter by the latest and most approved methods. Even the drinking water is pumped up from artesian wells by electricity and supplied in a cool and refreshing stream to all who ask it.

Weak and Nervous.

THE CONDITION OF A YOUNG LADY OF WELLAND.

Subject to Frequent Headaches, Was Pale and Emaciated and Grew so Ill She Could Barely Walk.

From the Tribune, Welland, Ont.

Miss Hattie Archer, of Welland, an estimable young lady, whose acquaintance extended among a large number of citizens of the town, has the following to say regarding the virtues of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People:—In the fall of 1897 I was taken very ill. I was nervous, weak and debilitated. At this time the least exertion caused great fatigue. My appetite was poor and I was attacked with frequent sick headaches. I gradually grew worse until I was so weak I could barely walk through the house. I was very pale and emaciated and finally became entirely incapacitated. Various medicines were resorted to but gave no relief. Later I was treated by two of the best physicians of the town. One said my blood was poor and watery. I followed his advice for some time but did not improve. Then the second doctor was called and he said he could help me, but after thoroughly testing his medicines without benefit, I gave it up, and despaired of ever getting well. My grandmother had been reading at that time much about Dr. Williams' Pink Pills and persuaded me to try them. That was about January, 1898. From the first the results were really marvellous, being far beyond my friends' expectations. After taking five boxes I can stand more fatigue than I could for two years. I have gained weight splendidly; can take my food with a delightful relish, and again feel cheerful, healthy and strong. I would further say that the change is wholly due to Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. I hope that my testimony will prove beneficial to other girls similarly afflicted.

The experience of years has proved that there is absolutely no disease due to a vitiated condition of the blood or shattered nerves, that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills will not promptly cure, and those who are suffering from such troubles would avoid much misery and save money by promptly resorting to this treatment. Get the genuine Pink Pills every time and do not be persuaded to take an imitation, or some other remedy from a dealer, who for the sake of extra profit to himself, may say is "just as good." Dr. Williams Pink Pills cure when other medicines fail.

HAND ORGANS AS CIVILIZERS.

Congo Free State negroes are being Christianized by a hand organ. Captain Becker, a Free State official, thoughtfully took one with him to his post, and, finding that the natives enjoyed the music, and being, also desirous that they should marry in Christian fashion he announced that the organ would be played at every Christian wedding. The result was that weddings took place almost daily, and it was discovered that many couples got married more than once in order to procure the music.

Pleasure is very seldom found where it is sought. Our brightest blazes of gladness are commonly kindled by unexpected sparks.—Johnson.

In Borrowed Plumes.

"That's right," said the mate, approvingly; "don't give 'im no encouragement. Love at first sight ain't worth having."

The skipper suffering severely from suppressed emotion, went below, and the crew after waiting a little while to make sure that he was not coming up again, made their way quickly to the mate.

"If we can only take him to Battlesea in this rig, it'll be all right,'" said the latter. "You chaps stand by me. His slippers and sou-wester is the only clothes he's got aboard. Chuck every needle you can lay your hands on overboard, or else he'll git trying to make a suit out of a piece of old sail or something. If we can only take him to Mr. Pierson like this, it won't be so bad, after all."

While these arrangements were in hand above, the skipper and the boy were busy with others below. Various startling schemes propounded by the skipper for obtaining possession of his men's attire were rejected by the youth as unlawful, and, what was worse, impracticable. For a couple of hours they discussed ways and means, but only ended in diatribes against the mean ways of the crew, and the skipper, whose head ached still from his excesses, fell into a state of sullen despair at length, and sat silent.

"By Jove, Tommy, I've got it!" he cried, suddenly starting up and hitting the table with his fist. "Where's your other suit?"

"That ain't no bigger than this one," said Tommy.

"You git it out," said the skipper, with a knowing toss of his head. "Ah, there we are! Now got to my stateroom and take those off."

The wondering Tommy, who thought that great grief had turned his kinsman's brain, complied, and emerged shortly afterward in a blanket, bringing his clothes under his arm.

"Now, do you know what I'm going to do?" inquired the skipper, with a big smile.

"No."

"Fetch me the scissors, then. Now, do you know what I'm going to do?"

"Cut up the two suits and make 'em into one," hazarded the horror-stricken Tommy. "Here, stop it!" Leave off!"

The skipper pushed him impatiently off, and lying the clothes on the table, took up the scissors, and, with a few slashing strokes, cut the garments into their compound parts.

"What am I to wear?" said Tommy, beginning to blubber. "You didn't think of that."

"What are you to wear, you selfish young pig," said the skipper, sternly. "Always thinking about yourself. Go and git some needles and thread, and if there's any left over and you're a good boy, I'll see whether I can make something for you out of the leavings."

"There ain't no needles here," whined Tommy, after a lengthy search.

"Go down the foc'sle and git the case of sail-makers' needles, then," said the skipper. "Don't let anyone see what you're after—and some thread."

"Well, why couldn't you let me go in my clothes before you cut 'em?" moaned Tommy. "I don't like going up in this blanket. They'll laugh at me."

"You go at once!" thundered the skipper, and, turning his back on him, whistled softly, and began to arrange the pieces of cloth.

"Laugh away, my lads," he said, cheerfully, as an uproarious burst of laughter greeted the appearance of Tommy on deck. "Wait a bit."

He waited himself for nearly twenty minutes, at the end of which time Tommy, treading on his blanket, came flying down the companion-ladder and rolled into the cabin.

"There ain't a needle aboard the ship," he said, solemnly, as he picked himself up and rubbed his head. "I've looked everywhere."

"What?" roared the skipper, hastily concealing the pieces of cloth. "Here, Ted! Ted!"

"Ay, ay, sir!" said Ted, as he came below.

"I want a sail-maker's needle," said the skipper glibly. "I've got a rent in this skirt."

"I broke the last one yesterday," said Ted, with an evil grin.

"Any other needle, then?" said the skipper, trying to conceal his emotion.

"I don't believe there's such a thing aboard the ship," said Ted, who had obeyed the mate's thoughtful injunction. "Nor thread. I was only saying so to the mate yesterday."

The skipper sank again to the lowest depth, waved him away, and then getting on a corner of a locker fell into a gloomy reverie.

"It's a pity you do things in such a hurry," said Tommy, sniffing vindictively. "You might have made sure of the needle before you spoiled my clothes. There's two of us going about ridiculous now."

The master of the Sarah Jane allowed this insolence to pass unheeded. It is in moments of deep distress that the mind of man, naturally reverting to solemn things, seeks to improve the occasion by a lecture. The skipper, chastened by suffering and disappointment, stuck his right hand in his pocket, after a lengthened search for it, and gently bidding the blanketed urchin in front of him to sit down, again:

"You see what comes of drink and cards," he said, mournfully. "Instead of being at the helm of my ship, racing all the other crafts down the river, I'm skulking down here like—like——"

"Like an actress,'" suggested Tommy.

The skipper eyed him all over. Tommy, unconscious of offense, met his gaze serenely.

"If," continued the skipper, "at any time you felt like taking too much, and you stopped with the beer mug half way to your lips, and thought of me sitting in this disgraceful state, what would you do?"

"I dunno," replied Tommy, yawning.

"What would you do?" persisted the skipper, with great expression.

"Laugh, I s'pose," said Tommy, after a moment's thought.

The sound of a well-boxed ear ran through the cabin.

"You're an unnatural, ungrateful little toad," said the skipper, fiercely. "You don't deserve to have a good, kind uncle to look after you."

"Anybody can have him for me," sobbed the indignant Tommy, as he tenderly felt his ear. "You look a precious sight more like an aunt than an uncle."

After firing this shot he vanished in a cloud of blanket; and the skipper, hastily abandoning a hastily formed resolve of first flaying him alive and then flinging him overboard, sat down again and lit his pipe.

Once out of the river he came on deck again, and, ignoring, by a great effort, the smiles of the crew and the jibes of the mate, took command. The only alteration he made in his dress was to substitute his sou'wester for the bonnet, and in this guise he did his work, while the aggrieved Tommy hopped it in blankets. The three days at sea passed like a horrid dream. So covetous was his gaze that the crew instinctively clutched their nether garments and looked to the buttoning of their coats as they passed him. He saw coats in the mainsail, and fashioned phantom trousers out of the flying jib, and, toward the end, began to babble of blue serges and mixed tweeds. Oblivious of fame, he has resolved to enter the harbor of Battlesea by night; but it was not to be. Near home the wind dropped, and the sun was well up before Battlesea came into view, a grey bank on the starboard bow.

Until within a mile of the harbor the skipper held on, and then his grasp on the wheel relaxed somewhat, and he looked round anxiously for the mate.

"Where's Bob?" he shouted.

"He's very ill, sir," said Ted, shaking his head.

"Ill?" gasped the startled skipper. "Here, take the wheel a minute."

He handed it over, and then, grasping his skirts, went hastily below. The mate was half lying, half sitting in his bunk, groaning dismally.

"What's the matter?" inquired the skipper.

"I'm dying," said the mate. "I keep being tied up all in knots inside. I can't hold myself straight."

The other cleared his throat.

"You'd better take off your clothes and lie down a bit," he said, kindly. "Let me help you off with them."

"No—don't — trouble!" panted the mate.

"It ain't no trouble," said the skipper, in a trembling voice.

"No, I'll keep 'em on,' said the mate, faintly. "I've always had an idea I'd like to die in my clothes. It may be foolish, but I can't help it."

"You'll have your wish some day, never fear, you infernal rascal!" shouted the over-wrought skipper. "You're shamming sickness to make me take the ship into port!"

"Why shouldn't you take her in?" asked the mate, with an air of innocent surprise. "It's your duty as cap'n. You'd better get up above now. The bar is always shifting."

The skipper, restraining himself by a mighty effort, went on deck again, and taking the wheel, addressed the crew. He spoke feelingly of the obedience men owed their superior officers, and the moral obligation they were under to lend them their trousers when they required them. He dwelt on the awful punishments awarded for mutiny and proved clearly that to allow the master of a ship to enter port in petticoats was mutiny of the worst type. He then sent them below for their clothing. They were gone such a long time that it was palpable to the meanest intellect that they did not intend to bring them. Meantime the harbor widened out before him.

There were two or three people on the quay as the Sarah Jane came within hailing distance. By the time she had passed the lantern at the end of it there were two or three dozen and the numbers were steadily increasing at the rate of three persons for every five yards she made. Kind-hearted, humane men, anxious that their friends should not lose so great and cheap a treat, bribed small and reluctant boys with pennies to go in search of them, and by the time the schooner reached her berth a large proportion of the population of the port was looking over each other's shoulders and shouting foolish and hilarious inquiries to the skipper. The news reached the owner, and he came hurrying down to the ship just as the skipper, regardless of the heated remonstrances of the sightseers, was preparing to go below.

Mr. Pearson was a stout man, and he came down exploding with wrath. Then he saw the apparition, and mirth overcame him. It became necessary for three stout fellows to act as buttresses, and the more indignant the skipper looked the harder their work became. Finally he was assisted, in a weak state, and laughing hysterically, to the deck of the schooner, where he followed the skipper below, and, in a voice broken with emotion, demanded an explanation.

"It's the finest sight I ever saw in my life, Boss," he said, when the other had finished. "I wouldn't have missed it for anything. I've been feeling very low this last week, and it's done me good. Don't talk nonsense about leaving the ship. I wouldn't lose you for anything after this, but if you like to try a fresh mate and crew you can please yourself. If you'll only come up to the house and let Mrs. Pearson see you—sho's been ailing—I'll give you a couple of pounds. Now, get your bonnet and come."

The End.

Money, you know, is an evil. Yes, but I don't suppose people are to blame for it when it's inherited.

THE HYDROPHOBIA SCARE.

SOME AUTHORITIES SAY THERE IS NO SUCH DISEASE.

Superstition Works Upon the Nerves—Interesting Medical Intelligence That May Prove of Service to Thousands During Summer.

The phrase "dog days" is, upon the highest authority, alleged to be one that has caused more cruelty to be inflicted upon man's best friend, the dog, than any other cause. There is no such thing as "dog day," so far as they refer to the season in which the bite of a dog is more pernicious than at any other time.

Rabies is a very rare disease among dogs, and can occur just as readily in January as in August. And hydrophobia is even rarer. Many eminent medical authorities affirm that there is no such disease. No microbe of hydrophobia has ever been isolated. It is regarded by eminent scientists and doctors as imaginary disease, as scarce as "sark bites." In Asia and Constantinople, where parish dogs abound, there is no such thing as hydrophobia. It is never known.

In Germany it is seldom heard of. Not a case has been reported in Berlin in many years. In London, with 5,500,000 inhabitants, only one case was reported in 1892, and of the 8,000 stray dogs which were captured not one showed symptoms of rabies. The statistics of New York for 53 years show nine cases in which no death occurred, and two successive years in which there was not one. During the 30 years of the existence of the American Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals there has been no single well-established case either of rabies or of hydrophobia. This experience, which makes it a point to look into all reports of rabies and hydrophobia, is confirmed by the experience of the most eminent physicians.

DR. DULLES ON HYDROPHOBIA

Dr. Charles W. Dulles, of Philadelphia, examined 78 cases of supposed hydrophobia, and pronounced the great majority of them to be utterly incredible and wholly spurious; and it is a remarkable fact that no one has yet claimed the large money award offered by various kennel clubs and by several physicians to any one producing a well-authenticated case of hydrophobia in man or beast."

It is hardly necessary to say more on this subject, and yet it may be advisable to do so, because the popular belief in hydrophobia amounts so nearly to a superstition that it can probably be suppressed by nothing but superabundant evidence.

When a man or woman is writhing in agony, is terrifired by water, and gives every symptom of hydrophobia, shall it be said that all this horrible suffering does not exist? Surely not. And yet those very symptoms, even they are most awful, may be, and often are, the product of a diseased and superexcited imagination. When a hungry man thinks of food his mouth waters, because nature supplies saliva not only to food, but to the very thought of food. Nothing is more curious than this response of the physical system to the operations of the mind. Dr. Matthew Woods, in an admirable pamphlet upon "Mimetic Diseases," speaks of the familiar fact that "at the close of many discourses delivered from the chair of the practice of medicine the professor is privately consulted by students suffering from the symptoms described; and this imitative peculiarity is not limited to such ailments as disease of the heart, consumption, Basedow's disease, gall stone, cancer of the pancreas, or appendicitis, but some have been known to become hemiplegic, viz., incapable of motion and sensation in the right or left half of the body—during a realistic lecture on cerebral apoplexy; others seized with violent "pain in the knee" during an elucidation of the symptoms and pathology of Pott's disease, while there are reports of students acquiring all the subjective symptoms of dislocation or fracture, because of the impression made upon their minds by the lecturer while discussing those surgical states."

Dr. Woods further says: "Can we not hope for the time when hydrophobia may be relegated to the limbo of abandoned vagaries?"

A method of cure has recently come into much favor with the medical faculty in general. It is called the Buisson cure. It is very simple, and it has this great merit, at least, that if it does no good, it can do no harm.

A SAMPLE REMEDY.

It consists simply of a hot vapor bath, repeated more or less frequently, M. Buisson recommending at least seven baths as desirable, if not essential, to a complete cure. The theory is that the poisonous matter absorbed into the system from the bite of a rabid dog is completely excreted by these baths. Dr. Buisson himself was bitten by a mad dog in 1826. He took vapor baths, and was never attacked with hydrophobia. In other cases of persons who had had a similar misfortune, Dr. Buisson has followed the same treatment with invariable success.

In England and elsewhere, particularly of late years, the same treatment has been applied and appears to have been equally effective. To say the least, we should expect it to be so. It is reasonable to believe that the profuse perspiration caused by a vapor bath should completely excrete the poisonous element lodged in the patient by the teeth of the dog. Repeated baths, would, of course, be even more effective in this way than a single bath. The effect upon the patient's nervous system might also be reasonably expected to be soothing and quieting.

FAITH HELPS CURE.

The hope and belief of the effectiveness of the remedy would banish that expectant attention which appears to be the real cause of the hysterical affection known by the name of hydrophobia. At all events, it is free from the dangers of the Pasteur treatment, and it may help to hasten the time when the superstition of hydrophobia shall cease to affect civilized mankind, who alone are subject to it while savages, the round world over, are exempt.

THE WHITE PASS RAILROAD.

It Now Takes Only Nine Days to Reach the Klondike from Vancouver.

The White Pass and Yukon Railroad was fully opened to business from Lynn Canal across the mountains to Lake Bennett in the last week of July. The rapidity with which the Klondike has been brought into touch with the rest of the world is illustrated by the fact that on July 20 many of the European newspapers printed a despatch sent from Dawson on the previous day telling of the good feeling there over the vast improvement in communications that the railroad would introduce, and adding that the journey from Vancouver to that town would now require only nine days. The road was practically completed to the lake on July 11, but was not fully opened till a fortnight later. The company is a little more sanguine even than the people of Dawson as to the shortening of the time to that town, for it declares that Dawson may now be reached in eight days from Seattle, Tacoma, Victoria or Vancouver.

At any rate, the completion of this railroad to the navigable waters leading to the Yukon practically revolutionizes the means of communication with the Yukon gold fields. Up to this time the overland journey has certainly been one of hardship and danger, and has cost a great deal of money. To-day the terribly trying and arduous part of the trip may be made in a few hours and at a cost which is still almost a bagatelle when measured by the large expense of packing freight over mountain passes that are among the most toilsome and formidable in the world.

The Canadians deserve the credit of pushing to a successful conclusion a great piece of railroad engineering. The company asserts that it was

THE MOST DIFFICULT

stretch of railroad building ever undertaken, and the history of the work shows that the technical and physical obstacles in the way were very formidable. One of the greatest impediments in the way was the fact that much of the blasting was done in places where it was impossible to employ anything but human labor to carry the material and supplies for the men who were using explosive to tear hundreds of thousands of tons of solid rock from the mountain sides to make the roadbed, and human labor also had to be employed to clear much of the grade as the blasting operations proceeded.

As the construction was begun early in June last year, the first section of the road to Lake Bennett has been completed in about thirteen months. This time would have been considerably reduced if it had not been that about two months after the work began the news of the discoveries at the Atlin gold fields caused a stampede of workmen. One morning 1,700 men were working on the road, and next day the labor brigade numbered only 500, all the others having departed for the new Eldorado. This was on Aug. 8 last year, and from that time there was the greatest trouble to keep on hand a sufficient force of laborers. The difficulties were much augmented also by the unusually heavy snowfall last winter, and during February and March last nine men were employed in shovelling snow for every one actually engaged in railroad construction. Railroad builders were probably never so bundled up before to keep them from freezing to death, for the work was pushed on steadily in spite of the elements, and the larger part of the line was built with the thermometer from 20 degrees to 30 degrees below zero.

It is said that the company intends to push the road on to Dawson as soon as there is any prospect that the development of the country will warrant this additional enterprise. In other words having joined the sea with navigable waters by a steam road, they will rest on their oars for a while instead of following the American method of extending railroads into new regions ahead of development with the idea of stimulating and assuring it.

James Horun, of Freeport, Minn., just clasped Agnus Herzorg, his sweetheart, in his arms the other evening, when a bolt of lightning struck them and instantly killed both. They were to have been married in two days.

UNITED STATES LAST.

Germany publishes about 20,000 books a year, France 11,000, Italy 9,000, England 6,000. United States 5,000.

GREAT JAW POWER OF ANIMALS

Carnivora Exercise Tremendous Force in Their Conflicts.

Not everyone has been bitten by a dog, a cat or other animal whose weapons of offense and defense are their teeth, and consequently has not lived in dread of hydrophobia or lockjaw or blood poisoning. Still fewer have any comprehension of the great power required to inflict the wounds that all have heard of, even though they have not experienced them. The teeth, even of the largest carnivora are merely the "spear-heads;" but the force which "works" these instruments is prodigious. It seems as if for the moment the animal threw all its bodily energy into the combination of muscular action which we call a "bite." In most cases the mere shock of impact, as the animal hurls itself on its enemy, is entirely demoralizing or inflicts physical injury. A muzzled mastiff will hurl a man to the ground in the effort to fasten his teeth in his throat or shoulder. Then, the driving and crushing force of the jaw muscles is astonishing. The snapping power of an alligator's jaws is more or less intelligible. They are long and furnished with a row of pointed teeth from end to end. But the jaws of a lion, leopard, tiger, otter, ferret or baboon are short and the long and pointed teeth are few. Yet each of their species has a biting power which in proportion to its size is almost incredible.

Sir Samuel Baker, who had a long and varied acquaintance with the bites of the carnivora, noticed that the tiger usually seized an Indian native by the shoulder and with one jaw on one side and the other on the other bit clean through the chest and back. "The fatal wound was the bite, which, through back and chest, penetrated the lungs." Europeans are killed by the tiger's bite as well as lacerated by the claws. A Mr. Lawes, son of a missionary of that name, was killed after being shaken for a few moments by a tigress, which then left him. He died next day. In nearly all cases the bite penetrates to the lungs. This kind of a wound is characteristic of the attacks of many of the felidae. Scarcely any bird recovers from a cat's bite for the same reason. The canine teeth are almost instantly driven through the lung, under the wing. The cheetah, which has a very small mouth, always bites through the black bucks, throat. The leopard, when seizing smaller animals, such as dogs, crushes the head; when attacking men it aims at biting through the lungs.

MAN-EATING LIONS.

Further Facts About Their Ravages Among Railroad Builders in East Africa.

Some further facts have been received about the man-eating lions which made such a panic among 4,000 Indian coolies working on the Uganda Railroad a few months ago. It appears that the first time the laborers knew anything about lions that make a business of killing men to eat was one day when one of the brutes, in broad daylight, as the laborers were strung along the line with shovels in hand, suddenly sprang in among them, crushed one poor fellow's skull with a terrible blow of his paw and maimed another so badly that he could not get away. Of course, all the horrified workmen took to their heels and raised the alarm at the camp a mile away. The district engineer and his assistant at once went to the spot, but the lion had disappeared, leaving all of the two bodies he could not eat at one meal.

After that an armed guard was kept along the line of work, but it made little difference to the animals that were determined to have men to eat. They would spring like a flash out of the jungle, seize a man and bear him off beyond pursuit. Two days after the first man was killed another man was taken, and the next day another disappeared, and within a fortnight eleven men had been seized, all from one camp. The third week brought the list of victims up to fifteen. The sixteenth victim was one of the coolie overseers, a huge man, standing over six feet and weighing more than 200 pounds. He was the first man to reach the work line in the morning, and just as he was giving some instructoins a lion sprang upon him and dealt him a terrible blow on the head, crushing the skull. Then he coolly began to eat his prey, while the shivering Indians stood about 300 feet away feeling that they were safe now that the lion had got his man. Somehow it didn't occur to them to shoot till the brute had half finished his meal, and then they blazed away in a terrific volley and ended the animal's career then and there.

It was not till twenty-eight coolies had been killed that the large force of workmen went on strike. They declined to do another bit of work till all the man-eaters had been cleared out of the surrounding country. Work was suspended till a party of hunters had laid low the last of these formidable foes of man, and since then no further casualties of the sort have been reported.

STRICTLY UNAMIABLE.

You know, said the man who delights in proverbs, that children and fools speak the truth.

Well, answered the cynic bachelor, that's the best excuse I have yet heard for the way in which they are sometimes encouraged to monopolize conversation.

MOUNTAIN ECHOES.

Many people are now skirmishing for their winter's fuel.

The seasons are all reversed, we are getting our June weather now.

It is finally decided that our arc lights are to re-appear on the 1st prox.

Bantam McGovern knocked out Palmer in half a round at New York, on Tuesday.

There is an eight-hour law for miners in Utah, but there are no penalties attached to it.

W. A. Carlyle is leaving the LeRoi and taking charge of a mine in Spain at a salary of $25,000 a year.

Squire Lovatt saw a bear north of Three Forks the other day. It is said they are plentiful in that quarter.

A charge of theft against C. Phillips, of Cody, was dismissed by Judge Lilly on Thursday, as no one appeared to support the charge.

A Silvertonian visited Sandon the other day and intended to return the same day, but found the trains run faster here than elsewhere.

The council had the lumber in the flume re-measured. By allowing 5 per cent for cuttings the measurement came out the same as the bills.

Sandon school board now want an assistant teacher—second or third class. The salary is $60 a month. Miss Skinner is leaving to study medicine.

The Canadian Mining Institute at their meeting in Nelson passed a resolution condemning the eight-hour law, and John Houston grows furious thereat.

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

It is said that Cornelius Vanderbilt, who died the other day, was worth $200,000,000. That much money would kill most of us, even the veteran newspaper man of New Denver.

Mr. John R. Smith, Lake Stream, Kent Co., N. B., says: "From personal experience I willingly testify to the good effects of Laxa-Liver Pills for sick headache and constipation."

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

They are circulating a petition in and around Victoria to the Federal government, asking for the dismissal of Lieut.-Governor McInnes. No sensible man believes, however, that the Ottawa authorties will pay the slightest attention to it.

Hagyard's Yellow Oil is a useful remedy to have in any house. It is good for man or beast. Relieves pain, reduces sweeling, allays inflammation, cures cuts, burns, bruises, sprains, stiff joints, quinsy, sore throat, kidney complaint, etc. Price 25c.

A careful estimate has it that one-half the gross receipts of mining, the world over, is paid in wages. As it is generally conceded as much more is paid in supplies, freight, etc., the public can see that but little is left for the investor.

The band will likely appear on the street this evening in their nobby new uniforms, which they have just received from Toronto in place of the old ones, at considerable expense to the members, with their present small numbers.

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 Silvertonian and the Ledge are at it hammer and tongs, the former, really provoked, getting in some hot shot; but after all there is no use in that class of warfare. A few people may like it; but those whose favor is of much service to a paper care but little for hash of that style.

Mr. Stein is covering himself with glory as a bear slayer. Last Friday he was out at his properties on the North fork and he came across a number of them gamboling together. He dispersed the party in short order and brought the carcass of a young grizzly secured by the unerring bullet of his rifle.

Some of our confreres are talking loudly of the number of miners at work in the Slocan. The employment of many is the result of compulsion. Many new properties have been taken up the past year under working bonds, and it is to carry out the terms of these bonds, and not to meet the wishes of the owners on the eight-hour system, that many of those working have been given employment.

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.

Cornelius Vanderbilt is dead.

The assize court opens at Nelson on the 10th of October.

Why does Isaac Crawford wear that proud smile? It is a boy.

Kruger is coming to his senses at last, and the probabilities are that the Transvaal difficulty will soon be a thing of the past.

Profs. Milne and Billadeau, after decorating P. Burns' cold storage building, are now giving the exterior of the new Presbyterian church a tasty appearance.

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.

A brokers' paper published at Montreal has the local office of the Payne mine at Three Forks. If the rest of its news is as reliable as that, it must be a very valuable publication.

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

People who have weak lungs or are subject to coughs, colds or sore throat, should take a few bottles of Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup, which would heal and strengthen their lungs wonderfully.

J. V. Martin, with the ends of two or three fingers off, and Archie McDonald, with the badly smashed leg, are the only patients in the hospital now, and both are doing nicely. Mr. McDonald received very serious injuries.

Mr. Cliffe, of The Review, will in a short time be in a position to purchase from 6 to 10 promising prospects for a Toronto syndicate. All having such to dispose of will please leave particulars at The Review office (Cliffe's bookstore), where they will be received and forwarded to the company.

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

Contrary to all expectation, by five to two, the French court has found Dreyfus guilty. This will be a stain on French courts for many a day. The sentence is 10 years confinement. An appeal has been entered. The general impression is that the verdict is rather directed against the Jews than against Dreyfus, as he is a Jew.

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."

LIVER COMPLAINT.

"For the past year I have suffered more or less with liver complaint, but by using three bottles of Burdock Blood Bitters I was completely cured." W. P. Wood, Revelstoke Station, B.C.

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.

Liberal-Conservative Meeting.

The Annual Meeting of the Liberal-Conservative Union for British Columbia will be held at the Assembly hall, New Westminster, on the 5th day of October next, commencing at 10 a. m.

All Liberal-Conservatives will be welcome, the right to vote is confined to delegates chosen by the Liberal-Conservative Associations or District meetings regularly convened for this purpose. One delegate for every twenty members of such Association or District meeting. Proxies can only be used by members of the Union. Advantage may be taken of the railway rates to and from the Exhibition which is being held at the same time.

D. H. WILSON, President. GEO. H. COWAN, Secretary.

Certificate of Improvments.

NOTICE.

NORTHERN BELLE Mineral Claim, situate in the Slocan Mining Division of West Kootenay district. Where located:—25 miles west of Kootenay lake, 10 miles east of Slocan lake, about 4 miles south of Seaton creek, and ½ mile north of the R E Lee M. C.

Take notice that I, J. M. R. Fairbairn, of Greenwood, B. C., acting as agent for Edward Murphy, Free Miner's Certificate, No. 2325 a, and Hugh Dohney, Free Miner's Certificate No. 2327 a, intend, sixty days from the date hereof, to apply to the Mining Recorder for a Certificate of Improvements, for the purpose of obtaining a Crown Grant on the above claim.

And further take notice that action, under section 37, must be commenced before the issuance of such certificate of improvements.

Dated this 27th day of July, 1899.

J. M. R. Fairbairn.

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

A FEW INTERESTING FACTS.

When people are contemplating a trip, whether on business or pleasure, they naturally want the best service obtainable so far as speed, comfort and safety is concerned. Employees of the Wisconsin Central Lines are paid to serve the public, and our trains are operated so as to make close connections with diverging lines at all junction points.

Pullman Palace Sleeping and Chair Cars on through trains.

Dining Car service excelled. Meals served a la Carte.

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

THE WISCONSIN CENTRAL LINES

and you will make direct connections at St. Paul for Chicago, Milwaukee and all points east.

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

JAS. POND, Gen. Pass. Agent, Milwaukee, Wis. or JAS. A. CLOCK, General Agent, 246 Stark St., Portland, Or.

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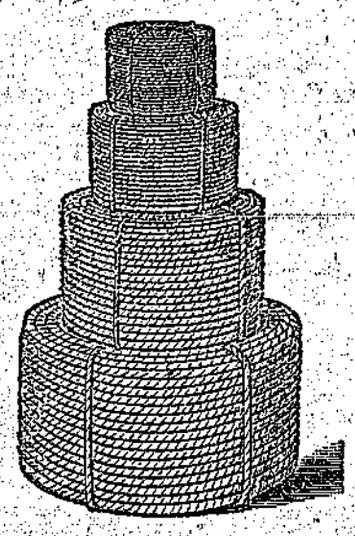

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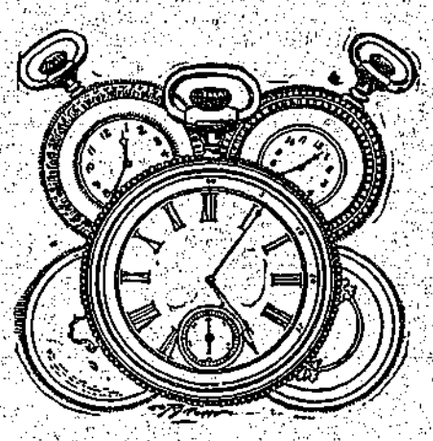

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