The Mining Review.

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WILDCAT MINES

Are Detrimental to Any Camp and Should Be Discouraged.

There are mining men and mining men. There are mines and mines. There are prospects which do not deceive, and there are wildcats that disgust men with mines and mining. A mining camp with but a single paying lode running through it offers a good field for the wildcat mining broker or speculator. Virginia City, Nevada, is a place in point. The Comstock was a paying proposition wherever it was struck. It made Virginia City famous. Men made fortunes in mining upon the Comstock and in dealing in its shares. But the Comstock didn't make wildcats pay, but it made them sell, and many men lost their all in trying to make something out of them. Esmeralda, Austin, Pioche and other points in Nevada had their rich mines; they also had their wildcats. The latter "queered" the former.

Wildcat propositions are a curse to any mining centre. They breed doubt and distrust of really good lodes, for the same confident, apparently honest, businesslike representations are employed to dispose of a wildcat that are used to sell the former. But, happily, the day of the wildcat has long since passed away in old mining centres. Every tub must stand upon its own bottom, and about every mining man in established camps knows the bottom of every prospect hole and mining shaft in the district. The mining fakir has long ago lost his appetite for them, and gives them a wide berth. He has been, and is still, hunting for newer and greener pastures.

Butte has been singularly free from mining fakirs, not, perhaps, because all mining brokers and dealers in mining stocks are sprouting angelic wings, but because the Butte mining field is comparatively barren of wildcats. The man who strikes favorable looking rock will stay by it, fearing he may lose a bonanza in its sale. He will take the chances and revel in anticipations of wealth as long as the prospect lasts, not being disheartened and ready to throw up the next location because the previous one failed him. The true miner stays by his pick, pan and shovel all the time. He doesn't know what the words "give up" mean. Butte has men who are miners from the ground up; it has no wildcats to speculate upon.

But wildcat propositions can find their way in Butte as well as they can among the most credulous country Jakes in the middle states, for the field of the mining fakir is boundless, though the field of "suckers" may be limited. Butte suckers are as scarce as contribution boxes in the dives; imported ones may now and then be seen as ready to buy a few feet of wildcat, if they have the money, as they are to purchase "buffalo" horns furnished by our slaughter houses and prepared by "native" Indians from Canada. These wildcats are represented as being next to or near the discovery claim, which discovery has crazed the mining centres in the west so long. They are good cats to let run wild. California and Nevada, Utah and Colorado have each in turn had them. Idaho, Washington, Oregon and British Columbia may let loose a few, but each of them has too many really valuable mining properties to be injured by the bite of the wildcat. In fact the teeth of the animal are about all extracted. The west has been half a century looking after and worrying the festive animal. There are only a few of them left, but they are camping on the trail.—Western Mining World, Butte, Montana.

THE EIGHT-HOUR LAW.

An English Journalist Tells of Effect on the Old World Market.

W. Lefroy, the managing director of the British Columbia Review, which is the only weekly journal published in London devoted entirely to Canadian mining and financial affairs, was at the Hotel Phair, Nelson, and was seen by a representative of the Miner. He congratulated our representative on the firm stand which the Miner has taken on the question of the eight-hour law which, he said, has done more harm in London financial circles than any previous blunder made by the government. "Nothing," he said, "is so inimical to the investment of British capital as labor troubles. I know of several deals," he continued, "which were indefinitely postponed when Mr. Martin's law came in force, and a more gratuitous piece is hard to imagine. The position is this. The Transvaal is closed to the British investor for the time being. The Westralian goldfields, in spite of the intermittent professional booms are not seriously regarded by the provincial investor—the backbone of the stock Exchange, and British Columbia, which has hitherto had no black marks against its name, was the first favorite for the ever accumulating millions of English merchants and traders. Just at the critical moment when a large influx of capital was gradually assured Joe Martin brings in this quite uncalled for eight-hour law and the inflow is checked—absolutely. It is difficult to conceive how your representatives at Victoria could have permitted this professional agitator to ruin your prospects in the way he has done. There is still an opportunity—now before the Transvaal question is settled—if you immediately suspend this law, of attracting British capital. You have everything to offer. Your past record is excellent, you have every mineral except tin, an excellent climate, good mining laws, the finest water and railway accommodations of any mining country in the world and are under the British flag. I would most strongly urge upon you to remember this—There is a surplus of money seeking investment in the old country today which may be attracted towards your mines, but if this opportunity is missed and the Transvaal is again pacified you may have to wait long years before you can win the attention of the British investor, and they are the people who alone have sufficient money to develop this grand country as it deserves."

The Business Outlook.

The business men of the city very naturally complain at the condition of trade, but neither the miners nor the mine owners are in any respect to blame for it. Neither of them asked for the law that has brought about the the prevailing stagnation—it is all on the shoulders of the government. While, however, there has been but little shipping done in the vicinity since the first of June, unprecedented development has been going steadily on, and machinery has been added to increase the output. From indications, it is safe to say that whenever the mines do start up, shipping for many months will quite double that of a corresponding period of any previous year of the camp. With all it is a case of wait, but we are more than convinced that waiting will bring its reward. Most of the properties have large bodies of assorted ore lying on the dumps and in the tunnels, while many others of them have ore blocked out ready to be knocked down in a day or two after operations resume. But this is not all: The list of shippers of last year will be quite doubled, all guaranteeing unprecedented business for those who wait for it.

Stock Quotations.

The Slocan stocks remain firm and show signs of buoyancy should an occasion permit for a healthier and broader market. If the labor trouble in that district, which has for so long been a disturbing element, should come to a satisfactory and final termination, all Slocan stocks would feel the immediate benefit; 500 shares of Slocan Sovereign sold at the first of the week at 37, and 1000 shares of Rambler Cariboo at 49½. There was no enquiry for Dardanelles.

IN MONTREAL AND TORONTO.

Sovereign	.38
Rambler-Cariboo	.49½
Payne	1.27
Noble Five	.20½
Heather Bell	.03½
Dardanelles	.14
Wonderful	.05¼

Haney Got the Contract.

Vancouver, Sept. 16.—M. J. Haney has been awarded the contract for grading the extension of the White Pass & Yukon railway from Cariboo Crossing to Lewes river, below White Horse Rapids, instead of the Pacific Contract Company. Mr. Haney will supply all the necessary provision for the camps, purchasing and forwarding them himself, so there is a chance for Vancouver and Victoria merchants to bid for the trade.

TO CURE COLD IN ONE DAY.

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

THE SITUATION.

A Review of Affairs in the Slocan, Past and Present.

We notice there are some of our Eastern contemporaries who do not fully understand the mining situation in the Slocan, and for their information we make some explanations. From the opening of mining operations in 1892, up to January last, the owners had been paying the men $3.50 for nine hours night shifts and ten hours day, and out of which the men did not put in more than nine hours actual work all around. They did seven days work in the week and paid $1 a day for board. In most cases the board and accommodations were highly satisfactory, and where they were not the law of the last couple of years made provision for the men to board and lodge themselves. Considering the mild climate and the cost of requisites for the last two or three years, that was a liberal wage; and, so far as the public knew the circumstances, both parties—employers and employees—were fully satisfied, making no effort to effect changes. In some of the camps, Rossland, for instance, hand drillers got but $3.00 a day.

With things working this way harmoniously and agreeable to both, though it must be admitted that while there were many very efficient workmen in the camp there were some poor ones and all got their $3.50 for hand drilling, the shyster politician appeared on the scene to advance his own selfish purposes. At the last session of the House, and towards its last hours, a Bill, a day or two before thrown out in committee, was smuggled through reducing the working hours of the men to eight, and tacked on to an act two years old, imposing heavy penalties for violations of any of its sections. This, of course, deprived both owners and employees of all right to contract for more than eight hours and limiting the earning powers of the men, no matter what might be their wishes or those of the employers in the premises.

Now, apart altogether from the deprivation of the rights of the individual to hire or work if the circumstances, we might say, were to the advantage of both owners and men, there are other features of the act that are, fairly considered, unjust all around. There is no denying the fact that in eight hours work the value is reduced to the employer, and he says to the employees, "As the law prevents you and me from making a contract by which I will get previous service from you, and for which you always expressed yourself as fully paid, I must reduce the pay for reduced work." At this the miner demurs. He says, "I must get the previous pay or nothing, though you do not get the previous work. The law may be a harsh one, but I did not ask for it, and as it turns things in my favor I endorse it." The owner stands on his position of right, shuts up his mine and says, "I will look around and see if there is not some means of restoring the quid pro quo I formerly got." In the interval the business people of the community are brought to the verge of ruin; the capital that was coming this way to develop our properties and find work for thousands more miners at $3.50 a day goes into other channels; commerce generally collapses; the government loses revenues that should be expended on public works; and the ward politicians, who with their small calibre are a curse to any country, are laughing in their sleeves in the hope of being able, through the general distraction of the act, to secure in elections the mining vote of the country. This they consider a full recompense for the several years' set back which their infamous, and heretofore unheard of, act has riveted on the country.

A BOARD OF TRADE.

Our Resources and Peculiar Situation Make This a Growing Necessity.

Every day it is growing more and more apparent that there is urgent need for a Board of Trade in the city. Strangers come to the city, and at first sight they see a larger place than they expected on an uninviting townsite, and that is all. They have no official to consult to get the statistics of our mineral surroundings, which would be the pride of many a place ten times our population, if as fortunately endowed. These strangers very naturally go to Mr. Harris, and while he can give them as much information as any private individual, and as any man who has a lot of business of his own to look after could be expected to give, that is not enough. Visitors want to know what the dividends and shipments of our surrounding properties have been, where they are located, how the trails run, what prospects there are tributary to the place, generally speaking what properties can be bought, their prices and prospects, what is the cause of our present strike or lockout, the prospects of settlement, the effect on the surroundings and a hundred and one other such items of information. With a Board of Trade all these would be collected and in the hands of the secretary. The gleaning of these facts and others of a kindred nature would cause visitors to remain over instead of coming in on the C. P. R. and going out on the K. & S. and vice versa. Apart from this, a Board of Trade would be made up of all classes—merchants, hotel keepers, miners, mine owners, professional men and mechanics, and their conclusions on public matters would be a great help to the city council. In short their resolutions would be a guide to the council as to public expenditures, improvements, etc. We should like much to see the citizens take hold of the matter. The fees need be but nominal, merely enough to keep the institution going.

Mineral Found on a Wagon Road.

The building of the Mollie Gibson mine wagon road may possibly make others besides contractor Hawley independently rich. A mile and a half out the road winds around a big iron-capped bluff. In crossing the bluff two good sized veins were cut. One carried ore that assayed $25 in gold, and the other galena that assayed well. It is the opinion of those who are acquainted with the country, that the building of the road will lead to the discovery of veins that will pay to work.

Greenwood Camp.

The tracklayers are seven miles this side of Grand Forks, or fifteen miles from Greenwood.

The Board of Trade has petitioned the government to invest the mining recorders at Midway and Grand Forks with the powers of Gold Commissioners.

The crosscut in the Morrison at the depth of 220 feet is 66 feet in ore, and has not yet struck the hanging wall. The values average $12 in gold and 3 per cent in copper.

On the Snowshoe a very big strike was made in the railway cutting disclosing 75 feet of ore in a lead, which has been traced for over 700 feet up and down the hill. The ore assayed $18 in gold and 6 per cent in copper. It is a very rich chalcopyrites, with a good deal of copper carbonates on the surface.

Jerry Cameron returned on Wednesday evening, bringing some splendid specimens from the Lottie F. group on Copper creek, on the Main Fork of the Kettle river. An area of 400 by 1,000 feet has been prospected, and it gives rich mineral indications everywhere a hole has been put down.

Guests at the Reco.

Mr and Mrs L W Brammyer, Philadelphia
F H Strohng, Philadelphia
R. F. Green, Kaslo
J Carter Cotton, Victoria
F J Schofield, Vancouver
J P D Maekin, Vancouver
A M Johnson, Vancouver
W E Starr, Windsor, Ont.
O B Y Wilkie, RoSsland
A N Blummarier, Wilson Creek
Robt. Darrach, Brandon, Man.
J Thompson, Winnipeg
A DesBrisay, Victoria
D W King, Marion mine
E J Mathews, Nelson
F G Gunnie, Nelson
T P Lindsay and wife, Spokane
Wm M Leete, Silver Bell
Mayor Hamilton, McGuigan
John H Scott, London
E B Rogers, San Francisco
James R McRae, San Francisco
W E Davidson, Toronto
K J L Ross, Kaslo
H L Twigg, New Denver
James Steel, Portland, Ore.
W Williams, Montreal
Thos Parkinson, Nelson
W H Brandon, Silverton
H E Johnson, Rosebery.

ARRESTED AT DONALD.

Two Young Londoners Charged With Stealing $57,000 in Bonds Traced to Kootenay by a Scotland Yard Detective.

An important arrest was made at Donald last Monday by Detective Tom Abbott, of Scotland Yard, and Serg. Hefferman, of the North West Mounted Police, in connection with a theft of $57,000 worth of Buenos Ayres bonds, which were recently stolen from a well known London firm of South African brokers.

It appears that about a couple of months ago H. Christie and W. G. O. Crick, two young Englishmen bound for Klondyke, stayed over en route at Donald to enjoy some fishing. They were well supplied with money, which they spent freely. While they were there a pack train was being organized to go to Tete Jaune Cache and they made arrangements to go with it. Christie, however, only got as far as Summit Lake, when he had to return owing to an injury to his foot. On reaching Donald he took train back for the east and is known to have arrived in the old country. Some days afterwards the detective and police sergeant, who had traced the party up, arrived and made enquiries at Donald, with the result that they decided to await the return of Crick at Donald. Last Monday the pack train returned and was stopped at Wait-a-Bit bridge by Serg. Hefferman, who arrested Crick on the spot and took him to the Mounted Police headquarters.

Christie was a confidential clerk of the firm from which the bonds were stolen, and is accused of having used his opportunities to abstract them, while Crick, who is something of an actor, disguised himself and affected the negotiations by which they were converted into £8,000 in gold sovereigns. Only about $5,000 of the money has been traced and the balance is supposed to be in London. Crick stoutly protested when arrested that a great mistake had been made and that he could satisfactorily account for any money he had and could easily clear himself.

PERSONAL MENTION.

Mr. Thos. Duffy is on a lengthy visit to points in Ontario.

G. N. Brown, formerly of the Queen Bess, is in England for the winter.

Mrs. (Rev.) Yates, of New Denver, made a short visit with Mrs. Cleland this week.

Mr. and Mrs. Smith, of Fernie, are visiting their friends, Mr. and Mrs. Bert Creech.

Little Edith Williamson, who has been very ill with penumonia, is now progressing favorably.

Mr. and Mrs. F. A. Wood and Mr. Mrs. Geigerich, Kaslo, returned Tuesday from the Glacier House, where they spent a few days admiring the beauties of nature in that region.

The Rev. and Mrs. Sanford attended the 2nd wedding anniversary of the Rev. and Mrs. Roberts, at New Denver on Monday, the latter couple returning the compliment for a similar event at the parsonage here on Thursday.

Robt. Darrach, county clerk, Brandon, Man., and James Thompson, inspector of county courts of the same province, in a tour through this province—in places in which they have some interests—dropped in to see Sandon and some of its people on Monday last. Like all others they agree that Sandon has the mineral backbone of the country.

Whitewater Ore Shipments.

The following is a statement of ore shipped from this station for the week ending September 22:

Mine.	Tons.
Jackson	35
Whitewater	89
Total	124

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.

She Would Be a Lady

CHAPTER II.—Continued.

Punctually at ten o'clock Eva presented herself at Westbrook Grange, and was shown into a small room, overlooking a portion of the flower gardens and the park. Here she was left alone and her eyes wandered about the apartment, then rested upon the view outside, and she impulsively rose to her feet to admire its beauty. The gorgeous flowers, close to the house, wafted sweetest odors through the open window, but it was not the delicious perfume that attracted her attention.

On a lawn, at some distance from where she stood, was a young man with a couple of huge mastiffs, and several puppies of the same breed gamboled about him.

The parents of the puppies looked formidable animals, but Eva thought how dearly she would like to have a good romp, with the little ones, and so absorbed was she in watching them that she never once noticed their master. He was not so blind to her appearance, however.

Strictly speaking, I suppose, Eva Randolph was not beautiful. Her face was, in shape, a perfect oval; her complexion was of a rich, smooth, creamy tint, but rarely flushed with a rosy hue, and her eyes were large, dark and liquid, with deeply-fringed, curling lashes that were almost black, though her hair was of a warm, rich brown.

People looking at her critically were wont to pronounce her to be interesting and uncommon-looking rather than pretty; and Ernest Westbrook was wondering who she was and whence she came, when he saw his stately mother join her.

"You are watching my son?" asked Mrs. Westbrook, laying her hand on the girl's shoulder.

"No; I was watching those dear little puppies;" was the reply; "I was thinking how much I should like to nurse them. But I beg your pardon, ma'am,' she added, suddenly recollecting herself; "shall I begin my work?"

"Yes," replied the lady; "but take off your hat and cape; you will work in this room to-day."

Eva obeyed, and soon after she was absorbed in repairing some rare old point lace.

Nothing more was said about the puppies, or about the young squire, and not a single remark was made or question put to the girl concerning herself or her dead father.

About one o'clock a servant brought her some dinner. A very nice dinner it was, and very unlike what she was accustomed to; but it was served up to her alone, and youth wants companionship even with the choicest viands.

The weather was hot, the day was wonderfully bright ,and Eva began to feel tired and sleepy and to long for freedom, if only for half an hour, when Mrs. Westbrook again visited her.

"How are you getting on?" she asked kindly.

The girl replied by displaying her work, but she did so with a half-suppressed yawn which betrayed her weariness, and the lady said sharply:

"You are sleepy!"

"It is the warm weather," replied Eva, in an apologetic tone; "and then I am not used to sit at work very long without having to run errands, or mind the children, or do something about the house. If you would let me take a short walk, ma'am, I shall be able to work on till evening."

"We will both go for a walk in the park, and we can talk of something I have been thinking of this morning. Put on your hat and wait for me in the garden outside."

A few minutes later the lady and the orphan girl were walking side by side under the shade of the tall trees.

"How long has your father been dead?' was Mrs. Westbrook's first question.

"Five years, ma'am,'

"You remember him, I suppose?"

"Oh, yes, very well; and I remember my own mamma, too."

"Ah! What was she like? And who was she?" asked Mrs. Westbrook, with increased interest.

"She was very beautiful, ma'am, and before papa married her, I think her name was Gordon."

"What! Evangeline Gordon? You have no portraits of them, I suppose?"

"Yes, ma'am; I always wear their portraits in this locket; it was given to me when my mother died."

And so saying, sadly and almost reverently, Eva detached a locket which hung round her neck.

For some time Mrs. Westbrook looked at the two faces steadily, then she closed the locket suddenly, and handed it back to the girl. When she spoke again her tone and manner had changed, and she asked, abruptly:

"Was your father a poor man when he died?"

"I don't know, ma'am. We lived in a large house, and we kept a carriage, and I had a nurse, so we could not have been so poor as we are now."

"Then what became of his money?"

"I don't know,' replied Eva; "once, when I asked my stepmother she said Mr. Church would thrash me to within an inch of my life if I ever asked such a question again, or if I talked to other people about it."

"Thrash you! Does he ever dare to strike you?"

"Yes, ma'am, he has done so more than once," replied Eva, her face flaming with sudden shame, and anger; "but the last time was several months ago, and I said I would go to the vicar, as Willy Harmer did, if he struck me again, and then my stepmother interfered, and I heard her tell him 'not to be such a fool as to kill the goose that laid the golden eggs.' I have wondered ever since what she could mean, for I don't really make much money with my lace work."

"No; I suppose not. Perhaps you will find out one day. Do you mean to content yourself with making and mending all your life?"

"Oh, dear no,' and the girl's face changed as though a new light had illumined it. "I am only working to make money to put myself to school."

"Then you wish to be a governess?"

"No, I don't,' said Eva, resolutely; "I don't think I shall ever know enough to teach others, but I want to draw and paint, or even to go as a clerk. There are many things a woman can do if she is in earnest, and has only a little knowledge."

"I am glad you think so, my dear; I believe you mean to work hard, and, therefore, for your father's sake I will help you."

"You knew my father?" said Eva, timidly. "Was it before I was born?"

"Yes, before I was married, and my son is seven or eight years older than you can be. But don't ask me any questions; and don't talk to anybody else of what I say—though, by the way, how old are you?"

"I am just thirteen, ma'am.'

Thirteen; well, I will pay for your education, and I will then give you sufficient to start you in any calling you adopt. No don't thank me,' she said, hurriedly, as the girl caught her hand and gratefully pressed it to her lips. "I am but paying a debt, nothing more."

Then she turned her face toward the house maintaining a reserve and silence which Eva was too timid to break.

When the girl got back to the small room, and was bending over the costly pieces of lace that required all her skill and care in mending, she could not help fancying that she must have fallen asleep over her work, and that that walk and conversation in the park must have been a dream. But happily it was nothing of the kind, and the next day Mr. and Mrs. Church were surprised and somewhat frightened by Mrs. Westbrook coming to see them and offering to take the girl off their hands.

At first they positively refused, but when the lady talked of getting her lawyer to hunt up the late Mr. Randolph's family, and ascertain who was the girl's legal guardian, they gave a hasty, though unwilling assent to the proposed arrangement.

"I wish she was of age, for then I'd make her sign some deed that would leave the property in my hands," growled Mr. Church, when he and his estimable helpmeet were left to themselves.

"If you're wise, you'll let sleeping dogs alone," was her prudent reply.

"Sleeping cats," he retorted disdainfully.

"Well, cats can scratch," returned his better half, "and if ever Eva and her friends find out that you have been taking her father's money, while you kept her in rags, they'll make you suffer for it, you see if they don't.'

Mr. Church growled out words too strong to be repeated, and the worthy couple might have come to blows but for Eva's re-entrance.

CHAPTER III.

Eva Randolph had gone away to school. Susan Harper was engaged all the week in the neighboring town, learning dressmaking and hairdressing and the various acquirements necessary for a lady's maid, and when she came home on Sundays she was much too important a young woman to bestow any notice on Lilas Lampier, and poor Lilas was very dull, for Emma Bligh was in London, and Mary Matthews was nursing a sick grandmother. So pretty Lilas had only Mrs. Flood's children to play with, and as Master Freddy, the baby, was becoming dreadfully heavy, and was too helpless to walk, the task of carrying him was anything but pleasant.

"She will very likely injure her spine with carrying that heavy child," she heard the village surgeon say to a gentleman one day, "and that, with such a lovely face, will be an awful calamity."

The stranger replied with some remark about the children of the poor and the two passed on. But Lilas understood at once that the surgeon's observation had applied to her.

Had she indeed a lovely face? She was still doubtful as to whether the doctor was mistaken, or whether all the rest of the world had been blind when Master Freddy set up a howl and insisted upon being carried home.

"I won't carry him; the doctor says I'll hurt myself if I do. You carry him home for mr, Billy Smith," said Lilas, appealing to a neighbor's son, who had just overtaken her and the small brood under her charge.

"What will you give Oi?" asked the lad, with a mixture of boldness and shyness characteristic of the juvenile rustic.

"I ain't got nothing to give,' pouted the girl.

"Give us a kiss, and I'll car' he for ye."

Lilas pouted and hung her head, and pretended to be surprised at the demand, but she would have given a dozen kisses to any lad alive sooner than have carried the heavy child after the doctor's warning, so at length she acceded to the boy's terms, which included payment in advance, and then Billy honestly performed his part of the contract.

But from this day Mrs. Flood's trials increased. Lilas would not carry Freddy, nobody could make do so, and after many quarrels a rude perambulator, very much the worse for wear, was purchased, and in this Miss Lilas did condescend to wheel about the young Moloch.

Lilas Lampier, from that day forward, thought of little but her good looks, and of how she could best use them to her own advantage.

She was a quick, precocious girl. Her French extraction made her feel but little sympathy for the Floods, while the memory of the life she had led in Paris was as vivid to her mind as though she had left the gay city but yesterday, and had even then been older than she actually was now.

Since she had become so dangerously conscious of her beauty she had ceaselessly wished that her father would come back and take her away from the Floods, for she knew that with him she would live in great cities, and surely, where there was abundant wealth and many people a girl with a lovely face need not be dressed in poor, shabby clothing, nor need she spend her life in looking after a tribe of self-willed children.

Not that Lilas had any actual intention of doing wrong, or any clearly-defined inclination for evil, on the contrary, good and evil were very much alike to her mind, provided either would assist her to attain the end she desired to reach. She had heard her father say that man was only responsible to himself for his actions, and that the wealth of the rich ought to be taken away and given to the poor, and she had accepted these pernicious doctrines as her father had accepted them before her, with the ready belief of one who has everything to gain and nothing to lose by the redistribution of property, and she longed to get away to London or Paris, where she felt convinced she should find some wonderful fortune. But her father did not come, the fortune was far away, and she had become both reckless and impatient when temptation from an unexpected quarter came in her way.

One never-to-be-forgotten day Mr. Flood announced his intention of taking the children to the circus, that had been opened in a field not very far away. Freddy was too young to go, and it was just a question whether Lilas or the child's mother should remain at home, when Mrs. Flood, who would have enjoyed the dissipation as much as any of them, said, good naturedly:

"You shall go, Lilas; maybe I'll afford to go another day."

So Lilas went, and the tinsel and the horses, and the glitter and applause intoxicated her, and she determined, before the evening was over, that by some means or other she would join a troupe of traveling performers. Not a very ambitious aspiration for a girl who meant to be a lady, but then, as she assured herself, all things must have a beginning.

It was not difficult to come to this resolution, but to put it in practice was by no means so easy a matter, and Lilas for the next few days spent most of her time in wondering how she should take the first step to enter the career she sought to pursue.

Her own carelessness made the opportunity. She was walking along one morning, pushing the perambulator before her, and looking back to follow with admiring eyes the figure of Mr. Ernest Westbrook when she suddenly found herself and the child struggling in the river. Her shrieks and those of the small children who had lagged behind soon brought the young gentleman and some laborers who were at work in a neighboring field to her assistance, and she and the baby were rescued without sustaining much damage beyond a good wetting.

Mrs. Flood's anger, however, was very great; it was nothing but carelessness and dislike to little Freddy, she vowed, and in her rage she struck the girl sharply across the face, and declared that she would send her away to find a better home if she could.

The fact of deserving punishment rarely makes us more ready to bear the lash, and Lilas persuaded herself that she was greatly ill-used, and resolved to take Mrs. Flood at her word. Without giving herself time to think of the probable consequences of what she was about to do, Lilas ran up to her own room, put on her Sunday clothes, and taking with her a few trifles she valued, and a shilling or two which she had hoarded, she crept downstairs, made her way out of the house unobserved, and soon reached the high road.

The traveling circus was still in the neighborhood, and Lilas soon arrived at the field where the large booth in which the performances took place was erected.

At another time she would have felt shy and timid, now she was desperate. Barman's troupe was her refuge, and no sooner did she reach the entrance to the now empty place than she asked a man, whom she recognized as the clown, for Mr. Barman.

"Yes, my dear, step this way," he replied," and so saying he led her to a sort of hut that had been knocked up for temporary occupation.

"I want to know if you will let me come with you?" exclaimed Lilas, when she saw Mr. Barman himself; "I can dance, and I can learn to jump and ride, and I'm not afraid of anything, and I can speak French.'

The proprietor of the traveling circus was not a little surprised at this appeal, and he would probably have answered it somewhat roughly, but for the singular beauty of the girl who made it. His questions elicted her story without gloss or reticence.

Mr. Barman listened patiently, gravely, and when she had finished he informed Lilas that he would take her as his apprentice for three years, if the Floods made no objection.

"If they do, I shall run away to London,' was the grll's nonchalant reply; "and I shan't go back to them again now."

Mr. Barman smiled. Lilas, with her beauty and her reckless temper, would be a treasure to him if he only could hold her in check.

So he sent a note to Mr. Flood, who came to him in great perturbation of mind, and insisted that Lilas should return to his roof at once. But Lilas obstinately refused.

Then Mrs. Flood came, and begged and entreated the girl to come back, and the poor woman painted in vivid colors the temptations and dangers that would beset her in the life she sought to lead.

Lilas only laughed. Her mother had been a dancer, why should she expect to be anything better? she asked, scornfully; and then finished by declaring that she hated children, and hoped she would never have to nurse one again.

So the Floods went hime, saddened and self-reproachful, and a few days later Lilas left the town with her new protectors.

For three years she was bound to live with Mr. and Mrs. Barman and to serve them, and after that, for three years more she was to give them half of her earnings. Hard terms, it would seem, to many, but Lilas would not have grumbled had they been twice as hard.

She would be dressed in gorgeous attire, and crowds of people would see and admire her, and who could say that some great lord would not want to marry her, and that she would not be a grand lady after all?

So her foolish little brain wove wonderful fairy castles for the future, and though in learning to ride and leap, and spring through hoops, and risk her neck on the trapeze, she more than once only barely escaped with her life, she still held fast to the belief that what she now had to go through was all necessary to bring to perfection the harvest which she hoped one day to reap.

To be Continued.

CAGED BEAUTIES.

Mr. William Shark describes in London Literature a visit, while in Algeria, to a street of caged women. It seems it is forbidden to Europeans after dark, but he wandered in, partly through incident, partly through curiosity. He writes:

"Some women were in barred rooms, and some in cages, offered for sale.

"The woman in the first cage I passed was rather pretty, and, though her hair was dark, she had pale blue eyes. Her long, loose tresses were everywhere clasped with little blue brooches, and I noticed that her lips, the end of her ears and her finger tips were stained a dull red. She accosted me in Moorish-French, and asked me if I would not like to take her away from these jackals of Moors and Arabs. I said I was a stranger, a wayfarer, and if here to-day might be far to-morrow. She told me she was not an Arab, 'Allah be praised!' and not a Moor, either, but a Koulourli—that is, the child of la Moorish woman by a Turkish father.

'One girl's face and manner impressed me greatly. She was not beautiful, hardly pretty, but she had a singularly winsome face, with large, fine, gazelle-like eyes. She was a European, a Spaniard from one of the Balearic Isles. Strangely, she was very fair, with blonde hair full of a dusky gold sheen. She had been taken to Oran, at the extreme western end of Algeria, by a Spanish naval officer, and there in a few weeks been deserted. For some months she was a derelict in that old Hispano-Mauresque town. After her child was born she had gone inland, to hill-set Tlemcen, the old Moorish city that stands within sight of the frontier of Morocco. There a rich Moor had taken her to his harem. On his death, a few months later, she had been purchased by a Jew from Algiers, and straightway sold to a young Turk at Bona. The Turk, when tired of her, disposed of his property to an Arab Sheik, who had grown tired of her in turn and placed her in the street cage, an article for sale. For some minutes I stook talking to the poor, imprisoned creature, when a passing guard took notice of the incident and whispered to me in French to move away at once and return to the foreign quarter. He had passed on before I could see his face. The next moment I descried the evil countenance of a Jewish-looking Moor, behind the cage of the Oran woman. He was her owner, and had been listening to our conversation. When he discovered that he had not a purchaser to deal with he came forward brusquely.

"'Do you want her or not?' he demanded, sneeringly, in gutteral Algerian French. 'No? Then be off with you, infidel dog, and by the way you came if you value your skin!"

JEWILS LIVE.

Real jewels, scientists now assert, possess organic life. It has long been known that opals and pearls grow dull when worn by invalids, and latterly rubies and the turquoise are found to share the same sensibility. Pearls are more indicative of the condition of the wearer than any other gem. Though this delicate stone lives longer than a flower, it seems to have a form of life, which, like that of the flower loses color and brilliancy and actually dies. Nor is this property unfounded in reason. Science has latterly learned much concerning germs and their influence in the propagation of health and disease. Those invisible emanations which surround the person wearing gems penetrate the interstices of the jewel and actually increases or decrease its brilliancy. The inference is a true one that rings and pins should be laid aside by the invalid. Even in good health it is better to give them aa rest. To inclose them in their cases and put them away is to insure an access of luster. Even clothing should also be treated to rest. It freshens up wonderfully the frock or wrap to shake aand brush the garment and hang it in a dark closet.

THE RULING PASSION.

Husband, rushing into the room.—Come out, quick!

Wife—What's the matter?

The house is on fire, and we will be burnt to death if we hesitate a moment. Run, run for your life!

Yes, I'll be out in a minute. I've got to tidy up the room a little, so that it will look descent when the firemen get here.

MEN OF MANY TRADES.

After Trying Almost Everything, They at Last Find Success.

Truer words were never written than those of Shakespeare, which tell us that men play many parts. The career of Dr. Wallace, M.P., who recently died in harness, is an apt illustration thereof. The late politician started his life as a preacher, then he became an editor, a banker, a legislator, and a public lecturer, says the London Daily Mail.

But there are other men who have put their hands to a variety of callings. In some cases failure in one pursuit has made them devote their energies to another; others, believing that variety is the very champagne of life, have changed their occupation from motives of recreation, and not solely to amass fortunes. No living man has tapped life at so many points as the German Emperor. There is hardly a profession or occupation that he has not applied himself to. Poet, preacher, soldier, sailor, musician, mechanic, diplomatist, doctor — these are but a few of this many-sided monarch's accomplishments.

His uncle, the Prince of Wales, is not far behind him in the variety of parts he has played. Science, literature, the fine arts, the drama, politics—in each of these subjects, to mention but a few, the Prince could give many men who are following some one of them professionally a long start. Further, he has been called to the bar, and enrolled as a medical man. It will thus be evident that, if it was at all necessary for his Royal Highness to earn his daily bread, he would prove

EQUAL TO THE OCCASION.

Leaving the royal atmosphere, there are many examples of more lowly mortals who have appeared on life's stage in different characters. Mr. Bret Harte toiled industriously in many pursuits until he found his true vocation in enriching Anglo-Saxon literature by his vivid stories of life in California. Starting as a miner, he developed into a school-master, and then became in turn express messenger, printer, and newspaper editor.

Fortunately for literature, he narrowly escaped becoming a very wealthy man by selling his interest in a mine before its value had been discovered. One day he sat down, and, over a pipe, scribbled a poem of humour — "The Heathen Chinee," to wit—which made him a man of fame.

It was laid down as a truism that to become a successful novelist one should have seen life in many of its phase, and as this has been the experience of Mr. F. C. Phillips, the author, of "As in a Looking Glass," one is not surprised that his writings have made a decided hit. He began his career in the army, but abandoned the sword for the footlights, where he saw much of theatrical ways and whims. Then his first romance took the town by storm and brought lucre to his pocket. Afterwards he developed into a barrister.

Mr. Jerome K. Jerome, although still a young man, has had a varied existence. He has now found his proper sphere, but previously was nearly everything in turns and nothing long. He has been a clerk, shorthand writer, commercial traveller, school teacher and actor. To-day he is a playwright, author and journalist.

TEA WITH THE QUEEN.

A cup of tea with the Queen of England, is a cup of tea worth the having, even if it proves to be slops, which isn't likely, because there is a compliment, an honor lurking in each cup imbibed, that doesn't come in the way of every one. And when the Queen invited all the delegates to the woman's council to join her in this harmless infusion of tea leaves, she not only extended a courtesy to those who actually partook of her hospitality, but she reached out a patronizing hand and nodded an approving nod to woman's rights the world over. She, so to speak, set the stamp of her own queenly favor upon the woman movement that should count for much with the deriers of it.

SHE ALSO CHANGED HER MIND.

A young couple in a Lancashire village had been courting for several years. The young man one day said to the woman:

Sall, I canna marry thee.

How s that? saked she.

I ve changed my mind, said he.

Well, I'll tell you what we'll do, said she. If folks know that it's thee as has given me up, I shanna be able to get another chap; but if they think that I've given you up, then I can get another chap. So we'll ha e banns published, and when the wedding day comes the parson will say to thee 'Wilt thou have this woman to be thy wedded wife? and tha must say 'I will.' And when he says to me, 'Wilt thou have this man to be thy wedded husband? I shall say 'I winna.

The day came, and when the minister said, Wilt thou have this woman to be thy wedded wife? the man answered:

I will.

Then the parson said to the woman:

Wilt thou have this man to be thy wedded husband? and she said:

I will.

Why, said the young man, furiously, you said you would say I winna.

I know that, said the young woman, but I've changed my mind since.

Nearly all the omnibus horses in London are imported from the United States and Canada.

The Miner's Love

One September morning, while the sun was shining down in the mining town of Walong, Ellen and her father came slowly along the road.

Over in Gilt Creek a great strike had occurred, and numbers of prospectors thronged the streets and stood in groups at every corner. One rough miner turned and looked after Ellen and her father and the old hand organ.

"This here's a city now, boys!" he cried. "Just look at the organ-grinder come to town."

"Give me a tune, old man!" called out a second miner.

"Let him alone, boys," said a third. "He is blind."

Ellen led her father down the narrow street and piloted him safely through the noisy crowd. As she turned a corner she spied an unpretentious eating-house.

"Dinner fifty cents," the sign read, and she paused before the open door.

"We'll go in and get some dinner, dad. I'm fearful hungry.'

She led her father to one of the small tables and slipped the organ from his back. Then she drew an old red handkerchief from her pocket and untied one corner. A little roll of coins dropped out on the table.

"Got enough, dear?" asked her father. His quick ear had caught the click of the coins.

"Lots," said she, shortly.

She hastily tied up the money, and going to the counter ordered dinner for her father and for herself—only a bowl of oatmeal and milk.

"I was pretty near starved," said the old organ grinder, as he ate his roast beef with a good relish. "Hain't the meat good, Ellen?"

"Course it is!" answered Ellen, calmly taking a sip of milk.

"And the tomatoes and the rice puddin'?' added her father.

"Yes, dad; but don't stop to talk,' said his daughter.

She soon finished her own simple dinner and leaned back in the stiff wooden chair. Two miners close by looked up admiringly. Her eyes were large and black, as had been those of her Italian mother, who had died when she was born. Heavy braids of black hair were wound round her head, and her cheeks and lips were crimson. Her old straw hat was tied down with a faded ribbon; her dark blue dress was stained and shabby. She wore a blankey shawl round her slender shoulders.

"We've had a splendid dinner, hain't we?" said her father, rising and taking the organ on his back.

The young woman took her father's arm and led him to the corner of the street.

"We'll stop and play here, dad.'

Her father patiently began to turn the crank of the old organ. She stood beside him, and eagerly scanned the faces of the passers-by. Few seemed to think the music was worth paying for. A lady gave a coin, and a miner carelessly tossed a quarter toward them.

But their supper and a night's lodging were to be paid for, and very little was left in the handkerchief.

It grew late at last. The organ-grinder had played through all his tunes.

"You are tired, dad," said Ellen, as her father paused, "We'll go and find a place to sleep."

"We don't want no supper, do we, Nell? We had such a hearty dinner."

"Yes, dad," said she, faintly.

"And it was late, too," added the old man. "It must ha' been 'most three o'clock.'

"Be you hungry, dad?" asked the daughter, anxiously looking into his face.

"Not a mite," answered her father, very cheerfully. "And s'pose I play a little longer. Tain't dark yet, is it? Let's walk along.'

They turned a corner and found themselves in a side street, in a quiet neighborhood. There were curtains at some of the small cabins.

An open door gave a glimpse of a bright Brussels carpet. Suddenly a young girl appeared at a window, and raising the sash, very carelessly, tossed out into the road a beautiful, half-withered bouquet of hothouse flowers.

Ellen quickly glanced up at the lady, who was young and had fair hair. This much she remembered always.

The bouquet rolled to the young girl's feet, then stopped. She stooped and picked up the flowers. They were only a little faded. Some of the roses were quite fresh and fragrant. It must have been a beautiful bouquet once. Why did the young lady throw it away so soon?

It was nearly seven o'clock. Ellen and her father had paused before a large hotel; the space in front was crowded with men. Some of them gazed at the girl who stood so patiently beside the old organ. Her hat had slipped back, and her black hair lay in rings on her smooth, white forehead.

She did not know how pretty she was, and wondered why the men stared at her so. She knew she was tired and hungry. She wished some one would toss them some money.

A young man came down the steps. He wore a blue flannel shirt and his coat was quite as shabby as the one her father wore. He stood in front of the organ with his hands in his pockets. For a few moments he did not speak, but seemed to be listening to the music. And then his eyes fell on the flowers.

"Where'd you git 'em?' he asked, suddenly.

"Found 'em,' answered the girl, quite as shortly.

He came a step nearer and held out his hand.

"Let me see 'em.' She drew back hastily.

"Pay for 'em first. I'll sell em cheap," she said.

He thrust his hand still deeper in pocket, then tossed some silver on the top of the old organ. Then he took the flowers and studied them intently as he turned the bouquet round.

"Tell me where you got 'em,' he asked, pleadingly.

"Found 'em,' she said again. "A lady throwed 'em out the winder.'

The young man said something under his breath then turned and walked away.

Ellen had seen the color come to his face and a hurt look in his eyes. As she looked after him he gave the bouquet a toss and it fell in the muddy street, only to be crushed the next instant by the wheels of a passing vehicle.

"Hain't there enough money yet?' asked her father, touching her arm.

"Yes, dad,' she answered. "We'll go and get some supper, and then we'll find a place to sleep."

The little parlor of Mrs. Murphy's lodging-house was crowded with miners that evening. Ellen left her father seated contentedly in a corner, and stole quietly out of the front door. She was so used to an outdoor life that she felt suffocated in a small and close room.

Some one sat on the lower step, with his head resting on his hands. He looked up and saw her as she stood hesitatingly in the doorway.

"Don't be afraid;' he said kindly.

It was the young man who had bought the flowers.

She sank down on the steps and drew her old shawl still closer about her.

"It's cold out here,' said the young man. Perhaps you'd better go in.'

"I aint cold," answered Ellen; "I'm most always outdoors.'

"Where'd you say you found the posies?" he asked, suddenly raising his head.

"A young lady throwed 'em out, she had yaller hair. It was a house with white curtains at the winders. I didn't set no price on the flowers," she added hastily, "you needn't have paid so much for 'em."

"I ain't complainin' of the price," said the young fellow. "They cost me a pile to begin with."

"Did you give 'em to her?" she asked, curiously.

"Yes," he answered shortly; "more fool, too!"

"They were faded," remarked the girl, consolingly.

"Yes," he said, bitterly. "She had 'em twelve hours,"

His head dropped on his hands again.

"I wouldn't care,' said Ellen, softly.

The young man glanced at her. Her eyes were soft with sympathy; she looked so fair in the moonlight.

"How old are you?" he asked abruptly.

"Seventeen" she replied, wonderingly.

"And you travel about with your father?"

"Yes," said the girl, "Dad likes to travel. He won't let me do nothin'," she replied, proudly. "He says he can support me."

"Can you write?" looking eagerly into her pretty face.

"Yes. I was at school once."

"I hain't got no education," said the young man sadly, "and I want to get a letter writ.'

"I'll do it," she offered, eagerly.

"Will you, now?" and the young fellow sprang up. "Come on into the kitchen. There's never nobody there."

In a few moments he had brought her a sheet of paper and pen and ink.

They were alone in the little kitchen that was scarcely more than a shed, and the girl seated herself at the pine table.

"Begin 'Darlin' Lizzie,'" said the young man, leaning anxiously over her shoulder.

In a cramped hand and very slowly she wrote: "Darling Lizzie."

"Tell her I love her!" he burst out. "Tell her I'm going over to Red Mountain to-morrow, but she can write to me. Jim Conroy'll read me her letter. She needn't say nothin' but yes or no. Got it all down?"

"Pretty near," said the girl. "You told me such an awful lot."

She was handling the pen awkwardly.

A bright color had come to the young man's cheeks. His hair was light, almost golden, just the color of the young lady's, Ellen thought. She glanced down at the letter. Would "Darling Lizzie" say yes or no?

"Done?" said her new friend. "I'll take it over to the post-office."

He sealed the envelope carefully and put it tenderly in his pocket. Then he held out his bronzed hand.

"Good-by; I'm much obliged to you. If I don't never see you again. I wish you good luck."

As he passed her chair a five-dollar gold piece dropped into her lap.

The next September Ellen and her father found themselves once more crossing Red Mountain on their way to Walong. She had grown a little taller, but she looked much the same. Her dress was still shabby, and a forlorn felt hat replaced the old black straw. But her lips and cheeks were crimson with exercise and health. As they came into view of the town they passed a group of miners who were out prospecting. One of them shaded his eyes with his hands and looked long at Ellen.

"Give us a tune!" he called out to the organ-grinder, and the old man obediently set down his organ and began to turn the crank.

Then the young miner came slowly toward the girl and held out his hand. The girl knew him at a glance, and her black eyes grew bright with pleasure.

"I didn't get no answer,' he whispered.

Ellen looked sorry; then a curious gladness came to her eyes.

"Haven't you seen her?" she asked.

"No," answered the young man; "she don't live here no more.

"I'm sorry," said the girl; "I writ it plain.'

Then he looked at her admiringly.

"'S'pose I come to see you to-night?"

The organ-grinder took up his burden again and as they moved away she smiled over her shoulder at the young man with fair hair who looked after her as he leaned lightly on his pick.

A month later a clergyman at Walong married them.

Ellen was very happy in her new home. There were no lace curtains at the cabin windows, for her husband was but a poor prospector, with only his youth and hope. Her father still played the old organ, but he kept near home that Ellen might see him as she glanced up from her work.

One evening during the winter her husband came home and as he seated himself by the stove drew a yellow enveloe from his pocket. It was old and worn by much handling and bore numerous postmarks.

"What is it?" asked Ellen, quickly.

"An old letter fur me," answered her husband. "They said it had bin follerin' me 'round everywhere. I ha'n't been in one place long the past year. It ain't much good now. 'S'pose you read it."

She took the letter and tore open the envelope. There were only a few lines.

It began "Darlin' Jim," and was signed "Your own Lizzie." It stated that the writer would marry him at any time.

"Don't look so!" cried her husband, as Ellen grew deadly white. She did not speak, but stood perfectly still with the letter clutched in her hand.

But her husband threw his strong arms around her.

"I'm glad I didn't get it!" he cried. "Don't you know I love you best? Nobody can't take your place now."

A WALK TO THE SUN.

The Aggregate Man Takes a Stroll of 70,000 Every Second.

If the average old man of comparatively sedentary habits were told that during his life he had walked as many miles as would compass the earth at the equator six times, he would probably be very much surprised, says the *London Daily Mail*. And *yet* such a pedestrian effort only represents an average walk of six miles a day for a period of sixty-eight years.

Similarly, the man who is content with the daily average walk of four miles will consider himself an athlete on learning that every year he walks a distance equal to a trip from London to Athens.

When one considers the aggregate walking records of the world the figures are even more surprising. Assuming that each individual averages a four-mile walk a day—and this cannot be considered an extravagant estimate when one remembers that Mr. Thomas Phipps, of Kingham, has walked 440,000 miles on postal duty alone—the startling conclusion is arrived at that the world covers a journey of 69,444 miles every time the clock ticks, night and day.

This means that the world's walking record for a second of time is equal to two trips round the Equator and more than thirteen jaunts between London and Naples. Every minute the aggregate man walks a distance equal to eight return-trips to the moon, supplemented by over fifteen walks round the earth's waist.

In an hour he would walk as far as the sun and back again, take a trip to the moon, from the earth, 140 times, while still leaving himself a stroll of 190,000 miles to finish the cigar he lit at the commencement of his journey of sixty minutes. But considering the rate of his progress, it is probable that even a slow smoker might require a second cigar before finishing the walk.

In a single year the aggregate man *walks a distance of 2,190,000 million* miles, which, after all, inconceivably great as it is, would take him less than one-eleventh part of the way to the nearest fixed star.

It is well for the aggregate man's exchequer that he walks these distances instead of covering them by rail. At the rate of a penny a mile, the world's annual walk would cost £9,125,000,000, or ten times as much gold as is current throughout the entire world. To purchase a ticket for this distance it would be necessary to mortgage the entire United Kingdom to three-fourths of its full value.

RETURNED THE COMPLIMENT.

The obsequious person who seeks fees from travellers by pretending to mistake them for noblemen occasionally meets one who does not fall into the trap. The following example is taken from an English paper:

An English gentleman of somewhat imposing personal appearance had a door opened for him at the Paris opera house, by an usher, who bowed low and said, The door is open, prince.

The Englishman glanced at him, and without extending the expected fee, simply said. Thank you very much, viscount.

ORIGIN OF MILLINER.

Milliner is a corruption of "Milaner," from Milan, which city at one time gave the fashion to the world in all matters of taste in woman's headgear.

The Home

FOR SUNDAY DINNER.

Dutch Soup.—Chop an ox tail in pieces an inch long, place in a sauce pan with a tablespoonful of butter, stir until it browns, then turn the fat off: add three pints of water, one carrot, one small turnip, one onion and a few whole cloves. Boil slowly until the meat is well done, then add three tomatoes, peeled and sliced, and salt and pepper to taste. Boil 15 minutes longer.

Chicken and Beans.—Prepare a chicken as for fricassee, put it into a kettle, with just water enough to cover it; salt and add one small onion. Put into a sauce pan one pint of shelled beans with a few pieces of salt pork, cut very small, and cook until tender. When the chicken is nearly cooked pour in the beans and cook for 2 minutes. Remove the meat to a large platter and to the beans and gravy add a teaspoonful of flour, mixed in milk. When mixed pour over the chicken and serve.

Parsnip Balls.—Boil in salted water till very tender; mash and season with butter, pepper and salt; add a little flour and two well-beaten eggs. Form into small balls, and fry in hot lard.

Scalloped Onions.—Boil either vegetable until tender, then put in baking dish and pour over sauce made of one tablespoonful butter rubbed into one and one half tablespoonfuls flour, pour over it one pint hot milk and cook until like custard. Bake one half hour. Cut caul flower or asparagus into small pieces before pouring over the sauce.

Frozen Peaches.—Take two quarts peaches, peeled and sliced, sprinkle with one pound of sugar and let stand two hours. Mash fine, add one quart cold water, and freeze same as ice cream.

Tapioca Ice.—One cup of tapioca soaked over night; in the morning put it on the stove, and when boiling hot add one cup of sugar, and boil till clear; chop one pine apple, pour the tapioca over it, stir together, and put into molds. When cold serve with sugar and cream.

A SHEEPSKIN RUG.

A writer explains how to treat a sheepskin to be used as a rug. First, scrape off all the flesh remaining on a fresh hide. Mix salt and pulverized alum in equal parts. Lay the skin on boards, wool-side down. Rub into every part of the raw-side all the salt and alum mixture it will take up, then fold the skin lengthwise, raw-side in, roll it up tight from tail to head and lay it away two or three weeks, then open it and hang across a pole or board fence to dry. When dry it will be stiff. Let two persons draw it across the edge of the top board of a fence, or something similar, exerting considerable strength, until the skin is pliable in all its parts. Lay it on boards, the wool-side down, and rub into the flesh-side all the neatfoots oil it will readily take up. To cleanse the wool have a washtub nearly full of warm soapsuds of soft water. Let two persons, one holding either end of the hide, draw it back and forth through the water, wool-side down, being careful to wet the skin as little as possible; hang on a line and squeeze the suds out with the hands. Repeat until cleansed, then rinse in clear water, squeeze all the water out possible and hang in the shade to dry. To color the wool, select a package of any desired shade of dyes and prepare the dye as directed. Lay the skin on boards or on smooth turf, flesh-side down and with a soft, wide brush, open the wool along with the hand and apply the dye with the other. The dye should not be hot, but just warm. Hot dye would injure the wool. By opening the wool with a stick in every part, one can see when all is colored properly. Hang in the shade to dry. When dry, rinse twice in clear water as before, to remove any sediment of the dye. Beat the wool with a stick until it presents a soft, fluffy appearance. Thus beautiful rugs can be made which will last many years.

PICKLES.

Chili Sauce.—One dozen large, ripe tomatoes, four large onions, three green peppers, one red pepper, two tablespoonfuls of whole allspice, one teaspoonful finely broken stick cinnamon, one teaspoonful whole cloves, one small root of green ginger, one cupful of vinegar, two tablespoonfuls of salt, two tablespoonfuls of sugar, one saltspoonful of cayenne. Chop the onions, skinned tomatoes and peppers very fine, tie the whole spices in a thin muslin bag and boil altogether for one hour. Bottle and seal at once.

Piccalilly.—One peck green tomatoes, sliced; one half peck onions, sliced; one cauliflower, one peck small cucumbers. Leave in salt and water 24 hours; then put in kettle with handful scraped horse radish, one ounce turmeric, one ounce cloves, whole, one fourth pound pepper, whole, one ounce cassia buds or cinnamon, one pound white mustard seed, one pound English mustard. Place in kettle in layers, and cover with cold vinegar. Boil 15 minutes, constantly stirring.

To Pickle Tomatoes.—Always use those that are thoroughly ripe. The small round ones are decidely the best. not prick them, as most books direct. Let them lay in strong brine three or four days, then put down in layers in jars, mixing with small onions and pieces of horse radish. Then pour on vinegar cold, which should be first spiced; let there be a spice-bag to throw into every pot. Cover carefully, and set by in cellar full month before using.

Chow Chow.—One quart large cucumbers, one quart small cucumbers, two quarts onions, four heads cauliflower, six green peppers, one quart green tomatoes, one gallon vinegar, one pound mustard, two cups sugar, two cups flour, one ounce turmeric. Put all in salt and water one night; cook all the vegetables in brine until tender, except large cucumbers. Pour over vinegar and spices.

Mangoes.—Take small musk melons and cut an oval piece out of one side; take out the seeds with teaspoon, and fill this space with stuffing of chopped onion, scraped horseradish, mustard seed, cloves and whole peppers; sew in the piece. Put in jar, pour boiling vinegar, with little salt in it, over them. Do this three times; then put in fresh vinegar; cover close.

Pickled Cucumbers.—Take 200 or 300 lay them on a dish, salt, and let them remain eight or nine hours; then drain; laying them in a jar, pour boiling vinegar upon them. Place near the fire, covered with vine leaves. If they do n't become sufficiently green strain off the vinegar, boil it, and again pour it over them, covering with fresh leaves. Continue till they become green as you wish.

Pickled Peaches.—Take ripe, but not soft peaches, put a clove into one end of each peach. Take two pounds brown sugar to gallon of vinegar, skim and boil up twice; pour it hot over peaches and cover close. In a week or two pour off and scald vinegar again. After this they will keep any length of time.

EXPENSIVE YACHTS.

Queen Victoria's Magnificent New Vessel Will be the Handsomest and Fastest Known.

The new steam yacht Victoria and Albert, which has been built for the Queen at Tenby, will be on completion the handsomest and fastest yacht any British sovereign has possessed. It will rank only second to the Emperor of Russia's wonderful yacht, the Polar Star, which is said to have cost close upon a million of money.

Nothing more lavishly elaborate than the fitting and decoration of the Polar Star could be easily imagined. Money has been drilled into her frame in hundredweights. The decorations of the dining saloon, alone, which will seat a hundred and fifty guests, cost approximately $100,000. Exquisite paintings by some of the most celebrated artists adorn the saloons and cabins, and all the woodwork is elaborately carved. There is a fine library and music-room aboard, and a beautiful white marble fountain, while some of the ornaments are of the rarest.

The Standart, the Czar's smaller steamyacht, of 4,300 tons, is much more frequently used than the Polar Star. She cost slightly over $2,000,000. This is only about half the price of the Polar Star, but the Standart is one of the most sumptuous yachts afloat.

There is accommodation aboard for a crew of three hundred, twenty officers, and eighty passengers. There are three magnificent suites of apartments devoted to the use of the Emperor and Empress, and Dowager Empress, a fine library, a billard room, and a music saloon.

The dining saloon is panelled in tulipwood; the door-handles, finger plates, and the lamp fixtures are of heavily carved solid silver. There is a fine marble bath room, with silver fittings; and the walls and doors of the principal cabin are elaborately inlaid with ivory and mother-of-pearl. So many improvements and additions are made to her appointments since she was first completed that she is now worth probably half as much as she originally cost.

The German Emperor's famous steam yacht, the Hohenzollern, of nearly 4,000 tons, was, considering her beauty and purpose, a comparatively inexpensive vessel, costing considerably less than $1,000,000. She has a very beautiful interior, and splendid accommodation for crew and passengers alike; and is considered one of the fastest, smoothes going vessels afloat.

FEET DIAGNOSIS.

A doctor has announced his belief that in diagnosing a patient's case, it is as essential to observe his walk as to feel his pulse. It appears that a person in vigorous and robust health walks with his toes pointed to the front, and that as health begins to go the toes turn gradually out, and a perceptible bend appears in the knees. It will certainly come as a surprise to a good many people, drill instructors especially, to learn that it is correct, in the best sense of that loosely used word, to walk with the toes pointed straight to the front.

GOT NO INVITATION.

Tramp—Please, mum, me feet's on th' ground; an' if ye could spare me an ole pair o' shoes, I'd -

Mrs. Spinks—There's a wedding going on in the big house across the street. Just you go over there and wait. When the couple comes out the family will throw a lot of the bride's old shoes after her.

But, mum, they'd be too small.

Huh! Wait till you see her feet.

The Mining Review

SATURDAY....SEPTEMBER 23, 1899.

COTTON & CO. VS. STATESMANSHIP.

From the indications there will be a lively scramble for the mining vote the coming elections. When Mr. Cottoo was here the other day, he "let the cat out of the bag." He said the mining vote of the country would carry the day, and he was going to get that vote. However, he has a competitor in the race, who is at least as bound on purchasing the mining vote as he is himself, with whom he will have to reckon. There is no doubt but that no matter what bait Mr. Cotton may set Mr. Martin will go one better. As soon as the elections are announced, the public will see "the people's Joseph" in the field, with a candidate in each mining constituency, and a platform that will offer much more for the mining vote than Mr. Cotton has so far bid. The battle cry of the heroes of the age will then be, "We are here to buy you, miners, and we are sure our hooks will catch." The best thoughts of the statesman are directed towards the best means of establishing and retaining friendly relations between capital and labor and of developing the hidden resources of the country; and is it not deplorable when our "statesmen" lie awake nights for no other purpose than to devise means to buy the dominant vote of the country.

The industrial vote of England is a much larger percentage of the population of that country than is the mining vote of residents of British Columbia, and yet the statesmen across the sea never dream of manacling the industrial vote there as Cotton & Co. are tying it up here. In Great Britain the great effort of the statesmen has ever been directed towards improving the sanitary arrangements and appliances of the institutions in which the operatives are employed—the prevention of depression and the elevation of the moral tone of all classes involved, ever leaving capital and labor at rest whenever working quietly together. The aim of our statesmen appears to be to set capital and labor at each other's throats in the hope that they "the statesmen" may get the vote to enable them to pillage the spoils of office in the scramble. In England the aim of the statesmen is to see that tunnels and shafts in mines are made safe for life and limb, in good air and mechanical appliances, regulating reasonable hours of labor, limiting penalties for infractions to women and children, the wards of the state. In British Columbia the sole object is is to purchase the votes of those who have them. We shall be very much surprised if the bulk of the intelligent, independent miners do not see through the game before next elections are over. If Messrs. Cotton & Co. would only appoint capable officers to inspect the camps and see that all bunk houses and sleeping and boarding apartments were properly arranged and maintained, that the men were not charged more than the prevailing prices for board, or, as an alternative, allowed to board and house themselves, that all tunnels and shafts were well provided with fresh air, that every precaution was taken to keep all tunnels and shafts as free from surface water as possible, that none but capable men were allowed in miners' unions to impose half work for full pay on the employers, and that the right was left to the men to sell their labor for the highest price they could get for it, placing capable, steady men at a premium, they would be taking a very prominent step towards elevating the tone of the mining districts and encouraging the income of the necessary capital to develop our resources.

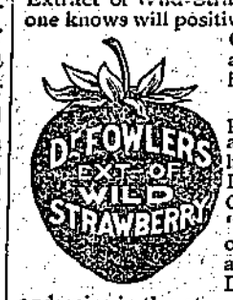
Messrs. Cotton & Co. ought to know that labor, though it is one of the principal elements in the development of a mining country, cannot alone bring the prosperity the country demands. Capital must come with it and both work harmoniously together. Their idea, however, is to antagonize and keep in perpetual strife the only elements to which we all look for the desired measure of prosperity. It is no secret to any one that any special advantage given by legislation to either one of these essentials of growth and development must antagonise and frustrate the other. The wise statesman would simply stand aloof while harmony prevailed, and only interfere when difficulties arose, and prevent the exercise of undue advantage on either hand.

Cramps and Colic

Always relieved promptly by Dr. Fowler's Ext. of Wild Strawberry.

When you are seized with an attack of Cramps or doubled up with Colic, you want a remedy you are sure will give you relief and give it quickly, too.

You don't want an untried something that MAY help you. You want Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry, which every one knows will positively cure Cramps and Colic quickly. Just a dose or two and you have ease.



But now a word of proof to back up these assertions, and we have it from Mr. John Hawke, Coldwater, Ont., who writes: "Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry is a wonderful cure for Diarrhœa, Cramps and pains in the stomach. I was a great sufferer until I gave it a trial, but now I have perfect comfort."

FROM TWO POINTS OF VIEW.

The champions of the eight-hour law never tire declaring that "the mines are rich, and the alien shareholders should be made divide a share of the profits with those who produce the wealth." This is the truth only in a small portion, and is, therefore, more damaging than if it was a falsehood out and out. We have not the actual figures by us, but we think we are quite safe in saying the mines and prospects of the province have in the aggregate cost the present holders at least $35,000,000, and to the present not more than $5,000,000 have been realized from the whole of them in dividends. As a body they have then to earn $30,000,000 more over operating expenses before they have made anything. It is not a fact that because a few out of the many properties are paying large dividends that mining is a profitable business, and those who are ranting the most on the eight-hour law should bear this in mind.

Put the matter in this shape before these gentlemen and the reply will be, "Oh, but the great bulk of them will pay well later on." We all hope so, but no one knows that they will, and the policy in every such undertaking is "Fit the burden to the back." Before, however, nine-tenths of the properties, that may yet give returns, are paying, large blocks of capital must be got from outside, and the more vexatious laws that are passed the more difficult it will be to secure it. If some of these labor-leading demagogues, who are mouthing the loudest for the money they themselves make out of their rantings, had to furnish the capital to bring our prospects into development, they would soon change their tune. It is a pity this matter is looked at from the narrow, selfish stand point that it is. The miner looks at it from what he can make out of it and put in his pocket, while the owner looks at it from his dividend point of view, while the proper view should be the development and growth of the country. No one, however, will say that the latter can best be secured by lopping off by legislation the liberty of the subject.

FOR MR. COTTON'S INFORMATION.

Mr. Cotton cannot see how laws can be enforced without penalties, and he has therefore to attach conditions to his eight-hour law that are a disgrace to any civilized country. We, however, instance the school laws of all Canada—they limit the hours of teaching, and, though there are no penalties for their violation, they work well and are seldom infringed upon. We may again instance the ten-hour law for mechanics and artizans in Ontario. There are no penalties attached, and they are only violated when the employees find it to their financial interest to violate them. There is an eight-hour mining law in Utah, without penalties, and it works well. There is an eight-hour mining law in England, with penalties in the case of women and children, who are in any case wards of the state, but none as regards men, and it gives excellent satisfaction. Mr. Cotton has to have penalties in British Columbia, when a law without them could not be violated if the men themselves did not choose to violate it, simply because he ranks the miners with Indians, children and minors, who are unable to look after their own affairs. We favor the law, less the penalties, which we consider a disgrace to our statutes, and are in conflict with the constitution and destructive of British sense of individual right and liberty.

If Mr. Cotton thinks that 56 to 60 hours a week are enough for miners to work, why does he not allow the owners to work them on legal days and observe the Sabbath? As it is, the owners offer $21 for 60 hours omitting Sundays, or $21 for 56 hours including Sundays, and the men want $24.50 for 56 hours including Sundays. If Mr. Cotton is such a stickler on law and order, why does he not see that the law governing the Sabbath is observed? Its observance would give the men the much needed rest that all claim they require. In our humble opinion the men as a rule know their own business and what is best for their health and purses, and with an eight-hour law without penalties they would have it in their own hands to look after both without shackling legal provisions.

Mr. Mann, a retired business man of Montreal, who accompanied the members of the Mining Institute on their visit to this country, and who stopped off a day in Sandon, has measured up the situation and puts it concisely. He says he has been in some of the tunnels and would not want to work in them even eight-hours; but that is not the question. No government has any right to limit the earning powers of its subjects, as the B. C. government has in the eight-hour law by penal clauses. In Great Britain there is an eight-hour law governing mining, with penal clauses that apply to women and children only, because they are, so to speak, wards of the state. He does not blame the men in looking for every advantage the law allows them. The owners, on the other hand, have a serious complaint, when the right to handle their own affairs as they desire is denied them by legislation. He is satisfied that the courts if appealed to would soon declare the unconstitutionality of any such enactment. He would suggest an offer to the men by the owners of a sufficient daily wage to cover living, and an interest in the profits after. The only objection to this is, however, the men would accept it in the dividend-paying mines and reject it in the undeveloped prospects—the properties of all others that are hampered by the late legislation.

As the miners' unions are disposed to run matters, the owners are bound to suffer beyond conception. They are taking on their list many men lamentably incapable of doing an average man's work, and asking $3.50 for eight hours for them. Good men will go into the tunnels and for a time do good work, but in a short time they will see that the inferior men are paid the same wages they get for infinitely less work. Their next step will be to reduce their work to that of the inferior men, for they will say, "Where is the use doing more when we get nothing for it? To dismiss the inferior men and put good non-union men in their place will be to encourage strikes and their consequences. All these conditions show that the inferior men will govern the work of the camp, which will render the development of non-dividend-paying mines and prospects out of the question. Has Mr. Cotton enough regard for the welfare of the country to give this proper consideration?

Ask your doctor how many preparations of cod-liver oil there are.

He will answer, "Hundreds of them." Ask him which is the best. He will reply, "Scott's Emulsion."

Then see that this is the one you obtain. It contains the purest cod-liver oil, free from unpleasant odor and taste. You also get the hypophosphites and glycerine. All three are blended into one grand healing and nourishing remedy.

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

To be idle is the hardest of all tasks. Our grandmothers understood this and even in their leisure moments were never found without some little task in their hands, if it were only knitting, tatting or crocheting. There was a reason for this that does not appear upon the surface. Our grandmothers were healthy women, imbued with a spirit of ambition and activity that would not permit them to be idle.

If many modern women are much less active and more given to idleness than the stately dames of yore, it is because they enjoy a smaller measure of good health. A woman who suffers from weakness and disease of the distinctly feminine organs, who is racked with pain, and tortured with headaches and nervousness, cannot be active and helpful. Idleness and invalidism are the natural results of suffering of this description. The poor invalid woman is not at fault, save in her ignorance of her own physical make-up or neglect of her womanly health.

Thousands of women are neglectful in this way because they shrink from the embarrassing examinations and local treatment insisted upon by the majority of obscure physicians. Dr. R. V. Pierce, for thirty years chief consulting physician to the Invalids' Hotel and Surgical Institute, at Buffalo, N. Y., has discovered a wonderful medicine that cures all diseases peculiar to women, in the privacy of the home, without the necessity of these embarrassing ordeals. This great medicine is known as Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. It acts directly on the delicate and important organs that bear the burdens of wifehood and motherhood. It makes them strong, healthy and vigorous. It heals internal ulceration and inflammation and stops debilitating drains. It transforms weak, nervous invalids into healthy women.

Dr. Pierce's Common Sense Medical Adviser FREE! For paper-covered copy send 31 one-cent stamps, *to cover customs and mailing only.* Cloth bound 50 stamps. Address, Dr. R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y.

Didn't Dare Eat Meat.

What dyspeptics need is not artificial digestants but something that will put their stomach right so it will manufacture its own digestive ferments.

For twenty years now Burdock Blood Bitters has been permanently curing severe cases of dyspepsia and indigestion that other remedies were powerless to reach.

Mr. James G. Keirstead, Collina, Kings Co., N.B., says:

"I suffered with dyspepsia for years and tried everything I heard of, but got no relief until I took Burdock Blood Bitters.

"I only used three bottles and now I am well, and can eat meat, which I dared not touch before without being in great distress. I always recommend B. B. B. as being the best remedy for all stomach disorders and as a family medicine."

Burdock Blood Bitters

W. S. DREWRY, Sandon, B. C. H. T. TWIGG, New Denver, B.C.

DREWRY & TWIGG,

Dominion and Provincial Land Surveyors.
Civil and Mining Engineers.
Bedford-McNeil Code.

MINING STOCKS

AND OTHER INVESTMENTS.

Every Representation Guaranteed.

J. M. Harris

SANDON, B. C.

The SANDON DAIRY

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

H. TATTRIE.

J. J. BILLADEAU

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Will attend to orders from town or country. Command of the largest and best assorted stock of WALL PAPER in the Kootenay country. Orders may be left at Cliffe's Bookstore or at my residence, Sandon.

M. L. Grimmett, LL. B.

BARRISTER, SOLICITOR, NOTARY PUBLIC, ETC.

Sandon, B. C.

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MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.
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A large stock of the New Novels and STANDARD WORKS of the leading authors. Mail orders for any book published taken.

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A large assortment of Pens and Ink of the leading makes, at eastern prices, in large or small quantities. Try Stephens' Inks.

USE FABER'S LEADPENCILS

CLIFFES' BOOKSTORES,

SANDON. NELSON.

City Council.

Regular meeting of the city council was held in the council chamber on Monday evening, Sept. 18.

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

Minutes of last meeting were read adopted.

The following accounts were recommended to be paid:—

Sandon Waterworks & Light Co.	$137 32
Miners' Union hospital	25 65
D. J. Robertson	10 00
Mining Review	20 25
F. L. Christie	50 00
J. A. Black	15 00
Standard Publishing Co.	50 00
	$263 22

MOTIONS.

Crawford-Hunter—That Thos. Brown be appointed city auditor at a salary of $100 a year.—Carried.

Hunter-Crawford—That the board of public works be requested to enquire into the matter of constructing a sidewalk from the Bartlett hotel to the Slocan News store on the south side of Reco ave.—Carried.

The council adjourned till Tuesday evening, Sept. 19.

Special meeting of the city council was held in the council chamber on Tuesday evening, Sept. 19.

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

MOTIONS.

Hunter-Crawford—That the public works committee be authorised to expend $150 for the construction of a sidewalk to extend from the Bartlett hotel to the Slocan News store on the south side of Reco ave. Carried.

Hunter-Crawford—That the meetings of the municipal council of the city of Sandon be held in the building known as the court house after the 25th day of Sept.—Carried.

The council adjourned.

CHURCH NOTES.

PRESBYTERIAN.—In the absence of Rev. J. A. Cleland, Rev. J. A. Ferguson, of Whitewater, will conduct the services in New Denver and Sandon tomorrow—Sandon, In Virginia hall at 7:30 p.m.

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

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

DREADFULLY NERVOUS.

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

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.

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.

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.

PIANO-TUNING.

The undersigned has had over two years' experience in tuning and repairing pianos and organs, and holds several good recommendations for work done. Parties wishing to have pianos tuned may leave orders at Cliffe's bookstore.

T. J. BARRON.

20 YEARS TORTURE.

A Belleville Lady, Whom Doctors Failed to Help, Cured at Last by Doan's Kidney Pills.

No one who has not suffered from kidney disease can imagine the terrible torture those endure who are the victims of some disorder of these delicate filters of the body. Mrs. Richard Rees, a well-known and highly respected lady of Belleville, Ont., had to bear the burden of kidney complaint for over 20 years and now Doan's Kidney Pills have cured her when all else failed.

Her husband made the following statement of her case: "For 20 years my wife has been a sufferer from pain in the back, sleeplessness and nervousness and general prostration. Nothing seemed to help her. Doctors and medicines all failed, until we got a ray of hope when we saw Doan's Kidney Pills advertised as a positive cure.

"She began to take them and they helped her right away, and she is now better in every respect. We can heartily recommend Doan's Kidney Pills to all sufferers, for they seem to strike the right spot quickly, and their action is not only quick but it is permanent.

"I cannot say more in favor of these wonderful pills than that they saved my wife from lingering torture, which she had endured for 20 years past, and I sincerely trust that all sufferers will give Doan's Kidney Pills a fair trial."

LAXA-LIVER PILLS Cure constipation, biliousness sick headache and dyspepsia. Every pill guaranteed perfect and to act without any griping, weakening or sickening effects. 25c. at all druggists.

The D. & L. EMULSION

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

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

T. H. WINGHAM, C.E., Montreal.

50c. and $1 per Bottle

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Optional routes East from the Kootenay country.

First-class sleepers on all trains from Arrowhead and Kootenay Landing.

Tourist cars pass Revelstoke daily, for St. Paul. Thursdays for Montreal and Boston. Tuesdays and Saturdays for Toronto.

SANDON TO

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Daily to points reached via Nakusp.

Daily, except Sunday, to points reached via Rosebery and Slocan City.

DAILY TRAIN.

13.30 Lv. Sandon Arr. 13.00

Tickets issued through and baggage checked to destination.

A. C. McARTHUR, Agent, Sandon
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E. J. Coyle, Asst. Gen. Pass. Agt., Vancouver

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A Limited Special Offer Which Will Last for Ten Days Only.

GENUINE POMONA DIAMONDS have a world-wide reputation. It is almost impossible to distinguish them from genuine diamonds costing hundreds of dollars each. They are worn by the best people. We will forward a GENUINE POMONA DIAMOND mounted in a heavy ring, pin, or stud to any address upon receipt of price, $1.00 each. Earrings, screws or drops, $2 per pair. Ring settings are made of one continuous piece of thick, shelled gold, and are warranted not to tarnish. Special combination offer for ten days only! Ring and stud sent to any address upon receipt of $1.50. Send for catalogue. In ordering ring give finger measurement by using a piece of a string—also full particulars. Address plainly,

THE POMONA CO.,
1181-1183 Broadway, New York.

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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

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

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or JAS. A. CLOCK, General Agent, 246 Stark St., Portland, Or.

Kootenay Railway & Navigation

COMPANY.

Operating Kaslo & Slocan Railway International Navigation & Trad. Co

Schedule of Time Pacific Standard Time

KASLO & SLOCAN RAILWAY

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

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

S S. INTERNATIONAL

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.

S S. ALBERTA

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

LARDO-DUNCAN DIVISION.—Steamer International leaves Kaslo for Lardo and Argenta at 8.45 p m, Wednesdays and Fridays.

Steamer Alberta leaves Kaslo for Lardo and Argenta at 8 p m, Sundays.

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

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

To ascertain rates and full information, address

ROBERT IRVING, Manager, Kaslo.

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NELSON & FORT SHEPPARD RY.

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

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

The train that leaves Nelson at 6.20 a. m. makes close connections at Spokane with trains for all

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Passengers for Kettle River and Boundary Creek connect at Marcus with Stage daily.

C. G. Dixon, G. P. T. A.
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THE FAST LINE TO ALL POINTS.

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

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

Steamship tickets to all parts of the world.

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She Would Be a Lady

CHAPTER IV.

Eva Randolph was not a quick girl. What she learned she learned thoroughly, but the acquisition of knowledge was always a great labor to her, and what other girls would master in an hour she would sometimes have to spend a whole morning over.

This was not encouraging, and a girl less resolute would probably have faltered in her purpose, but Eva knew that for her there was no looking back. She was like a wanderer in a strange land, who, having crossed a chasm, had thrown down the bridge behind him, and had therefore no chance but to go forward, and often, when she felt weary and faint-hearted, she would repeat to herself this old verse which she had met one day long ago in a neglected album that had been her father's:

"Dream not that the way is smooth,
Hope not that the thorns are roses;
Cast no longing eye of youth
Where the sunny beam reposes.
Thou hast sterner work to do,
Hosts to cut thy passage through;
Close behind thee gulfs are burning,
Forward!—there is no returning."

And she made the purpose of the Christian Warrior her own, and pressed onward bravely in the battle of life.

The first three years of her school days passed uneventfully.

She spent her vacations at school, for she had no home, no friends, and though Mrs. Westbrook wrote to her sometimes it did not suit that proud lady to have a school girl spending her holidays at Westbrook Grange or at her house in London.

Besides, this practical lady never forgot that she did not mean to adopt Eva as her daughter, but simply to enable the girl to make her own way in the world, and in every one of her letters she impressed this fact upon the mind of her protegee.

At the end of four years, however, Mrs. Westbrook thought she would like to see the girl whom she had resolved to befriend.

Moreover, the time for which she had intended to pay for her education had already been exceeded, and it was now desirable to decide upon the girl's future career.

"Dear me, she must be seventeen," remarked Mrs. Westbrook, thoughtfully, as she sat at a writing table inditing a letter to Eva.

"Yes, I suppose she is," replied her son, carelessly; "rather a plain little thing, isn't she?"

This he asked with a purpose.

Experience had taught him that he could not injure a girl in his mother's opinion more fatally than by praising good looks.

His mother had a dread of his marrying, and she was also imbued with the idea that every woman that looked upon her son had designs upon his heart, and for this reason she guarded him like an elderly dragon from all the assaults of Cupid. And Ernest Westbrook smiled good humoredly at her tactics.

He was not by any means sensitive to feminine charms. Also he was very proud of his mother, and he often thought that he would have to be very much in love indeed with a woman before he asked her to become his wife, and thus depose his parent from her present position to the secondary rank of dowager.

But he was a good-natured, good-humored young man, always ready to do a kind action, and he felt some pity for the girl, whose story had been told him, and who, despite one or two suggestions he had made on her behalf, had never known what it was to have bright enjoyable holidays.

His mother now looked at him in surprise as he made this observation about Eva's personal appearance, and she said:

"I didn't think her very good-looking myself, but I remember that you once remarked that she had wonderfully fine eyes."

"Did I?" he replied, conscious stricken at having done poor Eva such bad service as to pay her a compliment. "I don't in the least remember it, and I shouldn't know her again if she came into the room at the present moment. After all, no woman could have finer eyes than my spaniel Topsy."

Mrs. Westbrook gave her shoulders an impatient shrug as she heard this; then she dipped her pen in the ink preparatory to resuming her letter.

"I suppose I must ask the girl here," she said, doubtfully.

"Must you?" asked her son indifferently.

"Yes, she has no home, you know, and I accepted a certain amount of responsibility when I promised to pay for her education. You don't object, I suppose?"

"No, it's nothing to me," he replied, carelessly.

"I could let her sit in the housekeeper's room, and take her meals with her," remarked Mrs. Westbrook, dubiously.

"I thought her father was a gentleman, whom you once meant to marry?" said the young man, looking at his mother with unfeigned surprise.

"He was, but what of that?" asked the lady, not quite understanding his meaning.

"Well, you could hardly place his daughter on an equality with your servants," he returned, as he walked out of the room.

The result of this conversation was that a letter was written to Eva inviting her to come to the Grange, and no further remark was made about her being handed over to the care of the housekeeper.

But that chance observation of Ernest Westbrook's changed the whole current of Eva Randolph's life.

She was a tall, reedy girl, unformed, reserved and unassuming, but with a quiet dignity about her rarely to be found in one so young.

Also, she was inclined to be shy, and she showed such a decided preference for Mrs. Westbrook's society, and so rarely ventured to glance at Ernest, still less to address a remark to him, that before she had been at the Grange a week the mistress of the mansion was quite satisfied that there was no danger to be apprehended from her.

Fortunately, also, for Eva Mr. and Mrs. Church had gone away from the neighborhood, and the people of the village, who saw her riding about by Mrs. Westbrook's side, never recognized in the pretty young lady the poorly-clad stepdaughter of Mrs. Church.

So pleased was the lady of the Grange with her young portegee that she had more than once felt tempted to keep her with her as a companion and discard any project for training the girl to a life of independence.

But two objections rose against this course; one was that Mrs. Westbrook did not require a companion—not being a particularly companionable woman—and the second was the girl's anxiety to work.

"I should like to become an artist, if you think I have sufficient talent," she said, one day, when the rector and Ernest Westbrook and his mother were looking at some of her drawings. "Do you think I have?" she added, looking up wistfully.

She had not meant to address herself to him, but her eyes encountered those of Mr. Westbrook, and he replied, warmly—too warmly, his mother thought:

"Yes, I am sure you have."

The bright flush of pleasure that came over the girl's face did not escape the notice of her patroness, and she scented danger at once. But she was too well bred to make any comment, and it was not until Eva had retired to bed that Mrs. Westbrook betook herself to her son's room to hold a consultation with him.

"What do you think I had better do with this girl?" she began; "keep her here with us, or gratify her desire to learn some profession?"

"That just depends upon what you mean to do for her in the future," he replied between the puffs of his cigar.

"How! What should I do for her in the future," she asked, suspiciously.

"You must either make some provision for her, or give her the means to provide for herself, I should think," he replied, indifferently, "I don't suppose that she is in the least degree likely to marry, and she must live."

"And why shouldn't she marry?" asked the mother, sharply; "she is as good looking as most girls of her age.'

The young man shrugged his shoulders as he asked, indolently:

"Is she?"

"Yes, I think her so; but, at any rate, I will let her learn a profession; then I shall feel she is off my hands and that no further responsibility attaches itself to me. The next question is, how to begin?"

"Mr. Carlyon said, as I walked with him back to the rectory this evening, that if you decided to allow Eva to follow her own inclination in the choice of a profession, he had a friend in London, an artist, who had several daughters, and he thought they might be willing to take Eva to live and study with them."

"London!" said Mrs. Westbrook, thoughtfully; "a girl in London living among strangers will be exposed to great temptations."

"Do you think that temptations are confined to large cities?" asked her son with a cynical laugh.

"No; but London is a dreadful place."

"I don't think you and I have found it so," he laughed; "but I firmly believe that to the pure all things are pure. However, I won't attempt to persuade you. Eva Randolph is your portegee, not mine.

But Mrs. Westbrook found the rector's suggestion an easy solution to her difficulty. The worthy man himself was consulted, his friends were written to, satisfactory arrangements were made, and at length a day was fixed upon which Eva Randolph was to go to London and become an inmate of the artist's house.

"You have just one week before you, between now and the time of leaving us, my dear," Mrs. Westbrook said, kindly, when the matter was settled. "And you may run about the park and the woods, and do just as you like in the interval. Ernest and I are going to town for the season, so I will take you with us, but we shall not see much of you there."

Whereupon Eva thanked her, and felt that she was free to run as wild as any of Ernest Westwood's four-footed pets, whose freedom she had often envied.

Westbrook Grange is situated near the south coast, a mile from the sea; in a richly-wooded country, and it was Eva's delight, during this first real holiday of her life, to wander about by wood and stream, accompanied by several of Ernest's dogs, with whom she had made great friends. She always carried pencil and paper and water colors with her, and sometimes she would spend hours together in some favorite spot making a sketch of the scene.

She was more clever in drawing faces and figures than in landscape, but she had an artist's eye for beauty, and she was determined to carry with her as many mementoes of Westbrook Park as she could. One picture, that had been carefully studied, and worked upon from time to time, was nearly finished, and she was devoting one morning—the last but one of her stay—to its completion.

Previously she had taken portraits of her canine friends, and also she had made one surreptitious sketch of a very handsome young man, with large eyes, an open countenance and curling, waving dark brown hair.

This sketch she had hidden carefully away; she would not have had Mrs. Westbrook or her son see it for any sum that could be offered her. But she meant to take it to London with her, so that, when the original was far away, she might still gather inspiration from the face, which to her inexperienced eyes, seemed the most perfect, manly countenance that had ever been created.

Having finished her water-color drawing, she took out her hoarded portrait from the secret pocket of her portfolio, and sat, for a time, thoughtfully looking at it. Then she took her pencil, and began to make a line here, and shade off a curve there.

Her heart was in the work. She forgot where she was; she did not observe the expectant demeanor of the dogs, nor did she hear a footstep on the grass, and Ernest Westbrook had stood behind her watching her for some seconds, and wondering whether it was possible for him to escape as he had come, unobserved, when one impudent toy terrier began to bark, and made Eva look up in some alarm.

Ernest coughed, and Eva just had time to cover her drawing with a sheet of paper, when he said, without looking at her:

"I think I shall indict you, Miss Randolph, for stealing the hearts of my dogs. I verily believe that Leo is the only one that remains stanch and faithful to me."

"You mustn't say that," she replied, rising to her feet and feeling assured by his tone that he had not seen or recognized his own portrait. "Leo is the only one of the number that you regularly take about with you, and the others are glad of a little notice even from me, but they are ready to desert me any moment that you will look at them."

"Then you think I have no case against you?"

"Certainly not; you have only to whistle and I should be left quite alone."

"You don't prefer solitude, I hope?" he said, with a smile, "because if you do of course I must go away."

"Oh, no!" she replied, with a bright look that made her usually quiet face appear for the moment beautiful; "but," she added, while her countenance fell, "perhaps your mother may want you or me."

Ernest Westbrook laughed, though he did not feel quite as much at ease as he would have done had no not seen that portrait of himself. Then he said:

"My mother is safe enough; she has gone off to pay a round of farewell calls; she wanted me to go with her, but I thought I would stay behind and have a chat with you."

"With me?" and the girlish heart began to palpitate in a most uncomfortable manner.

"Yes, I want to know if you really care about going to those people in London, and studying to become an artist."

"Oh, indeed I do," she replied, eagerly.

"And there is nothing you would like better?" he asked, the recollection of that portrait still uppermost in his mind.

"No," she replied, promptly.

"You would not prefer to stay here and spend your life with my mother and me?"

She was too childish to see the drift of his question, and she regarded herself too humbly, and looked upon him as far too exalted a personage to think it possible that he should ever ask her to be his wife. And yet it was to this point that his questions were tending. Not that he had any such purpose in his mind when he saw his mother into her carriage, and then set off to seek Eva.

In truth, he had come out of good nature to a friendless girl, to ascertain what her real wishes with regard to her future were, and to tell her if ever she wanted help or protection to appeal to him as though he were her brother. But the sight of that portrait had upset all his preconceived ideas. It had touched his vanity, and told him he had a heart that this girl in her teens could set palpitating.

More than once this morning he was tempted to ask her to trust her future to him, to let her life's happiness be his care; but something held him back, and she never uttered one word to help him.

Walking by her side, talking tenderly, and sometimes idly, Ernest Westbrook, with this new revelation upon him, could not say all that he meant to say, and so he seemed to have got rid of his mother for an hour or two simply to idle away the time pleasantly with this school girl. But both of them remembered this May afternoon long, long afterward. They had strolled about and talked, then had sat down and talked again, and the afternoon was drawing to a close when Eva descried in the distance Mrs. Westbrook's carriage returning to the Grange.

"I think I had better go in," she said, hastily; "your mother is coming back."

"Then let us go and meet her," he said, with a sudden flash of defiance.

"But I have to fetch my portfolio; I must take it indoors."

"Well let me carry it."

She hesitated for a moment, while her eyes involuntarily sought his; then her own drooped, and she yielded passively, while he led the way back to where the portfolio had been left, and, taking it up, carried it into the house.

Eva would have taken the portfolio to her own room, and there have remained till Mrs. Westbrook had alighted from her carriage, but Ernest called her to the door, and there his mother, a few seconds later, found the couple awaiting her.

"What good children you are," she laughed, pleased at the small attention.

Then the possible meaning that might be attached to her words struck her; her face darkened, and she said, pointedly, to her son:

"I have invited Adelaide Grantham to come on a visit to us while we are in town."

"Then I hope you are prepared to entertain her," he replied, "for to me, Miss Grantham is intolerable."

Mrs. Westbrook made an angry observation, but Eva slipped away to her room. This had been a white day in the calendar of her life, and she did not wish to spoil it."

To Be Continued.

ABOUT WOMAN SUFFRAGE.

HAS SUFFERED SERIOUS REVERSES IN THE BRITISH HOUSE OF LORDS.

The Prime Minister Woman's Warmest Advocate—Supporters will Needs Bestir Themselves to Recover the Set-back.

Now that we have before us full reports of the debates in Parliament on the Lords' amendment to the London Government bill, an amendment by which women were made ineligible for the office of alderman or councillor in the new metropolitan municipalities, we cannot but recognize that the woman suffrage movement in Great Britain has encountered a serious reverse. The discussion turned undisguisedly on the question whether even an initial step should be taken toward the bestowal of the Parliamentary franchise upon women, and a negative answer was returned by a large majority in the House of Commons, which, hitherto, on several occasions, has encouraged the advocates of woman's rights; not a few distinguished Conservatives, as well as many Liberals, having declared themselves in favor of the entire political equality of the sexes. It now looks as if the woman suffrage societies would have to put redoubled pressure upon candidates for seats in the next Parliament, if they are to regain the lost ground.

It will be remembered that the London Government bill, which has now become a law, provides for the local administration of the various districts included in the wide area for whose collective needs the London County Council was instituted. When the bill was under discussion in the Commons, an amendment was moved making women eligible for the office of alderman or councillor in the new municipal districts. The Government did not oppose the amendment, and it was carried. When the measure reached the House of Lords, Lord Dunraven, of international yacht race notoriety, moved to expunge this particular clause, on the express ground that, were it allowed to stand, its principle logically must be extended to all municipal councils in the country. Lord Salisbury defended the cause, pointing out that the Commons have merely given women the same right of access to the new councils that they then enjoyed to the London vestries, which were to be superseded. It would be unreasonable, he said, that, under the cloak of a mere change in the name of the local bodies, women should be subjected to a parliamentary condemnation without any proof that they had been unworthy of the trust with which they were already invested. He added that, as a matter of fact, the new councils would have to consider such questions as the housing of the working classes, with which women are peculiarly fitted to deal.

SHOULD SIT IN PARLIAMENT.

The Prime Minister was supported by the Archbishop of York and Lord Londonderry; and, what is especially to be noted, Lord Kimberley, the leader of the Liberals, asserted that it would be contrary to practice and to ordinary justice to deprive women of a privilege they already possessed, and that no supporter of the clause would be, necessarily, committed to woman suffrage in the broadest sense. The Lord Chancellor, on the other hand, did not hesitate to oppose his chief, on the distinct plea that the question at issue was, at bottom, no less momentous than this: Whether or not, for all purposes, and in respect of all political power, distinction and disqualification of sex should be maintained. The Duke of Devonshire took the same position, holding that, as women were allowed to sit in town councils, the claim would be presently advanced that they should sit in Parliament. The Duke of Northumberland hinted that all the friends of the clause in the Lower House needed to do was to stand firm, for he simply urged that the Commons should have a further opportunity of considering the matter. In the ensuing division, notwithstanding the attitude assumed by the official leaders of both the Government and the Opposition, Lord Dunraven's amendment expunging the clause making women eligible to the district councils was carried nearly 3 to 1.

The bill went back to the Commons, and there is little doubt that, had the professed friends of woman suffrage been inflexible, the Lords would have ultimately acquiesced in their demands. The test was applied on July 6, when Mr. Leonard H. Courtney proposed a compromise, by suggesting that women should be eligible for councillors, but not for aldermen. Had this compromise been accepted, the principle of woman's fitness for political duties would of course have been upheld. Mr. A. J. Balfour, however, the spokesman for the Government in the House, although he has been supposed to favor woman suffrage declared that it was not in the interests of the bill that the Commons should enter into a contest with the Upper House upon a minor question.

EQUALITY OF THE SEXES.

No member of the front Opposition bench took part in the debate, and the defense of a woman's eligibility to local offices, corresponding to those which she already filled, was conducted by Mr. Augustine Birrell, the author of "Obiter Dicta," and by two private members. Mr. Balfour, upon his part, found unexpected support from a Radical member, Mr. Labouchere, who insisted that the scheme to get women on the town councils was simply a stage in a general plot to place women on the same political footing as men. He contended that, as there is a large majority of women in the United Kingdom, the political equality of the sexes would, in the natural course of events, inevitably involve the submerging of the numerically smaller sex by the larger one. It would involve, in other words, the transfer of the Government of the British Empire from male to female hands. Strange to say, Mr. Labouchere, who formerly, in connection with the second Home Rule bill, maintained that the House of Lords had no moral right to revise the judgment of the House of Commons, now complimented the Upper House on having construed accurately the real mind of the Commons. When the motion was made that "the House do agree in the said amendment, that made by the Lords," it was carried by a majority of 69.

It is idle that this reversal of its previous action by the House of Commons augurs ill for the immediate prospects of woman suffrage in Great Britain. It is a coincidence that the incident occurred at the very time when a Woman's Parliament was sitting in London.

We repeat that the woman suffrage societies will need to bestir themselves at the next general election, if they desire to recover the hold which they have hitherto possessed upon the House of Commons.

A Pioneer's Story.

WILLIAM HEMSTREET'S HEALTH RENEWED AT SEVENTY.

He Was Afflicted With Illness for a Long Period, and Thought His Days of Usefulness Were Past—He is Again as Hearty and Robust as He Was Twenty Years Ago.

From the Free Press, Acton Ont.

No man is better known to the people of the counties of Halton and Wellington than William Hemstreet, a pioneer and much esteemed resident of Acton. Mr. Hemstreet is a native of this country, having been born in Trafalgar township in 1817. In his younger days Mr. Hemstreet conducted a tanning business. He subsequently engaged in the droving and butchering business, and some twenty-five years ago, owing to his superior knowledge of the value of live stock, he took out a license as an auctioneer. In this calling he became at once popular and he was constantly on the road, driving in all kinds of weather, holding auction sales several days a week. Although possessing a strong, healthy constitution, the continued exposure and hard work of selling some days for six or eight hours at a stretch, he gradually lost his strength and vigor, and about three years ago found himself a collapsed and worn-out man. In conversation with a reporter of the Free Press he said:—"I felt that my days of usefulness were over. My strength had departed, my voice was gone, I was too weak to do work of any kind and I was undeniably useless to myself or anyone else. My symptoms were peculiar and baffled several of the best local physicians, who differed very much in their diagnosis. I took their medicines faithfully but no improvement resulted. I did not suffer much pain but was a very sick man. Had no appetite, no strength, could not sleep, and both myself and my friends concluded that my days on earth were numbered and that my worn-out system would in a very short time lie down in eternal rest. I had to give up all my business interests." When Mr. Hemstreet's condition was most serious his attention was attracted by the published testimonial of Rev. Mr. Freeman, a minister with whom he was personally acquainted, relating to his restoration to health after using Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. He was particularly impressed with this testimonial and concluded that these pills must possess singular merit and healing power or Rev. Mr. Freeman would not lend his name to their approbation. Mr. Hemstreet then decided to give them a trial; he first got one box, then three, than half a dozen, and took them regularly. No very marked effects, he says, were noticeable but with characteristic persistence he purchased a further supply. By the time twelve or thirteen boxes had been taken, he felt that new blood was coursing through his veins; that he possessed renewed vigor and was able to perform all the duties his business calls demanded. "For a year I continued to take the pills," he said. "I knew I was regaining my old time strength and good health and I was determined the course should be complete and permanent, and I gave them the credit for making me the new man I feel myself to be to-day. As evidenced that my recovery is complete I have only to state that this spring I have conducted a number of auction sales in the open air with perfect ease and with entire satisfaction to my clients.

"I am as much averse to making personal matters public as any one could possibly be, but my long continued illness was so widely known and my recovery has been so marked and satisfactory that I feel that I owe a debt of gratitude to the simple but effective remedy which cured me, and this is why I thus acknowledge it, as well as to show to those who are up in years and in ill-health what Dr. Williams' Pink Pills did for me."

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills cure by going to the root of the disease. They renew and build up the blood, and strengthen the nerves, thus driving disease from the system. Avoid imitations by insisting that every box you purchase is enclosed in a wrapper bearing the full trade mark, Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People.

CONVINCING ARGUMENT.

Father—You should do as I did—begin at the bottom and work up.

Then why not let me marry Amy, father? You know there's a woman at the bottom of everything.

THE BOXING KANGAROO.

A New Electrical Toy Which Will Interest the Children.

A new electrical toy presents in an original way the old principal of the electric penuulm, which consists of a very light ball of pith suspended by a silk thread from bent iron wire, one leg of which is placed in a glass foot for insulation. If the little ball is approached by any object charged with electricity, it is first attracted, and then, upon being touched is repulsed by it. The toy is called the boxing kangaroo. The figure of a boxer is cut out of cardboard, and covered on the back with tinfoil, which is turned over at the edges of the card. One foot of the figure is stuck into sealing wax on a small block, and to the back of this leg is secured a piece of iron wire. As the other foot does not touch the support, it is insulated from it. The figure of a kangaroo in boxing position is cut out of tracing paper, covered on one side with tinfoil, and suspended by a linen thread from one end of a piece of iron wire that has a rectangular bend, the other end being set in the supporting plate. The kangaroo then faces the boxer. The process of putting life into the two figures is very simple. One end of a glass chimney is stopped up by a cork, in the center of which is driven a nail, one end of which is secured to a piece of small iron wire, the other end of the wire being connected with the wire on the back of the boxer's leg. The apparatus is then complete. After the lamp chimney has been carefully dried, it must be rubbed with a piece of silk, or fur. This generates electricity, which is transmitted to the boxer. The kangaroo, strongly attracted by the electrically-charged figure, makes a dash at it, but a discharge of electricity instantly follows, and the animal is repulsed. As long as the rubbing of the chimney is kept up, this series of attacks and repulses will continue, the struggle between the man and the beast being constantly renewed.

WHY WE OPEN THE MOUTH.

An Attention Sign Which Is a Survival of Primitive Life.

Hiram M. Stanley advances a new explanation of the tendency to open the mouth in surprise and astonishment. Darwin ascribed this tendency to the intuitive desire for quietness and effectiveness of breathing, and to mere relaxation of the muscles. Mr. Stanley finds a deeper organic reason, viz., that the open mouth is the attention sign, and is a primitvie and constant reaction with the young of many animals for the reception of food,—for example, with birds. Any sound or other stimulus immediately causes the young bird to extend its mouth. With young infants the same influence has often the same effect. The mouth of the infant under such stimulation usually assumes the sucking form, and its smile when the finger is pointed at it, may be either nascent or degraded sucking. Mr. Stanley maintains that the common and highly useful tendency of the very young to open the mouth to all stimuli, visual, aural, etc., continues as a survival in after life, being especially brought out with stimuli of high intensity and unusual quality, and thus becomes a mark of surprise and astonishment. It is a habit very common among boys and girls to open the mouth under any attention. The rise of smiling and laughter as connected with wit and humor—at the basis of which lies surprise—thus declares itself as a kind of attention expression. Assuming that the primary expression of the mouth is a feeding expression, and that this probably has been modified and evolved in connection with a variety of attention phenomena, Mr. Stanley suggests that it would be worth while to make a detailed study of expression in infants and young animals with this point in view.

A CURIOUS POSTAL SYSTEM.

In certain parts of Sweden, where the most absolute confidence is reposed in the honesty of the people, a very informal postal system is in vogue, As the mail steamer reaches a landing place a man goes ashore with the letters, which he places in an unlocked box on the pier. Then the passer-by who expects a letter opens the box, turns over the letters and selects his own, unquestioned by anyone.

A LONG MARCH.

The longest cavalry practice march ever taken by a German regiment in time of peace began a few days ago, the regiment starting from the town of Giessen. The cavalrymen selected for the feat were the members of the Thirteenth Uhlans, of Hanover. Five special trains carried the regiment, with their horses, to Giessen, at a cost of $15,000. From Giessen the cavalrymen are riding to Strasburg, via Frankfort-Darmstadt, to attend the imperial review. At the end of September the regiment will return to Hanover.

EASY BICYCLING.

The Sultan of Morocco has a somewhat imperial method of amusing himself with cycling. A couch is rigged up between the wheels and on this the monarch reclines, studying the cyclometer and the compass, while his attendants pedal for him.

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

OUT AT HOME.

On a quiet summer evening,
Out at home,
When all nature thought of sleeping,
Out at home,
And the twilight, softly creeping,
O'er the fields and meadows sweeping,
Through the aisles of maples leaping,
Brought the cool refreshing gloaming
Out at home.

I was sitting in the garden,
Out at home,
Mong the berries and the melons,
Out at home,
And that soothing touch of evening's
Gentle playing on my heartstrings,
Turned my thoughts, with tender yearnings,
O'er the days when we were children,
Out at home.

How we raced among the flowers,
Out at home,
'Neath the elm's refreshing bowers,
Out at home,
How we planted cut potatoes,
How we ate the ripe tomatoes,
Listened to Dame Nature's platos,
Learned her wisdom, hoards and powers,
Out at home.

Many years have flitted by them,
Out at home,
Since the days when we were children,
Out at home,
But the same blue sky is o'er them—
Bluest spot there is in Heaven—
And the landscape flung around them
Teems with mem'ries loved and olden,
Out at home.

There's the swamp we used to dread so,
Out at home,
There's the camp we used to love so,
Out at home,
There's the barn so weather beaten,
And the fields in wheat so golden,
And the meadows clover laden,
And the corn and pumpkins blooming,
Out at home.

But they've changed so, brother, dearest,
Out at home,
Since the days when we were children,
Out at home,
Age has touched with crippling finger
Those who round the hearthstone linger,
And their steps now feebly falter,
As they near death's dark cold river,
Out at home.

Still their hearts are kind as ever,
Out at home,
Dear old mother's O, so clever,
Out at home,
And it was so good to see her,
Sitting in that high old rocker,
Telling 'bout when we were younger
All the things that used to happen,
Out at home.

Oft I think as twilight deepens,
Out at home,
I am sitting in the garden,
Out at home,
And I see, as once in childhood,
With their fairy fringe of wildwood,
Fences, fields, and lawn and larchwood,
All the scenes of happy boyhood,
Out at home.

—ERNEST CHUTE.

NEW USEFUL INVENTIONS.

One of the most useful and practical exhibits at the Industrial Exhibition this year, was that of the Metal Shingle and Siding Co., Limited, of Preston, Ont.

Their Patent Safe Lock Shingles which interlock each other on all four sides, was continuously surrounded by interested spectators, their handsome appearance, great durability, unique construction, fire and lightning proof qualities, making a combination much superior to wood shingles or other roofing.

They also exhibited a full line of small and large sheet siding in various designs suitable for all kinds of buildings. This sidnig can be applied over rough cast clap-board or any rough surfaces, making old buildings very warm and dry, and to look like new.

Their handsome new designs of metal ceilings and side walls, were very much admired, an improved feature being the construction of the locks making invisible joins when plates are put on.

Metal goods are here to stay. They have every advantage as to appearance and durability and parties interested in buildings, whether barns, sheds, dwellings, etc., should not fail to possess a copy of the above enterprising firm's catalogue, which is sent free upon application.

FOR MINE FIRES.

Carbonic acid is now successfully used for extinguishing large fires in coal mines. It is taken into the mine in a liquified state in steel cylinders and liberated.

OVER THEIR GRAVES.

In many parts of Scotland it used to be the custom to place on a man's tombstone the symbols of his trade. Thus, a sugar cane would decorate the grave of a grocer; an ax and saw, with hammer and nails, would be found on that of a carpenter; an awl and a hammer on a shoemaker's grave, and so on.

WHISKEY FOR POWDER.

Among the principal consumers of corn whiskey is the British Government, which used 124,000 last year in the manufacture of smokeless powder.

The Sting Within.

It is said there is a rankling thorn in every heart, and yet that none would exchange their own for that of another. Be that as it may, the sting arising from the heart of a corn is real enough, and in this land of tight boots a very common complaint also. Putnam's Painless Corn Extractor is a never failing remedy for this kind of heartache, as you can easily prove if afflicted. Cheap, sure, painless. Try the genuine and use no other.

SPIDERS IN JAPAN.

Spiders are a serious plague in Japan. They spin ttheir webs on the telegraph wires, and are so numerous as to cause a serious loss of insulation. Sweeping the wires does little good, as the spiders begin all over again.

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

GENII ARE FIRST-BORN.

An Italian professor has promulgated a new theory concerning genius. He says that the majority of persons of distinction are the first-born of the family, while a large proportion of the minority are the youngest of large families.

La Toscana, 10c. RELIANCE CIGAR FACTORY, Montreal

A CONSCIENTIOUS BOY.

Freddie, said his mother, severely, didn't I tell you that you shouldn't ride your bicycle to-day, because you were naughty?

This isn't my bicycle, said Freddie, it's Tommy Jones'. We have exchanged just for to-day.

MONTREAL HOTEL DIRECTORY.

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

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

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

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

EVEN THAT TOO MUCH.

The Younger One—I think that all a man should know about his wife's dress is the cost.

The Elder Matron—You goose, he should not know even that.

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

A UNIQUE RECORD.

Cousin Elizabeth is utterly deficient in imagination.

How do you know?

She says she can't brag that any man on earth was ever in love with her.

FOR OVER FIFTY YEARS

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

LETHARGIC.

Stubbs—Are the people of this town healthy?

Penn—Well, half the time they're in bed.

Stubb—Ill?

Penn—No, sleep.

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.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.

Sold by Druggists, 75c.

Hall's Family Pills are the best.

MOST SINGULAR SHIP.

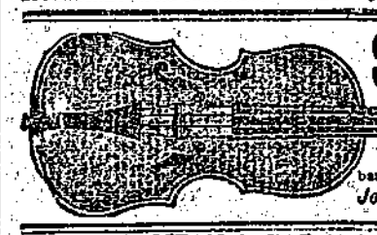
The most singular ship in the world is the Polyphemus of the British navy. It is simply a long steel tube, deeply buried in the water, the deck rising only four feet above the sea. It carries no masts or sails and is used as a ram and torpedo boat.

"A coward is worse than a cup of sack with lime in it" says Falstaff—or as bad as a cup of ordinary tea after once using Blue Ribbon Ceylon

HAVEN'T YOU TRIED IT YET? WHAT?

LUDELLA Ceylon.

Oh, the luxury of it! No other tea so fragrant and so comforting. To drink Ludella is the acme of pleasure and satisfaction. But be sure you Get Ludella! Avoid substitutes. Sold everywhere! Used everywhere! Lead packages. 25, 30, 40, 50 & 60c



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

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

A MEAN STEAL.

Neighbor—My! my! So the story is true, and your husband has really eloped with the servant girl.

Deserted wife, weeping—Yes, and she was the best girl I ever had, too—a perfectly lovely cook, and so quiet and respectful. Dear knows where I'll be able to get another.

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

COMPREHENDED SOME OF IT.

Bilkins—Could you understand Prof. Dryasdut's lecture on theosophy?

Wilkins—Yes; I understood the last part of it.

What was that?

We will now take up a collection to defray expenses.

W P C 989

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

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

Brass Band *Instruments, Drums, Uniforms, etc.* **Every town can have a band.** Lowest prices ever quoted. Fine catalogue, 500 illustrations, mailed free. Write us for anything in Music or Musical Instruments. WHALEY ROYCE & CO., - Toronto, Can.

ONE NIGHT Corn Cure. Ask your druggie for it. Price 10c

FARMS FOR SALE—BRUCE COUNTY—Some Great Bargains. Apply to JAME McK. STEWART, Drawer 15, Kincardine P.O., Ont.

"BEAVER BRAND" Mackintosh never hardens & is guaranteed Waterproof. Ask for it, take no other. Beaver Rubber Clothing Co., Montreal.

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

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

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

Catarrh; Indian Catarrh Cure. Sold by all reliable Druggists.

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

WOOD & PHOTO ENGRAVING J. L. JONES ENG. Co. 6 & 10 ADELAIDE ST. W. TORONTO

HARRIS Buys Scrap. LEAD, COPPER, BRASS. Wholesale only. Long Distance Telephone 1220. WILLIAM ST., TORONTO.

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

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

PATENTS Procured in all countries. Designs, Trade Marks registered, Copyrights, Caveats procured. Write for information. EGERTON, R. CASE, Registered Solicitor of Patents, Notary Public, Temple Building, Toronto, Ont.

32% Profits for the Month OF JULY. This Company, after paying the 4 per cent. monthly coupons maturing August 1st, have remaining a surplus of 28 per cent. After deducting expenses, and the amount carried to the reserve fund there remains to the credit of the investors a surplus over dividend of 16 1-3 per cent. Any amount from $50 upwards received for investment. Book free, giving full particulars. The Dominion Investment Company of Toronto, Canada Permanent Chambers, 18 Toronto St.

Michigan Land for Sale. 8,000 ACRES GOOD FARMING LANDS—ARENAC, Iosco, Ogemaw and Crawford Counties. Title perfect. On Michigan Central, Detroit & Mackinac and Loon Lake Railroads, at prices ranging from $2 to $5 per acre. These Lands are Close to Enterprising New Towns, Churches, Schools, etc., and will be sold on most reasonable terms. Apply to R. M. PIERCE, Agent, West Bay City, Mich. Or J. W. CURTIS, Whittemore, Mich.

JAS. R. ANNETT, Manager. JOHN J. MAIN, Supt. and Treas.

The Canadian Heine Safety BOILER Co. Esplanade, Opp. Sherbourne St., Toronto

High Class Water Tube Steam Boilers, for All Pressures, Duties and Fuel.

SEND FOR DESCRIPTIVE CATALOGUE.

References: Toronto Electric Light Co., Limited. The T. Eaton Co., Limited. The Massey-Harris Co., Limited. The Gutta Percha Rubber & Mfg. Co. The Wilson Publishing Co., Limited. (All of Toronto, where boilers may be seen working.)

Solid Gold....$2.35
Best Gold Fill 1.50
5 yrs Gold Fill 1.00
Best Glasses... 100

TESTING FREE

We guarantee perfect satisfaction.

GLOBE OPTICAL CO., 93 Yonge Street, Toronto.

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

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

WHITE'S PHOSPHO SODA An Effervescing Phosphate, excellent cleanser for liver, kidney and stomach, takes the place of coal tar preparations in case of headache, its effect is immediate. Sold by all druggists, in 10c, 25c, 50c and $1.00 packages. Queen City Drug Co., 27½ Wellington-st. E., Toronto

CARD INDEX... The only perfect system for keeping names and addresses. Sample tray outfit..... $3. The Office Specialty Mfg. Co., Limited 122 and 124 Bay St., TORONTO. Factory: Newmarket

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

KISSING BUGS..... Boys—Do you want to give the girls a genuine surprise? Girls—You can have oceans of fun with this novelty. The mainspring of life is fun. Send for a Kissing Bug, and live ten years longer. Sent post-paid with our list of novelties, for 10c. in stamps or silver. PROGRESS NOVELTY CO., 122 Richmond St. W., - Toronto, Ont.

FREE Your choice of a Violin, Guitar or Autoharp for selling only 3 dozen Gold Topped Lever Collar Buttons at 10 cents each, or a Mandolin or Banjo for selling 4 dozen. No money required. Just write us and we will send the buttons postpaid. Sell them, return the money and the instrument you choose will be promptly forwarded by express, all charges paid. Lever Button Co., Dept. Z, Toronto.

Dominion Line ROYAL MAIL STEAMSHIPS Montreal and Quebec to Liverpool. Large and fast Steamers Vancouver, Dominion, Scotsman, Cambroman. Rates of passage:—First Cabin, $50 upwards; Second Cabin, $35; Steerage, $22.50 and $23.50 For further information apply to local agents, or DAVID TORRANCE & CO., General Agents, 17 St. Sacrament St., Montreal.

Hotel and Saloon men cannot afford to be without the Automatic Faucet Attachment, as it pays for itself in one week drawing beer. No drip, no waste. You only need one hand to draw beer with the Automatic but in case of rush you can hold glasses in each hand, as the Automatic is always ready. The Automatic draws the finest glass of beer and is used for any trade, as it puts the kind of head on the beer that you want. Price $1.50 pre-paid—money refunded if not satisfactory. Hamilton Mfg Co., Toronto

HARDWARE, DRUG AND GENERAL STORES ALL SELL IT TO THEIR GOOD TRADE.

"PEERLESS" Machine Oil BECAUSE IT'S THE VERY BEST OIL THEY CAN GET. No other gives such complete satisfaction to FARMERS THE QUEEN CITY OIL CO. LIMITED SAML. ROGERS PRES. TORONTO

HEALTH RESTORED without medicine or expense to the most disordered Stomach, Lungs, Nerves, Liver, Blood, Bladder, Kidneys, Brain and Breath by **Du Barry's Revalenta Arabica Food,** which Saves Invalids and Children, and also Rears successfully Infants whose Ailments and Debility have resisted all other treatments. It digests when all other food is rejected, saves 50 times its cost in medicine. **50 Years'** Invariable Success. 100,000 Annual Cures of Constipation, Flatulency, Dyspepsia, Indigestion, Consumption, Diabetes, Bronchitis, Influenza, Coughs, Asthma, Catarrh, Phlegm, Diarrhœa, Nervous Debility, Sleeplessness, Despondency. **DuBarry & Co.,** (Limited), 77 Regent Street, London, W., also in Paris, 14, Rue de Castiglion; and of all Grocers, Chemists, and Stores everywhere, in tins, ½., 3., 6d., 6s., 5lb., 14s. Sent carriage free. Also Du Barry's Revalenta Biscuits, in tins, 3s. 6d. and 6s. Agents for Canada: The T. Eaton Co., Limited, Toronto

ALLAN LINE ROYAL MAIL STEAMERS | ST. LAWRENCE ROUTE, MONTREAL TO LIVERPOOL.

EVERY THURSDAY

From Liverpool.		From Montreal
24 Aug	BAVARIAN	7 Sept
31 Aug	CALIFORNIAN	14 Sept.
7 Sept	TAINUI	21 Sept.
14 Sept	PARISIAN	28 Sept
21 Sept	BAVARIAN	5 Oct.

The new Twin Screw S. S. Bavarian, 10,000 tons, will sail from Liverpool Aug. 24, and from Montreal Sept. 7

Cabin Passage—$50.00 and upwards.

Second Cabin—$35.00, Return $65.50.

Steerage—Liverpool, London, Glasgow, Londonderry or Queenstown, $23.50.

For tickets and all information apply to local agents or N. BOURLIER, 77 Yonge St., Toronto, or H. & A. ALLAN, Montreal.

MOUNTAIN ECHOES.

Grand Forks now has the C. P. R.

The Water & Light Co. had the tank cleaned out on Thursday.

Mr. Riblet is going to build a Finlayson train for the Wakefield mine.

City Clerk Sewell has his shingle out at the apartments of Barrister Christie.

The new school will probably be finished and ready for occupancy by the 1st of October.

Archie McDonald's broken limb is doing as well as possible, though he is still confined to the hospital.

There is some talk in certain circles of running Wm. Hunter, of Silverton, for M.P.P. in the event of an election.

McLeod and Kinnell have taken a contract at the Star to drive 100 feet of tunnel. They have five men at work on the job.

G. W. Hughes, visiting Sandon on Thursday, missed the return train and he then telephoned, "A horse, a horse, a kingdom for a horse."

About the only idle men in and around Sandon now are the business men, professional men and bankers, all of these could do much more work.

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

The flaming sword, one reads so much of in the Bible, is now on top of the tower of the Presbyterian church, and John Belmain calls it the eighth wonder of the world.

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

The new seats for the Methodist church arrived from Calgary, but owing to press of business of the contractors, Eolliott & McMillan, it is not likely they will be put in place this week.

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.

The Silverton Miners' Union has shown its good sense in withdrawing from its former position on the contract system, and is now allowing its men to work on contracts without a guarantee of $3.50 a day.

The French government has gone the rounds of its farce and pardoned Dreyfus, no doubt because of public sentiment every where in his favor. He has gone to spend the rest of his days with his family in Southern France.

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.

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.

Last year the Slocan mines paid the provincial government a tax of about $20,000 on their output, and this year the item will be next to nothing. Here is a revenue badly needed by the country lost through the efficiency of the much adored eight-hour law.

Occasionally we hear a business man blaming the mine owners for not opening up the mines. Would it not, however, be more in order to censure the government for closing them down. They would never have closed but for the penalties in the eight-hour law.

John Houston, of the Nelson Tribune, is having most of the papers in the Slocan purchased in the interest of the mine owners. All along, from the accuracy of his prophecies, he has shown that he knows as much about the intentions of the mine owners as he does about the kingdom of heaven. A wheelbarrow would carry the load in either case.

From appearances a bloody war is the inevitable in South Africa. The English officials are pushing preparations with might and main, and from the indications will have to fight the united forces of that country. It is more than likely that the Orange Free State and the Dutch Colonies as a whole will throw in their lot with the Transvaal. It will only prolong the struggle and bring about a greater result—the subjugation of that entire country by the force of Great Britain's arms.

Expressman Menzies had an adventure of his own on Monday with "a cullo'd lady" coming in on the K. & S. It appears the lady had a dog on which was a collar and chain. Menzies asked pay for the transport of "the animile" and the lady refused to pay the requisite amount. At this he took off the collar and chain and then the siege and fusilade began. It lasted half way in on the train and over some of the streets of the city. On one occasion she told him all that saved him from a genuine thrashing was that she was not well. At length some friend put up the necessary "dough" and the lady went on her way without participating in a fistic encounter.

New Denver wants a social assembly this winter.

"Nic" Palorcia is now pegging away at the old stand as hard as ever.

"Kid" McCoy knocked out Steve O'Donnell in six rounds in New York on the 19th.

There is a little doing at almost all the mines but not enough to give the place the air of a mining camp in activity.

Rossland has 25 cases of typhoid, which are 25 reasons why some people ought to be thankful they live in Sandon, even if the mines are closed.

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."

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

The Nelson Tribune has the Slocan mines going to work on the 1st of Oct. at $3 50 per short day for non-union labor. On the 1st of Oct., however, it (the print) will know more about its value as a prophet.

The Exchange-News, of Montreal, says that "mines are made, not found." If the requisite body of metal to make a mine is not in "the find" it would take a great deal of "making" to develop a mine in a given property.

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

James Martin, M.P.P. for Rossland, is finding the truth of the old saying, "Uneasy lies the head that wears the crown." He has got the appointment of police magistrate for the city for John Boultbee, apparently against the wishes of the majority of the city, and he is taking the usual lashing in such cases.

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

The Nelson Tribune is a print that is exceptionally wise in its day and generation. Every day, these times, it knows exactly what the mine owners of the Slocan are going to do, but every day's story knocks down dead the story of the day before. Better turn weather prophet, Bro. Houston, you can tell more about wind, and the harder the gale the better, than you can ever hope to tell about the intentions of the mine owners, at least until they have decided themselves on a basis of action.

FOR OVER FIFTY YEARS.

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

CORPORATION OF THE CITY OF SANDON

NOTICE.

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

Sandon, B. C., Sept. 14th, 1899.

FRANK C. SEWELL,
City Clerk.

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 ¾ 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. 23251 a, and Hugh Dolney, Free Miner's Certificate No. 23217 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 TERRIBLE TIME!

A Port Hope Lady Undergoes a trying experience, from which she is at last freed by the use of Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills.

Mr. F. J. ARMSTRONG, one of Port Hope's best known citizens, speaks as follows:—"My wife has had a terrible time with her heart for the last fifteen months.

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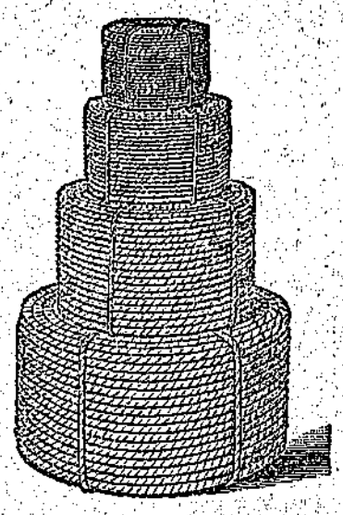

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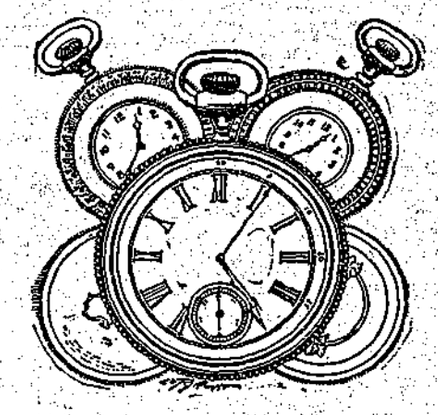

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