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The Mining Review.

VOL. 5.—NO. 12. SANDON, B. C., SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 7, 1901. $2.00 PER YEAR.

THE LOCAL BUDGET.

Labor day did not see much amusement in Sandon.

Thos. Jalland came over from Enderby on Wednesday on a short visit.

F. T. Kelly reached Sandon on Monday and will doubtless remain for a time.

Chas. McLaughlin and Gil McLeod are renovating their residences up Cody avenue.

D. J. McLachlan is making a good job of painting the city hall. It is much needed.

The Last Chance Co. are thinking of having the Electric Light Co. extend a wire to their office.

E. A. Brown, M. E., has been spending some days up in the Lardeau, skirmishing for business,

The spirits are moving as Jeff Main is managing a new wholesale liquor business in the old stand.

The dry season appears to be coming to a close in Sandon, as the rains are occurring quite frequently.

The cook at the Monitor mine (a woman) won Mrs. Hasketh's organ raffled on Saturday night.

Although the mines are increasing their working force, it does not appear to improve business much in town.

Notwithstanding the fact that many of the mines are not working large forces, there are but few idle men in town.

Our justice mill appears to be sadly out of joint these times, as there is scarcely enough doing to pay the Beak's salary.

Mr. M. L. Grimmett is renovating his residence preparatory to Mrs. Grimmet's return from her summer residence at New Denver.

Sailor Jack is in town again. Probably he will run for alderman next year, as there is no one else in town who will want the position.

Milk took a tumble on Monday, but it did not relieve the citizens much. It was only a case of Tattrie's horse running away, bringing the milk van to grief.

Some one must have seen times brightening, as Mr. Tattrie has received a cash offer for his interest in the breweey. He will, however, likely keep it to himself.

Mr. and Mrs. David Heap have returned from Banff, where Mr. Heap spent a few months in search of health. He has considerably improved, but he is not yet a well man.

FOR SALE.

A limited number of Shares in Similkameen Valley Coal Co., Limited.

For further particulars and prospectus apply to

WM. W. FALLOWS,
SANDON.

Official Agent for Slocan District.

The Noble Five flume is being repaired.

The Monitor has a car of ore ready for shipment.

The Star has now about 40 men working and the Payne a few more than that.

A slight accident happened to the Whitewater mill machinery last week, it was in running shape again in a few hours.

The blacksmith shop at No. 4 tunnel of the Wonderful went up in a blaze on Wednesday night entailing a loss of about $300.

Mr. Wethered, secretary of the New Zealand Minerals Co., is shortly to visit the Whitewater mine, of which he is a large shareholder.

J. P. Martin, the cigarmaker, arrived in town yesterday. He is not sure whether he will start his cigar factory up again at present.

The Star mine has now one of the most complete laboratories of its own to be found in the province, and all the sampling is done on the premises.

Ashnola is the name of the new townsite located at the Similkameen Valley Coal Co.'s mines, and is owned by the same company. Lots are now for sale on the market.

Neil McInnis is in the Boundary country and is expected home today. He went over to that section for the purpose of securing some land on which to start ranching.

E. F. McQueen left yesterday for Detroit, Mich., on a business and pleasure trip, and will be away for a few months. Andy Rankin of Ferguson will relieve him during his absence.

D. J. McLachlan has at length moved his building that used to make an acute angle in the front of Jalland's store. The shortening of the street will much improve appearances.

E. A. Cameron is making an excellent job cleaning up and repairing the Cody road. It is a pity that there is not money enough available to crib the creek side and double track it.

Since the concentrators have shut down, and the tailings giving a mineral effect to the water, are kept out of the creek, trout are found at nearly all points between Sandon and Three Forks. In fact some fish have been caught just above and below the flume.

The ladies of the Catholic church will hold a bazaar in the Miners' union hall on Saturday, 5th of October. A voting contest for a gold watch will be a leading feature. Miss Minnie McKinnon and Miss Julia McDonald are the two who enter the cotenst, the most popular lady after the ballots are counted gets the watch. A good supper will be served.

The Similkameen Valley Coal Co. in which many Sandonites are largely interested, is turning out a good success. A large block of the property was sold in Toronto some time ago and 20.000 shares were sold in Nelson the other day at 25 cents. Mr. Pitts was in town Tuesday to arrange for the sale of stock in this city. Mr. Fallows is looking after the matter.

On the occasion of the Spokane Interstate fair, Sept. 10th to 21st inclusive, the K. & S. Ry. will sell round trip tickets from Sandon to Spokane for $13.15, selling dates are from Sept. 8th to 19th inclusive. Tickets good for nine days from date of sale. Tickets sold on or after Sept. 15th will be limited to Sept. 22nd. The rates from McGuigan are $12.75; Whitewater $12.40, on the same conditions.

Mrs. O. V. White is visiting in Spokane.

There is talk of the Ruth mill starting up before long.

F. L. Christie is expected home from England any day.

It is said Murphy will enter the Dunsmuir cabinet in McBride's place.

W. Logan and C. E. Ammand left for their home in Shubenacadie, N. B., a few days ago.

Sid Norman has bonded several claims on Ten Mile, and will commence active work on them shortly.

Fauquier, the defaulting government agent at Revelstoke, has been sent up for trial at the next assizes.

Mr. Warner is now busily engaged packing ore from the Mountain Con and Wonderful and expects to have a car from each property in a few days ready for shipment. The latter property Mr. Warner states is looking better then it did at any previous time and expects to make a mine out of the same.

President McKinley Shot.

"Uneasy lies the head that wears the crown." A special bulletin posted up at the C. P. R. depot yesterday announced that President McKinley was shot twice the same day at the Pan-American Exposition at Buffalo. It is not yet known if the shots are fatal.

Sandon Miners Win.

Ross and McLeod, of the Star, are now classed as the champion heavyweight drillers of British Columbia. They entered the heavyweight drilling contest at Phoenix on Labor day, and as no competitors tried conclusions with them they were awarded the first prize of $175. They, however, gave an exhibition of drilling, going 43 inches in about ten minutes when the rock split. They feel so confidenct of their prowess, they have decided to compete in the various drilling contests at the Elks' fair in Spokane, and will no doubt be pitted against the best drillers in the Western States. A purse of $1,000 will be hung for the contest, and the boys will of course have their eyes cast upon this envious prize.

Payne's Progress.

Mr. Garde, of the Payne, is of the opinion the price of lead is likely to advance in the English market, and with a refinery at a suitable point in Canada, the changed conditions would lead to extensive work in the Slocan, even at small profits. Mr. Garde is going to New York to meet his wife and family, who will make their home on arrival at the Payne residence. In the course of a couple of months the Payne will open up 6, 7 and 8 levels, and produce large ore bodies below former workings. A shaft is now being sunk at the north side of the mountain between 5 and 8 levels. A compressor at the portals of No. 5 tunnel operates a hoist by air. A new two drill electric plant has recently been put in for a thorough trial. If these Durkee drills work well, larger plants will be put in. Mr. Garde believes electric drills will be the solution of cheap mining in the Slocan. The Payne people are not going to build a concentrator, as they find after experiment the mine has but little ore that can be put through a mill at a profit.

City Council.

The regular meeting of the city council was held on Tuesday evening, September 3rd. Present, Aldermen Jalland, Cameron, Duffy and Folliott. Jalland took the chair.

City Clerk Lyons, acting as returning officer, stated that no nominations were handed in to him, and consequently no election took place.

The aldermen then appointed Robt. Cunning an aldermen, he accepted the position and took his seat at the board.

The following communications were received:—

From D. D. McLeod, applying for the position as chief of police.

From E. A. Cameron, withdrawing his account for labor on the creek, removing the jam.

From E. A. Brown, certifying to the completion of the city hall building contract for Folliott & McMillan.

Reports were received from F. C. Sewell (re city books), finance commitee and scavenger. The police report for July and August has not been sent in. W. H. Lilly's statement was laid over till next meeting.

The court of revision takes place on Saturday, the 19th of October, and the assessment roll is to be in by the 9th of this month.

Alderman Cameron gave notice that he would at the next meeting move an amendment to bylaw No. 22, reducing the hawker and peddler license from $250 to $100 for every six month.

The chief of police and scavenger offices are to be amalgamated, and Geo. Waite was recommended for the position.

A motion was passed allowing the acting-mayor to sign all the warrants and accounts put through by the finance committee.

Checks to the amount of $828.44 were issued for last month's accounts and salaries.

Sandon Ore Shipments.

The following are the ore shipments from Sandon, for the week were:

Mine.	Tons.
Slocan Star	148
American Boy	40
Sunset	20
Total,	265

Harry Stewart and W. H. Patterson left yesteday for a trip to the Pan-American exposition.

A PURE GRAPE CREAM OF TARTAR POWDER

DR. PRICE'S CREAM BAKING POWDER

Highest Honors, World's Fair
Gold Medal, Midwinter Fair

Avoid Baking Powders containing alum. They are injurious to health

A YARN FROM THE YARD.

Just so! Your public—Monkhouse, the old detective, sat back with the pregnant chuckle that always riveted attention—your public knew about as much of that affair as the Rajah himself; and he went away blissfully unconscious that Scotland Yard had been holding its breath for a solid month. No, I shall give no name to the obscure restaurant, run by foreigners, where the beautiful scheme was brought to a head. Enough that one evening I was supposed to be dozing over my paper at one of the tables there. Yes; I was staring might and main at the gentleman for whose appearance I had waited a week—the man launched upon unsuspecting London by a set of fanatics who hoped to send a thrill shuddering from here right away to India.

I had no tangible proof yet. All the same I was ready to stake my hard-won reputation on the instinct that tingled through me at first sight of that wax-white, black-bearded face flashed on to a mirror from the doorway opposite. Entering, he sat down near the door, whispered for macaroni and coffee, and began rolling a cigarette with thin, nervous fingers, while—I knew—he was mentally photographing every detail in the room. And—er—yes, the furtive glance paused at myself. Good—splendid! He was fresh from the Continent; beyond a doubt; and I—well, it had taken me just one hour each day to "make up" as the foreigner who should have been there to meet him, but whom we had thoughtfully prevented from doing so.

The macaroni came. He just tasted it, shuddered, sipped at the coffee and began smoking hard. No attempt at a signal. The situation was exquisitely delicate. We didn't want London to send up a roar. The plot, and everyone concerned in it had to be traced home in strictest secrecy; a false move now, and the vile tentacle thrown out over sea by the Anarchist octopus might be instantly withdrawn. Luckily, the newspaper could tell nothing about the intercepted letter in cipher to Luigi Arboretti, the clever scoundrel who, handed across his own border a year ago, had found a refuge in London; the ferret-eyed correspondents could not—and never really did—discover that this latest plot of all aimed at stirring up a rebellion and hatred in India by murdering, on English soil, one of the most powerful provincial rulers—our distinguished visitor, His Highness, the Rajah Dhu Djaleen.

Minute after minute went by. I watched him breathlessly in the mirror there: he stared as steadily back. No life in his eyes yet; but—what was he up to? Twice he had held his cigarette at arm's length, stared fixedly at it, put the lighted end in his mouth, and blown a whiff of smoke in three directions. A sign? The letter had mentioned none. I had cigarettes—but I might make a fearful blunder that way. At my wit's end, I looked down at my newspaper again. Something like this stared up at me:—

"The Rajah Dhu Djaleen reached London late last night after his visit to Scotland. His Highness was said to be in the best health and spirits, and proceeded straight to his suite at the Cosmopolitan Hotel. It is understood that, although the Rajah has been received in conference in the highest quarters, his visit will remain a strictly informal one." Etc., etc.

In two seconds I snipped out the item with my thumb nail, held it up as if in a yawn, and then rolled it into a pellet. A backward flip, and the pellet lay near his feet. Would he bite? For another minute I held my breath; then—his cigarette dropped. When he picked it up the pellet was gone. Yes; it was a big bound my heart gave at the certainty that there sat the man selected to set an Indian province ablaze and put a big blot on Britain. For a time he never moved; then, almost before I knew it, he was seated opposite me, and had clutched and pocketed that paper with the dangerous elimination.

"Vous etes——" he breathed.

"Arboretti!" I gave him back, with an accent. "Keep to English here. I have been shadowed by Naples and Paris detectives—dared not give you the sign openly. Why so late?"

"Ah! I was followed; I know it. It took me the week to turn and twist and get to—where I am. I have carried twenty of the capsules, filled with nitro-glycerine, in the false crown of this hat the whole way.....You are not speaking. Is it for to-morrow?"

"No; er—say Thursday." It wanted a bit of saying, as his hot breath puffed on my face. I was bound to risk a feeler on my own account. "Why was it to be the rajah? They could not have chosen a worse place than England—London. If these people had but an idea, they would——"

"Then let it be to-morrow?" he caught my hand tightly. "But I say yes!—let it be over. It might mean madness for me; I have had the great struggle not to drown my senses in cognac. I am quite ready—I wait for nothing save your plan. There is the hotel: show me a way into it and it is done. For myself, I care nothing. To-morrow, yes! It is perhaps the last good blow we shall strike. I, Mareschi, one man, will blow up their Rajah—I alone!"

"Hush—keep calm," I whispered. "You are mistaken; I shall be with you; I am no more afraid than you. Then—to-morrow!" I had to say it, his eyes had flamed up so dangerously—and, of course, all our hopes were based upon what we might glean from this Mareschi. So far, we were all in the dark as to the names and number of the plotters on this side. "It is just the plan we must consider now—to get a way in, and keep it." I waited, on the chance that he might know something of the real Arboretti's scheme: but he only hung on my words with that mad, puzzling intentness. I was treading the edge of a deep pit. "It is not to be Thursday, and so my best and safest plan falls to the ground. On that day he attends a reception at an Embassy, and returns to the hotel in time for——" Another pause. No; it seemed fairly clear that the final arrangements had been entrusted to that deep Arboretti. "Well, here is our second and only alternative idea. Provided that the Rajah sleeps at his hotel to-morrow night, it cannot fail. To-morrow there will be cases of game, wine and other things carried in at the rear of the building. Mareschi, bend your head!"——and I whispered a clever notion that had been agreed upon days before, so designed that he and his confederates could be arrested quietly on the very scene of the contemplated crime.

"Yes, yes!" He simply nodded, and was on his feet again. "I care not so long as I succeed. You have all this ready? Then I meet you—where?"

Here was a staggerer! What could I answer offhand. Beyond the establishment of his own identity I had ferreted out absolutely nothing of value. Where was he staying, and with whom? A minute to think! I got it by calling for the bills—settled both; and led the way outside. I could simply risk another throw of the bait.

"It must not fail," I whispered. "Suppose I come back with you and talk it over with the others?"

"The others?" he stared, vaguely. "No, each may work for himself. I shall spend my night preparing the bombs, and—and"—with something near a choke—"writing to all those I left over there—little Nina and the others. I want to be alone. At eight o'clock I shall meet you just here, and you will have the cab ready."

He put a hand to his forehead and fairly walked away from me. Hurry back to the Yard with my report—or follow him on the chance of learning what we wanted before daylight? Follow him! He had struck along a quiet street leading farther west. Off I went. He was turning a corner. I hung back a second or so, took a run, peered round—and almost dashed my face into the wax-white one with the black beard. Something or other in his brain had made him halt and look back. Before he could properly realize, or shape any suspicion, I had spun him around, with an excited whisper:—

"That way—quick! We are seen. To-morrow night!"

And off I sprang in another direction. Phew! Another blunder like that, and I might scare him into prematurely attempting what he was here to carry out.

No, there was no real danger! When I left the Yard late that night every possible strand of the web had been drawn in, and His Highness was as safe here as he had ever been at home—and, perhaps, more so. It now only remained to arrest the plotters with all the proof possible, communicate with the Continental police, and deal with the organization in such a manner as—well, as would effectually turn the eyes of the extreme section away from Britain for many a year to come.

* * * * *

The memorable day dawned; seven o'clock came round at last. By half-past, still as Arboretti, I had reached the rendezvous and stood waiting for Mareschi. A four-wheeler hovered close at hand. The driver was a detective, a plain-clothes inspector was boxed in under the seat in case of emergency, and two men were watching in readiness—one to carry the word and one to follow wherever we went. The mine was undermined in every direction.

Eight o'clock! There was Mareschi, rounding the corner. Puffing at his eternal cigarette, he walked firmly up, deadly calm—almost smiling.

"Good! But where is—it?" I whispered. "It" was always their word.

"Close by," he said, staring round. "Don't think I was afraid—I was only careful. We will step back for it, and return here for the cab. This way!"

That was unexpected, but it mattered nothing—might lead to something good. We should be closely followed in any case. Not another word passed between us, but as we went I managed to scribble on my linen cuff: "Have house searched moment we leave it." We were going towards Soho, as I expected; and barely ten minutes had elapsed when our man stopped, looked up and down and whispered: "Here it is!" I just had time to flick away the cuff as he turned his key. Next minute I was following him up a dark, narrow staircase.

How did it happen? He has pushed open some door; simultaneously he turned back, with a husky cry: "The police! Run—run!" There was no time to think; he was dashing for the staircase, he might get away even now. I just grasped the possibility in time to grip the man by the shoulder, and then——

A rush and a scuffle. I heard some one say, "Got them both," and found myself dragged bodily through the doorway. Kicking, shouting, I tried to keep my hold on Mareschi No use; in less than a minute I was overpowered. Two constables had my arms, and a third stood holding the door. A candle burned on the mantel-shelf; I could make out nothing else.

"Arboretti!" I got out. "Who posted you here? Let go, will you! I'm not Arboretti! I'm So-and-So, of the Yard, in charge of this business. You madmen!"

I burst away—to start back in cold horror, I admit. The man at the door dashed off his helmet, dragged away his tunic, and I saw—no policeman, but a swarthy foreigner, with teeth savagely bared. I reeled back against the wall. Heavens! was I dreaming? They were all three foreigners, and I had been gently walked into this incredible trap by the simplest—— Ah yes! The door half opened, and there stood our Mareschi, a sneer on his wax-white face that I could never describe.

"Out of your own mouth! I thought it—I knew, when you tried to follow me. You, Arboretti—you! you meant to die with the Rajah—with me. You shall! You shall live just long enough to know that we have a way of our own."

That was it. I'll own that the bare shock of the thing left me as nearly paralyzed as makes no difference. In a breath I had given the whole thing away, and Mareschi was gone—in all probability by a rear exit. I heard no door close; my man would hang outside in perplexed ignorance and—saints alive! it looked as if these determined scoundrels, in their extremity, had stumbled on a plan so subtle as to balk all the Yard's manoeuvres! More than that, did I manage to get away, I stood to risk becoming the laughing stock for life among those who knew of the plot. Thinking of that, and realizing what might be involved, I set my teeth and made a sudden rush for that door, only to stumble back before the steady barrel of a six-chambered Colt. My own—it had been whipped from my pocket in the struggle. I faced round—two pointed knives were between me and the window.

"You must stand there," said the door-man, deliberately; "you are minutes too late, he is well on his way. Failure or success tonight, you, at least, will never go as you came. We are sure of one blow—if not two."

They meant it! Hard as my brain worked in those first few minutes I could see no alternative for myself whatever might happen outside. Did my man suspect something and force the door down there, it was still one blow and a kick against two knives and a revolver.

It seemed we were simply waiting for a distant explosion and shouting that should tell—what it told. I was feeling faint under the awful strain.....By now Mareschi would have reached the hotel. That candle over there! It was burned half down. If—if it would only go out of a sudden! If only——

The inspiration came without my knowing it. My slouch hat lay near my feet; in a flash I had picked it up and flung it. Bash! The candle was knocked, no one knew where. Sudden darkness! Now for life—dear life!

A jabbered curse—a simultaneous rush. I recollect how every hair on my head sprang up like a red-hot wire as I took two stealthy strides to the right. A hand blundered out and gripped me; I struck back convulsively, and met a bristly chin. One man crashed down. They had no matches—or feared to leave the door. One more desperate side swoop I made, collided with a body, staggered away struck at the wall, and crippled my hand—and suddenly remembered something just as death seemed clutching me by the throat. My whistle! I always carried one.

It was out. One deafening, piercing signal thrilled through the house. I made a huge bound just avoiding their arms. I sprang from side to side, kicking, shouting, blowing the whistle, until the place seemed a very pandemonium. Now—now there was a thudding at the door below—now a crash, and shouts. One minute more could I keep up that mad maze, and I was safe, and had turned the trap for one into a trap for three.

The door—the door; I heard it open. Another frantic rush, and I was struggling with the man who had held it. The pistol went off once, twice, flaring in the darkness, and then; with my very last effort, I dashed him sideways, and was out on the landing. A glare of lanterns; my man, with two constables, sprang past me. One of the scoundrels lay unconscious, another took flight, and the third was seized as he swung up the revolver again. Safe! I just waited to make sure, got my nerve, and went off like a man possessed.

I reached the Strand—that I had never thought to see again. Nothing had happened; people were bustling along as unconsciously as ever. A cab—the Cosmopolitan Hotel! Five minutes later, as it swung around the Piccadilly bend, I caught sight of my chief, just about to cross the road. I shouted to the driver, and leaned out to whisper one word.

"Hallo, where have you been?" he asked. "You're white enough! Got him? Yes, to be sure, twenty minutes ago, bomb and all, with just the papers on him we wanted. The man's mad; he made a clean rush for the front entrance. It was all over quietly in one minute. Meanwhile," with a chuckle, "the Rajah is not due in London for another two hours—change in the programme that was not announced to the papers! There were only five in it, it seems. Arboretti and himself we've got, and the other three——"

"Are safe in the cells," I said.

And then, for the first time in my life, I dropped back into the cab and quietly fainted.

FRAGRANT

SOZODONT Tooth Powder

in a handy Patent Box (new) 25c
SOZODONT LIQUID . . 25c
Large LIQUID and POWDER, 75c
At all Stores, or by Mail for the price.

CALLED BY ANOTHER NAME.

On one of the Cunard boats a member of the crew (while the passengers were at dinner) picked up a menu, and seeing on the top "Table d'hote" inquired of one of his mates the meaning of it. Joe, taking the menu gazed on it with a puzzled air, scratched his head, and said:—

"I can't make nothing of it. Let's ask the bo'sun, he's a scholard, and sure to know."

On giving the menu to the boatswain he thoughtfully stroked his chin and said:—

"Well, look 'ere, mates; it's like this 'ere. Thom swells down in the saloon haves some soup, a bit of fish, a bit of this and a bit of that, and a bit of summat else, and calls it 'table dottie.' We haves 'table dottie,' only we mixes it all together and calls it Irish stew or hash."

VOICES AT HIGH ALTITUDES.

Generally speaking, races living at high altitudes have weaker and more highly pitched voices than those living in regions where the supply of oxygen is more plentiful. Thus, among the Indians living on the plateaus between the ranges of the Andes, at an elevation at from 10,000 feet to 14,000 feet, the men have voices like women and women like children, and their singing is a shrill monotone.

GLAD HE WAS A BOY.

Little Johnny, after indulging in a long reverie, evidently believed that he had reasoned out for himself a very narrow escape, as the following conversation will show:

I'm glad I isn't a girl, he said.

Why, dear? asked mamma.

'Cause I wouldn't like to grow up into a woman an' have to watch a little boy like me.

I was cured of acute Bronchitis by MINARD'S LINIMENT.
J. M. CAMPBELL.
Bay of Islands.

I was cured of Facial Neuralgia by MINARD'S LINIMENT.
WM. DANIELS.
Springhill, N. S.

I was cured of Chronic Rheumatism by MINARD'S LINIMENT.
GEORGE TINGLEY.
Albert Co., N. B.

WEALTH IN WOOD MINES.

A curious source of wealth is reported by the French Consul at Mengtze, in Upper Tonkin. It lies in the wood mines. The wood originally was a fine forest, which the earth swallowed in some cataclysm. Some of the trees are a yard in diameter. They lie in a slanting direction and in sandy soils, which cover them to a depth of about eight yards The wood furnished by these timber mines is imperishable, and the Chinese gladly buy it for coffins.

AGRICULTURE FOR WOMEN.

A course of instruction for women in agriculture and horticulture was opened recently in the School of Agriculture, Moscow, with the authority of the Russian Minister of Agriculture. The subjects included agriculture, stock-breeding, rural economy, book-keeping, dairying, bee-keeping, gardening, and arboriculture, theoretical and practical. The course of instruction lasted four months, and was attended by fifty students, whose ages ranged from seventeen to forty-five, and who were either engaged in agriculture or preparing to teach in agricultural schools.

For Over Fifty Years

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP has been used by millions of mothers for their children while teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays pain, cures wind colic, regulates the stomach and bowels, and is the best remedy for Diarrhœa. Twenty-five cents a bottle. Sold by druggists throughout the world. Be sure and ask for "MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP."

HER OBSERVATION.

Don't the nights get longer pretty soon? said the young man with vacant eyes.

I don't know answered Miss Cayenne. They have seemed longer since you began calling.

$100 Reward,-$100.

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

F. J. CHENEY & CO., TOLEDO

Sold by druggists, 75c.
Hall's Family Pills are the best

She: How expressive! Was not that lullaby beautifully rendered?

He: Ya-as. I expect that's what made my leg go to sleep. Oh!

Minard's Liniment Cures Colds, etc

London's 15,000 lunatics cost $450,000 a year.

Minard's Liniment Cures Garget in Cows.

THE WORLD'S DEATH RATE.

The death rate of the world is sixty-seven and the birth rate seventy a minute, and this seemingly light percentage of gain is sufficient to give a net increase in population each year of 1,200,000.

3,071 motor cars are registered in Paris alone; 2,445 in the rest of France.

Minard's Liniment Cures Distemper

Australia has proportionately more churches than any other country, the number being 6,013, or 210 to every 100,000 people. England has 144 churches to every 100,000 people; Russia only 55 to the same number.

Minard's Liniment Cures Diphtheria

A RECIPE.

Little drops of water,
Little grains of sand,
With hair and lime, make mortar,
Guaranteed to stand.

METAL ROOFERS Douglas Bros., 121 Adelaide St., TORONTO, ONT.

It is a mistake to offer your friends inferior tea when you can just as easily give them Blue Ribbon Ceylon Green.

AT THRESHINGS!

Everybody knows that Tea is one of the main features at a threshing. When you lay in your supply for your threshing see that your grocer gives you

LUDELLA CEYLON TEA.

Put up in Lead Packages at 25, 30, 40, 50 and 60 Cents.

...PRINTERS...

Printing Material for Sale.

PRINTING PRESSES.

One Four Roller Campbell Press, front delivery, bed 43x56, $1200
One Four Roller Campbell Press, bed 37x52, ... $1100

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The Mining Review.

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 7, 1901.

STRIKES.

From the trend of things in the strike world, it is not unlikely changes will take place, and in the interest of honest labor, they cannot be made too soon Every man of ordinary human feeling must sympathise with the industrious laborer, no matter of what calling, who is willing to work steadily and faithfully to make the most he can out of his time for the care of his family and old age; but this has no application whatever to the numerous shysters who are only too often placed at the head of industrial organizations, simply because they have more brass and more gab than the most of their fellow beings. Shaffer, an ex-Methodist preacher, by the way, and who perhaps knows as much from practical work about the business as he does about the honorable dealings of his fellow men, is president of the Metal workers' union at Pittsburg, Pa., ordered a strike some weeks ago, which took all told seme 50.000 men out of employment, not because the men were overworked, were under paid, or were improperly cared for, but simply because the employers would not make certain institutions union factories and drive out of work all the non-union men therein who were doing honest work and getting fair pay. This forced thousands of men to do dishonorable acts, break contracts they had made with their employers over their own signatures. When it is learned that the employers are getting all the non-union men they want to take the place of the strikers, some 24 counts are raised by the union newspaper organ for the impeachment of Shaffer.

Some months ago J. T. Wilson, secretary of the Railway Trackmen's association, an alien, came over from the States and ordered all the C.P.R. trackmen in Canada to strike, not because they were not getting as much pay and as fair treatment as other trackmen, but because, as he put it, they were not getting a fair share of the profits the road was making. If, of course, he knew the road was making a loss through the working of the men, he would not have ordered them to strike for lower wages. He shystered around the country for some weeks, his cause growing weaker every day, until the men ordered him to leave Canada at once. He did so, and the trouble was fixed up in a few days, though it would never have been had he remained in the country to foment strife. If laborers are so much afraid of aliens, as they profess to be, why do they allow alien mouthers to to come over here to engender trouble?

The Board of Trade at Rossland has found out, through the instigation of alien agitators, the constitution of the Miners' union itself was violated in ordering the recent strike at Rossland. The policy of Bernard McDonald appears to be upheld in England by the directors, and now the Le Roi and other properties are likely to be put in full operation without a settlement with the local mines.

Through the instigation of some mouthers here a few months ago, after the eight-hour law was passed, a lockout was forced by which the men lost a year's work, the business people their business, and the country received an irepardle setback. Had the industrious element of the union been allowed their way, they would have accepted the $3.25, offered by the Slocan the wages they are now taking, and made money in the interval.

The trouble with unionism, as at present organised is, the genuine representative men of the organisations are not in control. If they were, there would be such a bond of sympathy between employer and employee at every turn, that differences would rarely arise, and when they did they would be speedily adjusted by the intervention of proper feeling and common sense.

The history of these incidents proves a few things conclusively. That Canadian organizations should no longer tolerate outside interference; but should separate from American control and act in their own interests solely; that they should not allow time servers and agitators to control their organizations, but should have them officered by representative men in their own bodies, who have an interest in the country, and want to see it grow and prosper. If they make these changes they will secure the sympathy and encouragement of the entire community.

BABY LAUGH

It belongs to health, for a baby, to eat and sleep, to laugh and grow fat.

But fat comes first; don't ask a scrawny baby to laugh; why, even his smile is pitiful! Fat comes first.

The way to be fat is the way to be healthy. Scott's emulsion of cod-liver oil is the proper food, if he needs it; but only a little at first.

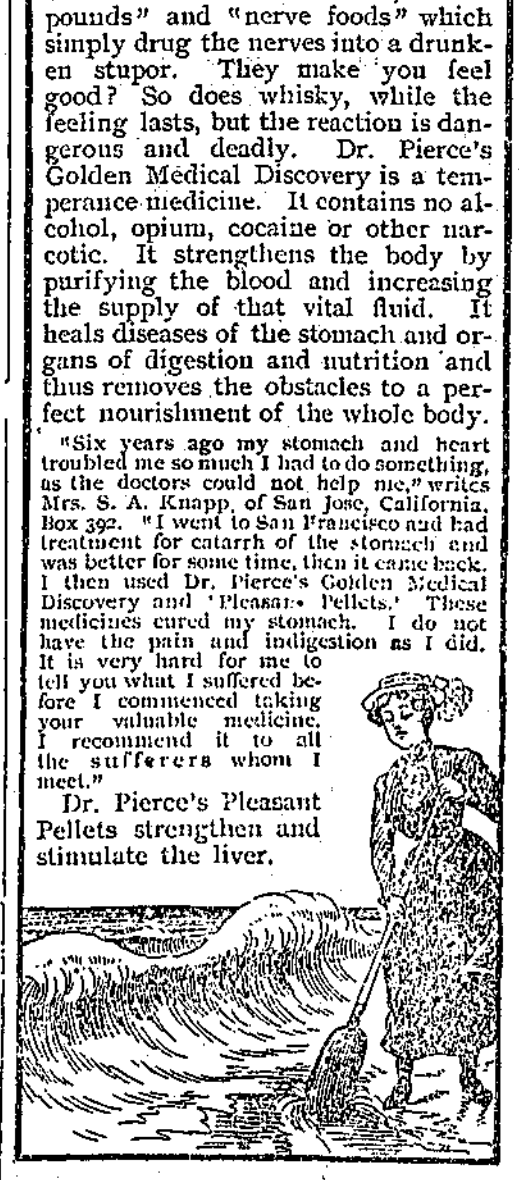
We'll send you a little to try if you like.
SCOTT & BOWNE, Chemists, Toronto.

It's Time Wasted

And strength wasted, to try to push back the rising tide with a broom. It's just as great a waste of time and a far more serious waste of strength to try to push back the rising tide of disease with the "nervines," "compounds" and "nerve foods" which simply drug the nerves into a drunken stupor. They make you feel good? So does whisky, while the feeling lasts, but the reaction is dangerous and deadly. Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery is a temperance medicine. It contains no alcohol, opium, cocaine or other narcotic. It strengthens the body by purifying the blood and increasing the supply of that vital fluid. It heals diseases of the stomach and organs of digestion and nutrition and thus removes the obstacles to a perfect nourishment of the whole body.

"Six years ago my stomach and heart troubled me so much I had to do something, as the doctors could not help me," writes Mrs. S. A. Knapp, of San Jose, California, Box 392. "I went to San Francisco and had treatment for catarrh of the stomach and was better for some time, then it came back. I then used Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery and 'Pleasant Pellets.' These medicines cured my stomach. I do not have the pain and indigestion as I did. It is very hard for me to tell you what I suffered before I commenced taking your valuable medicine. I recommend it to all the sufferers whom I meet."

Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets strengthen and stimulate the liver.



GO TO WORK, GENTLEMEN, AND DO IT.

Whilst many able pens have been busy for many months back writing on the mining situation in this country, some contending from comparisons with conditions outside, that the owners ought to be all working, and others defending the main features of the memorial of the Mine Owners' Association to the provincial government, and, therefore, justifying inactivity, it all comes down to a question of a few facts. The principal one is, are all the conditions in this country the same as those in the countries with which the comparisons are made? The answer is emphatically "No." Then where is the use of comparing by piecemeal? It proves nothing. Some will say the owners here should not complain of the eight hour day, because they have it in Australia, New Zealand and some of the States; but in those countries the restriction is without penalties, so over time can be worked as may be agreed on. This comparison then falls to the ground. Others again say the excessive charges here for recording assessments, crown granting, &c., are compensated for in the better general legislation of the country; but this better general legislation could be secured just as well by an equitable and fair taxation of personal property, wild lands, improved real estate and improvements. Others again say we have producers of mining machinery in Canada as well as they have them in the States, and our owners should have no complaint on this score. True, but the experience of owners is the Canadian machinery does not cover all the ground, and where it does it is not as good, and costs more. This forces them to pay heavy duties either directly or indirectly from 20 to 35 per cent, where the American owner pays none. It is further urged we have smelters as well as the Americans have. Yes; but we have not enough of them, their charges are higher, and when our producers ship they have to pay much heavier railway freights than the American producers pay, and are then without the market the American producers have at their doors.

Some other prescient observers again learn our mines are overstocked and our directors are overpaid. This is true in a few instances, but many of our properties are held by close corporations and private parties who neither overstock nor over pay directors, and so on along the whole line.

The simple facts are the mines are not producing as is seen on every hand; new properties are not being opened up, and very little new capital is coming into the country. Now, if the miner is to get work, if the merchant, business man, saloon keeper, saw mill, newspaper, &c., are to prosper old mines must ship, new ones must be opened, capital must come in. There is no use in moralising or philosophising on this condition or that circumstance, concluding the owner is to blame here and at fault there. Our legislatures can remedy all the complaints we have outlined above and that without doing a single soul in the country in other channels of business an injustice. It is admitted on all hands if these changes were made, the owners would no longer have ground for complaint, and that a new era of prosperity would as certainly set in as the sun is sure to shine. The simple question then is why is it not done? As long as the owners complain new capital will not come in, and without it prosperity need not be looked for. Again we ask why do not our legislators set to work and see that the grievances are removed instead of spending their time comparing, philosophising and denouncing.

Dr. Morrison,

Dentist.

Cor. Ward and Baker Sts., Nelson, B.C.

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A. F. AND A. M.

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E. A. Cameron.

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Connects at Rossland with the Canadian Pacific Railway for Boundary Creek points.

Connects at Myer's Falls with stage daily for Republic.

Buffett service on trains between Spokane and Northport.

Effective May 5th, 1901.

LEAVE.	Day Train.	ARRIVE
9:00 a. m.	Spokane	7:35 p. m.
12:50 p. m.	Rossland	4:00 p. m.
9:15 a. m.	Nelson	7:15 p. m.

H. A. JACKSON, G. P. & T. A., Spokane, Wash.

G. K. TACKABURY, Agent, Nelson, B.C.

Newspaper Patronage.

The Silvertonian newspaper at Silverton says there are fifteen business houses in that place, and it is patronized by but six of them, the remaining nine looking for favors for nothing. This is more or less the experience of newspapers everywhere, and should not be the case. The feeling very fortunately is not nearly so bad in Sandon. There are some fifty business places here, and we do more or less trade with over 40 of them. Ask those in any place who do not patronize their local papers, why it is so, and they will say the papers are no good. How can they expect them to be better? Generally speaking, the papers are as good as their patronage. No one can expect a publisher to put $15 into a business when he only gets $6 from those who ought to be his friends to do it with. The country over the publishers expend on and in their offices all the money they get from the public, and they certainly ought not to be expected to spend more. Others again sometimes see something in their local papers they do not like, and at once their subscription is cut off to destroy the offices. Well, it so happens that to these some objectionable utterances are the very ideas that suit the neighbors of those men who find fault with them. Then to be consistent why not drive out the neighbors as well as the newspaper offices. No, the truth is while there are "many men" there are "many minds," and it is well that it is so. As a rule, however, local papers wish their local surroundings well, and desire to see them improved? and while a paper continues in such advocacy it ought to have the united support of its surroundings, even if there are differences in minor matter. Now, supposing every one of our Sandon business places had his name and his business in a card in the Review, paying but $1.00 a month for it, as the paper falls into many hands all over the province, in Manitoba, Ontario, Quebec, the States and England, people there would say Sandon must be quite a place, it has two lawyers, two doctors, two hardware stores, seven or eight general stores, &c., &c. It will pay us to make more enquiries about the place and extend our business in that direction. This is how a well patronised paper may be of services to the place and the people in it. Although the Review is very well sustained by all the business men of the place, we throw out these hints to benefit the few who do not extend to it their favors.

What Ought to Be Done.

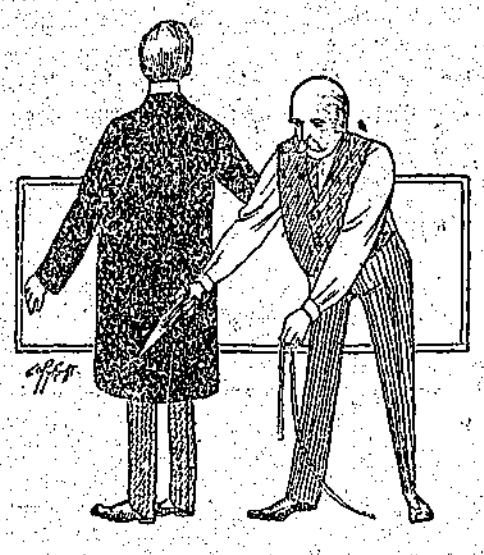
It would not be a bad idea if the city council would see that all logs and loose timber of every description are removed from the creek as far above the flume as possible before next spring's freshets. There is much timber in the creek up Cody way and above the sawmill that would make good fuel if only pulled out, cut and dried.

We do not know whether there are any grounds for it or not, but we have heard some complaints against the charges of our draymen for the transfer of baggage when there are several pieces. To do justice all around our city council should pass a by-law regulating such charges, the same as they have in other places. It could injure no one, and might do some good.

It does not require much money to do it, but the city council ought to see that the citizens, one and all, clean up up their back yards, many of which are in a shameful condition. With insurance out of the question, scrupulous cleanliness ought to been forced in every corner to improve the chances for safety. Everything in the shape of inflammable matter ought to be removed, even by compulsion from all back yards, vacant lots, streets, &c. An hour ought not to be lost in the enforcement. All tin chimneys ought also to be torn down at once.

We have a long letter from a correspondent on city council matters, that we do not consider it necessary to publish. We have already given our ideas on the situation fully, and placed all the facts before the people. It is now in the hands of the property-holders of the place to do as they like in the matter, as it is they who will have to bear all the consequences of bad government, mistakes and mismanagement.

A NEW DEPARTURE.



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Miners' Clothing
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Our Boots and Shoes, Underclothing, and, in fact, all supplies—just what's wanted in the camp. Call and inspect them.

J. R. CAMERON.

HARRY NASH

TINSMITH AND PLUMBER.

Has on hand a fine line of Plumbing Goods---Call and get prices on Plumbing and Sheet Metal Work.

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Fruit Jars!

Big Consignment
All Sizes..
PRICES RIGHT.

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Gold, Silver-Lead and Copper Mines wanted at the EXCHANGE.
FREE MILLING GOLD properties wanted at once for Eastern investors.
Parties having mining property for sale are requested to send samples of their ore to the EXCHANGE for exhibition.
All samples should be sent by express, PREPAID.
Correspondence solicited. Address all communications to

Telephone No. 104. P. O. Box 700. ANDREW F. ROSENBERGER, Nelson, B. C.

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Application for Transfer of Liquor License.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN that thirty days from date hereof, I intend to apply to the License Commissioners of Sandon for a transfer of the liquor license formerly held by Richard Orando to myself.

JOHN HURLEY.

Dated at Sandon this 17th day of July, 1901.

A. R. HEYLAND,

ENGINEER,

AND PROVINCIAL LAND SURVEYOR.

SANDON, B. C.

M. L. GRIMMETT, LL. B.

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Sandon, British Columbia.

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TIME CARD EFFECTIVE AUGUST 1st, 1901.

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8:30 a.m. leave.....Kaslo ....arrive 4:00 p.m.
10:55 a.m. arrive.....Sandon.....leave 1:45 p.m.

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KASLO-NELSON ROUTE.

5:20 p.m. leave.....Nelson....arrive 11:00 a.m.
9:10 p.m. arrive....Kaslo.....leave 7:00 a.m.

Connecting at Five Mile Point with Nelson & Fort Sheppard Railway both to and from Rossland, Spokane, Etc.

Tickets sold to all points in United States and Canada via Great Northern, Northern Pacific, O. R. & N. Co., &c., &c.

Ocean and steamship tickets and rates via all lines will be furnished on application.

For further particulars call on or address

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October 1, 15

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About the ....House

MEMORANDA OF AN OLD HOUSE-KEEPER.

Roll pastry from the centre in all directions. Rolling backward and forward makes the crust tough. Rolling from the centre eachway, gives a circle, and there will be less trimming.

A delicate green icing that is not unhygienic can be made by soaking two unroasted coffee beans twelve hours in the unbeaten white of an egg. Remove the beans, beat the white of an egg and add sugar.

When the tops of loaves of bread are burned instead of cutting off the burnt portion, when perfectly cold remove the burnt part with a coarse grater, brush away the crumbs and cover the top of the loaf with a soft cloth wrung very dry from warm water.

The unsightly yellow spots left by machine oil on white goods can be removed by rubbing them with a cloth dipped in ammonia, then washing with soap and water. Kerosene will remove the gummy substance which forms on sewing machines.

Marks on the kitchen wall which have been made by careless hands in striking matches will disappear if rubbed with the cut surface of a lemon, then with a cloth dipped in whiting. Wash the surface with warm water and soap, and quickly wipe with a clean cloth wrung from clear water.

Green tomato soy for fish and meat is made by slicing without removing the skins a two-gallon jar of green tomatoes and eighteen medium sized onions. Heat slowly without adding water, then put in two pounds of brown sugar, two quarts of vinegar, two tablespoonfuls each of salt, ground pepper and mustard, a tablespoon each of ground cloves and allspice. Cook slowly until tender, then put in pint cans and seal.

Success in making croquettes depends largely on securing the right temperature of the fat at first. This can be determined by dropping into the fat a small square of bread; if it browns while the clock ticks forty times, it is right for material that has been previously cooked, and for raw material the bread should brown in one minute. Always drain croquettes. They are nicer if rubbed with white of egg and rolled in bread crumbs before frying.

Fruit cake is more often heavy because the fruit is not properly prepared. A cake or pudding will not be as light if raisins or currants are used when damp. Wash them and rub the currants with a coarse towel to remove the remaining stems and thoroughly dry them both. Leave them in a warm place twenty-four hours, so that there will be no moisture; then store in cracked fruit pans. Store fruit cake in a tin box or stone jar, but do not wrap it in either cloth or paper.

Mutton can be made almost as delicate as venison, and loses largely its objectionable flavor if marinaded. To prepare the marinade add to one part strong cider vinegar and one part water a few whole cloves, some allspice and pepper corns and a few slices of onion if the flavor is liked. Some add sliced carrot. Put the meat into this mixture (the liquid should cover the meat) and leave twelve hours or over night; then cook as usual.

It is not economy to turn down the wick of a coal oil lamp. If a dim light is desired, it is best to place the lamp in another room or shade it. When turned down, the oil feeds the wick faster than it is consumed, and a disagreeable odor results. There is a greater liability of explosion when a lamp is turned down than when it is burning freely.

When the wick is extinguished turn the wick below the top of the tube; when lighted turn up gradually, that the oil will not work up the wick and run over, nor the chimney break from too sudden expansion.

HINTS TO HOUSEKEEPERS.

Cook books sometimes advise the use of a tablespoonful of granulated gelatine to a cup of fruit juice in in making lemon and other fruit juices into jelly. Don't do it. You'll get a jelly you could throw through a brick wall without damage. Jelly should be a quivering shaking mass that will melt in the mouth and that looks as if it would tumble to pieces on account of its own weight—but doesn't. A teaspoonful of the gelatine to a pint of juice comes a good deal nearer being the correct proportion.

Some time when you want an apple tapioca and apples are out of season try pieplant as a substitute. Cut in pieces and use with a few raisins. You will be glad you tried it—if you serve whipped cream with it.

In Norway the coffee is roasted fresh every morning in a covered pan kept constantly in motion over the fire. A bit of salted butter is added after the roasting process is began and gives the coffee a delicious but indescribable flavor. The French also use butter in roasting coffee.

Never use yolk of egg to settle coffee. The part of the egg that is thrown away contains enough of the white to clear a quantity of coffee; this is the white lining of the shell, which may be easily stripped from the shell while moist and is just as good dry as fresh.

If there is no cream for the coffee beat the white of an egg very stiff and then beat it into the milk. It makes a fair substitute.

Coffee essence may be made from a quarter of a pound of coffee ground fine, put in a percolator and simmered in a pint of water poured on boiling hot. Let filter twenty minutes, not permitting it to boil at any time. When cool, bottle it. Two tablespoonfuls of this in a cup of hot milk makes a refreshing and quickly prepared drink.

DOMESTIC RECIPES.

Light Tea Cakes—One cup sugar, two eggs, one-half cup melted butter, one and one-fourth cups of sweet milk, three teaspoons Royal baking powder sifted into four cups of flour. Mix, roll in a sheet and cut into biscuits. Bake twenty minutes in a quick oven.

Home Pudding—One quart hot milk, eight pounded crackers, one tablespoonful flour or corn starch, one cup sugar, six eggs, all kinds of spices, two cups currants and raisins. Bake, eat with sweet cream.

Pingree Cake—One cup granulated sugar, one heaping tablespoonful butter, one egg and the yolks of two more, two-thirds cup sweet milk or water, two cups sifted flour, one heaped teaspoonful baking powder. Flavor, bake in three layers. For filling—whites of two eggs, one cup sugar, one-half teacup cocoanut.

Favorite Cake.—Three cups granulated sugar and one and one-half cups butter, creamed together; five eggs, whites and yolks beaten separately; five cups flour, sifted with three teaspoonfuls baking powder; one teaspoonful of mixed spices and two pounds of fruit—seeded raisins, currants, dates, figs and chopped citron. A good, common fruit cake; will keep well for four weeks.

Cheese Potatoes.—Slice fine on slaw cutter one quart of raw potatoes, line a baking dish with half the potatoes, salt and pepper to taste; teaspoonful of grated cheese (stale preferred), the remainder of the potatoes; salt, butter and cheese the same; pour over this one cup of good milk; place in a moderate oven and bake one hour.

A Mouse Cake—A chocolate cake covered with white mice is sure to be hailed with appreciation by the youngsters at a child's party. A layer cake with chocolate icing should be used. The mice are made of marshmallows pinched into shape and finished with white icing for tails and chocolate dots for eyes.

Cheese Canapes.—Cut bread into slices not more than a quarter of an inch thick; trim off the crusts and cut into strips an inch wide and three inches long. Fry these a very light brown in a little oil; sprinkle a little grated cheese over each slice while hot, season with salt and paprika, stand in a hot oven a few minutes to brown the cheese. Garnish with a little finely minced parsley dusted over centre of a small shred of anchovy.

String Bean Salad.—Cut string beans into inch lengths and boil tender in salted water. Drain and put on the ice until very cold and crisp. Lay crisp lettuce leaves on a chilled platter, put the beans on these and pour mayonnaise dressing over all.

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GREEN TEA.

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NEWS OF THE GOOD WORK IN THE OLD GULF OF ST. LAWRENCE COLONY.

Dodd's Almanac the Means of Helping Mr. Thomas Barter Down There—Read that Dodd's Kidney Pills Would Cure Heart Trouble—Tried them and Proved it True.

Cape La Hune, Nfld., Aug. 19.—The most popular remedy down here this last few years is undoubtedly Dodd's Kidney Pills. It is the only one of the host advertised which universally shows that it may be relied upon.

Medicines for Heart Trouble have been advertised before in Newfoundland but nobody placed any reliance in them. The trouble was that they did not act at the root of the matter—the Kidneys. Dodd's Kidney Pills are entirely different to any other treatment for Heart Trouble; they act on the Kidneys first, and for that very reason are so successful.

Mr. Thomas Barter of Cape La Hune had trouble with his heart for years, and could find nothing to help him. But his own words will better tell the story.

"For over six years," writes Mr. Barter, "I had suffered intensely with palpitation of the heart and had to give up work. I could not do anything at all until I saw in Dodd's Almanac that Dodd's Kidney Pills would cure me. I then sent for six boxes. I used five of them and am completely cured. I can do my work again now as well as ever I could. I am not much of a writer but if you think this letter would help any other person by being printed in any of your publications you are at liberty to print it, for I am thoroughly grateful for Dodd's Kidney Pills."

HOOKED AT LAST.

I am glad your name is Mary, said Mr. Slowcoach to his sweetheart, whom he had been courting for several years.

Why so?

Because I was reading to-day and came across a line which said Mary is the sweetest name that woman ever bore.

That is poetically expressed. I've heard my father say it to my mother, whose name is Mary. It is from some poet, isn't it?

I believe so.

But I have also heard my father say that there was even a sweeter name than Mary.

I think he must have been mistaken, said the lover, as he tenderly pressed his sweetheart's hand.

No, I do not think he was mistaken.

What was the other name?

A beautiful blush suffused the charming maiden's cheek, the silken lashes fell and veiled the lovely eyes, and in a tone as soft as the whisperings of an Aeolian harp, she murmured:

Wife.

The cards are out.

Out of 20 blind people 11 are men, 9 women.

NOVEL GLASS BLOWING.

Compressed Air Instead of Human Breath.

Up to the present time the art of blowing glassware by means of compressed air has been limited to bottles and similar articles of small size, but a process is being exploited in Germany, the invention of Paul Sievert, of Dresden, by which bath-tubs and other large tanks can be made with the greatest ease. This process of blowing such articles originated in Pittsburg, Penn., just twenty years ago, but it has remained for a foreigner to perfect it, and Mr. Sievert says that there is almost no limit to the size of the articles which can be made by his process. He has already made a number of bath-tubs, which are said to have many advantages over those of metal and porcelain, the principal one being the economy of the glass. The tube is five feet six inches long, and about two feet wide, and consists of one piece of solid glass about two inches and a half in thickness. This thing was made complete in about five minutes. The other things shown are made for special manufacturing purposes, and Mr. Sievert thinks that he will soon be able to supply all the tanks and vats used in the various arts and industries for which clay, wood, cement, and metal are now used, notably by brewers, distillers, fruit preservers, and sugar refiners.

The method of manufacturing these articles is said to be very simple. The glass is taken from the furnace while at red heat and in a liquid form, and placed in the mould, which may be readily swung into any desired position. Compressed air is then admitted through a flexible tube, which connects with the bottom of the mould, the flow through which can be regulated by means of valves. As soon as the article is finished, it is carried by a mechanical device to an annealing chamber, where it is again heated, and then allowed to cool, after which process it is ready for use.

SOZODONT for the TEETH 25c

Visitor: Tommy, I wish to ask you a few questions in grammar. Tommy: Yes, sir. Visitor: If I give you the sentence, 'The pupil loves his teacher,' what is that? Tommy: Sarcasm.

100,000 bales of cotton fed the Lancashire mills for a year a century ago. A similar amount now lasts them a day and a quarter.

FINANCIAL FORMALDEHYDE.

Milkman—Say, you paid me in counterfeit money.

Citizen—Well, you have been bringing us counterfeit milk.

Mistress: Do you call this sponge cake? Why, it's as hard as can be. New Cook: Yes, mum; that's the way a sponge is before it's wet. Soak it in your tea, mum.

The extra stationery used by the War Office for war purposes since 1899 has cost £105,000 up to date.

Europe has had altogether 821 monarchs since the battle of Hastings.

CHEATING MINE HOST.

HOW SOME LICENSED VICTUALLERS ARE SWINDLED

Incidents Where the Unwary Proprietors Are Victimized by Impostors.

Quite recently a gentleman walked into the saloon bar of a large public-house in West Kensington, and asked for the landlord.

Now it so happens that the landlord is (unfortunately for himself) a most approachable person where a silk hat and a frock coat are concerned. In this case a message soon brought him to the counter. A mutual drink, and the stranger, whose manners and tone were beyond reproach, produced a card.

"Old friend of yours, isn't he? At least, he says he is."

Landlord looks at the card.

"Bless me, yes! Known Jimmy for years! Friend of his is friend of mine!"

Stranger's satisfaction is evident, though not exuberant, and another mutual libation is made to the health of "Jimmy."

Stranger then intimates that "Jimmy" had implied that the landlord would oblige his friend, the stranger, should such an obligation ever be needed. Landlord professes warm desire to oblige stranger at any time and to any extent in his power, on "Jimmy's" recommendation. Stranger then explains that he is a commercial traveller on a large scale. He is just come to reside in the neighborhood, and having often at the end of the day as much as £150 or £200, he would be glad if the landlord would take charge of it for him till the following morning.

"Certainly! Certainly! Edie!"—to his daughter—"if this gentleman ever brings any money over night and I'm out, put it in the safe."

Another mutual drink—effusive thanks—and the stranger departs.

Next evening he brings £150, which is duly received and locked up in the safe. Next morning it is withdrawn, as per agreement, the transaction being repeated some three or four times.

Then £150 is deposited, the stranger mentioning on that occasion that he proposes visiting Tattersall's on the following morning with the object of buying a couple of horses. "Knowing," he says, "the landlord to be a good judge of cattle," he asks that individual to accompany him, and give him the benefit of his experience and knowledge. "Agreed!" and an appointment is made for outside Tattersall's.

Next morning the pair meet, and proceed to the sale. Before bidding, the stranger incidentally discovers that he has but £15 upon him. "Has the landlord his cheque-book with him?" He has. "Would he write him a cheque for the £150 he holds in his safe?" "Of course he would." In less than five minutes the stranger has the other's cheque.

"Would the landlord watch the bidding for ten minutes, while a friend is seen across the way?" "He would."

Ten—fifteen—twenty minutes—half an hour!—but no stranger.

Having some business of his own to attend to, the landlord, still faithful to "Jimmy's" recommendation, jumps into a cab for home. Arrived there his first inquiry is whether the stranger has been there.

"Yes," says his daughter, "he came about forty minutes ago, and received back the £150 he deposited with you last night."

At racing speed, Boniface makes for his bank. Too late—by half an hour! The cheque has been cashed; and the mackerel as well as the sprat, has been successfully landed.

Sometimes the bait is not a golden one.

The proprietor of a flourishing hotel at a certain flourishing watering place was a widower with two charming daughters. Both the young ladies were well educated, and would have done credit to any social position.

Anyway, the younger attracted the attention of a gentleman staying in the house, she also having no small liking that way.

By-and-by the father of the girl began to be uneasy, and, paying his guest a visit one morning in his room, asked him his intentions as towards his daughter.

It should be said that the guest had been staying at the hotel for over a month, and had not only promptly settled his bills, but appeared to have plenty of ready money.

This was the desired opportunity, and the explanation asked for was at once and readily given. This aristocratic admirer was, he said, a member of a well-known North-country family. He was not only in receipt of a good present income, but he would inherit a considerable fortune on the death of his mother, Lady Soforth. He showed the unsuspecting host letters from his mother, in reply to his. He was his own master, he averred, and no action of his could in any way invalidate his succession to the maternal thousands.

All he asked was that no communication should be made to his friends by his fiancee's relatives, for at least a week; as by then his plans for making things smooth at home would be completely developed.

The young fellow was so frank, so good-looking, and, above all, so perfectly like to his own description of himself, that father, daughter, everybody believed in him, and would have trusted him to the full extent of their individual pockets and good opinions.

The day after the paternal inquisition, the Hon. Mr. Didem went up to London, returning in the evening to late dinner, and bringing with him a wonderful ring of opals and diamonds for his sweetheart.

On the third day a letter having come for him by the first post, he asked to receive the proprietor. Producing out of the recently delivered envelope a letter with an inclosed cheque for £250, he made request for his host's open cheque in exchange for his mother's crossed one. A momentary hesitation, and—the exchange was made.

Next morning the gentleman again left for London, this time without returning.

The cheque was wrong—the landlord's cheque, too, was wrong—in the sense that before payment could be stopped it had been cashed. Who the thief was, or how he had obtained possession of a cheque on Lady Soforth's bank, was never discovered. A hue-and-cry was raised, but nothing came of it, for the rogue had vanished into thin air.

The sequel was, if possible, more strange than the thing itself.

One morning, the young lady who had been the bait to "draw" the father, was missing, and from that day to this has never been heard of. It is known that she fled to join the thief, for a letter, without date, address or signature, posted in London, told the tale.

HYPNOTISED THE HORSE.

Buyer: Look here, you! You said this horse was sound, and kind and free from tricks. The first day I drove him he fell down a dozen times, and he's as bad to-day.

Dealer: Um—you've been wondering if I cheated you, maybe?

Yes, I have.

And the first time you drove the hoss you wondered if he hadn't some tricks, didn't you?

Of course.

And you kept saying to yourself, I wonder if that there hoss will tumble down, eh?

Probably.

And you had your mind on it a good deal, most like?

That's true.

That's wot's the matter. You've hypnotised him. See?

AVERAGE PRODUCE OF WHEAT.

The average produce of wheat to the acre in England is 24 bushels. In Middlesex, owing principally to the facility of procuring manure from London, the average is 40 bushels to the acre: and it has been known to reach even 68 bushels to the acre. For every 12 bushels of wheat, one load, containing 36 bottles of trusses of straw, will be obtained, the weight of which is 11½ cwt., or 1,288 pounds. The average produce of barley to the acre is from 24 to 32 bushels.

A DOCTOR'S CONFESSIONS.

HE TELLS HOW HUMBUG GAVE HIM A START.

The Many Schemes He Adopted to Build Up a Practice.

I am bound to say that a little humbug goes a long way in the early days of a medical career, said a family doctor with a large suburban practice; and although, of course, I cannot pretend to defend it, I found it most useful in giving me a start.

When I began my career, nearly thirty years ago I was not only without the necessary money to buy a practice, but I was already a married man. Undeterred by this double handicap, I took a house in what, after careful inquiry, I considered to be a promising suburb, affixed a brass plate to my door, and prepared to receive patients.

For three months not a single patient came my way; there were already two doctors in the field, who divided between them all the practice there was; and, as my exchequer was dwindling to the vanishing point I saw that it was quite time to form a new plan of campaign.

The following Sunday the congregation of our fashionable church was disturbed by the appearance of a small boy, who rushed panting up the aisle and spoke a few hurried words to me. I snatched my hat, and, with a look of great concern on my face, hurried out of the church, followed by the eyes of half the congregation.

The following night my neighbors were disturbed twice by a furious knocking on my door, and a few minutes later those who furtively raised the blind might have seen me rush wildly out into the street in the direction, presumably, of a patient in extremis. If their vision had been less restricted they would have seen my pace moderate after I had turned the corner of the street, and within five minutes I had smuggled myself quietly into the house again

BY THE BACK ENTRANCE.

An evening or two later I had volunteered to give a lecture on "A Sound Mind in a Healthy Body" to the local debating society. The hour of the meeting came, but no lecturer with it. A quarter of an hour, half an hour, passed, and the small audience, which had shown exemplary patience, was beginning to grow very restless and to say uncomplimentary things, when the lecturer rushed into the room, red, panting, and perspiring, and full of apologies for his inevitable unpunctuality, which I vaguely and modestly hinted was due to "an urgent professional summons."

Before the end of the week it began to be whispered that the "new doctor was a coming man"; that Doctors —— and —— would soon find their occupation gone if I progressed at this rate, and so on.

The sudden calls and imperious rat-tats on my door grew more frequent, although, of course, I arranged them diplomatically, and did not overdo the thing—and within a fortnight I had secured no fewer than three bona fide patients.

At this stage, although I could ill afford the risk, I purchased a brougham (with borrowed money), engaged a showy coachman, and put my boy "in buttons." Within a week, I can assure you, there was not a soul in the place who was not familiar with both brougham and boy.

All day long my carriage was either standing at my door, awaiting my coming, or being driven at a brisk and very business-like pace over every road in the district. In fact, I gave my coachman so little rest that I had no less than five of them

IN SIX MONTHS.

Of course the rapid growth of my practice was the gossip of every drawing-room and dinner-table; and I believe some marvellous stories were invented to account for it. All that I cared to know was that my practice really was growing in a most remarkable way, and that every day the need for bogus calls was growing less.

Amid all my work, real and imaginary, I found time to attend a few really poor and deserving people; and, as I resolutely refused to receive a penny for my services, you may be sure they were united in singing my praises.

But the tide of fortune began to flow in earnest when one day the big man of the district, a sporting baronet, met with a carriage accident, and I was summoned to the hall by a groom on horseback who had failed to find either of my rivals at home. Fortunately, I created a favorable impression on the great man, and was soon able to put him on his feet again.

Then I had the place practically all to myself, and my work grew so rapidly that I was compelled to engage an assistant and could afford to smile at my past anxieties and artifices.

At the end of a year's practice I was able to move into a much more imposing house, was free from debt, and was making—well, a very comfortable income, which has never since fallen below four figures. But really, if it had not been for my little "humbug" at the beginning, I am sure I should have had a very different tale to tell.

WHAT CAUSED THE ROW.

Hoot, hoot, hoot! rang through the house at 2 a.m.

Great Scott! What is that? and the head of the house sat up in bed and blinked at a gas lamp shining through the window.

John, stay where you are. I'll not let you go downstairs to be killed. Did you ever hear such a noise?

Mamma, what is it? came in an agitated whisper from the next room and then the daughter rushed wildly into the parental bedchamber.

Keep cool, now. Don't go into highstrikes. I'm going down to see what that is, and he unearthed an old muzzle-loading gun which had belonged to his grandfather and had been loaded for thirty years. I'll show 'em. Every man's house is his own castle——"

Hoot, hoot, hoot!

The father dropped the gun and it blew a whole corner off the chest of drawers. The daughter dived under the bed and the mother cried murder at the top of her voice.

Be quiet! ordered the veteran, as he reached for his artillery. Stay where you are. I'll fight my way to the front door and 'phone the police. If they start shooting down there don't show a light. I know the house and they don't.

Hoot, hoot, hoot! just as the old gentleman reached the top of the stairs. He went down like a cart-wheel, and made a hole in the floor as big as the bottom of a tub.

Did you hear my owl? shouted Willie, as he came running down from the third storey. Got him in the country yesterday, and hung him in the dining-room when I got home last night. Ain't he a beauty?

Poor Willie! He walks like a boy with inflammatory rheumatism, and the last he saw of his owl it was flying over the barn towards the next village.

AN INCONVENIENT BOTTLE.

An old farmer, who had been to the Metropolis, was describing to his friends the splendor of the hotel at which he stayed.

Everything was perfect, he said, all but one thing. They kept the light burning all night in my bedroom, a thing I ain't used to.

Well, said one wag, why didn't you blow it out.

Blow it out, said the farmer. How could I? The thing was inside a bottle!

AS TO HUMAN HAIR.

The ordinary length of the hair on the head ranges between 20 inches and about a yard and a quarter. When, however, hair is kept closely shaved it comes persistent, and at the same time grows in strength and bulk. It has been calculated that the hair of the beard grows at the rate of 6½ inches in the course of the year. Thus, in the case of a man shaving for sixty years, over 30 feet of beard must have fallen before the edge of the razor.

In Munich the penalty for not filling a beer-glass to the limit is $12.50 fine and two weeks' imprisonment.

MINING NEWS

The Bosun at New Denver is commencing to ship again.

It is expected that the Slocan Star will shortly increase its force again.

The Red Mountain wagon road will soon be completed. It is a much needed thoroughfare.

From Three Forks, for last month, the ore shipments were: Queen Bess, 186 tons; Corinth, 15.

Last year there were 4,930 tons of ore shipped from Slocan Lake points, and this year so far 4,896 tons have been sent out.

The Noonday mine at Silverton is going into liquidation. This is one of the properties that was operated during the lockout, and of which the manager used to say he could pay the men full wages for the short shift.

Mr. Tinling has finished his contract for the long tunnel at the Canadian group. It is in over a 1000 feet in length, and most of the work was done this year. Work will be continued to finish up some smaller contracts.

Eight feet of clean dry ore have been encountered on the Fisher Maiden, near Silverton, running 126 ounces in silver. It is a good fluxing ore carrying some ruby silver, grey copper and silica, and will bring a good price. J.K. Clarke is superintending.

The Rockland group of claims near Silverton is being purchased by the Miner-Graves syndicate. Two years ago they took a lease on the property, and after much development they consider it worth finishing the deal. It is reported, when well under way, a smelter will be erected to handle the ore on the spot.

Here and There.

Mr. R. Cunning has been appointed a city alderman. He is as good as any material available, but if he was as capable as the Lord Mayor of London, he cannot prevent the inevitable smash.

Slocan has its Board of Trade in full swing. It is an excellent institution for any place, as it brings all business people together for interchange of opinions on every subject affecting the interests of the place.

We believe the C.P.R. strike has been settled without any appreciable advance to the men. The C.P.R. pays its men better wages than most roads, but at the same time no man ought to be asked to do trackmen's work in this province for less than $2.00 a day, if the company had to raise passenger and freight rates to pay it.

Wm. Whyte, of the C.P.R., who went around the world, expressly to see what trade Canada could develop with Russia is not sanguine as to results. He says the serfdom of the masses makes Russian too poor to buy agricultural and mining machinery, which are mostly the goods admitted duty free, and the duties are so high on the goods they require and can buy, that at the present the prospects for trade are not most assuring.

F. G. Fauquier, well known in this city, was a government agent at Revelstoke for over a year, has been arrested under a charge of appropriating some $3,000 of government money. The great tendency, and especially in this province, is to give all the appointments to red-legging gentlemen, who must live in style when they live at all, to the exclusion of industrious parties of less pretentions, who would worthily fill them.

It is understood J. C. Brown, of New Westminster, is to take the Hon. J. H. Turner's position as Finance Minister in the Dunsmuir government. It is said he is a fairly clever man and of good repute. We suppose that in a patchwork government like that always in B. C., he is as good as any; but this is giving two ministers to New Westminster, and depriving the interior of fair play. Bob Green ought to have a portfolio.

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Mine or Mill Supplies of all kinds,
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COFFEE ROASTERS
Dealers in TEA AND COFFEE.

We are offering at the lowest prices the best grades of Ceylon, India, China and Japan Teas.
For Prices see Nelson daily papers.

A TRIAL ORDER SOLICITED.

Kootenay Coffee Co.,
P. O. BOX 182.
WEST BAKER STREET, NELSON, B.C.

Certificates of Improvements.

NOTICE.

Daniel, Gordon, Galt, Donnelly and Crawford Fractional Mineral Claims.

Situate in the Slocan Mining Division of West Kootenay District. Where located: adjoining the City of Sandon on the North West.

Take notice that the Urban Mining Company Limited, Non-Personal Liability, Free Miner's Certificate No. B 52337, intends 60 days from the date hereof, to apply to the Mining Recorder for Certificates of Improvements, for the purpose of obtaining a Crown Grant of each of the above claims

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

Dated this 28th day of June, 1901.

THE URBAN MINING COMPANY, Limited,
NON-PERSONAL LIABILITY.

Certificates of Improvements.

NOTICE.

Morning Sun and Shogo Mineral Claims.

Situate in the Slocan Mining Division of West Kootenay District. Where located: In the forks of Sandon creek, near the Slocan Star.

Take notice that I, Wm. S. Drewry, acting as agent for the Byron N. White Co., Ltd., Free Miner's Certificate No. B 52335, intend, sixty days from the date hereof, to apply to the Mining Recorder for Certificates of Improvements, for the purpose of obtaining a Crown Grant of each of the above claims.

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

Dated this 4th day of July, A. D. 1901.

W. S. DREWRY.

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Gold Seal White Rubber Coats	Hip Rubber Boots, leather soles
Black and Yellow Oil Coats	Knee Rubber Boots, leather soles

Blankets, Pillows, Quilts, etc.

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SEE OUR CHILDREN'S HAMMOCKS.

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We have a fine stock of Men's Boys', Ladies' and Children's Boots and Shoes which will be sold at cost and under, in order to make room on the shelves for our groceries. We have on hand a good selection of the best makes.

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