# The Mining Review.

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## BOARDS OF TRADE ON EIGHT-HOUR LAW.

### Memorial Presented to the Government at Victoria.

Suspension of the Provisions of the Law Asked for Until the Next Sitting of the Legislature.

At the recent meeting of the Boards of Trade of Eastern British Columbia at Rossland a special committee consisting of J. S. C. Fraser, J. Roderick Robertson and Hon. T. Mayne Daly, was appointed to prepare a memorial on the Eight-Hour law and to forward it to the provincial government. The memorial drawn up and sent to Victoria was as follows:

To the Hon. J. Fred Hume, Minister of Mines, Victoria, B.C.

Sir,—The memorial of the Associated Boards of Trade of Eastern British Columbia, in convention assembled, sheweth as follows:

1. That this association is composed of delegates duly accredited from each of the boards of trade formed in the Districts of East and West Kootenay and portions of the District of Yale, representing the mining sections of Eastern British Columbia.

2. That it was with regret that your memorialists learned of the enactment of clause 4 of bill No. 80, being, "An Act to Amend the Inspection of Metalliferous Mines Act," by which section 13 of chapter 134, R.S.B C., is repealed and the following substituted therefor:

"13. No person shall be employed underground in any metalliferous mine for more than eight hours in every twenty-four hours."

And your memorialists respectfully request that you will not enforce the above provisions nor cause the same to be enforced. Our reasons for making this request are, amongst others, as follows:

1. It is submitted that legislation of such importance and vitally affecting such large vested interests should not have been passed by the Legislature without an opportunity having been given to those interested of expressing their opinion upon the subject.

2. That the public generally were not aware that such legislation was being sought, and the first intimation that was had of such legislation being passed was through the columns of the newspapers.

3. That in obedience to the notice and demand of the Inspector of Mines in that behalf, the superintendents of mines have complied with requirements of the law complained against, but such compliance was not made voluntarily, but only with a desire to obey the law, and the acquiescence therein must not be taken as evidence of their satisfaction of the same.

4. From the enquiries they have made the members of this association are satisfied that this change in the law was not asked for by the miners, and the enactment was as great a surprise to the miners as it was to the mine owners. No facts having been adduced to show that the miners working in the metalliferous mines in the Province of British Columbia complained against or suffered under the system in vogue prior to the passing of the act, and in the absence of any petition or evidence before the legislature that such a sweeping change in the law was asked for by those who are most interested in the change, namely, the miners, it is submitted that the mine owners are fully justified in asking you not to enforce the law.

5. The experience during the past few months in the working of the eight hour law system in the mines in the Rossland and other camps clearly demonstrates that men employed underground in metalliferous mines cannot do as much work in a working day of eight hours as they can in one of ten hours, consequently the cost of working per foot is greater under the former than under the latter system, and mine owners will not be able to bear the increased burden thus entailed, and a reduction of wages must follow.

6. That the passing of this legislation has had a very unsettling effect on the market. Investors are timid, and capital, which was seeking investment in the province, has been withheld awaiting the action of the government in the premises. That nothing could be more promising than the outlook for large investments of English and Eastern Canadian capital in the Kootenays and Yale at the beginning of the year 1899, and, we regret to say, that the passing of the legislation in question has created so much distrust in the minds of the investing public that a material change is noticeable.

8. Mine owners and others interested in mining in the Kootenays and Yale have so far had reason to congratulate themselves upon the pleasant relationship that has existed between the employer and the employed, and it is fervently wished that nothing will occur to disturb the harmony and peace heretofore existing. But, as stated above, it will be impossible for mine owners to continue to pay the rate of wages for eight hours of labor that they have been paying for ten hours; the necessary alternative will be a reduction of wages, and upon such reduction, speaking in the light of experience, consequences will ensue that will greatly retard the progress of mining in the Kootenays and Yale. If the miners refuse to accept these reductions the alternative will be the closing down of the majority of the mines.

It is needless to impress upon you, sir, the disastrous effect that such a state of affairs will entail upon the people of Koootenay and Yale, whose all is bound up in the progress and development of the great mineral resources of these districts. We, therefore, respectfully submit that it will be in the best interest of all concerned that no steps be taken to enforce the provisions of clause 4, of bill No. 80, and that the whole matter be left in abeyance until the next session of the legislature when both sides of the question can be fully discussed and laid before that honorable body.

On behalf of the Associated Boards of Trade of Eastern British Columbia, we are, sir, yours obediently, (Signed) J. S. C. Fraser, President; H. W. C. Jackson, Secretary.

## Presbyterian Concert.

The concert given last night in aid of the Presbyterian church was largely attended and an excellent programme was rendered:

PART I.

Aeolian Selection.....Faust
Duet—"I Live and Love Thee"
Mrs. Pitts and Miss Vallance.
Song—"Waiting".....Millard
Miss Wilson.
Recitation—
Rev. J. A. Ferguson.
Song—"Rocked in the Cradle of the Deep"
Mr. J. Gable.
Violin Solo—"Angels Serenade"
Mr. T. J. Barron.
Song—"For You"
Miss Vallance.
Aeolian Selection—"Cavaleria Rusticana.....Mascagni

PART II.

Aeolian Selection—"Wedding March".....Mendelssohn
Duet—Selected
Mrs. Sanford and Mrs. McMartin.
Song—Selected
Miss Wilson.
Violin Solo—"Spring Song"
Mr. T. J. Barron.
Song—"The Deathless Army"
Mr. F. C. Sewell.
Recitation—
Rev. J. A. Ferguson.
Song—"The Flower Girl".....Bevignani
Mrs. F. A. Wood.
Aeolian Selection—"Rienzi Overture".....Wagner

*As we go to press while the concert is under way, we have no choice to comment.*

### Bro. Houston Has a Dream.

The Nelson Tribune:

"While nothing definite has been given out as to action taken at the conference of mine managers, held at Sandon on Friday night, it is generally believed that the decision was to resume work at all the big mines, the wages to be $3.50 for miners and $3 for muckers; but, under no consideration were the Miners' Unions to be recognized or members of the Union to be given employment. The tactics pursued by the Bunker Hill & Sullivan Mining company in the Cœur d'Alenes are to be followed."

The attorney for a defendant once told a judge there were 100 reasons why his client was not in court when called. "Well," said the judge, "let us have them." "In the first place," said the attorney, "the man is dead, and in the second—." "Stop, stop," said the judge, "the one will do." As there was no such meeting as the Tribune refers to ever held, we presume it is all the reasons the public will ask us to advance for saying that this whole paragraph is a tissue of misrepresentation from beginning to end. Bro. Houston must have had the nightmare, and a heavy dose of it at that.

## SIR ORACLE!

### Ralph Smith, Member for South Nanaimo, "Clinches" the Slocan Trouble.

Mr. Ralph Smith, said to be "the recognized leader of organized labor in this province," spoke at Rossland the other day, and his address, as it appears in the Nelson Tribune, possesses so many peculiarities that, at this juncture, it is deserving of some notice especially as he happens to be a member of the Provincial House, from South Nanaimo. He reminded his hearers that there was nothing new in the eight-hour law. If his reference is to the fact that there is a tendency in the direction of shortening the hours of labor the world over, he is correct; but if he refers to the penal clauses attached, and the manner in which the bill was forced through the House, it is all new, and we defy Mr. Smith to deny it. In the first place we challenge any supporter of this measure to show in any place in the world penalties attached to extension of labor beyond the statutory day, unless in cases where it is universally acknowledged that health is endangered by longer hours. In the Slocan country, where the best of ventilation is observed in most tunnels, danger to health is the exception. A tunnel two feet underground comes under the eight-hour law penalties, when no one will be found to say that in that depth there can be the slightest danger to health.

Again, we may ask the oracle for another instance, in Canadian or English politics, in which a measure so radical in its effects was rushed into law without consulting the people—without, in short, submitting it to the electors in a general election. Controlled, however, as he is by lob-sided ideas he says, "When 'organised labor' asked for an established principle it ought to be granted." But when, pray, did "organised labor," or any other labor for that matter, petition for or ask for this eight-hour law. The general public have no knowledge of the miners of the country, organised or unorganised, asking for it; and we may here question the oracle if he considers it the work of a statesman, for the mere gain of votes in elections, to set capital and labor at daggers drawn when they are working quietly together? Let him give us an instance in English history, or the history of any other country, in which disturbances of this class were made for such purposes as that of the B. C. pettifogging legislators. His choice epithet of "scab," that bears all the earmarks of genuine statesmanship, offers no explanation for it.

Statesman and all that the oracle is, he is ready with a solution for the present difficulty—it is that if the mine owners will not work their properties it is competent for the government to work them and pay over surpluses to the owners. Having, by the penalties of the eight-hour law, got one taste of a relic of Russian barbarism, he is ready to run the legislation of the country on the same lines. Before he has the slightest assurance that the eight-hour law, which deprives the subjects of the elements of British liberty—to hire and let their labor as they like—would hold water in the courts of England, which some of the past acts of the same legislature have disclosed their inability to do, he is ready with a continuation of his bumptious enactments. No doubt his bold assertiveness elicited much applause from an audience that knew no better, but does Mr. Smith for a moment imagine that the courts would allow him to carry out his suggestion to pass legislation that would take the control and management of mines out of the hands of men who bought and paid their cash for them and vest these rights in the hands of basswood statesmen? Under such an arrangement the miners' unions would, of course, have a picnic—they would get their two-weeks old miners on full pay for eight hours or less, as the profits to the owners would be of no account. Wages for the miners on their own terms is all that Mr. Ralph Smith would care for as that would ensure their votes in elections.

But to be a little more serious in this matter, we may ask Mr. Smith if this is all the distance he or the government looks into the problem? The general public are aware that the mining population of this country must increase. The average taxpayer wants to see the productiveness of the country enlarged to meet our present burdens, and to accomplish these ends they want to see a further importation of capital for the opening up of undeveloped properties and prospects. Mr. Smith makes no reference to this, that would be dealing with the second side of the issue that has to do with the country's material progress; and Mr. Smith's special mission is to lash the labor element into a foam of discontent for socialistic objects. If Mr. Smith would only suggest that as well as working dividend-paying properties, he or the government or his audiences of miners, or all combined, would also put up the necessary money to develop the hundreds of prospects calling for capital throughout the province, and, thereby, give employment to the increasing mining population of the country, he would be advancing towards the platform of patriotism, statesmanship and common sense.

In his peroration Mr. Smith concludes that the owners have not exhausted every means of conciliation. Probably not; but whose duty is it to employ them, the owners who are innocent parties in the trouble, or the parliament, Mr. Smith included, who created it without being solicited to do so by any one? The owners and the men in the Slocan were working as harmoniously as two parties could work up to the time of the passage of the law, and as it was the government, and the government alone, that created the trouble and its consequences, it is on its shoulders the public generally say the responsibility for conciliation altogether rests.

### The Situation.

The owners of silver lead mines in the Slocan held a meeting on Tuesday evening, and, we understand, no conclusion was arrived at as to the opening of the mines. We have always said that no action will be taken until the outcome of the governmental tangle is fully known. We, however, venture the opinion that it is the uncertainty of the mining laws, the knowledge that many inferior men—members of the union and otherwise—are offered for employment, and the dread of further complications that have more to do with the delay in opening than the mere matter of wages. If the unions were as anxious to get none but good men on their rolls as they are to secure a large membership, it would do much to solve the problem.

### Work Begun on a Long Tunnel.

Work has been commenced on the long tunnel on the Ivanhoe, which will be run in to tap the ledge at a depth of 1000 feet from the apex of the vein. The tunnel will be 1200 feet long. A seven-drill compressor plant is to be put in, an order for which has just been errected. When this tunnel is completed the Ivanhoe will be the best developed mine in the Slocan. Ten men are at work widening the trail between the mine and the junction with the old Ruth trail.

### Guests at the Reco.

J H Freeman, Victoria
W H Sandiford, New Denver
W J Trethway, Vancouver
R J Troteway, Vancouver
John F McIntosh, Vancouver
J Roderick Robertson, Nelson
E Rammelmeyer, Silverton
Dave King, New Denver
J K Clark, New Denver
Thos Gray, Nelson
Alexander Robinson, Victoria
Wm A Bauer, Victoria
E A Baker, Vancouver
Mrs W J Holmes, Victoria
F W Westren, Toronto
Robt Robertson, Nelson
H H Blumenaur, Rosebery
W H Yawkey, Detroit, Mich.
R J Kirkwood, Nelson
J E Marat, Kaslo
A R Sherran, Montreal
E Evans, Vancouver
W Lawson, Kaslo
Miss Ruth Hoyt, Kaslo
Miss Felt, Kaslo
R P Williams, Rossland
W M Brayton, Kaso
R Marpole, Vancouver
H J Cambie, Vancouver
H Gore, Nelson
H E Beasley, Nelson
A Y Armstrong, Vancouver
Geo Alexander, Kaslo
H W Foster, Kaslo
M Geintzberg, Ajax Fraction
Gus Gustavson, Reco mine
Alex Smith, Kaslo
W S Drewry, New Denver
E L Davidson, Nelson
H J Sullivan, Toronto
John Hirsch, Nelson
A D McKinnon, Vancouver
John Bull, Argenta
J S Dearing, Winnipeg
J S Henry, Toronto

## MINES AND MINING.

Silver stands at 59¼ in New York.

Seven tons of ore were shipped from McGuigan last week.

The owners have two men at work on the Mollie Hughes.

Work is to be resumed on the Dardanelles mine at once.

There are only six men at the Queen Bess now—all on surface work.

The Jeannette group, on Wilson creek, is promising remarkably well.

Seven tons of ore were shipped from McGuigan station for week ending August 31st.

The staff of the Rambler-Cariboo is to be increased and the mine fully worked this winter.

The Toronto syndicate that bought the Marion mine at New Denver have bought the Merrimac along side it.

The crushing machinery for the Ruth mines has arrived from Chicago, and will soon be in position at the Ruth concentrator.

It is understood that Percy Dickenson, of Slocan City, for his Montreal company, has bonded the Noonday mine, near Silverton.

Mr. Hickey is now unloading a compressor plant for the Ivanhoe. It will be taken by wagon up to the Ruth, but engineering science will be required to take it the rest of the distance.

Rossland reports a strike in the Mascot—a six-foot ledge, going $264 to the ton. This is something new for Rossland. The ore of the LeRoi runs about $24 only. The chief value of the new find, however, is in 201 oz. of silver to the ton.

On the Marion, on Silver Mountain, New Denver, the force has been increased to ten, and more men will be added as they are needed. The tunnel is being driven close to the Merrimac line, and at a distance of 25 feet from the surface a foot of clean ore was encountered. The workmen are sacking a ton of ore a day which is taken out in the course of development.

### The Queen Fraction.

The tunnel on the Queen Fraction claim, just below Silverton, is now in on the vein, 80 feet. The ledge in the face of the tunnel shows to be over four feet wide, three feet of which is ore, not quite clean, but nearly so. The character of the ore is identical with that first encountered in the Noonday mine, and as the ledge appears to be the same, the owners may be fortunate enough at any time to break into a big rich ore-shute. The Queen Fraction is proving itself to be a valuable property and it appears only a matter of work to make a shipping mine out of it.—Silvertonian.

### Marcus Daly in the Similkameen.

It is reported that Marcus Daly has become heavily interested in the Similkameen country, purchasing some large properties on Copper Mountain—the Vancouver World says, all of Copper Mountain. Daly sold out recently for the small sum of $10,000,000 in Anaconda, and has naturally some money to invest. J. F. Bledsoe, superintendent of the Fairview corporation, in Vancouver the other day, confirmed the report, and says that two of Daly's experts have acquired some of the most promising properties in that country, and he intends carrying out a large scheme of development.

### Slocan Lake Ore Shipments.

The shipments of ore from Slocan Lake points to date, and the week ending September 2, from January 1, 1899, are as follows:

| Mines. | Tons. |
|---|---|
| From Bosun Landing— | |
| Bosun | 540 |
| From New Denver— | |
| Marion | 20 |
| From Ten Mile— | |
| Enterprise | 680 |
| From Slocan City— | |
| Tamarac | 20 |
| Black Prince | 20 |
| From Silverton— | |
| Comstock | 20 |
| " concentrates | 100 |
| Emily Edith | 60 |
| Noonday | 480 |
| Fidelity | 3 |
| Vancouver | 320 |
| Wakefield | 580 |
| Total | 2843 |

# A MALE FLIRT.

Jack Edson was a male flirt. There wasn't a girl in Dayton who hadn't received attentions from him, and just those attentions which when a young lady receives them from a young gentleman are generally considered to "mean something."

But the Dayton girls—or all of them but one, at least,—found out that such attentions, when they came from Jack Edson, instead of "meaning something" meant precisely nothing at all.

Lucy Brown couldn't believe that all Jack's pretty speeches and fine compliments meant nothing. He had walked with her more than any other girl in Dayton, and she had begun to think a good deal of him. He was so devoted and kind, and all that sort of thing, that she had faith in him.

"Better be careful," said Maria Spooner warningly, "He's the biggest flirt in Christendom. He don't mean half what he says."

"I don't believe all I hear about him," said Lucy, stoutly. "He's not a flirt."

"Yes, he is!" said Maria, in a tone that indicated that no arguments would change her opinion on the subject. "Isn't he always paying attention to every girl that comes along, Lucy? Isn't he always ready to make love to a new face. You know he is."

"No; I don't know any such thing," asserted Lucy. "He's genteel and polite, and if the girls will insist on taking the attentions which are prompted by politeness for attentions of another nature, he isn't to blame, is he?"

"Fiddlesticks!" exclaimed Maria, in disgust. "Talk to me about it being all prompted by Jack Edson's politeness. Humph!" and Miss Spooner gave her nose an upward turn, thereby expressing her opinion of Lucy's argument, if not adding very much to her beauty.

When Jack went to C—— to live he kissed Lucy after a very lover-like fashion, and made her promise to write often, which Lucy, putting implicit faith in him, was quite ready to do.

She couldn't help feeling a little disappointed to think that he hadn't "spoken out." He had known her a year, but never had said a word about marriage in all that time; and if he hadn't had the idea of marriage in his head, what had he been so devoted and lover-like for?

"Perhaps he wants to get started in business before he settles down," thought Lucy, and that thought comforted her.

Jack hadn't been in C—— a week before he struck up an acqaintance with Miss Grant.

Miss Grant was tolerably good looking, and had a rich father.

Jack began to be serious in his attentions at once. Those attentions Miss Grant received cordially.

"Business is business," thought Jack. "A few thousand won't come amiss to me, and if I can get a good wife and a snug banking account at the same time, I ought to think myself lucky. I say, Jack Edson, old fellow, go in and win!"

And Jack Edson did "go in" accordingly, and for a month devoted himself wholly and unreservedly to Miss Grant.

Then fate, or accident, or some other means, threw him into a dilemma by getting him acquainted with Belle Graham.

Miss Belle Graham was a very pretty young lady, with bold, black eyes and a mischief-loving disposition, and as Jack had not flirted for some time, he proceeded, after his old fashion, to lay his heart at Miss Graham's feet, metaphorically speaking, and for a month was her most devoted cavalier.

Miss Graham liked a flirtation as well as Jack did and was in nowise backward in playing her part.

Jack was always looking for and expecting sincerity in others, and concluded at once that Miss Graham had found his fascination irresistible, and was ready to capitulate and surrender whenever he chose to speak the word.

By and by Miss Graham went out of town on a visit, and then he packed up his devotions and the other necessaries of love-making and returned, like a prodigal son, to Miss Grant.

He had been so busy! Work had been unusually driving for the last month. He couldn't get away from the office. Jack invented a score of excuses to account for his absence, and Miss Grant graciously accepted them all, and reinstated Jack in her good graces, and "Richard was himself again."

In August Miss Grant went out of town. Jack had a sorry time of it for want of some one to pay attention to While she was gone, he thought over the matter seriously.

Here he was, young, good looking, and making a nice sum of money, but in need of a home. The first step toward securing a home, was to secure a wife. Why didn't he get married? Sure enough, why didn't he?

The more he thought of it the more firmly he had made up his mind to take the decisive step, and accordingly he cast about in his mind as to whom he should honor by giving the privilege of becoming Mrs. Jack Edson.

Jack knew of three who would be glad to have him—Miss Grant, Miss Graham and Lucy Brown. All he had to do to get either of them to be his "for better, for worse," was to give them half a chance to say yes.

"I like Lucy," he soliloquized; "but she's a plain little country girl, and her father isn't worth much, and I don't think I'll throw myself away on her. There's Miss Graham, she's smart and handsome, and her father's worth a great deal; but she's got too much temper for me! I'm afraid I don't want one of those high-flyers! Miss Grant's the most desirable person after all. Old Grant's bank account is one very satisfactory feature about the transaction. When she gets back I'll speak to her about it, and have the thing off my mind."

Miss Grant came back the next week, and Jack wended his way to her home shortly after her return to inform her of the decision he had arrived at during her absence.

Miss Grant was rather cool.

"She's miffed to think I haven't spoken on the important subject before," thought Jack.

A good opportunity presented itself, and Jack proceeded to offer his heart and hand to Miss Grant after the most genteel manner possible.

He expected to see her burst into a flood of thankful tears, or perform some other equally original feat to demonstrate the gladness of her emotions; but she did not do anything of the kind.

"You do me a great deal of honor, I suppose," said she in a tone which seemed to imply that she hardly considered that she was speaking truthfully, "but I don't feel like accepting it. I would refer you to Miss Graham."

Jack was thunderstruck.

He had never dreamed of anything like this. It had flustered his wits up terribly for a minute or two. Then he rallied them and tried to explain matters; but Miss Grant was obstinate as a woman ever was, and would not listen to a word from him.

"Go to Miss Graham," was all she said, and Jack at last withdrew from the field discomfited.

"It's plain as the nose on my face that's she heard something about my flirting with Miss Graham, and she's mad about it. Confound Miss Graham!"

But after sober second thought on the matter, he concluded to accept Miss Grant's advice and go to Miss Graham.

Accordingly he set off to inform Miss Graham that he had concluded to marry her.

Miss Graham was all smiles and pretty words, and Jack felt that he had but to say the word, and the thing was settled.

And by-and-by he proceeded to inform her of the honor he had decided to confer upon her.

"Marry you?" exclaimed Miss Graham. "Why, I couldn't think of such a thing,'" and she laughed as if it was the best joke of the season.

Jack began to feel scared.

"Why not?" demanded he.

"Because I'm engaged to one man already, and the law objects to our marrying two, you know!" and thereupon Miss Graham laughed again, as if it were immensely funny.

For the life of him, Jack could not see the point.

"How long have you been engaged?" stammered Jack, feeling cold and hot, and to use a handy, old phrase, which is very expressive, if not strictly elegant "decidedly streaked."

"For as much as—let me see"—coolly—"as much as a year, I fancy. Yes, it was in October that it happened. Just about a year ago."

"And you never told me!" groaned Jack.

"You never asked me," said Miss Graham.

Poor Jack! He gathered up his lacerated heart and withdrew from his second battlefield completely routed.

"I won't give it up!" he decided. "There's Lucy Brown. She'll have me, and jump at the chance; and she's worth forty Miss Grants, and a trainload of Miss Grahams! I'll write to her and ask her this very afternoon."

And write to her he did.

He had not answered her last letter, received three months before, but he put in a page of excuses for his negligence, and smoothed the matter over to his satisfaction, if not to Lucy's.

The letter was sent, and he awaited a reply with considerable anxiety.

At last it came.

"It's favorable of course!" he said, as he tore open the letter. "Lucy always thought her eyes of me."

But his opinion as to its being favorable changed somewhat as he read it:

"Mr. Jack Edson. I am very thankful for the honor, etc., but I don't take up with second-hand articles when I can get them at first hand. John Smith says, 'Tell him I have something to say about it now, and I'm not going to forego my claim on Lucy Brown for all the Jack Edsons in the world; and it isn't quite the thing down in Dayton to propose to other men's wives.'

"Love to Miss Grant; also to Miss Graham.

"Yours,

"Lucy Brown Smith."

"Good gracious! Lucy married!"

Jack's eyes were like saucers when he read that name.

Then he suddenly dropped into the nearest chairr.

"Well, I've gone and done it this time!" he groaned. "Jack Edson, you're a fool!"

Poor Jack! He is in the market yet! Who bids?

## CRAZY CZAR OF RUSSIA.

The young Czar of Russia, who is thought to be crazy, comes of a short-lived race. He is the fourteenth Czar, beginning with Peter the Great. Leaving out the two Catherines the Czar has had eleven predecessors of his blood. All but four died under fifty; Peter the Great and Elizabeth lived to the age of fifty-three, Nicholas I., to fifty-nine, and Alexander II., was sixty-two when he was assassinated. Four of the Czars were murdered, but of all the male descendants of Peter III., only three passed the age of sixty.

# About the House.

### HOME.

It is good to have a corner just to
call one's own,
Though it be a nest in branches by
the west winds blown;
Though it be a crooked window under mossy eaves,
Known but to darting swallows and
to autumn's drifting leaves.

Though it only be a little room of
four bare walls,
Caught in 'mid smoky chimneys and
the city's noisy calls;
The heart may rest awhile, and the
soul may be alone,
If yet one has a corner just to call
one's own.

The busy world is beckoning and lures
us away,
And life seems all to-morrow, though
'tis leaving us to-day;
But there's nothing half so rare, in
the golden days to come,
As a little roof, a low roof, that we
call Home.

There is nothing half so precious in
the wide world and free,
As the dear hearts, the near hearts,
close to you and me—
Oh, when the dream is broken, and
a-wandering we roam,
We'll find no other shelter like the
one called Home.

Fame may be waiting us, and glory
on the way,
But the humble things, the sweet
things, are ours every day;
And for loss or for gain, there is nothing can atone,
Like a heart and a corner just to call
one's own!

### HOUSEHOLD HINTS.

To remove ink spots from furniture wipe them with oxalic acid, let it stand for a few minutes, then rub well with a cloth wet with warm water.

Something entirely new in ornamental art ware has just come out, and is called "applique" ware. The ground work is of a beautiful chocolate tint, with artistically applied colored decorations.

The linen used for doilies that are to have borders of drawn work should be very fine, or of linen cambric lawn. The difficulty of drawing the threads from such linen is much lessened if a piece of fine, dry, white soap is rubbed carefully over the space where it is desired to do the work.

To remove rust spots mix in a glass potassium oxalate five grams, lemon juice five grams, and salt five grams, with soft water 80 grams. Of the liquid obtained put a little on the spots then hold them to a tin vessel filled with hot water and heated thereby. The respective places are afterward washed with soap water.

As to the custom of using for the cooking all the pieces of butter left over at each meal and collecting these broken bits, only to allow part of them to linger indefinitely, there is no condemnation too strong. A bit of butter not in condition to reappear on the table should be used at once. If it grows strong before it is needed a safe place for it is the soap-fat kettle.

Within the next six weeks every housewife will be busily engaged preparing her pickles, jellies and preserves for the winter. During the season of pickling, when many onions are used, it will be much more comfortable work if this vegetable is peeled and sliced under water. Hold in the lap a large bowl filled with clear water and work with the hands under the water. Onions done in this manner will not cause tears or stained fingers.

A stack of tissue paper is necessary for complete and proper packing, as so many things require wrapping. All shoes should be carefully dusted, stuffed with tissue paper to preserve their shape, and put in the bottom of the trunk. One adept in the art of trunk packing always stood her shoes and slippers—after wrapping — in the four corners of the trunk to fill up the space which is always lost in the corners. Besides, she asserted it held the center in position better.

Nothing so tempts the appetite as the spotless freshness of the linen, but the housewife knows to her sorrow that at this season the many, many fruit stains which mar it cause her no end of annoyance. The simplest and best means of removing fruit stains is to hold the stained spot over a large basin and pour boiling water down upon it from quite a distance. After this let the spot soak in clear water for a few minutes—do not rub — and most of the stain will disappear. If not, repeat the operation. After this put in a boiler with finely cut turpentine soap; let the water be cold, and allow it to boil for half an hour from the time it is put on; take out, rinse in blued water, iron when pretty dry, and unless the damask is of very light weight use no starch. Use judgment in folding, suiting the creases to the shape and size of your table, and do not fold away until crisp and dry.

### HINTS ABOUT WASHING.

Washing is generally considered the hardest work that falls to the housekeeper's share. Anything that will lighten and expedite the task, or afford her reasons for the processes through which she puts her clothes should be of value and interest to her.

She should rub the clothes on the soap, not the soap on the clothes, for economy's sake, and for the sake of her hands, says a correspondent of the Gentlewoman. Hard rubbing is waste of energy, according to this authority. Light rubbing and frequent sousing of the articles in the water make the work easier and save the hands. Rubbing is to loosen the dirt, and when this is once accomplished forcing water softened with soap through the cloth is better than more rubbing.

Boiling is for the purpose of expanding the fabric by steam and thus loosening the dirt, and removing it. There is therefore no use in "cooking" the clothes. After they have stood fifteen or twenty minutes in the boiling water they should be removed. They are of course to be put first into cold water in the boiler. They should be turned once or twice while boiling.

The custom of putting the second boilerful of clothes into the boiling and dirty water from which the first boilerful has been removed, is not good laundry practice. If you want to get the dirt out, don't put clothes in hot water. (The practice alluded to is one reason why common clothes, such as usually wait till the second boiler, get yellow and grimy. They are put into water that is so hot it "sets" the dirt, and are left in it too long, with the mistaken idea that longer boiling will extract the dirt.

Clothes should be put through at least two waters after coming from the boiler, three are better. We want to get every trace of soap and suds out of the goods. If bleaching powders, ammonia, Javelle water, etc., are used in the boiler, two sudsing waters are a positive necessity. Then they are ready for the bluing water or final rinsing. They should never stand in this, but be wrung out and hung immediately. If they are to stand, let it be in the second sudsing water.

Use little bluing. Clothes of a perceptible blue tint are no more desirable than those that are yellow. Only enough to clear the water, not enough to make it blue, should be employed.

In hanging out the wash it is but little more trouble to hang the various classes of garments by themselves than it is to pin them on in a higgledy-piggledy fashion. And it suits the convenience of the one who sprinkles and folds them, and the ironers also, to have garments of the same kind together.

If clothes are soaked over night, very dirty ones should be kept by themselves.

Don't economize on water, when you wash. Use plenty for boiling, sudsing and rinsing, and your clothes will show the difference in increased whiteness. Washwomen of foreign countries often wash in the rivers, using no hot water at all. Yet their linen is beautifully white. They have a running stream for rinsing water.

### PLANTING SEEDS.

Fine flower seeds should be scattered on the surface of the earth, with a light sifting of soil over them. Then press the surface with a smooth board. This serves a double purpose. It presses the seed into the soil and also firms it so that it retains the moisture near the surface for a longer period than it otherwise would and so helps the seeds materially in germinating. Often the very fine seeds fail to find the moisture necessary for germination, and watering is difficult because it washes the seeds into crevices, or else uncovers them, either being fatal to their germination.

## STEAM FROM OIL.

**Liquid Fuel for Steamships Has Its Advantages.**

By the use of oil instead of coal in marine engines smoke can be got rid of and the stokehole staff reduced.

It is possible by one ton of oil to evaporate as much water as would be disposed of by two tons of coal such as is generally employed for steamships.

Another point in favor of oil, a ton of coal requires a bunker space of ninety cubic feet; a ton of oil only calls for thirty-eight feet.

Under Lloyds' regulations, oil of two hundred degrees Fahrenheit flash may be carried in the water ballast tank.

To secure a complete combustion it is necessary that the oil should be sprayed on entering the furnaces. This used to be done by steam, but in a new system, described before the Society of Arts, compressed hot air is substituted. The oil also is raised to two hundred degrees Fahrenheit before issuing from its nozzle. Under these conditions perfect combustion is secured.

### A RUSSIAN PILE-DRIVER.

In the Russian engineer corps an ingenious pile-driver, which acts with great speed is used. On two sides of the pile one-inch gas-pipes are placed in longitudinal grooves. At the lower end the pipes are furnished with nozzles inclined inward toward the point of the pile. A force-pump drives water into the pipes, and the water, issuing from the nozzles under a pressure of 70 pounds to the square inch, removes the dirt so rapidly beneath the pile that it sinks three times as fast as if hammered by a pile-driver.

### NO HOPE THERE.

Mr. De Seiner, on being introduced to Adored One's Mother—Pardon, me, madam, but have we not met before? Your face seems strangely familiar.

Adored One's Mother—Yes: I am the woman who stood up before you for fourteen blocks in a street car the other day while you sat reading a paper.

# SWAGSMAN OF AUSTRALIA.

## IT IS A COUNTRY WHERE BRAWN IS BETTER THAN BRAIN.

**But Which Fosters a Manly Self-Reliance—Active Life in Which the Necessity for Skill and Dexterity Prevents Dull Days.**

Perhaps it is the wonderful fascination of the plain which causes the solitary swagsman, the Australian substitute for our tramp, to regard the desert as his final tomb. With no great zeal for work, he humps his billy along the track because the life, being one of ease and idleness, does not jar upon his independence. When his tucker gives out, he makes tracks for the nearest station and either works for a space or begs a loan of the victuals which are essential for carrying him a little further upon the trail. In its relation to all tramps and belated travelers the fashion of the country inspires the boss of the ship-walk with most generous instincts. He feeds everything that comes to him after sunset.

In New Zealand the runholder allows the swaggers' hut raw mutton and bread; in Australia flour is changed for the bread, the men having to make scones for themselves when they bake their meat. In the earlier days the practice of greeting all the sundry who came to the run gave mild enjoyment to the squatter's family, as the man on the track in those early days was not the coarse and uncouth barbarian that the twentieth century has evolved. However, to-day, the case is so much changed that the swagsman—half bully, wholly incorrigible, and propelled only by the basest motives—rules the sheep walk by the sheer force of his intimidation.

In the busy season life upon a station is conducive of work. There is an exhilaration in the multitudinous duties attached to the run. Men respect brute force out at the back of beyond; and from the distant boundaries of the Never-Never Country, where language is unheeded and morals are unnecessary, to the least obscure quarter section upon the banks of the Darling, the rough and tumble of a few years upon a sheep or cattle station are better than any number spent amid merely conventional civilization, and within earshot of the portentous platitudes of the bore and the imbecile cackle of the minx. There is an air of rather stately tragedy about the crumbling and deserted drafting station.

### WHERE NEWS IS TRADED.

In many hundred miles of country it is like an oasis in the desert—the one haven of any practical refuge.

Nine-months' old news is exchanged, which, in itself, is perhaps an additional nine months old, and the orders are discussed. In a brief second the face of nature is transformed; the men are shouting, the dogs are barking, the sheep bleat as they scent the home track, and the scene is confused, but replete with life, movement and dust. However, the interval is rare, and while it continues it is cherished. More usually, life in the regions where the roads are two miles wide, and where the tropical sun has so baked the ground, that grass can be seen growing—when it rains—when!—is in the nature of a solitude with sheep and cattle as the disturbing factors. But in its close and intimate affinity with nature, the life is based upon conditions which find their origin in healthy functions.

### CULTIVATES MANLINESS.

Everything tends to the manliness of the individual in thoughts, in deeds, in words; self-reliance is paramount, and no one need become a mere spectator. Moreover, the scope and ambitions of the life are not unendowed with the finest principles which underlie existence. The continual contact with animal life abounds with material knowledge and information. The dexterity of the rider, the keenness of the hunter, the agility of the mountaineer, all find something additional in that which emanates from station work. The sheep station is no mere idle lounge, nor one that is occupied only for occasional inspection. It is progressive and processional and continuous, ever presenting surprises in the tasks which spring up, ever a tax upon the capabilities and powers of endurance; and, despite the oblivion which awaits one and the bad influence it exercises upon the more delicate and sensitive susceptibilities of any nature, its spirit and abandonment with its natural proclivities, elevate such a life far above the dead level of monotony incident to isolation.

### THEIR FAVORITE COLORS.

The Sultan of Turkey's favorite color is dark red. The German Emperor likes his uniforms blue and red, and covered with gold embroideries. The King of Greece, who dons his uniforms as seldom as possible, has a marked preference for light colors. The Emperor of Austria has a preference for gray, while the Emperor of Russia likes dark green uniforms, and the King of Italy, excepting the rare occasions when he appears in a General's uniform, generally wears black.

### BLESSINGS THAT BRIGHTEN.

Did you have any luck in the Klondike?

Yes, answered the perspiring citizen, sadly. But I didn't know luck when I saw it. I found more icebergs and snow-capped mountains than I could shake a pick and shovel at.

ANNUAL REPORT OF THE

# STANDARD LIFE ASSURANCE CO.

The seventy-third annual general meeting of the company was held at Edinburgh on Tuesday, the 25th April, 1899. A. R. C. Pitman, Esq., W.S., in the chair. The results communicated in the report:—

| | |
|---|---|
| Amount of assurances accepted during the year 1898 (for which 4,237 policies were issued) | $ 10,016,102 |
| Premiums on new policies issued | 393,217 |
| Purchase price of 192 new annuities | 790,250 |
| Claims by death under 1,013 policies during the year 1898, inclusive of bonus additions | 3,265,884 |
| Claims under endowment assurances matured during the year 1898, 64 policies, inclusive of bonus additions | 183,555 |
| Existing assurances at 15th November 1898 | 119,825,256 |
| Annual revenue | $ 5,686,058 |
| Accumulated funds | 44,678,632 |
| Investment in Canada | 14,200,000 |

FIRST SCHEDULE.

Revenue account of The Standard Life Assurance Company, for the year from 16th November, 1897, to 15th November, 1898. Prepared in accordance with "The Life Assurance Companies' Act," 33 and 34 Victoria, Cap. 61.

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| Amount of funds at the beginning of the year, 16th November, 1897 | | $ 42,171,539 14 |
| Premiums (after deduction of re-assurance premiums) | | 3,992,222 80 |
| Consideration for annuities granted | | 790,250 55 |
| Interest and dividends | | 1,693,636 54 |
| Fines and Fees | | 5,596 41 |
| | | $ 48,653,444 44 |
| Claims by death under life policies, including bonus additions (after deduction of sums re-assured) | $ 3,265,886 92 | |
| Do. under endowments and endowment assurances matured | 183,555 90 | |
| | $ 3,449,442 82 | |
| Surrenders | 220,505 81 | |
| Annuities | 374,071 73 | |
| Commission | 212,359 11 | |
| Expenses of Management | 518,818 85 | |
| Dividend and bonus to shareholders | 97,333 33 | |
| Income tax | 30,529 94 | |
| Amount of funds at the end of the year, 15th November, 1898, as per second schedule | 43,749,992 65 | |
| | | $ 48,653,444 44 |

SECOND SCHEDULE.

Balance sheet of The Standard Life Assurance Company, on 15th November, 1898. Prepared on the basis of valuation of 1895, in accordance with "The Life Assurance Companies' Act," 33 and 34 Victoria, Cap. 61.

LIABILITIES.

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| Shareholders' capital paid up | $ 584,000 00 | |
| Assurance and annuity fund | 42,735,513 03 | |
| Reserve fund | 360,333 33 | |
| Balance carried forward | 41,146 44 | |
| Total funds as per first schedule | | $ 43,749,992 65 |
| Claims under policies admitted, but not paid | | 815,705 67 |
| Dividends to proprietors (due at and prior to 15th November) outstanding* | | 44,340 53 |
| Annuities outstanding* | | 13,298 11 |
| Staff deposit fund | | 45,710 00 |
| Sums deposited with the company | | 9,538 67 |
| | | $44,678,681 83 |

ASSETS.

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| Mortgages on property within the United Kingdom | $ 9,998,235 67 | |
| Do. out of the United Kingdom | 15,969,340 70 | |
| Loans on the company's policies within their surrender value | 2,154,475 89 | |
| Investments— | | |
| British Government securities | 431,632 15 | |
| Indian and colonial government securities | 881,093 77 | |
| Foreign government securities | 758,728 72 | |
| Indian and colonial municipal bonds | 1,444,416 35 | |
| Railway and other debentures and debenture stock | 3,708,470 55 | |
| Do. shares (preference) | 763,272 73 | |
| Bank deposits for fixed periods | 494,074 78 | |
| House property— | | |
| Freehold $3,170,313 37 | | |
| Leasehold 85,984 45 | | |
| | 3,256,297 82 | |
| Stock of Scottish chartered banks | 61,520 16 | |
| Company's shares | 15,987 30 | |
| Ground rents and feu-duties | 807,456 45 | |
| Life-rents and reversions purchased | 604,962 52 | |
| Loans upon personal security, with policies of assurance, repayable by instalments | 1,035,322 23 | |
| Agents' balances in course of collection | 896,333 84 | |
| Premiums outstanding in course of collection | 565,132 93 | |
| Interest accrued, but not due | 394,622 39 | |
| Do. due, but not paid | 9,997 33 | |
| Cash on deposit $135,861 11 | | |
| Do. on current accounts and in hand 591,074 39 | | |
| | 726,935 50 | |
| Deed and receipt stamps in hand | 317 00 | |
| | | $44,678,681 83 |

*Note.—These items are included in the corresponding items in the first schedule.

A. R. C. PITMAN, Chairman.
W. J. DUNDAS, Director.
J. H. DAVIDSON, Director.
SPENCER C. THOMSON,
Manager and Actuary.
Edinburgh, 19th April, 1899.

EXTRACTS FROM THE REPORT.

It will be seen from the above figures that the progress of the company goes on uninterruptedly. The new policiess issued, and the amounts assured under them, exceed those of any previous year.

The amount received for the purchase of annuities is also greater than ever previously reported. The sums paid in death claims are considerably in excess of the corresponding amounts for the previous year, but the death rates are still well within the expectations on which the several tables of premiums are based.

Notwithstanding this greater outgo, the total funds have largely increased during the year, and now aggregate considerably more than $44,500,00.

While not neglecting the important home connections, the consolidation of the agencies outside the United Kingdom goes on steadily, and the company are beginning to reap the fruits of the policy of careful extension which they have been working out steadily for many years past.

In view of the company's expansion and of the large amount of work—both responsible and routine — now consequently falling upon the members of the board at the head office, the directors think it desirable to increase the numbers on the board through the addition of another member.

The company have now already passed the middle period towards another investigation and division of profits, and, although the rate of interest on the invested funds has necessarily fallen of late years—a circumstance which cannot be without its effect—the board have, thus far, every reason to hope that the final results of the quinquennium will be satisfactory to all concerned.

The rebuilding of the company's premises in Edinburgh is progressing satisfactorily, and the board hope that the next annual general meeting of the company may be held within the board room of the new office.

In moving the adoption of the report, which was unanimously carried, the Chairman, Mr. A.R.C. Pitman, said it was very gratifying to know that the new business of the year had, for the first time in the history of the company, exceeded ten millions of dollars, and from year to year it was growing, showing no signs of standing still. He also referred to the very satisfactory and sound condition of the company, which gave it a very high standing, while its investments were of the safest character.

The appointment of Mr. William Younger as an additional director was approved of.

SPENCER C. THOMSON,
Manager.

Montreal:
W. M. RAMSAY,
Manager for Canada.
J. HUTTON BALFOUR, Secretary.

## SEA TELEPHONE WITHOUT WIRES.

**Italian Invention That Will Obviate Collisions and Other Marine Disasters.**

Prof. Russo d'Asar, an Italian, has devised a telephone to indicate the approach and direction of unseen vessels at sea as far away as five miles. His instruments have been tried with complete success, according to the Lega Navale, on the warships at Genoa and Spezia. The general receiver, which is immersed in the water either at the bow or at the stern of a vessel, consists of two greatly flattened cones, separated by a broad ring. The outer edge of the ring has eighteen receivers connecting with microphones, and each joined to one of eighteen divisions of a dial on deck, nine for port and nine for starboard.

When the receiver for the point northeast to port, for instance, marks the sound from a passing vessel, a white disk shuts off the corresponding compartment on the dial. The lookout then puts his ear to the telephone. If the sound becomes more intense and the disk remains in place, it is a sign that the vessel is still approaching from that direction. If the sound grows fainter and the disk disappears and then shuts off the north-northeast compartment, say, the direction taken by the other vessel can be determined. If the apparatus can work at a distance of five miles, it ought to make collisions in fogs or at night inexcusable, and as the sound of waves breaking on the rocks is transmitted just as easily, it should give warning at least of danger from land near at hand.

**Failure and Success.**

It is often all the little things that constitute the wide difference between success and failure. Some men, earnest in purpose, capable in many ways, seem unable to discern the import of minor, nevertheless important elements, and neglect in consequence to grasp the opportunities that if accepted would carry them on to victory. In the same way people are imposed upon by mercenary druggists, who, to gain an additional profit, practise the dishonest method of substitution. Calling for Putnam's Painless Corn Extractor, they accept some worthless flesh-eating substitute, only to be disappointed or suffer injury. Putnam's Corn Cure is the only reliable one.

I like to hear a servant girl sing at her work. It shows a good disposition. Not always. I think our girl sings because she has a grudge against us.

Very few marriages grow out of these summer attachments, said the observing man. No, mostly trial heats, replied the horsey man.

Has your sister Lulu become engaged very often during her stay at the seashore this summer? No, the only fellows she has met wore three last year.

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

So you want to marry my daughter? said the old gentleman. W-W-Well, I w-wouldn't exactly say that, replied the diffident man, b-b-but she wants to m-marry me. Otherwise we n-never would have been engaged.

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."

INGENIOUS FRENCH INVENTION.

A Frenchman has invented a stopper for preventing the influx of water through a hole in the ship's side and so save the vessel. It consists of an iron rod to the end of which are pivoted four triangular plates that fold back upon the rod. The rod is thrust through the hole and by turning the nut at the end the four plates open, fitting together closely against the side of the vessel to form one plate. The force of the water helps to keep it in position, but the rod is secured on the one inside also. The carpenters can then do their work inside.

AN IMPORTANT PERSONAGE.

Conductor—See that insignificant little fellow over there at the pie counter?

Passenger—Yes, what of him?

Conductor — He's more important than the president of the road. What he says goes.

Passenger—Indeed! Who is he?

Conductor—He's the train dispatcher.

"Pharaoh 100." Payne, of Granby, Que., Cigar Manufacturer.

Tiepass Teddy—Wake up, Harry; de barns on fire. Handout Harry—Blame dese careless farmers. Dey re allers leavin a lot o' hay around where a feller s apt to drop sparks from his pipe.

La Toscana, 10c. RELIANCE CIGAR FACTORY, Montreal.

Take away your filthy lucre! said the hero. I anticipated that remark, said the villian, smiling sardonically under his black flowing mustache. All these bills have been carefully sterilized.

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., Props.

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.

Lawyer—Well, have you at last decided to take my advice and pay this bill of mine? Client—Y-e-s, Lawyer—Very well; William, just add $10 to Mr. Smith's bill for further advice.

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.

THE OLD SONGS.

I can not sing the old songs
That linger in my throat,
Because, alas, it happens,
I can not sing a note.

W P C 987

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.

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

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

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

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

COMMON SENSE KILLS Roaches, Bed Bugs, Rats and Mice. Sold by all Druggists, or 881 Queen W. Toronto.

WANTED—AGENTS FOR AN ENTIRE NEW line of Household novelties; the best sellers on the market to-day. Address THE U. S. SPECIALTY CO., 69 Adelaide St. E., Toronto.

LAW Mills, Mills & Heice 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.

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

WOOD & PHOTO ENGRAVING
J. L. JONES ENG. Co.
68 TO ADELAIDE ST. W. TORONTO.

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

SHORT, BUT STRONG, is this argument—
LUDELLA
CEYLON TEA HAS THE FLAVOR AND QUALITY.
Lead Packages. . . . . 25, 30, 40, 50 & 60c.

A BOON FOR THE LAME!
THE IVEY PATENT EXTENSION SHOE CO.,
Are anxious to secure the address of every lame man and woman in Canada whose lameness consists in one limb being shorter than the other, and are offering good paying employment to every lame person who will take the trouble to write for circulars and care to act as agents. Get one of the Extensions for yourself and you will, after wearing it a week, have no trouble to convince others of its value.
This Extension is by far the best of its nature ever placed on the market, and enables the wearer to walk upright, to walk with ease and comfort, to wear any ordinary store shoe, and gives them the same appearance as their more fortunate friends. Descriptive circulars free to all. Ask for terms to agents. Address
BEFORE AFTER 170 BAY STREET, - - - TORONTO, CANADA.

WATER AND OZONE.

The authorities of Lille, France, have concluded some exhaustive tests of the efficacy of ozone for purifying water. They find this method applicable on a large scale, and superior to any hitherto used. All pathogenic or saphrophytic microbes inhabiting the waters experimented upon were destroyed. After treatment the water is weakened in organic matter, less liable to pollution and more palatable.

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

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

CARD INDEX... The only perfect system for keeping names and addresses. Sample tray outfit..... $3.
The Office Specialty Mfg. Co., Limited
183 and 184 Bay St., TORONTO. Factory: Newmarket.

Wheat AND Stocks It is not necessary to have thousands to make money in grain and stocks. Ten to one hundred dollars carefully invested on margin will net you same profit as one to five thousand dollars will if you purchase outright. Write for pamphlet, explaining fully, F. O. ANDERSON & CO., Stock and Investment Brokers, 20 Victoria St., Toronto.

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 4-5 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.

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.

THE NIMMO & HARRISON BUSINESS AND SHORTHAND COLLEGE,
Cor. Yonge and College Sts., Toronto.
CIVIL SERVICE PREPARATION A SPECIALTY.
A well equipped, widely patronized School. High record for good results. Individual instruction. Prospectus mailed to your address free.
R. D. NIMMO and JAS. HARRISON, Principals.

SCHOOL OF MINING, KINGSTON.
Affiliated to Queen's University. Session begins October 4th. Four years for degrees (B. Sc., E. M.) in (1) Metallurgy and Mining Engineering, (2) Analytical Chemistry and Assaying, and (3) Mineralogy and Geology. Three years for diploma. Shorter special Courses. Graduates have so far secured employment immediately. For calendar apply to
W. L. GOODWIN, Director.

Michigan Land for Sale.
80 GOOD 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.

TESTING FREE
Solid Gold...$2.85
Best Gold Fill 1.50
5 yrs Gold Fill 1.00
Best Glasses... 100
We guarantee perfect satisfaction.
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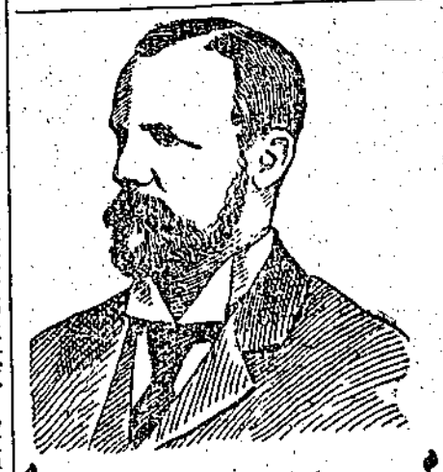

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The Mining Review

SATURDAY.....SEPTEMBER 9, 1899.

## THE TWO PARTS.

The Nelson Tribune frequently works itself into a frenzy over the situation in the Slocan, and is ever ready with its advice; but that advice is more often inciting in its character than sensible and conciliatory in its tone. It never occurs to our confrere that there are two sides to a question, and the one must be considered as well as the other. We may here say for the information of our neighbor, that though this humiliating, crippling legislation was forced on the owners who have for the most part bought and paid for their properties in solid cash, by a body lacking in the first elements of statemanship—many of them being tricky know-nothings—if all other conditions were favorable, the increased wages would be but a secondary matter in considering the opening up of the mines. The unions want to take advantage of every vesti vantage ground the law allows em, and at the same time to force on the owners in many cases hundreds of men who would be dear enough at half the wages wanted for them. We use the word "forced" because every class of man is taken into the union and the highest wages demanded for them. Does it ever occur to the Tribune that the owners are entitled to a "quid pro quo" to the best of men for the highest wages demanded? We venture to say that if the unions were in a position to say to the owners tomorrow "Here are a lot of first-class, sober, experienced miners—the best the country affords—that on being set to work will in every way endeavor to avert future trouble, the question would be settled in 24 hours and the mines would all be in operation shortly after. It is not so much the 50 cents a day the owners are standing aloof from as it is the class of service they would get, as things stand in the camp, for their money, and the likelihood of future trouble, when they might again have to assert their own rights in exacting freedom from dictation and interference in the ordinary working of their properties. The questions, if they opened tomorrow, are: Would they get from the unions all first-class, experienced, steady men? Would they be free from interference, trouble and future strikes if they expelled inferior union men from their works as soon as they found them, and put others, mayhap non-union men, in their places? Would they be freed from further perplexing and even more annoying legislation as long as men of such statesmanlike foresight, sagacity and ability as J. Fred Hume is at the head of mining affairs in the country? It is these and dozens of more matters of a kindred character that are giving the Slocan owners infinitely more trouble than the mere difference of 50 cents a day in wages. The present temper of the owners is not to open up until they feel something like safety in these matters, and those who look at the matter in all its bearings see much commendable common sense in their attitude.

The object of the union is to get every character of miner into its fold so there will be no one outside of them to hire, when, to be equally fair, the desire should be to see that the owners were getting value for their money. The necessity for the one as well as the other commends itself to the mind of all lovers of fairplay, even though not interested in mining operations.

## PROMISES AND ACTIONS.

The situation of things political in Canada must be of much interest even to good Liberals who look into matters carefully from past and present standpoints. Those who remember Liberal cries when in opposition, cannot fail to recognise as the strongest planks in their platform:

"Greater economy in the management of public affairs."

"Reduced taxation."

"A reduction of the public debt."

Bring an intelligent Liberal face to face with the facts as they are revealed in the public records, and his only answer is "You're another, and worse." Now, supposing this war every word true, which it is not, it would be no defence for the Liberal party.

We saw in a Liberal paper, the other day, what was alleged to be a full defence for the increase of debt by the present government: "The Tory government added $150,000,000 to the public debt since Confederation." Well, granting that to be true, there are to show for it: 1, The Intercolonial R'y, costing $40,000,000; 2, the enlargement of the canals, costing $30,000,000; 3, the purchase of the Canadian North West, costing $1,500,000; 4, the construction of the C. P. R., costing $77,000,000—in all $148,500,000, or every cent of the increase. Today our debt is $5,780,000 greater than it was when the Liberals took office, and there is practically nothing of public importance to show for it. Even if there was, from a Liberal point of veiw, the increrse is indefensible, as their pre-election cry was "reduction of the public debt"—not increase with an increase of assets. Then again there was that ringing, vote-catching cry "Reduced taxation." In 1896, the last year of Tory rule our taxation was $43,000,000. This year it is $60,000,000! in the face of the emphatic pledge to diminished burdens. Well may the taxpayers declare, "The Tories chastised us with whips, but the Liberals do it with scorpions." Of the pledge to Free Trade, one need say nothing, the figures speak for themselves. Last year the government collected in customs, which is the principle source of taxation, $5,000,000 more than were collected the last year of Tory rule. How can a Liberal advocate of diminished taxation stand up and defend the increase—$1.00 more on every man, woman and child in Canada, as an evidence of "reduced taxation?"

The jobberies, too, of the past three years must be sickening to those who advocated "purity of elections," "independence of parliament" and such high-sounding pronouncements—the Yukon deals, the purchases of railways, the election escapades of West Huron, West Elgin, Brockville, Waterloo, etc. Had the Liberal party, in their last pre-election pledges, only been honest and told the electors that they were no better than the Tories, things would not be as bad as they are. It might have kept them from office, it is true, but it would at least have left them fewer sins to answer for.

## A GENERAL ELECTION CERTAIN.

It is useless to speculate on what will and what will not be the outcome of the provincial tangle. Enough should be clear to Lieut.-Governor McInnes that it is his duty to dismiss the Semlin government, if he is in the same frame of mind he was in when he dismissed the Turner government. He knew from the way members were elected, when he acted arbitrarily in Turner's case, there were 19 out of the 38 members opposed to Turner, that there were 17 in favor of him and two elections pending, which as things went ware in Turner's favor. It was only necessary for Turner to secure one of the opposition, or to break in on the opposition by the election of a speaker, or in some other way, to be able to hold office. He knew further that Beavin had no following in the House, or out of it, to form a government, and yet he offered him the responsibility.

If, however, his Honor takes no action now but allows the House to meet in the regular way, what will be the outcome—further than that Semlin, unless some unforeseen change takes place, cannot longer retain office—it is most difficult to understand. In the last session his greatest majority was 6. Martin and Higgins have declared themselves in hostile opposition, and that means four in a shift from side to side. Prentice is out of the House, as the force of Act creating him a member, expired with the last session. It then only requires one more vote to go with the opposition to defeat the government. McPherson says he will vote against the government if they repeal the eight-hour law, and Helgeson says he will vote against them if they don't, so this means the loss of one out of these two, and the defeat of the government.

With the government defeated, there is no possibility of forming a new government short of a general election. Though there might be a sufficient majority to defeat any plan Semlin might suggest, it would be of elements that could not be brought into unity of action on any line of policy. As matters stand the opposition would be made up of two factions, that could no more unite than oil and water. This fact alone makes a general election certain the moment Semlin is outvoted.

The only reply Bro. Houston, of the Nelson Tribune, can make to our comments on the position of the Tribune on the eight-hour law is, "It should be given a fair trial." Supposing such argument were carried to its logical conclusion in all matters, where would it land the country? Supposing the legislature were next to pass an Act in favor of the printers alone, without giving the publishers of the province, in advance, the slightest hint they were going to do it, declaring seven hours to be a day instead of nine as custom has it now, would the Tribune continue without protest paying the same wages as before, and advocate a "fair trial" of the act? In our humble opinion, though the Tribune may not lean that way, wherever legislation calculated to make radical changes between any two parties is contemplated, the one party affected ought to be consulted as well as the other. We ask the Tribune if this is not right. We ask the Tribune again if it ever heard of a legislature made up of statemen, that passed disquieting legislation when capital and labor were working harmoniously together? One of the bad features of this act is that its bad effects cannot be disposed of after it has had a fair trial. We have published in these columns, over the signatures of men who have given the law a "fair trial," evidence that the men cannot do under it what they said they would, that is as much work in eight hours as they did before in ten, and for which former work they represented good payment, and the trouble is that after the trial the employers have no way of freeing themselves from the consequences. The Tribune knows all this, but, like Ephraim of old, it is joined to its idols, and we will have to leave it alone.

## CHURCH NOTES.

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

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

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

## IMMEDIATE RELIEF.

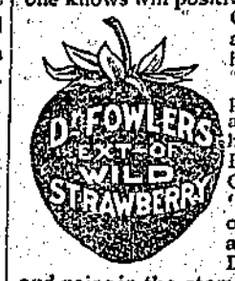
Mr. H. M. Kemp, 209 Brunswick ave., Toronto, writes: "I have used Milburn's Rheumatic Pills for rheummatism. I was so bad that I had to be assisted in getting out of bed. The pills gave immediate relief, as after using one box the pain left and has not returned since."


# 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."



Some cough mixtures smother the cough. But the next breeze fans it into life again.

Better put the cough out.

That is, better go deeper and smother the fires of inflammation. Troches cannot do this. Neither can plain cod-liver oil.

But Scott's Emulsion can. The glycerine soothes and makes comfortable; the hypophosphites give power and stability to the nerves; and the oil feeds and strengthens the weakened tissues.

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

It is undoubtedly a fact that our grandmothers, the pioneer women of the country, led more laborious lives than the housewives of to-day. In spite of this fact, they bore their husbands healthy, robust sons and daughters, and did not become weak, complaining invalids as a consequence.

There are probably several reasons for this. One is, that they lived more in the open air, and another, and probably the most influential of all, is that they were less prudish than the women of to-day. They were not ashamed to know something of their own physical make-up. They were not too nice to take care of their health in a womanly way. Women now-a-days suffer untold tortures in silence, because of weakness and disease of the distinctly feminine organism, rather than consult a physician, or even talk upon the subject to their own husbands. They imagine that troubles of this description can only be cured by undergoing the disgusting examinations and local treatment insisted upon by the average modern physician. Doctor Pierce's Favorite Prescription cures all diseases peculiar to women in the privacy of their own homes. It does away with the necessity for examinations and local treatment. It acts directly on the important organs concerned, making them strong, healthy and vigorous. It fits for wifehood and the burdens of household duties. It allays inflammation, heals ulceration and soothes pain. It tones and builds up the nerves. It banishes the discomforts of the time of expectancy and makes baby's advent easy and almost painless. Thousands have testified to its merits.

Over 1000 pages of medical advice free. Send 31 one-cent stamps, *to cover customs and mailing only*, for paper-covered copy of Dr. Pierce's Common Sense Medical Adviser. Cloth bound 50 stamps. Address Dr. R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y.



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AND THOSE TROUBLED WITH

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# THE OLD MINERS.

## A Beautiful Tribute to the Pioneers in the Mining West.

Every old miner is not a rich man, nor is every rich miner an old man. Many, very many, who joined in blazing trails to the El Dorados in the far west, who have built their humble log cabins where prosperous towns or cities have long since displaced them, who set their stakes and spent months or years to develop prospects into paying mines, whose hopes of striking wealth ended not in fruition, whose tenacity of purpose and bulldog hangonativeness led them, over and over again, to venture their time, their labor, their all in other equally disastrous ventures, have either passed "over the range" to prospect for a home "not made with hands, eternal in the heavens," or are now with whitened locks or furrowed cheeks, with bent forms and faltering steps, patiently waiting for the summons to lay aside their picks, pans and shovels and drills and spoons and hammers, and go up higher where short water and barren rock are known no more forever.

We say there are many old miners waiting to join their comrades who have gone to find a bonanza in the Great Beyond and who leave the world as they enter it—with nothing to claim save the air they breath. But they have done a good work, they lived not in vain. Fifty years ago they crossed the Missouri river and entered the "Great American Desert," into an almost unknown country, bearing their lives in their hands, meeting and overcoming obstacles and dangers of which they know not, frightening or driving the savages of the plains from their pathway and the less savage animals from their lairs, but defying all followed the setting sun on its course to golden sands of the Pacific, where they founded an empire domain, a storehouse abounding in gold. But they builded better than they knew. They opened the way for others to follow. In blazing the trail to the Pacific they passed over great stretches of plains and mountains, out of which Nebraska, Colorado, Idaho, Montana and Nevada have been carved, each a treasure vault from which countless millions have been emptied into the busy world's channels of trade, creating millionaires and multi-millionaires while the trail blazers, themselves, were awakening echoes in camp that added more millions to the wealth of countries and their people.

All hail to the old miner! He opened the gates through which the more fortunate passed to wealth. He uncomplainingly endured the privations and hardships which are ever the handmaids of the pioneer. His youth disappeared in his combats with an adverse fortune. Middle-age claimed him before he finished his battle, and old age has seized him. Physically broken down, but rejoicing, he has lived to see an empire in the west, "all of which he saw and part of which he saw and part of which he was." Envy possesses not the old miner's soul. It will be a short time only when the busy, hustling, bustling throng now around him, grasping for the "almighty dollar," will also travel the road leading to the unknown hereafter, which he is prepared to take when the signal is given to "strike camp."—Western Mining World.

TO CURE COLD IN ONE DAY.

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

STIFF JOINTS 4 YEARS.

Mr. Arthur Byrns, Rock Hill, Ont., writes: "I was laid up with stiff joints for about four years and could get no relief until I used three bottles of Hagyards Yellow Oil which cured me."

## 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,

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# 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.

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| " 9.30 | " | Spoules | " 2.25 | " |
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| " 9.55 | " | Bear Lake | " 2.00 | " |
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| " 10.25 | " | Bailey's | " 1.34 | " |
| " 10.33 | " | Cody Junction | " 1.23 | " |
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| | | | | |
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# DOGS THAT CATCH FISH.

## A WOLF-LIKE BREED USED BY THE PEOPLE OF LABRADOR.

**Trained to Jump From Boat and Secure the Cod Fish Hauled Up by Their Masters—Useful Also in Journeys Over the Snow—Their Ferocity, Intelligence and Jealousy.**

Dogs trained to catch fish are among the features of everyday life on the barren shores of that distant part of Labrador which belongs to Newfoundland. The valuable cod fisheries along the 1,100 miles of Labrador's coast yield about one-fifth of Newfoundland's total catch of cod, and furnish employment annually to thousands of hardy fisher folk. They fish with lines from 150 to 200 fathoms long, two men to a boat, and each man using two hand lines. The usual bait is capelin. When fish are plentiful it takes a very short time to fill a boat with cod. A number of the fishermen have trained their dogs to assist them in catching fish.

The rapidity with which the fishermen haul up their long lines when they feel a bite, robs the fish almost entirely of life and breath by the time it reaches the surface of the sea. It comes to the top as completely exhausted as a salmon that has been played by an angler until he can tail it with his hand and so avoid the necessity of gaffing it. It is one thing, however, to bring a heavy cod to the surface of the water and another to get it into the boat. Gaffs and landing nets are unknown to these toilers of the sea. If they can lift the fish into the boat by the line, all is well; but this is often where they fail. If the fish is large and but lightly hooked, as is often the case,

THE HOOK BREAKS

away from its mouth when the attempt is made to haul it from the water. The fish, still quite inanimate in manner and appearance, floats away from the boat on the surface of the waves. This is only for a moment, however. The fisher's trained dog, often without a signal from his master, leaps over the gunwale of the boat, plunges into the sea, swims after the floating fish and seizes it in his mouth. Returning consciousness, hastened by the new sensation of being taken entirely from the water and firmly gripped between the jaws of its captor, often produces lively struggles on the part of the fish, which add considerably to the difficulty the dog has in swimming back with his burden to the boat. The dog rarely releases his hold upon his wriggling captive until safe within the boat.

Sometimes these dogs have larger game than codfish to struggle with in the water. They are trained to plunge into the ice-cold water in the spring of the year and to act as retrievers for their masters when seal are shot from the shore on the surface of the sea.

The dogs employed by the fishermen of Newfoundland and Labrador are by no means the specimens of canine magnificence usually known as Newfoundland dogs. They more nearly resemble Eskimo dogs than anything else, and are often quite wolfish in both manner and appearance. It is even believed by many people that the blood of the wild brutes of the forest flows in their veins. At a post near Hamilton Inlit not long ago the door of a house in which an infant was sleeping in a cradle had been left open for a short time during the temporary absence of the other members of the family. When the mother re-entered the house she found only the bones of her child. The little one had been completely

DEVOURED BY DOGS.

The Labrador dogs are excessively quarrelsome, and, wolf-like, always attack the weaker. All seem anxious to take part in the fray, and scarcely a season passes without the settlers losing two or three dogs during the summer from wounds received in quarrels among themselves. Peace is instantly restored even if twenty or more are engaged in the affray, by the sound, or even sight, of the dreaded Eskimo whip used by the Labradorians. These people have seldom succeeded in raising any other domesticated animal on the coast, cats, cows, and pigs have all been destroyed by the dogs. If ever a dog is brought up in the house, his doom is sealed. At the first opportunity, the others will pounce upon him in the absence of his master and worry him to death. This is the invariable fate of any privileged dog on the coast that is permitted to enter his master's house and to receive the caresses of the different members of the family. The preference excites the deepest jealousy in the breasts of the Labrador dogs, and they patiently wait for an occasion to avenge themselves.

In the winter these animals will drag a commetique, or sleigh, fifty or sixty miles a day over the snow. They haul wood from the interior, carry supplies to the hunters in the forests far back from the rocky and desolate coasts; merrily draw their masters from house to house, and with their wonderful noses pick the right path even in the most pitiless storm. If the traveller will only trust to the sagacity of an experienced leader, he may wrap himself up in his bear and sealskin robes, and, regardless of piercing winds and

BLINDING SNOWDRIFTS,

these sagacious and faithful animals will draw him securely to his own door or to the nearest post. The commetique is about thirty inches broad and ten or twelve feet long. The runners are shod with whalebone, which, by friction over the snow, soon become beautifully polished and looks like ivory. The commetique is well floored with sealskins, over which bear or seal skins are nailed all round, with an opening for the traveller to introduce his body. The harness is made of seal the foremost dog, called the guide, is placed about thirty feet in advance, the others are ranged in pairs behind the guide. Sometimes three, sometimes four pairs of dogs are thus attached to one commetique, besides the guide.

The Eskimo dog of pure breed, with his strongly-built frame, long white fur, pointed ears and bushy tail, is capable of enduring hunger to a far greater extent than the mixed breed. But the latter beats him in long journeys, even when fed but once a day. An Eskimo dog will travel for two days without food, one of the mixed breed must be fed at the chose of the first day, or he is good for little the next. In winter their food often consists chiefly of dried capelin—the small, smelt-like fish used by the cod fishermen for bait. An expert driver can hit any part of the leading dog he chooses with the extremity of his formidable whip.

## WONDERS OF SURGERY.

**Some Things That Modern Skill Can Do.**

A month or two ago, a doctor was called to attend a boy whose ear had been completely bitten off by a vicious horse. The surgeon determined to try and replace the ear, as failure to do so could not result in a worse deformity.

The missing ear was duly found and handed to the doctor, who was then engaged in bathing the severed part in warm water. He had neither instruments nor dressings with him, and as the half-hour's delay to obtain them would have been fatal to success, he stitched the ear in its place again with a common needle and thread. This was followed by antiseptic treatment and in six weeks the ear completely healed, leaving no scars. Even had this been a failure, an ear made of a waxy composition, and an exact facsimile of the other ear, could have been made and fixed.

In some cases it has been necessary to remove the tongue, but by raising the floor of the mouth and thus in some way filling the place of the missing organ, the patient has been enabled to speak almost perfectly.

The fitting of glass eyes is well known, and the complete destruction of the jawbone has no terrors for the modern surgeon. The crushed bone is removed and a piece of silver or aluminum, the exact shape of the loose jaw, fitted in its place. After this has become firmly fixed, teeth may be fitted to it. If a man's throat is defective, the operation of tracheotomy—the insertion of a silver tube in the windpipe with an orifice opening to the throat, —provides him with a new breathing apparatus.

Artificial legs and arms are now so perfect that with them a man can walk, skate and even cycle. There is a story also of a man, who, injuring his spine in a railway accident, was fitted with a steel casing for his backbone, and so enabled to walk and ride.

## FEEDING THE BABY.

**Mr. Jackson's Experience With the Cub of a Polar Bear.**

The care of babies is never a sinecure, as many of our readers can testify, and the ordinary difficulties of the case sometimes assume extraordinary proportions.

An English lady in India was recently worried about the failing health of her infant. The milk was suspected, and the doctor ordered that the child be fed asses' milk. The lady spoke to a native officer of the district, and receiving a satisfactory reply, drove with a man-servant to the station where the ass was to be waiting.

To her amazement, there, tied to a post, all ready to be milked, stood a huge she bear. It seems that in the native dialect, the words ass and bear are so nearly alike as to be scarcely distinguishable in the mouth of a European.

A variation of the milk problem was presented to Mr. F. G. Jackson, the Arctic explorer, when he found and adopted the infant cub of a polar bear. There seemed no way to feed the poor little beast until Mr. Jackson hit upon the following ingenious method.

Taking a bit of sponge, he covered it with chamois leather and fastened it to a rubber tube which had previously been inserted in a bottle. Fixed to the cork of this bottle was a piece of glass tubing through which air might be blown to make the milk run freely.

The cub took to the bottle like any other baby, and sucked away in most ravenous fashion, with a contented look upon her face, as if the last of her troubles were ended.

## YOUTHFUL DAGGER WIELDERS.

The art of self-defense is inculcated early among some of the wilder tribes of the Caucasus, who instruct their children, as soon as they can walk, in the use of the dagger. First, the little ones are taught to stab water without making a splash, and, in the course of time, incessant practice gives them an extraordinary command over the weapon.

# Floriculture.

## RAISING GERANIUMS.

It is a very interesting operation and may prove quite remunerative, writes Eleanor M. Lucas. If a new or odd geranium is produced florists will pay from five dollars up for the stock, depending upon the value of the variety as a novelty. The seeds may be bought, or if one has some choice varieties, experiments in hybridizing may be carried on. This is done by using a tiny soft brush and transferring the pollen from one blossom to the pistils of another. To prevent interference of the work by insects bringing pollen from other plants, tie some small piece of oiled tissue paper over the flowers treated, and allow to remain until the seed vessels form. One often obtains beautiful results from these crosses with characteristics of both parents, or as often again the plant is a failure as far as novelty is concerned. One cross may not bring any apparent result, but by repeated crosses, keeping some distinct object in view—as size or color of blossom, form of leaf or foliage—one may in time approximate an ideal plant.

Having obtained the seed I take a shallow box about 6x18 inches and bore in the bottom 6 or 8 holes. The bottom is then covered with an inch of broken charcoal. This is covered with two inches of coarse manure or barnyard litter, rather fresh to produce bottom heat. Four inches of good loam rather sandy, follows. This is made level and free from stones. On it the seeds are scattered, covered with half an inch of loam and the whole is watered with very hot water, as hot as the hand will bear. It is now covered with a pane of glass, and placed in a sunny situation. I usually sow my geranium seeds in April, as they will then be fine plants for winter blooming. In from four to six days the seedlings appear, the soil is kept moist, always watering with warm water, but not wet, and they are well covered at night to avoid the cold. As soon as the seedlings appear, I remove the glass, or they will be weak and spindling. When the plants have developed four leaves, they are transferred to 2-inch pots, filled with good soil. The best soil for this purpose is a leaf mold or a sandy loam, not too light, but at the same time not clinging. Add to it about one-eighth part of manure that is well decomposed. To each bushel of this mixture add a four-inch pot of bone dust and a five-inch pot of soot. Mix well together. Put plenty of drainage in the pots.

Place in a shady spot for a few days until the plants have recovered from the shock of transplanting, then give sun and water in abundance. Encourage a fresh healthy growth by liberal shower baths, and at the end of five or six weeks the pots should be full of roots. Transfer to 4-inch pots with rich soil. Give a dose of liquid manure once a week, and at the end of two months or perhaps six weeks, the pots are again filled with roots. Transden try to grow it, yet not many of ment. When these pots are about filled with roots, the geraniums will bloom. I nip off all but one flower stalk; this I allow to perfect. If my plants show indications of some beauty or rarity I grow them for winter blooming.

The pots are plunged in the ground, in a sunny situation, and turned occasionally to prevent the plants from rooting through into the earth. The plants are well sprayed and given a weekly dose of liquid manure. The strong, rank growing shoots are nipped off, likewise all the buds. About the beginning of September they are taken up and out of the pots, repotted into larger pots with fresh earth, started into growth and on the approach of cold weather brought inside. They make a fine display all winter, and the following spring cuttings are rooted and sold, or the plants are entirely disposed of and a new lot started.

If the plants after the one stalk has bloomed, do not promise well, I transfer them to the garden and let them bloom. In our climate, if the geraniums are cut back after the first frost and the roots well protected with straw or leaves, the plants come up in the spring and bloom all the season. These make a fine display and are excellent for seeding purposes. With patience and perseverance it is possible to achieve some excellent results, and the keen enjoyment of success alone will fully repay the trouble.

## ABOUT PANSY CULTURE.

The pansy is a flower that is beloved by everyone. All who have a garden try to grow it, yet not many of its admirers really understand its habits well enough to enable them to obtain the best results in its culture.

The pansy loves cool weather. It gives its finest bloom in late spring and early summer, and again in the fall, if the plants have been properly treated. The intense heat of midsummer affects the vitality of the plants; the flowers wax smaller and less numerous, and the plants themselves seem to die down during the hot days. They seldom actually die; but live on at "a poor dying rate" until the cool days of autumn come, with the refreshing autumnal rains, when they get a fresh lease of life, and would give a fine crop of flowers were they not overtaken by winter just as they are ready for business.

E. E. Rexford, a well known writer on floral topics, says:

"I encourage the plants to take a resting spell. To do this I put them back early in July. No matter how full of blossoms and buds they may be, I harden my heart and sacrifice them all, preferring to do this before the plants are exhausted by flowering. I cut away the greater part of the growth, leaving little but the crown of the plant with a lot of short, stumpy stalks radiating from it, like spokes from the hub of a wheel. It looks like heroic treatment, but there is kindness in it, as will be observed later on. For weeks the plants will stand still, as if debating whether to live or die, and you may think you have almost killed them. But possess your soul in patience. Examine the plants closely and you will find that plump little buds are forming all about at the crown of the plants, and you will then understand that when conditions are favorable to growth these buds will develop into branches, and will recognize the benefits the plants are getting from the treatment given.

"As soon as the hot weather seems to be over—but not before—apply some fertilizer, like finely ground bone meal or some of the flower foods that are in the market, by digging it in round the roots of the plants. In a short time you will find the plants beginning to make a strong, luxuriant growth, nor will it be long before blossom buds will appear. And these, when they have developed, will give you flowers of large size and rich coloring; there will be hundreds of them, and you will think your plants have renewed their youth. And from that time on until snow falls your bed will be full of pansies as fine as any that opened in the spring."

Mr. Rexford says the old plants, thus treated, have more force and thus blossom more abundantly than young ones could be expected to do, but this force must be preserved in the plants by the management indicated above. This treatment he deduced from a careful study of the pansy and its nature, and the influence of climatic conditions upon it. The doing without flowers for a couple of months in midsummer, when the plants don't amount to anything anyway, is more than atoned for by the magnificence and profusion of bloom during the late autumn.

## FERNS.

One of the prettiest and cheapest ways of beautifying the home is by the use of ferns. They are always refreshing, because they suggest the shadows and the cool breezes of the woods, and one can scarcely have too many of them. Nothing is a more graceful house trimming than a row of ferns close to the porch; and if that place is too sunny, they can be scattered about the house in jardinieres or rustic boxes. When getting them from the woods, remember to transplant them quickly, as wilted ferns seldom revive.

## STRANGELY MIXED MARRIAGES.

**Remarkable Cases of It in England and Australia.**

The two following cases would be difficult to surpass: One was in England, the other in Australia. Some time ago a marriage took place in Birmingham which brought about a very complicated state of family relations. The woman had been married three times before, and each time had taken for her husband a widower with children. Her fourth husband was a widower, and, as he had children by his first wife, who was herself a widow with children when he married her, the newly married couple started their matrimonial companionship with a family composed of the progeny of eight previous marriages.

Another curious case was that of Dr. King, of Adelaide, a widower, who married a Miss Norris. Shortly after the doctor's honeymoon, the doctor's son married a sister of the doctor's wife. Then a brother of the doctor's wife married the doctor's daughter. In other words the doctor's son became his stepmother's brother-in-law, and the doctor's daughter became her stepmother's sister-in-law. The doctor by the marriage of his son to the sister of the doctor's wife became father-in-law to his sister-in-law, and the doctor's wife by the marriage of her sister to her step-son became stepmother-in-law to her only sister. By the marriage of the brother of the doctor's wife to the doctor's daughter the doctor became father-in-law to his brother-in-law, and the doctor's wife became stepmother-in-law to her own brother. It is an unsolved problem as to what relationship the children of the contracting parties are to each other.

## THE APPLE'S HARDINESS.

Thousands of little apple trees, some already five inches high, have been found growing on the western shores of the islands hof Mull and fona, on the Scottish west coast, just above high water mark, and the crofters are transplanting them to their gardens. The seedlings have grown from the apples cast ashore from the Dominion line steamer Labrador, wrecked last fall. The London Daily Chronicle calls this "a practical demonstration of the hardiness and vitality of apple pips," but whether the hardiness consists in resisting the sea water or in enduring the climate of Scotland it does not say.

## AN OLD ADAGE ENFORCED.

Your remarks are ill-timed, Mr. Slowpay, said the boarding house landlady. There is a time for everything you know.

Yes, I know, replied Mr. Slowpay, as he helped himself to another plate of hash, and I am forcibly reminded that this is the time.

# HEALTH.

## CARE OF YOUR HANDS.

There is a great knack in using the hands gracefully which seems to be but little understood by girls and women generally. Hands blush. Did you know that? If you are conscious of your hands they will grow red and angry looking. If you forget them they will return to their normal color. If hands are homely in shape despite the best one can do they should be shielded with sleeves that drop over the hand.

Thin hands can be made plump by rubbing them wth cream. Hands that are crimson when they are held down often pass for exceptionally pretty hands because their owner deftly contrives to keep them up so that the blood shall not settle in them.

Children should not be allowed to "crack their knuckles to enlarge in a hideous way.

Some hands are naturally pretty and some are naturally homely, but many homely hands can be greatly improved by judicious care. One's employment has a great deal to do with the look of the hands, of course, and the harder the work is on the hand the more care is required to keep it in good condition. An abnormally small hand is not attractive. The hand should be in proportion to the rest of the body. It should have character, too, and should be used expressively, indeed the hand does much to express the character. When its owner is a nonentity, the hand is merely a machine. When the owner is an individual, the hand follows suit.

To keep the hands smooth use a few drops of this lotion after washing:

Three ounces of rosewater.
One ounce of glycerine.
Ten drops of carbolic acid.
Ten grains of bicarbonate of soda,
Cost, about 20 cents.

## TO REMOVE WRINKLES.

A woman in the West End of London follows the peculiar calling of wrinkle removing, and claims that if she cannot always remove wrinkles she can in a great measure prevent them, if her instructions are faithfully carried out.

Much, she declares, depends upon the causes, which have produced the wrinkles; those occasioned by care and suffering are the hardest to deal with, and if the producing causes are not removed, it is almost impossible to obliterate the wrinkles.

Tricks and mannerism of feature, such as frowning, twisting the mouth, and so on, are fruitful sources of wrinkles, and emotional people—those every ready to cry or laugh—are mostly subject to them; whilst placid folk and those of a phlegmatic nature seldom show them till extreme old age comes. Laughter produces even more wrinkles than tears, but she does not on that account advise her patients to preserve wooden and impassive countenances; her method is quite different, and relates chiefly to perfectly natural, but unusal toilet methods.

## WORRY STOPS DIGESTION.

The cat has served to teach mankind an all-important lesson concerning the working of the stomach. The X-rays directed upon a cat's stomach have demonstrated that any irritation or disagreeable nervous excitement arrests the process of digestion. Dr. Fritz Lange, of Munich, who makes a special study of the stomach, performed a series of experiments, which resulted in this interesting discovery. After the cat had eaten the X-rays were turned on, and Dr. Lange watched the animal's stomach. Then he irritated the cat by placing a live mouse just beyond its reach. Dr. Lange was able to observe that digestion was absolutely interrupted by the irritation of the animal. Briefly stated, the lesson for men and women is; Don't let anything bother or interrupt your dinne.

## COLDS.

I have noticed that persons who suffer most frequently and severely from colds usually insist that they exercise the greatest care to avoid exposure.

Thus says a wrtier in Popular Science Monthly and, continuing, says: "They have dressed in the warmest clothing, wrapped the neck in the heaviest mufflers, remained in the closest rooms and avoided every draft, and yet they continually take cold. The street urchin, on the other hand, with only two or three garments and without shoes and who lives out of doors, suffers less frequently from this affection."

## CHINESE CHILDREN.

One evening there will be about four miles of little lanterns sent floating down the great river in honor of the dead. Or there will be the baking of rice cakes, with many curious ceremonials. And in it all the child takes his part, and his elders are very kind to him, and never bother him with cleaning up or putting on clothes to go out. He strips to the waist or beyond it in summer; then, as the winter comes on, puts on another and another garment, till he becomes as broad as he is long. At night time, perhaps, he takes off some clothes, bat they are all the same shape, all quite loose and easy. Then he never need be afraid of breaking anything, for most things are put away, and Chinese things are not like ours; the shining black polished table, for instance, can have a hot kettle stood upon it and be none the worse.

# In Borrowed Plumes.

The master of the Sarah Jane had been missing for two days, and all on board, with the exception of the boy, whom nobody troubled about, were full of joy at the circumstances. Twice before had the skipper, whose habits might, perhaps, be best described as irregular, missed his ship, and word had gone forth that the third time would be the last. His berth was a good one, and the mate wanted it in place of his own, which was wanted by Ted Jones, A.B.

"Two hours more," said the mate, anxiously, to the men as they stood leaning against the side, "and I take the ship out."

"Under two hours'll do it," said Ted, peering over the side and watching the water as it slowly rose over the mud. "What's got the old man, I wonder?"

"I don't know and I don't care," said the mate. "You chaps stay by me, and it'll be good for all of us. Mr. Pearson said distinctly the last time that if the skipper ever missed his ship again it would be his last trip in her, and he told me afore the old man that I wasn't to wait two minutes at any time, but to bring her out right away."

"He's an old fool," said Bill Loch, the other hand; "and nobody'll miss him but the boy, an' he's been looking reg'lar worried all the morning. He looked so worried at dinner time that I give 'im a kick to cheer him up a bit. Look at him now."

The mate gave a supercilious glance in the direction of the boy, and then turned away. The boy, who had no idea of courting observation, stowed himself away behind the windlass, and taking a letter from his pocket, perused it for the fourth time.

"Dear Tommy,"—it began—"I take my pen in 'and to inform you that Ime staying here and cant git away for the reason that I lorst mi cloes at cribage larst night. Lorst my money, and everything beside. Dont speek to a living sole about it as the mate wants my birth, but pack up sum cloes and bring them to me without saying nuthing to noboddy. The mates clothes will do becos I havent got enny other soot, dont tell 'im You needn't trouble about soks as I've got them left. My hed is so bad I must now conclude. Your affectionate uncle and captin Joe Bross. P. S. Dont let the mate see you come, or else he wont let you go."

"Two hours more!" sighed Tommy, as he put the letter back in his pocket. "How can I get any clothes when they're all locked up? And aunt said I was to look after 'im and see he didn't git into no mischief."

He sat thinking deeply, and then as the crew of the Sarah Jane stepped ashore to take advantage of a glass offered by the mate, he crept down to the cabin again for another desperate look around. The only articles of clothing visible belonged to Mrs. Bross, who, up to this trip, had been sailing in the schooner to look after its master. At these he gazed hard.

"I'll take 'em an' try an swop 'em for some men's clothes," said he, suddenly, snatching the garments from the pegs. "She wouldn't mind; and hastily rolling them in a parcel together with a pair of carpet slippers of the old captain's, thrust the lot into an old biscuit bag. Then he shouldered his burden, and, going cautiously on deck, gained the shore, and set off at a trot to the address furnished in the letter.

It was a long way, and the bag was heavy. His first attempt to barter was alarming for the pawnbrokers, who had just been cautioned by the police, was in such a severe and uncomfortable state of morals that the boy hastily snatched up his bundle again and left. Sorely troubled, he walked hastily along, until in a small by-street his glance fell upon a baker of mild and benevolent aspect standing behind the counter of his shop.

"If you please, sir," said Tommy, entering and depositing his bag on the counter, "have you any cast-off clothes you don't want?"

The baker turned to a shelf, and, selecting a stale loaf, cut it in halves.

"I don't want bread," said Tommy, desperately; "but mother has just died, and father wants mourning for the funeral. He's only got a new suit with him, and if he can't change these things of mother's for an old suit, he'll sell his best ones to bury her with."

He shook the articles out on the counter, and the baker's wife, who had just come into the shop, inspected them rather favorably.

"Poor boy, so you lost your mother!" she said, turning the clothes over. "It's a good skirt, Bill."

"Yes, ma'am, said Tommy, dolefully.

"What did she die of?" inquired the baker.

"Scarlet fever," said Tommy, tearfully, mentioning the only disease he knew.

"Scar— Take them things away!" yelled the baker, pushing the clothes on the floor and following his wife to the other end of the shop. "Take 'e'm away, directly, you young villain!"

His voice was so loud, his manner so imperative, that the startled boy, without stopping to argue, stuffed the clothes pell-mell into the bag again and departed. A farewell glance at the clock made him look almost as horrified as the baker.

"There's no time to be lost," he muttered, as he began to run. "Either the old man'll have to come in these or else stay where he is."

He reached the house breathless, and paused before an unshaven man in time-worn greasy clothes, who was smoking a short clay pipe with much enjoyment in front of the door.

"Is Captain Bross here?" he panted.

"He's up-stairs," said the man, with a leer, "sitting in sackcloth and ashes—more ashes than sackcloth. Have you got some clothes for him?"

"Look here," said Tommy. He was down on his knees with the mouth of the bag open again, quite in the style of the practical hawker. "Give me an old suit of clothes for them. Hurry up! There's a lovely frock!"

"Blimey," said the man, staring, "I've only got these clothes. Wot d'yer take me for? A dook?"

"Well, get me some somewhere," said Tommy. "If you don't the cap'n'll have to come in these, and I'm sure he won't like it."

"I wonder what he'd look like," said the man with a grin. "Hang me if I don't come up and see."

"Get me some clothes," pleaded Tommy.

"I wouldn't get you clothes, no not for fifty pun," said the man, severely. Wot d'yer mean wanting to spoil people's pleasure in that way? Come on, come and tell cap'n what you've got for 'im; I want to 'ear what he ses. He's been swearing 'ard since ten o'clock this morning, but he ought to say *something special over this.*"

He led the way up the bare wooden stairs, followed by the harassed boy, and entered a small, dirty room at the top, in the center of which the master of the Sarah Jane sat to deny visitors, in a pair of socks and last week's paper.

"Here's a young gent come to bring you some clothes cap'n," said the man, taking the sack from the boy.

"Why didn't you come before?" growled the captain who was reading the advertisements.

The man put his hand in the sack, and pulled out the clothes.

"What do you think of 'em?" he asked, expectantly.

The captain strove vainly to tell him, but his tongue mercifully forsook its office and dried between his lips. His brain rang with sentences of scorching iniquity, but they got no farther.

"Well, say thank you, if you can't say nothing else," suggested his tormentor, hopefully.

"I couldn't bring nothing else," said Tommy, hurriedly; "all the things was locked up. I tried to swop 'em and nearly got locked up for it. Put these on and hurry up."

The captain moistened his lips with his tongue.

"The mate'll get off directly she floats," continued Tommy, "Put these on and spoil his little game. It's raining a little now. Nobody'll see you, and as soon as you git aboard you can borrow some of the men's clothes.'

"That's the ticket cap'n," said the man. "Lord lummo, you'll 'ave everybody fallin' in love with you.'

"Hurry up," said Tommy, dancing with impatience. "Hurry up."

The skipper, dazed and wild-eyed, stood still while his two assistants hastily dressed him, bickering somewhat about details as they did so.

"He ought to be tight-laced, I tell you," said the man.

"He can't be tight-laced without stays," said Tommy scornfully. "You ought to know that,"

"He, can't he?" said the other, discomfited. "You know too much for a young 'un, Well, put a bit o' line round 'im, then.'

"We can't wait for a line,' said Tommy, who was standing on tiptoe to tie the skipper's bonnet on. "Now tie the scarf over his chin to hide his beard, and stitch this veil on. "It's a good job he ain't got a mustache.'

The other complied, and then fell back a pace or two to gaze at his handiwork.

"Strewth, though I ses it as shouldn't you look a treat," he remarked, complacently. "Now, young 'un take hold of his arm, go up the back streets, and if you see anybody looking at you, call him 'mar.'"

The two set off after the man, who was a born realist, had tried to snatch a kiss from the skipper on the threshold. Fortunately for the success of the venture, it was pelting with rain, and though a few people gazed curiously at the couple as they went hastily along, they were unmolested, and gained the wharf in safety, arriving just in time to see the schooner shoving off from the side.

At the sight the skipper held up his skirts and ran.

"Ahoy!" he shouted. "Wait a minute."

The mate gave one look of blank astonishment at the extraordinary figure and then turned away, but at that moment the stern came within jumping distance of the wharf, and uncle and nephew, moved with one impulse, leaped for it and gained the deck in safety.

"Why didn't you wait when I hailed you?' demanded the skipper fiercely.

"How was I to know it was you?" inquired the mate, surlily, as he realized his defeat. "I thought it was the empress of Rooshia."

The skipper stared at him dumbly.

"An' if you take my advice," said the mate, with a sneer, "you'll keep them things on. I never see you look as well in anything afore."

"I want to borrow some o' your clothes, Bob," said the skipper, eyeing him steadily.

"Where's your own?" asked the other.

"I don't know," said the skipper, "I was took with a fit last night, Bob, and when I woke up this morning they were gone. Somebody must have took advantage of my helpless state and taken 'em."

"Very likely," said the mate, turning away to shout an order to the crew, who were busy setting sail.

"Where are they, old man?" inquired the skipper.

"How should I know?" asked the mate, becoming interested in the men again.

"I mean your clothes," said the skipper, who was fast losing temper.

"Oh! mine?" said the mate. "Well, as a matter o' fact, I don't like lending my clothes, I'm rather perticklerr. You might have a fit in them."

"You won't lend 'em to me?" asked the skipper.

"I won't," said the mate, speaking loudly, and frowning significantly at the crew, who were listening.

"Very good," said the skipper. "Ted, come here. Where's your other clothes?"

"I'm very sorry, sir," said Ted, shifting uneasily from one leg to the other, and glancing at the mate for support, "but they ain't fit for the likes of you to wear, sir."

"I'm the best judge of that," said the skipper, sharply. "Fetch 'em up."

"Well, to tell the truth, sir," said Ted. "I'm like the mate, I'm only a poor sailorman, but I wouldn't lend my clothes to the queen of England."

"You fetch them clothes," roared the skipper, snatching off his bonnet and flinging it on the deck. "Fetch 'em up at once. D'ye think I'm going about in these petticoats?"

"They're my clothes," muttered Ted, doggedly.

"Very well, then, I'll have Bill's," said the skipper, "But, mind you, my lad, I'll make you pay for this afore I've done with you. Bill's the only honest man aboard this ship. Gim'me your hand, Bill, old man."

"I'm with them two," said Bill, gruffly, as he turned away.

The skipper, biting his lips with fury, turned from one to the other, and then with a big oath walked forward. Before he could reach the foc'sle Bill and Ted dived down before him, and by the time he had descended, sat on their chests side by side confronting him. To threats and appeals alike they turned a deaf ear, and the frantic skipper was compelled at last to go on deck again, still encumbered with the hated skirts.

"Why, don't you go an' lay down," said the mate, "an' I'll send you down a nice cup o' hot tea. You'll get hystaricks if you go on like that."

"I'll knock your 'ead off if you talk to me," said the skipper.

"Not you," said the mate, cheerfully, "you ain't big enough. Look at that pore fellow over there."

The skipper looked in the direction indicated, and swelling with impotent rage, shook his fist fiercely at a red-faced man with gray whiskers who was wafting innumerable tender kisses from the bridge of a passing steamer.

(To Be Continued.)

# CANADA'S SOLDIER POLICE

## THEIR DUTIES AND RESPONSIBILITIES IN THE NORTH-WEST.

**Number of Officers and Men in the Force—Their Rate of Pay—Lead the Life of a Regular Soldier in Barracks—Some Incidents of Their Life on the Plains, and Showing Their Coolness in Face of Great Danger.**

Next to guarding against the smuggling of whisky, the watching of the border line for horse and cattle thieves was probably the most severe of the police duties. A magnificent system of patrol extends along the whole southern side of the British territories from Winnipeg to the Rockies, close to the forty-ninth parallel, which divides the two countries. The patrol usually consists of two policemen, one riding a horse and the other in a buckboard. Rude shelters, perhaps sod-huts, are erected along the trail at forty-mile intervals. The two men start west from, say, Post A, and at the same time two men start from Post B. They travel forty miles per day until they meet and exchange notes. Then they make a detour to the south, touching the American line, and back thus to their respective posts. Each patrol carries a book containing a printed set of questions. This book is shown to each settler along the patrol route. If he has any complaint to make, he notes it therein; if not, he signs the book. Should the policemen observe any fresh trail from over the border crossing their route, they follow it up and overhaul the travelers. If all does not seem square and above-board, they arrest them and take them in to the nearest post.

Thus the hundreds of miles of open prairie are patrolled almost daily like the streets of a great city. Many cases of cattle and horse stealing have been detected by these means, the stolen animals recovered, and the robbers punished. At one time thieves used to run off horses from the Fort McLeod region, work them northward 300 miles, above Edmonton, east along the Saskatchewan, and trade them off for cattle, which they drove back and sold to the very owners of the horses. The police have stopped all that. Murderers and desperadoes often drift across the line from Montana. These are always caught, and returned to the United States officers. The killing of cattle by Indians has been just about stamped out.

In 1896, the United States authorities returned to Canada some hundreds of Cree Indians who had taken refuge there at the time of the Riel rebellion. These Indians were afraid to come back; they were inclined to be ugly. Parties of United States cavalry escorted them to the border. There, much to the astonishment of the United States officers, the turbulent Indians were taken charge of by three mounted policemen, and handled as easily as a lot of school children. It is the even justice with which the Indian has been handled on the Canadian side that makes this possible, or that makes it possible for one or two policemen to go into a large camp and bring away a prisoner.

The Blackfoot tribe is the most warlike within the Canadian borders. Years ago they had a mighty chief named Crowfoot. Whites and Indians all concur in the opinion that he was the greatest Indian, in all respects, that ever lived. He was a noble old savage and proud as Lucifer; so when a sergeant of police and two constables came to his tribe and demanded that two braves who had committed some crime be delivered up to them, he objected haughtily; but finally consented on condition that he might go and see the trial. When the case was finished and even-handed justice had been meted out, Crowfoot said: "This is a place where the forked tongue is made straight. When my people do wrong, they shall come here." And since that time it has always been so.

The armament of the force consists of a carbine, usually a 45—75 Winchester, and a 44 Enfield revolver. The men carry neither sword nor spear. The force is supposed to be, as occasion demands, either cavalry, field artillery, or infantry. The artillery armament consists of six seven-pounder guns, four nine-pounder, two mortars, and two Maxim machine guns.

Each constable has a horse allotted to him. The horses are all purchased in the Northwest Territories at an average price of $60 per head. A record is kept of each horse's mileage, and they are all carefully looked after by veterinary surgeons and sergeants. At the end of the year an exhaustive report upon the condition of the horses is returned; also upon the quality of the hay and grain supplied by contract for their use. Each horse is branded, and has his regimental number stamped upon the wall of his hoof. En bloc they are known as "the herd."

Many a cold, bitter ride, a ride close unto death—yes even through the grim portals sometimes—the riders of these horses have. Winter or summer, sunshine or arctic cold, far or near, the duty must be done. Like the fear of the "black death" in the East is the dread of the scourge of the Northern plains—the blizzard. Against the insane strength of a blizzard the power of a human being is like a feather going over the Niagara cataract. A constable may start out as Corporal Crane did, ten years ago, on his way to Peu d'Oreille to look up some strayed horses. The sun was shining brightly, the air was calm and still. After a while the sky became gray, and little, fine, sharp-cutting chips of snow began to fly and the wind began to rise. Soon it was a full-defined snow-storm, with the wind driving. The snow piled up until it grew hard to travel. The trail had vanished, and the plain was a white, heaving sea. The marrow in the corporal's bones was thickening up, and his blood was sluggish and cold. Then, his eyes! The bits of frozen steel were driving the sight out, the white fall of snow was bleaching the retina.

He slipped from the saddle, for he was growing sleepy sitting there in the cold. Walking might keep the life in until the horse led him somewhere—he was blind now! Holding to the stirrup, he trudged along. Suddenly he stumbled, the stirrup leather slipped from his stiffened fingers. Roused for an instant by the fall, he groped blindly about the frozen snow for the horse. His hands encountered nothing but the wind-driven bits of steel. He traveled in a little circle, once, twice. His comrades saw the tracks three days later. At the end of the second circle they found his body. The horse had come back to barracks dripping wet.

The spirit of camaraderie is strong among these riders of the plains. In the force or out, "acting" or "ex," it is all the same; he is or was "on ecf us." During the Riel rebellion the police were always in the front. It was at the taking of Batoche that Jack French, a big, generous, hard-fighting Irishman, an inspector of police, gave one instance of this comrade-love. There had been a hot scrimmage, and the troops were forced to retire. A wounded policeman was left lying on the field. Jack French saw him, and standing up, shouted in a brogue with the music of an organ in it, "What are you doing there, Cook?"

"I'm wounded," came back a faint call.

"It's meself 'll carry ye in, then!" and down he marched, whistling gayly to himself, as the bullets came spishing by him, throwing up little clouds of dust here and there all about as he marched along. Two bullets cut their way through the skirt of his tunic. "They're getting them pretty close now," muttered Jack, but he was only a few feet away from Cook.

May it be remembered to the credit of the half-breed rebels that when they realized what noble Jack French's mission was they ceased fire. And when he swung his wounded comrade up on his broad shoulders and started back with him, a cheer ran through the whole line of rebel redoubts until the prairie grass trembled with the vibration of the beaten wind. He brought Cook safely back to camp, and then went back again to the fighting that he loved so well. His reward was not the V. C., for within half an hour he was stretched out dead, probably by one of the very men who had cheered him. Cook still lives; he is in government employ in the Northwest.

In the annals of the police there are heroic stories of this sort enough to fill a mighty volume, perhaps even stronger tales than I have told here.—W. A. Fraser, in McClure's Magazine.

## UNDERSTANDS A FINE ART.

A woman who has acquired a reputation for cleverness attained it simply by knowing how to hold her tongue. Whenever she was not thoroughly informed upon a subject, and did not feel able to talk intelligently upon it she simply held her tongue, looked wise and said nothing. Other people did the talking, and she listened with flattering attention. On matters which she knew thoroughly, she talked well, quietly and easily, hence her reputation.

## PECULIAR LAWN MOWER.

A gentleman living in a suburban town brought a lawn mower home one evening, and the next morning was out early testing it. His little four-year-old daughter hearing the noise ran to the window to investigate, and, after gazing at it in astonishment for a moment, exclaimed: Oh, mamma, papa's tuttin' ze gwass wiz your carpet sweeper!


# A WOMAN'S SUFFERING.

**Was Troubled With Palpitation of the Heart, Extreme Weakness and Nervous Headaches.**

In the little hamlet of Montrose, Welland County, resides a lady who gives much praise to the curative power of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. The subject of this testimony is Mrs. Richard Hanna, an estimable lady who has resided in that locality for many years. A reporter seeking an interview with Mrs. Hanna found her willing to give full details, which are given in her own words. Five years ago I was taken ill. I attributed the trouble at the time to an injury sustained by a fall. Time went on and I did not get better. The symptoms of my complaint were palpitation of the heart, extreme weakness, stomach troubles and terrible headaches. I was very nervous, had no appetite and experienced much wakefulness at night. Finally I was compelled to take to my bed, being too weak to sit up any longer. In this condition I was treated at different times by three doctors, and took a great quantity of medicine but realized no benefit. Not one of my neighbors thought I would get well. In the meantime I thought myself that death would soon end my sufferings. One day Mrs. Smith, of Port Robinson came to see me and persuaded my husband to procure for me some of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and he purchased six boxes. After taking the six boxes I had improved very much and was able to be up, though yet too weak to walk. I sent for another six boxes and as a result consider my cure complete. I can relish food better, sleep soundly, and stand more fatigue than I could for years previous. Although I have passed the meridian of life I feel as healthy as when I was in my twenties. With great pleasure and a grateful heart I give this testimony.

The public is cautioned against numerous pink colored imitations of these famous pills. The genuine are sold only in boxes, the wrapper around which bears the words "Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale people." If your dealer does not have them they will be sent postpaid at 50 cents a box, or six boxes for $2.50, by addressing the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.


## HOUSE OF ROMANOFF.

**New Czarowitz the Last of a Race That Seems Doomed to Melancholy Endings.**

The death of the Grand Duke George Alexandrovitch has all but extinguished the Romanoffs of the more immediate male line. The heir to the throne is now the Grand Duke Michael Alexandrovitch, the Czar's only surviving brother, who was born at St. Petersburg on December 4, 1878. He was educated for the army, and is Colonel of the One Hundred and Twenty-ninth Regiment of Infantry.

The fates of the house of Romanoff have been none of the happiest. They came to the throne of Moscow in 1613, during the troubles of the Polish usurpation by Demetrius the Impostor. On the fall of Demetrius, whose remains were fired over the Kremlin battlements from a cannon pointed toward Poland, Michael Romanoff, son of Feofor, the Metropolitan of Mossow, was elected Czar by an assembly of the estates. He was succeeded by his son Alexis, the correspondent of Charles I. of England and supporter of Charles II. Alexis's chief claim to remembrance, however, is the fact that he was the father of Peter the Great, the man who made Russia. A stormy succession followed until the advent of that Catherine, who has been most unspeakably, yet most truthfully, described by Byron as "Catherine whom the world adores as greatest of all Empresses," etc.

Peter and Catherine lived miserably, and at length the Empress had her husband assassinated, and the German woman stood at the head of the empire. Two years later Ivan VI., who had become an idiot in confinement, was strangled by his guards. Catherine died in 1796, having, despite her crimes, proved the only able successor of Peter the Great. She was succeeded by her son Paul, who was assassinated in 1801. He was succeeded by the amiable and well-intentioned Alexander I., for whom circumstances were too strong, and who seems almost first among the Romanoffs, to discover the milder idealism which has won for the present Czar the name of "Nicholas the Peacemaker.' Alexander was succeeded by Paul's third son, Nicholas; Constantine, the second son, having married a Roman Catholic and renounced his claim. Nicholas fell by the hand of "General Fevrier." Since then we have seen two Alexanders, both of whom died untimely, one by the assassin's bomb, the other by disease. As yet the throne lacks an heir in the direct line, and the recent death of the Czarowitz places the succession one remove further from the main stem. Should an heir be born to Nicholas he will be able to trace his descent on the mother's side back to Mary Queen of Scots. The Czaritza, it is curious to note, belongs, in strict parallelism to the generation preceding that of the Czar, so swiftly has Romanoff to Romanoff succeeded upon the stage of history.

## A DAINTY HANDKERCHIEF.

Queen Margharite of Italy owns a lace handkerchief valued at $30,000. It took three expert lacemakers five years to make it and is so light that it can scarcely be felt when laid upon the hand.

## MOUNTAIN ECHOES.

Dr. Milloy is building a residence in Rossland.

Slocan City is making a large exhibit of ore at the Spokane fair.

The new school and the new Presbyterian buildings are now covered in.

Geo. Smith was elected president of the Miners' Union on Saturday night last.

Main Bros. are going to build a substantial warehouse just south of the old "O. K." premises.

Tommy Milne has put the finishing touches on the addition to the Payne residence. Mr. Hand will occupy it.

Mr. Hunter, teacher of Cody school, and Mrs. Hunter mourn the loss of their four-months old child, which died yesterday.

R. Marpole and H. J. Cambie, of Vancouver, and H. E. Beasley, of Nelson, were in Sandon looking over the C. P. R. interests.

Burns and Morrison, the champion drillers of Rossland, were beaten on Labor day by McNicholls and Tallant in 35¼ to 34¾ inches in hard granite.

J. R. Robertson, Nelson; Geo. Alexander, Kaslo; W. H. Sandiford, New Denver, and E Rammelmeyer, Silverton, attended the mine owners meeting.

Church goers and other citizens very much appreciated the kindness of Mr. Harris in turning on the lights Sunday evening while the congregations were coming out.

As yet there are no street lights though several of the aldermen are promising them. We suppose when some serious accident happens they will be put on.

It is said that Ralph Smith is to visit the Slocan to settle the labor problem. If he thinks he can settle it by repeating his Rossland speech, he will find himself much mistaken.

The erratic Lowry is writing the histories of Slocan editors. It is said he will wind up with that of the one who fell off the dock at Vancouver while overloaded with "boozerine."

Laxa-Liver Pills cure biliousness, sick headache, constipation, dyspepsia, sour stomach, water brash, sallow complexion, etc. They do not gripe, weaken or sicken. Small and easy to take.

Mike McQuinlan and Constable Sheads exchanged a half-dozen revolver shots at one another at Grand Forks, the other day, without hitting in either case. As a result McQuinlan is in jail awaiting a trial.

There is after all to be no lumber combine in the Kootenay. The big Nelson mill would only go in on condition that the new company should buy the property for cash, which they are unwilling to do.

If you notice your child grinding the teeth during sleep, picking the nose, eating ravenously but not seeming to gain flesh, you may be sure worms are present and should not delay giving Dr. Low's Pleasant Worm Syrup, price 25c.

A. Robertson, chief superintendent of education, in making a tour of the province, dropped in on Sandon on Wednesday. While here the new school building was inspected, and plans arranged for the future working of the school.

Those who attended the Miners' dance in Virginia hall, on Tuesday evening had a very enjoyable time. The hall was comfortably filled, the music of the best and the dancers in good spirits, so nothing more was required to make it a success.

The Nelson Tribune had a meeting of the Slocan Mine Owners' Association on Friday week, and, of course, it pleased itself on the report of the resolution at which the body arrived. When journals can manufacture meetings, there is no trouble in manufacturing conclusions at which they arrive.

Our readers will observe in an advertising column on this page a notice of the annual meeting of the Liberal-Conservative association at New Westminster. This will be a very important meeting, as at it some arrangements may be made for the next provincial and Federal elections, which are most sure to come off within the next six months.

There are about eight men working at the Sovereign, including Williams and Crowse, who have a lengthy contract. The contractors and some of the men, we are informed, are non-union, and the work has been somewhat impeded by efforts of the Miners' Union to have the men leave their work and come down. As we have said before, this is very unfair on the part of the union, and must do considerable to bring it into discredit. When men enter into a contract to do a certain piece of work for a certain sum of money, honor and law expect them to do it, and any efforts of outsiders to have such contracts broken up are efforts to disrupt law and honor, which the union must neither abet nor encourage, if they want to retain the respect of the general public. If they can persuade men when out of work to join their forces, no one can say they are in any respect transgressing the law, but they certainly are doing it when they ask men to break off work they have undertaken under contract.

Grand Forks and Greenwood are both going to have large smelters.

John Archibald, a carpenter, fell from a scaffold 40 feet high at trail, and was killed.

D. McLean is going to make a general report on the Windermere district for Eastern capitalists.

Ralph Smith, of Nanaimo, says if the mine owners of the Slocan do not operate their mines the governmen can do it for them. If the government will only take hold of all the prospects of the country and work them as well they would be welcome to the entire job.

### Whitewater Concert.

The concert and social held on Tuesday evening at Whitewater was a decided success in every way. In spite of the disagreeable weather a goodly number of the inhabitants of Whitewater and its suburbs were present. The program, which took up an hour and three-quarters, was much enjoyed, especially the singing of Mrs. Pitts and Miss Vallance, with Miss Hammond as accompanist, and the recitations of Rev. J. A. Cleland, all of Sandon. The aeolian selections were also much appreciated. Refreshments and collection followed the program. The collection amounted to $30.00, and has been devoted to the organ fund. An order has been sent to Montreal for a portable organ for use in the work at Whitewater and its mines.

## PERSONAL MENTION.

Mr. Beasley, of the C. P. R. was in town on Monday.

Mr. Main has returned from his long visit to the Coast.

Mr. G. W. Grimmett is to preach in New Denver tomorrow.

Mrs. W. J. Holmes, of Victoria, passed through here for Kaslo.

Dave King and J. K. Clark came up from New Denver the first of the week on business.

Mrs. Egan is shortly to take a trip to Pennsylvania, where her daughter is now visiting.

Mr. and Mrs. M. L. Grimmett and little Jack went down to New Denver on Saturday last, remaining over Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. A. W. Wright and family left on Saturday last for the Coast, where they will remain for a short time.

Mrs. Pitts, Miss Vallance, Miss Hammond and Rev. J. A. Cleland went to Whitewater, Tuesday, to take part in a concert there.

Mrs. (Ald.) Crawford and Miss Rawlings left on Wednesday for Rossland to hear Godfrey's band, and make a short visit with friends as well.

Mr. P. J. Hickey will be "himself again." He arrived from Spokane on Wednesday, bringing Mrs. Hickey and family, to remain in the city for a time.

Miss Funk, who spent part of last year here, came in yesterday from Seattle. She was accompanied by her sister and grandmother, Mrs. Murphy, mother of Mrs. Funk. They will make this their home for a while.


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."


## Liberal-Conservative Meeting.

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

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

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

## Certificate of Improvments.

NOTICE.

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

Take notice that I, J. M. R. Fairbairn, of Greenwood, B. C., acting as agent for Edward Murphy, Free Miner's Certificate, No. 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

## Scrofula.

**Another permanent cure by B.B.B. after two doctors failed.**

Ask any doctor and he will tell you that, next to cancer, scrofula is one of the hardest diseases to cure.

Yet Burdock Blood Bitters applied externally to the parts affected and taken internally cured Rev. Wm. Stout, of Kirkton, Ont., permanently, after many prominent physicians failed; Cured Mrs. W. Bennet, of Crewson's Corners, Ont., permanently, when everyone thought she would die. Now Mr. H. H. Forest, Windsor Mills, P.Q., states his case as follows:

"After having used Burdock Blood Bitters for scrofula in the blood, I feel it my duty to make known the results. I was treated by two skilled physicians, but they failed to cure me. I had running sores on my hands and legs which I could get nothing to heal until I tried B.B.B. This remedy healed them completely and permanently, leaving the skin and flesh sound and whole."

## The D. & L. EMULSION

**The D. & L. EMULSION**

Is the best and most palatable preparation of Cod Liver Oil, agreeing with the most delicate stomachs.

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Is prescribed by the leading physicians of Canada.

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Is a marvellous flesh producer and will give you an appetite. 50c. & $1 per Bottle.

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### FOR RENT.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

FIRE-PROOF CELLAR.—Opposite Kootenay hotel.

FIRST-CLASS TWO STORY BARN.—30 x 80.

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

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

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

## ALTA LODGE, NO. U. D.

A. F. AND A. M.

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

W. H. LILLY, Sec'y.

## I. O. O. F.

Silver City Lodge, No. 39, meets every Friday evening at 7.30 o'clock, in Crawford's hall.

GEO. WAITE, N. G.
ALBERT DAVID, V. G.
A. C. McARTHUR, Sec.

All sojourning brothers cordially invited to attend.

### CURED OF ECZEMA.

I was troubled for several years with eczema and tried several doctors but to no purpose. Then I was advised to use Burdock Blood Bitters, and did so with the greatest success, as six bottles entirely cured me. Wm. G. Uglow, Port Hope, Ont.


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

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Jobbers and Retailers in

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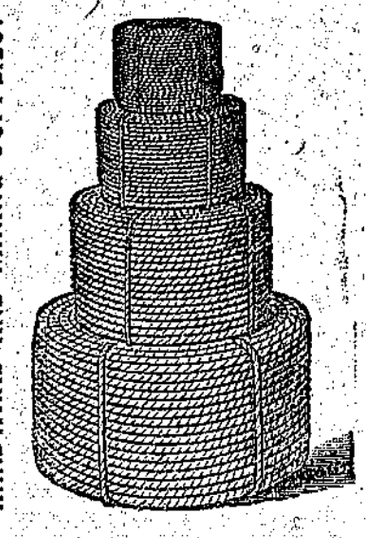

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Mine or Mill Supplies of all kinds.
Agents Truax Automatic Ore Cars.

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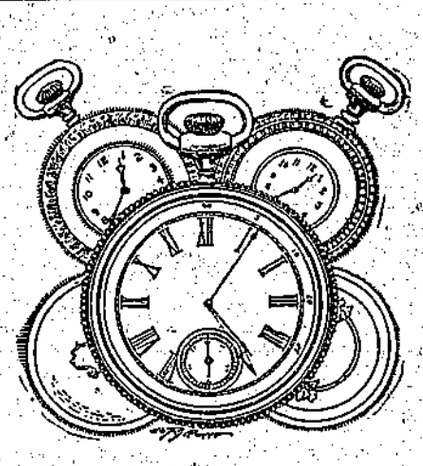
your Watch or Clock run longer than 18 months without cleaning and re-oiling. It is only doing injury and wearing them out. G. W. Grimmett, Jeweller and Optician guarantees his work strictly first class and to give satisfaction.



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## Finest Line of GROCERIES Ever Brought to Sandon.

Table Novelties too numerous to mention
Salted and Preserved Fish of all kinds.
Jellies, Jams and Fruits, all very dainty and appetizing.
Fine tender Hams and Breakfast Bacon.
Canned and Potted Meats for quick meals.
Fancy Crackers, Biscuits in bulk and in fancy cartoons.

Come and see us, or send us in your orders by mail, as we are noted for prompt attention and careful consideration in forwarding goods.

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## WEAK MEN YOUNG OR OLD

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

### ELECTRICITY?

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

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

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

## THE RECO LAUNDRY

WEST ON RECO AVENUE, IS NOW RE-OPENED.

Every class of work laundried to the satisfaction of customers—all by hand
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