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SLOCAN NEWS

Camp Gossip Concentrated for the Benefit of the Paid-Up Subscriber.

LOCAL CHIT-CHAT.

School opens on Monday next.

Thompson Bros. have closed their hotel in Silverton.

Miss McKinnon, of Silverton, is visiting friends in Prince Edward Island.

BORN.—In New Denver, on Aug. 3rd, the wife of J. H Dawson, of a daughter.

E. P. Brenner assisted materially in settling the fisherman's strike on the Fraser river.

R. E. Palmer has gone to Spain, where he has a job as surveyor in the Rio Tinto mines.

James McIntosh has sold his business in Silverton to H. H. Reeves and removed to Moyie.

Slocan is clamoring for incorporation. If it is obtained the name of the city should be changed.

Service will be held in the Presbyterian church on Sunday at 11 a. m. All cordially invited.

Lorenzo Alexander, accompanied by his wife, arrived in New Denver from England on Tuesday.

Wm. Anderson has a fine crop of corn in his garden. He also has water melons, and a loaded shot gun.

Services will be held in the Methodist church next Sunday, both morning and evening. A. E. Roberts, pastor.

L. G. Cardinal, who has had charge of the boarding house at the Bosun until recently, has removed to Moyie.

The New Denver cemetery presents a neglected appearance. A little work would beautify the home of the dead.

Harry and Jack Aylwin are now in full command at the Denver House, Charlie retiring to devote his time to other interests.

The new Catholic church in Silverton will be dedicated next Sunday. The services will be conducted by Fathers Cote and Goller.

Silverton was threatened by a bush fire last Thursday night. The combined efforts of its citizens alone held the fire in check.

Forest fires wiped out the Dundee mill at Ymir last week. The town was saved by the inhabitants turning out en masse and fighting the blaze.

This has been a great season for picking berries in the Slocan. With the running of the red fish this month joy should reign supreme amongst the inhabitants.

Andy Wallace spent a few days in town this week, after an absence of four months in the Kettle River district. He returned to Wauchope on Tuesday, to be away some weeks.

The committee having in charge the work on the Government Reserve will give another dance in Bosun hall this (Thursday) evening. The proceeds to go into the improvement fund.

There are 32 section men on the railroad between Sandon and Nakusp. They receive $1.40 a day, and few of them have had a college education, although many speak two languages.

Berry-pickers are gathering a prolific harvest from the hills about the Three Forks concentrator. It is noticeable that when the berry harvest is large, the bear stories diminish accordingly.

James E. Wood has charge of the office at the Alamo concentrator. Mr. Wood was for years connected with the store of H. Giegerich, of Sandon, where his quiet, affable nature won for him a host of friends.

In New Denver the boys are again singing "I'm Fat," "That's the Baby," "Good," "Hit Me," "Put In With You," and other well-known melodies only heard when 21 is King, and 13 is often a fatal number.

John Souter, who has been mate on the Slocan since that boat first steamed into New Denver, has been removed to a new sphere of duty. He left last week for Okanagan lake where he will assist in directing the destiny of the steamer Aberdeen. Many friends wish him success.

R. M. Covington, who was doing assessment work on a Lemon creek claim, was found dead in his cabin Tuesday morning. Bob was one of the best known miners in the Slocan, and was a native of California. He leaves a wife and two brothers to mourn his sudden demise.

Work was commenced Monday on the repair and clearing of the road to Silverton. As far as the work has progressed the road has been put in excellent condition for travel. The cost of keeping this highway in good condition is very light, and it is one of the most used roads in the division.

Within sight of New Denver, upon the hottest day in summer, bear, goat and cariboo can be shot and kept fresh by placing them upon the ice of the glacier that looks down upon the Lucerne from its high perch, across the limpid waters of Slocan lake. New York has no attraction like unto this.

Work on the Springer creek and Lemon creek wagon roads is now well under way. W. S. Drewery, of New Denver, is engineering the work for the government. On Lemon creek 50 men are employed, and on Springer creek the force was this week increased to about this number. The work will be completed in about six weeks.

SLOCAN MINERAL FLOAT.

Nickel and asbestos are to be found in the Slocan.

W. Koch has the contract for hauling ore from the Arlington.

The stockholders in the Howard Fraction meet at Slocan to-day.

C. D. Rand, of Spokane, will look at his Ten Mile properties this week.

Warner Miller and his associates viewed their Slocan properties last week.

The Enterprise shipped 20 tons last week. Manager Fishburn has resigned.

Conrad Bill has struck a nice showing on the Tremont, a claim adjoining the Comstock.

The Wakefield shipped 80 tons last week, and the Vancouver 20. The ore went to Trail.

Nelson people have an option on the White Horse. This group is near the Galena Farm.

Development work goes steadily on at the Hartney, and everything about the mine is proving highly satisfactory.

The owners of the Mountain Chief No 3 and Sarnia mineral claims, situated on Four Mile, are applying for a Crown grant.

A three-quarter interest in the Two Friends, on Springer creek, has been leased for one year, with the option to purchase for $30,000.

Two tons of ore shipped from the Hampton, on Springer creek, netted the owners over $800. The ore only had a silver value, with a trace of lead.

The Arlington has a force of 60 men, with Dan Harrington as foreman. The company are spending large sums of money in building roads, saw mill and other improvements.

A. D. McGinty has returned from the Boundary, and will do some work on the Mammoth, near Cody. This property has a good showing, and is owned by him and Jack McKiernan.

SAFE AGAIN.

The anxiety of many Silverton people has been relieved, and joy permeates the burg, as the following telegram plainly states the good tidings.

Silverton, Aug. 8.

The country is safe. Red fish have started to run. Grant Thorburn.

THE MISSOURI-KANSAS ZINC AND LEAD MINES.

The great zinc-lead fields of south-west Missouri and south-east Kansas have been brought into increased prominence during the past year. The generally prosperous condition of the country has exerted a favorable influence on all mining centers, and the zinc fields received their full share of increased activity. Outside capital has been freely invested, and zinc mines have been favorites with the Eastern investor.

The operating of mines on leased land is an almost universal practice in the zinc district. Much has been said for and against this lease system; but the fact that the annual output of the mines has reached a value approximating $10,000,000 is a strong argument in favor of the system. It may be regarded as a natural outgrowth of the rather unique mining conditions, where scores of square miles of territory are more or less underlain with deposits of mineral.

Regarding this lease system, it may be briefly stated that the land-owner gives a first lease entitling the holder to mineral rights on fairly large tracts of land (usually ten to several hundred acres). The royalty to be paid to the land-owner varies with the supposed desirability of the land, and is often 8 to 15 per cent of the gross output of mineral.

The holder of the first lease, which is usually drawn for a period of 10 years, prospects his property either with drill holes or shafts, or both; and, if mineral is found, he then sub-leases portions of the property to the mine operators. The royalties paid on second leases are 15 to 25 per cent of the gross output of mineral. These second leases consist of a certain number of lots, each 200 feet square.

In some cases the fee holder operates his own mines, and often the holder of a first lease prefers to work a rich deposit rather than be content with royalties.

The great number of miners who are working their own properties under the lease system are so many safeguards against the injurious labor strikes which are liable to occur in mining regions.

A brief description of the zinc ore bodies may be of interest to those unfamiliar with the region. The Joplin zinc ore is sphalerite or blende, with subordinate galena, and occurs in pockets, caves, sheets and irregular bodies in lower carboniferous limestone. The strata of limestone are thickly interbedded with chert, and this chert is an almost universal accompaniment of the zinc ore. The blende, or jack, as it is called, is associated with galentine, calcite, dolomite and marcasite. The last-named mineral is commonly called mundic, and is objectionable in the ore.

Mining is done from the grass roots down to 250 feet. The average depth of all shafts operated is about 120 feet.

Prospecting for ore is usually done by drilling with a churn drill (cable-tool system); but the prospector with limited funds at his disposal prefers sinking a shaft, as he himself then furnishes a portion of the large cost item of labor.

With the advent of large mining companies and abundant capital, drilling is increasing in favor, and holes are put down to greater depths than formerly. Many companies are not satisfied with drill holes less than 250 or 300 feet deep, and rich ore has been struck at greater depths.

Messrs. Crossman & Bros. claim that their experience in drilling goes to show that very large deposits of zinc ore are to be found at depths of 500 feet or more. A chart prepared by them was published in the Engineering and Mining Journal, March 18, 1899.

The contract price of drilling for ordinary depths is $1 25 per foot of hole; but better figures can be obtained on large contracts. If a company contemplates drilling 5,000 or 10,000 feet of holes, or more, it would pay to consider the purchase and operation of one or two drills under competent management, as a considerable saving could be effected over the ordinary contract prices. Owing to the shattered condition of the rock formation and to the presence of chert in irregular and broken masses, diamond drills have not met with success in the zinc region.

The cost of shaft sinking is, of course, very variable. Shafts are often sunk on contract, the price paid varying with the locality and with the kind of ground. A 6x7 ft. shaft 80 feet deep was sunk on contract, in the Belleville district, for $2 per foot of depth. This shaft was in soft, open ground. A 5x7 ft. shaft 70 feet deep, two miles west of Joplin, cost $20.25 per foot of depth, this figure including a small boiler and pump. A 125 ft. shaft, one mile west of Joplin, cost $14.30 per foot of depth. This shaft was sunk through 90 feet of hard flint and limestone, and 35 feet of open ground.

Upon striking pay dirt, if there is a large enough percentage of free ore, the miner erects a small grizzly to screen out the coarse rock and puts in two or three hand jigs to clean the ore and render it salable. This is a wise method of procedure, for very often the ore body is not large enough to justify the cost of building a steam concentrating plant.

After sufficient development work has been done with the hand jig plant to open up the ore deposit, if the faces of ore are large enough and sufficiently promising, a steam mill is constructed, the usual cost being $6,000 to $8,000 for an ordinary 100-ton mill. Such a mill will actually treat about 50 to 80 tons of mine dirt per 10 hours, depending on the quality of the dirt. A hard flint ore is brittle, and easily passes through the crusher; while clayey ore tends to choke up the machinery and lessens the capacity of the mill.

The past year scores of new concentrating mills have been erected, and many of these have introduced modifications of this system of ore treatment. These modifications consist mainly in the introduction of screens or grizzlies at various stages of the crushing process, thus avoiding excessive production of slimes and decreasing the wear on the machinery.

The unprecedental high prices received for zinc ore during the year 1899 were a great stimulant to prospecting and mining investment. During the fiscal year ending June 30th, 1899, the Missouri State Mine Inspector estimates the amount of outside capital invested in Missouri mines as at least $10,000,000; and since that date the investment of capital in zinc mines has probably been very nearly as liberal.

The high price of zinc ore was undoubtedly due to considerable extent to the Missouri & Kansas Zinc Miners' Association, which was formed in December, 1898. This association comprises a majority of the mine operators in the district; and by bringing about the exportation of large quantities of spelter when the domestic market was overstocked, and by other methods, the association has exerted an influence in establishing a more satisfactory scale of ore prices.

The usual method of selling ore in the zinc district is not a thoroughly satisfactory one to the ore producer. The ore buyer makes the rounds of the mills on his circuit, looks at the ore in the jack bin, and offers a certain price per ton. The price must be accepted by the producer, or his ore remains unsold; and when the buyer makes his rounds the following week he is sometimes tempted to offer a dollar less per ton for the same lot of ore, as a gentle reminder that he is a paramount factor in the sale and purchase of ore. There is, at times, strong competition among ore buyers, and the producer then reaps the benefit of this competition. It would seem reasonable that some system of ore sampling, perhaps by sampling works such as are successful in the West, would be applicable to the Joplin Region, and ore prices so determined would certainly be more equitable.

The ore prices published weekly by the Producers' Association are based on the price of spelter, the price of one ton of zinc ore assaying 60 per cent. metallic zinc being taken as 7 times the value of 100 lbs of spelter at St. Louis. Thus if spelter in St. Louis is quoted at $4 60 per 100 lbs., the association price for a ton of 60 per cent zinc ore would be $32.20. These published prices are not always realized by the ore producers.—Harold A. Titcomb, in E. & M. Journal.

The melons have at last reached New Denver, and Williams cuts them up to suit all tastes and pockets.

LEGISLATURE

Outlook Good for a Prolonged Session with Little Business Transacted.

Victoria, Aug. 4th.—Notwithstanding the promise of the government that the session would be a short one, there is as yet no indication that it will be over before the end of this month. The past week has been barren of any striking features, being given over almost entirely to the consideration of bills in committee in the House. The estimates are promised by Wednesday of next week, the final government caucus being held on Monday. The usual difficulty has been experienced in meeting the claims of all, and additional complication has been given the matter this year through the fact that the support of the government is of such a hybrid and uncertain kind that great care has to be exercised not to alienate any section of it.

The Opposition drew first blood of the session yesterday at the sitting of the Railway committee. The measure under consideration was the incorporation of the Vancouver and Westminster railway, and the Opposition members introduced a motion excluding from employment in the construction of the road all those who were unable to read the provisions of the Act. Of course this proposal was met by the usual storm of indignation by the promoters of the measure, while the government men opposed it as being open to disallowance, as was the case with legislation of a somewhat similar character introduced at former sessions. This provoked the first battle roval of the session, both sides becoming very heated during the discussion, and the Opposition finally carrying their view by one vote. Subsequently when the House resumed the Minister of Finance announced that he had discovered that the Railway committee was minus a member and suggested that Mr. Clifford be added to it. The Opposition entered a vigorous protest, but it was of no avail, and after somewhat bitter compliments had been exchanged, the name of Mr. Clifford was added to the committee.

On the suggestion of Mr. Curtis, an amendment will, in all probability, be made to the draft liquor license bill, to meet conditions obtaining all through the mining country. The bill as submitted to the House required that all houses holding a license should have accomodation for six people and a certain number of horses. Mr. Curtis suggested that this be allowed to stand in the case of houses paying a $50 license fee, but that it be increased to twelve people for those paying $100, and proportionately increased for houses paying $200. The reasons he advanced for this step were very reasonable and their force was admitted by the Attorney-General who promised to bring in the desired amendment. Mr Curtis pointed out that in towns the size of Phoenix small houses that were little more than saloons received a license even when there were large hotels erected at a cost of thousands of dollars, with which they came into competition. The amendment he suggested would mitigate this abuse to a certain extent.

THE CORRECT POSITION.

Journalists, who are inexperienced in the proper use of the pen, and of very little importance in any community, frequently allow malice to get the better of their good sense and assail those opposed to them by a vigorous use of printed Billingsgate. This sort of stuff only smears the writer of it with the contempt of all fair-minded men. A case in point came up the other day when a little village paper in the Slocan, probably smarting under the pain of commercial neglect, attacked a prominent miningman in a diatribe that would be amusing if the coarse venom was left out. The misguided editor, eager for hoodlum applause, states that the object of his hate was once a beer slinger before happy chance made him a mine manager, and continues his article in the same sulky child style of composition. The gentleman referred to once owned several saloons in Idaho, out of which he made no money, owing to the expensive habits of his bartenders. Although unfortunate in this branch of mercantile life he has never had a judgment recorded against him. For more than 25 years he has been engaged in mining, and all the money he ever had was made in that business, which indicates a level head in regard to mining. For four years the company he is now connected with has allowed him to handle all their money in the Slocan to their entire satisfaction. In hiring men he bars no man capable of doing a fair day's work, whether he is union or non-union. The public can easily judge whether men of this kind are wanted in the country, in preference to amateur scribes who disgrace the dignity of the press, because an ad or two has slipped from their grasp.

MONEY PAID OVER.

The Marion deal was closed up satisfactorily to all concerned on Monday and the Marion company given a clear title to the property by Messrs. Sproat, McInnes and Marino, the original locators, they receiving checks for the full amount of the balance due on the bond—something like $15,000. The exact basis of settlement is of little public importance. The fact that the company has taken the property over and will prosecute development on a much larger scale than heretofore is sufficient.

The Merrimac bond, a later purchase by the Marion people, has not been taken up yet, but will in all probability be closed this week. This property lies 100 feet below the Marion group.

SILVER MOUNTAIN WAGON ROAD.

What action the government will take in connection with the proposed Silver Mountain wagon road has not yet been made known, but that the grant for the road will be made is almost a certainty. However, the best method to follow to ensure government assistance is for the mining companies operating there to demonstrate the pressing need of the road by starting work at once from their properties to the flat below—the proposed terminus of the trunk road. The government has always shown a willingness to put up half the cost of building such roads as this, and there is no reason to suppose that it will do less for the road up Silver Mountain. But, history repeats itself. Governments more readily assist those who help themselves, and the most effectual way of showing one's practical need of assistance is by practical labor in the direction of that wished for.

SLOCAN SHIPMENTS FOR JULY.

Payne	1,030
Whitewater	505
Idaho Mines	499
Last Chance	233
Wakefield	220
Slocan Star	120
Queen Bess	108
Ruth	101
Enterprise	100
Rambler	85
Bosun	61
Vancouver	60
Hewett	40
American Boy	40
Sobo	32
Vulture	21
Wilson	7
Hampton	3
Hillside	3
Total tons	3,315

A Fatal Slip.

On Monday evening the Slocan left Slocan for Rosebery accompanied by a barge and the tug Sandon. In attempting to step from the steamer to the tug, Richard Hutchison, a deck hand, fell into the lake. A life preserver was thrown out, and while swimming towards it he suddenly sank and was seen no more. He was 25 years of age, and came from Petit Rocher, New Brunswick.

THE LEDGE is two dollars a year in advance. When not so paid it is $2.50 to parties worthy of credit. To barbarians east of Lake Superior it is $1 a year. Legal advertising 10 cents a nonpariel line first insertion, and 5 cents a line each subsequent insertion. Reading notices 25 cents a line, and commercial advertising graded in prices according to circumstances.

FELLOW PILGRIMS: THE LEDGE is located at New Denver, B. C., and can be traced to many parts of the earth. It comes to the front every Thursday and has never been raided by the sheriff, snowslided by cheap silver, or subdued by the fear of man. It works for the trail blazer as well as the bay-windowed and champagne-flavored capitalist. It aims to be on the right side of everything and believes that hell should be administered to the wicked in large doses. It has stood the test of time, and an ever-increasing paystreak is proof that it is better to tell the truth, even if the heavens do occasionally hit our smokestack. A chute of job work is worked occasionally for the benefit of humanity and the financier. Come in and see us, but do not pat the bull dog on the cranium, or chase the black cow from our water barrel: one is savage and the other a victim of thirst. One of the noblest works of creation is the man who always pays the printer: he is sure of a band in paradise, with thornless roses for a pillow by night, and nothing but gold to look at by day.

R. T. LOWERY, Editor and Financier.

THE LEDGE.

A pencil cross in this square indicates that your subscription is due, and that the editor wishes once again to look at your collateral.

THURSDAY, AUGUST 9, 1900.

A Mistaken Editor

The Toronto Telegram is a bright one-cent paper, and belongs to the high rank of journals. During the mining stock fever in that city a few years ago it was about the only paper that attempted to save the citizens from wasting their money against the sure-thing game of the stock shark. But, notwithstanding the wisdom of its editor, he occasionally makes mistakes. He stated the other day that THE LEDGE was very wicked and that its editor did not know any more about faith than an eastern tenderfoot knew about poker. The Telegram man was just out of reliable information when he wrote that paragraph, or, perhaps the summer heat had caused a moment of mental aberration, just before the forms went down. It is a well-known fact that I am loaded to the top stope with faith, more faith of the right kind than falls to the lot of most mortals. It is also well-known by men educated in the ways of the world that some of the best poker players come from the east. It could not well be otherwise. They learn the game from the primary stage. They are taught the value of a cent, and as exponents of the cold feet doctrine they cannot be beaten in a land where plungers often bet a stack of reds long enough to touch the rafters.

So, my brunette friend of Toronto's great want paper can readily see that he must have been in the clouds when he penned those few remarks about New Denver's leading excitement. However, I will forgive him. In the dark ages of my career I lived in Toronto, but succeeded in making my escape before I became the slave of any creed. This is why I am so lenient with the brainy end of the Telegram. He lives in a city where the church bells on Sunday would drive a western man in search of cotton batting: where I have seen men shot and stoned on the street over a difference in [illegible] where thousands [illegible] their lives away for a [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] lose them [illegible] weeks where [illegible] [illegible] poor [illegible] shape the dollar [illegible] are filled with so much [illegible] that they are continually telling the Lord how wicked they are and asking Him to lasso the devil who is always after them; where a man is measured by the size of the bible he carries and the strength of his voice in sacred song. In a city of that kind it is no wonder that the editor of a leading daily thinks I am wicked, but his opinion is shaded from the counting room. He dare not jab his pen into the religious customs of the day, and discuss matters as I do. If he did, some other editor would take the deal, and "Black Jack" would have to come west in search of sugar for his tea. In event of such an occurence it would not be long before the moss of superstition would be cut out of his upper stope and the mental vision of this otherwise clever writer be permitted to gaze upon the beauties of broader thought than can be found in any Toronto gospel mill.

Almost every day of late some individual hobbles into my office and in a voice trembling with motion speaks a piece about wanting means to get to some place other than this. As most of these fellows are frauds I never dig up. I dislike to furnish the capital for slaking a hobo's beer thirst when personally I strike the lake for a drink. It is good enough for me, and the next hobo who unfolds a tale of counterfeit woe in this editorial factory will be lucky if he escapes an interview with the bull-dog's pup.

A Heterodoxical Request

Edward E. Young, who edits one of the most corpulent papers in Oregon, writes to me for psychological advice. This is what he says:

"I am laboring in a spiritual mist. I feel I have missed some of my opportunities as a moral mentor. I am in the midst of a stiff-necked and untoward generation. They seem to prefer to get into the New Jerusalem by other than the orthodox doors. I feel that if I could use my influence with the keeper, in order to enable them to enter even by any old way, I shall not have lived in vain.

"I note in a few recent issues of your original paper that you are somewhat of a Pilot to the far off Elysium yourself: and thinking perchance we might compare notes and recite our triumphs in the psychic struggle to mutual advantage. I therefore address you.

"My audience is composed of heterogeneous mankind. In it may be found the University graduates: brilliant geniuses who are willing to take the contract to do anything from establishing perpetual motion to planning a way to communicate with Mars: broken-down preachers, obsolete professors, moral perverts and the flotsam and jetsam always to be found in the trail of a good stiff mining excitement.

"I have established more or less pleasant connection with one "Rev. Biff Rounder," who claims to hail from Texas, and is a man after my own heart from many points of view. He is to preach to the people of the United Tabernacle, in Hey Gulch, a few miles out from Slumpton, every Sunday and will furnish me a skeleton of his sermons. I feel that he is disposed to converse [illegible] spiritual ideas of the present [illegible] kind — something that will take the hair off without leaving a sore; and I would be thankful to you for any suggestions that would help us out on these points. In brief, we would like to preach to the men now on earth engaged in the tussle for the almighty dollar, instead of theorizing about how people should live in some far off ideal country where there are no women, no whiskey and no corrupt mammon to cut short the promised illustrious career of the genus homo. Any suggestions that would extend even a flickering ray of light that might penetrate these practical problems and encourage a fellow traveler to the tomb, would be accepted with more or less gratitude, and if you should die first we would be pleased to aid in the manufacture of a tear to drop on your wreathed head when you are laid to your last sleep."

I do not give advice, my gentle pen pusher from Oregon. I am no man's or woman's keeper. I have ideas of my own in regard to religion, but I ask no one to accept them. I believe that every mind should be free to act according to the light from within or without. I have located a short trail over the divide to the great beyond, but, unlike creed trails, heaven is along mine at every step, and it is not necessary to die in order to get some of it. Other trails, said to lead where Peter takes the tickets, have all kinds of tolls and restrictions. In fact some of them keep a man partially broke all the while. All drummers for creed routes will tell you that every one is born, loaded to the eyes with sin, and bound to be damned if it is not eradicated with creed sarsaparilla. The rules vary on the different trails. On one, unbaptised infants will never toddle up to Pete. On another it is necessary to confess everything you do or think to the leader of the flock, or be slid into that place where the ice man does no business. On another the pilgrims have to wade in water up to their necks or they will never reach Wingland. However, you know all about the various rules so I will not quote any more. The travelers along my trail each carry a pass that entitles them to all privileges at the end of the journey. None of them believe that the Creator is a fool or a demon. They all believe in nature's laws, and know that when disobeyed punishment follows. They appreciate the value of good health, having often noticed how many people think they are wicked and need salvation, when a dose of pills would do them more good. My trail has plenty of the sunshine of love, mercy, gentleness, kindness and other rays of light that bless and sweeten those who travel it. None of the pilgrims believe that God runs for the elect an eternal picnic of song, honey and harps on a golden floor upstairs, while in the basement a heavenly Cape Nome is in operation, where the ice never clinks in the glass, and everybody has teeth, while the sulphur smokes eternally. They could not believe that God, represented as being all powerful, would be so wicked as to keep untold millions in torment when a wave of His hand would close up hell forever. Only man, poor, weak, cowardly, unregenerate man could ever have created such a place. Poor man! what a sucker he is sometimes.

Along my trail there are no costly churches built by people who live in poverty, and whose children often suffer for food, let alone education, while bishops and lesser clerical lights live on the tenderloin steaks of the land. None of my pilgrims wear their pantaloons out at the knees praying for God to change his program to suit their ideas or desires. No parson urges soldiers on my pike to throw lead and religion into pagans at the same time. It is a pleasant road that I have built, with others, to that great territory from whence no prospector has ever returned. Oregon editors are not barred. Web footed people can travel it just as easy as those whose pedal extremities are without a blemish.

I have noticed that many of my subscribers object to my style in conducting this journal. Being of a gentle soothing disposition I desire to please every individual who favors me with his dollars, consequently I have determined upon making a bold plunge in a journalistic sea never before exploited. I have resolved to print each subscriber's paper just the way he wants it. This will cost a great deal of money, which I will expect my patrons to furnish. Dear readers, send in your plans of how you want the editing done right away so that no time will be lost in beginning this greatest innovation of the age.

Freedom for Women

Woman should have absolute control of her physical nature, and freedom in love affairs. Maternity should never be forced upon her against her will, and she should always be protected from brute force. Until woman is freed from the bondage of sex and religious slavery this world will never be regenerated. The placing of woman upon a higher pedestal of action is the only way that the human race can be reclaimed from the bog of vice, greed, avarice, prostitution and general sin in which it has wallowed for centuries. Parsons and priests with their money and power-making creeds have failed, so it is time for a change.

NORWAY SALOONS.

It is probably well known to all Americans that a liquor store such as the American saloon or the British tap room or public house is unknown in Norway. Liquor is sold, of course, and in quite respectable quantities, but the Norwegian "saloon" would shock and sadden the American "rounder." A writer in the Advance tells the following story of his first visit to a Norwegian "saloon."

We hardly knew we were entering a liquor shop. The place was small, scrupulously neat, with nothing outside or in to attract, and for a sign only a small board indicating that this was a shop of the Bergen Samlag company. There was not a place to sit down. There was nothing [illegible] the [illegible]. A small narrow counter ran along part of one side of the room. On it were a number of small glasses, the ears of which were etched or ground the letters "B.S." standing for "Bergen Samleg." The glasses are accurately graduated, though without graduation marks, and only out of these glasses may spirits be sold. This enables each sale to be accounted for, as the nickels given on our electric cars must be accounted for. Thus there can be no stealing of liquor.

The men behind the counter were about such a class of men as would run a locomotive on our railroads—somewhat of a workingman's type, but of a superior intelligence, clear eyes, strong, clean face, impressing you immediately with dignity and with strength. During our stay two or three persons came in and bought drinks. I never saw liquor sold in any such way. It was as decorous and orderly as if it had been the most serious sort of business transaction. At once the tiny glassful had been swallowed, the buyer turned on his heel and was gone.

Almost the only thing on the walls of this place was a framed copy of the rules governing the shop. They were explained to us. They were exceedingly terse, and conveyed ideas like these: "This place opens at 8, closes at 12; reopens at 1:30 and closes at 8, except nights before Sundays and holy days, when it closes at 5." "Only the company's glasses may be used in selling." "It is not permitted to treat the bartender." "No one may buy on credit here." "When you have drunk go out." "There may be here no improper language or disorderly conduct." "No one under 18 may enter this place." "It is not permitted to sell to any person giving the least sign of intoxication."

At the head of the office of the company all liquors are carefully analyzed, and only the purest sold. Those with the least alcohol in them are given the precedence. Employees are held strictly to the rules. Salaries are on a fixed scale. Promotion is on civil service principles and one's getting on will be hindered rather than furthered by his making large sales. We came on practical illustrations of all this. The shops also have a black list of those given to drunkenness. I saw such a man leave one of the shops as if the police were after him on the merest word from the seller who refused him drink.

All through the country, which we traversed overland, from Bergen on the west to Christiania on the southeast, we gathered a continuous series of testimonies from fellow travelers, from residents, from business and professional men, all in one direction. The incidental and undersigned testimonies were as effective as the more formal ones.

Push! Push!! Push!!

Its push! push!! push!!! a little beyound what nature intended or can stand, that ruins so many eyes. Work never kills; it's overwork—neglect—abuse that impairs any organ of the human system. The man of middle life no longer able to read with ease and comfort at the ordinary reading distance—the man who foolishly refuses his eyes aid when they thus demand it, is pushing himself into serious trouble, from which a properly adjusted glass would now save him.

PATENAUDE BROS., Nelson.
Opticians, Refractionists.

DR. MILLOY.
DENTIST
ROSSLAND.

WADDS BROS
PHOTOGRAPHERS
VANCOUVER AND NELSON, B.C.

Your feet grow

More and more in need of proper care and treatment. You may neglect the body and deprive the system of many things needful, and yet exist with a degree of comfort. Not so with the feet. If you wear poorly made shoes you will suffer for it. You must have the best makes or you will not have any comfort. This week we place on our shelves a very select stock of Ladies' and Gents' summer and fall foot wear of the Harvey VanNorman Co's best makes and shapes. Handsome walking shoes for the ladies. House slippers, Dancing Pumps, etc. And you should inspect our Gents' rubber-soled Shoes, porous rubber heels—they are comfort givers, etc.

BOURNE BROS. New Denver, B. C.

The Interesting Record

T. H. COWMAN,
Columbia Ave. East, Rossland, B. C.

JOHN WILLIAMS
Dealer in
IMPORTED AND DOMESTIC CIGARS AND TOBACCOES, PIPES, &C.
Van Camp Lunch Goods, Confectionery and Fruit.
BATHS IN CONNECTION.
Newmarket Block. New Denver

Bank of Montreal.
Established 1817.
Capital (all paid up) $12,000,000.00
Reserved fund : : 7,000,000.00
Undivided profits : : 1,102,792.72
HEAD OFFICE, MONTREAL.
RT. HON. LORD STRATHCONA and MOUNT ROYAL, G.C.M.G. President.
HON. G. A. DRUMMOND, Vice President,
E. S. CLOUSTON, General Manager.
Branches in all parts of Canada, Newfoundland, Great Britain, and the United States.
New Denver branch

"YOU DID."

It's good to wander back again
  Among the old home folks;
It rather satisfies a man
  To hear the same old jokes.
To hear somebody say, "I knew
  You when you were a kid,"
But someone always tells you of
  The foolish things you did.

Your heart beats lighter, as it did
  In long forgotten days,
When at some well remembered spot
  Reflectively you gaze,
But it seems queer that all your good
  And noble deeds are hid,
And people only call to mind
  The foolish things you did.

They talk of others who've gone out
  Into some foreign land,
They tell of things these other folks
  Have done, and they seem grand,
But when it comes to talk to you
  Their minds cannot be rid
Of the belief you'd like to hear
  The foolish things you did.

You know you've done a thing or two
  Which show you've got some sense,
But every time they talk of you
  They're certain to commence
With tales of "What a fool you were
  When you lived here—a kid";
They have forgotten all except
  The foolish things you did.
    —Baltimore American.

CHIVALRY AMONG ANIMALS.

There is, I think, little question that in the main there runs a sort of unwritten law through the animal kingdom, that infancy, and even childhood, are entitled to certain rights of immunity which must be respected..... The attitude of animals toward the young of their own species is, we think, almost uniform, most of us having probably seen instances of it. I was once the proud possessor of a fine English setter, a dog of handsome presence and a most Hibernian delight in "fightin'." He would face any dog, and, indeed, had thrashed and been recognized as the master of most in the neighborhood, but if a young puppy or kitten were suddenly presented to him he would turn tail and flee in apparent terror. Upon several occasions I tried the experiment of holding him with one hand by the collar and presenting the sprawling and whining object with the other, and it was really comical to see how he would shrink and shut his eyes, turn his face aside and whimper. It is, of course, possible that the feelings of the big dog were merely comparable to those of the average bachelor when suddenly brought into the presence of a wee infant and asked to "hold the baby."

There are few prettier sights in the world than to see a great, dignified, battle-scarred wolfhound lying in the sun, with an impudent, little doll's-doormat-on-four-legs of a terrier puppy yapping in his face, tugging at his ears, and tumbling all over his back. If you can come upon him unawares, so that he does not know you are watching, you will see that he is not merely submitting with passive toleration to these indignities, but is actually entering into the sport of the thing, taking the puppy's head, and even half his body, into his great mouth, flattening him down gently with a stroke of his huge paw, and I have actually seen him get up and follow the little chap as he toddled about the yard, as if loth to relinquish the sport.

This flag of truce is extended even to their natural enemy, the cat, while in the kitten stage. I have never had the slightest difficulty in bringing up kittens to cathood on terms of intimacy, even of warm friendship, with from two to a dozen dogs (any one of whom would have instantly flown at a strange cat) merely by introducing them as very young kittens.

But in my association with dogs I have found that it is only a very morose and ill-tempered dog who will seriously attack young kittens, and usually even he requires to be urged on by the higher (?) animal, man...... It might be mentioned in this connection that, as a rule, no dog of size or courage will condescend to attack a smaller or obviously weaker dog, unless the remarks and actions of the latter become insulting beyond endurance.

The sense of obligation to interfere actively on behalf of the younger or weaker members of their species is widely spread through the animal kingdom. In attempting to capture young pigs, which have escaped their pen and are running at large among the herd of perhaps fifty or sixty full-grown hogs, it is necessary to be most circumspect in your method of picking up a youngster, for if once his shrill little squeal of distress is raised you will have the entire herd down on you at once, bristles up and fierce watery [illegible]. It would be most unwise to await the onset, for a half-wild pig, when his blood is up and that danger-cry is ringing in his ears is one of the most reckless and ferocious fighters that can be met with...... Cattle have the same curious susceptibility to the cry of a frightened calf, especially in their half-wild condition upon the ranges. To seize suddenly a young calf from its nest in the long grass or the sage brush upon the plains is one of the riskiest experiences that can fall to your lot, on foot and at any distance from your horse or wagon. [illegible] is almost sure to do one of two things [illegible] as were you dog [illegible] does you the compliment of mistaking you for his mother, or [illegible] give voice to an appealing, strange sort of bawling "blatts," totally unlike his ordinary dimness to his mother, and every horned creature within three-quarters of a mile will go fighting-mad at once and come charging and bellowing down upon you. And woe betide you unless you can reach your horse or wagon before they arrive on the scene.

Animals, I am thankful to say, have never yet succeeded in absolutely steeling their hearts against the cry of infantile distress. Man alone has reached this pinnacle of virtue. And it is not the only elevation of the same sort of which he has a monopoly.

The toast of the "ladies" would be cordially received at any canine banquet, and the courtesy with which the privileges of the sex are respected is a most creditable feature of canine conduct. I do not, of course, refer merely to the elaborate display of politeness and fine manners seen everywhere during the period of courtship. Courtesy to and respect for the weaker sex goes far beyond this. No self-respecting dog will bite a female, except in the extremest need of self-defence...... So strong is this unwillingness to "strike a female," that it really becomes a most annoying obstacle in attempting to clear a neighborhood of wolves, as few male dogs will attack a she-wolf.—Dr. Woods Hutchison.

THE FISH CAUGHT THE MAN.

A singular incident connected with fishing is related by the author of 'Wild Sports in the West of Ireland.' A party of fishermen were out in a boat after dudgeon near Sambury. One of the men, who had lamed his horse some miles from home, had been taken on board, but was not fishing. As a penalty for wearing spurs, he sat in the bow with his feet hanging over the side of the skiff.

Soon after he got into the boat one of the anglers caught a small dudgeon, which he playfully hung on the horseman's projecting spur. The incident was forgotten, and the dudgeon hung there, its tail just touching the water.

Suddenly the man gave a cry of astonishment, and the others, looking up, saw a large jackfish floundering about the dangling foot and splashing the water in vigorous fashion. The boat began rocking, and the man in the bow lost his balance and tumbled into the lake, where he disappeared from sight.

A moment later he rose to the surface, the jackfish still thrashing the water about his foot, and it was seen that the fish was caught on the spur. The jack was a huge fellow and very strong, and in its struggles for freedom it plunged toward the bottom of the lake, dragging the man feet foremost after it. His weight, however, was too much for the fish, and it made small headway.

The fishermen now went to the assistance of their luckless companion, and one of them struck the jack with an ore and stunned it. The man was pulled into the boat and the jackfish dispatched. The big fish had jumped for the dudgeon, fixed its teeth in its body, and had somehow been caught by the gill on the crane-necked spur.

It Touched the Burglar's Heart.

The burglar had entered the house as quietly as possible, but his shoes were not padded and they made some noise.

He had just reached the door of the bedroom when he heard some one moving in the bed as if about to get up, and he paused.

The sound of a woman's voice floated to his ears.

"If you don't take off your boots when you come into this house," it said, "there's going to be trouble, and a whole lot of it. Here it's been raining for three hours, and you dare to tramp over my carpets with your muddy boots on. Go downstairs and take them off this minute."

He went downstairs without a word, but he didn't take off his boots. Instead he went straight out into the night again, and the "pal" who was waiting for him saw a tear glisten in his eye.

"I can't rob that house," he said. "It reminds me of home."—London Tid Bits.

O. M. ROSENDALE

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Advises on mines, mining properties and their workings. Claims, Prospects, and Mines stocked. Companies organized. Capital furnished.

GREAT DEMAND FOR PROMISING SILVER LEAD PROPERTIES.

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GOODWIN CANDLES
GIANT POWDER

KASLO AINSWORTH SANDON

FRUIT AND ORNAMENTAL TREES, ROSES, SHRUBS, VINES, BULBS.

For Fall Planting

[illegible]

IF YOU SMOKE

Smoke our

Royal Seal Cigars

UNION MADE

They are made in your midst, of the finest Havana Tobacco. Where good Cigars are sold they can be bought.

Kootenay Cigar Mfg Co., Nelson

HEARD IN NELSON.

The following from Judge is just like what the ladies of Nelson say when they go to a ball game:

At the umpire's call, "Foul ball! foul ball!"
  She queried, "And what's a foul?"
And "Why do they yell so, Will? Please tell,"
  When the crowd began to howl.
"He's out," Will said. "Who's out?" she plead.
  "The batter—he fanned, you see."
"He fanned? Which man? And where is the fan?
  "What kind of a fan?" cried she.

"Now what is the score?" she asked once more.
  (For the fiftieth time, alack!)
"Oh, isn't it fun! Just see him run—
  But why do they send him back?
A foul? I know. But he knocked it so!
  And doesn't it count a hit?
That's a perfect shame! What a stupid game!
  How far does he have to hit?

"And what are flies? And how many tries
  Does he have at striking out?
He died on third—what a horrid word!
  Oh, what are they yelling about?
The game is done? Who won? Who won?
  We shut them out? What then?
Now what is the score? I just adore
  Baseball! Let's go again."

HOT VERSE.

There is a hot parody on Kipling's poem in Toronto Saturday Night this week. It is entitled The Pharisee, and here is the sting of it:

Help us to spread the faith we learnt
When pious Cromwell kindly burnt
Each Papist rogue; and further back
From zealous monks with fire and rack.
Teach all the blessings that we bring!—
Help us in trade and everything!—
Uphold, we pray, thy peaceful word!—
Confound all other peoples, Lord,
  Lest we forget!

Too Honest.

A lawyer took in a new boy the other day, and, as he had suffered to some extent from the depredations of the former one, he determined to try the new boy's honesty at once. He therefore placed a $5 note under a weight on his desk and walked out without a word. Upon his return, half an hour later, the note was gone and half a dollar in silver had taken its place. "Boy, when I went out I left $5 under this weight."

"Yes, sir, but you hadn't been gone five minutes when a man came in with a bill against you for $4.50. I guess the change is correct?"

"You paid the bill?"

"Yes, sir. There it is, all receipted. The man said it had slipped your mind for the past four years, and so—"

He did not get any further before he made a rush for the door. The boy is not in the law business any more.

To Builders:

If you want Dimension Lumber, Rough and Dressed Lumber, Coast and Kootenay Ceiling and Flooring, Double and Dressed Coast Cedar, Rustic, Shiplap, Stepping, Door Jambs, Pine and Cedar Casings, Window Stiles, Turned Work, Brackets, Newel Posts, Band-sawing, Turned Veranda Posts, Store Fronts, Doors, Windows or Glass, write to—

Nelson Saw & Planing Mills, Limited
Nelson, B. C.

J. E. ANGRIGNON
The Leading
HAIRDRESSER
Bosun Block, New Denver, B.C.

Established 1895.

E. M. Sandilands
Sandon, B. C.
Notary Public
Insurance & Mining Broker

J. W. BALMAIN
CIVIL ENGINEER
ARCHITECT, ETC.

[illegible]

New Denver Transportation & Light Co.

PALMA ANGRIGNON, PROPRIETOR.

General Draying: Mining Supplies and Heavy Transportation a Specialty.

Our Baggage wagons meet all Sunday trains.

Saddle Horses and Pack Animals.
Feed Stables at New Denver.

Cabins or Homes

Residence lots in NEW DENVER
from $15 to $200

Outlying Blocks suitable for small Homesteads
from $200 to $500

Apply to—
WM. THOMLINSON,
New Denver, B. C.

W. L. Jeffery & Son

Workers in Tin, Copper and Sheet Iron.

Air Piping and Mining Work a Specialty

Headquarters, NEW DENVER

HEWER & CROFT,

DRAYING

Hauling and Packing to Mines, and general local business.

WOOD AND COAL FOR SALE

New Denver, B. C.

J. K. CLARK,

MINES AND MINING

Reports, Examinations and Management.

NEW DENVER, - B. C

EYES ARE WORKERS

Sight is the only special sense which we use constantly except during sleep. Perfect eyes see without effort. The imperfect ones are constantly under muscular strain. Is it any wonder eye strain is so hurtful? I am the first optician in the Kootenay. My reputation is known in every Kootenay town. Eyes tested night or day.......

G. W. GRIMMETT, Graduate Optician.
SANDON, B. C.

Hill Bros.

Manufacturers of

Lumber and Shingles

Orders shipped to all parts of the Country. Mill at head of —Slocan Lake.—

Postoffice address, Rosebery.

Ready-made Spring Suits

AUSTRALIAN LAMBS' WOOL UNDERWEAR FOR GENTLEMEN.

NECK WEAR A SPECIALTY AT

D McLachlan's
New Denver.

RELIABLE ASSAYS

Gold.............. .50 | Gold and Silver..$ .75
Lead.............. .50 | Gold,silv'r,copp'r 1.50

Samples by mail receive prompt attention.
Rich Ores and Bullion Bought.
OGDEN ASSAY CO.
1425 15th St., Denver, Colo.

CERTIFICATE OF IMPROVEMENTS

MOUNTAIN CHIEF NO. 3, and SARNIA Mineral Claims.

Situate in the Slocan Mining Division of West Kootenay District. Where located: About four miles up Four Mile creek, and adjoining the Essex and Ottawa.

TAKE NOTICE That I, D. A. McDonnell, F. M. C. 38978 acting for myself and as agent for Alfred Hill, F. M. C. 38672; Joseph Sturgon, F. M. C. 36282, and Florence Lawrence McInnes, F. M. C. 38916, intend, 60 days from the date hereof to apply to the Mining Recorder for a Certificate of Improvements, for the purpose of obtaining a Crown Grant of each of the above claims.

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

Dated this 2nd day of August, 1900. 8-9

SUNRISE Mineral Claim.

Situate in the Slocan Mining Division of West Kootenay District. Where located: On West side of Climax Mineral Claim, north of Carpenter Creek.

TAKE NOTICE That I, F. S. Clements of Nelson, B. C., acting as agent for Johanna Erp. Brockhausen, F. M. C. No. B 27200, and Sidney H. Nichols, F. M. C. No. B 36216, 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 of 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 22nd day of June, A. D., 1900. 7-5

SANDOW and LONE STAR, No. 3, Mineral Claims.

Situate in the Slocan Mining Division of West Kootenay District. Where located: On Silver Mountain, 1½ miles southwest of New Denver, B. C.

TAKE NOTICE that I, Charles S. Rashdall, of New Denver, B. C., acting as agent for Robert B. Skinner, F. M. C. No. B 17973, and Dalziel Gordon Smith, F.M.C. No. B 45012, intend, 60 days from the date hereof, to apply to the Mining Recorder for a Certificate of Improvements, for the purpose of obtaining a Crown Grant of each of the above claims.

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

Dated this 28th day of June, A. D. 1900.
7-5 CHARLES S. RASHDALL

BUCK FRACTION Mineral Claim.

Situate in the Slocan Mining Division of West Kootenay District. Where located: About two miles east of Silverton, adjoining the Silverton Bay.

TAKE NOTICE That I, E. Rammelmeyer, free miner's certificate No. B 38860, acting as agent for Mary E. Rammelmeyer, free miner's certificate No. B 38859, 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 of 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 5th day of July, A. D. 1900.

STORMOUNT Mineral Claim.

Situate in the Slocan Mining Division of West Kootenay District. Where located: Ten miles east of Slocan Lake and about one and one-half miles east of Seaton Creek, and being a northerly extension of the Washington.

TAKE NOTICE That I, Chas. Moore, acting as agent for S. K. Green, F. M. C. No. B 27826 and W. A. Jowett, F. M. C. No. 772 (special) intend 60 days from the date hereof to apply to the Mining Recorder for a certificate of improvements for the purpose of obtaining a Crown grant of 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 15th day of June, 1900.
6-21 CHAS. MOORE.

ROSE MARIE Mineral Claim.

Situate in the Slocan Mining Division of West Kootenay District. Where located: South of Mowich claim, Carpenter Creek.

TAKE NOTICE That I, Herbert T. Twigg, agent for James H. Moran, Free Miner's Certificate No. 57962, and Charles W. Greenlee, F. M. C. No. 38950, 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 of the above claim.

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

Dated this 7th day of June, 1900.
HERBERT T. TWIGG.

DAYTON NO. 2, ALTOONA, BON KNOT, REUBEN, and TAWANDA Mineral Claims.

Situate in the Slocan Mining Division of West Kootenay District. Where located: On Payne Mountain, about 1½ miles from the [illegible], B.C.

TAKE NOTICE That I, Alexander Sproat, agent for the Slocan Mining and Milling Company, Limited, Free Miner's Certificate No. 1808, intend, sixty days from the date hereof, to apply to the Mining Recorder for Certificates of Improvements, for the purpose of obtaining a Crown Grant of each of the above claims.

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

Dated this [illegible] day of April, A. D. 1900.
[illegible] ALEX. SPROAT.

THE WM. HAMILTON MANUFACTURING CO., LIMITED

MINING MACHINERY

PETERBOROUGH, ONTARIO,
CANADA.

H. WALKER & SON'S Canadian Whiskies — Bottlers of KILMARNOCK Scotch Whiskey

Main Bros.
Sandon

Wholesale Dealers in Wines, Liquors and Cigars

The Clifton House.
Sandon.

[illegible]

John Buckley, Prop

The Newmarket Hotel,
NEW DENVER, B. C.

[illegible]

HENRY STEGE, [illegible] Proprietor.

SMOKE

KELOWNA CIGARS
UNION MADE

St. James HOTEL
New Denver, B.C.

A. JACOBSON & CO. Props

Best meals in the city. Comfortable rooms—Bar replete with the best of Liquors and Cigars. Best service throughout.

CANADIAN PACIFIC

"Imperial Limited"

Service for the year 1900 will be commenced JUNE 10th. The Imperial Limited [illegible] across the Continent in four days [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] Ask your [illegible] for [illegible] or address

[illegible]

ATLANTIC STEAMSHIP TICKETS.

[illegible]
By agent or
F. B. GARRETT,
C. P. R. Agent, New Denver.
W. F. N. Cummings, G. S. S. Agt., Winnipeg.

If there is anything that cannot bear free truth, let it crack.—W. Phillips.

IS IT WELL?

Is it well for the preacher to preach,
And expound the gospel for gold,
While his sermons are dimly remembered,
And the sweet, simple truths are untold?

Is it well for the doctor to practice
And nature to mar in his use,
While the patient is soaked in solution,
And his health is exposed to abuse?

Is it well for lawyer to quibble,
And scheme for a client too bold,
While the laws are twisted and tangled,
And justice stays out in the cold?

Is it well for the statesman to plot,
And lead the nations to hate,
While the general generals the forces,
And sends the men to their fate?

Is it well for the monarch to rule,
And lavish his wealth on his train,
While the nation is burdened with taxes,
And the cottagers vainly complain?

Is it well for the fool that he sleeps,
And thinks not of fate as we go,
While the world is bewildered with sin,
And the nations cry out in their woe?

Is it well that our first parents sinned,
And were driven from Eden's fair bower,
While God, in His mercy and grace,
Gave Christ to repel the dark hour?

Is it well that any should answer,
And conjure the mystery away,
While the earth is freighted with mortals,
Who travel to Judgment Day?

MODERN MEDICAL BUTCHERY.

What a field for butchery and for the attainment of fame and money woman has become to the mercenary practioner of so-called modern gynecology (female diseases). It would be intere ting, were it not revolting, to trace the history of the treatment of diseases of women by the majority of the medical profession during the past twenty years.

Some of the fads profitably encouraged by the medical profession are not only absurd, but are almost criminal in their methods.

Little do the fathers and husbands and brothers know of the indignities their daughters or wives or sisters are often forced to endure in the way of uncalled for exposures and mutilations to satisfy the notions and mercenary appetites of modern gynecologists.

My large experience in all diseases of women has brought to my knowledge thousands of cases where women and virgins have been needlessly subjected to revolting exposures and painful operations, only to be muti lated for life and left in a far worse condition than when they applied for relief.

Who can enumerate the cases in which the abdomen has been opened for supposed ovarian diseases when not a trace of a pathological (diseased) condition was discoverable? Who will write the history of the cases in which perfectly healthy ovaries have been removed without one shadow of improvement in the general condition of the patient? A human being mutilated, deprived of her distinctive characteristics, and rendered miserable! A human life poised between earth and heaven to gratify ignorance or conceit! A human life sacrificed to ambition upon the operating table!

When it is of almost daily occurrence for me to be consulted by those who were on the verge of submitting to wholly needless and brutal mutilations, and for me to start them on the road to recovery by the employment of rational means. I feel justified in saying, in the name of womanhood, in the name of common honesty, in the name of humanity, defend yourselves, your wives, your daughters, your sisters and your friends from the hands of the professional mutilators of women.—J. H. Greer, M.D.

THE PENTATEUCH.

If the Pentateuch is not inspired in its astronomy, geology, geography, history or philosophy, if it is not inspired concerning slavery, polygamy, war, law, religious or political liberty, or the rights of men, women and children, what is it inspired in, or about? The unity of God?—that was believed long before Moses was born. Special providence?—that has been the doctrine of ignorance in all ages. The rights of property?—theft was always a crime. The sacrifice of animals?—that was a custom thousands of years before a Jew existed. The sacredness of life?—there have always been laws against murder. The wickedness of perjury?—truthfulness has always been a virtue. The beauty of chastity?—the Pentateuch does not teach it. Thou shalt worship no other god?—that has been the burden of all religions.

If the Pentateuch is inspired, the civilization of our day is a mistake and crime. There should be no political liberty. Heresy should be trodden out beneath the bigot's brutal feet. Husbands should divorce their wives at will, and make the mothers of their children houseless and weeping wanderers. Polygamy ought to be practiced: women should become slaves; we should buy the sons and daughters of the heathen and make them bondmen and bondwomen forever. We should sell our own flesh and blood, and have the right to kill our slaves. Men and women should be stoned to death for laboring on the seventh day. "Mediums," such as have familiar spirits, should be burned by fire. Every vestige of mental liberty should be destroyed, and reason's holy torch extinguished in the martyr's blood.—R. G. Ingersoll.

INGERSOLL'S ARRAIGNMENT.

In the days of cannibalism the strong devoured the weak—actually ate their flesh. In spite of all the laws that man has made, in spite of all advances in science, the strong, the heartless still live on the weak, the unfortunate and the foolish. True, they do not eat their flesh or drink their blood, but they live on their labor, on their self denial, their weakness and want. The poor man who deforms himself by toil, who labors for his wife and children through all his anxious, barren, wasted life—who goes to the grave without having one luxury—has been the food of others. He has been devoured by his fellow men. The poor woman living in the bare and lonely room, cheerless and fireless, sewing night and day to keep starvation from a child is slowly being eaten by her fellowmen. When I take into consideration the agony of civilized life—the failures, the anxieties, the tears, the withered hopes, the bitter realities, the hunger, the crime, the humiliation, the shame—I am almost forced to say that cannibalism, after all, is the most merciful form in which man has ever lived upon his fellowman.

Is there to be no change?

Are the "laws of supply and demand," invention and science, monopoly and competition, capital and legislation, always to be the enemies of those who toil? Will the workers always be ignorant enough and stupid enough to give their earnings for the useless? Will they support millions of soldiers to kill the sons of other workingmen? Will they always build temples and live in huts and dens themselves? Will they forever allow parasites and vampires to live upon their blood? Will they remain the slaves of the beggars they support? Will honest men stop taking off their hats to successful fraud? Will industry, in the presence of crowned idleness, forever fall on its knees, and will the lips unstained by lies forever kiss the robed impostor's hand?

The Servant Girl Problem.

Housekeeper (to pleasant-faced girl applying for situation)—Have you any objection to the country? Girl (politely)—None at all, madam. Housekeeper—I have quite a large family. Girl—The more the merrier. Housekeeper—Seven children, two of them quite young. Girl—I love little children. Housekeeper—It will be necessary for you to clean the boots, wash and get the meals; I attend to the pastry and certain other work myself. Girl—I will also make the pastry and do the rest, if you will allow me. Housekeeper—I cannot give you more than three afternoons out each month. Girl—One will be sufficient—perhaps more than I shall want—as my plan is to give strict attention to my household duties, and thus get the work done properly every day, so as to have plenty of opportunities to rest between times. Housekeeper—I am delighted. Stranger (suddenly entering)—Sorry to interrupt you, madam, but you are conversing with one of my patients who has just escaped from the Hopelessly Incurable Lunatic Asylum.

A Difference in the Morning.

When Admiral Dewey was in Nashville, says the New York Tribune, he was asked to crown the queen of flowers, a pretty girl from Murfreesboro. He was evidently somewhat nervous, and, to add to his discomfiture, the crown was too large. He placed it on the young girl's head, but in a second it had slipped around her neck. But the gallant admiral was not to be outdone. He delicately eased the crown from around her neck and over her wealth of hair and placed it on her brow, but again it slipped. The girl, of course, was embarrassed, as the eyes of several thousand people were upon her. The admiral blushed a little, and, with the air of one determined to conclude a task, caught the crown and daintily fixed it in the girl's hair and with one of his characteristic smiles added: "It will fit you all right in the morning."

Snelpardeloszonderspoorwegpetrovijtnig is the Dutch word for automobile. Literally translated, it means a fast-horseless-railless-petroleum-carriage.—Frembenblatt.

A German farmer has a patch
Of melons very fine:
And every night he has to keep
A watch upon the rhine.

A pet Maltese cat belonging to an English woman has been successfully provided with spectacles to counteract failing eyesight. A picture of a mouse was used by the oculist to test the cat's eyes.

THINKER'S THOUGHTS.

Dogma is the platform of mediocrity.—Katharine Mabley Corbett.

Conservatism, I believe, is mainly due to want of imagination.—Grant Allen.

The religion that fosters intolerance needs another Christ to die for it.—Beecher.

The arts are democratic. They speak a universal language.—Sidney H. Morse

Custom does not make a thing right. Custom may be merely a bad habit.—Galveston News.

I do not ask that my opponent be of my opinion; but I may fairly expect him to be of his own.—Talleyrand.

They who menace our freedom of thought and speech are tampering with something more powerful than gunpowder.—Moncure D. Conway.

In a free country every man has the right to form and the right to deliver an opinion on all matters of public, social, educational and religious concern. This it is that fills countries with men of ability in all stations.—Burke.

Without free speech no search for truth is possible; without free speech no discovery of truth is useful; without free speech progress is checked, and the nations no longer march towards the nobler life which the future holds for man. Better a thousandfold abuse of free speech than denial of free speech; the abuse dies in a day, but the denial slays the life of the people and entombs the hope of the race.—Charles Bradlaugh.

A Quaker while walking down the street in Philadelphia caught the sole of his shoe upon a nail in the sidewalk and was thrown to the ground. Upon arising he found that the shoe had been completely wrecked, as the sole was torn completely off. The loss of the shoe angered the Quaker, and observing a street gamin standing near he called to him, saying: "Art thou a profane lad?" "Once in a while," replied the boy. "Then," said he, handing him a quarter, "thee may damn that nail the money's worth."—Exchange.

One can say without exaggeration that the most religious times and the most religious peoples, or those in which or among whom the power of the church has been the strongest, have, generally speaking, been the most immoral. One has evidence enough in the horrors of the Middle Ages, and if to-day it be otherwise, it is not to religion that we owe the change, but to the spread of education and the progress of intelligence. Experience teaches us that at all times the blackest crimes and the most degraded criminals have been associated with excess of sanctity, and this among peoples generally, as in individuals.—Ludwig Buchner

QUEEN BESS OPERATIONS.

The report of the directors of the Queen Bess Proprietary Company, Ltd., for the year ended March 31st last, states that the mining operations resulted in a profit of £5,138, and further profits resulted from transfer fees, and interest on deposit, viz., £98—a total of £5,237. London office expenses were £1,288, and expenditure in British Columbia £2,888, leaving a profit of £1,067. The directors have written off for depreciations £341, making the net profit for the year £726. There was brought forward from last year a balance of £1,519, out of which was paid income tax on profits earned to March 31, 1899, £318, leaving a balance to credit of general account of £1,928. The directors propose to write off development £1,590, leaving a balance to be carried forward of £428.

In order to sell out all their summer goods, Martin O'Reilly & Co., of Nelson, have cut nearly all the regular prices in two, and they are flooded with orders from all parts of the country. This good chance will not last long so bargain hunters had better look right sharp and not lose this grand opportunity to secure maximum goods at minimum prices.

Since the weather became cooler Williams has had a chance to give his ice cream factory a rest, although he knows not when Old Sol will scorch the inhabitants and make them raid his store in search of that delicious cream which will cool the longest throat by a few applications.

Williams is handling Empire tobaccos

When in NELSON see our

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Fred. J. Squire,

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The **Enterprise Hotel,** Aylwin

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George Aylwin.

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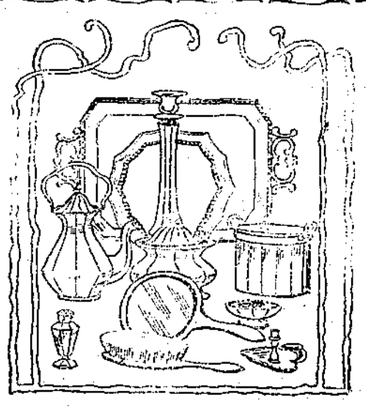

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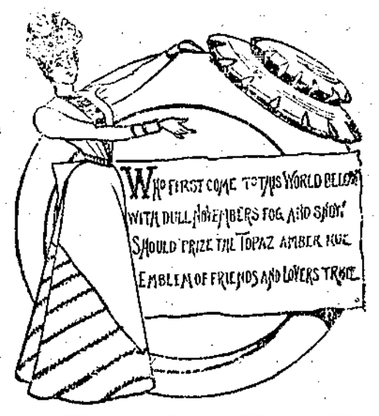

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We are hea lquarters for Meriden Silver Plate Ware, and Roger's "1847" Flat Ware. We also carry a full line of Piano and Table Lamps, Brass Goods, Fire-place fixtures, Bar Supplies, and other things too numerous to mention. Call and inspect my stock. No trouble to show goods at

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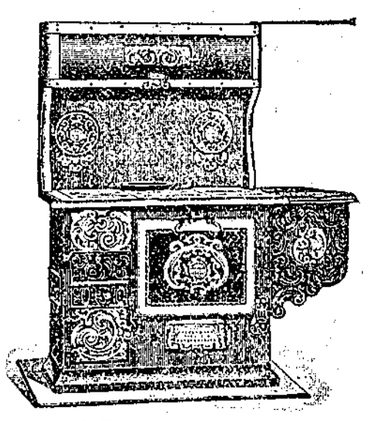

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