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SIXTEEN TO ONE

What Unlimited Coinage of Silver Would Do.

VIEWS OF AN AUTHORITY

In Reply to the Request of a Resident of New Denver—The Whole Argument Summarized.

Some time ago, before the price of silver had become the all-engrossing question of the Slocan, a leading resident of New Denver wrote to A. J. Utley, of Los Angeles, Cal., requesting certain information as to the effect the adoption of the free coinage of silver, by the United States, might be expected to have. Mr. Utley's reply was as follows:

In the event of free and unlimited coinage of silver by the United States, at the ratio of 16 to 1, there would be no 64½c. silver bullion in Europe nor in any other places. The value of silver bullion, like the value of any other commodity, is fixed by the law of supply and demand. The only reason why silver bullion is worth less now than it was in 1873 is because of adverse legislation. Under free coinage the United States government would not buy silver bullion at any price. Under free coinage the officers in charge of the mint would receive the bullion from any person presenting it, coin it into money and hand it back to the party who presented it.

Under free and unlimited coinage any man from any country could take silver bullion to our mint and have it coined into money, no matter where the bullion was mined. If men from a foreign country brought us bullion, it would be received and coined into American money and handed back to him. Being American money he would have to spend it in this country. If he paid it out for commodities it would enter into circulation and form a part of our medium of exchange. It would tend to stimulate business and add to the prosperity of the country.

I said there would be no 64½c. bullion. If silver had free coinage, an ounce would be worth in this country $1.29, because an ounce could be coined into $1.29 of legal tender debt-paying money without expense to the holder of the bullion, and consequently he would not take less than that for it.

How much would it be worth in London, Paris or Berlin? If there were silver bullion in those places, and there was no demand for it there for coinage purposes, and there was free coinage in the United States at the rate of 16 to 1, it would be worth $1.29 there less cost of transportation to the United States.

The total amount of silver now being produced in the world is about $2,000,000,000 worth per annum. We could absorb every dollar's worth of this bullion in the United States for the next twenty-five years and then not have too much money. But the coinage, and consumption of silver in the arts in Europe and Asia for the past three years, has averaged about $120,000,000 worth per annum, and there is no reason to suppose that it will be any less in the future. This leaves less than $100,000,000 for the United States and all of America. There is no danger of our getting too much silver.

In answer to the last part of your question, namely: "Could not any holder of silver bullion purchased at, say, 64½c. per ounce, take it to the mint and receive in exchange $1.29 per ounce?" I answer: First, there would be no bullion anywhere worth less than $1.29. Second, he could not exchange it at the mint for anything but the same amount of silver. The government would receive his silver bullion, coin it into money and give it back to him—give him back the same silver he brought or an equal amount of other silver of the same degree of fineness.

Your second question is: "Would it be possible for England, by demanding gold and paying in silver in her commercial exchanges, to ultimately obtain possession of all the gold in the United States, and, if so, what would be the result?"

I answer, no such thing would ever happen. The moment silver is restored to free and unlimited coinage 371¼ grs. of pure silver will be worth as much in all the markets of the world as 23.2 grs. of gold. Silver money will be just as valuable as gold money, and there would be no object in swapping silver for gold.

In considering this money question we should always keep in mind the fact that neither gold nor silver, nor in fact anything else, has inherent or intrinsic value. That value is a relative term, and is created by the law of supply and demand: and that as the demand for a thing is increased its value is increased, and as the demand is satisfied the value will decline. Free coinage of silver will create a further demand for silver bullion and by so doing increase its value, and as silver passes into circulation it will relieve the money pressure to a certain extent, it will discharge in part the function now being discharged by gold money alone, and thereby satisfy in part the demand for gold, and hence the valve of gold will fall until the values of silver and gold, at the ratio fixed by law, shall become exactly the same, and then there will be no more object in swapping silver for gold than there would be in swapping one gold piece for another.

A. J. UTLEY.

A FEARFUL VISITATION.

New Denver's Feelings Harrowed by Uncanny Screechings in the Night.

It was thought on Friday night that the siren had been put back on the steamer Slocan, but it turned out that a Scotch piper with his bags had blown into town. The piper located at the Windsor, and when the sound of his instrument floated out on the moonlight it had a wonderful effect on the peace of New Denver. An Irish women living in a tent on the lake side sat on the ground and told her beads and crossed herself in fear that every flickering shadow on her canvass walls was a banshee. A Kansas man caught up all his babies and crept under his house with them, laboring under the idea that a cyclone was coming. Men sitting in front of the hotels enjoying the soft moonlight evening rushed up to the bars and said again and again "same."

Even the animals were affected. The horses rushed about wildly, the mules rolled in the dust and prayed loudly, the roosters crowed in the pious dread that St. Peter had unlocked the door of the nether regions, and nearly every dog in town sat on his stern in the middle of the streets and solemnly sang to the moon.

There was only one dog that walked on his toes and sniffed the screetch-laden air without fear. He is of Scotch descent and was suckled on such noisome wind. He curled his long tail with such glee that his hind legs would not touch the ground, and his caudal appendage now resembles that of a pug. His master was also affected. He walked with bared head, thrown far back, gazing into the fleecy clouds and shaking his tawny hair like one of Sir Walter's heroes.

It was indeed a fearsome night to all except those two, and the attendance at church on Sunday was unusually large.

CONSTABLE HAMILTON'S CASE.

Evidence on the Charges Referred to the Attorney General.

The investigation of Chief Constable Hamilton on charges preferred by Sandon citizens was held Monday, at Black's Hotel, commencing at noon, before Acting Gold Commissioner Goepel. Superintendent of Provincial Police F. S. Hussey sat with Mr. Goepel.

F. L. Christie was the attorney for the prosecution, and Constable Hamilton conducted his own case, with M. L. Grimmett as legal adviser.

By request of the prosecution, which was consented to by the Gold Commissioner, the representative of the Paystreak was excluded from the room, and the investigation held behind closed doors, no one being allowed in the room except those immediately interested and the witnesses.

The afternoon was taken up by the presentation of the case of the prosecution. A large number of witnesses were examined. After supper the witnesses for the defense were examined. The case was finished at 10 o'clock in the evening.

The evidence and findings will now go to the Attorney General at Victoria for final judgment in the matter, and it will probably be from one to two weeks before the result is known.

HISTORIC QUEBEC.

Parts of It Suggestive of Scenes in the Old World.

From Quebec, Canada, a correspondent writes to the Paris Daily Messenger:—"Ici on parle francais" might be written on the portals of this quaint and picturesque old city. Strolling in lower Quebec you might easily fancy yourself in Amiens or Dieppe. In the upper town there is more English, but everywhere an amusing mixture.

On the same card you will read "Maison a louer," and "House to let;" on one side of the door "Pas d'admission sans affaires," and on the other "No admittance except on business." This bilingual necessity causes a little extra painting and printing. Each "railway crossing" must be marked likewise, "Traverse du chemin de fer," and every official "notice" must be printed also in full as an "Avis." The blending is often curious, as when two adjoining shops have their announcements one in French and the other in English.

Along the Grande Allee, running right across the Plains of Abraham, you might be in Brussels or Paris, only that "Clifton Terrace" seems to recall you to Kensington. Travellers for whom Europe is too distant, are advised to go to Quebec, there to find a bit of the mediaval Old World transplanted to the New, but still embalmed in its ancient religious sentimentalism, upon which the rush and roar of modern unrest produce as little effect as the Atlantic breakers on the cliffs of Cape Breton.

French continues uppermost until you pass Montreal, but from Ottawa and Kingston to the Pacific the legend of the nearly universal tongue is like that of the Paris shopkeepers, who announced "English spoken." In most of the best schools English is taught, and a large number of the people are conversant with both languages, English being indispensable for commerce.

TUNNEL, SHAFT, DUMP.

The Hall Mines at Nelson; will declare a dividend in September.

The Golden Era says there is an excellent opening there for a good assayer.

Nine men are working on the Red Fox. A carload of ore is being shipped this week.

The refinery of the Trail smelter turned out its first gold brick last Thursday. It weighed a little over 20 pounds.

The mining transfers recorded in the Trail Creek district have dropped down to about one a day, and locations are even rarer.

The Maud S and Stand By claims, in the McMurdo district, situated on the middle fork of the Spillamacheen river, have been sold to Messrs. Stracey and Joliffe for $5,000 cash.

The tunnel on the Alpine group is in 120 feet, and the property is looking fairly well. If a mine is found the company will spend $100,000 in development, machinery and wagon road.

Captain Grant has paid the $50,000 due on the Waverly mine bond July 31st. This was paid last Saturday, the delay and lawsuit having been occasioned by the absence and unknown whereabouts of J. P. Kennedy, one of the owners.

Ralph White will build a hotel at the new town of Selkirk, which is at the foot of Trout Lake, and about 17 miles from Trout Lake City. He says there are four companies opening up properties adjacent to the townsite and that it has a very promising outlook.

George McL. Brown, the executive agent of the C.P.R., has promised to try and have the rate on powder changed so as to do away with the extra $5 which is now required to be paid on every shipment on the boats. This will relieve prospectors of a great annoyance.

The Orphan Boy swindle came up at Vancouver last Wednesday and Manager Haskins and Secretary Brown were committed for trial. Bail was fixed for each at $2,000 personal and $1,000 in two sureties. The summing up of the Court was drastic, especially as to Brown, who admitted having transferred 130,000 shares of stock of which there was nothing on the books to show for it.

The Trail Creek Miner says: "It is a matter of common notoriety that the mining companies at Rossland are more in need of ore than they are of ore buyers. The total shipments from the Rossland camp from January 1st to July 31st of this year amount to 40,969 tons or less than 195 tons per day. This is much less than half the capacity of the Trail smelter."

Work has been commenced on the Briggs claims, the property of the Liberty Hill Co. on South Fork. The Montezuma wagon road will be extended to the properties, a distance of two miles and it is the intention to put in compressor plant and air drills and do some rapid systematic developement. Sir Chas. Tupper, Lieut. Gov. Dewdney, A. J. McMillan, M. P. and others are interested.

The French Greek Mining Company, now operating in Big Bend, says the Kootenay Mail, is capitalized for $2,000,000 and is mostly controlled by five or six people of Chicago and Milwaukee. It is operating 2½ miles of ground on French Creek covering the well-known claims Chicago, Royal, Gold Hill, Honduras and Nugget. There is an immense body of gravel there and the cubic contents of the body likely to pay well is estimated at 20,000,000 yards. The company have a complete plant costing $30,000 in transit to the ground and are pushing it through so to have it nearly all put in by fall.

Attention is drawn by the Golden Era to the mischief that is being done by the so-called development companies, so many of which are stocked and floated in the east. Two local companies are specially referred to by way of illustration, the Alberta & Kootenay Co. and the Golden & Fort Steele Co., of which the Era says: "Neither of these companies has enough capital paid up to thoroughly develop one genuine mine. Yet these companies were formed professedly for development purposes, and if they stuck to that they might to some extent do good work by the way of preliminary development, for that is really all that their capital warrants them in undertaking. Instead of this they have adopted a three-stake boom policy which is the curse of any mining district, and have men staking out prospects all over the country. Such a policy can only result in injury to the companies themselves and to the district in which they are operating."

IN THE CŒUR D'ALENES.

Wallace, Idaho, Aug. 13.—Except the Hunter, which had the misfortune to lose its concentrator by fire recently, all the old mines on which the South Fork has based its reputation so long are running and many new ones are being opened. Between 1,200 and 1,300 men are working for wages in mines that are producing ore, besides 200 or 300 more who are doing assessment or development work, some for wages and others on their own account.

The most important of changes of the past week was the starting up of the Helena-Frisco. A controling interest in the property was sold last November, and the last day of the year the work of extracting ore was suspended. Since then from 70 to 100 men have been employed doing development work in the mine and in making additions, alterations and improvements in the mill. Several tests of the new machinery were made last week, and Monday morning the mill started up to run full time. The 535 tons daily handled by the old mill will hereafter be 800 tons, the additions to the mill having made that difference in its capacity. The number of men employed during the first half of the year will be doubled from now on.

The Mammoth will probably have commenced running ore through the Gem mill before next week, everything being now ready except a little work on the ore bin, and then that mill will double its force.

The properties sold and bonded during the past three months number more than those for the preceding four years, and the properties thus changing ownership are all being worked. On the Charles Dickens, one of the Moon creek properties bonded a few weeks ago, three shifts are employed in sinking a shaft, going down in ore all the way. Should development continue the showing now made on this property there will have to be some tall hustling by other owners if the next concentrator in the Cœur d'Alenes is not built on Moon creek.

The Colwyn, sold at the same time, is working 10 men, mostly on development work, although enough are taking out ore to ship a car load occasionally.

The Chloride Queen Mining Company, recently incorporated, is working five men on the claim which gives the company its name.

Five men are working on Black Cloud, now under bond to five New York millionaires, and the Atlantic Mining Company in the same neighborhood commenced work the first of the month.

"Walla Walla" Jones is keeping several men at work on the Silver Eagle property on Dobson's pass.

Foster & Co. had a survey made on the Belle of the West, which they bonded, last week and found that they were south of the main lead and are now crosscutting for it.

Even the prospectors are feeling the improvement that has come in the conditions of the country. And if there is a class of men more conservative than the Cœur d'Alene prospectors, we know them not.

"Barber" Reeves and his partners have been taking some good ore from the Hercules for a couple of months, but are too near the top of Custer ridge to get much of it, so they had a survey made Tuesday and will run a new tunnel 200 or 300 feet lower.

Young, Heitfelt & Co. are pushing steadily ahead on the Mullan property between the Morning and Hunter.

Boyle and Hyde are running 50 feet on the Ajax.

Wm. Williams is blasting further into the bowels of the earth on the Blue Grouse, on Sunset, and the Parrot Mining Company is drifting on their lead that they struck three years ago.

The woods are full of men working. One cannot go in any direction through the silver lead belt without hearing frequent explosions of giant powder that has been carefully placed in the hole so laboriously drilled by the patient prospector. Where there is so much smoke there must be some fire, and where so many men are digging into metal laden mountains some wonderful discoveries must be made.

The old idea of simply doing assessment work on a claim with the least possible outlay of muscle and powder has been abandoned, and claim owners seem to be vieing with each other to see who can first transform his prospect into a mine.

When life becomes like a heavy pack on the Klondike road there is no panacea like a Trail Blazer cigar, lit on one end.

WERE TAKEN IN

Rossland People Fooled by Choosing Non-Residents.

ITS SHAM BOARD OF TRADE

Its Chief Ruler Now Ajunketting Eastward on a Salary of Two Thousand a Year.

[Special Correspondence.]

ROSSLAND, AUG. 14.—This city is not only extremely dull in a business sense, with many stores vacant, but the question of the location of the Le Roi Smelter having been settled, and the agitation to retaliate on the Le Roi people by petitioning the government to place an export duty on Rossland ores having failed, there is a vacancy in the public mind for the want of something to talk about. It is said that the Miner killed the export duty proposition. It continually hammered at the fact that the movement originated at Nelson, and was for the purpose of placing an export duty on the ores of Rossland and excluding from duty the silver-lead ores of Nelson. This was undoubtedly the case, and was a shrewd move on the part of Brother Thompson of the Nelson Miner.

He might possibly have made more out of it had he been better acquainted with Rossland. He naturally supposed that the proper body to take up such a subject, and make a proper presentation of it that would have force and influence, would be the Board of Trade. People at a distance are often making the same mistake, and why the Rossland Miner has never warned its readers that the Board of Trade is a farce and a sham is most surprising, and is a shameful neglect of a public duty.

The Board of Trade was the conception of a man named McLaughlin, who came from the East and soon formed a temporay organization which most of the leading merchants joined, and then returned to Toronto with the catchy advertisement on his business card: "President of the Rossland Board of Trade." He has paid two, possibly three visits to Rossland since, at the first of which the organization of the board was made permanent and it was decided to have a paid secretary. No one acquainted with Rossland's mining or business interests would suit President McLaughlin. He did not want that sort of a secretary. He sent to Toronto for a man named Franklin, who in a very short time, while receiving a comparatively large salary from the board, became connected with the management of the opera house, and after that left the city but is probably still drawing the salary.

When it was desired that the board should take up this question of export duties, both the president and secretary were away and all the books and papers locked up. Thus the money susbcribed by the business men has simply furnished these two non-residents with a cachet of repute.

Rossland did pretty much the same thing when she elected Robert Scott, titled "Colonel" by "the boys" of his class, as the first Mayor. He was then a resident and in business in Galt, Ont., and is now there with his family. He left without taking the least concern as to how the municipal government would fare in his absence. Being Mayor of Rossland he was made vice-president of a company to be floated among the much-fleeced Torontonians, and had to hurry off to attend to that business. He was strutting in the East with his salary of $2,000 a year as mayor going on, while the aldermen were quarreling and in a deadlock as to who should be acting-mayor in his absence. One of the aldermen elected, by the way, has never been in Rossland since.

Returning to the subject af an export duty on ore, the Miner a few days ago put it in this way:

"It ought to be perfectly plain to every citizen of Rossland that this camp cannot reach its full development on an $11 freight and treatment rate. This rate must be reduced to $5 or $7 a ton. At that price hundreds of thousands of tons of ore will be available which cannot now be mined, and the camp's output will jump from 300 tons a day to perhaps ten times that amount, furnish- labor to ten times the number of miners now at work. But to bring about this condition of things our transportation system, as Mr. Guggenheim and many other smelter men have said, must be reorganized. An export duty on ore will not accomplish it."

H. V. Swyny, who shot and seriously wounded Alice Willis and then shot himself dead, at Nelson, was well-known here although it is only two or three months since he came from Butte, Mont., and formed a co-partnership with Mr. Lothian, the latter being a builder and Swyny an architect. Swyny was originally from Scotland and had served eight years in the Scotch Fusileer guards. He was married and has a family in Eastern Canada. He and his partner tried for a time to build up a business, but nothing was doing and Swyny came to spending much of his time with jovial companions of both sexes and was not always in a condition to attend to business.

While on a visit to Nelson he seems to have become infatuated with Alice Willis and exasperated because she refused to listen to him. She came to Nelson five years ago and is still a handsome woman, tall and beautifully formed, with grey eyes and brown hair. She is wealthy and, despite the fact that she keeps a house, has many warm friends. Swyny while in drink called at her house and sent for her to come to the dining room. The room was dark and as she entered Swyny, without saying a word, placed a revolver close to her abdomen and fired. Her clothing took fire and she ran. He fired two more shots at her without effect. Then he placed the revolver against his right temple and fired, dying from the effects shortly after. The bullet her been removed from Miss Willis and she is recovering.

Pat Burns has shipped eighty bullocks to the Klondike and will undoubtedly make a big profit on them. They are gone by steamer to Dyea, and from there over the pass to Lake Linderman and at other points the bullocks will be used as pack animals, carrying food for themselves and miners' outfits for profit. They will nor be too heavily-laden, however, for every pound of weight they lose will cost Mr. Burns a dollar. These cattle will dress at from 500 to 600 pounds each, and at the first figure will therefore bring $40,000. $10,000 will cover the cost of the animals in Alberta and the transportation charges, so that there will remain what Mr. Burns, with his Slocan experience, would call about a fair profit.

A FEVER EPIDEMIC.

There is an epidemic of typhoid fever in Slocan City, and several deaths are reported from there this week. The Provincial Sanitary Inspector goes there this morning to see what can be done towards making the town more healthy. The Inspector is not exactly pleased with the sanitary regulations of New Denver, although the health of the people is good. He states that the dry earth system for closets and a purer supply of water is necessary if New Denver wishes to sustain its reputation as one of the healthiest towns in the Province.

JACKSON BASIN'S OUTLOOK.

The promising outlook for the future of Jackson Basin is becoming more pronounced with the opening up of new claims by the development work now going on. The richness of the leads on all the claims opened up all over the basin is such as to encourage the holders, who are largely working miners, to hold on to their properties and work them co-operatively, which is one of the most hopeful features of mining as an industry.

KASLO.

[From Our own Correspondent.]

Colonel W. W. D. Turner arrived in Kaslo on Sunday evening, and after spending a short time here, will take a trip into the Slocan.

D. D. Mann, of Mann & Mackenzie, arrived in Kaslo from Montreal on Sunday and intends spending sometime in the Slocan looking after his interests there.

The Leviathian Co. has a force of men at work on their property on Campbell creek. Surface cuts through the iron cap show some very pretty quartz containing scattered pyrothite ore.

M. A. Bates, of the Montezuma Co. intends building a house at the mine which will be electric lighted, steam heated, etc., and used as a permant residence by himself and family.

Some New York capitalists are in the White Grouse negotiating for a bond on the Ramsdall Co's. properties on White Grouse Mountain. The group consists of fourteen claims containing the famous Storm King claim on which considerable work has been done and from which some very rich ore has been taken.

The Braden Bros. Co. has been negotiating for some time for copper propositions in the White Grouse district and have made offers for the Tom Harris group and other valuable claims.

W. T. Howard, as repersentative of some Minneapolis capitalists, has been negotiating for the Sanca townsite, and has made offers for an interest in the same, to build a wagon road up to White Grouse. This road is an absolute necessity in opening this section and would undoubtly make Sanca a very busy town.

Many a cigar is thrown over the dump before its life is half lived. Not so with the Trail Blazer. When a man smokes one of them he hangs on to it like a Rossland expert to a pair of orange leggings.

HAVE TO BLUSH

An Editor Caught by a Gold Brick Man.

THE TALE OF HIS SHAME

A Calgary Banker Out Eleven Thousand Dollars on the Brick Deal.

Our friend J. J. Young, the editor of the Calgary Herald, has made the mistake that a good many of our jack leg editors hereabouts make—that of fancing himself a yellow-legging mining expert. He has been played for a sucker of the most pronounced kind, the kind of jay one can pick out of a crowd on excursion day; and by a game that every editor, in the security of his sanctum, has exposed; sadly wandering what fools other mortals can make of themselves.

Yes, Young has actually been gulled by a gold brick man. In this he has not only distinguished himself as an editor, the first of his kind on record, but as a double distilled mining expert. Our Calgary advices are that Young will now follow the profession of experting mines, devoting himself to that business exculsively, and will no more forever write the omniscient editorial "we." If he does for a few days, while sorting his jewelry out of the hell box, preparatory to starting for the Klondike, Calgary Herald readers are to understand that the "we" simply means "Me and banker McGregor."

Young writes the story in his own paper and heads it, "Western Romance that is All Facts." But one can see what a desperate struggle there was between editorial honesty and personal shame. He believed the editor was much to blame, and yet he pitied him, and succumbed to the temptation to "keep his name out of the paper." This weakness is so shockingly scandalous that Young had better pack it north from Calgary. If he comes as near here as Revelstoke our office bull dog will break his chain and we will not be responsible for the consequences.

HOW YOUNG TELLS IT.

The story that is now on every one's lips is so extraordinary, so dramatic, so far surpassing the tales of novelists, that no further proof is needed of the fact that truth is stranger than fiction.

On the morning of Tuesday, July 27, as one of our city bankers was opening his letters, there walked in an individual who might have been taken for either a farmer or a prospector. He was a prospector. He was dressed in "store" clothes, wore a broad-brimmed black hat, was broad-shouldered and massive in body, awkward in speech and action, and strikingly resembling in physiognomy the late Louis Riel, leader of the great North-West rebellion.

He enquired if the banker ever had a brother named Hank. The banker confessed he had not. "I'm awful sorry to hear it," said the prospector; "We've struck it rich up thar in the mountains, an' I cum back ter luk fer Hank. You aint Hank, but you luk awful like 'im."

The banker resignedly prepared himself to refuse a demand for a loan of $10, but the prospector, whose name was Sam Fowler, went on to explain that he had been in Medicine Hat, had found that Hank died there three years ago, that he (Sam) and his other patner, a Siwash Indian named Pecheco, had "no book larnin'" and were willing to take the banker in Hank's place if he would help them to buy machinery to work their mine and sell their gold, 150 lbs. of which they had taken out in less than a year, and which was now in charge of the Indian at Revelstoke. They had come down from near the head of Peace river, 500 or 600 miles north of Ashcroft, had there exchanged 10 pounds of their gold in exchange for $1,200, two suits of clothes, some blankets for Pechecko's two squaws, and two tickets to Medicine Hat. and the Indian got off at Revelstoke because he was sick from eating bananas and oranges on the train.

WHERE YOUNG COMES IN.

Tempting as was the story the banker was compelled to explain that he was not his own boss, but that he would take Sam to a man who would fill the bill. They went in search of the man but found he was out of town.

They then went to another citizen who was known to be somewhat interested in mining.

To him Sam told his story, adding more particulars, and producing some remarkably rich pieces of gold quarts and a small slug of pure gold, which Jeweller Doll tested and valued at $60. It was then arranged that the citizen (Editor Young) and Sam should go to Revelstoke and see if things were as represented. En route Sam added interesting particulars of the rich strike he and the Indian had made. Klondike stories weren't in it.

Arriving at Revelstoke ten hours late, Sam and the citizen (Editor Young) visited the Indian at his camp among the trees, about half a mile from the lower town and just beyond the cemetery, on the Big Bend trail. Sam naturally went ahead to relate how he had found Hank dead (at which Pecheco was visibly affected) and to see how the Indian would take to the idea of a stranger (Editor Young) filling his place. The Indian's first impressions were favorable. He liked the look of the stranger (Editor Young) and was willing that he should see the gold.

MADE THE EDITOR'S EYES BULGE.

Sam then unwrapped the two bars and, strong man though he was, carried them over with an effort, laying them down at the feet of the stranger and going back to the Indian who stood about 26 yards away, to bring over an augur and a pair of scales. These, Sam explained, had been bought for them by old Jim Stanford, of Kamloops, who had gone to Ashcroft to see them after reading in the paper of their arrival.

With the tools mentioned the Calgary man proceeded to bore out samples of the gold, and to weigh the bars. They were 22½ inches long, 3 inches thick, weighed 135 lbs., and made as pretty a sight as man ever set eyes on. At the Indian's request (he talked wholly in Siwash which Sam interpreted), the samples were taken down to be tested and valued.

Everything looked all right, the trouble was to get an assayer, as at the untimely hour of the morning necessary to conduct these important transactions without the outside public getting wind of it, there was nobody about town. They were starting out to rouse up Guy Barber when Fowler excused himself for a moment. During his absence a very civil gentleman appeared, and engaged the citizen (Mr. Young) in conversation, during the course of which it transpired that singularly enough his profession was that of an assayer. By this time Fowler had returned and was delighted to find that the hitch in the proceedings, owing to the difficulty of getting the gold assayed was at an end. The civil gentleman, who gave his name as G. D. Scott, of Spokane, took the party and gold up to his room, where he melted the pieces put them through the nitric acid test and valued the gold at $19 an ounce. He was eager to know where it came from, and, after he had seen the quartz, offered great inducements if Sam would allow him to stake a location.

THE GUILELESS RED MAN.

Returning to the camp the Indian was informed of the value of the bars—$33,600. He got the visitor (Editor Young) to put a private mark on them while he and Sam turned their backs, and also got him to write on them their three names.

Sam proposed that the Indian should now allow them to return to Calgary with the bars.

"No," replied Pecheco firmly placing his foot down." As long as I have that gold I've got my foot on solid ground; if I let it go with a stranger my foot will be on quick sand."

"But this gentleman (Editor Young) is squar and honest and I kin trust him," urged Sam.

"O yes," retorted Pechecko like a flash, "that's what you thought about the little white faced, nice talking fellow on the cars that swindled you out of $150."

"I would give anything if that had not happened," whispered Sam. "Pechecko has not got the same confidence in me that he used to have before that."

After some further parley the Indian said he would be content if the banker in Calgary sent him $11,000 as his share of the proceeds of the gold. And as that was the only thing he would agree to, and Sam explained that if he once got "contrary" nothing could be done with him, it was decided to return to Calgary and report, the Indian having previously required the visitor (Editor Young) to take an oath of secrecy.

BANKER M'GREGOR ROPED IN.

The rest and most interesting part of the story Mr. Young tells far too modestly, considering the conspicuous part he plays in it, so we must have recourse to the columns of another Herald than that of Editor Young, the Revelstoke Herald:

"Mr. Young returned to Calgary to report to Mr. McGregor, and the next train brought them both back to Revelstoke with a valise containing $11,000 in cash, which was to be paid down as first instalment on the mine, it being agreed that the gold brick, which was valued at $30,000, was to be left in the hands of the Calgary men as security. On arriving here they registered as J. J. Young and friend at the Hotel Revelstoke, and in the grey of the morning set out with Fowler up the Big Bend trail. After proceeding some distance they came upon an Indian in a tent by the trail, who assured them that it was a fact that there was "heap plenty gold" in Fowler's mine.

"This unsolicited and unexpected testimonial to the bona fide of the property seems to have been regarded as settling the matter. Mr. McGregor presented the untutored savage with his walking cane as a slight testimonial of regard and esteem, and returning to the hotel handed over $11,000 to the gentleman from Montana, and left on the No. 2 for Galgary with the gold brick. Needless to say, Mr. Fowler of Montana did not stand upon the order of his going, but went at once, omitting the useless ceremony of leaving his future address.

"When subjected to expert scrutiny in Calgary, it soon became apparent that the assay made by G. D. Scott of Spokane, contained a considerable element of imagination. The brick went about $100 in gold and the balance brass filings.

"An inspector is in charge of the Calgary branch of the Molson's Bank, the bank's solicitor, Mr. J. A. Bangs and a Mounted Police detective, Staff-Serg. F. Brook, were in Revelstoke on Friday, seeking traces of the ingenious Mr. Fowler of Montana."

ONTARIO GOLD FIELDS.

Placer Mining That Yields $40,000 to the Ton.

Under the heading "Klondike Eclipsed," the Rat Portage News says: Excitement runs high here over a recent discovery of rich placer mining near Hay Island, about ten miles south of Rat Portage. While out prospecting in the vicinity Frank Moore, who is well known as one of the best prospectors in the district, ran across deposits of black sand and decomposed rock on the beach of Big Stone Bay, and out o curiosity took up a handful of it to pan; same as they do in the Yukon, and to his amazement small particles of gold began to assert themselves. As Frank had been reading of the Klondike and its wonderful gold-producing sand, he could hardly believe for a minute but that he was dreaming. The paning made from $3 to $5 and from the handful brought in and which was separated by Mr. Heys, the assayer, it will go from $30,000 to $40,000 to the ton.

A panning can be seen at Chalmers & Heys' office, where over a hundred people have seen it, all of whom without exception pronounced it the richest find they ever saw. Old experienced miners from all parts of the world say it beats anything they ever heard of and assert that the Yukon country is not in it.

The size of small peas can be seen and unlike the Klondike gold it is almost pure, being about 21 karats. From the samples of sand brought in it will easily pan $5 to a panning, and as a quart of the placer is the quantity that could be used to advantage at a time it readily shows the richness of the deposit. From measurements taken the vein or deposit is over 40 feet in width and easily obtained.

GOLD OUTPUT OF THE WORLD.

All the gold mined in the world from the date of the discovery of America to the close of the fiscal year of 1895 is placed by the statisticians at $8,781,858,700.

It is interesting to know that nearly half of this total for over 400 years has been taken out of three countries in less than fifty years. Since the days of '49 California and the contiguous gold fields have given up $2,035,416,000. Gold was discovered in Australia in 1851, in New South Wales, New Zealand, Queensland, Tasmania, Victoria and Western Australia, and the total output to date is $1,655,713,000. Gold in South Africa, or, to be exact, in the South African Republic, has only been of importance since 1890, and the total at the end of the first six months of 1896 was a little less than $212,000,000. The precious metal to-day being yielded at an annual rate of $36,000,000 in the United States, $35,500,0000 in Australia and $30,000,000 in South Africa. But little is ever heard of the enormous fortunes that must have been made in Australia. This is due to the fact that the principal mines are operated by syndicates of English capitalists. The name that is pre-eminent in the history of Australian gold fields is that of "Money" Miller, who is said to have retired with a fortune of $25,000,000, not large enough to make him conspicuous should he live in California.

The wealth of the South African Republic has been divided among fewer men. Barney Barnato is said to have been worth $200,000,000. Alfred Belt is the reputed owner of $100,000,000, Cecil Rhodes of $50,000,000, and the greatest of all is I. B. Robinson, who is supposed to command $250,000,000, all taken out of the Rand.

The list of Americans who have become many times millionaires through gold mines, with incidental silver, is a long one.

Fully one-half of the $2,000,000,000 taken out of the mountains of the Pacific Slope is divided among less than twenty men.

GOING TO NEW DENVER.

H. T. Bragdon, Trail's pioneer hardware merchant, has sold his store building and is packing his hardware stock preparatory to moving it to New Denver, where he will engage in business. He expects to be ready to move by the first of next week.

Mr. Bragdon is a pioneer of Trail. He opened his store here two years ago and has been closely identified with the growth of Trail. No town could possess a better citizen than Mr. Bragdon, and his Trail friends envy New Denver in having enveigled him to the "American Lucerne."

With Mr. Bragdon go Mrs. Bragdon and Mr. and Mrs. George Hurley. New Denver has not, never has had and never will have four better citizens than the quartette who are leaving Trail to better themselves financially in the future metroplis of the Slocan country. —Trail Creek Miner.

Weber Square Piano, excellent condition, for sale, $150, or will exchange for diamonds. Box 226, Trail, B.C.

To dine at the Filbert, in Sandon, should be the aim of all lovers of good living. †

The Filbert, in Sandon, is noted for the delicate flavor of its morning cocktails. †

THE KASLO HOTEL
Family & Commercial.

Large And Comfortable Rooms

Fitted with every modern convenience. Special protection against fire. Rates $2.50 and $3 per day.

COCKLE & PAPWORTH, Proprietors.

By sending 10 cents to The Ledge, New Denver B C., You can obtain a complete copy of Carlyle's Report on the Slocan.

BURTON CITY
British Columbia.

Ho! for Burton City, the quartz and placer Gold Mining camp of the Slocan.

BURTON CITY

This town can boast of having had the largest Smelter returns in Gold of any camp in the Slocan.

BURTON CITY

will be placed on the market on July 15th. Get in on the opening sale. Size of lots, 30x120, with 20-foot alley; price, $100 and $150 on the business streets; but only a limited number will be sold at that price.

BURTON CITY

is one of the few townsites in West Kootenay that can give a perfect title; terms, 1-3 cash, balance three and six months.

BURTON CITY

Has a saw mill running full blast. No trouble in this town to get Lumber to build. Burton City requires a meat market to supply about 500 men in the hills, besides the town trade. Burton wants a Drug Store; Burton wants another hotel; Burton wants another express and livery stable; Burton wants some stores and offices to rent.

BURTON CITY

Is destined to become the best mining town on the Arrow Lake. Burton City is a beautiful level townsite, and it has now the government road where all the mineral on Cariboo creek will be shipped and all supplies for the mines will be taken from. All goods for the interior must go off here and consequently it will be a great commercial town. No better place in the Slocan to head for before settling anywhere. Don't fail to see Burton. It is surrounded by strong syndicates and is sure to win.

For particulars and maps apply to
A. M. BEATTIE,
General Agent, who attends to issuing all agreements and confirms all sales.
Burton City, B. C.

The Prospectors' Assay Office
Brandon, B. C,

Assay Price List:

Gold, Silver, or Lead, each	$1.50
Gold, Silver and Lead, combined	3 00
Gold and Silver	2 00
Silver and Lead	2 00
Copper (by Electrolysis)	2 00
Gold, Silver, Copper and Lead	4 00
Gold and Copper	2 50
Silver and Copper	2 50
Gold, Silver and Copper	3 00
Platinum	5 00
Mercury	2 00
Iron or Manganese	2 00
Lime, Magnesium, Barium, Silica, Sulphur, each	2 00
Bismuth, Tin, Cobalt, Nickel, Antimony, Zinc, and Arsenic, each	4 00
Coal (Fixed Carbon, Volatile Matter, Ash, and percentage of Coke, if Coking Coal)	4 0

Terms: Cash With Sample.
June 20th, 1895.

FRANK DICK,
Assayer and Analyst

To Prospectors and Claim Owners

Mining Properties of all kinds wanted for English market.

Send full particulars to

RICHARD PLEWMAN
Mining Broker, P. O. Box 756, Rossland, B. C

PRESSES FOR SALE....

Two 10x15 jobbers; one a Gordon and the other an Excelsior, now called the Eclipse.

R. T. LOWERY.

Silverton Drug Store

The Standard Perfumes

Of the World.

Lubin's Jockey Club
Atkinson's White Rose
Seely's Ylang Ylang
Rogers & Gallet's Peau d'Espagne
and others of the best.

The best Toilet Powders,
Puffs, Toilet Waters,
Finest Toilet Soaps,
Creams, Etc.
Lilac Cream is unsurpassed
by any toilet article.
Drugs and Stationery.

SILVERTON, B. C.
R. O. MATHESON, Proprietor

The Newmarket

Hotel, in New Denver, has been enlarged and all the rooms plastered. New carpets and new furniture throughout make the house a marvel of comfort and elegance. With 28 rooms, and its beautiful situation amidst the finest scenery in America, this hotel is unsurpassed in all Kootenay.

H. STEGE, Prop.

FURNITURE

I carry the stock—the largest in the Slocan-Kootenay, in show rooms covering 3,000 feet of floor space.

Everything for a Mansion or Cottage at

Bottom Prices

One hundred dozen of chairs to select from direct from the factories at prices low as the lowest. D. M. CROWLEY, practical upholsterer, with a staff of mechanics, can make anything to order.

Undertaking a Specialty.

Note the address: Above the LEDGE office, Sixth Street. New Denver.

Freight paid on goods to Sandon, Slocan City and all Lake points.

The new addition to the——
LELAND HOUSE
Makes it one of the Largest and most Comfortable Hotels in Kootenay.
MRS. D. A. McDougald.
NAKUSP, - - BC.

E. Parris & Co.,
SLOCAN CITY and TEN MILE.
A full line of Prospectors' and Miners Supplies at TenMile Store.

Mrs. S. S. Warner. KASLO, B.C. Miss E. P. Case.

The Langham,

Is a new house, newly furnished in the latest style; has the benefits of all modern conveniences, electric lighted, steam heated, bath rooms, etc. It has large, airy rooms and affords the most comfortable and commodious accommodations in the Kootenay. Go direct to The Langham when you arrive in Kaslo, and get the best room in town at no greater expense. This house offers special inducements to large parties or resident families. Corner 5th and Avenue A.

OVERLAND TO YUKON

How the Klondike can be Reached by Wagons and Pack Trains.

A TRIP MADE MANY YEARS AGO

By a Route Through the Northwest Territory—No Perilous Mountains to Climb.

The question of the most feasible route to the Yukon gold fields is now being debated throughout the length and breadth of North America. It is an important subject, in view of the rush of people to the inhospital interior of the northern mountainous region, and should be carefully studied by those who contemplate the adventurous journey in search of the precious yellow metal. Just now the public press teems with articles advocating the routes most frequented having their starting points on the Pacific coast. The two routes best known are via Dyea, over the Chilkoot Pass, thence down the Lewis river, which is a branch of the Yukon, and via the Yukon from St. Michael's by steamer. The first is arduous and fraught with many dangers, while the second is long, tedious and expensive, and has at the present time a very limited steamboat service. People who live on the coast will doubtless continue to use these routes, but the most of those who start from the east side of the mountains will probably next year find their way to the gold fields along the route, or nearly so, followed by the late Robert Campbell, when he discovered the head waters of mighty Yukon.

Mr. Campbell started from Fort Simpson, on the Mackenzie river, and proceeded up the Liard river to Fort Halkett, where he outfitted for the trip over the divide. One hundred miles above Halkett he entered a magnificent lake, which he callad Lake Frances in honor of Lady Simpson. From Halkett to this lake the Liard is serpentine, with a swift current and flanked on both sides with chains of mountains. This is the most difficult part of the ronte, and the rushing waters make navigation dangerous, even for small boats, but the passages have been made safely time and again by Hudson's Bay voyageurs, miners and other travellers. However, as will be shown further on, this part of the river can be avoided, and navigable waters reached by a shorter and less laborious way. Proceeding up the south branch of Lake Frances for 30 miles, Mr. Campbell came to another body of water, which he named Finlayson lake and river. This water stretch is at the height of land, and during high water flows both towards the Arctic and Pacific oceans. Leaving Finlayson lake Mr. Campbell and his companions walked down the west slope of the Rockies and on the second day came in sight of the beautiful river which he named the Pelly, and which by subsequent explorations he discovered to be the Yukon.

In 1843 he descended the Pelly from the point where he had first reached it, at Pelly Banks, from Finlayson lake. He describes it as a nice flowing current, with only one obstacle to navigation, a heavy rapid about twenty-five miles below the Banks, which he named Houle's rapids, after the interpreter who was with him. He went to the mouth of the Lewis river, where it joins the Pelly or Yukon, and there established Fort Selkirk. He afterwards went to Fort Yukon, situated at the junction of the Yukon and Porcupine rivers. Ascending the Porcupine to La Pierre's house he made a portage of seventy miles to Fort Macpherson, on the Peel, and thence back to Fort Simpson, by the Mackenzie, thus completing a circuit of several thousand miles on water stretches that were almost linked together. In high waters steamers can ascend the Pelly to Houle's rapids. Mr. Campbell relates that the scenery on the Pelly and the Finlayson, Frances and Liard is charming, and that the country abounds in large and small game, and the rivers and lakes with fine fish. He also states that the climate is more agreeable than on the eastern slope of the same latitude.

In view of the necessity for an easy route to and from the Yukon gold fields, the foregoing facts are most interesting. There is undoubtedly a project on foot to establish such a route east of the mountains, and next spring will see it an accomplished fact. The route by Fort MacPherson and the Porcupine is longer, and the traveller would find himself at Fort Yukon, 350 miles below Forty-Mile creek, up to which he would have to track his boat against a swift current. However, a pack trail from La Perrie's House, on the Porcupine, in an air line to the Pelly, would land one right in the heart of the diggings. But the route that will likely be adopted will be approached from Edmonton to Athabasca Landing, thence across country with pack trains or wagons to Lesser Slave lake, thence to Fort Dunvegan on the Peace river, thence again by pack trail to the Nelson river, and on to the Dease river, where it joins the Liard. Bridging the Dease the pack trail could be continued right on to the Pelly or the Frances and Finlayson lakes might be utilized, as the intersection of the Frances with the Liard is just at the same point as the junction of the Dease and Liard. In this connection it may be said that there are already pack trails for a good part of the distance along this route, which have been used for years by the Hudson's Bay Company, miners, traders and hunters. The ascent of the mountain ranges is comparatively easy, and there is a good deal of open country between the summit and Pelly. As has already been intimated, the whole of the journey from Athabasca Landing to the Pelly, a distance of about 900 miles, might be made with pack horses, and a wagon road might be made at a reasonable expenditure.

GOLD IN OTHER SPOTS.

On reaching the Pelly the gold seeker by this route would be less than 200 miles above the present gold fields, with a gently flowing current, interrupted by only one rapid, to bear his craft to the Mecca. All the river beds south-east of the Yukon are auriferous, and much gold will be found south and east of where the present finds are being made. Probably many of those who go this way will not go to the Yukon, as they will make strikes along the route on the numerous gold bearing streams. The interior of the Athabasca and Yukon districts have scarcely yet been prospected, and it is safe to say that there will soon be greater discoveries than those of Klondike and neighboring diggings. When the writer was making a tour along the north coast of British Columbia in 1891 he saw much gold dust and nuggets at the trading posts at the mouth of Skeena river and at Port Simpson, near the mouth of the Nass river. The nuggets were brought to Port Simpson by Indians from the interior, and were washed from surface sands in small streams. The dust brought down the Skeena river was also washed out by the Indians, who do not penetrate the interior very far. The Indians guard the whereabouts of the deposits religiously, but they will without doubt be brought to light sooner or later by the sturdy and intrepid prospectors.

A PIONEER DRUGGIST.

Anxious to Please But Not Responsible For Results.

We had four of five saloons and one grocery at Cedar Hill, when the outfit of a man named Dayton arrived. He had seven pack mules loaded with goods, and after a day or two he unpacked and set up for business and hung out a sign reading, "Dry Goods, Clothing, Hardware, Groceries, Boots & Shoes, Tinware; also Drug Store." The shanty which he occupied for a store was about fourteen feet square, and he had everything packed in a heap.

The drug store was an innovation. It was not only the first to be established at Cedar Hill, but the only one for two hundred miles around, and we were inclined to look upon the druggist with awe and respect. We were a very healthy lot up there, and, aside from accident, no man had lost a day for six months. No sooner was that drug store opened for business, however, than most of us felt a yearning, Hiram Davis hit the nail on the head, when he said to the crowd: "Boys, that drug store reminds me of home and of the old woman and children. Jest think of pills and salts and calomel and quinine! Civilizashun has come knocking at our doors, and it's our solemn dooty to feel bad and buy sunthin'."

Plenty of us began to "feel bad," but when we came to buying something we found that the druggist was doing business on a line of his own. When Abe Smallman dropped in to get a dose of calomel for his liver, which was doing business seven days in the week and in need of no encouragement of any sort, Mr. Dayton said to him:

"I bought this drug store outfit of a tenderfoot down at Grass Valley. He was sick and discouraged and wanted to go back home. I don't know much about the business myself. I'll hunt up the calomel and sell it to you, but I won't be responsible for the results."

"What d'ye mean by results?" queried Abe.

"Well, I've got calomel, arsenic, salts, and a lot of other things all mixed up here, and I'm not going to guarantee anything. Mebbe it'll be calomel and mebbe not."

We all shied off for a day or two at that, but when we came to think it over we rather liked the uncertainty, and we rather liked the uncertainity, and the druggist was kept busy with our purchases. Some of his liquids and powders were in bottles or papers, duly labeled, and some of the powders were in parcels without a label on them. If anybody asked for Epsom salts, for instance, the druggist would fish around under the heap of boots, and shoes; and clothing till he got hold of a box or parcel, and, bringing it out, he would say:

"All I know about this stuff is that it ain't copperas. I took a parcel of copperas on a debt once, and so I know the stuff when I see it. If you want to run chances you can take it along."

Most everybody was willing to run chances, and for two weeks all went well. If nobody was made any better, nobody was made any worse, and the druggist did a rushing business. Then came an afternoon on which old Joe Crosby laid down his working tools and announced that he was "off his feed," and got to have something to work off a bilious attack.

"I can't say what's good for it," said the druggist, "but I'll fish up a lot of packages and you can take your own choice."

He laid out ten parcels on the counter and old Joe wet the tip of his finger and tasted the contents of each in succession. He finally found one to suit his palate, at least, and he bought a dollar's worth and went off to his shanty to dose. Half an hour later he was taken with violent cramps, and inside of two hours he was dead. A move was made on the druggist, but the smiling and urbane Mr. Dayton replied:

"Gentleman, it might have been powdered borax, or it might have been arsenic. I can't tell the difference between the two, and I have been free to say so. I gave him good weight and he took his chances."

Our purchases were light for the next week, but in time we got over the scare and went to buying again. A fortnight after the death of Crosby a man named Healy was made terrible sick for two or three days by a dose of some unknown stuff, and the next day Sile Warner entered the drug store to say:

"I ain't feelin' jest as I orter, and I want sunthin' to brace me up. Ken ye recommend a bracer?"

"I never recommend," was the reply. "Here's the bottle and here's the packages. They may brace or they may lay you out."

"Wall, this is a world of chance," continued Sile, as he pawed the stuff over, "and I'll take a dollar's worth of this stuff in the bottle. It'll wet the throat when it goes down, anyway."

The stuff was probably laudanum, for Sile never woke up from that night's sleep. His chum went over to give the druggist fits about the matter, but Mr. Dayton headed him off with:

"Dead, eh? Sorry to hear it, but he took his chances. I will now label that bottle 'poison,' and should any of you wish to commit suicide you will know what to ask for."

We tried to brace up after the second calamity, and were gradually getting our confidence back, when a man named Grimshaw got something for chills. The druggist wouldn't recommend it, as usual, but it had been marked by the tenderfoot as "Good for Chills." It proved to be. One dose removed Mr. Grimshaw from this chilly world, and over his grave we held a public meeting, and

"WHEREAS, It bein' only a question of time when our drug store will kill off every man in Cedar Hill; and,

"WHEREAS, We owe a dooty to ourselves and them as has gone: now tharfore

"Resolved, That one or tother of us has got to git."

The "tother" was the drug store. After a general consultation, we made up a shake-purse of fifty dollars to buy all the drugs left on hand, and after everybody had given himself one last dose of whatever he fancied, the remainder was thrown into a ravine, and Mr. Dayton turned his attention entirely to other lines.—American Druggist.

THE TRAIL BLAZER.

Says Danny McPherson to Danny McCuaig, "Where does that smoke come from up Carpenter creek. It has such a delicious aroma."

"Oh!" says Dany McCuaig, "That is caused by the people of Sandon smoking the Trail Blazer Cigar."

Undertaking and embalming at lowest rates at D. M. Crowley's, New Denver. †

To the inhabitants of New Denver and all Slocan Lake Points:

Many have received BENEFIT from my Optical Department,

Why not You?

You who have tried common Spectacles in vain, and suffered from eye strain, causing Nervous Headache, Etc.

It will pay you to come to SANDON and have your eyes properly tested and fitted with suitable glasses.

This is the only remedy when your trouble arises from Defective Eyesight, and should be attended to at once. I have one of the best trial cases made and can give you the best service.

Eyes tested Free.

G. W. GRIMMETT,
Jeweler and Optician, Sandon, B.C.

FRED J. SQUIRE

Nelson, B. C.

Merchant Tailor.

Full Line of Suitings and Trouserings always on hand.

Rosebery

The northern connecting point of the C. P. R. on Slocan Lake.

Rosebery

Has the only safe harbor north of Slocan City.

Rosebery

It is at Rosebery where the beautiful Slocan steamer ties up over night and where the employees can bring their families.

Rosebery

Lots were put on the market June 28 and are selling fast. You cannot afford to wait if you want a lot. They are going up.

Rosebery

Men are now grading and clearing the townsite, and several buildings are about to be erected.

Rosebery

Is destined to be the distributing centre for the Slocan.

Rosebery

Will become the great Concentrating City of the Slocan, having abundance of water and being easy of access to the Mining Centre. Watch this.

Rosebery

Terms, ⅓ cash; balance three and six months.

For full particulars apply to

A. M. BEATTIE,
General Agent.

DR. A. MILLOY,

DENTIST.

Room 3, Filbert Hotel, opp. Postoffice. Sandon.

SHEERAN & O'RAY,

Freight and Transfer Stables.

TEN MILE

Pack train and Saddles in connection. All work done with despatch at moderate charges.

The Job-room of The Ledge

Is the finest west of the Red River .....THE LEDGE carries the largest stock of Printing Stationery in Kootenay, and can do finer work than any print shop west of Lake Superior..... .....There are offices that quote seemingly lower prices, but quality considered, THE LEDGE is lower than any. No Chinese or blacksmiths employed. Send orders by mail, express, freight or pack train.....

.....If you are in the Slocan metropolis call in and see our plant, but do not touch our bull pup's pup, or allow the cyclone caused by our fast cylinder press to blow your plug hat out of the rear tunnel. Come in folks when you have any job printing to do, or cash that is too heavy to carry, and we will give you a profitable solution of your trouble. Come, gentle pilgrims, come.

SMOKE THE TRAIL BLAZER CIGAR

And you will feel as though you were having a Holiday in Paradise.

The smoke from the TRAIL BLAZER CIGAR

Will be seen in many mountain saloons before the hills are much older

THE LEDGE.

Published every Thursday.
R. T. LOWERY, Editor and Financier.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES:

Three months	$ .75
Six "	1.25
Twelve "	2.00
THREE YEARS	5.00

Transient Advertising, 25 cents per line first insertion, 10 cents per line subsequent insertions nonpareil measurement.

TO CONTRIBUTORS.

Correspondence from every part of the Kootenay District and communications upon live topics always acceptable. Write on both sides of the paper if you wish. Always send something good no matter how crude. Get your copy in while it is hot, and we will do the rest.

THURSDAY, AUGUST 19, 1897.

PASSING ON THE RESPONSIBILITY

MODERN statesmanship, as practised by civilised nations, consists chiefly in passing on the responsibility. In this respect Canada can claim a place among the most advanced. The aim of every government is to get through as best it can and bequeath all its difficulties to the government that comes after it, and the object of every generation of humanity is to dodge immediate calamity, and to pass the cataclysm on to the generation which is to follow. Politics in general is simply the science of not caring a straw for posterity, and the world has practised this art so long that posterity, as a rule, has had a bad time of it.

Everything that is moveable or negotiable has been traded off at some period or other in the worlds history, with a joyous disregard for the fact that the people who are to come have had no voice in the disposal of their birthright, and but for the fact that the planet itself is, in a great measure, a fixture, it would most likely have been mortgaged out of its orbit, and the men of future ages would have been left with no solid resting-place or permanent habitation.

As it is the landlord owns the earth and reluctantly allows the rest of humanity to walk on it because there is no other place to put them. Their presence is of course objectionable and leads to the wear and tear of a sphere which is private property, and if they could be thrown into the air and prevented from coming down again the advantages would be manifest.

When the statesmen of the past sold or gave away the earth, they were doubtless aware that posterity would want some solid substance to sit down upon, but, as usual, they passed on the responsibility. The purchasers of the planet being unable to lift their property and carry it away with them and deposit it in a safe place, their position never became absolutely secure; but they and their descendants have camped on top of their goods ever since and warned off the rest of humanity. These latter, of course, have no right or license to be there at all, for the world was practically all sold before they came, and no man has any business on a globe which belongs to somebody else; but as they cannot be got rid of the landlord puts up with their presence, and charges them for standing room.

The arrangement is an eminently cumbersome one, but the man who invented it—whoever he might be—passed it on as a temporary expedient and it has been passed on persistently ever since.

Some day the world will repudiate the old debts of its ancestors, the old landlords and land titles, the ancient laws and precedents together with hereditary monarchs and aristocrats and monopolists, and all the inherited lumber of antiquity in one comprehensive act, on the ground that it is weary to death of its ancestors and can carry the burden no longer. It will realise for the first time that all men are born free and equal—that the son of the statesman and the millionaire must start on precisely the same footing as the son of the assassin who was hanged or the son of the outcast who died in the gutter. In short, the world will understand at last that its ancestors are dead and forgotten and turned to grass, and that to whoop for grass is folly, and to fight for grass is ignorance and bigotry and to die for grass is rampant madness, for grass is only hay at the best, and hay is a common vegetable which is sold by the ton and cut up into chaff and given to the cow.

And when the world ceases to scream about its ancestors it will also cease to cherish the hallowed drivel which their ancesters left behind them, and it will lose its reverence for the ancient abuses which it has valued because they were old and cracked and decrepit; and it will give up trying to pass its responsibilities on to posterity because posterity will refuse to take them over.

A "PHAT TAKE."

JOHN H. HOUSTON is the Mayor of that city of white pants, Nelson. We do not know what the H. stands for in his name. Probably hell as he once was a large dealer in that article, and always stood pat when indignant individuals rushed into his print shop to annihilate him. He was always prepared for any bluffs that might be made, and never held less than a pair of scissors. As a journalist he has made a mark that will not be rubbed off of the newspaper sky of this glorious country for many moons.

John had a "phat take" the other day phatter than the phattest take he had ever taken. The Council of that city, where the chappies seem to be indigenous to the soil, forced a salary of $2,000 a year upon John. He protested strongly against it, but all his pleadings were in vain. He had to take his medicine, which serves an editor right for being mayor of a town. We have no sympathy for John in the matter. He might have known that this calamity would come sooner or later, and could have avoided it by sticking to his old profession. Just think of the immense care and worry John will have over that $2,000. It might cause him to walk over to Robson oftener, and perhaps he will never again know the sweet agony of being without a bank account when a band of shylocks are camped on your trail.

Then again when the world knows about it look at the army of females who will flash all kinds of matrimonial schemes upon John, and the charitable and religious institutions who will nail him to the cross if he does not dig up for the heathen. See the thousands of old prints, prospectors and others who will congratulate John upon his good fortune, and then strike him for a fare to New Denver or some other noted locality. Listen to the battered veterans of a hundred mining excitements how they talk about a stake for the Klondike. These and a thousand other inflictions John will have to endure, and it is almost impossible to hold back sympathy from him in this great trouble. We would not change positions with him for the Yukon river and all its tributaries. Rather than have the worry of nursing $2,000 we would live on scenery and write puffs for the lovely public who thoroughly admire our paper, but seem to know right well that money is a bad thing for editors.

MINERS MUST ORGANIZE.

THE first duty of the Labor party, and especially of the mining section of that party, is to organize and see that every man entitled to a vote is registered and on the roll of voters. The election for members to serve in the next provincial parliament will soon be upon us and it is of the utmost consequence that the mining section of the Labor party shall be well organized so as to be able to grapple with the labor question as a well disciplined force acting under intelligent guidance. Indifference or negligence to this, the first duty of a citizen, is simply criminal. If, some fine day, we wake up to the fact that trial by injunction has taken the place of trial by jury, the cause may be traced to the apathy of the working class in neglecting to make themselves heard and felt at the ballot-box. The history of the last legislature of British Columbia should be a warning to every miner especially to gird up his loins for a contest that shall lay cheap Asiatic labor in its final sleep, and among a hundred other legalised abuses, wipe out the present law by which incorporated companies can get fifty-mile claims on the banks of auriferous streams on which only Chinese labor need be employed. Let us see to it that the next legislature shall be composed of men with the ability and determination to analyse the vicious enactments now in force which are largely the useless lumber of the dead ages of tyranical usurpation, the palisades of property and moss-grown precedents for legalised robbery.

DEMAND THE COIN.

IF the people will insist upon being paid in coin, and refuse paper money for debts under $25, the price of silver will again become patrician and associate with its yellow brother upon a basis of 16 to 1. It is impossible to keep the white metal in the cellar of demonetization much longer. When it commences to come upstairs again tie your hat on when you approach the Slocan, or it may be blown away by the air of prosperity omnipresent.

BLATANT FOOLS.

THERE are many fools in the United States and some of them are working on papers. We know this from reading the many articles directed against Canada since the Klondike became fashionable. These windy editors, many of whom would cry for their mothers if they heard a gun go off, puff and blow about the United States and what it can do in the way of a fight. They seem to think all they have to do is to send a worm-laden gunboat and some fellows dressed in blue over the line and that the Canucks will throw down their hands in the discard and give up the country without firing a shot. All this sort of stuff is pure rot, written by ignorant men who like to see their wind in print. The United States has no particular record as a nation of warriors. In the late civil war the federal army would have been blotted off the earth if it had not been for the Canadians, Irish, Swedes and others, many of whom could not speak English. It was foreigners who saved the Union from destruction, and as 70,000 Canadians wore the blue it is safe to say that Canada did her share in defeating the Southern Confederacy.

It is time that all this fool talk against Canada was stopped. It can do no good and it may cause considerable friction between two countries where all should be peace and harmony. The good Americans, so numerous in Kootenay, are loud in their praise of their treatment by the people of Canada and many of them are heartily ashamed of the unkindly action of the United States towards a next door neighbor.

"THE WONDERFUL IBEX."

BARTLETT BROS., the well-known packers of Sandon, recently received a contract from that wonderful mine (in the advertisements), the "Ibex of Slocan," to pack 300 tons of ore to the railroad. The other day, after 81 tons had been taken down the hill, the packers were told that there was no more to take away, and that they could give the mules a chance to eat grass. This seems strange, as the Ibex was advertised extensively last winter as having nearly two million dollars worth of ore in sight. It was also stated that the property had 14,000 tons of ore in sight of high value. The LEDGE has never said anything against this property, although it has said considerable about the way in which the company mined for sucker rock with newspaper tunnels. Now that all the bluster and blow about millions in sight has dwindled to 81 tons, THE LEDGE would like to know what has become of the other 13,919 tons. Can it be possible that Mister David W. King has it in his hat?

A LAND OF TRUST.

THE United States is a land of trusts, the weakest trust of all being the trust in God. At the last presidential election the trusts put up 200 millions of dollars to assist in the election of McKinley. The campaign went their way and now they have received their reward by the increase in tariff which will enable these commercial wolves to get their money back by squeezing it out of the people through the medium of higher prices for everything they have to sell.

The Lead Trust also had a hand in it. Smelter men entreated Congress not to raise the tariff on lead ores, but that great body could not go back on its masters and the duty was raised, a fact that will cause more smelting to be done in Canada, and less in the land of trusts. Thus it is that the money kings and gold bugs get all pie while their slaves have hard work to find ordinary pork and beans.

PLAY BACK.

IF CANADA so desired she has a grand opportunity to play back at the United States for the contemptible manner in which that country has treated a neighbor. It is illegal right now for parties to send men who are grub-staked in the United States to work the placers of the Klondike. It is a breach of the alien labor law of Canada. If Canada will enforce this law, and also prohibit aliens from staking or holding quartz or placer claims along the Klondike or any part of Canada they will be following the example of Uncle Sam. We are tired of seeing Canadians snubbed and treated as though they belonged to the riff-raff of Europe or the convicts that come here from China and Japan. Now is the time to assert their manhood and show the world that Canadians have some rights in their native land.

GENTLE BUT FALSE.

THAT great smooth man, Frank Fletcher, of Nelson, does not like the way the Slocan City Pioneer roasts him, and he offers to furnish a headstone and epitaph if somebody will "plant" the editor of that sheet. This is a fine state of affairs, and should be looked into by the Government, provided Fletcher is in earnest. We think he is joking, as from our experience with him we can truthfully say that he is one of the most gentle and costly apostles of Ananias we have ever had the misfortune to do business with.

PROVINCIAL MINERALOGIST CARLYLE has found, owing to his rambles in West Kootenay, that many prospectors abuse the mineral act by shirking their assessment work. This they do by re-locating, and thus large areas are staked off and no work done beyond the driving of the stakes. That is, the dishonest prospector does no work and he prevents anybody else from opening up the territory. Mr. Carlyle thinks to remedy this by an amendment to the mineral act by which the locator shall be required to do $100 of work on his claim before being permitted to record it.

THE Earl of Ranfurly, who has been appointed governor of New Zealand, and is now on his way to his post, carries with him no less than sixty tons of baggage, including four carriages and six hundred and fifty cases of wine. The Earl will not be bothered with the complaint so common with Carolina governors.

THE Duke of Teck, has asked the Canadian Government to allow him and his chartered company to govern the Klondike gold regions. The Duke deserves a medal as a recognition of his talented gall. It is the highest grade we have yet heard of and the Duke should watch it carefull or he may lose it in these days of excessive competition.

Don't overlook Wilson's Hotel when you are in Slocan City. †

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I carry one of the largest and best assorted stocks of Hardware in West Kootenay, and shall be pleased to quote prices upon anything required in my line.

Picked off the Dump.

Wanta Noe—"What was the 'Light that Failed?'" Punster—"Probably an Israelite."—Brooklyn Life.

"Judge, would it be sufficient cause for divorce if a man refused to let his wife wear bloomers?" "That is so absolutely a hypothetical question," said the learned jurist, "that it is hardly worth consideration. The woman who wants to wear bloomers is never the woman whose husband has any say."

The growth of Christianity among the Japanese is not without opposition. The Yorodzu Choho, Tokio, says: "In the long history of Christendom we know of not a single case of a country saved by it. With Montezuma's Mexico and the Inca's Peruvian empire the course of Christendom was absorption, destruction, annihilation. It has killed Madagascar, and it will yet kill Abyssinia, Egypt and Morocco. What security have we that Christendom will not kill China, Corea, and even Japan, if the opportunity offers? Christendom does its destructive work not only by guns and bayonets, but by means much more formidable. It kills non-Christian countries by its rums and whiskies and by its foul diseases."

Some men who are earning large salaries these days are Edward C. Bald, not long ago a butcher-boy in Buffalo, N. Y., who makes $10,000 a year in salaries and prizes as a professional bicyclist; James J. Corbett gets $500 a game for playing base-ball just now, and in the theatrical season he can make $25,000 a year. Tod Sloan, the jockey, makes $25,000 a year. This is more than three times the salary that Secretary of State Sherman or President Elliott, of Harvard, gets. The best paid minister in America, the Rev. John Hall, gets only $15,000 a year.

An experiment which demonstrated the capacity of steel to endure greater pressure than the hardest stone was recently made at Vienna. Corundum was chosen for the stone, and small cubes of both substances were placed under pressure. A weight of six tons smashed the corundum, but forty-two tons were required to crush the steel. When the steel did give way, the effects are described as most remarkable. With a loud explosion, the metal flew into powder, and its sparks are said to have bored minute holes in the crushing-machine.

"Do you always say your prayers at bedtime?" asked the Sunday school teacher affectionately. "No, miss, not regular, I don't," was the reply. "Why, Mary, are you not afraid to go to sleep at night without asking a blessing?" "Not when I sleep in the middle I aint, miss."

Government ownership of railways has been found a failure in Brazil, and the government has offered to lease its entire system of fourteen thousand miles of track to any responsible company that will pay a bonus of seventy millions of dollars as rentals of the tracks, rolling-stock, and other property for a term of fifty years, and guarantee to restore them in good order at the end of that period.

Nebraska has turned out another crank and another creed. Reuben Beackim, pastor of a negro church at O,Neill, says the Lord loves one-eyed men, and quotes Mathew vi. 26, which says: "If therefore thine eye be single, thy whole body shall be full of light." Rueben has knocked out one of his own eyes, and the other is so inflamed that he cannot see out of it. Many of his flock are following his example.

Bicycling in excess and the use of hard saddles by women are asserted to be direct causes of difficulty in childbirth, by a surgeon writing to the Lancet. He describes two recent cases to prove his point.

N. P. Willis was usually the life of the company he chanced to be in. His repartee at Mrs. Gales's dinner in Washington is famous. Mrs. Gales wrote on a card to her neice, at the other end of the table, "Don't flirt so with Nat Willis." She was herself talking vivaciously to a Mr. Campbell. Willis wrote the neice's reply:

"Dear Aunt, don't attempt my young
young feelings to trammel,
Nor strain at a Nat while you swallow
a Campbell."

The wife of the late Professor Agassiz was one morning putting on her stockings and boots. A little scream attracted the professor's attention. Not having risen, he leaned forward anxiously on his elbow and enquired what was the matter. "Why a little snake has just crept out of my boot!" cried she. "Only one, my dear?" interrogated the professor, leaping out of bed; "there should have been three." He had put them there to keep them warm.

The Buffalo street-car companies are now receiving five thousand horse-power daily of electricity from Niagara Falls, and it is said to work effectively, at a cost of thirty-six dollars per horse-power per year. The company at Nirgara Falls is doubling its plant, and by the first of October next will be ready to supply thirty-thousand horse-power in addition to its present capacity. The wires are already being strung for the the purpose of transmitting this power to Buffalo for commercial purposes, and the company is already making contracts to supply manufactories, printing offices, hotels and other patrons with both power and light.

Affable customer—"You shave differently in Ireland from what you do in America, don't you?" Barber Mulligan, just over,—"An' in phwat way, sor?" Affable customer—"Here you mix lather, there you lather micks."—Judge.

Somebody once wrote to the late Henri Meilhac to ask his advice as to how to become a dramatic author. "It is a difficult career, and the trade is not easy," wrote back Meilhac; "above all, it needs success. Yes, success is the thing if you want to have talent."

A woman who was traveling alone, not long ago, wandered alone into a hotel parlor. A pretty young girl at once rushed toward her and breathlessly asked what time it was. Somewhat astonished, the woman glanced at the big mantel clock and repeated the hour. "Oh, thank you," said the stranger, without any signs of going away; "I suppose you think it queer my asking that," she burst out a moment later, "but, to tell the truth, I did'nt want to know the time at all; I just had to speak to somebody. You see, I'm on my wedding trip, and for a whole week I hav'nt spoken to a soul but my husband. Why, I've hardly heard the sound of any one's voice but his. It was really a question of my speaking to someone or of going wild."

BACK TO THE LOTUS LANDS.

Heigh-ho! Babyhood! Tell me where you linger,
Let's toddle home again, for we have gone astray;
Take this eager hand of mine and lead me by the finger
Back to the lotus lands of the far away.

Turn back the leaves of life; don't read the story—
Let's find the pictures and fancy all the rest;
We can fill the writeth pages with a brighter glory
Than old Time, the story teller, at his best.

Turn to the brook, where the honey-suckle tipping
O'er its vase of perfume, spills it on the breeze,
And the bee and humming bird in esctacy are sipping
From the fairy flagons of the blooming locust trees.

Turn to the lane where we used to "teeter-totter,"
Printing little foot palms in the mellow mould;
Laughing at the lazy cattle wading in the water,
Where the ripples dimple round the buttercups of gold;

Where the dusky turtle lies basking in the gravel
Of the sunny sandbar in the middle tide,
And the ghostly dragon fly pauses in his trave
To rest like a blossom where the water lily died

Heigh-ho! Babyhood! Tell me where you linger,
Let's toddle home again, for we have gone astray;
Take this eager hand of mine and lead me by the finger
Back to the lotus lands of the far away.

—James Whitcomb Riley.

PRESTON ROASTED.

Washington, Aug. 13.—Silver men here are very indignant at the statement of the director of the mint in reference to the fall in the price of silver bullion and its possible effect politically. Senator Stewart, of course, is the most vigorous in his denunciation of Preston. He is particularly offended at the statement that all nations, including Mexico, desire to get upon a gold basis. He is said to be largely interested in silver mines in Mexico, and he asserts that Director Preston is utterly ignorant of the situation in that republic. He declares that even a gold production of $240,000,000 of gold annually would not fill the vacum caused by the retirement of silver coin from circulation. Director Preston's estimate of the gold production for this year he characterizes as absurd. He asserts that Mexico on a gold basis would retrograde into barbarism, and could not pay the interest on her foreign debt. He says that the man who will talk such heresy as Preston does cannot be relied upon to state facts with regard to the production of either metal, and he fears that he is as ignorant of this as he is of the principle of honesty, decency or propriety in a public officer. Other silver leaders use equally strong language in speaking of the director of the mint.

Smoke the Trail Blazer cigar and see the lights glimmer on the silvery shore.

THE POOR JACKASSES.

A 'FRISCO paper has the following sensible remarks about the fool merchants of the Pacific Coast:

"We observe that the Chambers of Commerce of Seattle, Tacoma, and other Pacific Coast ports are memorializing congress to "retaliate" on Canada for collecting her revenue duties on the American goods now going into the Klondike. But this is not new—Canada has been collecting duties on American goods for many years. Not a Pacific Coast passenger has ever gone across from Detroit to Windsor, on the Michigan Central line to New York through Canada, without having his luggage inspected by the Canadian customs officers. As for "retaliation," this government is already retaliating on Canada to the tune of many millions a year. Not a Canadian hen can lay a Canadian egg for consumption in this country without its paying duty.

"This has been the case for years. In fact, we have just raised the duty on many Canadian products. Why, then, all this pother? Are we to collect duties from Canada on Canadian goods, and then must Canada let our American goods in duty free? That sounds like the chatter of monkeys instead of the speech of merchants—if these chambers of commerce be composed of merchants.

"It is interesting and instructive to note that on the same day these memorials were sent to the Secretary of the Treasury protesting against the Canadian duty on beans bull butter and burros, a herd of animals was brought into Arizona from Mexico which had paid twelve hundred and ninety-six dollars more duty under the Dingley than under the Wilson bill.

"But what of that? An American citizen who imports jackasses from Mexico is performing a high and holy function when he pays duty to his own government on his jackasses. But when he wants to sell jackasses in Canada, the imposition of a jackass duty by that government is a high-handed and brutal usurpation and a highway robbery. We hope that the department of state, Secretary Sherman, and First Assistant-Secretary Day will at once take up this question of the protesting chambers of commerce, the wronged merchants, and the unjustly taxed jackasses."

When in Vancouver stop at the Manor House. †

Slocan Hospital

NEW DENVER, B.C.

An office of the Slocan Hospital has been opened at Sandon under the medical superintendence of DR. P. H. POWERS. Subscribers on presentation of their orders or tickets at the Sandon office will receive medical or surgical treatment and the necessary medicines free of charge.

All serious cases will be admitted to the Hospital for treatment.

Miners in regular employ, subscribing through their payroll, can secure all the privilege s of theabove.

For further information apply to—
J. E. BROUSE, M.D.,
New Denver, B.C.

Casey—"O'll work no more for thot mon Dolan." Mrs. Casey—"An' phwy?" Casey—"Shure 'tis on account av a remark that he made to me." Mrs. Casey—"Phwat did he say?" Casey—"Sez he, 'Pat, yer discharged.'"

BOURNE BROS.,
DEALERS IN
GENERAL MERCHANDISE,
MINERS' SUPPLIES,
DOORS, SASH,
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NEW DENVER, B.C.

All the railway stations in Sweden at which meals are served, are known by a sign bearing the suggestive emblem of a crossed knife and fork.

The acme of politeness was reached by a mining superintendent who posted a placard reading: "Please do not tumble down the shaft."

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Special lines in balbreggan, Carpets, Mats, Floor and Table Oilcloth and Linoleum.
Also the latest styles in Dress Goods and Trimmings; in silks and velvets and buttons; Sheeting and Pillow Cotton. Other articles too numerous to mention. Millinery the latest style always on hand.
MRS. W. W. MERKLY.

Walkers' Bulletin.
Metal Quotations.
Silver, dull 54⅞c
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Lead, firm $3.85
We do a general commission business, and invite the attention of intending investors to the mining and town properties listed with us.
We have some snaps.
Dry and wet ore properties are obtainable just now for very little money.
Are you buying?
Are you paying cash for good properties?
Do you like Slocan properties?
If you do we want to deal with you.
S. T. WALKER & SONS, New Denver, B.C.

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Wishing to be
Well Dressed
Can not do better than place their orders with us. Perfect fit and good work guaranteed.
M. A. WILSON,
The reliable Slocan Tailor,
Williamson Block, New Denver, B.C

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The only Practical Watchmaker in the Kootenay District. Orders by mail receive promp attention.
ALL WORK GUARANTEED

NEW DENVER BRICK YARD.
First-class brick on hand and shipped to any part of the country.
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All dressed lumber dry Coast stock.
We are also prepared to furnish plans and specifications, together with estimates on all classes of buildings. Office and yard Nakusp, B. C. J. M. M'GHIE, Agent.

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SAW MILL
Opposite New Denver, is now in operation. Orders promptly filled.
Address letters to New Denver.

A Cooling Drink
and a healthy one is
ROOT BEER.
These hot days make one wish that the great Slocan glacier were closer. Try our Root Beer Extract, 25c One bottle makes five gallons.
Our Perfumes are the Finest in the World.
Nelson's Drug Store. *New Denver.*

The Victoria Hotel SILVERTON, B. C.
Is the leading hotel of the city, and headquarters for Mining and Commercial men. The house is new, the rooms all plastered, and the furniture in use is of the latest and most serviceable patterns
The service in the Dining room is the best that can be provided. The bar is replete with the best wines, liquors and Cigars. McCONNELL & PURCELL.

HOTEL SANDON,
Sandon, B.C.
THIS NEW HOUSE, with the old name, is well equipped to accommodate a large number of Guests. The building is plastered and the rooms are unsurpassed for comfort in the Slocan, while in the Dining Room can be found the best food in the market.
Robert Cunning, Proprietor.

The Arlington Hotel
In Slocan City
Is an ideal home for the weary traveler.
It is conducted in a manner befitting the approach of the 20th century, which is the latest way of saying up-to-date.
Gething & Henderson.

Pilgrims,
If you are going to the Klondike take a copy of **THE LEDGE** with you. It will cheer you on the journey to that mecca of gold seekers.
The assessment is $2 in dust, Nuggets, or anything of Commercial value.

Port of Nakusp.
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CUSTOMS BROKER,
Real Estate, Mines & Insurance. Nakusp, B. C.

M'CALLUM & MILLSPAUGH
Dealers in
Hardware, Tin and Graniteware,
Miners' Supplies, Paints, Oils, Glass and Putty, Doors & Windows.
SLOCAN CITY, B.C.

A Man's Caprice.

It was raining, not hard, but a soft, whispering downfall that blurred the outlines of the hills, crowned with glory of deodar and rhododendron, and hardly flecked the smooth surface of the lake that they held between them.

The only two Europeans out in the dreary afternoon were a young man and a girl, who had sheltered under a rock that overhung a hill path some 30 feet above the water. The girl sat with hands clasped round her knees, sailor hat tilted over her eyes and damp hair straggling about her forehead. She was looking across the lake at the hills above and beyond it, and the other, who, by his smooth young face, was hardly more than a boy, was looking at her. He had been playing polo. His white breeches and long boots were splashed and stained, and there was a glimpse of a jersey under the covert coat. He was thin and white, and his eyes were anxious.

"You are always right," he said, "and if you were not I should still believe in you. But—is the thing so impossible?"

"It is impossible," she said. "I dare not do it. I dare not take the best of you now, giving my base metal for your gold and say, 'This is my portion—only mine.' Do not mistake my meaning. I love you as well as I am able, but the mightiest love that I can produce is not fit to be weighed in the scale against yours. This is not my fault; it is my misfortune—the result, I think sometimes, of my upbringing. Thank God, I can see my limitations, and to tie you to me now would be to cripple you for life, and in the end to damn both of us. This is your first love, you say. It has been born too soon. It may not come to fruition. Neither shall it be poured out for me, who am unworthy. Driven back into your heart again, it will leave the power you now expend upon it to be used to better purpose."

"You and I differ in our estimates of you," he said. "You paint yourself all weakness, all hollowness, all contradiction, and yet here to my power, as you are pleased to call it, you oppose a will so strong and inflexible that nothing I can do will bend it."

"That is because I love you," she said. "It is the utmost I can do—my supreme effort. If I loved you a little less, if my eyes were not gifted for the time with this inner sight— But, there, let us put aside sentimental considerations for a moment and think of what it means from the worldly point of view. Aren't you penniless? Am I not thriftless and destitute of that femininity—I can't define it better—that most women get as their birthright? There's a superficial cleverness about me which you, in your honest heart, admire, but how far does it take me to getting 16 annas for my rupee or putting a tidy hem to a dishcloth? I can't worry over these things in the approved housewifely fashion. It's not in me. Trifles? No, those are the realities of life. And, even granting that love could teach me these things—which I doubt—still you could not do it. Wouldn't you have to leave the regiment and give up your place among your equals and lose your right to let men know you for what you are?"

"I can't put aside the consideration that I love you better than all these things," he said slowly. "It is the finest regiment on earth, I admit, but you are the only woman. Well, yes, it would mean poverty. That is why I am a madman to ask you to share it. But you are not afraid of that."

"Oh, yes, I am!" she said. "I am an arrant coward in addition to my other shortcomings. Only I could do with it because I have never known anything better. You don't know what it is, really. You have a bother to meet your bills sometimes, and that is bad, but they are paid somehow, and you don't have to do actually anything less than what the others do—men who have money and interest to set against your brains. Given time and no millstone round your neck, you will keep level, and then you will begin to forge ahead. It is hard for a man to rise by sheer worth, but it is possible, only he must have a free hand and no one to think of but himself.

"But married— The aspect would change at once. And even though you were still as good as other men, even perhaps a little better, I should know what you had missed, and why. Perhaps it is that I am too proud for you to give up the best of your life for me. That must be it. Yes, I am too proud."

"Why should we not wait?"

"Why, indeed? Well, since you must have it, I have pictured it often enough. I have seen you in the flush of your youth at the outset of your career—and I believe that career will be a high one—set down to wait for a distant happiness. You don't see me. I am removed. I see you afraid to venture this move or that move—and you know there are always risks in the life game—because you are waiting. I see you dulled to what is going on around you, dulled to the present need and the present opportunity, because you are waiting. I see you waiting on without regret, and gradually, gradually, the spirit is sapped out of you, the ambition to be anything but as other men are. The fine temper that is in you now is numbed, and after that there remains mediocrity, which in you would be failure. And for the man you should be there will only be a somebody in the ruck, whereas you were made for the van."

"I don't understand."

"No, that is my part. And then again there is my side to look upon. I am to go away from you and to be without you for years and years. I shall never forget you; I shall not cease to love you; I shall always think of you tenderly and hungrily, because I am your love and you are mine. But, at the same time, I am only myself, a poor, patchy, inconsistent thing. Other people stronger than I will come by and influence me more because they are nearer than you at a distance—not because they can dim the love for you, understand."

"Can you do without me?" he said.

She wrenched herself away and burst into a wild fit of crying.

"Oh, my God, what a brute I am!" he said. "My darling—listen. Ah, stop crying. You make my heart bleed. I cannot assent to what you say of yourself, I cannot follow what you say of me. You are more sensitive than I; you catch sounds and signs where I neither hear nor see. But I have learned enough to know that I only torture you by my persistence, and that I do not move you one inch from your position. It is your wish that we should part, and so it must be, and perhaps some day I shall understand. I know that you are making a great sacrifice and that it is for me. You will forgive me if I cannot yet see clearly wherein is the urgent necessity. You stooped to me in your condescension, you made me your lover for always. I loved you—I worship you, and I hold it to my honor to have had your love."

He put his arm round her again and drew her head down to his shoulder, and her sobs shook him as they sat thus. Presently the sobs became fewer, and then came only at long intervals.

She spoke at last.

"It must be. I am not worth it—not worth your love. And you will be a better man—yes, and in the end a happier one. Believe in me if you will ,at least it can do no harm now that we are to be apart. Hold me close for a minute, since it is the end. Oh, where could the world show another such lover?"

And from the future that was closing down upon them she plucked the veil savagely.

"I am glad. Yes, I am glad to lose you."

"You're tired. Suppose we sit it out instead of dancing?"

"Yes, that will do," said the girl. "I am tired."

The music had begun before the man spoke, and two or three couples swept into the ballroom as he crossed it with the girl on his arm. It was a stuffy night, gemmed outside with the lights of the street and of carriages moving slowly before the entrance and crowded within by a London semifashionable throng, bent in a bored way upon amusement. The big hall, green with palms and dark with carved oak, was full of a kaleidoscopic mixture of bright dresses, expansive shirt fronts, babble of voices and laughter, and beyond there was a glimpse of the supper room, starred with lights and resounding with the jingle of plates and glasses. The girl and the man walked through together and down a corridor to a couple of chairs in the shelter of a Japanese screen. Opposite them a French window framed a patch of garden hung about with paper lanterns, and above that came dusky tree tops and the stars.

The girl, who was the girl of the hillside, leaned back in her chair and twisted a fan about with restless fingers. Certainly at the moment she looked tired. The man twirled his mustache up, first one side and then the other. It was touched with gray, and his hair was flecked, too, but his face was that of a man in his prime—masterful, square jawed and obstinate. There was a deep line from nostril to mouth corner, and his hands were strong and shapely. He crossed his legs, tilted his chair back until he could watch the girl's profile without being guilty of staring and spoke.

"I believe you wanted to speak to me?"

"People take it for granted that I am—am—going to marry you. It is intolerable."

"Ah!" He dropped his mustache and tilted the chair back a little more. "Why intolerable? I am told I am a most eligible person."

She twisted the fan nervously.

"I dare say. I do not want to discuss your eligibility. That is a matter which does not concern me. What does concern me is that I will not be made the subject of these rumors. You know how they come about and where the remedy lies."

"Said remedy being, of course, my extinction, self produced? I know a better one."

"No."

"Don't be in too much of a hurry with that negative. Consider a moment. Is it all due to my persistence and my constant presence? Doesn't some of it come from a casual interest that you take in me, and that shows itself, as these things will, to a too observant world?"

"I am not in the least in love with you, if that is what you mean."

"Oh, no; not at all. I am in love with you, and that suffices—for the present. But still, you take an interest, all the same."

"I suppose so. It is that you fascinate me somehow, and your obstinacy frightens me. I never met a man who was so little moved by my wishes and my words."

"Excuse me. I shall have the greatest pleasure in gratifying some of your wishes."

"Meaning, if I want a toy out of a shop window. My wish is that you take 'no' for an answer and go away."

"And that is what I will not do. No; I love you, and I am going to marry you. Let there be no mistake about it. My love may seem rather brutal—men's passions are brutal under some conditions—but it is a solid affair and it will give you something firm to lean upon and to stand by. You will find me a fairly easy husband when you have realized the futility of pouting at the inevitable. There is the tender side to my love that will give you much, be proud of you, cherish you and stick to you. I'm not a small minded person, and I am wonderfully easy to deal with when I have my own way. That will not be very difficult to give. It only wants—you."

"But why—why—why?" said the girl. "Why should I give myself to you? Just to please your passion? I am not much of a woman, but I have a soul of sorts."

"Well, partly, I suppose. You don't expect a man to make love violently to establish platonic friendship, do you? But I am not a brute, though I am a man. I have watched you since we met, and I have got your character off fairly well. You are undecided about most things; you are obstinate in a weak fashion; you have a supersensitive character that gives you a great deal of pain, and the weapons with which you essay to fight a rough world cut your own hands when you use them. Come to me. I will do the fighting. I will lead, and instead of falling back on your own judgment, too shifting to be reliable, you will have me always behind you to turn to. As to the love, that will come. I fascinate you, you say. You take a fearful pride in the thought that I am your lover, because I am a lover in whom a woman may well be proud. Yes, I don't care to sham becoming modesty just now. And that pride will father a love as strong as most women bear to their husbands. I don't disgust you; far from it. If you will remember, I kissed you once, and you"—

"That is brutal."

"No; it is only the truth, and this is the time for plain speaking."

The conversation paused for a little. The fan twirled on, and then said the girl:

"This is all very kind and disinterested of you, no doubt, but there are plenty of other indecisive women in the world sorely in need of backing. Go and help them."

"As I said before, I love you; hence the present situation. You don't see why I should, for you are not particularly beautiful; you are stiff necked; you are not at all domesticated. Well, I am so far in love that I can't consider why, except it be that there is a barrier of unapproachableness about you that I long to beat down. I want to stir you out of that cold blooded indifference that you affect. I do not believe in it either, for you are not likely to have come to your present age without there having been some other fellow."

She turned upon him.

"Well, that is true; there was another man. He loved me with an unselfish devotion beside which this love of yours is unspeakable. He left me because he would not tempt me against my conscience. You don't care a button whether I violate my own sense of decency or not."

"Extravagance again," he said. "I will uproot that peculiar standard of yours and set up one better fitted for wear and tear. He loved you unselfishly, did he? So much the less man he."

"I will not let you speak of him. He is dead to me, and holy for that reason if for no other."

"Forgive me," said the man, bending toward her. "God knows I would not hurt you for the world. If that man could love you as a man loves and yet conquer the mad longing that I have now to hold you in my arms, he must have been very noble and worthy whatsoever you gave him."

"He was more than worthy. He was too good for it."

"No man could be too good for that rare smile of yours or for your kiss. You would honor him beyond his deserts. Ah, my sweetheart, do you think I don't worship you too? You are the sweetest, the dearest, the snow purest of women, and you have all my homage, all my love, all my desire to shield you and help you. God knows I am no saint, but I am not afraid for this love of mine. I never loved another woman in this fashion. You want peace? Then find it in my arms."

He held them out and bent toward her. His eyes, that could be so hard and unrelenting, were soft and pleading now. They were alone in the dim light of the corridor. There was no one to see or care, and his face and attitude asked plainer than words. A strong man in his pride humbling himself to ask this thing from her! There passed through her mind the vision of life with him beside her—a life with some high ideals shattered, perhaps, but with many torturing doubts and difficulties ended. What did it matter, after all, the fantastic isolation she had striven for? It was not good to be alone, and, then, that passion might not stir her love, but it thrilled the fibers of her being as a woman. Into the holy of holies he might not penetrate—that was closed forevermore—but he could fill the outer room and absorb her storm tossed spirit into his, as the river absorbs the brook.

"No, no!" she said, pushing him away. But the resistance was faint, and in another second his lips were on hers, and in that contact, perforce, she gave the betrothal kiss. In the moment of defeat she found time to learn that there was pleasure in the surrender. He put his arms around her and held her to him strongly, sheltering her face with his own and letting her heart throb against his. Then he released her, and, in another faroff supreme moment, she burst into tears.

"My darling," he said tenderly. "Choke back the tears; this is not the time or place. I will leave you for a moment."

He walked away toward the end of the corridor, and she stood up, leaning against the window and letting the night air fan her burning face.

"And so it ends!" she said. "As I feared—as I knew. Oh, my love, my love, you did well to leave me! 'A little bitterness, a little longing when we are young, a little futile searching for work—and then we go with the drove.' A woman says that, and it is true. Who can fight such a one sided battle? Oh, that I had been born anything but a woman and any rather than in the present time! A hundred years back I should not have known; a hundred years hence perhaps there will be something better to safeguard us than a man's caprice. As it is—and as I am"—

The man came back. He took her hands in his and looked into her face.

"Poor child!" he said. "Never did any one torment you with kindlier intention. Don't be afraid; I am not going to touch you till you give me leave. Your face is still tear stained a little. Give me your handkerchief. I found your sister in the hall. She is just going, and you can slip away with her. I have your cloak on the chair yonder. Don't be afraid of what people may say; nobody will think or talk this time—I have managed that."

She stood quietly while he put her cloak round her, fastened it with deft fingers and put a lace wrap over her hair, knotting it below the chin. Then he looked at her wistfully.

"Perhaps you will give me a kiss of your own accord?"

And, for answer, she lifted her face to his like a child and kissed him submissively.—London Sketch.

Care of the Mouth When Ill.

When one is in good health, the mouth needs no special care beyond that of ordinary cleanliness. Indeed, the secretions of the various glands located in it act as disinfectants and keep it sweet. But few, however, are so healthy but they need to pay some attention to this organ, and when one is ill with any serious disease this becomes more and more necessary. One physician has found it advantageous to have patients suffering with fever chew occasionally some aromatic gum to stimulate the secretions of the mouth and wash out or destroy micro organisms or fermentation going on there. Another has accomplished the same end by having the patient chew some splinters of fresh pine wood. Dr. Rosenfield gives quite full directions for cleansing the mouth under such circumstances. He says that "in children and very old persons the less solid food taken the greater should be the care with the mouth. They should rinse it out several times a day with lukewarm water containing a little common salt, tincture of myrrh or eau de cologne added to stimulate secretion. When there is a tendency to bleeding of the gums or when the teeth are bad, a pinch of powdered oric acid may be twice daily rubbed in between the lips and gums. Patients with false teeth should remove them when they cannot take solid food.

"Patients with fever should have something to drink—cold water or weak lemonade—at least every hour. One must not wait till the patient asks for a drink. Besides preventing dryness, the fluid maintains the activity of the glands and the whole function of the mucous membrane. Many patients are prevented from drinking by a painful, dry and cracked condition of the lips, and therefore all feverish patients should, from the commencement of their illness, have their lips rubbed several times a day with vaseline. In protracted cases of fever the mouth may also be swabbed out with oil or greatly diluted glycerin.—New York Ledger.

Captured by Schoolgirls.

At Columbus, O., on one occasion Grant, after shaking hands with the crowd for three hours, was worn out, and the committee of arrangements retired him to some steps above the throng, says an exchange, and stationed General Wilcox and other officers along the line to say the general would not shake hands. They had just got to running on this programme when the girls of the high school came through, as bright a cluster of pretty faces and figures as any man ever looked on.

As they came within sight of the general a little miss in the lead began to take off her gloves. General Wilcox, with all the severity of military politeness, said, "No, you can't shake hands with the general," and so the word was passed along, the other officers each one saying to the girl, "You can't shake hands with the general." But just as she came to where the steps that she must take began to descend she held up her hand with an appealing look to Grant. He looked down at her face, into her eyes and said to the committee, "I can't stand that, I can't stand that." And he stepped down and shook hands with the girl, and in an instant was literally overwhelmed with a tornado of girls. They not only shook his hands, but jumped up to kiss him, kissed his hands and fondled his hair, and for five minutes all discipline was gone.

Fixing a Price.

"What's that job worth?" they asked the contractor.

"Well," he said slowly, "that depends a good deal upon circumstances. If it was ordered by an individual, I should think that $100 would be about the limit, but if done for the city or county I shouldn't think of charging a bit less than $850, with a clause in the contract permitting me to make an additional charge for extras."—Chicago Post.

Not Needed.

"I have here a neat and pretty little letter opener," began the agent.

"So have I at home," said the business man sadly. "I'm married."—Cincinnati Commercial Tribune.

Pen and Typewriter.

An experimental race was recently made in a French office between a skillful typewriter and an expert penman, the test being the number of times a phrase of eight words could be reproduced in five minutes. The typewriter scored 37 and the penman 23.

A POET'S CONSTANCY.

Oh, praise is ever sweet to hear!
In simple candor I confess it,
And then, I own, 'tis doubly dear
When loving lips like yours express it.

And yet when calmly I reflect
How much is due to Cupid's blindness,
Forgive me, dear, if I suspect
Your praises only prove your kindness.

Whatever virtues I may boast
(And slight, indeed, is my profession),
The one you praise and prize the most
May be the least in my possession.

You call me "constant" and revere
A mind so steady and unswerving,
But never poet yet, I fear,
Of such applause was quite deserving.

The poet's constancy at best
Is like the bee's—voluptuous rover—
Still constant to his honey quest,
Though found in apple bloom or clover.

And do I thus my faith impeach
As one untrue to love's vocation?
A moment's patience, I beseech,
And you shall hear my explanation.

Suppose the bee, so prone to stray
As fancy bids from bower to bower,
Should chance to find some lucky day
A wondrous honey bearing flower,

Which, though she sipped and came again
As often as the day was sunny,
Quite unexhausted should remain,
An overflowing fount of honey.

Such praise as she might fitly claim,
If ne'er again she proved a rover,
So much (the cases are the same)
Is due your fond and faithful lover.
—John G. Saxe in New York Ledger.

A MOUNTAIN ROSE.

"I reckon it's true that there is at least one romance in every life. From personal knowledge I can only cite my own case, but I'll venture that there was never a good, strong story written that did not find its inspiration in truth."

The author of this oracular deliverance sat with his children and his grandchildren on one of those great, vine shaded verandas that belong to every pretentious country home in Tennessee. He was a giant, slowly going down under the weight of years, yet to live in the past was to recall some of its vigor. Now his eyes brightened, his form straightened, his broad shoulders went back, and his voice was without a quiver.

"You look the picture of her," he said to the little tot on his knee as he stroked her curls. Then it took a request for the story to recall the old man from his dearest memory. "In those days," he began, "there was more family pride than there is now. Perhaps I should say that family prejudices were stronger. We had a caste as well defined as that in India. For one to marry in a 'lower' class was social suicide, and my folks, being of the so called aristocracy, were among the stalwarts of the stalwart in upholding this intolerant creed. I became something of a heretic while in the north completing my education, but it takes time and experience to get rid of a strong hereditary bias.

"We were fairly well off for those times, but I had an ambition to do something more than cumber the world as a mere consumer. This inclination rather troubled the family, but after numerous consultations it was reluctantly admitted that I might superintend the development of some coal and iron interests that we had in a mountainous section of the state and still maintain my social prestige.

"I went at the enterprise in earnest, bringing a lot of men from Pennsylvania that understood the work and founding a primitive village of log cabins in a region as desolate as any encountered by the original pioneers. The miners had their families with them, and all supplies had to be brought 50 miles over the mountain roads The foreman was a big hearted but shrewd and fearless Scotch-Irishman, who was just to the men and loyal to my interests. His home was looked after by a daughter who had lost her mother years before. The men used to call her the Mountain Rose, for she had all its delicate colorings and was just as fresh and dainty and graceful. Though strong and lithe, because of the manner of her life, she looked the patrician from head to foot and had an innate refinement of character that no culture can supply. Her voice was musical, and to me her simply songs were more charming than the usual efforts of a prima donna. Her education was of her own acquiring and was strangely out of the conventional lines. Her knowledge in some directions only surprised you less than her tact in acquiring information in others. But I would never tire of talking of her.

"After our rough colony had become settled and was progressing finely undesirable characters were attracted to the vicinity. Some men put up a shanty just off my land and stocked it with mountain dew. Numerous rough looking characters came there for the ostensible purpose of hunting and fishing, pitching their tents in our vicinity. I heard stories of gambling, and the men were not as regular at their work as they were before these interruptions. Rosser, the foreman, wanted to adopt heroic measures for getting rid of these pests, but I saw no way but to wait for some breach of the law and then secure the intervention of the authorities.

"Our pay day came every two weeks, and I brought the money from the nearest bank, in a town some distance away, having two good men go with me as a guard. On one occasion Nettie, the foreman's daughter, met us ten miles from the settlement, guiding us in a circuitous route, for she had learned through a wild young girl at the drinking den that there was a plot to waylay and rob us. Nettie had promptly pushed her way through the dangers of the mountain paths to warn us, fearing that delay in securing some other messenger might be fatal to us and at the same time endanger her informant. On the way in I learned more of the girl and her life than I had ever known, and she aroused that interest which is so likely to eventuate in love.

"It was a month later before we were freed from a snow blockade, and the next time I went to the bank it was for double the usual amount. I took more men, and we returned without accident. Even this did not give me the pleasure afforded by the joyous welcome of the girl who had so evidently been in dread while I was gone.

"It was just coming dark when I tossed the canvas bag containing the money to the foreman, for he was the custodian and would pay off at the noon hour next day. I never felt afraid when he was on guard. That night the storm was on us again, and with a veiw to making some arrangements for the better protection of the mines I sent for him. I never thought of the money till he appeared at my door, shortly before 11 o'clock, covered with dripping snow.

Then he assured me that the treasure was safe with Nettie, as no one would think of injuring her.

"We had been talking nearly an hour when there was the sound of a muffled cry and a body falling against the door. Rosser reached it with a spring and threw it open, to find a woman stretched across the step. Quickly he lifted her in his strong arms and laid her gently on the rough couch I had pulled before the blazing logs. It was Nettie, unconscious and apparently more dead than alive. Her long, waving hair was loose, disheveled by the wind and wet with snow that melted to glittering drops in the warm glow of the room. Her upturned face, with its perfectly chiseled features, had the unattainable beauty of the artist's dream. Through all that terrible storm she had made her way for half a mile without a wrap or even the slippers in which she sat while awaiting her father's return, for they had been lost in the first few steps. As I grasped her pretty hands to chafe them they tightly clutched the canvas bag to her bosom, and only when the half crazed Rosser forced some brandy down her throat did she relinquish her hold.

"Trying to rise, she said rapidly: 'Hurry, father, hurry. It was Black Joe. He's locked in the strong closet. I brought the money. You said you knew I would protect it. There it is. How Black Joe did curse and swear to kill us both! But I captured him.' And her unnatural laugh told how intense had been the strain upon her nerves.

"We found the villain vainly trying to batter his way out, and in due time a long sentence put him out of the way. He had stolen in upon Nettie shortly after her father left. No threats could induce her to betray the hiding place of the money till she suddenly devised a scheme to keep both it and the robber. Appearing to yield, she told Joe to look behind the chest in the closet which Rosser had built of strong oak planks as a place of safety for his few valuables. He made her hold a candle while he searched. As he leaned over the chest Nettie summoned all her strength and courage, threw the door shut, clapped the hasp over the staple and closed the hook that was attached. This she strengthened with an iron poker, and then, seizing the bag from under the hearthstone, hurried from her prisoner and his blood curdling threats.

"I loved her and told her so. But she was as courageous morally as physically. She was not fitted for my station in life. Wait two years and see if I still wanted her. Her father was going to send her away for a time. I protested, but she went, and I only heard occasionally, through her father, that she was well and happy. One night some 18 months later I was at a pretentious social gathering in Memphis. I was not a society man, but had gone as an old friend of the family. Some one sang, and I thought it the divinest music I had ever heard. As the singer rose from the piano I got a view of a regal beauty, who seemed familiar to me, but I only knew her when that voice I had learned to know so well in the mountains responded to an introduction. It was Nettie, who had been getting her education, and never had woman accomplished more in the same length of time. She was the belle of the aristocratic circle in Memphis, but when I had drawn her apart she laughingly admitted that I had the refusal of her and that she was just the same honest girl she used to be. I protested so vigorously that we cut the probationary period short. And she was your beautiful grandma, little one."—Detroit Free Press.

Such a Nice Old Man!

A young lady was on a railway journey up north. A suave old gentleman sitting opposite to her presently bent forward and said, with gentle reproof:

"Excuse me, but do you think it wise, when there are so many thieves about, to carry your pocketbook so conspicuously?"

As he spoke he pointed to her purse, which was projecting slightly from her pocket.

The girl, considering the stranger rather officious, thrust the purse down into her pocket and thanked him with stiff reserve, perhaps a trifle scornfully.

At the next station the old gentleman got out. As he did so he turned to his pretty companion with a polite bow and the mischievous indulgence of his years:

"Allow me to restore your pocketbook. You see it was not so hard to lose as you supposed."

So saying, he held out to her the purse she had supposed safely reposing in her pocket. She received it, coloring with childlike mortification, thanked him profusely, and her old friend took his leave with a friendly smile.

A few minutes later, when the man came round to collect tickets, the girl discovered her purse to be minus ticket—and cash.—Pearson's Weekly.

Night and Day.

"Anyway," she retorted warmly, "you don't find women's clubs turning night into day with their orgies."

"No," he mused, "women wouldn't turn night into day. They have too much regard for their complexions."

For it is a fact well known to science that artificial light will shine over tolerably fair women where daylight wouldn't do a thing to them.—Detroit Journal.

THE GODS ARE DEAD.

The gods are dead? Perhaps they are!
Who knows?
Living at least in Lempriere undeleted,
The wise, the fair, the awful, the jocose,
Are one and all, I like to think, retreated
In some still land of lilacs and the rose.

Once high they sat, and high o'er earthly shows
With sacrificial dance and song were greeted.
Once, long ago, but now the story goes,
The gods are dead.

It must be true. The world, a world of prose,
Full crammed with facts, in science swathed and sheeted,
Nods in a stertorous after dinner doze.
Plangent and sad, in every wind that blows
Who will may hear the sorry words repeated,
The gods are dead.

—W. E. Henley in New York Times.

WARNED IN VAIN.

Aunt Jerusha had never seen nor heard of the above, so she flung up the window and popped out her head with the grace and spring of a mechanical toy.

"Laws! Mercy sakes! Waal, I never in all my life! If that don't beat the Dutch!"

Aunt Jerusha's vis-a-vis at the table near the window she had so unceremoniously flung up was a handsome young man—an artist, in fact—who had come to Seedville to sketch. He took no trouble to explain himself to its villagers, but dropped as simply as possible into the simplicity of its life.

"Mrs. Spearmint," he said mildly, "if you will close that window my buckwheats and sausage will be much warmer."

"Oh, but sakes alive!" she responded. "Do look quick and never mind your buckwheats. Ain't that the curioustest thing you ever did see in all your born days—and there ain't the shadder of a horse to it."

Vilas Stansfield grew interested. He tore himself from his buckwheats and projected his head from the window, staring down the narrow by street on which Aunt Jerusha lived with the true Seedville stare.

"Caesar's ghost!"

"What! Be it a ghost?" asked Aunt Jerusha, yanking in her head and looking keenly at him, as if one or the other of them might be growing crazy.

"I might have known that no one but Miss Waterloo would have ventured into this region with an automobile tilbury. That bridge will never hold her." And seizing his hat, he rushed out of the house and down the narrow elm shaded street after the horseless carriage.

"Whatever has struck that man?" cried Aunt Jerusha, bringing down the window with a bang, now that the show was out of sight. "What did he call it? Waterloo, was it? Wait till I go tell Susan Sparrerhawk I've seen a waterloo," and she hurried next door with this Wellingtonian or Napoleonic piece of news.

The news affected the Sparrerhawks as it had Aunt Jerusha. They threw up the window and ejected their heads, but with no satisfactory result. Sam caught up his hat and rushed down the street after Mr. Vilas Stanfield, who sprang along in the wake of the automobile tilbury at a college acquired gait.

It was a very choice vehicle, enameled in dark green and upholstered in russet leather. In the middle of the seat, dressed in dark green and russet, to match the tilbury, was a very young woman maneuvering the motor as if her only desire was to keep her turnout at the top of its speed.

Vilas Stanfield could not overtake it. He called. He flung pebbles at it. He whistled. It splashed through the puddles and bumped over the inequalities of the village byroad as if nothing would be allowed to stop it. In a moment it would be upon a bridge, a crumbling bit of antique architecture that Seedville had clung to as a footway long after they knew it was unable to hold even the doctor's chaise. Recent heavy rains had now all but washed away its supports. The automobile tilbury was as surely headed for an accident as any whirring express with a bowlder on the tracks. He turned white and whistled again, this time the tune he and she had sung in duet, as with this same horseless tilbury they had rolled along the hard, broad roads in southwest England.

She still whirled on.

He put his fingers to his lips and increased the strength of the whistle.

She stopped, the wheels of her carriage on the very edge of the decrepit bridge—turning white, too, but not because of the danger.

"Mr. Stanfield," she said severely as he came up, "may I ask what this means?"

"Certainly," he said, touching his hat. "You can't cross that bridge. It's not safe even for foot passengers. I saw you from my boarding house window, and I came to tell you."

"Very kind, I'm sure," she said, with a little toss of her russet feathers, "but I've no wish to have you save my life a second time. We had enough of that melodrama at Bude," and she put her hands on the motor handles again.

"I'm in earnest, Miss Waterloo. You must not cross that bridge unless you want to be drowned."

"I'm in earnest too. I shall cross that bridge, and I won't have you save my life. The obligations of having you save me at Bude is enough."

"Very well," he replied in a hard, crisp tone. "I won't save it, then. But here comes a man whom I know. Sam," he called, "show this lady how to get across by the other bridge," and, resuming his hat, he walked rapidly back to the village.

"It's nonsense," cried Miss Waterloo as soon as Vilas Stanfield was out of sight. "Of course I can go over this bridge. I have crossed two this morning that were quite as bad."

"To tell the truth, now," said Sam slowly, "he's about right. I wouldn't drive our cow over the bridge since the rain. Why, it ate the mortar right out 'tween the stones. I'll show you the way 'round by the other one."

"I haven't time," she said, glancing at the tiny chatelaine watch at her jacket lapel. "I've lost over five minutes now, and I'm racing and must get back to Steepleton as fast as I can." And once more taking the motor she shot across the bridge almost to the other side, when there was a waver, a crush, a collapse, and Miss Waterloo and her tilbury automobile disappeared with the bridge.

"I swan!" exclaimed Sam, "I swan!" And, flinging off his coat, he managed to pick and scramble his way across the stream to her rescue.

"That's right," he called cheerfully. "Just sit quiet, and I'll give you a pull on to dry land. The thing wouldn't make such a bad boat if it hadn't wheels and had sides and would float." And he gave the tilbury a strong twitch toward shore as she gathered herself together and tottered to her feet.

"Don't do that," she cried. "I'm killed as it is, and it shakes so!"

"The young feller knowed, didn't he?" said Sam, discontinuing his jerks upon the carriage.

"Oh, yes, I suppose so. Where did he live? Please take me to his place right away. I have no other friends anywhere about here, and my arm hurts me awfully." And in spite of her set lips she began to weep.

"Don't cry," said Sam sympathetically. "There's nuf water in this here little stream sense the rain anyhow. Hold on a minnit and I'll fish you out as fine as a new fiddle." And, seizing a plank, he extended it to her from the edge of the bank and pulled, tugged, splashed and dipped her out with it.

"Your queer buggy, or whatever it be, will have to wait there till I git some of the boys to give me a lift with it. Can you walk?" And he eyed his charge anxiously. "'Cause if you can I'll gallant you to Aunt Jerusha's."

"Aunt Jerusha's?"

"Yes. That's where he stops. It's just next door to us and 'twas her that came trottin in and told us 'bout you scuddin by like all possessed and no hosses. So I grabbed my hat and came runnin up to see the show, but I didn't plan for no such grand one as this. How you gettin on? Can you walk?"

"I will try to," she said, stepping off very slowly and catching at his arm for support. "You don't mind allowing me your arm for a little way?"

"Oh, no—that is"— And he coughed violently as he stiffly projected his elbow. "I've gallanted girls before."

They made an odd pair for the village road. She, a draggled, dripping tailor gowned girl; he, a cherry cheeked Seedville swain, wriggling with surplus attempts to be gallant and to nobly do his duty, yet growing still more cherry cheeked and wrigglesome as they came within reach of the village windows.

"There be Aunt Jerusha's right over there," he said. "She'll give you camphire or catnip or whatever it is you want I'll haf to go back and git my coat. Seems I forgot it." And dropping her from his arm he vanished around the barn, leaving her deserted opposite the brass knocker on Mrs. Spearmint's side door.

Miss Waterloo slowly crossed the by-street to the side door, and, much dazed with the shock, pain and embarrassment of her condition, she raised the knocker and let it fall with a tap that brought Mrs. Spearmint to the door as if she had been waiting for it.

"Aunt Jerusha," said Miss Waterloo, for want of a more formal name, "is—does—Mr. Vilas Stanfield live here?"

"He do at present, but he's just gone up and banged hisself into what he calls his study."

"May I see him a moment—that is, I think you'll have to take me in. I've had an accident. I fell through the bridge and"—

"Land er Goshen! You don't say so! Waal, now, come right in this minnit. I'm awful glad to see you, and so he'll be no doubt. Hurt, did you say? Poor thing, and you're all sorter damp. I'll lend you my wrapper while you dry off. Mebbe I'd better git a doctor?"

"If somebody would send a telegram for me," said Miss Waterloo, "I would"—

"Wait! P'r'aps Mr. Stanfield will. He's an awful nice young man and as harnsome as a picter." And shoving an old fashioned rocker toward Miss Waterloo Mrs. Spearmint rushed up stairs to the studio.

"Mr. Stanfield!"

No answer.

"Be you asleep?"

"No."

"Waal, there's been an accident to the waterloo, and she's down stairs wantin you to telegram."

The studio door flew open. Vilas was past Mrs. Spearmint and down the stairs, three steps at a time, but he did not telegraph. He got the automobile tilbury from the water. He sopped it up and rubbed it down till it looked as well as when it left the manufacturer. Then, because Miss Waterloo's arm was so out of order, he got into the horseless carriage beside her and took her to her home. Later he took her to his home.—Chicago News.

Curious Surnames.

Among the curious and suggestive surnames in a certain county in north Missouri are the following: Red, White, Blue, Green, Gray, Brown and Black. There are also Kings, Queens, Earls, Dukes, Marquises and Lords. In animated nature are to be found Wrens, Birds, Cows, Hawks and also Hawkins and Fowlers. Among quadrupeds are Wolfe, Lamb, Lyon, Bull, Stier and Redheffer. At one time, in a county in western Kansas, there lived Redwine, Sourbeer, Drybread and Pancake.—Chicago Tribune.

The Windsor Restaurant
IN NEW DENVER,

Is one of the Best and Aged Cafes in the

Silvery Slocan.

It was in operation when

The Hand of Fate

Was turned against the country, and, now that the gloom of the Argonaut days has disappeared, it looms up brighter than ever as

. . . . A place where any
. . . . appetite can be satiated.

COME EARLY AND AVOID THE RUSH.

Jacobson & Co.

The Clifton House,
Sandon.

Has ample accommodations for a large number of people. The rooms are large and airy, and the Dining Room is provided with everything in the market. Sample Rooms for Commercial Travelers.

John Buckley, Prop.

The Bar of the Windsor Hotel
In New Denver

Contains all the famous liquors of the present day. The cigars are from reliable makers and give out, when in action, an aroma that scents the immediate atmosphere with an odor that is pleasing to the olfactories of man.

In the billiard room of this hotel the ivory spheres can be set in motion whenever the public desires it.

ANGUS McGILLIVRAY

CERTIFICATE OF IMPROVEMENTS

Cazabazua Fraction Mineral Claim.

Lot 1809.

Situate on north side of Four Mile Creek about 4 miles east of Silverton, Slocan Mining Division of West Kootenay District.

TAKE NOTICE, That I, Alfred Driscoll, as agent for Donald Bremner, free miner's certificate No, 66,386, 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 Sec. 37 must be commenced before the issuance of such certificate of improvements.

Dated this 6th day of August, 1897.

Wakefield Fraction Mineral Claim.

Lot 1810.

Situate on north side of Four Mile Creek, about 4 miles east of Silverton, Slocan Mining Division of West Kootenay District.

TAKE NOTICE, That I, Alfred Driscoll, as agent for Frank Culver, free miner's certificate No. 83,044, 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 Sec. 37 must be commenced before the issuance of such certificate of improvements.

Dated this 6th day of August, 1897.

Elkhorn Mineral Claim.

Situate in the Slocan Mining Division of West Kootenay District. Where located: On the left bank of Miller Creek, about half a mile from its junction with Carpenter Creek.

TAKE NOTICE, That I, J. H. Gray, acting as agent for J. W. Stewart, free miner's certificate No. 77,098, 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 16th day of July, 1897.

HINCKLEY MINERAL CLAIM.

Situate in the Slocan Mining Division of West Kootenay District. Where located: About 2½ miles from Three Forks Hotel, on right hand side of Carpenter creek, on the first creek opposite Payne mountain.

TAKE NOTICE, That I, C. A. Stoess, of Kaslo, B.C., acting as agent for the Hinckley and Black Colt Mining Company, Limited, free miner's certificate No. 81,650, 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 17th day of July, 1897.

ANTOINE MINERAL CLAIM.

Situated in the Slocan Mining Division of West Kootenay District. Where located: In the Ruby Silver Basin, adjoining the Surprise Basin.

TAKE NOTICE that I, George Alexander, free miner's certificate, No. 74000, for myself and as agent for C. H. Green, free miner's certificate No. 77704, and for Alex Smith, free miner's certificate No. 74195, 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 30th day of June, 1897.

GEORGE ALEXANDER.

Posted at Antoine Mine, 30 June, 1897, by J. C. Ryan. jy15-ag15

DEMOCRAT MINERAL CLAIM.

Situated in the Slocan Mining Division of West Kootenay District. Where located: Southeast of the Twin Lakes.

TAKE NOTICE that I, Herbert T. Twigg, as agent for John G. Steel, free miner's certificate No. 84982 and William B. Cash, free miner's certificate No. 78699, 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 15th day of July, 1897.

BLACK COLT MINERAL CLAIM.

Situate in the Slocan Mining Division of West Kootenay District. Where located: Joins the Hinckley on the south; a relocation of the Montana.

TAKE NOTICE, That I, C. A. Stoess, of Kaslo, B.C., acting as agent for the Hinckley and Black Colt Mining Company, Limited, free miner's certificate No, 81,650, 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 17th day of July, 1897.

OTTAWA NO. 2 MINERAL CLAIM.

Situate on North side Four Mile Creek, some Five Miles East of Silverton, Slocan Mining Division of West Kootenay District.

TAKE NOTICE that I, Alfred Driscoll, as agent for Geo. Fairburn, free miners' certificate No. 78,256, Paul Anderson, free miner's certificate No. 79,262, Charles Anderson, free miner's certificate No. 61,825, intend, 60 days after 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 as under Section 37 must be commenced before the issuance of such certificate of improvements.

A. DRISCOLL.

Dated this 12th day of June, 1897. je17-ag17

GREENLEAF MINERAL CLAIM.

Situate in the Slocan Mining Division of West Kootenay District. Where located? Adjoining the Clipper, about three miles above the town of New Denver.

TAKE notice that we, the undernamed, A. Ferguson, free miner's certificate No. 67988, J. Cummings, free miner's certificate No. 85357, W. C. McKinnon, free miner's certificate No. 81994, N. Augrignon, free miner's certificate No. 79698, J. Cadden, free miners certificate No. 74051, intend sixty days from 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 certificates of improvements.

Dated this 1st day of July, 1897.

JENNY LIND, ROBERTSON AND BEAVER MINERAL CLAIMS.

Situated on North side of Four Mile Creek, some Five Miles East of Silverton, Slocan Mining Division of West Kootenay District.

TAKE NOTICE that I, Alfred Driscoll, as agent for A. H Bremner, free miners, certificate No. 66385, intend, 60 days after date hereof, to apply to the Mining Recorder for certificates of improvements for the purpose of obtaining Crown grants of the above claims.

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

A. DRISCOLL.

Dated this 12th day of June, 1897. je17-ag17

Yuma, Aurora, Suburban and Night Hawk Fraction Mineral Claims.

Situate in the Slocan Mining Division of West Kootenay District. Where located: West of the Ruth group, within one mile of the town of Sandon.

TAKE NOTICE, That I, E. M. Sandilands, free miner's certificate No. 86121, intend, 60 days from the date hereof to apply to the Mining Recorder for Certificate of Improvements, for the purpose of obtaining Crown Grant of above claims.

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

Dated July 24, 1897.

E. M. SANDILANDS.

WAKEFIELD MINERAL CLAIM.

Situate in the Slocan Mining Division of West Kootenay District. Where located: On Four Mile Creek about 4 miles east of the town of Silverton.

TAKE NOTICE that I, David Bremner, acting as agent for George Fairbairn, free miners' certificate No. 79256, and J. H. Wereley, free miners' certificate No. 61697 (personal representative for W. H. Smith), 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.

DAVID BREMNER.

Dated this 10th day of June, 1897. je10-ag10

RICHMOND, STARVIEW AND EMPIRE NO. 6 MINERAL CLAIMS.

Situate in the Slocan Mining Division of West Kootenay District. Where located: Three-quarters mile s. e. of town of Sandon.

TAKE NOTICE, That I, R. E. Palmer, acting as agent for George Gooderham, free miner's certificate No 75189, intend, sixty days from 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 29th day of July, 1897.

R. E. PALMER.

CAZUBAZUA MINERAL CLAIM.

Situate in the Slocan Mining Division of West Kootenay District. Where located: On Four Mile creek about 4 miles east of the town of Silverton.

TAKE NOTICE that I, David Bremner, acting as agent for George Fairbairn, free miners' certificate No. 79256, and Frank Culver, free miners' certificate No. 66005 intend sixty days from the date hereof to apply to the Mining Recorder for a certificate of improvements for the purpose of obtaing 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.

DAVID BREMNER.

Dated this 10th day of June, 1897. je10-ag10

NOTICE.

NOTICE is hereby given that I intend, 60 days after date to apply to the Chief Commissioner of Lands and Works for permission to purchase 160 acres of land, (more or less) situated on Glacier creek, on the opposite side of Slocan lake from New Denver, and commencing at a post marked "Henry Stege's s. e. corner, thence 40 chains west, thence, 40 chains north, thence 40 chains east, thence 40 chains south to place of commencement.

Located July 21, 1897.

HENRY STEGE.

New Denver, July 29, 1897.

NOTICE.

NOTICE is hereby given, that sixty days after date we intend to apply to the Chief Commissioner of Lands and Works for permission to purchase the following described land, situated in the Slocan Mining Division, West Kootenay District, on Four Mile Creek, about three miles from the town of Silverton:

Commencing at a post on the north side of Four Mile Creek, marked "Kenneth Morrison, C. A. Gardner and E. W. Bradshaw's northeast corner." and running east 50 chains, thence south 30 chains, thence west 50 chains, thence north 30 chains to point of commencement, and containing 160 acres more or less.

Dated the 8th day of July, 1897.

KENNETH MORRISON,
C. A. GARDNER,
jy15-ag15 E. W. BRADSHAW.

INTERNATIONAL NAVIGATION & TRADING CO., LTD.

Strs International and Alberta

On Kootenay Lake and River.

Time Card in Effect July 12th, 1897. Daily Except Sunday. Subject to Change without notice

Close connection at Five Mile Point with all passenger trains of the N. & F.S.R.R. to and from Northport, Rossland and Spokane.

Through tickets sold at Lowest Rates and Baggage checked to all United States Points.

Lv. Kaslo for Nelson and way points. 5:45 a.m Ar. Northport 12:15 p.m.; Rossland 3:40 p m.; Spokane, 6 p.m.

Lv. Nelson for Kaslo and way points, 4.45 p.m. Lv. Spokane 8 a.m.; Rossland, 10:20 a.m.; Northport, 1:50 a.m.

NEW SERVICE ON KOOTENAY LAKE

Lv. Nelson for Kaslo, etc. Tues., Wed., Thurs.; Fri., Sat.; 9:30 a.m. Ar. Kaslo, 12:30, p.m.

Lv. Kaslo for Nelson, etc., Mon., Tues., Wed., Thurs., Fri.; 5 p.m. Ar. Nelson, 9 p.m.

BONNER'S FERRY AND KOOTENAY RIVER SERVICE.

The Alberta awaits the arrival of the International before leaving for Bonner's Ferry.

Lv. Kaslo, Sat., 9.30 p. m; Ar. Boundary, Sun. 6 a.m.; Lv. Bonner's Ferry, Sun., 10.30 a.m. Lv Bonner's Ferry, Sun., 1 p.m.; Ar. Boundary, Sun., 5 p.m.; Ar. Kaslo, Sun., 10 p.m.

Close connecton at Bonner's Ferry with trains East bound, leaving Spokane 7.40 a.m., and West bound, arriving Spokane 7 p.m.

GEORGE ALEXANDER, Gen'l Mgr

Head Office at Kaslo, B.C.

Kaslo, B C., July 13, 1897

The Nakusp Sawmill

Having placed some new machinery in our Mill, we are prepared to furnish all kinds of rough and dressed

Lumber and Shingles at Reduced Prices

PRICE LIST:

Rough Lumber, narrow,	$10 00
" " wide,	$11 00 to 12 ..
Joist and Scantling, sized up to 18 feet long,	11 ..
8" to 24"	12 ..
24" to 30"	13 ..
Flooring, T & G, 6"	20 ..
" " 4"	22 ..
V joint Ceiling, 4"	22 ..
" Rustic,	19 ..
Shiplap,	14 ..
Surfaced Dressed,	13 ..

A liberal discount on large orders for Cash,

PETER GENELLE & C

FURNISHED ROOMS

TO LET.

By Day or Week.

Mrs. A. J. Murphy. SIXTH STREET

6 PASSENGER 6 TRAINS
EACH DAY. EACH DAY.

- Between -

Trail and Rossland

On the

Columbian & Western R'y

Run Made in one Hour.

No. 6 Leaves Rossland at 7 a.m.; Connects in the morning with Steamer at Trail.

No. 3 Leaves Trail at 8:15 a.m.; Connects at Rossland with Red Mountain train for Spokane.

No. 2 Leaves Rossland at 11:00 a.m.

No. 1 Leaves Trail at 12:30 p.m.; Connects with C.P.R. main line Steames from the north at Trail.

No. 4 Leaves Rossland at 3:00 p.m.; Connects with C.P.R. main line Steamers for the north of Trail.

No. 5 Leaves Trail at 5:45 p.m.; Connects with Steamer Lytton at Trail.

F. P. GUTELIUS, Gen'l Supt.

Trail, B.C., June 4, 1897.

CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY.

The Quickest and Cheapest Route East or West.

Steamer leaves Nakusp every morning, making close connection at Revelstoke with trains for all points East or West.

Before you travel get information from C.P.R. Agents as to time and rates. It will save you money Apply to nearest Railway Agent or to

H. DOUGLAS, Agent.

H. M. MacGREGOR, Trav. Pass Agt, Nelson, or to E. J. Coyle, Dist. Pass. Agt, Vancouver, B. C.

Spokane Falls & Northern

Nelson & Ft. Sheppard

Red Mountain RAILWAYS

The only all rail route without change of cars between Nelson and Rossland and Spokane and Rossland.

Only Route to Trail Creek and Mineral District of the Colville Reservation, Nelson, Kaslo, Kootenay Lake and Slocan Points.

Daily, Except Sunday.

LEAVE.		ARRIVE.
9:10 a.m.	NELSON	5:45 p.m.
11:00 "	ROSSLAND	3:40 "
8:00 a.m.	SPOKANE	6:40 p.m.

Close connection with Steamers for Kaslo and all Kootenay lake points.

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

THE STEAMER

W. HUNTER

Will leave NEW DENVER, every afternoon upon arrival of train from Sandon,

FOR SILVERTON, SLOCAN CITY and ALL INTERMEDIATE POINTS.

Will leave SLOCAN CITY at 7 a.m. every morning except Sunday

Powder carried only on Fridays.
Time Table subject to change without notice.

S. T. N. CO., Ltd.,

June 1, 1897.

G. L. ESTABROOK, Master.

HOTEL VEVEY

Dining Room and Bar. First-class in every respect. Rooms well furnished. Trail open to Ten and Twelve Mile creeks. Pack and Saddle Animals to hire.

ALLEN & CORY, Proprietors.

Vevey, Slocan Lake, B.C.

KASLO & SLOCAN RY

TIME CARD

Subject to change without notice
Trains run on Pacific Standard Time.

Leave 8 00	A.M.	Kaslo	Arrive, 3 50	P.M
" 8 36	"	South Fork	" 3 15	"
" 9 36	"	Sproule's	" 2 15	"
" 9 51	"	Whitewater	" 2 00	"
" 10 03	"	Bear Lake	" 1 48	"
" 10 18	"	McGuigan	" 1 33	"
" 10 38	"	Cody Junction	" 1 12	"
Arr. 10 50	"	Sandon	Leave 1 00	"

CODY LINE.

Leave 11.00 a.m.	Sandon	Arrive 11.55 a.m.	
" 11.25 "	Cody	" 11.20 "	

ROBT. IRVING,
Traffic Mngr.

GEO. F. COPELAND,
Superintendent.

MINING RECORDS

Showing the Rapid Development of the Slocan.

LOCATIONS OF THE WEEK

Assessment Work Done on Claims and Transfers of Mining Properties.

The following is a complete list of the mining transactions recorded during the week in the several mining divisions of the Slocan. Those of New Denver were as follows:—

LOCATIONS.

AUG 9—August Flower, J C Butler, C E Wilson and E Shannon; Altona, G H Murhead; Violet, Charlotte Henderson; Second Chance, Franklin Hill; Jubilee, Hillman C Hill; May Flower, Saginaw and Wasp, John A Filker; Rainbow, Dalpine, Geo Smith and John McCluskey; Borse Fly, A R Fingland; Flyer, J P Black; Potter and McMillan Fractional, John Potter; Cable, Gus Gustuveson; Sunrise Thos B Walsh; Elizabeth, K H McLeod; White Lilly, A W Milbrandt.

AUG. 11—Rose, Four Mile, E|A Digby.

AUG. 12—Horn Silver, Carpenter, H D Keating and Reginald Strangeway. Green Mountain, Three Forks, J M M Benedum. Boxer, Great Western Basin, C H Green.

AUG. 14—Corbis Fraction, s. f. Carpenter, F A Henneberg. Sunrise, nr Ivanhoe group, Russell Donald and H B Gilbert. Trout, McDonald Creek, S A McLeod. Fairhaven, Lawner, and Klondike, Carpenter, Wm R Smith. Augusta, nr Rosebery, John Welsh.

AUG. 14—Lake View, Glacier creek, S Kleinberg.

AUG. 16—Faringdon, Eight Mile. F F Hedges. Carlton, Eight Mile, E Foyle Smith. Uren, Four Mile, Joseph Bourke. Fawn C, Carpenter, Wm Ashworth. Great Western, Carpenter, Peter Mullen. Belfast, Carpenter, Arthur Mullen. Jennie Andrews, Glacier creek, John T Moore. Stratford fraction, Ten Mile, N H Nevelle. Ontario, Four Mile, Frank Culver. Fulton, Four Mile, Allan McDonald.

AUG. 17.—O'Hawa Boy, Silver Mountain, W C Gibbs, H Wooley and C D McRae.

ASSESSMENTS.

AUG. 11—Corniskey, Hibernie, Silver Cord, Corning, May Flower.

AUG. 12—Animon, St Antoine, Hattie E.

AUG. 13—N P Stemwinder No 4, Alice Fraction, Good Hope, Eclipse, Electric, Alps, Alturas, Ruby, Reuben, Brittania, Juggler.

AUG. 14—Silver Lilly, P. T.

AUG. 16.—Reciprocity, Lillian, Wisconsin, Silver Band, Twylord, Victor, Scorcher, Slavonic, Big Kanaha, Transit, Admiral Nelson, Bendigo, Belmont, Phœnix.

AUG. 17—Felix, Alberta Fraction.

TRANSFERS.

AUG. 11—Wild Fox, ¼. E R Ennis to W C E Koch, $100.

AUG. 12—Silver Bell No 2, 4-32, to F Lewis Clark

SLOCAN CITY DIVISION.

LOCATIONS.

AUG. 10—Arena, Edw Quillin.

AUG. 11—Good Luck and Tip Top, John Kowalski. Klondike, J T Beauchesne. Harden Lad, Thos Armstrong and Joe Law. Culver, A E Hendrickson. A B Fraction, C M Adams, A E Mackley and Sam Brown.

AUG. 12—Cambdon Fraction, T W Lambert. Mona, Godfrey Adams. Caledonia, Wm Lardner Calamet, A C Cook.

ASSESSMENTS.

AUG. 6—Heather, and Alta Vista, W L Potter. Colorado and Pendleton Mike Donico.

AUG. 7—Iron Cap, Rob Lindsay. Maryland Chas Faas. Florence No 2, E McPhadden.

AUG. 9—Monument No 3, Prince Albert, Sunset.

AUG. 10.—Cold Blow, Lone Pine, Gt Northern, Northern Pacific, Grand Trunk, Gt Western, Tallicum, St Lawrence Rough and Ready, Katie, Oxberry, War Sprite, Forty-five Ninety, Mattawa.

AUG. 12—Sandon, Verden, Kaiser, Twist Fraction.

TRANSFERS.

AUG. 11—Nareena ¾. W D Mitchell to A E Hillman and Thos Blench, $100.

AINSWORTH MINING DIVISION.

LOCATIONS.

AUG. 5—Bruce. Thos Irwin; Eclipse, D C McDonald; Mayflower, same; Arthurs, Graham Campbell; Snow Slide, James Grant; Lauretta, D C Kurtz; Lost Lead Fraction, W H Gatward; Copper Prince, same; Gipsey, D W King; Sunset, Henry Schultz, John Clarke, H H Prouty; Sunrise, same; Romeo, J D Kendall; Bessie, J W Guinn; Katie L, G C Spearing; Brooke, James A McPhail; International No. 1, Joe Van Hooke, A Wells, J C Wood, J A J Moore; Snow Shoe, Samuel Lovatt; Poorman, Peter Delaney; Colorado, Pat McCue; Arizona same; Fraction Fractional, Pete Johnson; Honest Billy, John Mc, Leod; Maple Leaf, L S Cass, Mary Fassatt.

AUG. 6—Jack Rabbit, Alfred Watson; Last Banock, C L Capp, E L White, Frank Henderson; Aliza; Albert Sherraden; Lilie Fraction, J E Bigham, Steve Wilson; Minnie Fraction, W A McLellan; Monitor, Malcolm Lamont; X Ray, Fraction, Geo Shiell; Arthur, Simon Quinlan.

AUG. 9.—St Luke, John Fahey; Goodenough and Seymour, Geo B Wallace. J P, J H Ross. Fairview, Jas Harvey. PayStreak, John Jarvis. Iron King and Green One, F W Gaylord. Sarah Jane, S J Harding. International, Robt Marken. Mountain View, E Erickson. Kongsburg, T Thorstenson. New Silver King, Robt Marken; Aronoil, R H Kemp. Klondike, Jas Jeffrey; Wonder, Chas Steinberg.

AUG. 10.—Gopher, A D McDonald. Sulphide King, D Darden. Birthday, A McKinnon. British Belle, M McLellan. Mastiff, S W Anderson. Iron Duke and Nonsuch, Sam Denmon; Imperial Cheese, Oscar Larn; Waterfall, A H Jamagin. Charleston, Thos Gurney. Pittsberg, McDermott & Kauf. Jennice, G A Simmons. Surprise, J F Burns. Moulton, W F Riser. Humming Bird, J P Sherwood. Bismark, W S Drewry. Burke, J Burke.

AUG. 11—Ivanpou, W A Hunt. Purcell, G F Haywood. Big Fraction, Mrs. Belle Coy. Ovid Fino, Joe Davis. Utica, J Van Kerris. Detroit, U F Trauls, Yellow Bird and Diamond R, Fuller & Ellier. Klondike, Jas Wier. Argentine, Chas Durkee. Granite, H P Johnston. Cyclops, Anton Ewmellen. Crescent, W D Kip.

AUG. 12—Tamarac, Fowler & Clark. White Pine, Geo Conolley. Black Fox, B Allison. Lone Phil, Tex Cruk. Key Fraction, E R Shaw. Standard, A Thisted. Union Jack, Joe Mossey. Ida, Anst A Carlson. Nolkam, J E Myler. Florence, Chas Neuch.

AUG. 13—Florence, Chas French.

AUG. 14—Coolen Bawn, Florence Morrisby. Elmer, F K Hurry. Bismark, Jas Seymour. Spangle, C H Bigham. Sprague, A L Lindsay. Bixley, R A Cameron. Privateer, A E Mockley C M Adams and Sam Brown.

ASSESSMENTS.

AUG 5—Centennial, Fletcher, Ottawa, Climax, Princess, Bunker Hill, Milford Star

AUG 6—Mountain Goat, Mount Pleasant, Bawbee, William John, Emperor N. Liberal, Stars and Stripes, Liberty, Frankfort, Nelson, Red Rock, White Grouse Star, Emerald Hill

AUG 7—Mount Ararat, Peggy, Oxide.

AUG 9.—Ben Hur, Cataract, Phillip 16 to 1, Three Brothers, Lime Cliff, Contact, Liberty Hill, Breslow, Homestake.

AUG. 10—Excelsior, Banner, Calby, Bright Star Fraction, Silver Tip, Butte, New York, Belle of London, Lake View, Silent Friend, Boodler, Prince Edward.

AUG. 11.—Black Knight, Harbor, Copper Heir.

AUG. 12.—Shoofly, Melrose, Dumbarton, Lucky Boy, Mote Carlo, Cariboo, Norwood, Iona, Green Isle, Blenheim, Eurdice, Ida, Silver Glacier.

AUG. 13—Black Prince, Black Knight, Jeff Davis, Iron Ring.

AUG. 14—Mamie Fraction, Summit, Hiclo.

TRANSFERS.

AUG. 5—Elk and Elk Range, 5-6 in each. H. Goldwater to Lewis Levy and Jas G Kidwell, Aug. 2, $150. Polar Star, 1-2. Edward Sopping-ton to John P. Redding, July 23. Montana, 1-2, James L. Mulligan to Flora Miller, July 22.

AUG. 6—Lake View, 1-2, J Miller to Nis P Anderson, July 31, $75. Red Prince, 1-2, Hans Madsen to Malcolm McInis, Aug 5, $500.

AUG. 7—Lady Jane, A B Morris to James Harvey, Aug 7. Climax ¼, John L Retallack to G T Eves, Sep 1895. Boston, John L Retallock to G T Eves, Sept 1895. Glacier, North, Malcolm Lamont to Donald McLeod, Aug 7.

AUG. 9—Glacier North ½, Malcolm Lamont to Donald McLeod, Aug 7.

Lavina, Iron Cap, Ruthie Bell, ½, Norman McLeod to Wm Tretheway, Aug 7, $525.

Silver Bell, Hub, Little Bill, Nels Martin to Louis Martin, Aug 7.

Stars and Stripes, Liberty, Mastodon, Liberty Hill, Three Brothers, 16 to 1, Contact, Lime Cliff, Success, South Fork, Trust Mining Co and R H Dent, agreement, May 3.

Mammoth and Standard, J T Wilkinson to E F B Bourere, July 16.

Standard, E P Peterson to J T Wilkinson, Feb 19.

Mammoth, Jas Matheson to J T Wilkinson, Feb 19.

Bryan, Geo T Eaves to M J Mahony, Aug 7, $100.

Tariff, Alfred Pelky, Richard Ashworth, Robt M Covington to D W Clark, July 18, $2,000.

Tariff, all interest, Daniel W Clark to Wm Braden, July 18, $5,000.

AUG. 10—Park. H C Foster to Chas S Allmen, Aug 3

AUG. 11—Indfeation, 1/5, David Good to Elmer C Coy, Aug 9

Hub, ⅔, E J Mathews to Wm Braden

Hub, ⅓, Thos Lake to E J Mathews, July 21, $50

Canuck, ½, D W E Clark to Stephen Brooks, July 14

Canuck, ½, D W E Clark to Elmer E Coy, July 14

AUG. 12—Burke Fraction, Julius Riser to Wm Braid

AUG. 13—Jessie A, Chas R Conner to Laurier Mining & Milling Co, May 17

Jennie, Duncan McMillan to The Canadian Gold Fields Syndicate, Ltd, Dec 21, $12,000

Odin, ½, John Olson, John Edmonds to Andrew Johnston, Sept 5

Black Prince, Pale Star, Phoenix, John Edmunds to Christine Johnston, July 10

AUG. 14—P of C, Mable Bigney to W L McLaughlin

Norwood, Josie Mae, Matilda P, Kaslo, Black Bear, Deer Lodge, ½, W L McLaughlin to John Clinton, June 14

Nellie, Clinton, Robbie P. Anaconda, New Idea, Mable Nora, ½, John Clinton to W L McLaughlin, June 14.

NEWS IN PLACE

Hon. G. E. Foster was in New Denver yesterday.

Chas. N. Ducett, of THE LEDGE staff, was married in Rossland last Sunday to Miss C. Kutch, late of Carlton, Ore.

Dan Mc Kinnon of Sandon, sometimes called Fat Dan, fell off a horse on Sun- and made an open cut on his cranium.

The road to New Denver Canyon depot is in fine shape now, and if we had water works in running order we would keep keep it sprinkled.

Last Monday a workman on the Four Mile wagon road had a leg broken by twisting it when removing a roll of blankets from his back.

The pleasures of life in the Slocan have been increased lately by the importation of a cigar known as the Trail Blazer. Take one when you get a chance.

Three bids were put in for the erection of the government school building. They were not opened by the commissioners but forwarded to the superintendent of education at Victoria.

The New Denver Brass Band will give their first moonlight excursion this evening, the Steamer Slocan having been engaged for that purpose. The proceeds will be devoted to the purchase of new uniforms.

George Long has made an important strike on the Silver Key, which is on the north fork of Carpenter creek. The paystreak is eighteen inches of clean galena ore, running high in silver and also giving $4 in gold.

Work on the wagon road to Three Forks was begun bright and early on Monday morning, the first camp being pitched where the road begins near the Union street bridge. About forty men were put on at the start, and more will be added as the work progresses.

William Darlington, the assayer of Slocan City, died there on Monday, after a short illness. He was buried the following day in New Denver cemetery the funeral being in charge of and largely attended by the Knights of Pythias, of which order deceased was a member.

Several new buildings are to start in a day or two, and in addition to those in course of construction J. Gates is to build a cottage on Slocan avenue, J. Lind is putting up a two story house on Seventh street, opposite Mr. Twigg's residence, and a large house is shortly to be begun on Kildare street, opposite Vallance's.

James H. Beatty, United States District Judge for Idaho, spent last week on the lake, and paid visits to many of the mining properties in the neighborhood. He is spending the whole of his vacation in the Slocan, and said he was glad to escape from the heat in Idaho. He was also enthusiastic on the beauty of the scenery hereabouts.

Quite a number of distinguished mining men were here during the week, including A. W. and E. J. McCune, A. F. McMillan, of Rossland; George W. Hughes, W. R. Callanan and Alex. Dick, of Nelson. Superintendent of Provincial Police Hussey, Post Office inspector Fletcher, and Gold Commissioner Goepel were also among the visitors of the week.

SILVERTON.

Work has been commenced on a 50-foot tunnel at the Queen Anne group on the north fork of Carpenter creek. The group is owned by Frank Jobson.

Work is progressing rapidly on the Clever Block.

Foss & McDonnel have a force of 100 men at work on the Four Mile wagon road, and a clearing has been made for nearly two miles. They expect to complete the contract in sixty days.

A laundry is being built in connection with the Victoria Hotel.

Grant Thorburn is building on his lot opposite the Thorburn House. The building will consist of a semi-detached private residence and a billiard parlour.

A meeting of those interested in the establishing of a public school will be held here Monday.

Every day sees the foundation of some new building laid, and Silvertonians have to be on the move to keep track of their town.

Married—At the Kaslo House, Kaslo, Aug. 12, by the Rev. A. M. Sandford, Sandon, Mr. Harvey W Bragg, of Sandon, to Miss Winnifred Gertrude Coates, of Silverton, B.C.

An immense assortment of furniture, lower than Coast prices, at Crowley's, New Denver. Freight paid on orders to Sandon and all Slocan Lake points. †

The other pebble on the beach is the Trail Blazer cigar.

WHITEWATER.

[From Our Regular Correspondent.]

Hugh McDonald will open the Bear Lake Hotel next week.

Waldron's building will be completed in a few days.

H. L. Schisler is building a residence near the Whitewater Hotel.

I. M. Wright is about to build a cottage in which he will conduct a laundry and bakery business.

John Bell and Larry Peters, who have been doing assessment on four claims on the South Fork, returned last week.

Borene & McLellan will hold a grand opening of the Victoria Hotel on Saturday; dancing and music on the program.

R. C. Campbell-Johnston has a force of men at work on the I. C. claim doing development work.

The Northern Belle No. 2, in the McGuigan basin, has eight men sinking two shafts on the vein. The force is to be increased and work on a crosscut started in the near future.

The Great Western is building a wagon road to the Washington. It is the intention to handle a large amount of concentrating ore through the Washington mill.

Silver may go down but the smoke of the Trail Blazer cigar is ever up and doing well.

Even tenderfeet are prospecting every Slocan saloon for the Trail Blazer cigar.

Baby carriages, fancy upholstery and furniture at Crowley's. †

For four-bits you can purchase 100 ancient newspapers at this office.

CERTIFICATE OF IMPROVEMENTS

Irene Mineral Claim.

Situated in the Slocan Mining Division of West Kootenay District. Where located: Near the town of Sandon.

TAKE NOTICE that I, E. M. Sandilands, free miner's certificate No. 86121, as agent for Hayward, free miner's certificate No. 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 said certificate of improvements.

Dated this, 18th day of August, 1897.

Aurora Fractional Mineral Claim.

Situated in the Slocan Mining Division of West Kootenay District. Where located: West of the Ruth group, within one mile of the town of Sandon.

TAKE NOTICE that I, H. B. Alexander, free miner's certificate No 77602, intend, sixty days from the date hereof to apply to the Mining Recorder for certificate of improvements, for the purpose of obtaining Crown grant of above claim.

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

Dated this 24th day of July, 1897.

Yuma Fraction Mineral Claim.

Situate in the Slocan Mining Division of West Kootenay District. Where located:—West of the Ruth group, within one mile of the town of Sandon.

TAKE NOTICE that I, R. W. Gordon, free miner's certificate No. 89539, 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 24th day of July, 1897.

THE FIDELITY MINERAL CLAIM.

On the 3d day of the present month I visited the Fidelity mineral claim, situated about midway between Silverton and New Denver, observed the several openings on the vein and made measurements both of the length of the vein exposed and of the thickness of ore where exposed.

By means of these measurements and of reasonable assumptions as to depth of ore (such assumptions being possible because of the topography of the ground and possible measurements resulting therefrom, which measurements I made, also) I have calculated that there were on the day of my visit, 248 tons of ore exposed.

From sufficient sampling and testing of the ore exposed on surface, and assuming that the rest is of same quality, I have determined that 248 tons of it contain a value of $22,000 in silver and $11,000 in lead, at present prices, or a total value in the ore so reasonably assumed and calculated to be "in sight", of $33,000.

I am requested to publish the foregoing statements and to announce that the said Fidelity Mineral Claim is for sale.

Anyone thinking that he has money enough to buy the Fidelity and two adjoining claims should call on Frank L. Byron, at the Victoria Hotel, Silverton, B. C.

Mr. Byron is locator of the claims, owns a third interest in them, and will personally conduct the sale of them.

J. M. M. BENEDUM
Assayer.

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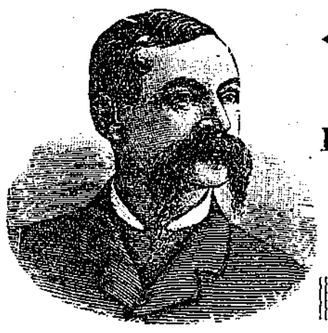

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