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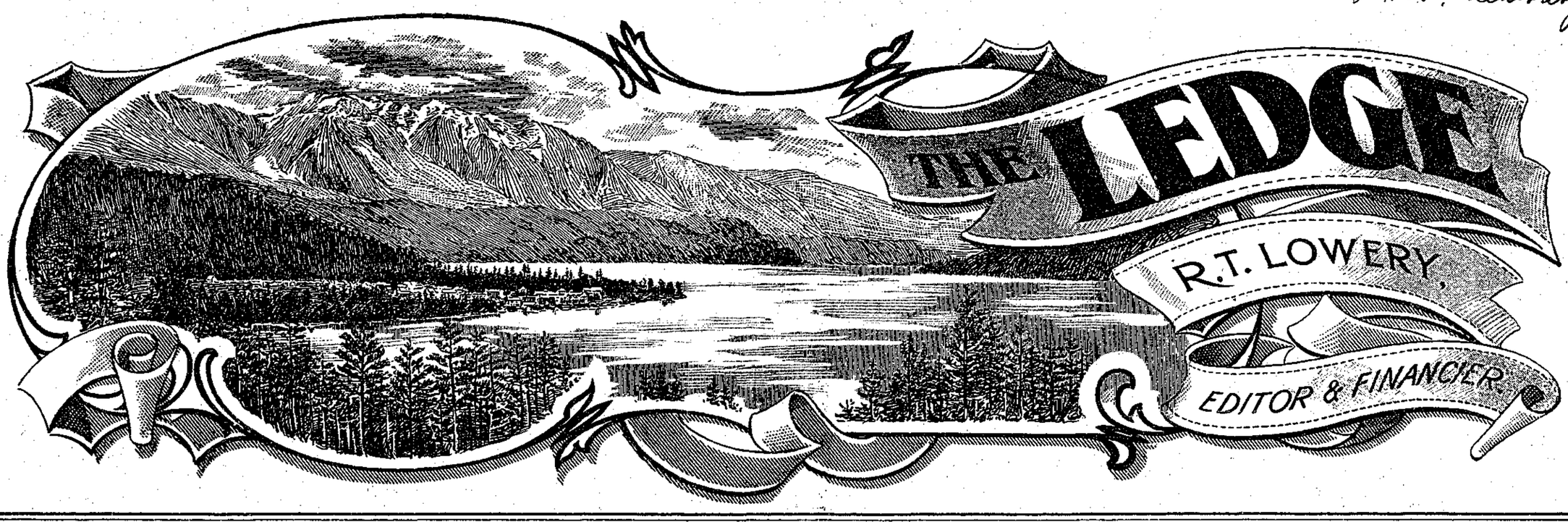

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Work Before Record.

In a short conversation during the summer last past with the editor of the Nelson Tribune, I expressed my decided opinion that the law regulating the location of mineral claims in this province should be amended in this particular, that within sixty, or perhaps ninety days, after the staking of a claim a certain amount of work on the claim before it can be recorded should be made imperative. I did not make this statement for publication but I am glad it has appeared if it will only assure discussion, but I was mis-stated in one point in that I did not then specify that the amount of work to be done should equal in value $100, as this amount would be both excessive and prohibitive.

Having been over a large part of this province and met many mining men and prospectors to whom I have stated my opinion as above, I have yet to find one man who has not instantly agreed with me that such a requirement as I suggest should be enacted.

The mining laws of this province relating to mineral claims are simple and extremely liberal, but the attempt to limit the number of claims that one person may locate on a vein or deposit to one, was at once nullified when right to purchase (that could hardly be denied) was granted, for, provided with a sheaf of miners' licenses, an axe and a pencil, a man can stake out and locate as many claims as he feels disposed.

Under the present regulations it has been possible for a compartively few men to effectually lock up great areas of valuable mineral land by simply putting up three stakes on each claim, which claims are sometimes recorded and very often not. That the annual assessment work repuired by law is not being done on a very large proportion of these claims is a notorious fact as this requirement is simply evaded by the now universal subterfuge of re-location of these claims in the names of other parties who at once deed them back by bill of sale to the locator. Thus from year to year thousands of acres of good land are being held on which not even search is being made for leads that might otherwise there be found.

In every district I have visited is heard this complaint. It is a very common thing to find one man holding from ten to fifteen locations and quite often from twenty to forty. In the Trout Lake district I was told of one man who held seventy claims, and only during the past few days a man proudly told me that he held 200 locations, or 10,000 acres of presumably mineral land. Many attempts have been made in other mining countries to overcome this very same difficulty, and some have adopted intricate and arbitrary laws that would not serve here. A simple yet absolute method is the best, and the best, I believe, is the one suggested already. In Colorado for many years the prospector, after discovery, has had to sink a ten-foot hold on the vein or run a cut to expose a face ten feet high on the vein. In Montana this same amount has lately been required, while in California $50 worth of work is stipulated to be done in a certain time before record.

Such a regulation here would at once open up a large extent of territory held by men on pure speculation who are only hoping in many cases to make a few dollars by their sale, and I know much good ground would then be carefully prospected by honest prospectors who to-day are being forced to leave most desirable districts because everywhere they are confronted by stakes on claims many of which have never been recorded, but to ascertain which these men will not tramp many difficult miles to the recorder's office; and such men who would carefully look over the ground and work it if anything were found, simply move off to some other part probably to be again confronted by these ubiquitous stakes.

Among the mountains we have two classes of men. The first is the true prospector who zealously and laboriously tramps the trackless ranges often entirely alone for weeks enduring much hardship and fatigue, the intrepid pioneers. These men, when they have made a discovery, are ready and willing to work, to develope and determine what they have found, do work that is the foundation of the mining industry, and to such the law should extend help and absolute protection.

But there is a second and a large class of men who wait around the mining towns and camps and as soon as a discovery is noised about, stampede to that point and stake off claims in every direction, utterly regardless of the requirements of "mineral in place," often staking off claims with deep snow covering the ground. Thus, as can be pointed out at many places, the country for miles about a promising location, is quickly staked off, after which these men return to town and await developments with little or no intention of doing any further work themselves or perhaps as is often the case, only the small amount of work they perjure themselves by swearing as being worth $100 as required by law.

That this condition of affairs exists throughout the province cannot be gainsaid, that it is checking in a very serious manner the development of mining districts I have not a doubt, and for this reason have taken this liberty of advancing the opinion that this promiscuous and unlawful staking of claims should be stopped, for, if this work before recording is exacted, ground will be far more carefully prospected before being staked and the genune prospector will have a much fairer opportunity. Another phase that may be mentioned is that would-be buyers of ground (they suspect to be good by its location) are at once faced by the alternative of either paying in many instances, excessive prices, for claims on which nothing has been done, or for the privilege of doing so, or must leave in disgust. It must be remembered that our mineral claims have a most generous area and that with areas over a quarter of a mile sqaure, held by merely putting up these stakes and blazing a line between them, a large extent of maybe valuable land can soon be effectually but determinedly tied up. Again, no man betters himself by holding a large number of claims unless he has the means to carefully prospect each of them, but as is often the case, many locators possess little more than their grub-stake, and hence are simply unable to do justice to their numerous properties, being far worse off than if they would bend all their energies and expend all their means in developing as far as possible, at the most, not more than two or three locations, proving to a certain extent their true value. Such claims, if possessing merit, can now be sold with little trouble, if the buyer has the advantage of a certain amount of underground work to aid him in arriving at a clearer judgment of the conditions as they exist, for as it is, at present, the constant complaint of the many men seeking good properties, is this very lack of work and the prospectors are the sufferers, for they can but seldom sell their prospects or not at prices they might easily command had they concentrated their work and not frittered it over more claims than they could manage.

Some will contend that this work will be too great a hardship considering the heavy country that is being prospected, but it cannot equal the hardship now being felt under the present greedy grabbing up of so much land by a few. Most experienced prospectors have been accustomed to do this work.

The old objection to the case of locations being made late in the season when such work could only be done under the greatest difficulty, will, of course, be advanced, but old hands will know that this is an objection more in words than in fact, and very seldom would an extreme case occur.

Making this case compulsory within a certain time before recording is, I believe, the simplest and most efficacious plan devised, for if a subsequent prospector finding stakes, finds no work done within the proper time, he knows the land is open to location, and again the pernicious method of re-location to avoid assessment work, will be practically stopped when any such work done at discovery cannot be declared upon more than once.

Feeling strongly that some change is demanded to correct a very growing evil and that the remedy suggested is the simplest and the best, and one that will be at once agreed to by the large majority of mining men and prospectors in the province, I have not hesitated to state more clearly my opinions than have already, but inadvertently, appeared in part in the press.—W. A. Carlyle in the B. C. Mining Record.

C. P. R. Traffic Receipts.

The Canadian Pacific Railway traffic receipts for November were: Gross earnings, $2,540,451; working expenses, $1,350,718; net profits, $1,189,733. In November 1896 the net profits were $862,148. For the 11 months ending November 30th, 1897, the figures are as follows: Gross earnings, $21,726,792; working expenses, $12,476,471; net profits, $9,250,321. For the 11 months ending November 30th, 1896, there was a net profit of $7,183,149. The increase in the net profits over the same period of last year is, therefore, for November, $327,584, and from January 1st to November 30th, $2,067,172.

DAN DUNN IS DEAD.

Death Claims the Man So Well-Known in These Parts.

Dan Dunn is dead, and all that was mortal of this peculiar character lies in the little clearing in the woods on the hill overlooking New Denver and the lake. After two weeks confinement to his bed, death ensued Saturday morning at sunrise. The cause of death was acute Bright's disease of the kidneys, and the age of the deceased 54 years, 6 months. The interment took place Monday morning at 10 o'clock from the Presbyterian church, a large number of friends and acquaintances attending from Three Forks and Silverton in addition to those of this city.

The death of Dan Dnnn removes from our midst a man as little known in one sense as he was well-known in another. Rough in speech almost to a degree of intolerance, yet within that uncouth exterior was a heart as true as steel to his friend or fellowman in need. Long years in the service of railroad companies, with hundreds of railroad navvies under him in the work of construction, had made him proficient in that vernacular known to the old-time sea captains and section bosses, but which chills the blood of men of finer instincts like the howling of the cold north winds.

Dan Dunn was known far and wide. He could not reside in any community for any length of time without letting his presence be felt, and withersoever he was sent his name preceded him and remained long after his departure. A pioneer among pioneers, he was ever in the advance of civilization, and his life of perpetual exposure and hardship made all the more rough his naturally rugged disposition.

He was born on the 19th of August, 1843. His early life was spent on the farm, his father, Daniel Dunn owning a section of land in Liminick township, Quebec. At an early age he started working in the lumber camps of eastern Canada. Later he took up railroad building, doing his first work in the Morisay tunnel. He followed this with great success for some years, and soon amassed a fortune of $85,000. This he took with him into the state of Maine, and there reached out after construction contracts of greater magnitude. He met with failure there and in a short time, through the villiany of associates, he lost his entire fortune, and was compelled to walk from Moose Head lake to a point where he secured transportation to his home, a distance of a few hundred miles.

At the age of 29 he married Miss Lizzie Caine, daughter of James Caine, a prominent and well-to-do citizen of East Templeton, Que. For twenty-four years his wife has been by his side in all his varied experiences of pioneer life, and at his death is left alone, no children being the result of the union.

In the service of the C. P. R. Mr. Dunn's work dates back about 25 years. At one time he was superintendant of construction over 300 miles of road, and has held many other positions of trust with that company. He was a man of strict integrity, and would command the attention of the construction officials of the road to any tender he might make for work to be done.

He came into the Slocan with the building of the C. P. R. road. He has been employed by the company in this section since that time, and at the time of his death left several contracts to be completed by his partner and co-worker, Mr. Gallagher.

Mrs. Dunn will remain in New Denver until she can settle up the business of the deceased, when she will leave for her eastern home.

EXPORTS INCREASE 60 PER CENT.

Figures Which Demonstrate the Development of the Country.

The trade returns of the port of Nelson for the month of December furnish the best possible evidence of the progress that has been made in development of the mines of Southern Kootenay. For the month just closed the value of mineral exports is given at $837,004, says the Nelson Tribune. Of this amount, $417,162 represented the value of 617 tons of copper matte, $415,866, the value of crude ore, and $3,976, the value of gold bullion. Compared with the corresponding month of 1896 the mineral exports show a gain of almost 60 per cent., and as against December, 1895, a gain of about 800 per cent. In December, 1896, the mineral exports aggregated $523,200, and in December, 1895, $116,921 as against $837,004 for the month just closed.

The figures with respect to the collections show for the month of December the total amount of duty collected was $22,966.59.

DURRANT HANGED.

Theodore Durant, the murderer of Blanch Lamont, was hanged at San Quinten, California, last Friday, after two years of legal fighting to save his neck. He stubbornly mantained his inocence to the end.

DOWN A 600-FOOT SHAFT.

Captain W. E. Hall of the Le Roi Meets a Horrible Death.

Captain William E. Hall, superintendent of the the Le Roi mine, was killed last Wednesday by falling down the main shaft from the surface to the 600-foot level. The body was terribly mangled by the fall and the remains were hardly recognizable.

The captain went underground about 4 o'clock in the afternoon on his usual inspection of the mine. Arriving at the 600-foot level safely, he examined the progress being made in extending the shaft to the 700-foot level, and subsequently made a tour through the west drift at the 600-foot level. Steel is raised at 5 o'clock and at that hour Nick Tregear, the day foreman, with whom Captain Hall was making his inspection, suggested to the latter that they should go to the top immediately in one of the skips then being raised or they would have to climb up. Acting on the suggestion the two climbed into the west skip and standing on the rim of it they were hauled safely to the top. As the two reached the top Mr. Tregear stepped safely onto the floor at the west side of the skip and walked over to the shaft house office a few feet from the opening of the shaft. A moment later Captain Hall stepped off the skip. What happened then will never be exactly known. The only witness was the engineer on duty at the time. Instead of getting out upon the floor of the shaft house, Captain Hall stepped off the east side of the skip upon the narrow beam, about 10 inches wide, which separates the two compartments. Evidently he slipped, for a moment later he fell down the compartment just opposite the one in which he had safely ridden up. He made no sound as he fell, but the engineer saw him clutch desperately at the side of the shaft as he started down. Then the captain's candle went out and all was over. As he fell past the 350-foot level Antoine Sorenson, timber boss, who was standing there, heard a cry and the rush as of a man falling down the shaft but that was the only sound that was heard from the captain during all his frightful fall. The skip was standing at the bottom of the shaft and the body of the captain fell squarely across it, alighting on the rim. The station tender, horrified at the awful accident, scarcely recognized the remains but with the assistance of two or three miners got the body into the skip.

THE WHITEWATER SOLD.

Negotiations Closed Last Week and the Property Turned Over.

Negotiation for the sale of the Whitewater mine, located in Slocan district, pending for several months, were reported closed last week. The mine sold on a basis of $450,000. The purchasers are the London and British Columbia Gold Fields Company, Limited, the deal being closed by J. Roderick Robertson, representing that strong English company. The Whitewater group was examined several months ago by S. S. Fowler, engineer for the company, and about three weeks ago by J. D. Kendall, consulting engineer for the corporation. Favorable reports were sent by both gentlemen and an option given to the London and British Gold Fields Company, Limited, till the 3rd instant. This was taken up by the payment of $150,000 cash in Kaslo last week.

The deal is virtually a cash transaction, as deferred payments come in quick succession.

The Whitewater group of four claims is located two miles from Whitewater station on the Kaslo & Slocan railway. The controlling interest of two-thirds was acquired several years ago by J. Eaton, of Spokane, and W. E. Price, of Oakland, Cal. The remaining third was owned by W. E. Mann, of Spokane; Major J. L. Montgomery, of New York, and J. L. Retallack, of Kaslo. The purchasing corporation acquires the interest of Eaton and Price. Eaton has given personal attention to development of the claim for four years. The mine is now on a paying basis. Dividends have been declared regularly for several months. For a sometime past the property has been shipping in the neighborhood of 200 tons per week, the shipments steadily increasing each month, the ore averaging $70 a ton. The purchasing corporation will undoubtedly continue vigorous development of the property.

MR. KENDALL INTERVIEWED.

Mr. J. D. Kendall, consulting engineer of the London & B.C. Goldfields Syndicate was in New Denver on Monday and Tuesday of this week. Regarding the reported purchase of the Whitewater claims Mr. Kendall refused to make any definite statements any more than to say that negotiations had been underway between his company and the present owners.

As to the price set on the property he was not in a position to make any statements more than to say that the reported $450,000 was much too large.

East Canadian News.

Jan. 5

Her Majesty, Queen Victoria, has conferred upon Chief Justice Burton, of Ontario, the honor of knighthood.

Mgr. Bruchesi has returned from his trip to Rome, bringing a special blessing from his holiness the Pope for Montreal newspaper men.

The bigamist, Silas W. Schofield, who married Miss Jennie Kerr, a Hamilton girl, knowing that his first wife was alive, has been sentenced to three years in the penitentiary,

Nine missionaries left Toronto this week for China. They expect to sail from Tacoma on the Steamer Victoria on the 8th of January. The party contains six women.

The convicts in St. Vincent de Paul penitentiary, Montreal, are in a state of revolt. Eighty of them are now locked up in punishment cells. The people of the village are in terror.

Sergant-Major Kendall and Trumpeter Bishop of the Field Battery, were each presented at Montreal with a medal of the Royal Canadian Humane Society for rescuing six persons off St. Helen's Island on Jubilee Day.

The government at Ottawa has been so besieged with inquiries concerning the Yukon that it has determined to issue a book which will be shortly written by Wm. Ogilvie, the government surveyor, who has explored the country.

The body of an unknown young man was found on Huntley street, Toronto, early on Wednesday evening, with a bullet-hole through his left side. The body is still lying at the morgue, unidentified. It is not known whether it is a case of suicide or murder.

The Watkins wing of the Kingston general hospital was badly damaged by fire a few days ago. About forty of the patients had to be removed on stretchers and in chairs to other buildings. The loss will total some $10,000; the insurance carried on the hospital was $15,000.

An Indian named Joseph Kassawa is to be presented by the Lieutenant-Governor of Manitoba with a medal from the Royal Canadian Humane Society as a recognition of his great bravery in rescuing six white children from a burning farm-house during the late prairie fires in Manitoba.

Sir Adolphe Chapleau, Lieutenant-Governor of Quebec, gave his last dinner at Spencerwood on Friday night to a large number of members of the Legislature and of the press. It is not known yet who will be his successor. Sir Henri Joly has been named for the office, but has denied the report.

Miss Kathleen Sullivan, the second daughter of Bishop Sullivan, the rector of St. James' Cathedral, Toronto, died on Wednesday, of typhoid fever, which, it is thought, she contracted while nursing her brother through the same disease at Rat Portage, where he was residing when taken ill.

Mr. Wm. Anderson, ex-M. P. P. for Prince Edward county in the Ontario Legislature, was found dead about midnight on Christmas eve on the road leading to his house from the Union Church, Ameliasburg. The deceased gentleman had held for almost forty years a prominent place in affairs political.

Many of the charitable societies of Toronto made a special Christmas distribution of supplies to the deserving poor in that city. The St. George's Society gave provisions to 718 persons, who called at their hall on Elm street the day before Christmas. Lord and Lady Aberdeen visited the Society during the distribution and delivered an appropriate speech in his usual taking manner.

The Dominion government is considering the advisability of erecting a Canadian building at the Trans-Mississippi Exhibition, Omaha. The Canadian Manufacturers' agent in the United States, Mr. W. J. White, is at present in Ottawa, and says: "It will be an opportunity not to be lost sight of, to have a building in the center of the territory where so many of our agents are so busily engaged."

Mr. John Burnham, Q. C., ex-M. P., drowned himself in the Otonabee river at Ashburnham near Peterborough on Tuesday night. Mr. Burnham had been suffering for some months from insomnia, which brought on a fit of temporary insanity. He left a note, saying: "I have hardly slept for a month. I can't endure it. My brain is going. God help me." The deceased was born in St. Thomas in 1842, where his father, Rev. Mark Burnham, was the rector of the Anglican church. In 1752 the family removed to Ashburnham, where Mr. Burnham has resided ever since.

The great Victorian Era ball is a thing of the past. On Tuesday night their Excellencies, Lord and Lady Aberdeen, entertained at the Armories, Toronto, a most brilliant and historic company. Three thousand invitations had been issued, and it is estimated that about 2500 people were present. The idea of the ball was the representation of the phases of the Victorian era in six different groups, viz: the empire, Victorian costumes, literature and music, science, art, sports and other amusements. The tout ensemble was bewilderingly beautiful and the many styles and personages from fiction and reality gave a splendid idea of what has passed during Her Majesty's reign.

OUTNUMBERED TWO TO ONE.

The Payroll of Rossland Mines Not in It as Compared With Slocan Mines.

In a recent issue the Spokesman Review says:

"The recent publication The Spokesman-Review of various estimates of the number of men employed in Rossland mines has awakened a spirit of rivalry in the Slocan district and figures have been submitted to support the claim that Slocan miners outnumber those of Rossland 2 to 1 and are better paid.

"The statement of the number of men employed in Rossland showed that out of the 700 men estimated to be working in the camp more than one-half were employed in five mines, as follows: Le Roi, 236; War Eagle, 90; Center Star, 30; Iron Mask, 30; Sunset, 30. The Slocan people claim to make a better showing than this, both as to number of men employed and wages paid. The average wages in Rossland are $3 per day; in the Slocan the miners are paid $3.50.

"The Kaslo News sums up the matter thus:

The following silver-lead properties of the Slocan and Ainsworth divisions are given as making an interesting table for comparison. The wages in these camps are $3.50 per day

"The pay rolls of 20 representative mines now operating, as closely as can be ascertained, are given herewith:

Mine.	No. men.	Mine.	No men.
Payne	160	Tariff	23
Slocan Star	120	Black Diamond	26
Whitewater	110	Antoine	25
Ruth	100	Ivanhoe	25
Reco	80	Rambler	22
Idaho	70	Dardanelles	22
Montezuma	70	Ajax	10
Queen Bess	50	Goodenough	15
Lucky Jim	25	Whitewater Deep	10
Last Chance	20		
No. 1	40	Total	1023

"The number of smaller properties now operating, employing from three to ten men, will doubtless easily increase the above figures to 1200.

"The foregoing list does not include a number of noted mines which on account of the season, or some other deterring cause, are either temporarily closed down or are working very light forces. Among these are the Washington, Jackson, Great Western, Surpise, Slocan Boy, Monitor, Wonderful, Best and Noble Five.

"Considering the running forces of these mines and the large number of properties employing from three to ten men, it will not be an unreasonable estimate to expect to see 1,500 men employed in the coming spring in those mines directly tributary to Kaslo, Sandon and Ainsworth. According to the old theory that each miner should represent a population of 10, himself and nine others, these towns should grow at a great rate next year, if they secure the aggregate of 15,000 population."

The above list, so far as the Slocan is concerned, is about as incomplete as ignorance can make it. It may be, and undoubtedly is, a reliable estimate of the number of miners employed on properties directly tributary to Kaslo, Ainsworth and Sandon, but it is an injustice to intimate that these embrace all the working properties in the Slocan division. There are properties tributary to Slocan lake points, New Denver, Silverton, Slocan City and Rosebery that promise to equal if not surpass any of the big mines named above, and on these alone fully 400 men are employed this winter. Others are preparing to open in the spring and it is confidently expected that 1,000 men will be employed on properties close to Slocan Lake this season. As some of the mines working in this section we might mention, The Galena Farm, Vancouver, Thompson, Frisco, Fidelity, Cameronion, Republic, Two Friends, Howard Fraction, Arlington, Prescott, Cracker Jack, and several Wilson creek properties.

THE MYTHICAL SANTA CLAUS.

I ain't much more'n 7, an' still I know a lot;
But dis here game of Chris'mas, bejee! it's got me caught!
I heard de kids a-chewin' de rag about a guy
W'at tum'les down de chimbley w'en no one else ain't nigh,
Wit' baskets full of candy, an' udder t'ings like dat—
I t'ink dem kids was on'y conwersin' trew dare hat!
'Cause we has got a chimbley, an' a roof dat's open, too;
But no old guy wit' candy ain't never yet come trew!

Me frien', dar's Swipes McGoogin, he tolt me to me teet'
Dat dem w'at hangs up stockin's is Sandy Clawses meat.
So I believes McGoogin, an' chases home to Mame—
Mame is me little sister, wat's awful weak an' lame—
An' den I says to Mamie, "Say, Sis, we's got a cinch!
We jist hangs up our stockin's, an' Santa Claus'll pinch
A lot of presents fer us—de fines' in de land!
An' w'en we wakes tumorrer we eats to beat de band!"

Jee! Mame was tickelt crazy—but Mudder only cried;
Poor Mudder's always t'inkin' of der time w'en Fadder died.
So Mame she ups an' patches her stockin's wit' a rag;
An' me, not havin'any, gets Pop's old carpet bag,
An' dare, 'long side de chimbley, wit' de stars a-shinin' down
We hangs dem up an' waits fer His Nibs to come aroun';
But bimeby I gets sleepy, an' de last t'ing dat I seen
Is Mudder in de chimbley, a-prayin' on her knees.

Me Mudder was a-sobbin' an' moanin' in her sleep,
W'en I gets up an' chases fer de gif's to take a peep;
It was early in de mornin' an' Mamie's sleepin' yet,
W'en I looks into her stockin's to see w'at did she get.
Jee! but dat guy was trosty! Ain't nuttin' dare escept
One little wormy apple w'at no one else'd kept.
An' in Pop's carpet bag dare ain't not a t'ing in sight—
Say! I was up ag'inst it fer certain now, dat's right!

W'en I ups an' tells McGoogin dat he gets me in a ho'
Be tellin' me dat Sandy Claws is such a good old soul,
McGoogin says, says he, "I tried to work de racket, too;
But I got de half of nuttin', jist de same, be jee as you!"
So I t'ing dat folks is on'y conwersin' trew dare hat,
W'en dey says a guy goes roun' wit' gif's an' udder t'ings like dat,
'Cause me an' Mamie tried it, an' all we got to show
Is a wormy little apple w'at hadn't time to grow!

—Hobart in Baltimore Sun.

SHE WAS GRATEFUL.

A lot of sailors, who go down to the sea in ships of the kind which the oysterman navigate the raging Potomac, were sitting on the deck of the Mary Jane at the foot of Seventh street two or three days ago, talking between jobs and smoking a pipe apiece. The subject of the conversation was love and romance, and each man was taking his turn telling where he had first met his wife and how, or, if he had not met her, then telling how he would like to. At last they came to the homeliest man in the lot, and it seemed hardly necessary to ask him for a story, because by common acceptance only the beautiful move in the charmed circle of romance. However, he did not wait to be asked.

"I guess I was the bashfulest man on the earth's surface," he said, with a slight hitch in his speech, "and not much prettier than I was nervy, and a man like that has got up-hill goin' all the way when he tackles anything in petticoats. Well, there was a girl in Baltimore that I set a lot by, but somehow I got worse every time I saw her, more particular if I tried to talk business to her. One day I pearted up and told her she ought to get married. It was the truth, too, for she was gittin' older ever minute and was already past 30, and I was two years older. She wasn't pretty enough, neither, to fade a carpet, but she had good health and good sense, and I'd a' been glad enough to have her if I'd had the nerve to ask her. Well, when I told her she ought to git married she told me she would if I would find a man for her. Wanting to let her see I had her best interests at heart I got to work and in a month I had a right nice widower with three children settin' up to her for all he was worth. Then he asked her, and she come right to me with the news, and she was the gratefulest women I ever see. Said she couldn't tell me how grateful she was; said there wasn't words enough; said she was so grateful that she would be willing to marry me instead of the widower; said—but she didn't say any more It was my turn then, and somehow the idea that somebody else was going to git her gave me the sand I needed in my craw and I just reached out and took her in. That was ten years ago, and all I'm sorry for now is that I lost so much time foolin' around before I got her."

A LAND WITHOUT LIFE.

The west coast of South Africa from north of Callao, Peru, to the port of Coquimbo, Chile, is a rainless region. From the Andes to the Pacific no rain falls, and no vegetation or animal life exists beyond what man brings there. it is a dead world. The last rain which fell in Antofogasta, Chile, was the first that had fallen in 16 years, and the last shower in Iquique, Chile, was the first rain which had fallen in 24 years. The hills or mountains back of both these cities are bare rock and sand and red loose clay, yet the day after the rain a greenish tinge began to show itself and by the second day these bare and inhospitable hills were dressed in a green coat from top to bottom. As no more rain fell this verdure quickly dried up and died. The query rises naturally, whence did this vegetation come? If from seeds lying dormant in the soil, then once sprouting would finish this source, and the short life of this plant gives no opportunity for the development of seed.

Every succeeding time when rain falls in these regions in periods of from 15 to 40 years, the same phenomenon occurs. The growth evidently springs from some root which lies dormant in the soil, and is another remarkable proof of the powers of nature to adapt life to hard conditions, as there is no evidence that for several million years past there have been any more favorable conditions for life on this coast than exist now. No evidence exists that at any time vegetable life has existed in all this region and until the course of the winds change, all this region is distined to remain, as it is today, a barren desert, but this strange phenix-like vegetation is worthy of the attention of scientific querist.

SECRET OF LONGEVITY.

What is the secret of longevity? Sir James Sawyer has been confiding it to a Birmingham audience. Like so many other secrets, it consists in "paying attention to a number of small details," says the London News. Here is a schedule of them, collected from the reports of Sir James Sawyer's lecture:

1. Eight hours' sleep.
2. Sleep on your right side.
3. Keep your bedroom window open all night.
4. Have a mat to your bedroom door.
5. Do not have your bedstead against the wall.
6. No cold tub in the morning, but a bath at the temperature of the body.
7. Exercise before breakfast.
8. Eat little meat, and see that it is well cooked.
9. (For adults)—Drink no milk.
10. Eat plenty of fat, to feed the cells which destroy disease germs.
11. Avoid intoxicants, which destroy the cells.
12. Daily exercise in the open air.
13. Allow no pet animals in your living rooms. They are apt to carry about disease germs.
14. Live in the country if you can.
15. Watch the three Ds—drinking water, damp and drains.
16. Have change of occupation.
17. Take frequent and short holidays.
18. Limit your ambition.
19. Keep your temper.

Keep all these commandments, and Sir James Sawyer sees no reason why you should not live to be 100. An interesting point in vital statistics was incidentally brought out by Sir James Sawyer, the death rate during the last 200 years has been enormously decreased, but the decrease has all been between the ages of birth and 35.

Those who passed that age had not so good a chance of living as the people who lived 200 years ago. The meaning was that now the weaklings among the young were less easily killed off than they were 200 years ago. With regard to those of 35, those who lived in the olden days had the advantage that there were no telephones, telegrams, trains, daily share lists, or daily newspapers.

HOW TO GET JUSTICE.

When Judge James B. Gantt, of the Missouri supreme court, was a circuit judge down in Henry county, says the Columbia (Mo.) Herald, he had a good many railroad cases to try. Nearly every farmer along the line of the Missouri, Kansas & Texas railroad sued the company. In a number of these cases, a young lawyer, just arrived from Tennessee, represented the plaintiffs. For the defendant corporation appeared Sam Priest—now Judge Henry S. Priest of St. Louis—a shrewd, able, aggressive lawyer. Priest took advantage of every point and fought the cases from the start.

The young lawyer, who may be called Brown, was forced several times to amend his petition and try a new tack. Finally, Judge Gantt was compelled, under the law, to throw some of Brown's cases out of court because they were improperly brought. Brown was mad; mad all over. Swelling with indignation, he rose and said:

"Your honor, will you please tell me how it is possible in this court to get justice against a railroad company?"

Judge Gantt quietly ignored the contempt of court shown by the lawyer and asked:

"Do you wish an answer to that question, Mr. Brown?"

"Yes, sir," defiantly replied the indignant lawyer. "Yes, sir; I want to know how a farmer can get his case into this court so it will be heard."

Judge Gantt smiled and said:

"Well, first, Mr. Brown, I'd advise the farmer to hire a lawyer."

Brown wilted.

THE MINERS' JUNO.

The man with bronzed skin and longish hair was hanging upon every word that the charming young woman spoke. She was telling of an actress whom she greatly admired, says the Washington Star.

"I will never forget how she looked," the young woman said. "She was as beautiful as Juno."

The weather-beaten auditor moved uneasily and then said: "I beg your pardon, miss, but I ain't sure that I heard yer remark just right."

"I said she was a beautiful as Juno."

"It ain't fer me to c'rect a lady," he began, in apologetic tones.

"I am quite willing to be corrected when there is any reason for doubt," she replied, in a tone with traces of concealment through it. "But I do not perceive how this can be such a case."

"I don't presume to contradict nobody," he replied. "I haven't no observations to make further than that there ain't no accountin' fur tastes."

"Have you ever seen this actress?"

"No, miss."

"Then I don't see how you are qualified to speak."

"Might I make so bold as to enquire whether you was ever as fur west as British Columbia?"

"Never."

"Then, miss, you can't re'lise that I'm standin' up fer the lady's good looks as much as you are. Ye can't believe half of what these here miners that come East tell ye. If ye ain't ever been as fur west as British Columbia, it stan's to reason that ye can't have no idea of wha t a lonesome, ramshackle, friz-up lookin' place Juneau is."

JUST LIKE A MAN.

Now that Christmas stories are the proper thing The Man proposes to tell one on himself which is too good to be lost. The Man has a young lady friend who is a fan collector. She had rather have a new fan than a block of gas steal stock. As The Man was passing a famous jewelery house a few days before Christmas he spied a particularly lovely fan in the window, and thinking to gladden the heart of his friend, he entered the place and told a polite clerk to wrap up the fan. Instantly the clerk was dissolved into smiles, and two ladies who stood near looked approvingly at The Man as if to say: "What a nice man! So thoughtful of his friends and so liberal." But a climax was rapidly approaching. In his masculine ignorance of such matters The Man had thought the price of the fan might possibly be $10—certainly it would be no more. And so, as the smiling clerk handed him the parcel, he inserted his hand deep into his trousers' pocket and with all the assurance in life said:

"How much?"

"Sixty dollars."

"Er—I beg pardon," gasped The Man, while the cold dew of horror came out on his forehead.

"Sixty dollars."

The Man made a desperate grasp for his presence of mind and got it.

"Please put it right back and do be careful not to break it. Thank you."

The two ladies looked indignant, and as The Man fled into the street he heard one them say to her companion:

"Just like a man!"

Reversing the Adage.

Senator Billy Mason, of Illinois, has one of the finest turnouts in the whole city, says the Washington Post. There is a big strapping span of horses, one a dapple gray and the other a handsome black. The carriage is an expensive landau. The rig complete was presented to him by admiring republicans of Illinois. If it be not invidious to state the expense of the magnificent gift, one might add that it cost not far from $4,000.

The rig was driven around to the Senator's residence at Mount Pleasant for his inspection, and that of his interesting family. Mrs. Mason looked out of the window to admire the equine beauties, but with her tender heart pittied the poor beasts because their tails were docked

Little Miss Mason, who inherits some of the wit and repartee that has made her daddy famous, exclaimed: "Oh, mamma, but you must never look a gift horse in the tail."

A Black Hen's Eggs.

Pearson's Weekly says: They are telling a good story of a certain grocer. The other day a woman came in and said: "I want two dozen hen's eggs. They must all be laid by black hens."

The grocer said: "Madam, I am willing to accommodate you, but you have got the best of me this time. I don't know how to tell the eggs of a black hen from those of a speckled or white one."

Said she: "I can tell the difference very easily."

"If that is so madam, will you kindly pick out the eggs for yourself?"

She did so, and when the two dozen were counted into her basket, the grocer looked at them, and said suggestively: "Well, madam, it seems as though the black hens laid all the big eggs."

"Yes, that's the way you tell them," she said.

Furnish elegantly and cheap, Parlor sets in rugs and plush. New designs in fancy chairs, couches, etc. At lowest prices at Crowley's New Denver. Endless variety of Pillows, Beds and Mattresses.

Give us a Call

if you want a Stylish Suit, a Nobby Tie, or a First-class Hat.

A fine line of Ladies & Gents' Rubbers and Overshoes always on hand. We have also a complete stock of Ladies' Capes, Jackets, McIntoshes and Dry Goods.

McLachlan & McKay,
New Denver.

SANDON, B. C., Oct. 21, 1897.

To all whom it may Concern:

This is to certify that as I am removing from Town, G. W. GRIMMETT, Watchmaker and Jeweler, of Sandon has purchased my business.

I beg to thank my numerous customers for their patronage in the past and I hereby respectfully request that they will give their patronage in the future to MR. GRIMMETT.

W. HALLER,
Watchmaker and Jeweler.

THE CENTRAL HOTEL
NEW DENVER,

Has been re-opened under new management. With nicely furnished rooms, and good, substantial meals to back them, this hotel expects to acquire a reputation second to none in Kootenay. The bar has a full stock of the most modern nerve elevators.

JOHN HALPIN, Prop.
GORMAN WEST, Manager.

THE SELKIRK HOTEL
SILVERTON, B.C.

Is a new three-story hotel situated near the wharf. The house is plastered and the rooms are furnished in a manner calculated to make travelers call again. Mining and Commercial men will appreciate the home comforts of this hotel.

BRANDON & BARRETT

The Nakusp Sawmill

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

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, "	22 ..
" Rustic,	19 ..
Shiplap,	14 ..
Surfaced Dressed,	13 ..

A liberal discount on large orders for Cash.

PETER GENELLE & Co

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.

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.

Carpets, floor cloth, rugs, mats, curtains. Bedroom sets in ash and oak. Largest stock in Slocan-Kootenay. CROWLEY, above LEDGE Office, New Denver. Freight paid to all Lake Points and Sandon.

The Leland House

NAKUSP

Is the largest hotel upon the Arrow Lakes and is unsurpassed by any in Kootenay.
Do not fail to stop there when travelling to and from the Slocan.

Mrs. D. A. McDOUGALD.

J. A. McKinnon & Co.,

General Merchants

Silverton, B. C.

Ship goods to any part of the District. Their store is the largest in the Slocan country.

John Cholditch & Co.

NAKUSP, B.C.

WHOLESALE GROCERS

Agents for B. C. Sugar Refinery and Royal City Planing Mills.

M'CALLUM & MILLSPAUGH

Dealers in

Hardware, Tin and Graniteware

Miners' Supplies, Paints, Oils, Glass and Putty, Doors & Windows.

SLOCAN CITY, B.C.

THE WORLD

Has often been electrified by the wonderful bargains offered from time to time by people with something to sell, but it remains for . . . . . .

THE LEDGE

to exceed all such propositions. For the sum of $5.00—any kind of a five that will be recognized in monetary circles—we will send THE LEDGE to any address in America for one year and a box of 50 Trail Blazer Cigars. Ponder over this, gentle and refined reader, and send the $5 before this magnificent chance fades into the oblivion of past opportunities. . .

R. T. LOWERY.

FUN In Poetry and Prose.

THE BOY AND THE APPLES.

(Another Version.)

A little boy sat on the fence and gazed
Overhead at a drooping limb,
A yearning deep and intense came by
And took possession of him.

His little red features were covered with dirt,
And his little brown legs were scratched;
There were awful rents in his little gray shirt,
And his little blue pants were patched.

From one little toe the nail had been torn,
And one little heel was sore;
A child apparently more forlorn
I had never beheld before.

At length he stood on the topmost rail,
And reached for that dropping limb,
And, catching a slender branch he pulled
It slowly down to him.

He pulled it hand-over-hand, until
He could reach the verdant fruit;
I shuddered to think of the fate in store
For that innocent little coot.

He sat on the rail, and ate and ate;
The apples were small and green;
A clearer case of defying Fate
No mortal has ever seen!

I sighed for him, and almost wept
When I thought of the grief in store
For his tired mother at home—alas!
He pulled off a couple more!

Then he slowly slid from the fence and left;
I said to myself:—"Good-bye!
Three days from now, my little man,
In the graveyard you must lie!

"Out there on the hill, where gleaming stones,
In many a slanting row
Remind us that we've got to pay
One debt that all men owe!

"Good-bye," I sighed again, "I've learned
One lesson good and true;
Don't be a pig because you think
Nobody is watching you."

He was gone! I slowly turned away,
With a heavy heart and sad;
And I dropped a silent tear that day,
For that fated little lad.

* * * * *

A week had fled, and again I chanced
To pass by that fated tree;
And when at that drooping branch I glanced
A trill passed over me.

For there, on the fence, that urchin sat,
As he'd sat on that former day,
Putting green apples into his hat,
To be secretly carried away!

Pickings From The Mother Lode of Wit

"Prisoner at the bar," said his lordship, solemnly, having donned the black cap, "you will shortly have to appear before another, and—perhaps—a better judge."

See the young woman. Is the young woman being suddenly and unexpectedly kissed? Ah, yes. And does the young woman raise a hue and cry? The young woman raises a slight hue but no cry.

"Laura," said the fond mother, "what are the intentions of that young man you are permitting to call on you so often?"
"Never mind that. I know what my intentions are," answered the mother's daughter.

Have you ever been through the St. Lawrence rapids?
No; but I married my third wife last week.

A great many girls say "no" at first; but, like the photographer, they know how to retouch their negatives.

Teacher (to pupil)—Johnie, what is a demagogue?
Johnie—A demagogue is a vessel that holds wine, gin, whiskey, or any other liquor.

Gibson—I don't think I shall put my yacht into commission this season. It costs too much money—a regular fund, eh?
Dumley—Yes, or a floating debt.

"What ever are you doing, Patrick?" "Wakin' up your husband, ma'am." "But why?" "Because it's tin o'clock, ma'am, when I was to give him the dhraps to make him shleep."

"This heading, 'French Duel; a Man Hurt,' doesn't fill out the line by about three-quarters of an inch," sung out Slug 47. "Fill out the line with exclamation points!" thundered the foreman.

When some one with a monster foot
Comes down upon your corn,
How clearly you recall the fact
That man was made to mourn!

"Pretty bad under foot," said one citizen to another, as they met in the streetr "Yes, but it's fine overhead," responded the other. "True enough," said the first; "but then very few are going that way."

"Sing Sing!" shouted the brakeman, as a Hudson River train slowed up at that station. "Five years for refreshments!" yelled a passenger with short hair bracelets, as he rose to leave the car, in charge of a deputy sheriff.

Bobby—Ma, is it wrong for little boys to tie tin kettles to dogs tails?
Ma—Decidedly wrong, Bobby. I hope you'll never do such a thing as that.
Bobby—No, indeed, ma, all I do is to hold the dog.

Guest (in restaurant)—Here, waiter, bring me a napkin.
Waiter—Sorry, boss, but de gent at de odder table's usin' it. Yo' turn nex', sah.

Have you heard from your son who started for the Klondike three months ago?
Yes; got a telegram from him yesterday.
Has he had any luck?
Fine. He's been sick in Vancouver, and the doctor has ordered him to come back home.

Old Gentleman—How does my son get on?
School Teacher—He's one of the best students in school. I've no complaint to make on that score.
Old Gentleman—That was the way with me when I went to to school. I'm glad he's taking after his father.
School Teacher—But he's rather unruly at times, Mr. Hardcastle, and very frequently has to be reprimanded for fighting.
Old Gentleman—Well, I suppose it's natural that he should have some of his mother's striking characteristics.

Boston Girl—Did you ever! The Arkansas Legislature has enacted that in all official proceeding the name of State shall be pronounced "Arkansaw."
Cultured Mother—It's monstrous! If our legislature should should insist on such outlandish pronunciation of Massachusetts, it would cause the biggest kind of an indignation meeting in Funnell Hall.

BOARDING-HOUSE GEOMETRY.

DEFINITIONS AND AXIOMS.

All boarding-houses are the same boarding-houses.

Boarders in the same boardings-houses and on the same flat are equal to one another.

A single room is that which has no parts and no magnitude.

The landlady of a boarding-house is a parallelogram—that is, an oblong and angular figure, which cannot be described, but which is equal to anything.

A wrangle is the disinclination of two boarders to each other that meet together but are not on the same flat.

All the rooms being taken, a single room is said to be a double room.

POSTULATES AND PROPOSITIONS.

A pie may be produced any number of times.

The landlady can be reduced to her lowest terms by a series of propositions.

A bee line can be made from any boarding-house to any other boarding house.

The clothes of a boarding-house bed, though produced ever so far both ways, will not meet.

Any two meals at a boarding-house are together less than two square meals.

If from the opposite ends of the boarding-house a line be drawn passing through all the rooms in turn, then the stovepipe which warms the boarders will lie within that line.

On the same bill and on the same side of it there should not be two charges for the same thing.

If there be two boarders on the same flat, and the amount of side of the one be equal to the amount of the side of the other, each to each, and the wrangle between one boarder and the landlady be equal to the wrangle between the landlady and the other, then shall the weekly bills of the two boarders be equal also, each to each.

For if not, let one bill be the greater.

Then the other bill is less than it might have been—which is absurd.

Silver in India.

India continues to buy silver on a large scale, notwithstanding the limitations enforced by a year of bad crops and famine in certain districts. The shipments from London to the British East Indies for the eleven months ending with November are officially given at £6,017,165 this year, against £4,529,624 in 1896, showing an increase of 32.8 per cent.; and at the lower prices of the metal which have prevailed this year the increase in the actual quantity of silver must have been 40 per cent. at least.

On the other hand, the shipments from London to China this year have been only £401,597, or £358,054 less than in 1896. This has been partly made up by larger exports from San Francisco directly, and by shipments from Australia. Nearly all the silver from the Broken Hill mines now goes to China instead of London.

Henry George's Race Horses.

The Cairo (Egypt) Sphinx gives this bit to the world: The late Henry George had a quaint humor of his own, and could tell a good story against himself. During his Australian tour one of his friends in Sydney suggested to the secretary of a local sporting club, that it would be a great thing to send Mr. George a complimentary ticket for the race meeting then at hand. The papers were at the time devoting many columns to the reports of George's meetings and discussions on his doctrines, but the sportsman had evidently not read them. "Who is Mr. George?" he asked. "I never heard of him before."
"Why, he's a man of world-wide celebrity."
"Does he own any horses?" queried the secretary.
"Yes; two very fast trotters, Progress and Poverty.
"Oh, all right," said the now satisfied secretary, "here's a ticket for him."

Timid wife (to husband going to Europe on business)—Now, dear, do be careful and not fall overboard, won't you? Husband—To be sure I will. Don't worry; I will be all right. Timid wife—And if you should get wrecked out in the ocean, John, I want you to telegraph me at once.

Bridget has the kitchen full of her company. Mistress (from the head of the stairs)—Bridget! Bridget—Yes, ma'am. Mistress—It's ten o'clock, Bridget—T'ank ye, ma'am; 'an' will ye be so koind ez to till me whin it's twelve.

IN KLONDIKE.

This is the season of the year
In Klondike,
When the foam freezes on the beer
In Klondike,
And when a fellow would partake
Of something for his stomach's sake,
He has to buy it by the cake,
In Klondike.

The frost falls every cloudless night,
In Klondike.
The ice has locked the rivers tight,
In Klondike.
The snowball crop is ripening fast,
Until next August it will last,
Enough for every one's repast,
In Klondike.

The men who peddle ice are glum,
In Klondike,
And wishing that the spring would come
To Klondike;
The barons who weigh out the coal
In ecstacies of laughter roll
To see the mercury hunt its hole,
In Klondike.

The plumbers all wear diamond rings
In Klondike,
And sealskins are de rigeur things
In Klondike,
It costs a hundred dollar note
To make him shed his overcoat,
If you can't pay, why, then, you float,
In Klondike.

The people sup and dine on stews
In Klondike,
Composed of worn-out overshoes,
In Klondike,
And sit and sigh, but not in bliss,
And often wish themselves, I wis,
In any old place, save in this,
This Klondike.

The Polite Hindoo.

When Lord Dufferin was viceroy of India, he had a "shikarry," or sporting servant, whose special duty it was to attend the visitors at the viceregal court on their shooting excursions. Returning one day from one of these expeditions, the shikarry encountered the viceroy, who, full of courteous solicitude for his guests' enjoyment, asked: "Well, what sort of sport has Lord —— had?" "Oh," replied the scrupulously polite Indian, "the young sahib shot divinely, but God was very merciful to the birds."

Woman's Wit and Dr. Johnson.

Dr. Johnson's tongue spared nobody, and naturally enough if any one ever got the better of him in a verbal encounter it was considered a memorable victory.

In this spirit a Scotch family cherishes an anecdote of his trip to Scotland. He had stopped at the house for a meal, and was helped to the national dish.
Dr. Johnson," said the hostess, "what do you think of our Scotch broth?"
"Madam, in my opinion it is only fit for pigs," was the answer.
"Then have some more," said the woman.

A Georgia Temperance Composition.

A small schoolgirl in one of the rural districts of Georgia was told to write a composition on temperance. She turned out the following: "Temperance is more better than whisky. Whisky is ten cents a drink and lots of it. My pa drinks whisky. He has been full 113 times. One night he came home late and ma went out and cut some hickories and walloped him good. Then she ducked his head in a tub of soapsuds and locked him up in the barn. And the next morning my pa said he reckoned he'd swear off."

Two Forbidding Pictures.

There was once an Irishman who had a face that, as one of his friends once remarked, was "an offence to the landscape." Next to his homeliness, his poverty was the most conspicuous thing about him. Hence the unsympathetic comment of of a neighbor
"How are ye, Pat?" he said.
"Mighty bad, sure 'tis starvation that's starin' me in the face," was the reply.
"Is that so? Sure it can't be very pleasant for ayther of yes," rejoined his friend.

Mrs. Witherby—I saw a beautiful arm chair to-day for $30 that I came near getting.
Witherby—Good heavens, you didn't, did you?
Mrs. Witherby—No. I restrained myself and bought a bonnet instead.

T. H. HOBEN

Has an Immense Stock of .....

READY-MADE CLOTHING, BOOTS & SHOES

No necessity for freezing to death if you have a few dollars to invest in this kind of stock.

Call in.
The prices will astonish you.

By sending 10 cents to The Ledge,

New Denver, B.C.

You can obtain a complete copy of

Carlyle's Report on the Slocan.

BOURNE BROS.

GROCERIES,
DRY GOODS,
CLOTHING,
BOOTS & SHOES.
BUILDERS' SUPPLIES,
STOVES,
ENAMEL AND TINWARE,
PAINTS, OILS, GLASS,
POWDER, FUSE, CAPS,
JESSOP & BLACK DIAMOND STEEL,
CHATHAM WAGONS, ETC.,

AT LOWEST PRICES.

New Denver, B. C

Klondike

Start from VANCOUVER

Because

1. VANCOUVER is the best outfitting point on the Coast; goods considerably cheaper than in the United States.
2. VANCOUVER is the nearest port of departure to the Yukon District.
3. VANCOUVER is the terminus of the C. P. Railway, whose steamers will start from Vancouver this spring.
4. All north-bound steamers call at VANCOUVER.
5. Direct steamers to Yukon ports have now commenced to run from VANCOUVER.
6. VANCOUVER is the only Canadian port where passengers transfer direct from train to steamer.
7. KLONDIKE is in Canada. Outfit in VANCOUVER and save 30 per cent. Customs Duty.

W. GODFREY,
President Board of Trade, Vancouver, B. C.

THE COLUMBIA HOUSE

NEW DENVER, B C.

Rooms and Board.

Rates Reasonable.

This House is plastered and is one of the most comfortable in the Slocan.

Everything new and first-class.

N. C. DINGMAN.

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 Agen

Air Tight Heaters and Box Stoves at Bourne Bros. The largest stock and lowest prices in the Slocan.

The Windsor RESTAURANT

In NEW DENVER is always ready to do business. It has never closed its doors on account of the little financial breezes that blow adversely occasionally in the Silvery Slocan. The weary and hungry pilgrim has always been able to get his wants, and in consequence they call again when in town. Keep your eye on the Sunday dinners.

JACOBSON & CO.

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 Cunnng, Proprietor.

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.

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.

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. JAMES BOWES.

AMOS THOMPSON, Manager. W. D. MITCHELL Secretary.
R. B. THOMPSON, Notary Public

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NEW DENVER, B.C.

Mines and Mining Properties for sale. Abstracts, &c.
Correspondence solicited.
Agents for Phœnix Insurance Co. of London, Eng.

R. STRATHERN.

Jeweler

KASLO CITY, B.C

The only Practical Watchmaker in the Kootenay District. Orders by mail receive prompt attention.

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Six "	1.25
Twelve "	2.00
THREE YEARS	5.00

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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

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

THURSDAY, JANUARY 13, 1898.

THE CHINESE QUESTION.

THE appearance of a pioneer Chinaman in Slocan City a few days ago, who evidently came to spy out the land, brings before our mental vision a panorama of the probabilities of some strange experiences in the near future when the cheap Celestial will be domesticated and permanently installed in every town in the Slocan, as he is now in every town to the north and south of us. It is to be expected that the C.P.R. will continue to employ Chinese on railroad section work here as elsewhere, in loading and unloading cars as well as in cooking, firing and stewarding on board the Slocan lake steamboats. The railroad company will set the pace for the mining companies and show them how it can be done. The example of the Dunsmuires is copied by the placer companies on Cariboo where white men have been replaced by Chinese. If this can be done at Wellington and Cariboo why not on other mining sections. It is just a matter of growth and evolution which such autocrats as "bet your boots" Van Horne will take pleasure and profit in educating the community in, for cheaper mining labor will ensure higher freight rates.

It is to the malign influence of the C.P.R. that we in this district, in common with the rest of the Province stand indebted for the fearful influx of Chinese which is such a curse to British Columbia to-day. Cheap labor is the cry of every such cormorant corporation when powerful enough, as the C. P. R. is, to defy public opinion.

For many years past and at present, the railroad monopoly has been the ruling power in Canada. It has been the head and front of the ruling body while the cabinet and legislature at Ottawa has been and is, simply a limp appendage set up as an automaton to nod acquiesance at the bidding of the corporation.

Under such conditions it is almost hopeless to look for Dominion legislation favoring the intestests of the public, and hence the bill introduced by a British Columbia representative asking that the poll-tax on Chinese be increased to $500 has made no progress. It is a subject of paramount interest not only to British Columbia but to the Dominion at large and the Laurier cabinet should have made it a government question. If the vital interests of British Columbia in this respect are to remain ignored at Ottawa, we shall be forced to the conclusion that we have entered into a federal compact which has proved one-sided, and it may be a question of whether it is not advisable to divorce ourselves from an alliance in which we have no fair representation.

HAWAIIAN ANNEXATION.

THE Spokesman-Review is rampant for the annexation of Hawaii. Recently James Hamilton Lewis, congressman for the state of Washington, who is a man of singular ability and honesty of purpose, in addition to being an eminent lawyer, met his Spokane constituents and denounced the proposed annexation as an outrage. The Spokesman-Review states that Mr, Lewis' opposition to annexation does not reflect the public sentiment of the State as we are told "the people of Washington as of the entire Pacific coast, are practically a unit in their approval of President McKinley's policy." This is a libel on the State of Washington, whose people are honestly opposed to anything like usurpation and robbery. It is also a transparent untruth, for Congressman Lewis is a Democrat of the radical type, who has in all his public utterances before as after election denounced Hawaiian annextion, and having been elected by a sweeping majority by what process has the Review discovered that the people of Washington are now a unit in favor of a principle which but a few weeks since they had an opportunity of endorsing at the ballot-box but rejected it?

But even if it were true as the Review asserts, that Mr. Lewis' constituents are now a unit in favor of the annexation of Hawaii, what does it prove? Is the proposed seizure of Hawaii, as a question of right and wrong for the conscience of the American people, invested with a halo of morality that it lacked hitherto? Unanimity is not necessarily a virtue. Every page of history is stained with sanguinary deeds of cruelty by mobs who were "almost a unit."

The following extracts from the Spokesman-Review are probably from the Honolulu government "Bureau of information," which pays handsomely for space:

"Annexation would be beneficial to the islands The present government is by long odds the best Hawaii has ever had. It is clean, progressive, representative, and in fine contrast to the the decaying, opera bouffe royalty which has served as a mask for all sorts of intrigues and corruption in the past. But the present government, with all its advantages, has its limitations. It is beset by intrigue and menaced by treachery, and is eager to merge itself into the American Union of states."

We might ask who has the best right to pronounce on the merits of annexation; the natives and naturalised citizens of Hawaii, who oppose it, or the fillibustering usurpers who were set up by a United States show of force and are here styled the government?

The present so-called Hawaiian government is "clean" in that it spends the revenue on mecenary bayonets to stand between it and the people. It is "progressive" in being a solid oligarchy, with the American Sugar Trust at its head and the "rag, tag and bobtail" of American ward-heelers at its nether-end. It is "representative" in rigidly excluding the natives and all who do not swear by the rule of a family compact, from all participation in the government.

As to the sneer at "opera bouffe royalty" the Review might be defied to point to any country that had a more liberal constitution with better laws under which life and property were more secure.

In 1843 Great Britain and France mutually pledged themselves to respect the independence of the islands and in the same year the congress of United States passed an act which pledged that nation to respect the independence of Hawaii and solemny declaring that the United States would in every possible way foster the most friendly sentiments towards the Hawaiian nation. But now the Spokane paper declares all this act of congress to have been a hollow show, intended as an opiate to lull the Hawaiians into a false sense of security while, apparently, every administration from that of Buchanan to Blaine was "shaping" to gobble them up.

"For more than a half century American statesmanship has been shaping to this end—has been awaiting the ripening of that fruit."

The action of the Germans in seizing Kaio Chau bay is mild in comparison to this annexation proposal of the United States jingoite, for the Hawaiians have not even wounded a missionary.

Canada, as the first and most important maritime power in the North Pacific has a right to say to the United States "hands off Hawaii." If the United States can advance one reason why the island should be their sole property Great Britain can put forward twenty, and as the Imperial authorities have long since proclaimed to the United States and the world that England will not permit any power to interfere with the autonomy of Hawaii in a manner that would in the slightest degree hamper British commerce, we can smile at the absurd antics of the republican jingo in his Hawaiian opera bouffe. The Hawaiian Archipalego is, commercially, the most important spot in the North Pacific Ocean and we can no more afford to allow it to pass into the hands of a possible hostile nation than we can abandon Giberalter.

HONG KONG.

In an interview between a Herald Washington correspondent and Secretary Sherman relating to Germany's invasion of China, Mr. Sherman is reported to have said:

"Our commercial interests are satisfactorily protected at the present time by treaties, and besides, at Hong Kong—and we will probably have the same rights at Kiao Chau—we are granted the freedom of the port in the same way as the English."

It would appear from this that Secretary Sherman is laboring under a delusion that "the English" are in Hong Kong under sufferance, having no more rights there than the Americans. For the information of the secretary of state we would state that the island of Hong Kong was ceded to the British fifty-three years since by the treaty of Nanking "to be possessed in perpetuity by her Britannic Majesty, her heirs and successors." The island was then a barren fever-smitten rock. The island has now a population of 10,000 Europeans - one-third of whom are British troops—while the Chinese population has increased to 230,000, and the harbor to which in 1844 no European or Chinese had been attracted for mercantile gain sheltered last year over 13,000,000 tons of shipping, which stamps it the largest shipping port in the world. It is, moreover, a free port, free to the world. The shipping of every nation enters it on the same tooting as that of the British who own it, and the least that Secretary Sherman should do is to give Britain credit for being the one maritime nation possessing the power and the right to discriminate against her commercial rivals and does not. It is to the magnanimity of the British people that Americans "are granted the port of Hong Kong in the same way as are the English." This is a fact that Mr. Sherman's tariff-tinkers might make a note of.

FOR PEACE OR WAR.

The latest news from the Orient indicates that for the immediate present the war clouds are lifting. The resolute attitude of the British government proves that England is ready for peace or war. As we predicted last week the alliance between Great Britain and Japan is completed and the latest is that Sir Alexander Bullock, the British commander-in-chief in the China station, will, in the event of hostilities, command the Japanese navy also. Great Britain's position in the Orient is firmer than ever. The action of Germany in seizing Kiao Chau bay will now prove to have been empty braggadocia for which an early retreat may be predicted, The Chinese loan of sixteen million pounds is already subscribed in London, and Russia's chances of mining and railway concessions are indefinately postponed.

Britain's new position in the East will open up new and improved fields for Canadian trade.

Best Place for It.

A bumptuous Englishman was dining with a lady at a table d'hote. Seated opposite them was a German, on whose hands were some rings. After gazing at the German the Englishman said to his companion: "I hate to see a man with rings on." A supercilious sneer was all the German vouchsafed. After a little the Englishman again said to the woman: "Do you know what I should do with a ring if I had one?" Before she could reply the German leaned across the table and in a sulky growl said: "Vare it in your nose."

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Tommey—No'm; he's a Baptist.

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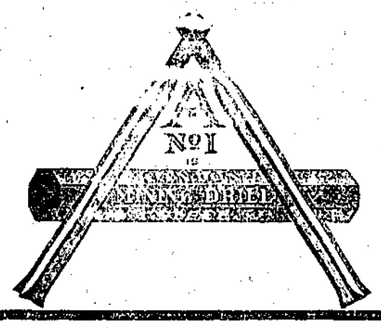

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MY CREED.

I hold that Christian peace abounds
Where charity is seen; that when
We climb to heaven, 'tis on the rounds
Of love to men.

I hold all else, named piety,
A selfish scheme as vain pretence,
Where center is not—can there be
Circumference?

That I moreover hold and dare
Affirm where'er my rhyme may go—
Whatever things be sweet or fair,
Love makes them so.

'Tis not the wide phylactery,
Nor stubborn taste, nor stated prayers,
That makes us saints; we judge the tree
By what it bears.

And when a man may live apart
From worlds, on theologic trust,
I know the blood about his heart
Is dry as dust.

—Alice Cary.

LUCK IN GOLD MINING.

The newspaper scribbler, in want of fresh copy, has a habit of telling tales of blind luck and happy incident. A drunken fool falls down on the hillside and wakes from his turbid dreams to find himself resting against a ledge of white quartz gleaming with the yellow metal; or an idle shepherd picks up a stone to throw at a stray sheep, and, realizing its unusal weight, shatters it against a boulder to find it an open sesame to the the caverns of Aladdin.

Don't believe it! The blind goddess fortune directs the miner's destiny less frequently than the brotherhood of pluck, energy and observation. There is as much luck in mining as in all things human, but hardly more; there is as much room for intelligent design and careful foresight as in any other business, and probably more.

Illustrations borrowed from fact will be of service. When Thomas Kruse, at Marysville, Montana, in the United States, was opening up the mine which made him a millionaire, there came a story of an old man driving a tunnel into a mountain at a place where he would find macadam for the road, but no ore for the mill. When the crosscut intercepted a wide vein or rich stuff, men pointed to the incident as another evidence of the hit or miss character of ordinary mining. The real facts were far otherwise.

"Old Tommy Kruse," as he is known all over Montana, was a very shrewd and sensible prospector. He had found the outcrop of a promising lode on the mountain side and had realized that, while one man alone cannot sink a shaft a hundred feet deep, he can, with his own unaided energy, drive a tunnel for several hundred feet. The tunnel cut the vein, whose position he had previously determined. So was begun the exploitation of a mine which has become famous in mining annals as the Drumlummon. It now has about twelve miles of workings, out of which has come ore of a value approximating $14,000,000.

The Enterprise mine at Rico, in Colorado, was discovered by David Swickhimer. Picturesque stories are told of the timely aid of a lottery winning and of the haphazard penetration into a big ore body. The truth is quite as romantic. Never were correct reasoning and indomitable pluck more fittingly rewarded.

Swickhimer had been working for wages in the ground of the Swansea Mining Company, on Newman Hill. He had learned the course of the veins which were being there successfully worked, and this knowledge was particularly valuable, because the true rock—sandstone and limestone—is, in this locality, overlain by several hundred feet of boulders and gravel of lacustrine origin. The veins do not reach the surface of to-day, and hence have no cropping to indicate their position.

Swickhimer left the Swansea mine and located a claim, the Enterprise, to the north. He began the sinking of a shaft, only to find that the porousness of boulders caused a flow of water, which hindered progress and made the work very expensive. A pump was at length purchased and it replaced the bucket and windlass.

But in the meantime the Swansea Company was pushing its levels ahead and would soon penetrate into Swickhimer's claim. Unless he found ore in place his location would, by the terms of the absurd American mining law, be invalid. The sinking of the shaft was hurried with a tireless energy which surmounted all sorts of bad luck. Eventually ore was struck, and the plucky adventurer won his fortune. Since then the Enterprise mine has produced $3,500,000 out of its eight miles of underground workings.—T. Rickard in Cassier's Magazine.

A SERMON FROM AN ACTRESS.

Clara Morris, the well-known actress, makes her first appearance as an authoress in the Ladies' Home Journal, presenting a grateful tribute to an old and loyal servant—"John Hickey: Coachman." In her maiden effort as a story teller she records the only sermon she has ever preached. It was deliveaed to relieve her faithful retainer's suffering—brought about through some fancied quarrel with his church (the Catholic church)—in response to his wail: "It's hard, madam—it's hard that a man should be made to lose his soul."

"'Never say that again, John,' I cried," writes the actress of the incident. "'There is just one man created who can lose your soul for you, and that man is John Hickey."

"He looked at me a moment, then putting one forefinger on my arm he asked solemnly, 'Madam Clara, are you talking as a Catholic or as a Protestant now?'

"Laugh, I had to, though I saw it hurt the poor, bewildered one before me, and belied the tears in my own eyes. But I made answer quickly: 'I'm speaking neither as Catholic nor Protestant, but simply as a woman, who, like yourself, has a soul, and does not want to lose it! Don't look so unhappy! Your church is beautiful, great and powerful, but there is One who is greater, more beautiful and more powerful. In all the ages there has been but One who left the unspeakable joy of heaven to come to earth to suffer and toil, to love and lose, to hope and despair, and finally give up His perfect life to an ignominious death! He paid too great a price for souls to cast them easily away. There is but one Savior for us all, be we what we may. There is but one God whose smile makes heaven. We travel by different paths—oh, yes! We wear different liveries, some showing the gorgeous vestments of stately Catholics, some the solemn drabs of the Quakers, others black robes. But the paths all lead to the same place, and the great questions are, do we love the One we seek, and have we loved and helped those we travel with? John, make Christ your church, and the mightiest cannot harm you!' and, catching up the scant folds of my riding habit, I fled from the only sermon I ever preached in my life."

HINTS OF TUBERCULOSIS.

Earlier Evidence Obtained From the Blood Than Otherwise.

Disease, like a living organism, develops from an invisible beginning. In other words, it develops from an invisible entity into a visible entity. It is generally believed that there is a latent stage in the development of all diseases. In many diseases this is known as the prodrome, which sooner or later develops into the active stage. Tuberculosis, in its development, is no exception to the general rule. In the so called active stage of tuberculosis there are disintegration and wasting of tissues. Hence it is customary to date the beginning of the active stage from the first apparent evidence of disintegration. If we trace tuberculosis backward from the stage of visible disintegration, we shall sooner or later reach a period in its development in which the evidence of disintegration disappears from the patient. We thus pass from the visible into the invisible realm. It is our purpose now to investigate this invisible realm. The microscope reveals the fact that the disease in this so called latent stage is in progress, though not apparent to the senses. That which is understood as the predisposition is now seen in the blood elements as a condition. In the active stage of the disease we are studying the patient; now we are studying his leucocytes (or white corpuscles). And I find that the law that brings about disintegration in the larger organism has already brought about the same process in the leucocytes at an earlier date. The technic which I have adopted is divided into the following steps: (a) Preparing the blood films, (b) fixing, (c) staining, (d) mounting, and (e) studying the mounted specimen.

The finger of the patient is cleaned antiseptically and pricked with a sterilized needle. The drop of blood should then be used immediately and a fresh drop for each film. A cover glass held in forceps is touched to the apex of the drop of blood, the drop coming in contact with the center of the glass. This is immediately placed upon another cover glass. If the cover glasses are clean, dry and polished, the blood immediately begins to spread and continues uniformly in every direction.

Almost all animal tissues possess great affinity for stains. This is true of cell tissues as well as of the gross tissues of the animal organism. Before studying the appearance of cell tissues in disease, it is first necessary to fix in one's mind the shade or tint that a staining solution communicates to cell tissues in the normal state. This can be done only by long and persistent study. It then becomes comparatively easy to recognize abnormal conditions by a variation in the staining reaction of these tissues.

A careful study of 100 tuberculous cases, including all stages of the disease, has shown conclusively that the law that brings about disintegration in a tuberculous patient brings about the same process at an earlier date in tuberculous leucocytes. From the condition of the various cell tissues observed in these cases, I feel justified in making the following deductions: First, it is possible to estimate the degree of the tuberculous condition; second, it is possible to estimate the degree of the recuperative power. I do not wish to give the impression that it is an easy task to interpret the phenomena presented in a specimen of tuberculous blood and from them to reach a diagnosis, but it can be done, and when it is properly done it furnishes a diagnosis based upon the fundamental principles of biology. Hence, from a study of the foregoing cases, I feel justified in claiming that the blood, aided by the microscope, together with a uniform and accurate technic, furnishes a means of making a positive diagnosis of the tuberculous condition early enough to allow of effective treatment.—Address of Dr. A. Mansfield Holmes of Denver at Pan-American Medical Congress.

An Odd Profession.

A London firm which rents wedding gowns to brides also furnishes a "father" to give the bride away when the marriage takes place too far away from home to admit of parents and relatives being present. This professional father, as he might be appropriately called, is an ex-major in the army and a member of a fine old family. But he is poor and willingly gives away a bride for a small money consideration. He is said to look like a model father, with snowy hair and a kind and lovable expression. Sometimes he is called upon to manage a wedding breakfast, and he is said to be a charming speaker. Surely this is one of the oddest professions of advanced days.

No Horse, No Review.

Soon after the queen's accession a big review was contemplated in Hyde park. Her majesty intended appearing on horseback and every precaution was taken to insure her safety by properly training the royal charger on which she was to be mounted. Lord Melbourne, the prime minister, took exception to the arrangement and urged that it would not be proper for her majesty to appear except in one of the royal carriages. "Very well," said the queen, "no horse, no review." And there was none that summer.

BEARS THAT MIGRATED.

Instances of Their Gathering and Marching Away Together.

Manly Hardy writes to The Forest and Stream about bears that migrated:

"The first notice of these migrations is to be found in a book by John Josselyn, entitled 'New England Rarefies Discovered,' published in 1673. In this book he says that great companies of bears sometimes traveled across what is probably the Piscataqua river.

"About 70 years ago, early in September, my father one night witnessed a bear migration. The night was a dark one. The bears came to the east bank of the Penobscot river in the town of Orrington, about seven miles below Bangor. The bears could be heard calling and answering each other till low water, when they took to the water, swam across and landed on the Hampden side. In the morning it was found that a large number had crossed. My father saw their tracks across a single plank in a shipyard.

"Again, about 30 years ago, a friend of mine, Henry Clapp, who is quoted in Cassino's 'Standard Natural History' as an authority on bears, told me that during the fall he had gone on a trapping trip, but had found few bears, till one morning in November after a snowfall he found the tracks of nine different bears, all headed up one little valley. For several days after that more bear tracks were found, all headed in the same direction—from east to west. They denned up when it came time to do so, and in the spring headed east again.

"It is believed among sportsmen that bears go back into the woods to den up and come to the vicinity of the clearings every spring, but extensive migrations by bears are as little heard of as those of wild turkeys and prairie chickens. What naturalists do not understand is how the animals, which usually scatter over miles of territory, know how, when or where to get together for their trips."

A CLEVER FORGER.

But He Overshot the Mark and Was Trapped by the Bank.

Not long ago there stood before the paying teller's window of one of New York's big banks an unctuous little man smiling blandly over a $100 check. Signature, indorsement and every detail were correct. To make assurance doubly sure, the little man explained with some insistence, "You see, I have had my indorsement certified."

The check was paid without hesitation, but the teller said to himself, "Why is that idiot standing there with such a broad grin, trying to fix his face on my memory?" And duly he took note.

A few days later the man appeared at the window again, his countenance distended in the same smile, with another check from the same firm. The indorsement was certified in exactly the same way, and this time the amount was $900. There was absolutely nothing wrong with the check on its face, and it came from a well known customer of the bank. "In spite of all," said the paying teller, "something told me that fellow was a crook. So I said I should have to look up the account before it could be paid, and while he waited I slipped around to the firm's office, which was only a short distance away.

"The check was examined and pronounced perfectly good, and I was about to walk away when the head of the firm said: 'Why, hold up. We've issued no checks this morning.' And then I went back and bagged my crook. He had first sold the firm a bond and got his original $100 check in payment. This he had used to imitate the firm's signature on the second and likewise to impress me with the fact that he was all right, so that when he came around a second time I would not bother him."—C. D. Lanier in Scribner's.

Practical Education for Girls.

Little girls in the primary grades could perfectly well be interested in their clothing—in the questions why dark clothing is more serviceable than white; why woolens are more wholesome for people who are doing hard bodily work than cottons; why cleanliness is needful for the health of the skin, especially in the case of babies and little children. In the fifth grade the children are old enough to understand and take a keen interest in the simple principles of laundry work or dyeing; and their arithmetic might well concern itself with the cost of foods, the length of time that a garment may be expected to wear as a factor in determining the relative prices of goods, the cost of daily chewing gum and cigarettes compared with the cost of books bought at regular intervals, or of annual trips to suburbs and parks.

Nothing in His Head.

A few days ago the inspector, in examining a class of boys in one of the public schools in Glasgow, was so pleased with the answers of one little boy to his questions that he clapped him on the head and said:

"Well done, little man, there is something in your head."

The little man looked up and earnestly said: "No, six; there is nothing in my head; my ma combed it out this morning."

Police Magistrate (at Desplains street station)—The fine for attempting to hold up this man will be $3.

Holdup Man (deeply hurt)—It ain't fair, y'r honor! I didn't get a cent from him. I'll have to pay it out of my own pocket!

"Darling," he said, "your eyes are as bright as diamonds, your teeth as white as pearls, your lips as red as rubies, and—and—" "Yes, George," she replied, sweetly, "and you're as green as an emerald." Then George went out into the jet black night.

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[L.S.]

THOS. R. McINNES,
CANADA,
PROVINCE OF BRITISH COLUMBIA.

VICTORIA, by the Grace of God, of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland QUEEN, Defender of the Faith, &c., &c., &c.

To Our faithful the Members elected to serve in the Legislative Assembly of Our Province of British Columbia at Our City of Victoria—GREETING.

A PROCLAMATION.

A. G. SMITH, Deputy Attorney-General.

WHEREAS, We are desirous and resolved, as soon as may be, to meet Our people of Our Province of British Columbia, and to have their advice in Our Legislature:

NOW KNOW YE, that for divers causes and considerations, and taking into consideration the ease and convenience of Our loving subjects, We have thought fit, by and with the advice of Our Executive Council of the Province of British Columbia, to hereby convoke, and by these presents enjoin you, and each of you, that on Thursday, the Tenth day of the month of February, one thousand eight hundred and ninety-eight, you meet Us in Our said Legislature or Parliament of Our said Province, at Our City of Victoria, FOR THE DISPATCH OF BUSINESS, to treat, do, act, and conclude upon those things which in Our Legislature of the Province of British Columbia, by the Common Council of Our said Province may, by the favour of God, be ordained.

IN TESTIMONY WHEREOF, We have caused these Our Letters to be made Patent, and the Great Seal of the said Province to be hereunto affixed: WITNESS, The Honourable THOMAS R. McINNES, Lieutenant-Governor of Our said Province of British Columbia, in Our City of Victoria, in Our said Province, this thirtieth day of December, in the year of Our Lord one thousand eight hundred and ninety-seven, and in the sixty first year of Our Reign.

By Command,
JAMES BAKER,
Provincial Secretary.

CERTIFICATE OF IMPROVEMENTS

Mammoth Mineral Claim.

Situate in the Slocan Mining Division of West Kootenay District. Where located: Adjoining the Mountain Chief, Carpenter Creek.

TAKE NOTICE that I, Herbert T. Twigg, agent for John A. Finch, Free Miner's Certificate No. 1674 A., Alfred W. McCune, Free Miner's Certificate No. 61727 and George W. Hughes, Free Miner's Certificate No. 64975, 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 13th day of January, 1898.

HERBERT T. TWIGG.

NOTICE.

Nelson Division, West Kootenay District.

A COURT OF REVISION AND APPEAL under the Assessment Act, 1888, and its amending acts will be held at the Court House, Nelson, B. C., on Monday, the 24th of January, 1898, at 10 o'clock in the forenoon.

J. W. GOEPEL,
Judge of the Court of Revision and Appeal.
Nelson, B. C., 27th December, 1898.

Port of Nakusp.

THOS. ABRIEL

CUSTOMS BROKER,

Real Estate, Mines & Insurance. Nakusp, B. C.

J.R.&D.Cameron

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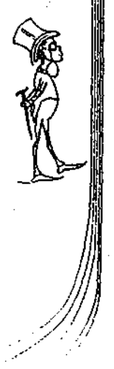

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..... If you are in the Slocan metropolis call in and see our plant, but do not touch our bull pup's pup, or allow the cyclone caused by our fast cylinder press to blow your plug hat out of the rear tunnel. Come in folks when you have any job printing 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.

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Manager of Nelson Branch Parson's Produce Company

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ALLEN & CORY, Proprietors.
Vevey, Slocan Lake, B.C.

A NOBLE FOLLOWER.

By A. L. DUANE.

We were going to Europe. Mrs. Wallis had written to me at Christmas time, which I spent in the City of Mexico with Jack Darrell and his wife, asking me to accompany her.

My pocketbook happened to be unusually "high grade" just then—to use a westernism—as Jack had taken me down to Mexico in his private car and given me no opportunity to squander my modest income, so I wrote to Mrs. Wallis and accepted her invitation.

New York was almost as much of a foreign city to us as any we would see on the other side of the Atlantic, but although our stay there had been circumscribed by the New York hotel, the best shops and the passable theaters, and in the nature of things we could not expect to be escorted down to the pier by the proprietors of any of these, however sorry they might be to witness our departure, being accustomed to the ready friendships and cordial relations of the west, we felt a trifle blue at having no goodbys to say.

There was a regular confusion of passengers and their friends all about us, but not as many tragic scenes as I had expected from the novels I had read, judiciously padded with the descriptions of ocean voyages made by heroes going over to finish their education, or heroines flying from their unhappinesses.

Who isn't acquainted with the youth or maiden who sits on deck and likens his life to the stately ship plowing its way through rolling billows, or sees in

"Is it my 'profession' you would know, madame?"

the waves of molten gold the kind friends who would cover her from the world? We didn't see anything like that. I do not even remember anybody who stood on the deck for a last look at Fire island and a chance to exclaim "Farewell, my native land!" Most of them seemed like us to be going over for the first time, and, also like us, trying by their easy manners, nautical talk and elaborate array of steamer chairs, steamer caps and steamer novels to be giving the impression that crossing the Atlantic was an experience as familiar as riding on horse cars.

Mrs. Wallis and I had finished our educations, such as they were, long ago. We had no misery to escape. (Mrs. Wallis' husband was dead, and mine was to be got.) So as we had no romantic roles to play we began our voyage with the utmost conventionality. We wrote as impressive looking letters as anybody and gave them to the pilot when he left us. Mrs. Wallis' was to her housekeeper, and mine to Susie Messersmith, telling her she might ride my horse while I was away, but nobody knew that they were not the longed for last words to some bereaved devotee.

And after that ceremony we were fairly off.

The sea was as calm as it usually is between the months of May and September, and there was no excuse for seasickness on the part of anybody, so we walked the decks and posed as old sailors in the possession of stomachs whose self possession had never been called into question.

As Mrs. Wallis and I strolled along arm in arm trying to think of some sensible and ladylike remark that would be open sesame to the captain's attention and favor we noticed a gentleman who was walking in the other direction, cut upon our line, and who consequently met us at every turn.

"Watch him take in your feet," Mrs. Wallis said flatteringly. If there is one thing that I do pride myself upon, it is my feet. They were looking unusually well that day, as I had realized the conspicuousness of shoes on a deck promenade.

He was a tall, dark man with a twisted mustache and almost stern black eyes, just that masterful sort of eyes that women past their early girlhood and who have lived in the world are fond of. Poor innocents, when they are young they can find a master in almost any sort of a man. There was nothing bold looking about the promenader, but he gave us side glances that did not mean utter indifference.

"He must be somebody," Mrs. Wallis said, "because you see he is an Italian or a Spaniard or something, and in those countries the middle and lower classes do not look like gentlemen. I'll wager you something he is a count at the very least."

"Pouf!" And I blew my lips out with scorn, but still some of the air castles that I had kept in reserve since my early girlhood for those seasons when my devoted admirers did not suit me or I had none and which had arisen like magic when we began to talk of Europe, went vision like before me. "Countess" sounded sweet in my ears. Count, prince, whatever he might be, he certainly was interested in us. Not that he presumed in the least, but when we went on deck the second morning our steamer chairs were stretched in the pleasantest place, with our rugs comfortably adjusted, and the steward, as he brought us a basket of fruit, mentioned that "the gentleman" had ordered it brought up as soon as we took possession of the chairs. We ate the fruit and let the steward continue to think that he in some sort belonged to us, although we had not exchanged a single word. That evening it began to blow, and the swell tossed the ship about in a most uncomfortable manner. We did not stay up to see how many real old travelers there were among the pretenders, but ignominiously retreated to the seclusion which the cabin grants. The light was just struggling in through the round window of our stateroom the next morning when the stewardess made her appearance, bearing a tray with a bottle, two small glasses and a card. I was quite exhausted from my horrible night, but I found strength to read the card. On one side was neatly engraved, "Henri Valois, Paris."

Mrs. Wallis was mistaken. He was a Frenchman after all. On the other side was written in a most gentlemanly hand with a pencil:

"If madame and mademoiselle will be so good, indeed, as to drink the contents of the bottle by the glassful at intervals, they will find no more mal de mer."

"Maybe it's poison," Mrs. Wallis groaned, but I had reached the desperate stage when poison was preferable to seasickness, and she followed me in taking a glassful of the colorless stuff. I don't know what it was. I wish I did, but the second glassful certainly put us upon our feet.

I impressed upon Mrs. Wallis my sense of the kindness of an entire stranger, and that she must give him our most cordial thanks.

We found our steamer chairs again in place just where the evening sun would strike past them, but leave our faces in shadow, and lounging near them was Mr. "Henri Valois."

"That is a very interesting and aristocratic name," Mrs. Wallis had said, holding the card in one hand and her lorgnette in the other. As she critically examined it, "Valois—Valois—wasn't there a king or something with a name like that?"

I suggested that this might be a branch of the family with the bar sinister, and then Mrs. Wallis said positively: "Then that settles it. He is a duke, or a duc, at the very least. Those kings always gave titles and estates right and left to that sort of connections. I'll find out!"

To do her justice, she made valiant efforts to keep her word.

As we took possession of our chairs it was the most natural thing in the world that Mrs. Wallis should smile sweetly and bow invitingly to a gentleman who had been of such service to us.

Mr. Valois (we longed to say monsieur, but were conscious that the pronunciation of French by westerners would hardly sound Parisian to native ears) responded with open delight. And then began a most delightful friendship. He was not only extremely distinguished looking, so that it was with a calm joy and hearts free from carking jealousy that we looked upon the other parties in the ship as we three sat or walked or dined together, but Mr. Valois had been everywhere, knew everything that came up in the world, spoke several languages, and could tell an adventure equal to Rider Haggard. I remember one night—it was the evening before we reached Cork harbor—we sat on the deck until the moon came up out of the dark sea. Mr. Valois was telling us of an adventure that a party of gentlemen had encountered in southern Italy. They were going by private carriage from one point to another when they were set upon by brigands. From the minute description that he gave of everything he must have been there, but he did not speak of himself once. There was a certain Marquis de St. Lippe who had put his pistol to the chief bandit's head and vowed he would shoot him dead if any of the bard lifted a finger and had made the villain order off his men, who figured as the hero. I can see him now as he sat on the camp stool, leaning excitedly forward, the words clipping after each other on his tongue, the white moonlight and the excitement of his story making his eyes all aglitter. After we went into our stateroom Mrs. Wallis turned to me with suppressed excitement:

"Don't you see it? He is the Marquis de St. Lippe himself. No man ever took that much interest in his friend's adventures."

After that Mrs. Wallis tried with all the smartness of the traditional Yankee to bring out some detail of Mr. Valois' private history, but that was the only subject upon which he was silent. One day when she had been unusually pressing he turned suddenly, and, smiling in her face, said in his peculiar, rather short sentences: "Is it my 'profession' you would know, madame? France is not like America. All men do not cast accounts nor keep a shop. It is different. I am a traveler from one beautiful city to another."

After that madame retired from her researches, abashed, but ever since the night of the story of the bandit adventure Mrs. Wallis had addressed me as "the marquise."

It did no good for me to try to laugh her fancies away and tell her that Mr. Valois had never hinted a word of love-making to me. She always said, "Just as though, Jean Medlicott, I had not lived in this world long enough to know the difference between flirtations attentions and that deferential service a man gives to a woman he means to win!"

Notwithstanding my disclaimers I felt rather like a marquise already. I fully realized that to marry a French nobleman was decidedly different from the brilliant destiny attained by some of our American women in marrying English dukes and lords, but even a French count, if he is genuine, is not to be despised in a land where the only man with any sort of title that you have any chance of marrying is an army lieutenant. I have hardly enough money to buy a title in the regular market, but a bargain sometimes falls in my way. Mrs. Wallis and I both felt that this encounter was an unusual piece of luck.

For the last year or two people who were interested in my affairs had begun to make allusions to that typical maid who went through and through the thicket and picked up a crooked stick at last and to suggest that a crooked stick was a better support over the rugged roads that lie over the end of life than no staff at all. I didn't mind their advice, but I had long ago made up my mind that it was going to be the most beautiful wand to be found or no staff at all, and as luck would have it here it lay across my path.

And still nothing was settled, but Mrs. Wallis declared she knew what she knew, and certainly no queen and princess royal were ever served as gallantly as Mr. Valois attended upon Mrs. Wallis and me.

There was a little boat came off at Queenstown, and several of the passengers left us. We were watching them embark, when I saw Mr. Valois give a note with some English money to one of the departing ones. Mrs. Wallis looked a little anxious. I hardly know what she thought it could be, but when we reached Liverpool we discovered. There was a carriage waiting for us on the pier. The coachman tipped his hat respectfully to Mr. Valois. Evidently he was no stranger. We had told Mr. Valois that we meant to go to the Langham hotel in London and that was about the extent of our information. He had suggested that we stay a day in Liverpool and rest before we took the journey up to London, and now we found that he had telegraphed from Queenstown for our rooms at the Adelphi.

"I took the liberty," he said, smiling in at the carriage door. "I will see

I wanted to know if he made love to her.

that your luggage is sent to you and will meet you at the station tomorrow afternoon if I do not see you before."

"Oh, but Mr. Valois," Mrs. Wallis cried, putting her head out of the window, "you must come up and dine with us tonight."

"With pleasure, madame." And the carriage drove on.

Mrs. Wallis leaned back in the cushions. "Well, you are a lucky girl! Did there ever live another man as thoughtful?"

There had been something hovering on my tongue for a day or two. I didn't mean it for anything but the most teasing remark, and I didn't believe it in the least, but I said it: "Indeed, I hardly think it is I who happen to be the lucky one. It seems to me he pays you a great deal the most attention."

Mrs. Wallis is 40, but extremely stylish and a fully equipped woman of the world in most things, but to my utter surprise she met my little sally with an embarrassed laugh and a vivid, burning blush. In my astonishment I could not take my eyes from her face. She was turned away from me, looking out of the window.

"Oh, ho, my dear madame!" I thought. "Is it thus the wind blows?"

It would be a fine finish to her life to die a marquise. It was necessary to look to my laurels. I, Jean Medlicott, finding a rival in Mrs. Wallis! Oh, it was too absurd to think about. Mr. Valois came around to dinner that evening, and I put on my prettiest dress. It was a pale green thin thing, and I thought I looked unusually well until I saw Mrs. Wallis in all of her war paint. She was positively regal in a dark red velvet and black lace. Her beautiful hair was piled high, and there was a diamond here and there. After dinner Mr. Valois took us to the theater to see Mary Anderson. I shall never forget that evening. My dreams seemed to be all broken up. My castles were coming down like cards. Mrs. Wallis was evidently in love with Mr. Valois, although he was fully ten years her junior. I must have been blind not to have seen it before. And he? He was charmingly courteous to me, but that grand deference was as certainly paid to Mrs. Wallis.

We all went up to London the next day. All the way Mr. Valois spoke of the sights to be seen in the great metropolis, but begged us to make a short stay there at first, going over to the continent for awhile, and then coming back. He said—very justly—that coming at once into a country where our own language was spoken we would begin to draw comparisons with America and belittle the magnificence of England. But while we were here there were a few places that we must see. Mr. Valois, who evidently knew London like a book, suggested that instead of the Langham we should go to a small hotel, almost like a private house, and characteristically English, where the maids brought the hot water up in jugs and pots of flowers bloomed on our parlor window sills. From here we made excursions into the old world about us, and it was here that we had afternoon tea and dinner by the soft light of wax candles. Mr. Valois was constantly with us. My air castles were up again. I began to see differently. Mr. Valois treated Mrs. Wallis as he would have treated my mother, and he seemed perfectly unconscious of her infatuation for him.

But for the first time since we had known each other there was a little coolness between Mrs. Wallis and myself. It was nothing defined, just one of those uncomfortable, constrained states that seem to come sometimes between friends like the breath of a north wind.

One day we had been drinking tea and were standing about with the cups in our hands when there was a commotion in the street. There had been a collision between a carriage and a cart. The occupant of the carriage was just alighting as we looked out. He was a small, wizen faced creature in the most correct afternoon costume, and he seemed to be in a terrible rage.

Mr. Valois looked and then started.

"What!" he cried excitedly. "That is the Prince Gortchoff. I will go to him."

But just then the old man stepped into the carriage again and was driven off. A maid had just come in after the tea things.

Mr. Valois took a card from his pocket, wrote something on it and, putting it into an envelope, bade the maid run down and send the missive after the old gentleman's carriage. It was all done in a second, but Mrs. Wallis and I looked at each other. We had seen that the card was not like the one Mr. Valois had sent us. There was a title after the name.

The next day Mr. Valois didn't come until evening. Mrs. Wallis was out first, evidently waiting for him. As I opened my room door to go into the parlor I saw that they were in earnest conversation, and I could hardly help overbearing a little of it, and I did want to know if he made love to her. He didn't.

"And did you go to see the prince—I cannot remember his name?" she asked sweetly.

"Prince Gortchoff? Yes, madame; I was with him today. He is a Russian, one of the great nobles of that empire. I last saw him in Vienna, to which city I had traveled with him from St. Petersburg."

I could see Mrs. Wallis fairly pluming herself at knowing so great a personage even at secondhand.

"And when," she said softly, "are we to see the cards you send to the prince?"

Mr. Valois gave a little laugh and walked away. "Oh, I am of service to you here as I am, madame. I promise—when you reach France."

Then I opened the door and walked in.

Two days after we left England and crossed the channel to France. At the last minute Mr. Valois found that he could not accompany us, but promised to meet us in Paris within a few days. I don't know why, but I didn't believe he would come. I felt that I was saying "goodby" to one of the pleasantest acquaintances I had ever made. And, as sometimes happens, my presentiment was not far from wrong.

"It is not 'goodby,'" he said. "It is only au revoir. We shall travel long roads together over there." And he looked at me.

After we had embarked upon the chopping channel we were glad that Mr. Valois was not with us, unless his seasickness remedy was also on hand. We were frightfully ill, as were all the rest of the passengers, and the piles of washbowls were in constant use. We only stopped in Calais for one day. Our rooms were already engaged in Paris. Mr. Valois had attended to that for us. Mrs. Wallis and I were anxious to get into the whirl of life. We were no longer good comrades for each other, and we both moped in the absence of a companion who had done so much to enliven us of late. It seemed absurd when we realized that we had only known him a fortnight.

We had been in Paris a week, had shopped at the Bon Marche, bought a dress or two of the immortal Worth, and had found some American friends who had rapidly seen the sights of the French capital and wanted us to push on into Switzerland and north Germany with them. "Winter was the time for Paris." But we were awaiting some one whose judgment was infallible. We were to go the next day to say goodby to them and were sitting in our parlor talking in a desultory way of their plans, carefully leaving out Mr. Valois' name when we spoke of our own, when there was a knock at the door, and a servant came in with a large salver—a brass sea, islanded by a tiny white note. It was addressed to Mrs. Wallis, and we both recognized the writing as that of Mr. Valois. She broke the seal with almost trembling hands, and after she had read it handed it over to me:

MADAME—You are now in Paris, where I can refer you to almost any gentleman in the city for information as to my standing. I have refrained from calling myself up to this time because I wished you to know me well before I made any pretensions. May I call at your rooms in one hour from this? Your devoted servant, HENRI VALOIS.

Mrs. Wallis went over to the table and wrote a hasty note, which she dispatched. Again was her face that burning red.

"I will order the carriage and go around to see the Prices," I said, and she did not object. I went into my own room and "nearly died of laughter," as schoolgirls say, while I was putting on my jacket and hat. I felt as sure as I ever felt of anything that Henri Valois, or the Marquis de Saint Lippe, or whoever he might be—and we should soon know—was going to propose to Mrs. Wallis for my hand. To him she stood in the place of my mother. A man never would write such a business-like epistle as that to the woman he was going to ask to marry him. I felt a little sorry for her and then I felt exultant. It was good enough for her. A woman of that age has no business falling in love with young men.

And then I laughed again and imagined her sensations when she went into that room, expecting the embraces of a lover, to be asked to play the part of mother to me. Oh, it was too good almost to keep to myself! If Mr. Valois had ever made downright love to me, as an Englishman or an American would certainly have done under the circumstances, I would have told Delia Price all about it and let her laugh with me, but it would have been a tame love story whose only incident was the joke with which it reached its climax. But I was merciful in one respect—I timed my return so that the embarrassment should be as short as possible for Mrs. Wallis.

After Mr. Valois (he was something more than that now) had explained himself I would come in. I looked at my watch as I went up in the elevator (they call them lifts and assenseurs over here) and calculated that Henri had been with Mrs. Wallis about three-quarters of an hour. I went through my own room, took off my hat, fluffed up my bangs and softly opened the parlor door.

It was empty.

As I stepped in, a little bewildered, Mrs. Wallis' door opened on the other side, and she rushed across the room, and throwing herself into my arms broke into the wildest peals of laughter. I was frightened to death. Had the woman gone stark mad over her disappointment? She left me as suddenly as she had clutched my neck, and picking up an engraved card from the table held it before my eyes.

"Oh, Jean, Jean!" she fairly screamed between her ha-has.

"If we aren't green! That man is a courier. He wanted me to hire him to travel with us, and because I wouldn't he is furious. He made me pay for the theater tickets and carriages and everything we had in Liverpool and London. And, oh, yes—he said the telegram from Queenstown was 12 shillings, and he wanted £10 for the time he wasted taking us about after he found that I wouldn't have him travel with us over here."

There was the engraved card that he sent to the prince—"Henri Valois, courier, speaks French, Italian, German, Russian, Spanish, English."

We chatted our minds and went to Switzerland with the Prices.

Last winter, down on the lake of Como, we were sitting with a group of tourists who were talking of the shortcomings of couriers very much as American ladies talk of their servants.

"There is one man," Sir George Shelly said, "who has been simply ruined by being allowed to look and act like a gentleman. He was the best courier in Europe ten years ago, but there is no living with him now."

"Who is that?" Mr. Donaldson of New York asked. "Valois?"

"That's the fellow."

"Well," Mr. Donaldson said, "I regret to say that Americans are responsible for it. An American family of wealth and some position in one of our large western cities employed Valois here for a year, and then took him home with them for a visit, and actually introduced him to their friends as a desirable acquaintance."

There were various exclamations of wonder and disgust from all the Americans. The English were too polite to do more than smile at our national ways, but of all the group nobody expressed such wonder and almost incredulous astonishment at such ignorance as Mrs. Wallis and myself.

THE END.

The Hard Trade of a King.

Turning first sods; laying foundation stones; opening bridges, hospitals, libraries, museums and other public buildings; christening and launching ships; assisting at bazaars; presiding at public meetings and dinners; organizing funds for benevolent purposes and attending to the proper administration of them; patronizing a multitude of institutions and enterprises and taking active interest in the management and development; preparing and delivering hundreds of speeches; receiving addresses and replying to them; reviewing troops and fleets; visiting hospitals; representing the nation on important occasions throughout Europe; entertaining foreign royal visitors; bearing in mind the birthday of every royal personage in Great Britain and on the continent and dispatching suitable congratulations; attending, officially and unofficially, balls, concerts and innumerable other entertainments; performing these many and varied duties with discretion, so as never to be associated with a failure, never to interfere, directly or indirectly, with any of the myriads of public and private interests and never to cause friction or to create animosity—if this by no means comprehensive catalogue of royal duties is not sufficient to excite pity, whatever will?—London Truth.

A Poor Wrapper.

"Yes, poor Mrs. Elderly is all wrapped up in that son of hers."

"And he isn't much of a wrapper, eh?"—Detroit News.

PHOTOGRAPHING A SHOT.

Wonderful Experiments In Determining the Time of a Flash of Electricity.

Recent achievements in the moving photography that has produced the animatograph, biograph, cinematograph and other representations of motion are not more wonderful than the lately perfected photography of the flying bullet. Professor C. Vernon Boys, F. R. S., has worked on this seemingly unsolvable problem with great success, as have also two Italian artillery officers.

In the course of a lecture on the subject, Mr. Boys demonstrated that the ordinary notion that an electric spark is instantaneous was quite erroneous and stated that the light of the two ends of the ordinary electric spark lasted a little less than the one-hundred thousandth part of a second. It was, of course, instantaneous to our senses, but to tests which could measure accurately to the one-hundred millionth part of a second the electric spark was anything but instantaneous. This spark was no good for taking the photograph of a flying bullet, as the lecturer showed by exhibiting one of his attempts, which made quite a blurred picture.

Mr. Boys then proceeded to explain the steps which he took in order to reduce the length of time of the electric spark. To this end it was essential that the terminals should be made of copper, platinum or some metal which did not produce readily an ignitible vapor, and the electric current must not be driven through wires at all. He used a very thick, broad band of copper, not more than two inches long, which reached around the edge of the plate, so that the electric current had not more than three or four inches to go altogether. He explained by diagrams how he had effected his object and shortened the time of the spark to about one-thirteen millionth of a second, or about 100 times quicker than the ordinary flash.

To give the audience some idea of the inifinitesimal fraction of time, he said the time occupied by the spark as reduced by his apparatus was proportionately as much less than a second as a second was less than five months, and during that time a bullet fired from a magazine rifle could not travel more than one five hundredth part of an inch. By this simple contrivance he was able to get a brighter and shorter spark and all that was necessary to make a good and sharp picture.—New York World.

OVEREDUCATED.

Cultivated Greeks Compelled to Work at Uncongenial Tasks.

It is one of the curious apparent contradictions of the country and the people that whereas a large percentage of the population can neither read nor write, the bane of the nation is over education, says the London Journal in an article upon the Greeks. The university and high schools act as magnets, attracting all the clever or ambitious youth of the country, large numbers of whom are duly stamped every year with the academic seal and turned adrift with larger demands on society than their fathers ever had and less means of satisfying them. Hence a considerable number of young men throughout the country who can speak several languages and have acquired large stores of general or technical knowledge are forced to earn their bread by means of uncongenial work. These individuals are dissatisfied with the established order of things, which makes no special provision for them, and they gladly lend their aid to social reformers or political agitators of all parties and professions.

Not that there are any political parties in Greece in the sense in which these exist in most constitutional countries. Men, not measures, is the universal cry; individual interest is the line of cleavage. The crowd follows one of the two men whose heads are above those of their fellows. The successful leader then provides places for the few who are chosen as well as called, and high sounding rhetoric for the many. People change sides from time to time according to the outlook, and nobody accuses them of being renegades. In no case is there any principle at stake. The members of the little parliament at Athens receive but a couple of thousand drachmas a year (roughly speaking, £50) from the state, but in some cases this constitutes the sole support of the legislator's family.

A Cough Remedy.

A troublesome throat irritation or cough, the result of a cold, is most annoying, but a home remedy will relieve and oftentimes cure it without the aid of other medicines. The following formula was given by a physician many years ago and has been found to be of great value: Take a quarter of a pound of the best gum arabic and pour over it half a pint of hot water. Cover and leave it until the gum is dissolved. Then add a quarter of a pound of pure white sugar and a generous half gill of strained lemon juice. Place these ingredients over the fire and let them simmer about ten minutes. Then pour the mixture into a bottle and cork. When taking this sirup, a little water may be added.

Patriotism and Ignorance.

Tommy—Isn't it funny, ma, how ignorant it makes a man when he gets to be a patriot?

Ma—Why, Tommy, what gave you that idea?

Tommy—Why, ma, didn't the lecturer say last night that the man who is a patriot should know no north nor south nor east nor west?—Richmond Dispatch.

An Improvement.

Art Dealer—The perspective is very fine. You'll observe how it removes objects in the background to a wonderful distance.

Connoisseur—If it could only remove the objects in the foreground to a wonderful distance, don't you think the picture would come nearer to perfection?—Boston Transcript.

A GREAT INVENTION.

IT IS TO CARRY ELECTRICITY WITHOUT LOSS OF POWER.

The Only Thing Needed Is a Vacuum—Exhaust the Air From the Tube Which Carries the Wire, and You Have It—That Is, Until You Wake Up Again.

"I've got the greatest thing in the world," remarked a prosperous looking individual who walked into the office of one of the most prominent consulting engineers and electricians in the country as an Express reporter was sitting in the outer office.

"What is it?" asked the engineer.

"I'll tell you," responded the prosperous looking man. "It's an invention"—here the engineer began to look bored, but he smiled politely and his visitor continued—"an invention that will revolutionize the business of transmitting electric power."

Now if there is one thing that this particular engineer is more interested in or knows more about than anything else, it is this same subject of the transmission of electric power. He began to look a little more interested and urged his visitor to tell him what the scheme was and also to inform him what he could do for him.

"Well, before I describe the invention," said the prosperous man, "I'll tell you what we've done. We've discovered a way to transmit power with absolutely no loss in transmission—abso-lute-ly no loss. Do you realize what that means?"

"It means you'll own the earth if you've got it," remarked the engineer.

"Correct!" exclaimed the prosperous man. "As you so aptly put it, we'll own the earth. You will notice I do not admit that there is any doubt about the proposition. We know what we have got. We have seen it work. There's millions in it!"

"What tests have you made?"

"Tests? Why, my dear sir, we have made the most exhaustive tests. We have built a mile of conduit, sir, and the most delicate instruments fail to detect the slightest loss of power in transmission. Oh, there is no question that the process works to perfection! Now, what I want you to do is to give us your opinion on it. Study the subject, give your opinion in writing, and we'll pay you handsomely."

"Well, tell me what your process is and I'll see what I think of it," said the engineer. "If I think you have a practicable thing, I'd like to see your experimental line in operation."

"That's the way I like to hear you talk, sir; shows you are a conservative man, sir. I wouldn't give a rap for the opinion of a man who jumps at conclusions, sir. Now, I'll tell you what this great invention consists of. It's a vacuum—nothing but a vacuum. You know a vacuum is the most perfect insulation, don't you? Put a vacuum around a wire and the electricity can't get away. Moisture can't get at the wire. Air can't get at it. Vacuum'll keep the current on the wire, won't it?"

The engineer allowed that a vacuum, if a good one, might be of value for insulating purposes.

"Well," continued the prosperous looking man, "we just take this vacuum idea and carry it to its ultimate conclusion, understand—to its last analysis, so to speak. It's easy enough to surround a wire with a vacuum. All you've got to do is to put the wire in a tube and pump the air out of a tube, isn't it? Well, suppose you pump away until you've got all the air out; you've got your wire insulated, haven't you? Can't lose any current, can you? But that's all. You've got the resistance of the wire to deal with, and that's where you lose energy. That is where our discovery comes in. We know why the resistance exists, and from that it's easy to learn how to cure it.

"Take a copper wire. Copper's made up of molecules, isn't it? Molecules keep vibrating all the time, don't they—never stay still, never remain in contact? You know all about that. Well, there must be something between those molecules, then, isn't there? There is, and that something is air. That's what the electricity don't like—can't pass through the air. Now, suppose you take the air from out between the molecules, what happens? Molecules remain at rest—stay in contact. Electricity goes through without any obstruction, and there you are—no loss of current at all. Logical, isn't it?"

The engineer was getting faint, but he found voice enough to admit that the theory was certainly ingenious.

"I knew you'd say so," said the enthusiastic visitor. "Now, it only remains to extract the air, and that's what we've done—got an airpump that'll pump all the air out from between the molecules of a copper wire. We've done it—done it on a mile of wire, sir. Took a mile and a furlong to cover a mile, because the wire shortened up when the molecules crowded together. That's what we've done, sir, and I think you'll agree with me that we've got the greatest invention of the ages, won't you?"

The engineer gasped for breath and then diplomatically told the stranger that he would do a little figuring in the scheme to see how much money it would save in a year and send a report in writing on the merits of the project. As the visitor bowed himself out the engineer turned to The Express reporter and remarked:

"Did you get on to that? That's only a sample. If there's one crank comes to my office in a day, there are a dozen. Every one is crazy on electricity, and they all think they have invented the very thing that Edison and Tesla and all the rest have failed to obtain. It wouldn't do for me to tell a man like that there was nothing in his wild project of pumping air out of the interstices between the molecules of a copper wire. He simply wouldn't have believed me and would have spent hours trying to demonstrate that his invention was practical."—Buffalo Express.

HIGH HEELS IN EGYPT.

Slippers Seem to Be In High Favor With Cairo Women.

It is hard to find a neat, well fitting shoe in Cairo, because the woman of the fellah class goes barefooted and the woman of the harem wears slippers. Egypt has no middle class of a size to count for anything. The shoe, when one discovers it, is too broad for the foot of a European. It is round toed and without an instep, for the use of a splay footed generation. It has either no heel or else one that puts the "common sense" models to shame. It is a clumsy adaptation of its European prototype, useful, probably, but certainly not ornamental.

The slipper is a different thing. In its lowest state it is bright colored. It is a thing of the soil and seems a part of the foot that has shuffled along in it for centuries. The cheaper slippers worn by the women of Cairo are a vivid red or yellow. They are very loose, but are too flexible to be altogether awkward. They have soles almost as thin as paper and no heels. To walk in them is an art that can't be learned in one generation, but needs to be developed through heredity, for they are always trodden down at the back, and it takes toes as clever as fingers to hold them in position.

But Egyptian women can jump as nimbly as others from extreme to extreme, and every mother's daughter of them who can afford it wears stiltlike Louis Quinze heels. The women of the wealthier classes are odd sights in their batlike, black cloaks and white yakmaks, tilting through the streets with a liberal display of pink silk stockings and blue satin slippers that look fitter for a ballroom. Feet are all that a veiled woman can display, and she makes the most of them. In the narrow streets that lead from the muski one may see in a ten minutes' walk any morning stockings and slippers of all the hues of the rainbow. The shapeless silk cloaks that are universal for outdoor wear are cut conveniently short to display black slippers embroidered with gold, white slippers beaded with blue, yellow satin slippers with white lace rosettes and dozens of red silk slippers with black beading. In Matarieh, Helouan and other suburban villages, where many of the pashas keep their harems, so that their wives may not buy out the jewelers' bazaars of Cairo, the display of footgear is even more striking.

The women who have the largest fortunes invested in stockings and slippers are not apparently young and are oftener than not of unwieldy figures. The feet of Egyptian women are not small, and these gay slippers are apt to be in big sizes. They are frequently soiled and spotted, for the streets of Cairo are dirty, but they add to the picturesqueness of outdoor life and to one's appreciation of the ingenuity of women.—New York Tribune.

RUSSIAN HUNTING DOGS.

The Laikas Furnish Food, Draw Sledges and Supply Clothing to Their Owners.

Harding Cox writes about laikas, or the northern dogs, to the London Field.

"The duties of the true laika," he says, "are of an extremely varied nature. Among the Chinese about 1,000,000 are eaten every year, while in Russia the beast is trained for all sorts of hunting—squirrels, bear, deer, snipe, capercailzie, ermine, sable, and all the other beasts are taken with them, even the wolves. It is estimated that nearly 1,000,000 rubles' worth of game is taken every year with the aid of the laikas in Russia. Prince Schirinsky, a Russian noble, is trying to get a cross between the laika and some setter or retriever, believing that he would thereby obtain a dog which would make as nearly a perfect hunting dog as is possible.

"In the polar swamps the laikas are used in drawing sledges, as well as hunting, by the natives, while their warm pelts are made to serve as coats and trousers.

"The laika has an upright, pointed ear, which the dog pricks when excited. The muzzle is long and sharp, but powerful, set to a broad forehead. The body is strong and at the quarters broad and powerful. The ribs are big and long. The chest is deep and broad. The legs are for running, while the coat is thick, having 'cotton' under the hair, which makes it warm.

"The chief colors are from black and black and tan to grayish, but the dogs are never spotted in the pure blood. A few of these dogs can stop a bear or anything else easily. The dogs are just short of two feet higher."

Artificial Petroleum.

Among the achievements of science is the production of petroleum from linseed oil by distillation under pressure. Two theories have been held as to the origin of petroleum. One is that it is of vegetable, the other of animal origin. It is not unlikely that it may be a combination of both. Animal and vegetable oils filter through the ground and might by changes in the chemical laboratory of nature produce this substance. At all events, the fact is significant and interesting, especially as several petroleum hydrocarbons have resulted from the experiments as noted.—New York Ledger.

Bunkoed.

The elephant trumpeted loudly.

"What's the trouble?" asked the chimpanzee.

"Some body's worked the shell game on me," replied the pachyderm as he threw away the bag of empty peanut shells which had just been handed to him.—Philadelphia North American.

The Real Estate Man's Pet Story.

Opdike (discussing their new flat)—The real estate agent said that my wife and I could have the flat for $25 a month, but that he would charge any [illegible] $20.

[illegible]—That was the offer he [illegible] and my wife when we thought [illegible].—Brooklyn Eagle.

LOOKED LIKE A SKIN.

HOW MORRISSEY AND SCOVEL BEAT A PAT STRAIGHT AND THREE ACES.

Raises at the Proper Time and of Correct Amounts Did the Trick—Morrissey Got $1,090 Out of the Pot, Scovel Got the Rest and the Others Got Left.

The passing of the Crystal saloon. Gone, but not forgotten. Erected in 1798. Razed only a few days ago. The Crystal saloon, which adjoined the Frear House, was for over 40 years the principal and about the only rendezvous for sporting men in this city. It was the resort of such well known men as John Morrissey, John Daly, Colonel Jim Scovel and others. Stories have been told of plays of faro when the limit was the sky, and where the checks were piled on a card as high as the ceiling.

Many good stories are told of big games played in the Crystal. One of the best is of the great poker game in which the late John Morrissey and Colonel Jim Scovel were the two important players. It was nearly 30 years ago. It was a bleak December night. This was before Scovel was sent to the United States senate by the Jerseyites, and when Morrissey was at the height of his prominence. It was a six handed game of draw. The game had been lagging on for three hours without any excitement. Morrissey was about $3,000 winner. Scovel was a loser of about half that much. The play which made this story came up about 2 o'clock in the morning. John was the dealer, Scovel sat to his left and was the first man to speak. It was a $20 "jack."

"Pass," said the big colonel, never looking at his hand.

The next man did the same as Scovel, but the player who followed him opened it for $120, the size of the pot. The next man stayed, the next passed, and when it came to Morrissey he tilted it $360. It was now Scovel's turn. There was $820 now in the center. Scovel was a poker player of the old school. He would lay down fours as quickly as the amateur would draw four cards to an ace when it cost $100, and he would play a three card flush if the pot was worth winning at all. Scovel looked at his hand when Morrissey had finished putting in the checks. He stared at John for a few moments, all the time fumbling his checks, and then in a cool way went down in his inside pocket and pulled out a large wallet.

"I'll raise you $810," Jim said.

The man who had opened the pot saw both raises, for he sat with a nice pat straight in his hand, and the next fellow put in $1,170. Morrissey was nonplused when it came to him. It was at least 15 minutes before he put in the $810.

"I'm in so much I might as well stay," he remarked, as he picked up the deck. "How many, Jim?"

"Three," answered Scovel, "and see that they are good ones."

"Oh, I've got you beat," chirped John, as he dealt out the required number.

"I'll play these," was the answer of the man who held the pat straight.

"That's a good thing," said Morrissey, looking in a surprised way at the man.

"Give me two," was the order of the next man, and he got them.

"Well, I only want one, and I don't need it at that," remarked Morrissey, as he took the top card.

The man who had opened was one of those men who are always afraid of a one card draw, and he merely chipped in 25 cents. The next man was there with three aces cold, and he threw a $50 greenback in the center. It was now Morrissey's turn. He had "skinned" his hand off two or three times.

"Five hundred better," said he, without moving a muscle.

During the play Scovel had been leaning back in his chair watching his opponents. The "gallery," which is the name used for the spectators who congregate around the table, was more excited than the players. The center of the table was piled with bills.

"It seems like a shame," exclaimed Scovel, "but I'm going to raise you $2,500, John," and suiting the action to the word he counted off that amount in bills and threw it in the middle.

The man with the pat straight passed without hesitating, and the next with three aces concluded that his hand wasn't worth $3,000 more, so he, too, dropped out.

"How about splitting the pot, Jim?" asked Morrissey.

"Never," replied Scovel, "but I'll let you take your last raise out."

"Make it $1,000," said Morrissey, "and I'll go you."

"All right," said Scovel. "What'd you have?"

"A lulla-pa-loosa," answered big John, and threw his hand to Scovel. There was a jack of hearts and a deuce, tray, four and five of diamonds.

Scovel turned his hand over and showed the jack of diamonds, queen of hearts, jack and seven of clubs, and ace of spades; he had a solitary pair of jacks. Talk about consternation. The man who had passed on three aces made the air blue, and the pat straight fellow fell unconscious. Scovel treated the house and took a cab to Albany. "If I had only thought you was bluffing," said Morrissey, "I'd have sent you to Philadelphia on a freight train."

There was $8,071 in the pot, which Scovel won with a pair of jacks.—Troy Observer.

The great wall of China is 1,500 miles long and traverses high mountains, deep valleys and, by means of arches, wide rivers. The foundations and corners are of granite, but the principal part is of blue bricks. The last official account of the population of China gives a total of upward of 400,000,000.

The waste land of the United Kingdom, including mountains, heath and common, is estimated at 40 per cent.

SHERIFF'S SALE.

Province of British Columbia, Nelson, West Kootenay, to-wit:

BY VIRTUE of a Warrant of Execution issued out of the County Court of Kootenay, at Nelson, in the suit of Anthony D. McGinty, Plaintiff, Archibald B. Docksteader, and to me directed against the goods and chattels of the Plaintiff, I have seized and taken in execution all the right, title and interest of said Plaintiff, Anthony D. McGinty, in the Tiptop, Maggie and Nellie D mineral claims, situated about 2½ miles east of Cody, in the south fork of Carpenter creek, in the Slocan Mining Division, and recorded in the Mining Recorder's office at New Denver, B. C. To recover the sum of $71.30, amount of said execution, besides sheriff's poundage, costs and all other legal incidental expenses, all of which I shall expose for sale, or sufficient thereof to satisfy said Judgment Debt and Costs, at the front of the Court House, Nelson, on the 15th day of January, A. D. 1898, at the hour of 11 o'clock in the forenoon.

Dated, New Denver, Dec. 23d, 1897.

WILLIAM P. ROBINSON,
Deputy Sheriff.

Note: Intending purchasers will satisfy themselves as to interest and title of said defendants.

SHERIFF'S SALE.

Province of British Columbia, Nelson, West Kootenay, to-wit:

BY VIRTUE of a Warrant of Execution issued out of the County Court of Kootenay at Nelson, in the suit of Kate W. Terrill, Plaintiff, and William Karr, W. Wilson and D. Karr, Defendants, and to me directed against the goods and chattels of the Plaintiff, I have seized and taken in execution all the rights, title and interest of said plaintiff, Kate W. Terrill, in the Apis mineral claim, situated near the city of Sandon, B. C., and recorded in the Mining Recorder's office at New Denver, B. C., to recover the sum of $82.05, amount of said execution, besides sheriff's poundage, costs, and all other legal incidental expenses, all of which I shall expose for sale, or sufficient thereof to satisfy said Judgment Debt and Costs, at the front of the Court House, Nelson, on the 15th day of January, A. D. 1898, at the hour of 11 o'clock in the forenoon.

Dated, New Denver, Dec. 23d, 1897.

WILLIAM P. ROBINSON,
Deputy Sheriff.

Note: Intending purchasers will satisfy themselves as to interest and title of said defendants.

CERTIFICATE OF IMPROVEMENTS

Reciprocity Mineral Claim.

Situate in the Slocan Mining Division of West Kootenay District. Where located: Twenty five miles west of Kootenay Lake and about 10 miles east of Slocan Lake, and about four miles south of Seaton Creek, a westerly extension of the Maid of Erin.

TAKE NOTICE, that I, Charles A. Stoess of Kaslo, B. C., acting as agent for the Slocan Reciprocity Mining Co., foreign, free miner's certificate Fo. 84,829, 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 as under Section 37 must be commenced before the issuance of such certificate of improvements.

Dated this 30th day of November, 1897.

Lillian No. 4 Mineral Claim.

Situated in the Slocan Mining Division of West Kootenay District. Where located: On Payne Mountain slide.

TAKE NOTICE, that I, Charles A. Stoess of Kaslo, B. C., acting as agent for the Slocan Reciprocity Mining Co., foreign, free miner's certificate No. 84,829, 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 30th day of November, 1897.

Ocean Mineral Claim.

Situate in the Slocan Mining Division of West Kootenay District. Where located: Near Maid of Erin on Payne Mountain adjoining said claim on West.

TAKE NOTICE, that I, Charles A. Stoess of Kaslo, B. C., acting as agent for D. W. Moore, free miner's certificate No. 4590A and Jas. Waugh, free miner's certificate No. 77,622, 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 30th day of November, 1897.

Silver Star Mineral Claim.

Situate in the Slocan Mining Division of West Kootenay District. Where located: On Four Mile Creek at mouth of Granite Creek, adjoining the Mountain Boomer.

TAKE NOTICE that I, R. E. Palmer, acting as agent for the Vancouver Group Mining Co., free miner's certificate No. 94120, 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 18th day of November, 1897.

R. E. PALMER, P. L. S.

Vancouver Fraction Mineral Claim.

Situate in the Slocan Mining Division of West Kootenay District. Where located: On south side of Four Mile Creek, adjoining the Vancouver No. 2 and the Zilor claims.

TAKE NOTICE that I, Robert E. Palmer, acting as agent for the Vancouver Group Mining Co., free miner's certificate No. 94120, 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 18th day of November, 1897.

R. E. PALMER, P. L. S.

Napier Mineral Claim.

Situate in the Slocan Mining Division of West Kootenay District. Where located: On south side of Four Mile Creek, adjoining the Mountain Boomer on the west.

TAKE NOTICE that I, Robert E. Palmer, acting as agent for the Vancouver Group Mining Co., F. M. C. No. 94120, 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 18th day of November, 1897.

R. E. PALMER, P. L. S.

Inverness Mineral Claim.

Situate in the Slocan Mining Division, West Kootenay District. Where located: On Red Mountain about two miles northwest from and about nine miles from the mouth of the North Fork of Carpenter Creek.

TAKE NOTICE, that I, Robert E. Palmer, of Sandon, acting as agent for John Brown, of Sandon, free miner's certificate No. 79098 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 4th day of November, 1897.

R. E. PALMER, P. L. S.

Ajax Fraction Mineral Claim.

Situate in the Slocan Mining Division of West Kootenay district. Where located: On West Fork of Noble Five slide, 1900 feet from summit of R. E. Lee Mountain, a relocation of and Duluth on the south by Ajax and Crown Point, east by Treasure Vault, west by Rushford and Lee Fraction.

TAKE NOTICE. That I, E. J. Matthews, acting as agent for Wm. Braden, free miner's certificate No. 76,135, 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 25th day of November, 1897.

Badger State Mineral Claim.

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

TAKE NOTICE That I, George Alexander, free miner's certificate No. 74090, 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 4th day of January, 1898.

Ricardo Mineral Claim.

Situate in the Slocan Mining Division of West Kootenay District. Where located: South side of Four Mile Creek adjoining the Zilor on the West.

TAKE NOTICE That I, Robert E. Palmer, acting as agent for the Vancouver Group Mining Co., F. M. C. No. 94120, 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 18th day of November, 1897.

R. E. PALMER, P.L.S.

American Girl Mineral Claim.

Situate in the Slocan Mining Division of West Kootenay District. Where located: Adjoining the Queen Bess claim on the east about two miles south of Three Forks.

TAKE NOTICE That I, Robert E. Palmer, acting as agent for Wm. Glynn, F. M. C. No. 85255, and James H. Moran, F. M. C. No. 83046, 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 11th day of November, 1897

R. E. PALMER, P. L. S.

First Extension Mineral Claim.

Situate in the Slocan Mining Division of West Kootenay District. Where located: Lying south of the Young Dominion claim on Howson Creek about two miles south of the Idaho Concentrator.

TAKE NOTICE That I, Robert E. Palmer, acting as agent for Wm. Glynn, free miner's certificate No. 85255, 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 11th day of November, 1897.

R. E. PALMER, P.L.S

Midnight Fractional Mineral Claim.

Situate in the Slocan Mining Division of West Kootenay District. Where located: On Mt. Adams, adjoining the Adams and Britomarte two miles southwest of Sandon.

TAKE NOTICE that I, Robert E. Palmer, acting as agent for the Adams British Columbia Co. Ltd, free miner's certificate No. 6335 A, intend sixty days from the date hereof to apply to the Mining Recorder for a certificate of improvements for the purpose of obtaining a Crown grant 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 11th day of November, 1897.

R. E. PALMER, P.L.S.

Pelly Mineral Claim.

Situate in the Slocan Mining Division of West Kootenay District. Where located: On Four Mile Creek, near mouth of Granite Creek, adjoining the Mountain Boomer.

TAKE NOTICE that I Robert E. Palmer, acting as agent for the Vancouver Group Mining Co., F. M. C. No. 94120 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 18th day of November, 1897;

R. E. PALMER, P. L. S.

Concord Mineral Claim.

Situate in the Slocan Mining Division of West Kootenay District. Where located: Adjoining the Young Dominion on the north, about 1½ miles south of the Idaho concentrator.

TAKE NOTICE that I, Robert E. Palmer acting as agent for Jas. H. Moran, F. M. C. No. 83046, John A. Finch, F. M. C. No. 79531, Wm. Glynn, F. M. C. 85255, and Peter Larsen, F. M. C. No. 83717, 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 11th day of November, 1897.

R. E. PALMER, P.L.S.

NOTICE.

NOTICE is hereby given that 90 days after date I intend to apply to the Chief Commissioner of Lands and Works for permission to purchase the following parcel of land situated on the east side of Slocan Lake, Slocan Mining Division, West Kootenay District, commencing at the southwest post of A. M. Wilson's pre-emption, thence running north 40 chains, thence running west to the Nakusp & Slocan Railway right of way, thence running south along the line of the Nakusp & Slocan Railway right of way to the northwest corner of the townsite of Rosebery, thence east to the point of commencement, containing 80 acres, more or less.

Dated, Nov. 28th, 1897.

A. M. BEATTIE.

NOTICE

Sixty (60) days after date I intend to apply to the Chief Commissioner of Lands and Works for permission to purchase the following described land: Commencing at S. Walker's northwest corner post, running north forty (40) chains, following the Columbia river, thence east eighty (80) chains, thence south forty (40) chains, thence west eighty (80) chains, and containing three hundred and twenty (320) acres of land, more or less.

ELLEN McDOUGALD.

Dated this 11th day of November, 1897.

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 17	"
" 9 51 "	Whitewater		" 2 03	"
" 10 03 "	Bear Lake		" 1 43	"
" 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

For cheap railroad and steamship tickets to and from all points, apply to

S. CAMPBELL, Agent, Sandon.

F. W. GROVES,

CIVIL and MINING ENGINEER,
Provincial Land Surveyor.

Underground Surveys. Surface and Aerial Tramways. Mineral claims sur-

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.
9:20 a.m.	NELSON	5:35 p.m
12:00 "	ROSSLAND	2:50 "
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.

INTERNATIONAL NAVIGATION & TRADING CO., LTD.

Strs International and Alberta

On Kootenay Lake and River.

Time Card in Effect Oct. 1st, 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.

BONNER'S FERRY AND KOOTENAY RIVER SERVICE.

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

Lv. Kaslo, Sat., 4.00 p.m; Ar. Boundary, Sun. midnight; At. 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 connection at Bonner's Ferry with trains East bound, leaving Spokane 7.40 a.m., and West bound, arriving Spokane 7 p.m.

The last trip this season on the Bonner's Ferry route will be on the 6th and 7th November after which date the Bonner's Ferry service will be discontinued.

GEORGE ALEXANDER, Gen'l Mgr

Head Office at Kaslo, B.C.

Kaslo, B C., Oct. 1, 1897

Atlantic Steamship Lines.

	From Montreal
California, Allan Line	——
Parisian, "	——
Carthaginian "	——
Labrador, Dominion Line	——
Vancouver, "	——
	From New York
Umbria, Cunard Line	——
Etruria "	——
Campania, "	——
Majestic, White Star Line	——
Teutonic "	——
St. Paul, American Line	——
St. Louis, "	——
State of Nebraska, Allan State Line	——
Southwark, Red Star Line	——
Noordland, "	——

Cabin $45, $50, $60, $70 $80 and upwards.
Intermediate $30 and upwards.
Steerage $25.50 and upwards.

Passengers Ticketed through to all points in Great Britain or Ireland, and at Specially low rates to all parts of the European Continent.

Prepaid Passages arranged from all points.

Apply to A. C. McARTHUR, C.P.R. Agent Sandon, or

WILLIAM STITT

MINING RECORDS.

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.

JAN 10—Texas Boy Fraction, Four Mile, J E Barrett and J Nunn; Edith, Houson, George Manson.

ASSESSMENTS.

JAN 4—Mollie O.

JAN 5—Alabama.

JAN 8—Nettie Fraction.

TRANSFERS.

JAN 4—Rainbow ½, S L Goldberg to John H Werely, Jan 4.

JAN 5—Young Dominion ½, Devonport ½, A E Price to J W Boyd, Jan 5.

Little Jumbo, Gipsy, Good Hope, Shakespeare ¼ in each, Levi W Hedrick to Francis O'Reilly, Dec 17.

Same—Frank Savage to same, Dec 17.

JAN 7—Lake Shore ½, Randolph Sarders to E J Robie and J W Salminen. Jan 7, $50.

JAN 8—Conder ¼ to each, F G Fauquier, to A E Fauquier, Chas S Rashdall and Edward Stewart, Dec 16, $10.

JAN 10—Billy D, J H Corry to A E Fauquier, July 22.

Mountain Nymph ¼, M Arnold to R S Hart, Jan 5.

SLOCAN CITY DIVISION.

TRANSFERS.

JAN 1—Montezuma ½, R M Covington to S T Walker.

JAN—Viking No 2 and Phœnix Fraction, Geo H Aytary to Viking Gold Mining Co.

AINSWORTH DIVISION.

LOCATIONS.

DEC 29—Ancharo, A McBanting; Silver King, same; Selkirk, A R Macdonald.

ASSESSMENTS.

DEC 29—Good Hope Fractional, W R Winstead.

CERTIFICATE OF IMPROVEMENTS.

DEC 28—Montezuma, Mexico, Charleston.

Permission of gold commissioner to apply $500 worth of work done on Montezuma to Mexico for the purpose of obtaining a crown grant.

TRANSFERS.

DEC 30—Mogul ½, J N Franklin to C W Greenlee.

Mogul Fractional ½, same to same.

Mogul ½, J H Moran to N K Franklin.

Mogul Fractional ½, N S Tucker to same.

Silver Bell, Norfolk, S & F Fraction, Simcoe, Green Crown, G C Spearing, R McDonald, E Todd, M Johnson, L L Workman to The London Consolidated Gold Fields Exploration & Mining Co, Ltd, Lia., $99,790.

Extension of time to April 1st on option to J A Mitchell of Kingston and Corean.

Alaska, Petra, W R Parnell to S D Landecker.

Lavina, Iron Cap and Ruthie Bell 5/32, L B Booker to Alphersyn Booker, $2,152.50.

Horsefly, Portland, Waverley ¼, C L Brush to C K Henry.

Myrtle R, Tennie C, option to purchase or acquire, J L Montgomery to S L Retallack, and from J L Retallack to J Roderick Robinson the same privilege.

Alaska ½, S D Landecker to J J Casey.

Pontiac and Tecumsie, ¾ J L Alexander to Martin J Heathall.

Power of attorney from Martin Heath to Francis Heath to bargain, sell or transfer the Pontiac and Tecumsie.

NEWS IN PLACE

Twenty-five tons of ore were shipped this week from the Howard Fraction to Nelson.

A car load of ore is on the dock at Slocan City ready for shipment, brought down from the Cameronian.

Mr. D. M. Crowley's lecture on the subject "Around the World to the Klondike," will be given Friday evening, Jan. 14th, replete with 140 lime light views.

Divine service in the Presbyterian church next Sunday, Jan. 16, at 7.15. Bible class at 3 p.m. Everybody welcome. Services conducted by W. J. Booth.

Divine services will be held in the Methodist church on Sunday, Jan. 16th, as follows: Morning at 11; subject, "Fellowship in service." Evening at 7:15; subject, "Sin and its Conquest." Preacher, R. N. Powell. All are invited. Everybody welcome.

A lecture will be given in the Presbyterian church by Rev. Robt. Frews, of Nelson, on Tuesday evening, the 18th inst., at 8 o'clock. The subject will be, "Robert Burns," with some instrumental music. Mr. Frews comes to us with a good reputation as a lecturer. Do not fail to hear him. Tickets, adults 50c., children, 25c.

A car load of ore was shipped from the Republic last week. The ore went to the Hall Mines smelter and is expected to average 200 ounces silver In the west drift, off the 100-foot tunnel the owners of the Republic claim to have 18 inches of high grade ore. The Republic is another of the properties in this vicinity which was bonded, thrown up and afterwards made to pay dividends.

Allan's pack train last week commenced rawhiding a car load of ore from the Two Friends. This will be the first ore shipped from the ledge recently struck. The Two Friends was thrown up by a Vancouver company as being valueless. Over 10 tons of ore are now down from the mine, and nearly two car loads are on the dump ready to be brought down. Manager J. B. Callahan reports the property looking splendid.

Quotations Will Be Furnished.

Denver, Jan. 5.—A special to the News from Aspen, Colo., says:

Shortly after noon to-day the Aspen mine managers were informed by Superintendent Dickey of the Western Union Telegraph Company that the matter of New York silver quotations had been taken up with Handy & Harmon and that he would advise them later regarding the result. This evening Superintendent Dickey wired them that the Western Union would obtain from the Associated Press or some other source and send out daily the New York spot cash silver quotations to Aspen for the benefit of all who wanted them.

This is believed hear to mean that Handy & Harmon have refused to furnish the cash quotations.

ANOTHER RECO DIVIDEND.

On January 7 another $100,000 dividend was declared by the Reco mine near Sandon, making the total dividends paid to date $287,000, of which $250,000 was since January 1, 1897. S. M. Wharton, one of the owners of the mine, has said that another $100,000 dividend will be declared within 60 days.

THE CENTRE STAR RESTRAINED.

Not Allowed to Sink on the Iron Mask Property.

The Center Star and Iron Mask property at Rossland have mixed again and another injunction has been served. The Center Star is the victim of the restraining order this time.

It will be remembered that the Center Star passed beyond the side line of the claim into Iron Mask ground in pursuit of a ledge which it was claimed apexed on Center Star ground, the result being that the workings of the two mines came together and the court enjoined the Iron Mask from further work at that point. Justice Walkem made the injunction permanent and an appeal was taken to the full bench, but owing to illness of a justice the case has not been heard. In the mean time the Centre Star proceeded to sink a shaft on the disputed vein to demonstrate its right to the lower working under the law of extra lateral rights which was in force when the claim was located. Work has been pushed on this shaft, but the Iron Mask people concluded that the Center Star had gone far enough to demonstrate its rights, if it have any in the matter, and consequently secured the injunction in Victoria to stop further sinking. It is probable that the whole matter will come up for settlement at an early day in Victoria.

ROMANTIC WESTERN MARRIAGE.

Where There's a Will There's a Way. But this Time it Was by Water.

Sunday last was the day set for the marriage of handsome Jack Suter, First Mate of the steamer Slocan and Miss Alice Finnie, the belle of Rosebery. But the ceremony was delayed for some hours on account of the devine from Nakusp not putting in his appearance on the 3.30 train as arranged for. There being no other officials in town than a J. P. and a telegraph operator, whose combined efforts, even with the postmaster as witness, were not considered strong enough to draw the noose tight enough. On serious consideration as to the urgency of the occasion, the gallant tar, nothing daunted, secured a row boat and tenderly placing his intended in the stern of the skiff, in charge of the tiller with her sister aft, doffed his wedding coat and pointed the white hull toward New Denver—and it is said that the trial trip of the Slocan wasn't in it. On arriving at New Denver a minister was soon found and they are now the recipients of many congratulations.

ROSEBERY RIPLETS.

The site for the British Columbia Ore Sampling Company's works is being cleared by a large force of men, under Contractor Cooke, and is expected to be complete at the expiration of this month.

The C.P.R. turn table is very near finished.

The R. R. yard is full of loaded through cars for Slocan City, Nelson and Rossland, and the steamer Slocan is taxed to her full capacity—hauling the barge down the lake.

Mrs. Christie, wife of Chief Engineer Christie of the steamer Slocan, arrived from Vancouver this week to join her husband. Mr. and Mrs. Christie are finding some difficulty to secure a house.

Mr. Wright arrived from Butte, Montana, this week, and went out to his mine at the head of the lake, where he is interested with Swan Bros.

Mr. Beattie expects to have the plans and specifications of the ore sampler buildings at his office in a few days, and will immediatlely call for tenders for the coustruction.

A number of men are cutting cord wood here for Mr. Harris, of Sandon.

Lots are beginning to sell. Some are contempalting building.

CHURCH OF ENGLAND.

The Rev. Edwin S. W. Pentreath, Archdeacon of Columbia, visited New Denver last week accompanied by Rev. C. F. Gates, for the purpose of establishing a mission here. A meeting was held in the school house by those interested in the Church of England, and it was decided to hold a fortnightly service. The Wilson building has been secured and it will be provided with seats and transformed into a suitable church building. The congregation was organized by the name of St. Stephen's Mission. Messrs. Crowley, Gidbs, Spaul, with H. G. Jorand as secretary treasurer, were elected as a church committee. Rev. Yates will have charge of the district, residing either at New Denver or Slocan City.

Steamers for Klondike.

The London manager of the Canadian Pacific railroad confirms the report that the company has bought from the Union Steamship line the steamers Tartar and Athenian, formerly the favorite liners in the South African mail service. It is believed that they have been picked up cheap, and it is certain that they are well adapted for their work, which is the establishment of regular freight and passenger communication between Vancouver and Fort Wrangle, at the mouth of the Stickeen river. Each will do the trip within three days. They will start for Vancouver via the Cape of Good Hope in February, and in all probability will take out a fair number of passengers, as the company is arranging to boom them as the safest and cheapest means of getting to the Klondike.

Two Ways of Looking at it.

There is just something over $500,000 difference in the price which the Canadian Pacific Railway Company is willing to pay F. Aug. Heinze for his smelter and railway and the price which Heinze is holding out for. The Canadian Pacific company's experts valued the smelter and railways, exclusive of the land grants, at $550,000, but offered to pay $800,000. Heinze wanted $1,350,000.

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

OFF ON ANOTHER TANGENT.

Rossland Entering Upon Her Second and Substantial Boom.

Rossland, Jan. 10.—Rossland is now entering upon her second and more substantial boom. The events of the past 60 days have been of such magnitude and have followed each other so closely that even people living in the camp hardly appreciate their real significance. The mining deals and options made and taken in that time amount to not less than $6,000,000 and involve some of the greatest properties of the Trail creek district.

But in order to get a proper conception of the new era of prosperity which has set in here, it will be necessary to go a little further back than the deals just made, and begin with the purchase of the Monte Cristo. The buying of this property by a syndicate of Montreal and New York capitalists really marked the beginning of the new era for Rossland. It may not be generally known that the principal financial factor in this purchase, as well as in the more recent purchase of the Virginia, was John W. Mackay. The ostensible head of the syndicate purchasing these properties, as well as the Colonna, is Charles R. Hosmer, of Montreal, manager of the Canadian Pacific telegraph system, and one of the rising young financiers of Canada. He and Mackay are in the Commercial cable together, and are in very close touch. Mackay esteems Hosmer highly, and has been to him a most substantial friend. James F. Wardner induced Hosmer to take hold here almost a year ago, the result being the purchase of the Colonna by Hosmer and his friends. Wardner soon dropped out of the camp, but Hosmer remained, and to-day he and his friends, Mackay being chief among them, own the Colonna, Monto Cristo and Virginia, and are developing them on a large scale.

TRAIL CREEK MINES.

The Record of the Output of 1897 Shows Big Increase.

Rossland, Jan. 10.—The year starts in most auspiciously both for the Kootenay district and the Trail Creek mining division. The output for the district and the divisions for 1897 was simply phenomenal, aggregating the sum of $8,136,696. This is an enormous yield, when it is considered that the entire output of the lode mines of British Columbia for ten years previous to 1897 was only $8,067,352. The Trail Creek division played a most important part in bringing about this great result. This division alone produced $3,025,508. This is only a little short of the entire product of the lode mines of British Columbia for the year 1896, which aggregated $4,257,179. The total product of ore in Trail Creek division was 75,542 tons. Of this 72,842 tons was smelted and the balance, 2702 tons, milled.

The shipments for the first six months of the year, ending June 30, of the ore that was smelted, 30,008 tons, and for the last half of the year was 42,832 tons. The total product of 1895 was $902,457, and in the year 1896 it was $1,243,360. This, added to the production of 1897, $3,022,518, gives $5,171,322 as the grand total product of the mines of Trail Creek division for the three years. This is a phenomenal showing for a district which began to produce ore only three years ago.

Nor is this all. Besides the ore that was smelted and milled, there are some 60,000 tons of low grade ore lying on the dumps of the several mines. This was mined during the year, and will average at least $13 per ton. This second-class ore will be utilised just as soon as cheaper methods of reduction are brought into vogue. With the building into Rossland of the Crow's Nest Pass railway, which will be completed some time this year, there will come a reduction in the cost of coke and other smelter supplies. This will result in the cutting down of the cost of smelting, and then these ores can be marketed at a profit.

ANOTHER LE ROI DIVIDEND.

The Le Roi paid another dividend of $50,000 on January 12. It is the 22nd dividend paid by the company, and brings the total close to three-quarters of a million dollars, the exact figures being $750,000. The last dividend prior to this was declared at the meeting of the directors the first Tuesday in November, and was for the same amount. The company passed the dividend in December for the reason that the smelter at Northport had required the expenditure of a large sum of money and the output of ore, owing to development work in the mine, was not up to the usual amount.

The first shipments from the mine to the new smelter at Northport were made last week, and all the ore will go there in future.

CANADA'S MINERAL OUTPUT.

The detailed report of the geological survey upon statistics of mines and minerals for the year 1896 has been issued. It gives Canada's total mineral production for the year as $22,500,000, an increase of 125 per cent. in 10 years, the production in 1886 having been $10,000,000.

The increase of mineral production in the United States for the same decade was 40 per cent. The annual production per capita is $8 in the United States against $4.50 in Canada.

In the production of gold British Columbia stands credited with over 64 per cent. and Nova Scotia with over nine per cent. The North-West Territories, including the Yukon district, comes third with 13 per cent., and Ontario fourth with about five per cent. while Quebec contributes much under one per cent.

Not So Far as Alaska.

Beyond question the two most prosperous sections of the United States at the present time and for several years past are the copper districts of Lake Superior and Butte, Mont. Wages are as hige as before the panic of 1893, with more mines working, more men employed, larger production, cheaper cost of producing, and larger profits to the stockholders.

The principal, if not the sole reason for the good times enjoyed by the copper districts is found in the enormous foreign demand for the product of the mines. Of the 1896 Amerecan production, over 60 per cent. was exported, and for the first half of the past year the exports exceeded 58 per cent. of the output. The world's supply of visable copper continues slowly but steadily to decrease, being at present less than 33,000 tons, although the American mines have increased their production steadily for a number of years past. The outlook for the copper producers could hardly be better, for with a general revival of business in this country the domestic demand will be greatly increased and although the present price of the metal allows enormous profits, an enhanced demand will necessarily bring about higher prices, and as a consequence, larger profits.

During the past twelve months larger dividends have been paid by the Lake Superior mines than ever before in the same period of time. The great Calumet and Hecla, the richest mine in the world, led with dividends of $40 per share, a total of $4,000,000, followed by the Quincy with a round million of profits paid stockholders. The Tamarack paid $360,000, and the Osceola, Kersarge and Atlantic also paid handsomely.

For the year 1896 the production of refined copper by Michigan mines amounted to 138,396,760 pounds, worth approximately $15,000,000. This production was achieved by seventeen mines, nine of which were in Houghton, one Keweenaw and seven in Ontonagon county, the Central mine of Keweenaw county contributing 469,243 pounds, or about one-third of one per cent. of the total production, while the gross output of the seven Ontonagon-county mines was less than 120,000 pounds, and all was secured by "tributors," or miners who picked what copper could be found from the upper workings of abandoned mines. The Calumet and Hecla produced 85,552,756 pounds of refined copper, or two-thirds of the entire production of the state. Of the refined copper, a trifle over 25,000 tons was smelted at the works of the Calumet and Hecla at Black Rock, Buffalo, and something over 44,000 tons was refined at the smelters at Houghton.

The 1897 output of copper by the Lake district will probably reach or even exceed 75,000 tons, and the profit to the mining companies on this output will scarcely fall short of $7,000,000, after labor has been paid the highest wages found in any mining district east of the Rocky Mountains, wages from which the miners have saved sufficient to become themselves among the heaviest stockholders of the mines in which they work.

Want Protection for Lumber.

At a meeting of the British Columbia lumbermen held at Vancouver some days ago a resolution was passed that the Canadian government should place a duty on shingles and lumber unless the United States places them on the free list, as the Canadian government has done.

A Clincher.—Outraged Erin: Gintlemin, I wud loike to ashk thim Amerikins wan thing: Who doog the canals uv the coontry but furriners? Who built the railruds uv the coontry but furriners? Who worruks the mines uv the coontry but furriners? Who does the votin' fur the coontry but furriners? And who the divil dishcoovered the coutry but furriners?

MEN WANTED—To rent well-furnished room or cabins newly built. Save hotel fare and have a comfortable house for only $6 a month. Apply to Thompson, Mitchell & Co.

Johnny had been carefully brought up; anybody could see that. One day he sat upon his father's knee in a crowded steamer. A lady entered. "Madam," he said, as he rose to his feet, "take my seat."

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 privileges of the above.

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

Edwin Cummings,

KASLO, B.C.

Wholesale Dealer in

Liquors & Cigars,

All the best goods in stock.

V. R Bonded Warehouse. Write for prices.

The Rosebery Hotel

Is in Rosebery, B.C. and has Comfortable Accommodations For the public.

J. T. NAULT.

Black's Hotel

Sandon; B. C.

Has Steam Heat, Electric Light and every convenience for the comfort of guests. The house is . . . . .

First-class in every respect

and has few equals in the mountains of the West. The rates are

$2.50 TO $4.00 a day

Its Central Location and proximity to all railroad depots make it the headquarters for . . . . . .

Mining and Commercial Men

during their visits to the silver metropolis of Canada.

IRA W. BLACK,
PROPRIETOR.

AMERICAN BOY MINING & MILLING CO.

Rand & Wallbridge,

Mining and Stock Brokers,

Sole Agents for Sale of Treasury Stock.

SLOCAN HOTEL

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