



DAWSON LIFE

Pen Pictures of Scenes in the Arctic City at Night
Mid Revelry and Vice.

Dawson is not like the average Canadian camp. In Rosland, for instance, the poor workman must stand for hours in front of an inanimate slot machine in order to get rid of his day's wages. Neither is Dawson like the old, wild, wide-open camps of the Pacific coast, nor the more modern camp of Colorado. There are no deep-jungled loafers with long guns, and only a few with long hair, though it costs a dollar in Dawson to amputate one's tresses.

There is gambling, to be sure, wide open and free (if you have the dust), but it is all business, quiet, earnest business. There is no loud talking over the tables. Only the soft clink of glasses and the softer click of the chips that pass in the night, the burr of the roulette wheel and the swish of silken skirt, disturb the silent men who are crowding about the gambling tables—pushing their dust toward the till. They seem ever to be saying: "O, Mr. Gambler, please take my money and let me go to bed. I am so tired!" And he takes it, slowly, it seems at times, but very surely. All about in the wide hall where the men are speculating groups of miners are showing nuggets and discussing the probable richness of various creeks. Others are buying drinks for the "fairies" who sweep down the wide stairway that leads to the boxes overlooking the show. A card hangs on the swinging doors at the rear of the main room advertising a "Theatre—Admission 50 cents."

At one place we pushed the doors open, peeped in, coughed and backed out again. The foul air, bad tobacco, and the smell of spilled gin were too much even for my hardened friend, Thompson. To a woman who blew cigarette smoke and smiles in his face he said: "You are no lady."

I think he must have been wrong, for I am sure no gentleman would dress as that did. It was a pink bathing suit, short and starched natural stockings, sunset slippers and garters of gold. Its hair was the hue of a house on fire. After looking it over carefully for a moment Jim said it was what Klondikers call a "dream."

"Wash yer neck?" asked a miner, jerking his head towards the bar. "Oui," said the dream, and then she put a naked elbow on the board and called in a clear, confident voice, "High ball."

fitter's some prospectors are packing a train of burros. An English-Canadian calls us into the hotel to have a liquor with him. He has just finished his dinner. He has learned of a claim that is not yet staked, and is at this moment, 11:30 p.m., starting out to stake it. At the door are his two guides, and at their feet a couple of stout dogs, and in canvas panniers on their backs are food and drink for the men and their master, and feed for the dogs. It is 14 miles to the claim and 24 back, making 57 miles in all that this white-haired Briton must tramp by noon to-morrow, for he has just assured me that he will be back before the Victorian sails at 2 p.m.

These figures may seem a little confusing to people "outside," but I can assure the reader that they are correct and as near to the truth as the average statement of the average trailer over lands. These men are the mastodontic liars of the earth. I have already crossed swords with the trail liar and the raisin liar. The former was on the Edmonton trail six hundred days, during which time he ate nothing but ice cream made from the milk of the moose. The other fellow lived nine days on seven raisins. It is too bad. The mosquito liar is gone. He just simply pined away and died when he had seen and heard the trail liar and the raisin liar.

Here comes a man crying Puget Sound papers only eight days old. Behold him, in the gloaming, a man is carrying a basket of sliced watermelon; little crescents cut thinly from a six-inch shell, and he wants 25 cents a bite. Watermelon is cheap now. You can buy a whole one as big as a boy's head for \$2.50. They were \$10 earlier, and they were \$25 last year. In a little market a man is cutting a round steak for 75 cents a pound. Porterhouse is a dollar.

THE MERRY DANCE.
Across the street, three blocks away, a whole banner is stretched bearing this notice, in screaming red and black letters:

"Nigger Jim's Pavilion."

I am surprised to learn that Nigger Jim is a white man.

The noise that comes from this place resembles music. A man in his shirt sleeves is calling the figures of the dance. Sometimes he sings them, and this is his song. It must have originated in a cow camp.
Ladies your ladies, all together!
Ladies opposite the same!
Hit the lumber with your leather!
Balance all and swing your dame!
Bunch the heifers in the middle!
Circle stags and do-se-do!
Pay attention to the fiddle!
Swing her round and off you go!
First four forward! Back to places!
Second follow—shuffle back!
Now you've got it down to cases—
Swing 'em till their trotters crack!
Gents all right a-heel and toeing!
Swing 'em; kiss 'em, if you kin!
On to the next and keep a goin'
Till yer hit yer pard's ag'in!

Gents to centre; ladies round 'em!
Form a basket; balance all!
Whirl yer gals to where you found 'em!
Promenade around the hall!
Balance to yer pards and trot 'em!
Round the circle double quick!
Grab and kiss 'em while yer've got 'em!
Hold 'em to it if they kick!
Ladies, left hand to your somnies!
Alaman! Grand right and left!
Balance all, an' swing yer honnies—
Pick 'em up and feel their huffs!
Promenade like skeery cattle—
Balance and swing yer sweets!
Shake yer spurs an' make 'em rattle!
Kenoi! Promenade to seats.

about her once pretty mouth, her eyes are still beautiful, deep, dark and almost bewitching. But that light must fail soon. She is burning her candle rapidly.

If the prompter could be suppressed, and a blue-eyed brainless woman who screams occasionally would go to sleep, this camp, away up here in the shadows of the North Pole, would be as quiet as Jerusalem and almost as safe for a man or woman to walk about in.

A young man is dancing with a young woman in a long shirt. They appear to be perfectly happy. They are to be married after the ball, and they are going "outside."

A young man, with wide blue eyes and pale hair, is leaning on the end of the bar reading a poem to some friends.

When the poet had gone out I cultivated the barkeeper, who had a woman's diary in his vest pocket and her story by heart.

This is the story of the woman: They were married at Montreal under the rose. It rained flowers that day. The streets were crowded with carriages. It had been a case of love on sight with both of them, but they quarreled, as the best of lovers will, and he went away to the Klondike. She tried heroically to live without him, but she was a woman who could not live without love. So she followed him. He took the Edmonton trail. She went in over the White Pass and passed him on the way. When she had been ten days in Dawson she wrote in her diary: "Had one meal to-day, \$2.50; not ten cents left."

Three days later she wrote: "I'm hungry. Saw a man pay \$17 to-day for a head of lettuce that grew in a tomato can."

The next day: "I now feel that you have forsaken me. Six months—there is no trail as long as that. Well, I'm going to work to-night. The manager of the theatre has just left me. I am going to work in his theatre—to 'rustle the boxes,' he told me. I presume I am to take the coupons and show the people to their proper seats. But first we are to dine; at 8 o'clock, I think he said. Mon dieu! three hours more, and I have fasted three days. Two hours of the long, long night have passed. The candles are burning in the tents and cabins. Outside the snow is falling, softly, silently. I saw them lay a young woman to sleep in the snow to-day, and I envied her. It was a weird sight to see the people all muffled up like Eskimoes, and the mute, uncomplaining huskies hauling the black coffin across the white field.

"Far up the mouth of the Troanquick I hear a malamute mourning his master's absence. I wonder why dogs always howl after a funeral. God! was ever a land so lonely, so utterly lost in darkness? Even the winds go by on tiptoe! If they whisper they say 'Hush!' Not a sound comes to me save the 'mush, mush!' of the drivers and the mournful cry of the hungry dogs. Ah! my poor candle is going out. I must dress for dinner now without a light. It is still snowing. It snowed on our wedding day, you remember, mon cher. And you spent \$1,500 for flowers. Good-night."

That was all she ever wrote in her diary, but the barman, who had been her friend, and who had loved her without knowing her past—almost without knowing her—told us that she had been very unhappy in Dawson. One night they missed her at the theatre. The next night she failed to show up, and on the day following the manager called at her room. That afternoon he sent a doctor up, and two days later an undertaker.

And this man with the wide blue eyes and pale hair had been her husband. She had been dead a year when he came to camp. Now I understand the meaning of that melancholy chorus to his sad song:

"She had fifteen hundred dollars' worth of flowers at her wedding. The poor girl, at her funeral, She didn't have a flower."

The night winds that came down the Klondike were fresh and cool as we stepped from the smokedimmed Pavilion to the broad walk.

"what woman knows me here?" and then I caught the glimpse of a bright face laughing out of a storm of hair, and recognized a little lady who had come over on the Victorian. All day a man had been leading her by the hand. It is long past midnight now. They have finished their shopping and are going home. "Come on, dear," calls the man. "Yes, papa," says the maid, as she kisses her hand to me and romps away. Like the breeze that blows down from the gardens on the hill, her smile is pure and sweet.

She is eight years old.—Cy Warman, in N. Y. Sun.

SCHOOL REPORT.
The following is the standing obtained by the pupils attending the New Denver Public School for the month of April, 1900:

- 5th Class—W. R. Vallance, W. D. Thompson, J. A. Irwin.
- 4th Class—C. L. Irwin, C. M. Nesbitt, E. G. Irwin, H. Delaney, H. Macdonald, H. C. Baker, C. J. Vallance, F. Dingman.
- 3rd Class—R. Blumenauer, Eva Byrnes, Lola Koch, K. Delaney, G. Baker, C. Macdonald, Flora Clark.
- 2nd Class—E. Taylor, Jessie Cropp, M. L. Nesbitt, Ethel Gibbs, M. McInnis.
- Pt. II Class—Gracie Sutherland, Geo. Sprunt, H. Nelson, M. W. Sutherland, Gracie Williams, W. H. H. Clever.
- Pt. I, Primer—G. A. Vallance, C. Nelson, Artie Williams, S. A. Irwin, Mary Clever, B. Baker, D. Shannon, Vera Cropp, Ray Blumenauer, May Vallance, Bertie Williams, Lola Cook, Willie Nesbitt.

J. IRWIN, Teacher.

SLOCAN ORE SHIPMENTS.
The total amount of ore shipped from the Slocan from January 1, 1899, to June 30, 1899, was 15,113 tons. From July 1, 1899, to Dec. 31, 1899, the shipments were 4,310 tons. Following are the shipments from January 1, 1900, to April 28:

Week	Total
Payne	175
American Boy	3,038
Last Chance	428
Sunshine	20
Queen Bess	205
Rambler	437
Surprise	20
Whitewater	60
Ruth	18
Lucky Jim	75
Florida	16
B N A	16
Gibson	5
Bosun	20
Harney	20
Capella	7
Emily Edith	20
Vancouver	20
Enterprise	300
Arcturion	300
Black Prince	120
Wakefield	60
Total tons	395

WAS EVER THUS.

It was ever thusly. From Womplaton to Wimplepton, and Pumpkinville to Nincompton, history has failed to record the name of a town that has not been pestered in the same way. There are always a few men of some ability and good clothes who apparently believe the town owes them a living, because they grace it with their presence. While the thrifty, energetic citizens are plodding along, bringing money and business into the country, these no-goodies-dressgoodies take it upon themselves to dictate what the town should do and be, how its citizens should vote and think, and what should be the hours of labor for the laboring man.

It promises to be a hot summer and Williams is keeping his eye on Old Sol. When Sol makes the thermometer touch the high places Williams will deal out the frothy milk shake at a bit a drink. Ask for one of them when the atmosphere is hot, and life seems like a blister on the sands of time.

Trueman is Coming.
R. H. Trueman will be in New Denver with his tent Friday until Monday, May 4 to 7. Your chance for artistic photographs is now visible.

Along with the flowers in May come the green-hued onion and the tender lettuce. They are health preservers, and are handed out by Williams for an ordinary amount of the currency now becoming so apparent in New Denver.

SLOCAN NEWS

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

LOCAL CHIT-CHAT.

J. K. Clark visited Nelson last week. In Slocan City eggs are 17 cents a dozen.

Business is fast improving in all lines in the Slocan. Several good catches of fish were made on Sunday.

The Steamer Slocan averages 100 passengers a day.

P. J. Hickey is calling upon his family in Spokane. L. C. Morrison's hotel is open for business at Fire Valley.

Efforts are being made to establish a newspaper at Silvertown. Chas. Strickland and Ernie Brindle have gone to Wauchope.

Pleasure trips in the steam yacht Alert are already programmed. The St. James Hotel is putting in a piano for the pleasure of its guests.

Subscriptions are dropping in for THE LEDGER at the rate of 15 to 25 a week. A. B. Dockstader, of Cody, will be the Slocan returning officer at the coming elections.

Alex. Lucas, with a fine line of Conservatives samples, was drumming the Slocan last week.

Pat Hayes and Jud Rhorer are looking for yellow metal deposits in the Kettle river camp.

Divine service will be held in the Presbyterian church on Sunday at 11 a.m. All welcome.

Kasio barbers have decided to quit working on Sunday. Nothing is said about the other days.

Billy Harrington and many other pleasure visitors from Sandon were in the Lucerne on Sunday.

New Denver will continue to advance in spite of the blue-rin gas that a few wild cloud the air with.

Billy Donahue, of Sandon, and F. C. Holden, of Greenwood, will prospect Cape Nome this summer.

The Newmarket is noted for fish dinners. Henry believes in giving his boarders plenty of bran food.

John A. Turner has returned to Nelson from London and resumed his position as Gold Commissioner.

A Slocan football league was organized at Sandon last week. No provision has been made for an ambulance corp.

The fish in Slocan lake are intelligent. They always hide when the piscatorial brigade from Sandon raid their haunts.

Several new boats will be added to the Saunders' boat livery this spring. The demand is far greater than the supply.

Arthur R. Browne, whose company was interested in the Lucky Jim and other properties, died in England a few days ago.

Thomas Bros.' pack train is in operation between Fire Valley and Wauchope. Plenty of pack and saddle horses meet all boats.

All the available residences in town are occupied or spoken for, and it looks as if many more would have to be built to meet the demand.

grown well and should encourage others to try the experiment. Regular services will be held in the Methodist church Sunday, morning and evening.

The Sunday school children had their photos taken by Wadds Bros. on Monday. They are a group of happy, bright-eyed, pretty-frocked youngsters that would be a credit to any city.

Kasio expects a great time on the Queen's natal day. Elaborate preparations are being made for the entertainment of several thousand people from Sandon, Nelson, Silvertown and other places.

Wadds Bros. have done a very satisfactory business in New Denver the past few days. Their work is unsurpassed, and they are Kootenay's favorite photographers. They went to Silvertown on Wednesday.

Nelson continues to advance. Sixty amateurs produced Pinafore in that city last week, and the mutual admiration critics say that nothing equals the production in this province. What, never? Well, hardly ever.

Bill Hunter is jumping around these days like a cloud of gas in a bottle. He must be haunted by politics. Billy should stake a few more jackleg papers, and then rise up and offer himself as a martyr to public opinion.

B. Byrnes is applying for the water-right on the spring he discovered on the hillside opposite his residence on Union street. It is his intention to place a tank on the hillside and pipe the water to his grounds and into the house.

Keep the motion up! While a few are bobbing about like corks on the Pacific "shaping the political destinies" of the province, the great majority of New Denverites are saying nothing but working systematically to improve and otherwise advance the interests of the town. A few hours' hard work put into improvements is more valuable than months of this bubble-in-the-bottle political business.

And still the good work goes on. Saturday a few of the faithful got together and resumed work on the government block. A road grader and team were given for the day by W. C. Koch, and other teams by P. Angrignon and Hewer & Croft. The result of the day's work was a very noticeable improvement, and it will only require about a week's time to finish the job. Up to the present time the government has not contributed a cent towards the work.

SLOCAN MINERAL FLOAT.

The Vancouver resumed operations last week.

Work by contract is being done on the Bondholder.

Some alterations are being made in the Whitewater mill.

Mike Penrose has struck three inches of ore on the Lizzie, near McGuigan.

Plans have been prepared for a new depot at Denver siding. A stove goes with it.

W. S. Johnson, of Montreal, has bought a half interest in the Legal Tender, on Lemon creek, from Ben Robertson, for \$1,000.

Dan McGillivray, well-known in the Slocan, has been awarded the contract for building a \$200,000 ore dock at Michipicootin, on Lake Superior, for the Algoma Central Railway.

Work has commenced on the Ivanhoe mill. It will be erected on the Night-hawk mineral claim, near Sandon, and will have a capacity of 150 tons a day, making it the largest mill in B. C. When it is completed the Minnesota Silver Co. will have spent \$300,000 in the Slocan. When the mill is running it will no longer be long before all this money should be returned, under the able management of Phil Hickey.

SOLILOQUY OF ALKALI IKE.

Prepared especially for the eighth annual jollification of the Rocky Mountain Cornicutes by Charles F. Allen of the Class of '73.

I never went much on heaven, And nothin' at all on hell; I swear and fight, And I shoot at sight, I'm worse than a life to yell. I say I'm a holy terror, But what if I've guessed it wrong? I've laughed myself lame At the devil's name, But suppose he should happen along?

There is Lazy Man Jim and Billy, And Bony and me, and Cripps, That would fade and go Like the beautiful snow, Or a tenderfoot's stack of chips. I've kindled a fire with bibles, There's nothing I dassen't do; But what if the guys That believe in the skies Are a-givin' us something true.

I wonder how me and Bony Would look in a case like that? A-meetin' the rush With a bobtail flush, And the dominies staidin' par. I reckon they're only bluffin' Or thinkin' the cards is stacked, But I'd like to know Where the gang would go, If Gabriel did the act.

If ever old Hornie gets us, We'll never be cold again; We never will whine For the sun to shine, Or kick at a drop of rain. It seems to be awful funny, To think what the preachers said: But, Bony, if I, And if you have to fry— Well, wouldn't it kill you dead!

MRS. GOTROX'S INNOVATION.

Up-to-date Salon in American Society.

Scene—The white and gold drawing room of the Gotrox mansion. A banjo band is playing "I'd Leave My Happy Home for You," in ragtime. Time—The end of the nineteenth century or the beginning of the twentieth century. Either way. Persons of the Drama—The smart set and a few society people—struggling authors, artists, poets, actors, freaks, waiters and wine agents. Every one is talking at once. The hostess is conversing with Mr. Gettem, who is managing the salon. Puzzle—Find the host.

Mrs. Gotrox (nervously)—Well, I flatter myself that there is not much talent loose in New York to-night. Mr. Gettem—No; you got 'em all corraled, Mrs. Gotrox. I told you I could get 'em and I have got 'em. I know how to handle 'em.

Mrs. Gotrox—Mrs. Hyphen Hybrid, in the next block, is starting her salon to-night. I'd like to know whom she can have.

Mr. Gettem—Oh! a few theatrical nobodies—vaudeville and all that. But you have the real thing, Mrs. Gotrox; the real thing! You have the only original salon. You are the pioneer.

Mrs. Gotrox—I'm sure it's all owing to your efforts, Mr. Gettem, and Mr. Gotrox will mail you a check in the morning. And—er—you will prevail on the—the—artists—to perform, I hope?

Mr. Gettem—I'll lead up to it, Mrs. Gotrox. They must be handled delicately. After supper is the best time to suggest any—any—specialties. You took my advice about having the stone china dinner service and the heavy glassware—

Mrs. Gotrox—I didn't quite understand—

Mr. Gettem—No, I didn't suppose you would, Mrs. Gotrox; but the fact is, the—er—artistic temperament has an exuberance about it that you would not readily grasp. For instance, there is Rantleigh, who has a recitation called "The Last Charge." It is a fine military poem, and Rantleigh gets so enthusiastic that he has been known to dash forward sometimes, upsetting chinaware and things of that sort. I thought it would be best to have dishes that wouldn't break easily.

Mrs. Gotrox—That was very thoughtful of you, Mr. Gettem.

Mr. Gettem—Not at all! Then Mrs. Spouter—that stout, fine looking woman in the spangled gown. She recites "Laska." You've heard "Laska," I presume, Mrs. Gotrox?

Mrs. Gotrox—No, I don't think I have an opera, is it?

Mr. Gettem—No, it is a recitation, and there is a verse which describes a herd of buffalo tramping over the prairie. I have heard Mrs. Spouter give this, Mrs. Gotrox, and I assure you that the house shakes when she gets to that bit about the buffalo. It is the most realistic thing!

Mrs. Gotrox—It must be very interesting. Oh, I think I shall like having a salon so much. I was so tired of my automobile.

(The prettiest girl and the most distinguished looking man are in a corner. The band plays a cakewalk.)

Prettiest Girl—Isn't it the loveliest thing you ever heard of? And so many brilliant people! It's so different!

Distinguished Man—Yes, it's like a Bleecher street table d'hote transplanted to Fifth avenue. The bohemian lion and the society lamb lying down together to eat salted almonds and spag-hetti.

how tired we get of the endless round—drives, dinner, dances, diamonds and delirium.

Distinguished Man—Not so bad as that, I hope?

Prettiest Girl—Really! You've no idea. This salon is going to be just like a circus. I want to meet all the actors and a nice artist. Artists are always handsome, aren't they? And a poet and a writer. Then I'll send out cards and invite people to meet them. Who knows? I may have a salon of my own some day. If it gets to be the thing, we'll simply have to have them. And papa buys me everything I want.

Distinguished Man—Well, you need a salon. No family will be complete without one in another week or so.

Prettiest Girl—Ha, ha, ha! (To herself)—Oh, how clever he is! He must at least be a novelist. (To him)—I suppose you know all the celebrities. That fine, noble looking man with the—

Distinguished Man—Oh, that's Van Trotter, the musician. He's really the star attraction here to-night—the top-liner.

Prettiest Girl—The top—

Distinguished Man—The main guy!

Prettiest Girl—I suppose that's a musical term—something about sharps and flats—yes?

Distinguished Man (absent-mindedly)—Oh, plenty of sharps—and a few crooks—only a few, though. There's Slippery Jim—he's posing as a theosophist now—adays.

Prettiest Girl (puzzled)—You see how stupid we society girls are. We can't even understand the simplest literary conversation. I suppose you mean that Mr. Van Trotter is famous?

Distinguished Man—Yes; he gets a hundred and fifty for three turns, while that chap by the piano—do you see the little fellow in the purple tie?—he's a dead bargain.

Prettiest Girl—Oh, yes. What a dreamy face he has! Is he a musician, too?

Distinguished Man—No. He eats glass and nails and things, but glass especially, because glasses are easier to get at a salon.

Prettiest Girl (horrified)—Eats glass?

Distinguished Man—Yes, at suppers, just as the dessert comes on. Gettem—Gettem's that man with the whiskers—I can't just place him, but I know I've seen him before somewhere—Gattem—has Chewitt—that's the glass-eater—carefully coached. He passes him a glass, and Chewitt just bites out a chunk as though it were a biscuit. It never fails to make a hit.

Prettiest Girl—Why, how perfectly lovely!

Distinguished Man—Yes; this salon business will make Chewitt's fortune. He used to be a sword-swallower with a circus. Then he began going to smokers, but they used to make him eat the chandeliers and the empty bottles, and it was ruining his digestion. Then the salon started, and now—why, you couldn't get Chewitt to go to a smoker. He says the salon is much more refined and less trying. He only eats a champagne glass. Sometimes he leaves the stem, even. He's getting naughty.

Prettiest Girl—That pale girl in white—some one said she is going to recite.

Distinguished Man—That's Miss Gas-logge, the poetess. She comes only on condition that she's allowed to recite her own poems all the evening.

Prettiest Girl—How nice it must be to just sit down and write things! What an agreeable head waiter that is handing round the sandwiches!

Distinguished Man—That isn't a head waiter. That's Gotrox.

Prettiest Girl (looking at him through her lorgnette)—Really?

Distinguished Man—He don't approve of this society salon business, you know. He offered his wife a steam yacht if she'd give up the idea. But she was dead set on it when she heard that Mrs. Hybrid was going to have one. That settled it. She secured Gottem, and he got all the stars. Now, there's Bogtrotter, the Irish story writer—

Prettiest Girl (with lorgnette)—Bogpardon—what do you call him?

Distinguished Man—A harp.

Prettiest Girl—Really? How oddly he talks! It's so brilliant. And that handsome chap by the door? He looks like a football man, but I suppose he's a poet or something?

Distinguished Man—No; he's a bouncer.

Prettiest Girl—A bouncer? Ha, ha, ha. I suppose you mean one of those India-rubber men?

Distinguished Man—Oh, you can't have a society salon without a bouncer. Why, there's Charley Chopstick, from Chinatown. You never quite know what Charley might do. If you start a salon, let me get you a good bouncer.

Prettiest Girl—Thanks, awfully! Oh, there's Willie! I wish he'd look. You know Willie Wump, don't you?

Distinguished Man—No. Who is he?

Prettiest Girl—Oh, of course you wouldn't know him. He's only a society man. He's interested in the Fizzleton champagne. And he's so nice. Why, he wears a real Zulu bracelet just above his elbow. It's the oddest thing.

Distinguished Man—How did you find out? Does he go around in short sleeves?

Prettiest Girl—Oh, everybody knows about Willie's bracelet. But, of course,

you clever people are different. But you'd like Willie. He's so witty. Why, the other night at the opera, when Mrs. Gotrox came with all her diamonds on, he said—he, he, he—don't tell, will you?—he said, "There's Gertie Gotrox, laden with germs, as usual." Wasn't that funny? I knew you'd enjoy that. Ha, ha, ha, ha. (She looks admiringly at him.) Please tell me—do you write, or paint, or compose, or what?

Distinguished Man—Oh, I don't do anything like that. I'm a Mulberry street man. My usual beat is Wall street—the dead line, you know. But they've put me on this salon business to keep an eye on the diamonds and the bric-a-brac.

Prettiest Girl (looking at him through her lorgnette)—Really? How perfectly lovely!—Kate Masterson, in New York Herald.

Collingwood's Deal.

The practically unanimous vote of the town of Collingwood, Ont., in favor of granting \$115,000 bonus to Messrs. Cramps & Co. of Philadelphia, to establish their smelting works, is the outcome of a well considered scheme by the business-men and property-holders, behind the vote. Immense smelting, steel, iron and ship-building works are to be established on Georgian Bay. The town grants a free site of more than eighty acres for the works, undertakes to keep the minimum depth of eighteen feet of water for shipyard front, to give a cash bonus of \$150,000, to fix the assessment at a low figure for twenty years, and to supply water and light at a figure to be agreed upon. The syndicate undertakes to employ not less than 600 men regularly for a period of twenty years, to construct works of latest design, and to pay the school tax in full.

"I cannot sing the old songs," She declared, and she was right: But when it came to rag-time, She was simply out of sight.

"HEARTS ARE TRUMPS."

"Spades are trumps," cries the Boer, as he turns up a trench, "No! Diamonds," cries Rhodes, "thanks to General French!" Cries the Kaffir, "They won't let me join in the rub, Though I gladly would trust, as of old, to my Club."

But none can the Queen of Great Britain withstand, For she holds all the Honors and Hearts in her hand. —"Arculus," in the London Globe

The story is told of a young man who was addicted to the cigarette habit. He had smoked 1,200 packages, and wrote to the manufacturers to know what they would give for the 1,200 pictures that had come with the cigarettes. The answer of the manufacturers was right to the point: "Smoke 1,200 more and we will send you a coffin."

SATISFIED.

Love wore a threadbare dress of gray And toiled upon the road all day. Love welded pick and carried pack, And bent to heavy loads the back. Though meager-fed and sorely tasked, One only wage Love ever asked—

A child's white face to kiss at night, A woman's smile by candle light. —Margaret E. Sangster.

When the mild spring begins her reign, O, then upon the window pane, We see our dear old friend again, The early fly!

There, there upon the butter plate, Tucked to the bald man's gleaming pate, Indulging in the same old skate, The early fly!

There are 2,588 names on the voters' list in the Nelson riding.

Hill Bros.

Manufacturers of

Lumber and Shingles

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

Postoffice address, Rosebery.

The Leland House, Nakusp.

Is a comfortable hotel for travellers to stop at.

Mrs. McDougald.

H. D. CURTIS, NOTARY PUBLIC.

MIXES: REAL ESTATE; INSURANCE; ACCOUNTANT.

ABSTRACTS OF TITLE FURNISHED.

SLOCAN CITY, B. C.

WARDING OFF A HOODOO.

A clergyman was walking through the outskirts of his parish one evening when he saw one of his parishioners busy white-washing his cottage. Pleased at these somewhat novel signs of cleanliness, he called out, "Well, Jones I see you are making your house nice and smart."

With a mysterious air, Jones, who had recently taken the cottage, descended from the ladder and slowly walked to the hedge which separated the garden from the road.

That's not 'xactly the reason why I'm a doing of this 'ere job," he whispered, "but the last two couples as lived in this 'ere cottage 'ad twins; so I says to my missus, I'll tak an whitewash the place, so as there

mayn't be no infection. Ye see, sir, as 'ow we got ten children already."

New Denver Transportation & Light Co.

PALMA ANGRIGNON, PROPRIETOR.

General Draying; Mining Supplies and Heavy Transportation a Specialty.

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

W. A. MURRAY & CO., LIMITED TORONTO

New Prints and Cotton Stuffs

Send name and address for Catalogue. Samples ready and will be sent to any address in Canada on receipt of request.

Quite an advantage to Out-of-Town Customers is the getting of Samples. The exclusive things that are hard to procure are brought to your own home and may be carefully looked over before your decision is made. French Cambrics and Muslins—lovely Organzies and Rare Silk Mixtures of sheer texture are shown to a remarkable extent this season.

SHALL WE SEND YOU SAMPLES? W. A. MURRAY & CO., Limited

17 to 27 King St. East. 10 to 16 Colborne St., Toronto.

In the MASSEY-HARRIS Bicycles for 1900 the frames are constructed to permit of the greatest freedom in mounting and dismounting, and the specially constructed skirt guard protects 90 per cent. of the top half of the skirt from possible contact with the wheel.

These are emphasized points in the

Massey-Harris Bicycle

Agent Wanted. Write for catalogue. CANADA CYCLE & MOTOR CO., Limited Head office, Toronto, Canada.

Welland Vale Bicycles

A Bicycle built on the correct chainless principle—the bevel gear. It is the highest type of Bicycle construction. The Welland Vale is built on this principle, and it combines in its make up, strength, durability and rigidity, and perfect mechanism in every part and detail of construction. Graceful models, beautifully finished, light and easy running; has a handsome triple crown.

Agents wanted. Write for catalogue. CANADA CYCLE & MOTOR CO., Limited. Head Office, Toronto, Canada.

Cleveland Ladies' Chainless Wheels

Embrace all the special features that have been adopted in the chainless for men—skill and costly equipment have combined in producing a wheel that for mechanical accuracy is without a fault—light, strong and rigid—has grace in every line—the maximum of durability and easy running. Special features on Chain wheels—skeleton gear case, combined coaster and brake.

Agent wanted. Write for catalogue. CANADA CYCLE & MOTOR CO., Limited. Head Office, Toronto, Canada.

This is Canada year RED BIRD

One of the few of Canada's standard bicycles. After seventeen years of keenest competition in an industry without precedent for rapid growth and the keenest contest of capital and mechanical skill to produce the best machine, the Red Bird retains the high place it always held. This season's special features and improvements embrace chainless wheels, combined coaster and brake, reduced weight, unique hubs, improved crank bracket, perfect handlebar adjustment, ideal seat post fastener and others. Agent wanted. Write for catalogue.

BRANTFORD BICYCLES. CANADA CYCLE & MOTOR CO., Limited, Head office, Toronto, Canada.

The Gendron Racer A 1900 FLYER

Embodies all the essential features of a perfect racing machine, and this season's models are bound to enhance the GENDRON track reputation. You can win on a Gendron.

Agents wanted. Write for catalogue. CANADA CYCLE & MOTOR CO., Limited, Head office, Toronto, Canada.

To Builders:

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

Nelson Saw & Planing Mills, Limited

Nelson, B. C.

CERTIFICATE OF IMPROVEMENTS

Lakeview, Lakeview Fraction Alpha, and Kopic Fraction Mineral Claims.

Situate in the Slovan Mining Division of West Kootenay District. Where located: About one and one-half miles south of New Denver.

TAKE NOTICE That I, W. S. Drewry, acting as agent for the Northwest Mining Syndicate, Limited, Free Miner's Certificate No. 13802, 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 each of the above claims.

And further take notice that action under section 37 must be commenced before the issuance of such certificate of improvements. Dated this 31st day of May, 1900.

W. S. DREWRY.

Dolly Varden and Ensign Mineral Claims.

Situate in the Slovan Mining Division of West Kootenay District. Where located: At the head of Wilson creek and North Fork of Carpenter.

TAKE NOTICE That I, Chas. Moore, of Kaslo, acting as agent for J. M. Martin, F. M. C. 33,301 A, Alfred Robinson, F. M. C. 33,348 B, A. W. Wright, and C. J. Arnold, F. M. C. No. 13,379 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 each of the above claims.

And further take notice that action under section 37 must be commenced before the issuance of such certificate of improvements. Dated this 26th day of April, 1900.

CHAS. MOORE, P. L. S.

NOTICE OF SALE BY PUBLIC AUCTION.

Estate of JAMES DELANEY. NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN that a Public Auction will be held on the Central Hotel premises, New Denver, B. C., on

FIFTEENTH DAY OF MAY, 1900, of the following property of the above estate—

One hundred and fifty Town Lots in the town of New Denver, B. C.; Wagons, furniture, tools and chattels.

The above will be offered for sale by Public Auction on the above date either on take or separately to suit purchasers. TERMS CASH. Inventory can be seen and further particulars obtained by intending purchasers on application at the Central Hotel, New Denver, B. C.

LEE COOMBS, Assignee.

LAND LEASE.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN that Walter A. Smith and Alexander Sinclair, thirty days after date, intend to apply to the Chief Commissioner of Lands and Works for a twenty-one years' lease of two acres of land situated about one and one-half miles north of Inselery on the eastern shore of Slocan lake, Kootenay county, B. C., commencing at a post marked S. W. corner of W. A. S. and A. S. Lots.

WALTER A. SMITH, ALEXANDER SINCLAIR. Dated 4. April 2nd, 1900.

CANADIAN PACIFIC RY. AND SOO LINE.

Between ATLANTIC & PACIFIC The direct route from Kootenay Country

to all points East and West.

First-Class Sleepers on all trains from Revelstoke and Kootenay Idg.

Tourist Cars pass Medicine Hat daily for St. Paul; Sundays and Wednesdays for Toronto; Fridays for Montreal and Boston. Same cars pass Revelstoke one day earlier.

CONNECTIONS Revelstoke and main line points. 8:55 a. m. Dly. Iv. — Denver C. Siding—ar. Daily 1:50 p. m. 8:55 a. m. Sun. Iv. N. Denver Ldg. ar. ex. Sun. 1:50 p. m.

ROSSLAND, NELSON CROW'S NEST BRANCH AND BOUNDARY COUNTRY. 9:50 a. m. Sun. Iv. N. Denver Ldg. ar. ex. Sun. 1:50 p. m.

TO AND FROM BANSON 1:30 p. m. Dly. Iv. — Denver C. Siding—ar. Daily 8:55 a. m. 1:30 p. m. Sun. Iv. N. Denver Ldg. ar. ex. Sun. 1:50 p. m. Ask rates and full information by addressing nearest local agent or—

G. B. GARRETT, Agent New Denver. W. F. Anderson, Travel Agent, Nelson. E. J. Coyle, A. G. P. Agent, Vancouver.

ATLANTIC STEAMSHIP TICKETS.

To and from European ports via Canadian and American lines. Apply for sailing dates, rates, tickets and full information to any C. Ry agent or— G. B. GARRETT, C. P. R. Agent, New Denver. W. P. F. Cummings, S. S. S. Agent, Whistler.

