Provincial Library

VOLUME VII. No 31. NEW DENVER, B. C., MAY 3, 1900. PRICE, $2 00 YEAR

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 Rossland, for instance, the poor workingman 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-lunged 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 wore a pink bathing suit, short and starchy 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."

LIARS AND OTHER MATTERS.

It was eleven o'clock, but not yet dark, when we passed out and stood for a moment on the embankment and watched the mighty Yukon gliding by There is something grand, imposing, almost awful, about this river. Perhaps it is because we never heard so much about it, and of the far off country through which it flows, the gold on its tributaries and the army of lives that have been lost in its dreadful rapids. At all events there is a weird grandeur about it to-night. It is so wide, and swift and deep. Along the wharf, made securely fast, are the many steamers that run the rapids between here and White Horse; and the still larger lower river boats, some with two funnels, that have come up from St. Michael, and will carry you out by the way of the Behring sea and so around to the towns of the Pacific coast—four thousand miles away. It is a long ride—as long as the sail from New York to Egypt.

But we must not stand here by the river and dream, for we have no burning desire to be borne away on its bosom to the ocean, wild and wide. We are slumbering

Leaving the strand, we take a cross street that begins at the river and runs back to the hill, at whose feet they have built the city of Dawson.

In all the shops people are still shopping, just as they were when we arrived at 6 o'clock this morning. Like the birds of the Klondike, they do not know when to go to bed. In front of an outfitter'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 87 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 mastodonic 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. Behind 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. Watermelons are 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 Pavillion."

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.

S'lute 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 pards 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 you've got 'em.
Hold 'em to it if they kick!

Ladies, left hand to your sonnies!
Alaman! Grand right and left!
Balance all, an' swing yer honeys—
Pick 'em up and feel their heft!
Promenade like skeery cattle—
Balance and swing yer sweets!
Shake yer spurs an' make 'em rattle!
Keno! Promenade to seats.

Here, as at the other resorts, roughly dressed men are reaching over the tables to place their money. A young woman in a neat tailor-made gown strolls about nodding and calling men by their first names. She plays roulette for a little while and then strolls out She appears not quite to fit here. Spite of the cold, mechanical smile that plays 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 Esquimaux, 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.

"Hello!" said a cheery voice, and it named my name. "Now," thought I, "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. Sproat, H. Nelson, M. W. Sutherland, Gracie Williams, W. H. H. Clever.

Pt. 1, 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	3,038
American Boy		61
Last Chance	80	426
Sunshine		20
Queen Bess		345
Rambler		421
Surprise		20
Whitewater	60	60
Ruth		18
Lucky Jim		73
Florida		38
B N A		16
Gibson		6
Bosun	20	240
Hartney		20
Capella		7
Emily Edith		20
Vancouver		20
Enterprise		300
Arlington		300
Black Prince		60
Wakefield	60	120
Total tons	395	6,629

WAS EVER THUS.

It was ever thusly. From Womppleton to Wimppleton, and Pumpkinville to Nincompoop, 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.

The "miners ton" in Great Britain, for weighing ores and matter, is 21 cwt. of 112 pounds each, or 2352 pounds.

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 Silverton.

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 LEDGE at the rate of 15 to 25 a week

A. B. Docksteader, 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.

Kaslo 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-ruin gas that a few would 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 brain 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.

Lost—A pair of gold-rimmed spectacles, between town and the siding Finder will receive a lady's thanks by leaving them at this office.

J. R. Cameron, the tailor, has returned to Sandon after spending a few months in Phoenix. He already has plenty of business, as it is hard to keep a hustler from being busy.

The Aylwin gardens on Union street are planted in fruit trees of all varieties, berry bushes and vegetables. These gardens are a vast improvement to that portion of the town.

A greater amount of tree planting should be done along the sidewalks in town. Those set out last year have 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.

Kaslo 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, Silverton 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 Silverton 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 Bendholder.

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 Michipicotin, on Lake Superior, for the Algoma Central Railway.

Work has commenced on the Ivanhoe mill. It will be erected on the Nighthawk 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 not be long before all this money will be returned, under the able management of Phil Hickey.

THE LEDGE.

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

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Twelve "	2.00
THREE YEARS	5.00

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

TO CONTRIBUTORS.

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

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, MAY 3. 1900.

FROM THE EDITOR'S UPPER STOPE.

We are likely to have a hot, dry summer. Old Sol is already hitting all the cool places around this burg. Between him and the cows our water barrel will soon drag out a miserable existence.

Billy Tiehitter: "Johnny, let's go down to New Denver and rubberneck the Record office."

Johnny Handout: "Naw, yer can't do it, you know. Arnold E. Fauquier has got it all staked."

Ike Byers has started a paper at Banff which he calls the National Park Gazette. Ike must be hot at myself, as judging from the number of ads in his paper, he will have to incorporate scenery in his daily bill of fare.

We cannot find any record of Adam and Eve's marriage. As they were the original parents of all the human race, according to our learned parsons, it would appear that something should be done in the matter in order to save the world's good name.

A preacher in Kansas tried for a week to show how Christ would run a daily paper. If there is any church that would like to see how an editor would run a gospel mill they can obtain further information by addressing the editor of the paper you are reading.

A man just from Japan died in Winnipeg the other day from small pox, and caused a small epidemic of that loathsome disease in that city. The bubonic plague was introduced into Manilla by the Japs. If it gets into British Columbia we cannot object owing to Imperial reasons.

Jackleg editors are easily made. Take a lump of gall, some envy mixed with conceit, and a fool's brains. Stir well and you have it ready. Give it type and a press and it will swell up and pollute a community much the same as a poisoned cur does the air, when it is not buried after death.

A despatch from Hull says that E. B. Eddy only had $650,000 insurance on his plant that was destroyed by fire in that city. As Eddy made his fortune out of fire he must not be disappointed in losing some of it the same way. Besides, he ought to rub along on $650,000 until something better turns up.

Joe Martin dropped in to see us on his way to work at the Hartney. Joe said, "I like some things in Martin's platform. His road and trail plank is good. If we had more roads and trails this country would move faster, and instead of climbing Silver Mountain to cook at the Hartney, I might be hiring a cook myself."

Beware of little things. A dirty chimney is not of much importance and does not cause much stir if it does not catch on fire. One caught fire in Hull last week and caused a dozen people to lose their lives, and brought 15 million dollars worth of property to an ashy end. So beware of dirty chimneys. If one was to set New Denver on fire what a calamity it would be. We cannot afford such a fire, as a loss of 15 millions would ruin the Lucerne. Better clean your chimneys and take no chances.

Up in Rossland

C. H. Mackintosh is running for the legislature in Rossland and will probably be still running on the 10th of June. He is a nice man and wears a bouquet with wonderful grace, but Charley's place on this earth is beside the rich promoter and the fat capitalist who has designs upon the public domain. He is a pleasant fellow, but his trail does not run into the camp where the hard-handed sons of toil fry their bacon. It rather runs to the mansions where the fizzy foams in the glasses of the classes, and the masses never come.

Talking about Mac puts us in mind of the time when he ran a paper in Strathroy. He was quite a politician in those days around Middlesex. One evening in company with Harry Gorman he held a meeting in Biddulph. This was a great place for the Irish. The meeting had not progressed very far when a free fight began, and the lights were knocked out. When peace and light had been restored, Mac was found pinned down by a window through which he had attempted an exit. Gorman released him and the proceedings proceeded without any further incidents. History repeats itself, and it is possible that Charley may get pinned down by the window of popular opinion in Rossland.

Joe in Sandon

Joe Martin addressed a large multitude at Sandon on Saturday evening. The linen in the audience did not cover any hoboes, and Joe's oratory passed away as pleasantly as a summer's dream. Cliffe, the wide-winged orator of past glorification, rose to the occasion and opened his ozone mill. Some individual, more forcible than elegant, enunciated that impressive word "whiskerino" and the man with voters on the brain became silent as the store of an unbeliever in the saving grace of printer's ink. The sounds around him resembled those heard in a theatre when the villian in the play shoots the bell mule and causes the pack train to never return. It is sad to see an old artist like Charley have to sit down, while his heart burns with crushed hopes, and upon his sweet lips the words of a great speech still a'wiggling. Do not weep, Charley! All great men are occasionally sunburned by the bright light of public opinion. Lay for them. You may yet turn a blackjack and get the deal. You might have had it Saturday night, if, instead of digging up those old chestnuts about the C. P. R. and Manitoba, you had stood up like the little man that you are and told the vast assemblage of the noble manner in which you had fought for the poor, downtrodden mine owner, and how, now when the corral of your ambition is just around the bend, you are compelled to let go and slowly sink out of public sight into the abyss of ingratitude and blasted hopes, unsung, unhonored, and without the seven dollars.

Switzerland's Lucerne

Since New Denver has been called "the Lucerne of North America," a name that is so appropriate and one that will cling to it as long as the mountains last, it is proper that we should know something about the word lucerne, and by what right it is applied to New Denver. The word itself is of no moment, yet it is of some importance, too. It is the name of a most prolific plant, a clover that is ever growing and bears three and four crops a year. It is, perhaps, better known in the west by the Spanish word "alfalfa." But it was because the scenery around New Denwer so resembles that around the Lucerne of Switzerland that the name was applied, hence the importance of knowing something about the renowned city of Switzerland.

Lucerne is a city of Switzerland, capital of a canton of the same name, beautifully situated on the margin of Lake Lucerne. On the land side the town is surrounded by walls and watch towers, and the river Reuss, which emerges from the lake at this point, is spanned by four bridges, two of which are roofed-in and covered with ancient paintings. The Court church, Jesuite church, and the town house are among the most interesting buildings, the latter containing a picture gallery and museum. The "Lion of Lucerne," a monument by Thorwaldsen to the Swiss guards who fell in Paris in 1792, while defending the Trieleries, and the Glacier Garden, containing relics of the ice period, are objects of interest. Lucerne is one of three seats of the Swiss Diet; has an important grain market and manufactories of silk and cotton fabrics, and of carriages. Population 26,819. The canton of Lucerne is bonded by the cantons of Aargau, Zug, Schuryz, Unterwalden and Bern, area 587 square miles. It is broken by ramifications of the Bernese Alps, but none rise above the line of perpetual snow. The Thomlishorn, the culminating point of Mount Pilatus, and of the canton, is 7,116 feet above sea level. German is the language spoken, and by far the greater part of the inhabitants profess the Roman Catholic religion. Population of the canton, 134,800.

The Lake Lucerne is noted for its magnificent scenery and historical association. It is nearly cruciform in shape, the bays of Lucerne, Kussnacht and Alpnack forming the head and arms, while the foot is formed by the bay of Buocho and lake of Uri. Length from Lucerne to Fluculen—from the head to the foot of the lake—is 27 miles; width from 1 to 3 miles, greatest depth 510 feet.

The Swift Slocan

The gambling profession is doomed in Vancouver. Here in the swift Silvery Slocan it is no disgrace to stand on a stiff or hold a fat baby in that easy but exciting money shifter, commonly known as blackjack. In the broad electric light of the night the game is in full blossom, with never a cop to pinch it with his frosty fingers, or drive tenderfeet away from the booster's vacant chair. The eight-hour law does not apply to this noble game, although a penalty is exacted from most players. Here in the glorious climate of the Slocan the law protects a miner from being worked to death in deep black stopes, and allows him 16 hours to look at hole cards perfectly immune from anything legal that would mar his pleasure. What more can we ask?

The Political Game

The game of politics is being dealt in the Slocan. Many will gamble on the Green cloth, and raise Kane, while others will endeavor to shout Keeno. Thus do mortals slide down the trail of time calling out the winners, while the man behind the layout often deals from the bottom and makes a deuce crown the deck while the gaudy king lies cold and alone amid the discard. This has been done full many a time in Canada's Japland, and "brace" is not yet defunct.

Since July 1, '98, each placer mining location is considered as a separate claim in U. S patent proceedings, upon which is required $500 in work or improvements.

Ready-made Spring Suits

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Has been on shift for some time in the Slocan, but DICK ORANDO has been longer. He is always at the Ivanhoe in Sandon ready to deal out boozerino that is mellow with age, and goes down the throat with a soft gentle touch that is delicious to the taste. Drinks are not interrupted by slides

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Tailor Made Suits at Ready-made Prices

We have made arrangements with one of the best tailoring establishments in Canada with headquarters at Montreal, to do our Tailoring, and are now prepared to take orders for Spring and Summer Suits, at Eastern prices. We have a large selection of Worsteds, Suitings, Pantings, Serges, Overcoatings, etc., and are confident that we can satisfy you in every detail. We take your measurement according to the latest and surest method and guarantee a perfect fit. As we have no local tailoring establishment we have adopted this plan of giving to our patrons the best tailor-made clothing, feeling sure that our efforts will be appreciated. That you may better understand the proposition, we ask you to inspect samples and get prices.

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A. JACOBSON & CO., Props
Best meals in the city—Comfortable rooms—Bar replete with the best of Liquors and Cigars—Best service throughout.

SOLILOQUY OF ALKALI IKE.

Prepared especially for the eighth annual jollification of the Rocky Mountain Cornelites 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 Ute 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 standin' pat.
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 spaghetti.

Prettiest Girl (to herself)—How perfectly brilliant! He must be one of them. (To him)—If you only knew 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—mane.

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

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 nowadays.

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—Gettem—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 haughty.

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

Distinguished Man—That's Miss Gaslogge, 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 Gettem, and he got all the stars. Now, there's Bogtrotter, the Irish story writer—

Prettiest Girl (with lorgnette)—Beg pardon—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 wielded 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,
Thence to the bald man's gleaming pate,
Indulging in the same old skate,
The early fly!

There are 2,583 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.

MINES; 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 'xacly 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."—Cornhill Magazine.

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
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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 Organdies and Rare Silk Mixtures of sheer texture are shown to a remarkable extent this season.

SHALL WE SEND YOU SAMPLES?

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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

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Agent Wanted. Write for catalogue.

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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 machanism 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.

CANADA CYCLE & MOTOR CO., Limited
Write for catalogue. 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.

CANADA CYCLE & MOTOR CO., Limited.
Write for catalogue. 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 Kopje Fraction Mineral Claims.

Situate in the Slocan 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. 13902, 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 3d day of May, 1900.

W. S. DREWRY.

Dolly Varden and Ensign Mineral Claims.

Situate in the Slocan 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. 34,301 A, Alfred Robinson, F. M. C. 13,748 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 25th day of April, 1900.

25 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 townsite of New Denver, B.C.; Wagons furniture, goods and chattels.

The above will be offered for sale by Public Auction on the above date either en bloc 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 we, 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 twenty acres of land situate about one and one-half miles north of Rosebery 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. Land.

WALTER A. SMITH,
ALEXANDER SINCLAIR.

Dated, April 2nd, 1900.

CANADIAN PACIFIC RY.

AND SOO LINE.

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The direct route from

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

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.

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8:55k Dly: lv —Denver C. Siding—ar: Daily 15:30k
8:55k ex. Sun: lv N. Denver Ldg: ar ex. Sun. 15:40k

ROSSLAND, NELSON CROW'S NEST BRANCH AND BOUNDARY COUNTRY.

9.50k ex. Sun: lv N. Denver Ldg: ar ex. Sun 13:30k

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15.30k dly lv . . . . Denver C. Sdg. . . . . ar dly 8.55k
13.30k ex Sun lv . . N Denver Ldg. ar ex Sun 9.50k

Ascertain rates and full information by addressing nearest local agent or—

G. B. GARRETT, Agent New Denver.
W. F. Anderson, Trav. Pass. Agt., Nelson.
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ATLANTIC STEAMSHIP TICKETS.

To and from European points 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. E. Cummings, G. S. S. Agt., Winnipeg

FOR DADDY AT THE WAR.

With the shadows round her stealing,
Every night I see her there,
Just a little figure, kneeling
By the side of daddy's chair:
And the silence is unbroken,
Not one whisper reaches me:
But I know, though 'tis unspoken,
What the prayer is sure to be.

Clasped together are the tiny
Little pleader's finger tips:
Though the eyes with tears are shiny,
There's a smile upon the lips.
'Tis no boon of her own needing
Those sweet lips are asking for,
But the gentle, trustful pleading:
"God bless daddy at the war"

Pray, my child, then on your pillow
Dream of daddy far away,
And believe, beyond the billow,
That he knows for him you pray!
Sleep, O little white-robed lisper,
There are angels list'ning near;
Though 'tis but a baby's whisper,
Daddy knows—and God can hear!

—Clifton Bingham.

IMMORAL PLAYS.

What is the domain of art, whether the medium be literature, music, painting, sculpture, or the drama—particularly the last? The old Greeks, who still stand for all that is aesthetic, said its province was to instruct, to edify, and, most of all, to please. This rule was enforced so rigidly, in respect of the drama that death beds and murders and violent scenes of that kind were supposed to take place off the stage altogether. The paramount object of the drama being pleasure, dramatists were very cautious in using pain, sorrow, disgust and other strenuous emotions, which the modern playwright makes his stock in trade. Such things were to be suggested more than portrayed—an almost indistinguishable black thread in a golden woof.

The modern canons of the stage insist on action, and, after that, action, and, still again, action, so that we cannot and, indeed, would not, tolerate the passivity of the old Greek drama. However, it is still possible to stipulate that the incidents be wholesome, and the morale impeccable, that the black passions of human nature shall not be accentuated; that there are some things which must be kept decently buried. In this respect the instinct of the old Greeks was true for all time. It is not good art for a novelist like Zola or a dramatist like Ibsen to tear a page from the book of human life and give us only the blurs and misprints. The whole of life is not bestiality as Zola describes in La Terre; nor is it sorrow and the sad results of evil as we see in Ibsen's "Ghosts." Why should these things be dragged before our eyes, not according to their just proportion in the scheme of life, but wrenched from their context, isolated, stretched out, so to speak, on the vivisector's table? It is as if a painter should choose to limn not the leper basking in the gateway, but his caricous sores. It is the difference between a pathological plate and a picture.

Plays like Zaza, like Sappho, like Camille, ought to have no place on the English stage—plays which ask us to sniff at the heroine's sin and sniffle at her sorrow. They are not for good women or growing maidens to hear with their mawkish sentiment and hypocritical pathos. They may do well enough for absinthe-minded Parisians, but not for healthy, open-air Anglo-Saxons. They assume to be analytical and psychological, and bid for our patronage on that ground, but the psychology is prurient and the analysis consists in nothing more than throwing wide open the front door of the bagnio and inviting everybody to come in.—Toronto Star

A Diet Of Wheat.

New York.—Dr. Julian P. Thomas of No. 153 West Ninety-seventh street, who, with his wife and child came to this city from Atlanta, Ga., about five months ago, is causing a great deal of discussion among his acquaintances by his advocacy of a new kind of food. Uncooked wheat is what Dr. Thomas declares to be the best food for mankind, and he says that he has made tests sufficient to prove his statement.

He cites the fact that for the last seven years he has lived almost entirely on this cereal. Mrs. Thomas and the 1-year-old son have subsisted upon the same diet since the birth of the latter, and the child is said never to have tasted anything cooked.

Dr. Thomas has a theory that the vital qualities are destroyed by cooking.

"If one eats uncooked wheat," said he, "he gains all the benefit which that most vitalizing of foods can give. When men cook food they destroy fully two-thirds of the vital cells in that food."

"About six years ago to demonstrate the benefit of this diet, I lived for three months on uncooked wheat, which I had crushed and made into cakes the size of a soda biscuit. During that time I consumed about a bushel of the grain, and the total cost was only $1.

"I sometimes drink coffee, but coffee is an inorganic materal, and is unchanged by cooking. A great percentage of rheumatism in the world is due to starch, which is introduced into the system througn cooked foods.

"If all the people would use uncooked wheat and fruit and avoid all cooked foods they would be much healthier. My baby has never eaten anything but the wheat, fruit, raw onions and potatoes."

Dr. Thomas is 32 years old and of athletic build.

All Liable to a Fine.

Premier Martin sprang a mild sensation at his meeting at Kaslo last week. Discussing the recent disallowance of legislation passed by the Semlin government in 1898 to restrict Oriental immigration, he noted that the Liquor License Act had been disallowed at Ottawa because it provided that no license to sell liquor should be given to any Jap or Chinaman. "By that disallowance," said Mr. Martin, "all our affairs are thrown into most absolute confusion. There are no liquor licenses in this province outside of city municipalities. Every person who is selling liquor in unincorporated localities, under proper form issued by the province, is liable to a fine under the old laws, which are revived, because he has really got no license, and there is no way of giving the owners of hotels throughout the province any protection whatever until the Legislature meets on July 5th."

The Wicked Husbands.

Mans perfidy to woman is making a lot of trouble in Vienna. The society craze for poker has reached a point that called for the interference of the police. Warnings were sent to clubs that the game must not be played, and several leading society women were summoned to police headquarters and cautioned against allowing the game any longer in their parlors. They denied the imputation indignantly, when the chief of police read to them the names of the persons who had lost money at their houses, and the sums lost. After hunting around for a time it was discovered that the persons who had betrayed them were their own husbands, who found all other methods ineffective to stop their gambling.

Sixteen Years Ago.

Sixteen years ago this month the placers of Prichard creek began to pour their yellow treasures into the lap of the nation, says the Murray Sun. While the mines were discovered two years before that time by A. J. Prichard, little gold was taken out until April, 1884. Those who were here at that time will recall the busy scenes most vividly, for they can not have been forgotten in the little over a decade and a half since. Many of the prominent actors who took part in those early struggles have passed away. Those who remain can take a restrospective view of old times and console themselves with the hope that the treasures still remaining in the creek and on the hillsides will re-enact some of the life of the eighties when the proper appliances are set to work to bring them forth.

It would indeed be a wonderful novelty in mining history if the early operators on the rims had exhausted the gold supply of Prichard creek and transmuted the main, or deep, channel into a barren waste. Such things do not occur, however. The millions of dollars' worth of gold already taken out will be found many times multiplied when the great work begins on the bulk of the acres which remain virgin ground. We have seen the magnificent yield of the rims. Many others have seen it. The bank has handled it, and the mints have made it coin of the realm. There is no question about what has been done, and had the law not given locators the privilege to squat on 20-acre farms there would be 1000 placer miners on Prichard creek and its tributaries to day, and the wealth of the various deep channels would be added daily to the money of the country. All we can do is to point to the unworked field before our eyes. It is so extensive that it confounds the ordinary person. But it will be dug up and washed in due time. Impatience will not hurry along the day.

FREE TRIP TO PARIS.

A free trip to Paris and return will be given by The Illustrated American of New York to the person making the largest list of words by using only these eight letters "A-M-E-R-I-C-A-N," for example: arm, men, nice, rice, etc. An elegant upright piano for each second and third largest lists. A high grade bicycle for each of the next five largest lists. A graphaphone for each of the next ten largest lists. A Morris easy chair, handsomely upholstered, for each of the next twenty-five largest lists and a choice of either a beautiful silk dress pattern or a China dinner set for each of the next fifty largest lists. In case of a tie for any prize the cash equivalent will be equally divided among those entitled to it, and all successful Canadian contestants will receive prizes free of duty. Forward your list of words (correctly numbered) with fifteen 2-cent Canadian or U. S. stamps for a three months' trial subscription, and you will receive full particulars and notification of the result as soon as the award is made.

Over $250,000 has been expended during the past twelve years to secure for The Illustrated American its position in the foremost ranks of American publications, and $100,000 more is to be spent to obtain for it the largest bona-fide circulation of any high class magazine in the world. Every successful contestant is to recommend it to their friends and assist in increasing its already large annual circulation. The competition opened April 18th, and closes May 31st, 1900. Five teachers from the New York Public Schools will be invited to act as a committee of final award. Write your list of words with name and address plainly, and foward promptly. Address: The Illustrated American, Dep't "C," American Tract Society Building, New York.

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