THE LEDGE

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THE IRON HORSE

It May Run in Alaska Before Many Months.

ONIONS FOR THE KLONDIKE

A Shipload to be Taken up Early in the Spring—There's Millions In it They Say.

A correspondent writing from Washington to the Minneapolis Journal says: It is generally understood that among the first bills introduced at the next session of congress will be several to charter railroads for Alaska. Two or three corporations have already been formed with this object in view, and some steps have been taken already to secure the right from the Canadian government to extend the line into the Northwest territory.

It will be an exceedingly difficult feat of engineering to connect the waters of the Pacific with the headwaters of the Yukon by any ordinary method of railroad building, but a well-known engineer of Albany and of this city, R. M. Fryer, has devised and patented what might be called a cantilever railroad system, which, apparently, can be constructed for very little money, very rapidly and in any country where a foothold for a "sheer pole" a few inches square can be obtained. Capitalists have taken hold of this new railroad system, which was originally intended for use in some of the Central American republics. It is now more than likely that the first railroad in Alaska will be a radically new departure in railroad building. It will be an elevated road, propelled by electricity and will afford the noval spectacle of a railroad carrying its freight beneath its tracks. Besides cheapness and rapidity of construction, the Fryer system seems to afford great advantage over a surface road in that heavy snows would never interfere with its operation.

A few days ago a letter was received in this city addressed to Senator Wolcott of Colorado, from one of his constituents in Colorado Springs. Wolcott is now in Europe with his monetary commission, and the communication therefore fell to his secretary. It was an application for the office of receiver of the land office at Klondike. The petitioner said he was fully qualified for the office. He detailed his services to the party, and said he thought he was entitled to something equally as good, and the land office at Klondike would be just about his size. In the intervals of his duties he could go out and dig a little gold. His petition was indorsed by a large number of the leading merchants and politicians of Colorado Springs. Senator Wolcott's secretary promptly answered the aspiring applicant in formal language to the effect that Klondike is now in British territory, but if the time should come when it is annexed to the United States, his application would then receive the distinguished consideration of the Senator. One would think by this time that most people in this country would be aware that the Klondike is not American territory, but this will evidently be news in some parts of Colorado.

"Those who go to the Klondike to dig for gold will not be the only ones who will come back with fortunes," said an old army officer at the club recently, "People who go up there with a good legitimate comercial scheme have got a sure thing and no risk. I have been thinking ever since this excitement began what an unparalleled chance it affords for shrewd men to make fortunes. If I were only a little younger I would go myself. Did it ever occur to you that there is a fortune to be made by some enterprising man out of onions up there in Alaska? Why, it's a sure thing, and you will see that somebody will think of it. Any man who will take a vessel load of onions up the Yukon as soon as navigation opens up next spring can come home and retire. Onions will be worth a nugget apiece up their next spring. There will be thousands of people hibernated there for eight or nine months this winter with nothing to eat but "salt horse" and canned goods, without a mouthful of fresh food during the whole time, and by next April most of them will have a touch of scurvy. There is nothing which will relieve this terrible disease so quickly as onions. I have frequently seen it in the army when we have been compelled to make long marches across the western deserts, or have been for long separated from our base of supplies and unable to get fresh vegetables. As soon as we reached civilization the men would take to eating onions, and get immediate relief from them. They are the first thing sailors always buy when they come in from a long voyage. A cargo of onions landed on the Yukon next spring will literally be worth a fortune to the enterprising trader who will take them up there, and would be the means of saving a good many lives as well."

LATEST ROAD TO KLONDIKE.

The Great Canadian Development and Mining Company, contemplates a gigantic enterprise—the building of a wagon road from Edmonton to the gold fields. In this work the company has not only the hearty co-operation and support of the Dominion government and the Canadian Pacific Railway, but it is backed by ample capital to push the work to completion. Capitalists of Ottawa, Montreal and Toronto, whose wealth is estimated at millions, are back of the scheme, the capital is ready, the charter secured and Mr. Powell has been appointed manager of the enterprise.

The survey party started from Edmonton about the 1st of September and will work all winter building bridges, stables and stores. None but men employed will be allowed to go with the surveyors. The plan is to build one road by the way of Laird river, one of the main branches of the McKenzie river, and another by way of Pelly river, which is one of the headwaters of the Yukon.

Stables will be built so as to provide passengers with relays of horses every 12 miles, thus enabling them to make 100 miles per day. On some portions of the road it may be necessary to use reindeer, and possibly dogs will be used in some of the higher altitudes up north.

Stores will be provided at frequent intervals and will be well provisioned.

The company will give a man transportation and food for one year for $500. The plan is to issue a certificate on the coupon plan good at the stores for food, which will be negotiable. The latter feature it is thought will be especially attractive, as the companies now contracting to take men into the diggings will not make the agreement transferable. Under the new arrangement contemplated a traveller who wishes to turn back need not lose his entire investment, but may dispose of his food certificate to the best advantage.

DON'T LIKE THE EDMONTON ROUTE.

Two young Englishmen who have travelled for three years over the Yukon district and have done well are now in Winnipeg and are warning prospectors against going via Edmonton. One said: "I don't believe a man would reach the Yukon diggings in a year, no, not in eighteen months, going via Edmonton route. About the last stage of the Edmonton trip would be down the Porcupine river. At the end of the Porcupine trip the traveller would then have to go back up stream between three and four hundred miles, with a six-mile current against him all the way, to reach the gold district. Besides, he would encounter almost impassable swamps and rapids, and if he ever got through at all would have the toughest kind of a time. The Edmonton route will be all right when they build a railroad over it," concluded the gentleman with a laugh, "but I imagine it will be some time before that is built. Meantime, I would advise people who have any thoughts of it not to risk the hazardous trip via Edmonton."

CRIMINAL RECKLESSNESS.

In the rush to the Klondike there is criminal reeklessness on the part of shipowners in the way of overloading and scant accommodation; on the part of the authorities in letting men recklessly go to their doom without adequate warning, and on the part of the gold seekers themselves in crowding into the country insufficiently provided with the necessaries of existence.

In another six months the world will be in sorrow reading of disaster by sea and starvation by land in the cold regions of the north, and friends and relatives of absent ones will be regretting with anguished hearts that they allowed those near and dear to depart on a hopeless voyage.

OFF FOR THE KLONDIKE.

Eli Carpenter and Peter McNichol, who left last week for Edmonton enroute for the great unknown Klondike gold fiends, will go up the Peace river as far as possible this season, hunting and trapping enroute, and will there make themselves comfortable for the winter, starting early in the spring for new fields in the Klondike district. Mr. Carpenter is well along in years, but, being accustomed to the hardships of mountain life, expects to weather the northern storms and come out all right. His partner Mr. McNichol is a young man of great physique, an experienced mountaineer and miner. They are well provided with funds and will find the gold fields if money, pluck and endurance count for anything.

IN IT WITH BOTH FEET.

A beautiful jag was brought to a sudden termination one day this week and the jagged individual was as mad as a wet hen. A workman from the New Denver roadbuilders was spending his money for booze with a number of friends, who had prospected the whole day for a load. He was in the act of waltzing around one of the verandah poles in front of the St. James, and had performed several capers taught in the jag school of boozereno to the amusement of the bystanders, when he stepped onto the cover on the head of a barrel of water standing at the edge of the sidewalk. The cover slipped off and Mr. Man slipped in. He was seated as comfortably as can be imagined in the cooling water fresh from the lake, his chin resting upon his knees and his feet hanging over the edge of the barrel. It was impossible to get out until his friends came to his assisiance. They gently laid him on the walk and allowed the water to trickle down his pant legs. As soon as he was able to rise he wanted to clean out the town because the people persisted in laughing at him.

A STRIKE ON GAYNOR CREEK.

Two tons of free gold rock from Gaynor creek, in the Lardeau country, shipped via Trout Lake and Nakusp, was received at the Kaslo sampler on Saturday. Assays of picked specimens show values as high as $11,440 to the ton. The rock is probably as rich as any received at the sampler for some time, and shows free gold easily visible to the naked eye. The shipment will sample over $1,100 to the ton. The owners are non-committal regarding the nature of their find but claim that they will make further shipments in the near future, The strike has occasioned much excitement among the Lardeau and Trout Lake prospectors.

SILVERTON.

(Our Own Correspondent.)

A shooting gallery in a tent has made its appearance next the Silverton News Company.

Silvertonians will this winter in spite of weather and hard times smoke the Trail Blazer Cigar.

The Fidelity start work this week with a force of ten men and an early shipment of sixty tons will be sent out.

The Townsite Company are laying sidewalks on Fourth street and Hume avenue. The clearing up and grading of Lake avenue is looked for daily.

We learn with regret that Horton Bros. are giving up their business here. Their stock will be taken over by Crawford & McMillan, who have opened a branch store in the Townsite Office.

The Hotel Selkirk was formerly opened last Friday. The house contains every modern convenience, and the dining room and bar are fitted up with all the necessaries and luxuries of the Slocan.

Last Saturday evening Constable Hamilton swooped down "like a wolf on the fold" and seized the bank of a Black Jack game in the Victoria Hotel. The players and spectators scattered, but not before many names were taken. Blue papers will be out in the next deal.

The only mine affected by the decline of silver in this vicinity will be the Fisher Maiden. The rumour that the Wakefield was to close down is denied by those in charge. They will employ in the neighborhood of thirty men all winter and will be shipping all winter. All the other mines are doing well and work will be progressing on all with the above exception continuously.

WHITEWATER.

(Special LEDGE Correspondent.)

The new buildings at the Whitewater, which were occupied last week comprise as complete a mine camp as any in the Sloean, affording ample accomodation for over 100 men. Work is now under way on a new ore house at the No. 6 tunnel. More men are being taken on at the mine and the force will be steadily added to, as it is the intention to have 90 men at work before the winter sets in. Although large shipments of ore have already been made, practically no ore other than that taken out in development has been shipped. When the owners of the Whitewater decide to go in for heavy shipments some astonishing returns may be expected.

AN INFLUENTIAL DEPUTATION.

W. Templeton, Mayor of Vancouver, G. R. Maxwell, M. P., C. N. Davidson, D. Menzies and D. G. Macdowall, all of Vancouver. promoters of the Victoria, Vancouver & Eastern, arrived in Kaslo by the K. & S. Saturday evening and left per steamer Kokanee on Sunday morning for Nelson. The party is here as a deputation from the coast to look up the possibilities and probabilities regarding the proposed Victoria, Vancouver & Eastern railroad. From Nelson they will go to Trail and from there to Penticton, over the proposed railway route on horseback, taking careful observations of the country while on the way.

STRIKE ON THE HILLSIDE.

A rich strike was made on the Hillside claim at Whitewater on Thursday last. In the incline shaft being sunk on the vein, at a depth of ten feet, six inches of clean ore and carbonates and two feet of scattered concentrating ore was found on the foot wall. The ledge which is 18 feet wide on the surface, is strong and well-defined, and as the ore chute is widening with every foot of depth great results are expected. A doube shift will be put on and a 50-foot crosscut started immediately. The shaft is within 1,000 feet by an air line of the K. & S. track, affording excellent shipping facilities. Surveying is to be commenced shortly and crown grants applied for. All surface rights will be acquired as the claims have some valuable timber. The Hillside is one of a group of four claims belonging to the Hillside Silver Mining Co. E. C. Ward and Frank Fortin, who hold interests in the Company, are in charge of development.

NAKUSP.

Mrs. H. L. Johnson has returned from the east.

John Ployart has built a neat residence on Slocan avenue.

Tenders are out calling for the building of a Presbyterian church.

The old wharf is being repaired and put in shape for the winter trade.

It is said that James Martin will be the new landlord at the Nakusp House.

Mrs. F. W. Jordan's camping party returned to town Friday on the tug Fawn.

The steamer Nakusp was stuck in the rapids near the mouth of the Kootenay on Tuesday night.

The second deck of the fast steamer Rossland is on and the machinery is being put in position.

W. A. Wilcox is in Spokane enjoying the money he beat his creditors out of while in business here.

A new manager is handling the cleaver in McCarty's butcher shop. Fraim has returned to Revelstoke.

Genelle & Co. are running their mill full blast In three days last week they sawed 145,000 feet of lumber and now have over one and a half millions of feet piled in the yard. Forty-five men are employed by this firm.

Thomas Abriel, one of the oldest and most enterprising citizens of Nakusp, has a two story building on the corner of Slocan avenue and Broadway nearly completed. The Dominion Government will occupy a portion of it with the customs office.

CARIBOO CREEK.

Work will commence on the Mollie next week.

Finch and McMillan are working the Trio group at the head of Goat Canyon.

J. M. Ashton, of Tacoma has six men developing the Red Mountain on McDonald creek.

An interest in the Silver Blaze has been sold to a Glasgow company through their agent, J. G. Devlin.

The Mille Mack, Wolf, Independence, War Eagle and the Maxwell group of claims are to be crown granted.

R. S. Burton and McLean & Sons have applied to the Government for half mile placer lease near Goat Canyon. Five other applications are in for ground near Blue Grouse creek.

Clark and McGinnis are sacking ore at the Chieftain group. Some of the assays from this group show 22,500 ozs. in silver and $15 in gold, while average assays give 8,000 ozs. silver and $35 in gold.

The Silver Queen company might have lost the most valuable part of its property. Most of the work had been done on an unstaked fraction, a fact that was discovered when the survey was made.

ROSEBERY.

J. T. Nault has his new house well under way.

The railroad wharf is to be increased in length and capacity.

Captain Seaman and Engineer Christie are the owners of some choice lots here and will erect residences at this port.

The Sampling Company has not yet commenced building their works, although the machinery is now at Arrowhead and Revelstoke.

J. Bulger arrived yesterday to superintend the building of a transfer barge and tug for the Slocan lake trade. The barge will be 160 feet long and will carry eight loaded cars.

AINSWORTH.

[From Our Regular Correspondent.]

A lodge of the Independent Order of Foresters was organized in Ainsworth on Tuesday.

The Provincial Government has made a liberal grant for a new school house. Five lots have been purchased and grading of the site is now under way. The building will cost about $1,000.

A well organized movement is on foot to establish a hospital here. The Ainsworth Miners' Union have granted some $300 or $400, which has been in the hands of the treasurer of the organization for some time, to the worthy project. Dr. Fleming will have charge.

GOLD STANDARD

What it Means to Make All Moneys Rest Upon It.

A NARROW, FALSE POLICY

It is Lord Over All Yet Servant to Many—Billions of Wealth Based Upon it Without Reason.

One of the favorite arguments of the single gold standard advocates in excusing the coinage by all nations of a silver money that is not worth one-half the amount stamped on its face, is that under a single standard all money in circulation is based upon and backed by gold, and therefore, while of itself a silver dollar or a bank note may be of very little value, the gold behind it puts into it the value printed or stamped on its face. This is probably the most reasonable sounding explanation of the question from a gold-bug standpoint. But let us look deeper into the question and find what they have to back their argument.

According to the best obtainable statistics the world's total supply of gold is but $3,780,000,000. The annual production of gold is not more than one hundred million. Suppose this was all coined into money, it would add less than 8 cents per capita to the world's circulating medium provided none of the stock on hand should be lost or destroyed. But the loss from abrasions and from other sources would consume every dollar of the output. The total production of gold since 1492 is $8,204,303,000, and the world's present stock of gold is but $3,780,000,000, which shows a loss by abrasion and from other causes of $4,424,303,000 since 1492, besides the loss of the whole stock of gold on hand at that time. If the output of gold can keep the present stock good it is all that can reasonably be expected of it; it is probably more than will be realized. With a single gold standard, then, we cannot hope to add a dollar to the circulating medium for all time to come, and it will remain at about four billion dollars.

Taking the single standard advocates at their own argument, let us now find the amount of subsidiary money, silver and paper, based as they say upon gold. Dr. Adolph Soetbeer, the great German statistician, an acknowledged authority on the question, gives the total production of silver and gold since the discovery of America as follows: Gold, $8,204,303,000; silver, $9,726,072,000. From these figures it will be seen that silver is better able to back up the gold than gold the silver, since the value of the white metal production is more than a billion dollars greater than that of the yellow. But we will not take the total production of the metals as a basis. Let us look at the approximate stocks of money in the principal countries of the world, taking our figures from the Treasury Department Bureau of the Mint, Aug. 15, 1893. The stock of gold of twenty-six countries is $3,582,605,000, against a stock of silver of $4,042,700,000. Again we find a difference of one billion in favor of silver. How, then, can the greater metal be based upon the lesser?

These figures show the absurdity of the contention. Or, if a conceded fact among financiers, then the weakness of all nations' financial policy. But, to go into the question deeper: With gold the only legal standard money of redemption all paper money must be backed by it, and there is in circulation in these countries, paper to the fiat value of $2,735,873,000. Then, again, if gold is to be the only standard money of the world, the only money of redemption, then the national debts of the world, if ever liquidated, must be paid in gold. According to the figures of Mr. Porter in the 11th Census Report, the national debts of the world amount to $27,396,055,389. And, if the world's national debts must be paid in gold, then so must the corporate, municipal, and individual debts, which, according to our best authorities, are estimated at three times as much more, making a grand total of more than $100,000,000,000 What now, have we based upon the stock of gold valued at $3,780,000,000? Here it is: Silver, $4,042,700,000; paper, $2,735,873,000; indebtedness of the world, national, corporate, municipal and individual, $100,000,000,000.

These astounding facts are not to be overlooked when considering the financial question. We hear men talking about an "honest" dollar, limited legal tender silver, and the "sound" financial policy of civilization, when it can easily be seen that they know nothing about the question. It will readily be seen from the figures given above that the present gold standard policy of most nations is the weakest the world has ever known, and that the world cannot long continue on so shakey a financial basis, and that silver must be replaced in the position it held in the financial make-up of all nations prior to thirty years ago. It must be made a money of final redemption, full legal tender for all debts, public and private, coined at the same ratio with gold that it is now coined, and as freely as gold.

It is claimed by the opponents of silver that under free coinage the silver mining industry would be stimulated to still further production, and that in consequence the money of the world would be largely increased in volume. Let it be conceded that this would be the natural result of free coinage, what would be the effect on the business interests of the world? The danger of a people having too much money is not so great as the danger of having too little. As the money was increased in volume the business of the world would revive; better conditions would prevail in all lands. Instead of poverty, squalor, vice, and starvation the poor classes in all lands would have an opportunity of earning for themselver at least some of the comforts of life.

STOLE TRUNK AND CONTENTS.

Monday night the house of Ella Brown was entered and a trunk and contents belonging to Jessie Cook, one of the inmates, carried away. The robbery was reported to Officer McLeod and Tuesday morning he arrested Hugh D. Davis and Chas. Howard, who were found asleep in their tent on Carpenter creek not more than 100 yards from the house. On their persons he found articles taken from the trunk and on the path close to the tent a piece of jewelry. In the bush close by the trunk and remainder of the stolen articles were found. The value of the recovered property is placed at $250. The men arrested are strangers in this vicinity and have the appearance of hard working men. They were given a preliminary hearing before Magistrate Rashdall Wednesday morning and taken to Kamloops in the afternoon for safe-keeping.

A WOMAN JOURNALIST IN KOOTENAY.

Miss Fraser, a journalist and authoress of some ability, was in Kaslo on Saturday night. Miss Fraser writes for the Westminster Gazette, but is at present preparing a work on the "Agricultural Resources of British Columbia," to be gotten up for the benefit of agriculturalists of Great Britain. To a representative of THE LEDGE Miss Fraser stated that she had spent some two months on the Lower Fraser, Chiliwack valley and the Okanagan country, and was now on her way to Fort Steele, after visiting which district she would depart via the C.P.R. for England. Miss Fraser, under the nom-de-plume of Frances McNab, has already prepared some very valuable literature on the same subject regarding South Africa, the Transvaal and Bechuanaland, where she spent eight months of last year.

COPPER NEAR BANFF.

Bill Houston, of Kaslo, came into the Northwest Territories from the Black Hills in 1882. In 1884 he discovered on the east slope of the Rockies, about 25 miles north of Banff a ledge carrying copper and other minerals. He did not stake a claim or do anything with it until about a month ago, when, in company with John McAndrews he staked 10 claims.

The claims are 600 × 1500 feet and are recorded at Calgary. Assays have been obtained showing 48 per cent copper, $16 in gold and 40 ounces silver. The formation in that section is principlly limestone and resembles the rock of Arizona and New Mexico where the big copper mines are located in those states.

CARIBOO CREEK WAGON ROAD.

The wagon road along Cariboo creek is within half a mile of Mineral City, and the bridge at the second crossing of Cariboo creek is under way. The last of the $4,500 Government grant was paid last Friday by F. G. Fauquier, and the work now being done will be paid by private subscription. A sleigh road will be constructed from the end of the present road to Grouse creek. W. A. Swann is superintendent of the work.

TRIFLED WITH A GUN.

A black bear would persist in prowling around the Surprise cabins, on Four Mile, up to a few days ago. A loaded gun was placed in a hollow log not far from the cabin, and when bruin crowded into the log in search of something to eat, he pulled the trigger and death came to him in a rapid and efficient manner.

A trip to the Klondike and Alaska with 120 beautiful lime light views will be given in Pythian Hall shortly for the Methodist Church building fund. Prof. D. M. Crowley will officiate.

WHEN BRYAN CAME TO BUTTE.

I have read of Roman triumphs in the days when
Rome played ball;
When she met all other nations, taking out of
each a fall;
When victorious Roman generals marched their
legions home in state,
With the plunder of the conquered—and the conquered paid the freight.
Gorgeous were those vast processions rolling
through the streets of Rome;
Mad with joy went all the Romans welcoming
the veterans home.
Gold there was for fifty Klondikes, swiped from
temples of the gods;
Marble statutes by the cartload, gems enough to
stone the dogs.
Following chariot cars were captives, damsels by
the hundred score,
Ballet dancers from far harems, savage men and
beasts galore.
—Millions cheered and yelled and thundered;
shook the earth as by a storm;
All Rome howled—and yet Rome's howling after
all was not so warm;
For these monster Roman triumphs, at which not
a stone was mute,
Couldn't hold a Roman candle—
When Bryan came to Butte.

I have read of the uprising of the men of la belle
France
When Napoleon came from Elba, eager for another chance.
Marble hearts and frozen shoulders turned the
generals to their chief,
But the people hailed their master with a rapture
past belief.
What though France lay stunned and bleeding,
she arose and got too gay;
What if he had cost her fortunes, still the devil
was to pay.
Though he'd killed a million soldiers and came
back to kill some more.
The survivors stood there ready to give up their
inmost gore;
And they wept and sang and shouted, whooped
and roared in sheer delight,
On their knees they begged, implored him to pull
off another fight—
Sure the champion was in training, and in training couldn't loose;
Thus they danced around and acted as if jagged
with wildest booze.
But the passion that they cherished for this fiery
French galoot
Was as zero to that witnessed
When Bryan came to Butte.

I have read of Queen Victoria and her diamond
jubilee.
London rose and did the handsome—it was something up in G.
Long and glittering the procession—beat old
Barnum's best to death;
When the queen is on exhibit, even cyclones hold
their breath.
Troops of white and black and yellow—regiments
from East and West—
All the glory of Great Britain—pomp until you
couldn't rest.
—Russia also cut a figure when she crowned her
present czar.
In the line of fancy blowout Russian stock is up
to par.
There were balls and fetes and fireworks, bands
played on and cannon roared;
Monarchy was at the bat, and all their royal
giblets scored.
—Add the Moscow show to London's, take the
paralyzing pair—
Put the queen and czar together, yoke the lion
and the bear—
Swell these pageantries of Europe till you get a
dream to suit—
But it's pretty small potatoes—
When Bryan came to Butte.

Bryan has himself had triumphs, some ovations
off and on—
Just a little bit the biggest that the sun e'er shone
upon.
You remember the convention in Chicago, do you
not?
When the party went to Bryan and the goldbugs
went to pot.
You remember the excitement when he rose and
caught the crowd,
When for fully twenty minutes everybody
screamed aloud.
Oh, the mighty roar of thousands as he smote the
cross of gold,
As he gripped the British lion in a giant's
strangle hold!
Oh, the fury of the frenzy as he crushed the crown
of thorns,
As he grasped the situation, as he held it by the
horns!
Some there were who leaped the benches, some
who stood upon their head,
Some who tried to kick the ceiling, more who
tried to wake the dead.
'Twas a record-breaking rouser, down to fame it
shoots the chute—
But it wasn't quite a fly-speck—
When Bryan came to Butte.

Ah, when Bryan came to Butte! greatest mining
camp on earth;
Where the people dig and delve, and demand their
money's worth,
Though the Wall street powers despise them and
abuse them like a dog,
Bryan is their friend and savior and they love
him as a god.
Did they meet him when he came there? Did
they make a little noise?
Were they really glad to see him? Do you think
it pleased the boys?
'Twas the screaming of the eagle as he never
screamed before,
'Twas the crashing of the thunder, mingling with
Niagara's roar.
All the whistles were a-screeching, with the bands
they set the pace—
But the yelling of the people never let them get a
place
Dancing up and down and sideways spliting
lungs and throats and ears
All were yelling, and at yelling seemed wound up
a thousand years

* * * * * * * * *

Of the earth's great celebrations 'twas the champion heavyweight,
'Tis the champion of champions for all time I
calculate
For it knocked out all its rivals, and still standing,
resolute,
Punched creation's solar plexus—
When Bryan came to Butte.

C. H. A. in Anaconda (Mont.) Standard.

CARIBOO AND KLONDIKE.

The Two Gold Fields Compared in Favor of the Former.

The personal experience of Mr. Jas. Orr, one of Cariboo's old-timers is well worthing hearing. Landing at Williams creek in 1862, when the famous creek was in its glory as a producer Mr. Orr became one of the owners in the Caledonia and was bookkeeper for that company. In 15 months they took out over half a million dollars. This was in 1893. Out of the Caledonia which war 67 feet to bedrock, the best paying dirt was about two feet on bedrock and the run was often 150 feet wide.

The Never Sweat was adjoining and washed up every day from 60 to 200 ounces; Beauregard as high as 800 ounces a day; New York from 150 to 200 ounces; Moffat's, over $300,000 was taken out of 100 feet square, which was thk size of the Cariboo claims. The McLean claim was next, but not so rich. The Tinker, with 300 feet of ground, paid in dividends over $700.000. The Watty, a small claim next, paid $80,000.

The Cameron claims cleaned up over $1,000,000; the Rabby, $900,000; Dead Broke, $70,000. Below were some short but rich claims. Prince of Wales paid for an 8th interest half a million. Above the Caledonia, the Lillooet and Cariboo was very rich. The Aurara, with its fourteen interests, paid in dividends, after all expenses were paid, about $39,000 per interest On the Diller, two men working on the windlass, and two underground took out in ten hours 102 pounds of gold.

In all over $300,000 was paid in dividends to the three interests in this claim. Above Black Jack, which was rich, the the Wind-up was a rich fraction. From Canyon to Prince of Wales, on up to the saw mill, the Erieson, Nigger and others paid from $25,000 to $50,000 to the interest.

Dozens of other claims along old Williams creek paid enormously and the creek never received, says Mr. Orr, credit for nearly all of its enormous output, it being generally said that the sum of $25,000,000 was taken out of 1½ miles. Mr. Orr says it was twice that amount. In any case it was such a creek as was never before struck, and so far as the Klondike is not in the race for record output. Other creeks in the neighborhood, Mr. Orr says, will yet prove as rich perhaps as Williams creek was. Lightning creek, Swift river, Slough creek, Willow river, and dozens of other creeks which have never been bottomed, will yet give up their hoard of gold.

Of Omineca, Mr. Orr, who spent two years there, says it was barely scratched, and the whole of the Cassiar country is yet comparatively virigin ground. The enormous cost of provisions, difficulty of access and cost of labor all combined to make the gold hunters drop any work that would not quickly and enormously repay. Today there is no better gold country to prospect than from Cariboo through to Klondike. From Asheroft, though it is only a little over 1,000 miles, of which the first 220 miles is by a first-class wagon road, the next 460 by trail, and the balance by a splendid water course down Teslin lake and the Hootalinqua river. But within one year the excitement will very likely be centred in the Cassiar range of mountains, from which water sheds the sources of othe Yukon largely spring.

For prospectors who wish to go in cheap we say, start from Ashcroft in April, leave Quesnelle in early May and you can spend the season most profitably in prospecting through to Telegraph creek. If you should wish you can then sell your pack animals, for which there is always a demand at that point, and build a boat, and in a week from that time you leave Lake Teslin you can be at that now most talked-of spot on earth, Klondike.—Ashcroft Mining Journal.

GREAT BRITAIN AND THE U.S.

The truth is beginning to penetrate the unwilling mind in Great Britain, It has has been hard to get Englishmen to see that the "tie of kinship" with the United States does not regulate the Government in that country. There are many, perhaps several millions, of sensible, friendly people in the States who respect England as a country, who look upon war as a hideous blunder and who are anxious to do what any self-respecting man may do to cultivate friendly relations with a foreign state. This element has little or no influence upon the public administration. Then there are millions who are quite indifferent and do not even employ the English language for ordinary intercourse. These people also bear no relation to the foreign policy as it effects England. In fact you can go over the various classes of citizens in the Republic and find that those elements which, in a warm controversy, could compel a friendly policy towards Great Britain are disorganized, ineffective and practically impotent. This fact is perfectly well known on this continent; Englishmen who are governed by preconceived notions, or are influenced by pleasant social experiences, hesitate to accept it. They often ask: how are hostilities staved off if the maintenance of international friendliness is so frail a structure? Mainly by the immense financial and commercial interests at stake, and also because the United Statesians are a practical people and do not believe in any war unless it will bring solid advantages and is pretty certain of success. The situation is now understood by the Imperial authorities; the people, we infer from numerous letters in the English press and editorial articles.

ANGLOMANIACAL ENTERPRISE.

But say! who is this Cope Whitehouse now trying to pull the leg of Newport, R. I. for $80,000 to establish there a "Victoria Park in commemoration of her Britannic Majesty's Diamond Jubilee?" I'm curious to know what kind of critter has got the supernal gall to ask Americans to give up $80,000 as an evidence of their love for England—who would establish an English park in an American seaport whose sailors Johnny Bull impressed and maltreated until the most peaceable of presidents drew the sword in their defense. Imagine England establishing an Andrew Jackson park as evidence of her almighty love for America! It is said that "the smart New York set" which summers at Newport is interested in this Anglomanical enterprise, and propose that the park shall contain "a bungalow or summer-house for the British ambassador." That was to have been expected, for New York's "smart set" is ever crawling on its belly at the feet of John Bull. It was Tory during the revolution, pro-British during the war of 1812 and traitor at all times. It delights in systematically insulting Uncle Sam with its obnoxious Anglomaniacal insolence. Those who want a Victoria park with British bungalow had best establish it in England. There is still considerable patriotism in this country, and it might be set on fire by such an insult and blow bungalow and ambassador off the earth. The American sovereigns of Newport ought to stand Cope Whitehouse on his head and, with a red-hot iron, brand "J. B." on his buttocks.—Brann's Iconoclast.

GOLD DIGGERS BATTALION.

Since it is possible to enlist men at low wages to fight for their country, it ought not to be impossible to enlist men at good wages to dig up gold for their country.

A battalion of Yukon gold diggers ought to be organized and sent up to work the alternate claims which the Government proposes to reserve.

There might be difficulties in the way, and all of the gold secured might not reach the national treasury, but if the Yukon is as rich as they say it is, the Government ought to pay off a good part of the national debt with the proceeds of its activity in the gold fields.

Then look at the advertisement which Canada would secure through such a radical departure from conventional methods. Half the wealth of the country could be exploited for the benefit of individuals and the other half for the profit of the country as a whole. Thus the Yukon will become the trial ground for a peaceful conflict between individual and collective effort.

The multitude will have cigars that will burn when they have the Trail Blazer.

CITY OF DERRICKS.

Oil Discovery Ruined a Suburb of Los Angeles.

The discovery of petroleum within the city limits of Los Angeles, California, has so transformed one of the suburbs of that city that as a remarkable spectacle there is nothing to compare with it in any city in the world. The fact that the oil underlay a thickly-settled territory, where most of the land was divided into 50-foot lots, naturally made each landholder anxious to secure the oil before it should be drawn up by his next-door neighbor. The consequence was that wells were driven with all possible speed, and a picturesque residential district was very quickly covered by huge, unsightly derricks and tanks. Every consideration gave way to that of securing the valuable oil, and, as a consequence, the pretty cottages with their surrounding lawns and shrubbery were soon incongruously intermingled with all the unsightly paraphernalia of hundreds of modern drivewells. In his hurry to secure the oil the owner of a little 50 by 150 lot in some cases erected as many as five derricks within that area. Naturally this haste to get rich defeated its purpose, and after a year or two the wells began to decrease in yield. Some of them, it is true, began to yield again later to a limited extent, while other wells have been abandoned altogether. Of course the work of recovering the oil might have been done more economically if the property owners of half a dozen lots had combined to sink one well between them, instead of sinking two or three wells to each lot, as they have actually done. In some cases, after the first exhaustion, the wells were sunk to a greater depth, with the result that a further flow was encountered.

Petroleum has been produced in California for many years, and the oil fields seem to extend throughout the whole length of the State, as indicated by the frequent oil croppings. It is only in the southern counties, however, that there bas been any development of the industry, and this has been confined mainly to the counties of Ventura, Santa Barbara and Los Angeles. The discovery of oil in Los Angeles has naturally created quite a boom in the industry, and prospectors are busy in other sections of the State.

The early Mexican residents of Los Angeles were aware of the fact that there was petroleum in the formation underlying the city, and they used the asphaltum residue of the oil which they gathered at the outcropping for roofing their adobe houses. In those early days the commercial value of the oil was unknown, and the Mexicans made no attempt to utilize it. The first boring for oil was made about four years ago at a point about one mile west of the business center of the city, and since then, says the Scientific American, over 500 wells have been sunk within the city limits and within an area which extends over a mile east and west and about 600 feet north and south. During the past nine months new wells have also been sunk with a fair measure of success about half a mile beyond the eastern limit of the producing field above mentioned.

The Los Angeles oil differs from that of Pennsylvania in that it has an asphaltum instead of a kerosene base, and is not suitable for illumination. It is thick and black in color, with a low specific gravity, and it is said to be the best fuel oil that has ever been discovered. It is used for the manufacture of lubricants, paints, printing ink and various other commercial products. The cost of sinking a well varies considerably, but $1,200 to $1,500 may be taken as the approximate cost for a well 800 feet deep.

As was to be expected in a new industry such as this, there has been considerable fluctuation in the price of the oil in Los Angeles. It was first sold for about $2 per barrel of 42 gallons. The price began to fall rapidly, until it reached as low a figure as 35 cents per barrel. A Co-operative Oil Exchange was then formed, and this, together with the increasing use of the oil in factories and by some of, the railroads, brought the price up to $1 a barrel, delivered at the well. At this figure it remained until the spring of this year, when the increased demand caused the price to rise to $1.50 at the well, at which figure it now stands. At this rate it is considered to be a cheap fuel in comparison with coal. A ton of soft coal is reckoned to be equal as fuel to three barrels and a half of oil, which would make the equivalent cost of coal in Los Angeles about $5.50 per ton, at the factory. At this price it is considered that Los Angeles manufacturers should be able to compete with those in the east. The daily yield of oil is from four barrels a day in the older wells to 40 barrels a day in those which have been recently bored at the western edge of the field. At the present price, this represents a total output valued at $1,250,000 per year.

It was natural that the development of these fields within the city limits should meet with considerable opposition from citizens who object to see the suburban section of Los Angeles rendered hideous by such a forest of grimy derricks, and the opposition has been particularly strong since wells have been driven in the direction of the handsome residence section surround-Westlake Park.

The City Council has very wisely passed an ordinance forbidding the boring of wells within 1,600 feet of this park, and it is likely that the disfigurement of the city will be confined to the strip of land to which reference is made.

A terrible fatality occurred in Toronto on the 22nd inst., by which four little children were drowned while playing on a raft.

The Job-room of The Ledge

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

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

The St. James Hotel,

NEW DENVER, B.C.

Is a new house, with new furniture and everything comfortable for the taaveling public. The bar has the best goods in the market. ANGRIGNON BROS., Proprietors.

SMOKE THE TRAIL BLAZER CIGAR

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

The smoke from the TRAIL BLAZER CIGAR Will be seen in many mountain saloons before the hills are much older

Canadian News.

The price of bread is going up as the price of wheat advances.

A military expedition is being formed in Toronto to go to the Klondike.

A silver-lead vein, seven feet wide, has been struck in Barrie township.

The price of wheat is steadily rising and the farmers are exceedingly joyful.

The iron mines in the township of Madoc are being re-opened and worked.

The Young Liberals of Toronto will tender a banquet to Sir Wilfrid Laurier on his coming visit to that city.

A special from Winnipeg reports that the wheat crop of 1897 is now almost an assured success, both in yield and quality.

The Montreal exhibition was a failure this year owing to the fact of it not being properly advertised by the directors.

The Canadian Government will make a test this fall of an overland route via Edmonton and Peace River to the Klondike.

Lady Kirkpatrick will perform the opening ceremony at the Toronto Victorian Era Exposition on Tuesday, Aug. 31st.

The first shipment of apples from Canada for 1897 left port on the steamship Costalia, bound for Glasgow, on the 27th Aug.

Burglars have been doing some active work at Bowmanville, Beeton and Douglas, Ont., and have secured a fair amount of plunder.

The first 100 miles of the Crows Nest Pass Railway will probably be completed by Nov. 1st. Four thousand men are engaged upon it.

A Bell Telephone lineman, named John Radfield, fell out of a third-storey window of an hotel in Ingersoll and received some serious injuries.

The stamp mill at the Bannockburn mine has been refitted with the latest improvement, and is now crushing from fifteen to eighteen tons daily.

A three-year-old boy, son of H. Winegarden, Chatham, fell into six feet of water in a 30-foot well, but was miraculously saved from drowning.

Three men in attempting to cross the river above the Falls at Niagara had their boat upset and they were swept over the cataract and disappeared.

A Woodstock lady invested $300 in the Chicago wheat market recently and the other day received word that her investment has yielded $11,000 in profits.

A rattlesnake bit the thirteen-year-old daughter of Isaiah Williams, of the Six Nations Reserve, near Brantford. Little hope is entertained of her recovery.

The High Court of Eastern Ontario, Independent Order of Foresters, before closing their meeting at Deseronto decided to hold their next meeting at Pembroke.

A young Toronto man, named George A. Chapman, while bathing in Lake Simcoe, was seized with cramps and before assistance could reach him was drowned.

It is asserted that the Duke and Duchess of York have accepted the invitation of Sir Wilfrid Laurier to visit Canada next Spring, on their way to Australia.

The Consumptive Sanitarium at Gravenhurst was formally opened by Sir Wm. Meredith, in the presence of a number of distinguished visitors from Toronto and elsewhere.

The first gold brick from Mikado mine, Rat Portage, will be shown at Toronto Exhibition; also a piece of ore, 200 lbs. in weight from the Foley mine at Mine Centre.

Several American speculators have been visiting Petrolia with a view to leasing undeveloped territory for oil operations. There is every indication of a busy drilling season.

The apple crop of Niagara district is a failure, but of peaches, they never had a better crop. Of grapes the quantity will be considerably above average, but pears will be below the average.

The steamer Telegram from North shore of Lake Superior reports immense gold finds in the vicinity of Michipicoten River. A Montreal syndicate is said to have paid $100,000 for one claim.

Geo. H. Hamilton, one of the oldest and most prominent members of the Montreal Stock Exchange, and also an active member of the Royal St. Lawrence Yack Club, died at Darval, Que., this week.

About eighty of the members of the British Science Association, which has just closed its 67th Annual Meeting, at Toronto, will take advantage of the excursions to the coast, arranged for their benefit.

There is considerable talk that Sir Oliver Mowat will release Valentine Shortis, the double-dyed murderer of Valleyfield. It is rumored that Lady Aberdeen promised his mother that he would be liberated.

The Canadian canal at Sault Ste. Marie was blocked on Thursday for about six hours and traffic was delayed. A steamer and a schooner became wedged between the canal bank and the pier of the railway bridge.

Two bicyclists stole an unset diamond worth $250 from under the noses of two clerks in P. W. Ellis' wholesale jewelry store, Toronto. The diamond was found a few hours later in a pawn-shop, but the thieves have not yet been caught.

The reports from the Hastings Mining District are very favorable. The officials of the Canadian Gold Fields Co. (Limited) say they are satisfied with the shipments of gold bricks and are buying all the properties they can procure.

The time for Canada's Greatest Fair is at hand, and it promises to far exceed all bygone fairs. Excursion trains running from north, south, east and west and with the specially favorable rates made by the railroads a greater influx of visitors than ever before is expected.

"COME SEBEN! COME 'LEBEN!"

I was sitting out on the guards of the Telegraph, one of those elegant packets of the line which carries passengers and freight between Pomeroy, the salt center of the Ohio Valley, and Cincinnati, late one night in July.

It was too warm in the stateroom and so, with coat and vest off and slippers on, I had gone out to sit on the guards and catch the breeze made by the onward motion of the packet, and to enjoy the soft moonlight and its weird effects of light and shadow upon the water and trees that fringed either bank.

It was after midnight, and the merry party that had made the cabin floor vibrate beneath their flying feet, had deserted the dance and were tossing about in their heated staterooms vainly imagining that they were sleeping.

The Telegraph was taking on a great pile of freight—pig iron. The negro roustabouts, each with a great pad on his shoulder, were coming and going like a long line of heavily-laden ants, chanting a strain all the time, that seemed to encourage them to greater effort.

The time, the words all seemed barbaric, and closing my eyes, I no longer saw the packet rocking on the water, with her great beauty of outline and color, nor the huge pile of pig iron, nor the sleeping town at whose landing we were lying.

A great sandy desert, dazzling from the hot light of the sun, lay stretched measureless before me. The water elms over there were the tufted palms of an oasis, and the dusky negro roustabouts had been transformed by the magic wand of the moonlight into Arab camel-drivers who were chanting their barbaric chant to their camels.

Bang, bang, bang! "Lively now!" Chow! Chow! Choo-o-o. We are leaving and my camel-drivers are untying lines and falling over each other as they rush onward to hoist the swinging stage, and bring it around to the front of the bow.

The mate's "Lively now!" has ceased, when suddenly away back aft I hear the plunking of a banjo. Plun, plunk, plunkety, plunk, plunk. Not the high clear "plink" of the silver-rimmed beauty, which was the rage of society, but the deeper "plunk" of a genuine old-fashioned banjo, the pride and the joy of a whole plantation of negroes. Listen! Someone is singing:

"Hambone it am sweet, and bacon meat am good
Possum meat am bery, bery fine.
Oh how I wish you'd get me, Oh how I wish you would,
Dat water milyun hanging on de vine."

It was first chanted by the player alone and then the chorus was taken up by the whole crew of roustabouts, who had just come aboard from five hours of the hardest labor, and yet, toil all forgotten, their deep mellow bass and their clear tenor voices sang out above the noise made by the wheels of the boat, making out of that senseless ditty the sweetest music I have ever heard.

I asked the clerk, who had brought his chair out there, if he could get them to come forward where I could see them. He went aft and called them and they came.

There were about ten of them, all great powerful-looking fellows but one. He had a banjo. He was a slender fellow, below the medium height, of bright yellow complexion and glittering little black eyes. Climbing up the capstan he hugged his banjo to him as a monkey hugs a kitten and then struck up:

"Ise trabelling back to Dixie,
No more I'se gwine to wander.

Rich and deep came the mighty roll of base and high and clear the tenor. It seemed that the very moonlight vibrated with the melody.

"I went down to Shiloh town,
Yah, my Lawd, gwine to meet you;
Bull-frogs kicking houses down,
I'll meet you by and by."

"That is the worst darky on the globe," said the clerk. "He does nothing but pick that banjo and spread that mouth of his from ear to ear."

"Where is he from?" I asked.

"From everywhere and going back," was the reply. "I'll bet a cold hundred that he and that banjo have been from Pittsburg to New Orleans 50 times, and he has always got plenty of money. He's a great crap-shooter, and with all that wide grin he is a very devil. He will use a razor or a knife quicker than greased lightning."

"Does he work?"

"Who, Billy? No, siree. He says that a gentleman never works."

"How does he pay his way?"

"With that blamed old banjo, and shooting craps. Those darkies drew their pay today, and they won't have a red left by the time we reach the levee at the city. Billy will have every cent, they will have some nasty cuts, and three or four weeks in a hospital or an easy bed in mother earth. Just listen to him sing. He knows there is a harvest to gather."

"Hoe the corn, Hoe de corn, Moses,
Hoe the corn, I'll meet you by and by."

"You notice when he talks or sings, he does so like a regular Sambo, but that little yellar devil has had a good education. That flat talk is part of his stock in trade," continued the clerk, as Billy flung his banjo in the air, and caught it, still keeping perfect time.

"Will they shoot craps tonight?" I asked.

"Yes, keep still and I will get them started," was the reply.

He called Billy up the steps and said something to him. He went back down the steps, and suddenly called out:

"Go away, banjer, dis nigger am tired ob yo noise. Come seben, come leben. I'se got you niggahs right in dese old close."

It was a challenge for a game. A great big brown fellow took up the challenge with:

"Come on, ole punkins, I'se yo lemon."

Soon, with eager dark faces, the crowd were gathered about the two, as with glittering eyes all aflame with the gambling fever, they alternately shook in their hands the little black-dotted cubes of ivory.

The sat or knelt, a compact intense group, every nerve alive with the fascination of the game. Their dark faces, picturesque in the moonlight, some with lips parted and white teeth gleaming, they looked like a band of pirates dividing their lot, their ill-gotten spoils.

The dark gambler was winning, and he showed it in the trembling way in which he shook the cubes, in the flaming eyes alight with greed for gain.

In the songs I had heard or seen the jolly, careless side of the negro. I was now seeing him in a dangerous and darker mood. Billy appeared utterly indifferent to his losses and was merrily leading his opponent on. Suddenly with a fierce oath he challenged the big fellow for a greater stake. Carried away by his own eagerness, the brawny Titan accepted and threw on the deck a handful of bills and coins.

Billy's eyes gleamed as he heard the noise of the coins. It was his turn to throw.

"Come seben, come 'leben, um ah!"

The yellow hand gave a queer turn, upon the deck rolled the white cubes with a rattle. They righted themselves. Every one leaned forward breathless with eagerness.

"Niggah, dat money is mine," shouted Billy.

"Sam, dem's not de same bones dat you trowed," said one of the group, snatching at the same time at the ivories. But Billy plucked them out of his hand and grabbed the money from the deck with a curse that was more like a growl from between his set white teeth.

"Look out, Sam; that yellow niggah's got a knife!"

It was too late. Quick as lightning something gleamed with an angry flash in the moonlight. The rouster had Billy by the throat.

A flash and the knife with a horrible sound has cut its way through clothes, flesh and bone to the heart. The black hand still clutches the yellow throat. Another flash, a curved flash this time, and the black hand has been almost severed at the wrist. The strong fingers open slowly, as if in reluctance. The little fellow with a quick spring shoves from him the body that a moment before was a man filled with intense life. It falls upon the deck with a thud. The roustabouts, with curses, rush upon the murderer. Three times blade flashes in the moonlight, a quick upward spring, a splash, he has leaped overboard.

Pop—pop—pop—pop. They empty their revolvers at a black speck away out there in the river, 20 yards off, leaving a triangular trail as a muskrat when he swims.

"Well, Sam's done shot his last crap. Dat Banjo Billy is a slick duck wid a knife." And with this funeral oration the dead man passes out of their lives.

Tomorrow night, back aft, the same rattling of the ivories will be heard; the same "Come seben, come 'leben," while eager eyes look on, in whose depths slumbers, and lightly slumbers, dark pitless murder.—Douglas Gregory in Buffalo Express.

The Windsor Restaurant
IN NEW DENVER,

Is one of the Best and Aged Cafes of the
Silvery Slocan.

It was in operation when

The Hand of Fate

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

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

COME EARLY AND AVOID THE RUSH.

Jacobson & Co.

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

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

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

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

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

The Bar of the Windsor Hotel
In New Denver
Contains all the famous liquors of the present day. The cigars are from reliable makers and give out, when in action, an aroma that scents the immediate atmosphere with an odor that is pleasing to the olfactories of man.
In the billiard room of this hotel the ivory spheres can be set in motion whenever the public desires it.
ANGUS McGILLIVRAY

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

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

THE LEDGE.

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

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TO CONTRIBUTORS.

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

THURSDAY, SEPT. 9, 1897.

CORBIN AND HEINZE.

IT is very evident that with the change of proprietorship there will be no change in the policy of Corbin laudation which was always a distinguishing feature of our contemporary the Rossland Miner. In an editorial last week the Miner holds up both Corbin and Heinze to the admiration of its readers as disinterested benefactors of this district by building railroads into "what was then anything but a promising field for such ventures."

"Corbins venture was laughed at by other railway men," says the Miner, "but he persevered, and, after overcoming many untold difficulties, stands at the head of a successful enterprise today." This sounds very nice, and is no doubt true as far as it goes, but neither Corbin nor Heinze are the kind of men to lay out a dollar without first thoroughly assuring themselves that the said dollar will return to them accompanied by one or more of the same species. Evidently the Miner does not know very much of the past history of Southern Kootenay. It does not know that before Corbin built the Nelson & Fort Sheppard Railway the discoveries of immense mineral wealth on Toad Mountain had been satisfactorily substantiated; that prospectors were coming into Nelson with samples of exceedingly rich silver-lead ores from the Slocan; that the town of Nelson was having a first-class boom in consequence; and that all this vast mineral producing district would be at the mercy of a railroad built into Nelson from Northport, where Corbin's road then had its northern terminus. There is no doubt that Corbin had built from Spokane north to the Columbia river for the purpose of tapping the rich mineral districts of British Columbia, but not with a view of benefitting British Columbia. The party to be benefitted was D. C. Corbin. Shipments of ore were being made to the U. S. smelters by way of the Columbia & Kootenay rivers, and the steamboats were doing a good business both ways long before Mr. Corbin decided to build the N. & F. S. Ry. It was certain that Mr. Corbin knew he would have a good thing, if not immediately, in less than two years from the time of construction. But, the certain prospect of a large revenue accruing from freight and passenger traffic next year or the year after was not enough for Mr. Corbin. Like Oliver Twist, he wanted more, and he got more. Men of Mr. Corbin's characteristics always manage to get into a good thing on the ground floor, but not satisfied with getting in on the ground floor, and by getting a charter keeping others out, he must needs be heavily bonused for doing so. Under a mistaken idea that no Canadian companies would undertake the work, the Provincial Government gave Mr. Corbin large blocks of the peoples' land—land that is today very valuable, and which within the next two years will be worth more than all Mr. Corbin's railways in B. C. cost in building. The effect of Mr. Corbin's ownership of this land has been more worry and trouble to prospectors and claim owners within 16 miles of the railway than all other hardships put together.

Then as to the Red Mountain Railway, the Miner does not remember how Mr Corbin obtained a charter in 1893 which gave him two years in which to commence construction; how for those two years he kept off other parties who were anxious to build, and only saved his charter by turning over a few sods and shovelfuls of earth a few days before the two years were up, and then had a request before the House for an extension of his charter for two years more.

Mr. Kellie, M.P.P. for the North Riding, who was attending the session at Victoria, wired his constituents to ask whether he should oppose the application for an extension, and at a public meeting held in Revelstoke to discuss the matter, while the feeling was generally hostile to extending Mr. Corbin's charter in view of there being several other applicants for charters to build over the same route, it was decided not to meddle in the matter, as Trail Creek alone was interested, and Trail Creek should be allowed to settle it. Thus Mr. Kellie did not oppose the extension of the Red Mountain charter.

It was not until the permanency of Trail Creek camp as a mining centre had been certainly and surely demonstrated that Mr. Corbin made any effort to begin the construction of the Red Mountain road. He is not the kind of man to take any chances in such matters. Mr. Corbin has not lost any money by coming to British Columbia. On the contrary, by his sagacity and foresight in getting in on the ground floor he is today a prospective millionaire, and instead of the people of West Kootenay taking off their hats to D. C. Corbin as their great and good benefactor, it would be more in keeping for Mr. Corbin to feel thankful to the B. C. Government and the people of West Kootenay that between them they have made his fortune for him.

As for the Miner's laudation of Mr. Heinze, it is a fallacy to suppose that that gentleman came here for his health. He is an astute American, and it is absurd to assert that West Kootenay is under any special obligations to any person or parties coming here to amass wealth. Mr. Heinze built a smelter, but he thought there was money in it or else he would not have done so. His bump of philanthropy is not so large as to induce him to put up a smelter or construct a railway tor anybody's benefit but his own. If such was the case why does Mr. Heinze charge a passenger rate more than double that of the C.P.R.? Trail is nearly twelve miles from Rossland, and the fare on the C. & W. is $1.00, or almost 9 cents a mile. The C.P.R. charges only four cents a mile. Besides Mr. Heinze obtained 10,040 (ten thousand and forty) acres of land for every mile ot his little, narrow gauge, switchback road—120,480 acres in all. This land includes some of the finest ranching land in Southern Kootenay, and with the growth of population will be worth an immense sum of money in the near future. Mr. Heinze, as well as Mr. Corbin, may thank his stars that he had a pull with the Provincial Government, as there is every probability that he, too, will one day become a millionaire through the munificent gift of the peoples' land. It is ridiculous to eulogise either of those gentlemen as coming here and building railways or smelters for the benefit of the community. Messrs, Corbin and Heinze came here to benefit themselves and nobody else.

A WESTERN exchange says: "Of all God's cattle the backcapper is the most despicable. If he fails to get a rake-off he endeavors to stop legitimate deals by slanderous insinuations." We have met this fellow in the Slocan occasionally, but his tactics were seldom of any account.

PROVINCIAL POLITICS.

THE Province says: The distribution of seats at the last general election amongst a total of 23,386 voters was monstrously unfair, as is proved by the fact that the Government supporters, twenty-two in number, were returned by 12,063 votes, giving an average of 548 each, as against eleven Opposition members; who received 11,323 votes, or an average of 1,029. The actual difference in votes therefore received by the Government and the Opposition was only 740, whereas the difference in seats out of a House of thirty-three members was no less than eleven. To put it in another way the majority obtained by the Government over the whole country was only 2.30 per cent. of the total votes cast, whereas the majority of voting power which they secured in the House was no less than 33 per cent. To put it in another way - on appeal to the country they got in point of votes a majority so small as to be hardly worth talking about while in the House they got a majority so large as to be scarcely worth fighting against. It required 1,409 electors to return a single member to the Opposition from New Westminster and only 1,220 to return six members for the constituencies of East and West Lillooet, Esquimalt and Cariboo to the Government.

All this has been pointed out before, we admit, but there is every reason why it should be pointed out again and yet again until such time as the people have fully realized what a monstrous parody has been palmed off upon them in the guise of equitable representation.

The Government will of course, to ward the end of next session, bring in a Redistribution Bill, and as likely as not will be beaten on it. Its provisions will naturally be so framed as to enable them to sail as near the wind on the gerrymander tack as they dare, for that is their only chance of getting returned. But even their most slavish supporters will hardly care to face the general elections unless they have made some show of getting justice done in this direction, and therefore some slight hope that the bill will be less flagrantly unfair than might otherewise be expected. Till then we must solace our souls with the "pleasures of hope."

IT used to be "Go West, young man, and grow up with the country." It is now, Go North, young man, and freeze up with the country.

SAME OLD FOOLS.

THE world always did assay high in fools, and judging from the Klondike craze it has not changed much this year. Look at the hundreds of young men who at home think it a hardship to saw wood for the old folks, or sleep in a bed that does not carry a wide strata of feathers, how they rush to the gold diggings. They do not seem to think that it is harder to pack grub on their backs than it is to cut wood at home. They also evidently do not remember that in the frozen north feather beds, tea meetings, white shirts and other delicacies are strictly in the minority.

But writing or talking against incompetent people following the scent of gold will do very little good. Nothing will keep them back except death. Some of them will get gold and many will get death or a broken constitution. Death is very plentiful in the north and will stick to tenderfeet when gold will not. The Klondike process we can recommend for those in search of an honorable and romantic way of committing suicide.

THE SOLID TRUTH.

IT is a fact that silver has dropped in price this summer, and that wheat has advanced, which is very pleasing to American farmers aud goldbugs. The yellow bugs and some others in the United States are exultant over the state of affairs, apparently forgetting in their tirade against the white metal that a short crop in Europe, a famine in India, and the failure of the crops in South America are the true reasons of the advance in wheat. Many of the people in the United States are praying to God to save them from a system of government that depends for prosperity upon the wars, famines and pestilence of other lands.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

WHEN will silver rise again?
When the price comes up.
When are you going to Dawson City?
On the next Pullman car.
What is the heavest thing you have seen in New Denver?
The Dominion Express rate from Nelson.
What is false economy?
Stopping an ad. when times grow granite-like.
Where is the United States?
Adjoins Canada on the south.

LINKS IN AN ENDLESS CHAIN.

The lives of each one of us are links in an endless chain. Whitter, it was, who describes life as "a cry between the silences." That is a lonesome view of it. We are living expressions of the dead who rest from their labors. One generation is but the custodian of that left by the preceding generation; we of today are the custodians of the future; our lives will mould the lives of those to follow. An unborn generation is within us. For them our every-day life is preparing a gloomy or a glorious morn. We are shaping the lives of those to follow by our strength or by our weakness. To live means to turn the back on inaction. A slothful life is not a real life. We must be eternally doing. Enemies? Yes. Human nobodies have no enemies, but he who goes forth with noble purpose is bound to run counter to the legion demon of laziness and stupidity; gluttony and filth who cry out "leave us alone; what have we to do with thee?"

LIFE IN THE HIGHLANDS.

Miss Fraser, well-known as Frances McNab, spent a few hours in New Denver this week. Miss Fraser is visiting British Columbia for the purpose of writing about its agricultural advantages to the English farmer. She was delighted with New Denver and says that the scenery around it reminds her of the Highlands of Scotland on a grander and more extensive scale. Miss Fraser left here for Fort Steele and will spend some time in East Kootenay.

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

FISH WITH WINGS.

These Scaly Fliers Are Plentiful In Tropic Deep Waters.

The flying fish loves deep water and is found throughout the length and breadth of tropical seas. He is fond of feeding near the gulf weed of the Sargasso and deposits his stringy, glutinous spawn on its yellow branches. Vessels bound from New York to the Caribbee islands, upon reaching the "horse latitudes," sometimes encounter vast quantites of drifting weed, strung out into long ribbonlike patches about an eighth of a mile apart. Among the golden weed, with its delicate leaves and globular seeds, exists a curious family of cuttlefish, crabs, mollusks and small fishes. Upon these the flying fish preys, and they in turn devour its spawn. Every plunge of the steamer as she plows through the blue tropical waters frightens dozens of flying fish into the air, where they scatter in all directions, with the sunlight glistening on their gauzy wings.

The flying fish of the Atlantic attains a length of nearly one foot and a breadth between wing tips of 11 inches. He has a round, compact body, about about one inch in diameter near the pectoral fins or wings. There is also an auxiliary pair of ventral fins or wings, not nearly so large as the pectoral pair. The wings are formed by a thin, transparent membrane stretched over a delicate bony framework and are either, black, white or mottled with both. The upper half of the entire fish is a metallic blue in color, while the lower portion is a nacreous white. Black, prominent eyes; a small, prehensile mouth; forked tail, dorsal and anal fins, complete the picture of one of the most interesting little fishes in all nature's vast aquarium.

In flight he darts from the water to a height of 20 feet and goes scudding away before the wind, beating the air rapidly with both wings and tail. He sails straight away for 1,000 feet or even more, occasionally touching the crest of a wave, and seeming to gain a new impetus by the contact.—Forest and Stream.

Supplying All Wants.

The Peddler—I have the most excellent silver polish.

The Lady of the House—Don't need it. I haven't got any silver.

"Well, then, it will take grease spots out of wall paper."

"Haven't got any wall paper."

"Then it will renew the curl in feathers."

"Haven't got any feathers."

"Well, then, it will make oil paintings look like new."

"Haven't got any oil paintings."

"Well, then, a little taken internally will make you feel as if you had some of these things. Good day."—London Answers.

Disappointment Qualified.

Lady—I was awfully sorry, professor, I was unable to come to your lecture last night. Were there many there?

The Professor (Irish)—Um—well—not so many as I expected. But I never thought there would be. — London Punch.

Angleworms can be obtained anywhere by wetting the ground with a solution of blue vitriol or with soapsuds, which will bring them out in surprising numbers.

A medical authority states that the voices of singers and actors can be much better preserved if used in theaters lighted by electricity rather than gas.

The best dancers are said to be the Americans and Russians. French and Italians, however, posture better.

When in Vancouver stop at the Manor House. †

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

Many have received BENEFIT from my Optical Department,

Why not You?

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

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

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

Eyes tested Free.

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

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Assay Price List:

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

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

FRANK DICK,
Assayer and Analyst

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

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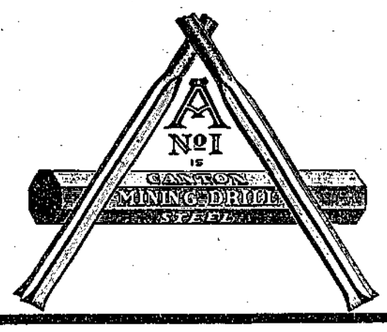
New Denver, B.C.



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Mine and Mill Supplies,
Pipe and Fittings,
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Stoves and Kitchen Ware,
Agents for Canton Steel.

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

Bank of Montreal.

Capital (all paid up) $12,000,000.00
Reserved fund : : 6,000,000.00
Undivided profits : : 859,698.40

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Graduate of American College of Dental Surgery Chicago

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A. DRISCOLL, C. E.,
Dominion & Provincial Land Surveyor.
Slocan City.

AN EDITORIAL CONTEST.

BY CAPTAIN JACK CRAWFORD, "THE POET SCOUT."

I've bin a keepin' cases on the edicated men
Who in the eastern cities sling the editorial pen.
A lot o' well-fed fellers wearin' senatorial clothes,
An' average good-lookin' fur as manly beauty goes,
An' I can't help contrastin' their condition with the boys
As hold the frontier sentiment in sort o' equipoise—
The Arizony Kicker brand, whose brainy bugle toots
Whar' the musical six-shooter robs the courts o' libel suits.

Back east opinion architects have nothin' else to do
Bnt write an' think an' think an' write 'bout everything 'at's new,
But in the free and easy West, across the dreary plains,
The bulk of editorial work is done outside o' brains.
The editor is coroner, an' jestice o' the peace,
An' makes out legal papers from a last will to a lease,
Umpires the dog engagements, either two or four legged sort,
An' acts as final referee in all degrees o' sport.

He lookouts fur a faro snap, an' often takes a trick
A practicin' o' medicine w'en anybody's sick,
He plays a nervy poker game, assisted by his sleeve,
He laughs with them 'at's laughlin', and he grieves with them 'at grieve.
He allus makes the speeches on the Fo'th day of July,
An' plays a parson's hand when thar's a nuptial knot to tie,
An' hain't no moral scruples about practicin' at law,
When either party wants a man 'at slings a hefty jaw.

His sanctum table allus sets a facin' to the door,
So's when a angry citizen comes a smellin' arter gore
He ain't got no advantage, an' kin seldom git the drop
On the editor an' publisher an' scrapper o' the shop.
He wears his britches in his boots, don't never comb his hair,
(Except on legal holidays or some sich big affair,)
An' thinks a starchy collar is a mark o' servitude,
An' wearin' socks excusable in nothin' but a dude.

He's prominent at lynchin's, calls the figgers at a dance,
Works a minin' speculation every time he gets a chance,
Keeps a string o' rundin' hosses fur the Territorial Fair,
An' never shirks in meetin' we'en he's axed to lead in prayer.
An' I find myself contrastin' his condition with the men
Who do the public preachin' with a stubby p'inted pen,
An' I jest think he's usefuller a doggonnation sight
Than them 'at don't do nothin' top o' God's green earth but write.

A JOKE ON THE SLOCAN.

Suggesting a Pack Train of Bald Eagles on Our Easy Grades.

There are a great many kinds of mining experts and their reports are as varied as the men themselves. Some time ago an eastern company was in the market for a silver-lead mine. Among the many propositions submitted was one from the silvery Slocan, says the Miner and Electrician. This proposition seemed so reasonable and the ore assayed so well that the company was disposed to treat with the owners of the mine and to that end an expert was sent to examine it. He reported favorably, said that the ore was there, the values were there, and undoubtedly great quantities of it existed within the boundaries of the claim.

Bnt there seemed to be such a vast difference in the real value of the mine, according to the expert's report, and the price asked by the owners, that the company felt disposed to examine further. A well-known mining man of this city recommended that a certain party be sent in to examine the property. "You can depend on his judgment," said the mining man, "and he'll tell you nothing but the truth; you had better depend on his report, which will be short and very much to the point, most likely."

The party referred to did not boast of his knowledge of mines; in fact he had never worn a pair of red boots in his life, but he had, by following his own judgment, made himself independent and recognized that experience and not boots had taught him geology and mineralogy. He was employed, and, as predicted, his report was meagre but full of pith. It was about as follows:

"Dear Sirs: I have made an examination of the 'Cliff Dweller' mine and report that the ore is here as represented, that it assays high, that it is here in plenty, but to get your supplies in and your ore out you will need a pack-thrain of bald agles."

DIARY OF A KLONDIKER.

SEPT. 1—The scenery is beautiful. Breakfasted this morning off a sublime view, and shot the chutes down a mountain in a snow-slide. Plenty of fresh air up here, and quiet. No book-agents or peddlers. No mosquitoes. Only five years' walk from train. If you try this place once the chances are you'll never go anywhere else.

SEPT. 2—Dined off of snowballs. As I am a poet by profession, this seemed like old times. Memories o' home and my dear, kind creditors crowded my brain, and I shed a few timely tears. They were hot, scalding tears, and thawed the snow and ice in front of me for more than a mile, so that I was able to progress rapidly on the way to fame and fortune. However, was struck by another avalanche about 6 p. m., and buried under 10,000 feet of snow.

SEPT. 3—Slept comfortably all night, but dreamed some heavy weight was pressing on my chest. With my patent folding snow-shovel I soon cleared a path to liberty, and went on my way with a lighter heart. Made a century run on my patent snow-bicycle. By the way, there is so much air up here that pneumatic tires never require pumping up. On the contrary, they have to be punctured in several places in order to prevent their bursting. In a long and varied experience I have never noticed so much air anywhere.

SEPT. 4—It's remarkable how cheap ice is up here. No wonder people find it hard to believe all they hear about Alaska. The natural resources of this country in the way of ice are nothing short of phenomenal. Think of waking up of a morning and finding about 50,000 tons of ice on your doorstep, instead of a wet spot with a bill for $8. At present rate am due to arrive in Klondike this evening.

SEPT. 5—Arrived Klondike last night and staked out a claim. To-day am building a house of gold bricks, and amusing myself in odd moments by throwing nuggets at the birds. Shall get up a petition to have the streets watered, as the gold dust blows all over everything. Am beginning to feel the need of some of the biscuits that mother used to make. Also bed same.

SEPT. 6—Carried 250 pounds of gold quartz, 22k. fine, up the gulch to Hyena Hank's resort to exchange for needed stimulants. It was a big load, but I carried a bigger one back.

SEPT. 7—There was as pretty a fight as I ever saw between a moose and a polar bear in my back yard this morning. My neighbor, Deadly Bill, formerly a Brooklyn preacher, offered to bet me $92,000 in dust on the bear. As the fight progressed, quite a crowd gathered, and I made a book at even money. Finally the moose ran his antlers through the bear, and the latter got back with a corker on the moose's solar plexus. Both went down, and somebody yelled "Draw!" Everybody pulled a six-shooter, and when the scrimmage was over I was the only one able to sit up and take notice. There is now $437,000 in nuggets and dust stacked up in my back yard.

SEPT. 8—Have just paid the $437,000 for a bag of flour, and traded my entire claim for two dozen coffee beans.

SEPT. 9—Started for the United States. Got up at 5 o'clock so as to have an early start. Ye gods! If I only had an air-ship! THE EXPLORER.

BLACK JACK.

The Game Stopped at Sandon—Points About the Play.

Ed. Cowen, writing to a Spokane paper from Sandon, has much to say about a calamity to that town almost equal to the drop in silver. He says:

"Under the new regime the "black jack" games have been closed, and thus the only gaming excitement of the camp was snuffed out. "Black jack," be it known is the only table banking game tolerated by the constabulary law givers of the province, and as it is optional with them whether it is allowed to run or not, the question is often settled after the same manner in which gambling privileges are disposed of in American towns, namely, either by public opinion or the influence of those who may be interested in the profits. As a general thing, so long as no complaints of crooked work are made, "black jack" play is to be seen night and day in the smoking rooms of the hotels. It is none other than the game which was so popular in the army during the war, and which has been conspicuous diversion of barracks life ever since, with the difference that the deal is passed around the board to each successive "black jack," thus giving every player an equal chance on his luck to do the banking business of the game—a very lucrative privilege, by the way.

The game is simplicity itself. The banker deals successively one card to the players and himself until each has two cards. Twenty-one is the maximum count. The player's money has been placed before the draw. An ace counts one or 11; the other numerical count as their faces run, and all picture cards stand for 10. Therefore an ace, together with an illuminated card, or 10 spot. make a natural 21 in the deal, and the player who receives this has a "black jack" and wins the deal: as well as his wager. If the dealer or banker gets "black jack', he scoops in all the money bet against him around the board. His greater advantage, however lies in the fact that every player has to draw to his hand before the dealer does, and taking the average run of the game the players "bust" ten times as often as does the dealer. "Busting" consists of drawing so as make a sum in excess of 21 after the deal. The penalty is loss of player's bet. In the case of the dealer "busting" he pays everybody who has not burst before him.

The most reputable citizens indulge in "black jack," and it is no uncommon experience to see merchants, bankers, professional men, mine owners, as well as miners, and skillful gamblers all jostling each other around the "black jack" table. It would seem to be a fascinating game, for it lures from sleep for nights, the traveling agents and capitalists from the east whose education in the arts of "black jack" has been neglected. While some very large sums of money change hands, few of the winners retain any considerable part of their gains. The expert gambler gets in his work manipulating the "black jack," but in an ordinary game where a few safe and watchful players are engaged, his cleverness is kept under an eclipse."

CERTIFICATE OF IMPROVEMENTS

Cazabazua Fraction Mineral Claim.

Lot 1809.

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

TAKE NOTICE, That I, Alfred Driscoll, as agent for Donald Bremner, free miner's certificate No. 84,999, intend, 60 days from the date hereof to apply to the Mining Recorder, for a certificate of improvements for the purpose of obtaining a crown grant of the above claim.

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

Dated this 6th day of August, 1897.

[L. 1847, G. 1.]

Snowflake Mineral Claim.

Situate in the Slocan Mining Division of West Kootenay District. Where located: About two miles easterly of the town of Cody and adjoining the Greenhorn mineral claim.

TAKE NOTICE that I, Edward H. Applewhaite, free miners' certificate No. 1230 A, intend, sixty days after date hereof, to apply to the Mining Recorder for certificates of improvements for the purpose of obtaining Crown grants of the above claims.

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

Dated this 1st day of September, 1897.

EDWARD H APPLEWHAITE.

Slocan Hospital

NEW DENVER, B.C.

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

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

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

For further information apply to—
J. E. BROUSE, M.D.,
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and STATIONER,
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Wishing to be
Well Dressed
Can not do better than place their orders with us. Perfect fit and good work guaranteed.
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Williamson Block, New Denver, B.C

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FORGIVEN.

Dusk was beginning to fall, and as I looked round over the long level of marsh land that surrounded us and saw no sign of any of our party I felt the first thrill of a not unpleasant uneasiness. I glanced at my companion. She was walking quite contentedly by my side, apparently secure in the assumption that I knew my way. As a matter of fact, I had the gravest doubt about it and there seemed no possibility of making sure. For miles on either hand the marshes stretched to the low horizon. The dry tracks were few and ill defined and already a light white mist was rising over the numerous straight waterways. I looked at Miss Pascoe again, and my uneasiness gave place to a kind of expectant pleasure. Even supposing we were lost, there was no actual danger, and the great sense of solitude that hung about us gave me a feeling of possession that was keenly delightful. Miss Pascoe, unconscious of my doubtful cogitations, still walked on as though her feet were upon a familiar road, and indeed, as far as I could judge, we were making in the right direction. To have stopped would have been like a confession of incompetence on my part, and this to an unavowed lover was out of the question, at any rate until circumstances unquestionably had me at a disadvantage. So we went on, and the twilight deepened, and the mist trailed in denser wisps across the shivering reed beds.

Suddenly she turned to me.

"What a queer place this would be to get lost in," she said.

I think the serious possibility of such a thing had not occurred to her at all. She threw out the remark merely as a contribution to a flagging conversation.

"Yes," I said. "But you're not afraid, are you?"

"Oh, no; not at all! Of course you know the way, and that makes all the difference."

"Of course it does," I answered, with a glimmering sense of shame.

"How far are we from home now?" she asked after a pause, in which the darkness had perceptibly increased.

"Three miles, I dare say," I said at a blind hazard.

"That's nothing," she said. "I thought we must be quite four."

"Are you sure you're not tired?" I asked. "Wouldn't you like to rest?" But she persisted in walking on at that swinging pace of hers.

"Even if I wanted to rest there's nothing to rest on," she said.

"I'm sure I could find a fence somewhere," I said.

"I don't believe you could," she said, "but I'm not going to let you try. I'd much rather get home."

We walked on silently for another five minutes, and then Miss Pascoe stopped and listened, leaning forward slightly, with her hair blowing about her face.

"Is that the sea?" she asked.

It was the sea unmistakably, the slow roll mingled with the rustle of the wind over the rushes. And then it became quite obvious to me that I had woefully gone astray, for the sea was before us instead of almost at our backs.

"It must be the sea," I said, after a show of hard listening.

"But it shouldn't be there," she said.

"Why not?" I answered rather feebly in order to gain time. "It always has been there, I suppose."

"Don't be foolish," she said. "You know what I mean. We must have got on the wrong path. Mr. Thirlmere," she cried, "how could you have been so careless?"

"My dear Miss Pascoe," I said, "if I have made a mistake, I am very sorry."

"And you said all along that you knew the way," she pouted, trying to shoot condemnation from her eyes at me in the darkness.

"You see," I said, "I got my directions from your brother—from Jim—and he's often so very inaccurate, isn't he?"

"Absurdly inaccurate," she admitted. "If I'd known you were relying upon Jim, I wouldn't have come at all."

"And then I should have missed the most delightful walk I ever had."

She turned away from me a little, with a petulant movement of the shoulders that pleased me mightily.

"I wish we had Jim here," she said with pretty fierceness.

"I don't," I said.

"Then, perhaps you'll be good enough to find the right path. We can't stay here."

"There don't seem to be any conveniences for camping out," I said. "Will you stay here for a moment while I explore to the right? I may get up to my knees in the marsh. You will be safer here."

"Don't be long, will you?" she said.

"Oh, no!" I said cheerfully. "I shall find the path in no time."

I started off, carefully exploring the ground before me with my stick as I went. There was no sign of a path, and I began to be seriously alarmed for Miss Pascoe's comfort. On consideration I came to the conclusion that I had made rather an ass of myself. Another hundred yards, and still no path. I paused and looked back. I could see a slight, dark figure moving toward me very carefully and slowly.

"Is that you?" I said.

Miss Pascoe's voice answered: "Yes. I'd rather come with you if you don't mind. When you left me, I felt so lonely that I was almost afraid."

"I am more sorry than I can tell you," I said, "to have got you into such an awkward fix. Pick your way very carefully. Ah!" She had stepped with one foot into a patch of wet mess.

"Take my hand," I said. "It is quite firm where I am standing. Will you ever forgive me for this?" She took my outstretched hand, and I guided her to safety. But because the danger might be renewed at any moment I still retained my hold of her slim fingers, and we went forward together in that pleasant, companionable way.

"Don't talk to me about forgiveness until you have found the path and made restitution," she said. My fingers tightened upon hers instinctively, partly because it was so pleasant to have them resting so unreservedly in my hand and partly because her voice was very low and without any hint of disapproval in it.

"For myself," I said, "I cannot pretend to be sorry for this adventure. For your sake, of course, I am, but it has been so pleasant to have you to myself for so long that when we hit upon the path I shall be almost in despair."

"We haven't hit upon it yet," she said. The ground under our feet seemed quite firm by this time. The moon was just rising, swimming upward through the low lying vapor in a wide luminous circle of misty silver. Right above us a star or two blinked.

"I suppose," I said, striking a match to look at my watch, "that the second dinner bell has rung by this time. In another hour there will be a hue and cry after us." I was sorry for this a moment later, because in order to strike my match I had had to relinquish her hand. We had both paused and read the face of the watch together in the flickering light. Then it was blown out by a gust of wind, and darkness succeeded. I possessed myself of her hand again.

"Well," she said, "shall we go on?"

"If you like," I said.

"I suppose we ought to," she said.

"It would be rather fun to let them find us here, wouldn't it?" I said. "Think how pretty the lanterns would look, coming glinting over the marshes."

"But they might miss us," she said, turning her face quickly toward me. I saw the gleam of her eyes and the oval shadow of her face, and all at once I realized that there was only one thing I could do at that precise moment in my life. I stooped down and kissed her.

"Forgive me for that as well, if you can," I said. "It means that I love you. I suppose now I have trespassed beyond all hope?"

For a moment she was quite still, and I cursed myself for such blind precipitation, but the circumstances and the time and place had all forced me to this inevitable result.

"You think," she said, after this pause, "that you may as well pile up all your offenses at once and be forgiven or condemned on all counts at one time?"

"Precisely," I said. "I am entirely in your hands."

"I will forgive you," she said very sweetly, "when you have found the path."

"It's a bargain, then," I said. I took a step forward and brought my foot sharply against something white that stood a few inches above the ground.

"Why," I cried, bending to examine it, "this must be the broken post that Jim told me to look out for. What a close observer your brother is! This is the path that leads straight for home."

"You knew it all the time," she said reproachfully.

"No," I said. "I assure you that I had no idea of it. We shall be in just as the rescue party is preparing to set out." I turned to her and held out my hands. "I claim your forgiveness," I said.

And she forgave me.—Black and White.

Innocuous Vanity.

As gold is never put into circulation without some alloy, so perhaps for this world's use some alloy is needed in the gold of character. The only questions are what alloy and how much? I shall try to answer the question as to kind and leave to individual discretion the question as to quantity.

A great actor once said that all men have vanity, but some conceal it more successfully than others. If vanity be a universal trait, we may take it as that alloy which is necessary to our active and circulating usefulness.

It is decried by all moralists, preached against in all pulpits, and everywhere believed to be as undesirable as it is universal. Nevertheless, in youth at least, a certain degree of it may be necessary.

Vanity is like the kindly cloud which shelters us from the all piercing and too brilliant sun of truth, for it may be doubted whether any of us can bear the truth unveiled. The melancholy Dane who had revealed to him unqualified truth, both as regards this life and the next, was not by that revelation incited to action. Hamlet found the truth withering, not stimulating; it paralyzed rather than nerved. And it may be so with all truth. Most of us are ordinary people, but happily most of us do not find this out, at least not in our first youth.—Lippincott's.

Poisonous Tissue In the Blood.

A recent intelligent writer draws attention to an important but not sufficiently considered point in a recent communication to The Lancet. Dr. Hood gives his experience as to the value of carbonate of lime in the form of calcined oyster shells as a means of arresting the growth of cancerous tumors, and, although his opportunities for employing it in test cases have not been large, the results attained by its use are characterized as having proved satisfactory in a high degree. Several instances are named in which a persevering use of the calcined shell powder arrested the growth and pain in tumors undoubtedly of a cancerous character. Where the nature of the affection is early recognized, a persistent trial of this method is pronounced very desirable, among other points mentioned in its favor being that of entire harmlessness and non-interference with any other remedies resorted to for the relief of pain. The oyster shells for this purpose may be conveniently baked in a home oven, and the calcined white lining of the concave shell scraped off, the substance thus obtained being then reduced to a powder, and as much as will lie on a silver quarter taken once or twice a day in a little warm water or tea.

A President's Car.

The Railroad Car Journal of New York has originated a project to build a private car for the use of the president of the United States from material and appliances contributed by the car building and affiliated industries. The designs and specifications are being prepared under the supervision of a committee of 25 master car builders and superintendents of motive power. "The projected car," it is said, "will be a complete exposition of the art of car building, demonstrating to the world the surpassing excellence of this industry in the United States, and it is to be presented to the nation, as a tribute from the car building fraternity, for the personal and official use of the successive presidents of the United States."

President Hayes' Little Book.

Ex-Secretary of the Treasury Charles Foster was talking to me one day about Rutherford B. Hayes. Foster represented Hayes' district in congress when Hayes was president. They were political and personal friends of almost a lifetime standing. Said Foster to me:

"I got plenty of patronage under Hayes, to be sure, but for a long time I never landed the men in whom I was most particular and earnestly interested. I would go to the president and lay the claims of my man before him. He would usually acquiesce in everything that I said, because in most cases he knew the applicants as well as I did. Well, in every instance where some devoted friend was concerned the president would say, 'Oh, well, Charlie, we will fix that in a day or so!' Then he would reach down in a drawer, pull out a small book and a short stub of a pencil and make a note of the man and his wants. I would then for days to come scan with much interest the list of appointments sent to the senate, but none that had found a place in the president's notebook was to be seen among them. Still, I didn't complain much, for I knew that Hayes was doing the best he could. Time went on, and finally I called at the White House to insist that a certain friend of mine who was then in Washington be instantly appointed as a consular agent abroad. This gentleman had political claims on me and also on the president. I stated my case as briefly as possible to the president, who listened attentively. When I had finished, the president said:

"'Why, certainly, Charlie. Yes, yes; to be sure.' And then he dived for that book of his.

"Just as he was opening its leaves I grabbed his arm and said: 'Hold on there, general. I'll be switched if that man's name goes in that jackass book!' The president saw the humor of it, and I got my constituent appointed then and there."—Chicago Times-Herald.

Two Women In This Case.

There are two brothers in Detroit who now look the other way when they pass by. This is all the more to be noticed because two boys more affectionate toward each other never grew up together. It is not very long since there was a double wedding in which they participated as principals. They did not take the same wedding trip and did not see much of each other till each was settled under his own vine and fig tree.

"Prince," said Charley when they made their first visit as benedicts, "I congratulate you with all my heart. You have a charming little wife."

"That's right, old man. Same to you. I'm in great luck, getting the sweetest, prettiest, smartest woman in the world."

"I'll acknowledge that she's a good second in the race, Prince, a splendid second, but the superlatives you have used belong to my wife. She is a shade or two the best of any other woman on earth."

"All right. You keep right on thinking that way, but in figure, feature, mind and all the graces of her sex I married the nonpareil. I'm not trying to dispel any of your delusions, but facts are facts."

"You make me weary. I know a score of women that will compare very favorably with your wife, and I'll give you the whole human family in which to find one like mine."

"I don't care to find one like her. Fortunately for me I have the pick of the flock now. Some men have no sense, anyhow, where there is a woman concerned."

Then the argument descended into the calling of names, the saying of much more than was meant and a final agreement that they were eternally done with each other. After awhile the wives will come out of the clouds and make it up.—Detroit Free Press.

Discovery of Iron In America.

One historical authority states that the earliest discovery of iron within the present limits of the country was in the mountain range of western North Carolina, and the first effort to manufacture it into merchantable form was made in the state of Virginia in 1619. The foundry was destroyed by the Indians in 1622.—St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

A SCIENTIFIC MEDLEY.

The largest mammoth found in the Siberian ice fields measured 17 feet in length and was ten feet high.

Taking it year in and year out, the coldest hour of each 24 is five o'clock in the morning.

Some naturalists are of the opinion that the whale was once a land animal, and that it was forced to take to water as a means of protection.

The eye of the vulture is so constructed that it is a high-power telescope, enabling the bird to see objects at an almost incredible distance.

Jupiter performs its journey round the sun in a period of 11 years, 10 1-3 months. Its average rate of travel is a trifle over eight miles a second, less than one-half of the earth's rate—18 miles a second.

Contrasts.

Statistics show that the uneducated factory girl is more frequently married than is the wide awake, capable girl in the higher salaried position of stenographer, office assistant, clerk or trusted secretary. The factory girl is not thrown with people of wealth and position so much as is her more talented sister, and consequently when some honest man comes along she is ready to trust her future with his in a simple, even shabby, little home. But the girl who sees, day by day, the rustle of my lady's silks and the courtly manners of my lady's husband and sons will not be content to give up her salary, however difficult it may be to earn it, for the sake of being loved by a man who may not find her so charming when the rent is overdue and the babies need new shoes. So she stays on, growing old and acquiring deeper lines about her mouth. —San Francisco Argonaut.

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THE LIFE OF THE ROSE.

Where are voices kings were glad to hear?
Where now the feast, the song, the bayadere?
The end is nothing, and the end is near.

And yender lovely rose—alas, my dear!
See the November garden, rank and drear.
The end is nothing, and the end is near.

See how the raindrop mingles with the mere!
Mark how the age devours each passing year!
The end is nothing, and the end is near.

Forms arise and grow and wane and disappear.
The life allotted thee is now and here.
The end is nothing, and the end is near.
—From the Persian.

HER LAST DANCE.

The bolt had fallen that morning, and with numb, folded hands and dry, terror filled eyes she sat in the darkest corner of her gay little drawing room, beneath the ghastly chamber whence were soon to be borne the earthly remains of her husband.

What was she to do? How was she to procure not the luxuries without which she scarce imagined her child could exist, but the bare necessities of life? Every piece of furniture in the house was mortgaged to its full value and her last jewel had gone to pay the rent. Thank Heaven, they could have this haven for some time to come! She was in debt to butcher and baker, and she had not had a new pair of gloves for months. Shillings had become the basis of expenditure as guineas had been hitherto.

In the morning sympathizing friends came to support and assist her through the trying ordeal. All passed like a dream. "Tout passe, tout passe," she said over and over, "but my heart is strong."

When, a month later, she sat with Cousin Selina in the same room, in the same chair, listening again to the gusty rain as it beat against the windows, it was to her as if no appreciable time had intervened. Dreamily she took up the thread of her thoughts where she had dropped it that sad night, and the strange conceit came back to her.

Women less brilliant, but stolid and plodding, were ensconced in journals where she had disdained even to allow her verses to appear. With voices in no way comparable to her, she saw others succeed, while she, who sang like a bird—but like a bird, too, only when inspired—could make no impression. And so, dowered as she was, she was poorer and more helpless than the humblest woman who could conscientiously knit a pair of stockings or embroider a tea-cloth.

The pretty face seemed pinched and weary. Two deep lines began to inclose the drooping mouth. "I smile en parenthese," she said to Cousin Selina as she turned from the mirror, where she was trying to change the expression of those quivering lips, that even at the moment curved upward, a Cupid's bow, at the quaint conceit.

More surely than ever she knew she could ask no favors, but must put her own shoulder to the wheel. But what to do when all else failed? To dance on the stage! Why not? She could dance. All her life she had loved to dance. In her greatest joy she had ever found fullest expression in dancing to her own reflections before the long mirror in her boudoir. A hundred times her darling had been lulled to sleep, eased of her pain by the dancing of her "pretty mumsie." Once, with her husband, she had seen a famous actress—a woman chaste as herself—dance so gracefully, yet with an abandon so perfect, as to captivate an audience accustomed to exhibitions from which she had turned in loathing—to his annoyance, since his taste grew yearly less refined. Even then, "the pity of it," she had sighed. And how much even then was implied that she should say, turning to him:

"That I could do, I am certain."

"May you never need," he had answered fervently, for he loved her and was proud of her, though his paths in life were devious, though he would not follow her. It all came back to her vividly—the gay scene, the eager faces, the murmur of delight, the applause that rose again and again and could not be staid. Her heart beat fast. Yes, she would dance. It might cost her the few friends she still possessed, but as long as she helped herself she could maintain her pride.

Next day became a tiresome round of interviews with impatient, incredulous or impertinent managers, with a heart growing daily heavier and a brain sharpened almost to viciousness. At last an impresario, touched by her grace and the expression of brave despair in her hungry eyes, granted her a trial, fixing an hour at the theater on the following day in the early forenoon. Amid a concourse of women, some sympathetic, some brazenly inquisitive, all so different from herself that she scarce felt they were her sisters, she made her first essay. How unreal it seemed—a dream from which she would waken in a moment!

She has kept her glance straight before her, trying to shut out the crudity of her surroundings—the "sets" all awry, the glimpses of busy carpenters and scene shifters, the flashily dressed men and women waiting for rehearsal and familiarizing in a way that gave her a mental nausea. A row of raw girls in soiled dancing shoes and fleshings, their upper halves clothed in ordinary bodices, went awkwardly through their matutinal drill. The odor of dust and oil and paint began to overpower her, and she was on the verge of losing her self possession when the kind voice of the manager, close behind her, said:

"Your turn, madame. Will you tell me what music you desire?" The orchestra, composed of one violin on the stage, began the swinging accompaniment of "La Paloma," and at the end, and while the blood beat and surged in deafening throbs in her heavy head, again she heard the voice of the manager, seemingly a great distance off:

"Accept my compliments, madame. I shall be glad to offer you a salary of $10 a week. I am sure you will have a success." "Un success fou," he said, turning to the orchestra, who gracefully waved his fiddle, bowed low and replied, "Sans doute." Poor woman, she looked into their eyes to see if they were mocking her. Then, convinced of their good faith, she mustered all her strength, and, with the strange surging still in her ears, smiled, said "I thank you," turned quickly and left the theater. How she got home was always a mystery to her. Martha heard a faint pull at the bell, hastened to the door and found her mistress pale as death, but with her eyes wide open and a set smile on her lips. She put her to bed, held her quivering body till by degrees the tortured soul began to still itself and the overwrought brain found relief in such healing tears as had not come before in all those strained days of trial. And now there was practicing and preparation of costumes, then the first appearance and the many succeeding, all justifying the acumen of her friend the impresario. Gradually all pressing need, the indebtedness, the grinding care, disappeared, and she could have been comparatively happy.

All day, save for the morning hour of rehearsal, she kept Maizie beside her. It was Maizie who made a daily holocaust of unopened billets doux and adorned her nursery with the flowers that invariably accompanied them. It was Maizie who first enjoyed, almost inspired, the dances she invented, and who first praised her "sweet mumsie" in her artistic costumes. Every evening she left the child with a new pang, though she could not but feel her safe with good Martha, and flew on the wings of love to her bedside on her return. Resolutely she shut her eyes to all that displeased her in her new surroundings, and soon her dancing became to her an infatuation. For the time she was on the stage all else was forgotten. Her grief fell from her like a dismal garment, and she stood the personification of laughing youth, grace and joy. Always garbed in white and with a gauzy, winglike scarf—La Paloma they called her after her first dance—she floated in an atmosphere chaste and poetic, too delicate to be misunderstood, and, as before, even the women were charmed. Yes, she might have become content, but daily Maizie grew weaker and more fragile, and her heart failed within her. She would take the child in her despairing arms and hold her so close that the little one would cry out, yet was happy withal in the embrace, for she loved her "mumsie" with a deep devotion and seemed with a strange prescience to understand much.

One night—it was about three months after her debut—she left home a little lighter of heart than usual. Maizie had been feverish that day and had grown quieter toward evening, and they had had a royal game of romps and a "big, big hug and kiss" when she left. Toward the close of the evening she began to grow ill at ease, and throwing her fur lined mantle about her, without changing her costume, she left the theater hurriedly and, jumping into a hansom, was driven home in all haste. The front door was open. From the hall came the voice of her physician:

"Go quickly, or she will not know her."

"Who will not know whom?" she said to herself. "Who will not know whom?" she reiterated to the physician as she walked quickly into the house.

He took her in his strong arms, carried her to the nursery and placed her in a chair beside the child. The dear little face, already fanned by the wings of the angels, flushed softly.

"I was waiting, mumsie," she whispered. "You will dance for me now, will you not?"

She fell on her knees beside the couch and took the little one in her arms.

"Sweet, lovely mumsie," said the child, kissing her bare arms, "you will be a real dove in heaven."

"Maizie, Maizie, do not leave me!" wailed the trembling woman.

"No, mumsie," answered the child. "You shall come too."

The mother gazed at her, speechless and wild with alarm.

"Mumsie," said the little one, trying to raise the heavy little head with the short, golden curls in damp ringlets on the pale forehead, "mumsie, dear, do dance. Perhaps the angels don't dance, and I love it so!"

With a great sob and a supreme effort she rose from her knees, threw off the heavy cloak which was still about her and began to dance. Was ever such martyrdom, ever such bravery? Ah, mother and saint, in other days canonization was often more lightly won. On she danced in the dimly lit death chamber, those outside standing with bated breath, not daring to enter, yet seeing it all. Sweetly the child smiled, lifted the little hand once as if to thank her, then the fluttering eyelids closed, the long lashes rested on the pale cheeks, and she was still. Closer and closer danced the mother, till she leaned anxiously, breathlessly, over the child, fearing to stop abruptly lest she should waken her. Then with a cry that rang through the house, and rings now in the ears of the two who waited outside the door, she fell on the couch beside her angel and the brave heart broke.—Black and White.

Queer Conduct of a Tree.

An unusual incident occurred in the timber near Fossil, Or., the other day. Beaber and French sawed through a tree measuring 13 feet in circumference, and, though they sawed until the teeth of the saw came through on the opposite side, though the tree top was free from all support, though they pried and chopped and wondered and talked, still that tree stood there, and still the saw remained pinched in so tightly that it could not be moved. At last they were obliged to go home, leaving the tree standing on its stump. Next day the tree was down. It had apparently sprung or slid from the stump, striking perpendicularly in the sandy soil at first, making a hole five feet deep and as far across.—Spokane Spokesman-Review.

A WARNING.

The lark was up to meet the sun
And caroling his lay.
The farmer's boy took down his gun
And at him blazed away.

The busy bee got up at five
And buzzed the meadows o'er.
The farmer's wife went for its hive
And robbed it of its store.

The ant rose up at break of day,
His labors to begin.
The greedy swallow flew that way
And took his antship in.

Oh, bees and birds and ants, be wise.
In proverbs take no stock.
Like me, from sleep refuse to rise
Till half past seven o'clock.
—Boston Courier.

He Wrote "The Bay of Biscay."

An interesting anecdote of the youth of John Davy, who composed the famous song, "The Bay of Biscay," shows how decided and precocious was this musician's aptitude for the art he ultimately practiced with artistic if not financial success. John Davy was born near Exeter in 1765. At the age of 6 he evinced a passion for music, which he sought every means of gratifying. He was in want of a musical instrument and determined to provide himself with one of however rough a nature. So from a neighboring smithy he purloined 20 to 30 horseshoes. From these he selected as many as formed a complete octave, and having suspended them in an upper room amused himself by imitating upon them the chimes of the neighboring church of Crediton.

By these and other means he obtained a knowledge of music, which, some 30 years later, enabled him to produce many dramatic pieces and such songs as "Just Like Love," "The Death of the Smuggler" and "The Bay of Biscay," only the last of which has remained popular.

After 20 years' work in London Davy died in St. Martin's lane in 1824. He was buried in St. Martin's churchyard.

A Clergyman's Advertisement.

The Rev. W. Darlow Sarjeant, a reputable Wesleyan clergyman of London, keeps regularly standing in one of the London papers the following advertisement:

"Persons in spiritual difficulties may see by appointment and in strict confidence helpful friends, who are sincere Christians at 17 Beaumont street, Marylebone (five minutes' walk from Baker street station). There need be no reference to church or creed. Certainly there will not be any attempts to obtain money or to proselyte. Everything possible will be done to lead such inquirers to the living Christ. All letters to be addressed to Rev. W. Darlow Sarjeant, 17 Beaumont street, Marylebone, W."

A great many people come to him to confess and receive encouragement, but he says that some of his brother clergymen criticise and denounce him on the ground that he is hearing private confessions.

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

The Nakusp Sawmill

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

Lumber and Shingles at Reduced Prices

PRICE LIST:

Rough Lumber, narrow,	$10 00
" " wide,	$11 00 to 12 ..
Joist and Scantling, sized up to 18 feet long,	11 ..
8 ' to 24 '	12 ..
24 'to 30 '	13 ..
Flooring, T & G, 6 "	20 ..
" " 4 "	22 ..
V joint Ceiling, 4 "	22 ..
Rustic,	19 ..
Shiplap,	14 ..
Surfaced Dressed,	13 ..

A liberal discount on large orders for Cash.

PETER GENELLE &

NOTICE.

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

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

Dated the 8th day of July, 1897.

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

NOTICE.

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

Located Aug. 23, 1897,

HENRY STEGE,
New Denver, Aug. 23, 1897.

NOTICE.

NOTICE is hereby given that 60 days after date I intend to apply to the Chief Commissioner of Lands and Works for permission to purchase the following described lands situated in the Slocan Mining Division, West Kootenay District, on Fennel creek, (a Branch of Four Mile creek) and about seven and one-half miles from the town of Silverton: Commencing at a post on the east side of Fennell creek marked "R. H. H. Alexander's northeast corner," and running west 30 chains, thence south 53 chains, thence east 30 chains, thence north 53 chains, to point of commencement and containing 160 acres, more or less.

Dated 20th August, 1897.

R. H. H. ALEXANDER.

PROVINCIAL SECRETARY'S OFFICE,
18th August, 1897.

HIS HONOUR the Lieutenant-Governor is pleased to appoint WILLIAM SINCLAIR GORE, of the City of Victoria, Esquire, to be Water Commissioner under the provisions of the "Water Clauses Consolidation Act, 1897."

PROVINCIAL SECRETARY'S OFFICE,
18th August, 1897.

HIS HONOUR the Lieutenant-Governor in Council has been pleased to direct the publication of the undermentioned Scale of Fees, payable under the provisions of the "Water Consolidated Act, 1897."

By Command,
JAMES BAKER,
Provincial Secretary.

SCHEDULE ONE.

RECORDS OF WATER FOR DOMESTIC, AGRICULTURAL, INDUSTRIAL AND MINING PURPOSES.

For every record or interim record of 100 inches of water or less	$ 5 00
For every additional 100 inches up to 300 inches	5 00
For every additional 50 inches above 300 inches	5 00
For apportioning the water authorized to be used under any record	5 00
In respect of every record or interim record (except in respect of water recorded and actually used for agricultural purposes) an annual fee up to the first 300 inches of	3 00
For every additional 50 inches an annual fee of	1 00
Inspection or search of any record in any record of water rights	0 25
Filing any notice or document with a Commissioner or Gold Commissioner	0 50
For certified copies of any record or document per folio of 100 words	0 25
Publication in the Gazette according to the scale of charges as defined in Schedule A of the "Statutes and Journals Act"	
Annual fees to be paid to the Commissioner for the District on or before the 30th day of June in each year.	

SCHEDULE TWO.

THE SUPPLYING OF WATER BY WATER-WORKS SYSTEMS TO CITIES, TOWNS AND INCORPORATED LOCALITIES.

Every Municipality or specially incorporated company shall pay in respect of each of the several matters in Schedule One of this Schedule mentioned the fees in respect of such matter by said Schedule One prescribed:

For the presenting by a specially incorporated company of a petition under section 53 of the Act and the filing of the documents by section 52 prescribed, a fee of	$ 25 00
For every Certificate issued under section 55 of the Act, a fee (to be paid to and for the use of the Judge of the Supreme Court granting such petition) of	100 00

SCHEDULE THREE.

THE ACQUISITION OF WATER AND WATER POWER FOR INDUSTRIAL OR MANUFACTURING PURPOSES BY POWER COMPANIES.

Every power company shall pay in respect of each of the several matters in Schedule One of this Schedule mentioned the fees in respect of such matter by Schedule One prescribed:

For the filing of the documents mentioned in section 85 of the Act, a fee of	$ 25 00
Eor every Certificate under section 88 or section 90 of the Act, a fee of	100 00
For the examination and approval of every schedule or proceeding fixing tolls, rates, fares, rents or charges, a fee of	10 00

CERTIFICATE OF IMPROVEMENTS

Cazabazua Fraction Mineral Claim.

Lot 1809.

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

TAKE NOTICE, That I, Alfred Driscoll, as agent for Donald Bremner, free miner's certificate No. 66,386, intend, 60 days from the date hereof to apply to the Mining Recorder, for a certificate of improvements for the purpose of obtaining a crown grant of the above claim.

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

Dated this 6th day of August, 1897.

Wakefield Fraction Mineral Claim.

Lot 1810.

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

TAKE NOTICE, That I, Alfred Driscoll, as agent for Frank Culver, free miner's certificate No. 83,041, intend, 60 days from the date hereof, to apply to the Mining Recorder for a certificate of improvements, for the purpose of obtaining a crown grant of the above claim.

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

Dated this 6th day of August, 1897.

Elkhorn Mineral Claim.

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

TAKE NOTICE, That I, J. H. Gray, acting as agent for J. W. Stewart, free miner's certificate No. 77,098, intend, sixty days from the date hereof, to apply to the mining recorder for a certificate of improvements, for the purpose of obtaining a crown grant of the above claim.

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

Dated this 16th day of July, 1897.

HINCKLEY MINERAL CLAIM.

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

TAKE NOTICE, That I, C. A. Stoess, of Kaslo, B.C., acting as agent for the Hinckley and Black Colt Mining Company, Limited, free miner's certificate No. 81,650, intend, sixty days from the date hereof, to apply to the Mining Recorder for a certificate of improvements, for the purpose of obtaining a crown grant of the above claim. And further take notice, that action under section 37, must be commenced before the issuance of such certificate of Improvements.

Dated this 17th day of July, 1897.

RICHMOND, STARVIEW AND EMPIRE NO. 6 MINERAL CLAIMS.

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

TAKE NOTICE, That I, R. E. Palmer, acting as agent for George Gooderham, free miner's certificate No 75189, intend, sixty days from date hereof, to apply to the Mining Recorder for a certificate of improvements for the purpose of obtaining a crown grant of the above claim.

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

Dated this 29th day of July, 1897.

R. E. PALMER.

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

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

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

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

Dated July 24, 1897.

E. M. SANDILANDS.

Irene Mineral Claim.

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

TAKE NOTICE that I, E. M. Sandilands, free miner's certificate No. 86121, as agent for A. H. Blumenauer, free miner's certificate No. 61895, intend, sixty days from the date hereof, to apply to the Mining Recorder for a certificate of improvements, for the purpose of obtaining a Crown grant of the above claim.

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

Dated this, 18th day of August, 1897.

GREENLEAF MINERAL CLAIM.

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

TAKE notice that we, the undernamed, A. Ferguson, free miner's certificate No. 67988, J. Cummings, free miner's certificate No. 85357, W. C. McKinnon, free miner's certificate No. 84994, N. Angrignon, free miner's certificate No. 79098, J. Cadden, free miners certificate No. 74051, intend sixty days from date hereof to apply to the Mining Recorder for a certificate of improvements for the purpose of obtaining a Crown grant of the above claim.

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

Dated this 1st day of July, 1897.

Yuma Fraction Mineral Claim.

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

TAKE NOTICE that I, R. W. Gordon, free miner's certificate No. 89539, intend, sixty days from the date hereof, to apply to the Mining Recorder for a certificate of improvements, for the purpose of obtaining a Crown grant of the above claim.

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

Dated this 24th day of July, 1897.

ANTOINE MINERAL CLAIM.

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

TAKE NOTICE that I, George Alexander, free miner's certificate, No. 74600, for myself and as agent for C. H. Green, free miner's certificate No. 77704, and for Alex Smith, free miner's certificate No. 74195, intend 60 days from the date hereof to apply to the Mining Recorder for a Certificate of Improvements, for the purpose of obtaining a Crown grant of the above claim.

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

Dated this 30th day of June, 1897.

GEORGE ALEXANDER.

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

BLACK COLT MINERAL CLAIM.

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

TAKE NOTICE, That I, C. A. Stoess, of Kaslo, B.C., acting as agent for the Hinckley and Black Colt Mining Company, Limited, free miner's certificate No. 81,650, intend, sixty days from the date hereof, to apply to the Mining Recorder for a certificate of improvements, for the purpose of obtaining a crown grant of the above claim.

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

Dated this 17th day of July, 1897.

Aurora Fractional Mineral Claim.

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

TAKE NOTICE that I, H. B. Alexander, free miner's certificate No 77692, intend, sixty days from the date hereof to apply to the Mining Recorder for certificate of improvements, for the purpose of obtaining Crown grant of above claim.

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

Dated this 24th day of July, 1897.

DEMOCRAT MINERAL CLAIM.

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

TAKE NOTICE that I, Herbert T. Twigg, as agent for John G. Steel, free miner's certificate No. 84982 and William B. Cash, free miner's certificate No. 78699, intend, sixty days from the date hereof, to apply to the Mining Recorder for a certificate of improvements, for the purpose of obtaining a Crown grant of the above claim.

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

Dated this 15th day of July, 1897.

INTERNATIONAL NAVIGATION & TRADING CO., LTD.

Strs International and Alberta

On Kootenay Lake and River.

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

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

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

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

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

NEW SERVICE ON KOOTENAY LAKE.

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

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

BONNER'S FERRY AND KOOTENAY RIVER SERVICE.

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

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

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

GEORGE ALEXANDER, Gen'l Mgr

Head Office at Kaslo, B.C.

Kaslo, B.C., July 13, 1897

6 PASSENGER 6 TRAINS

EACH DAY. EACH DAY

- Between -

Trail and Rossland

On the

Columbian & Western R'y

Run Made in one Hour.

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

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

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

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

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

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

F. P. GUTELIUS, Gen'l Supt.

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

CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY.

The Quickest and Cheapest Route East or West.

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

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

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

Spokane Falls & Northern

Nelson & Ft. Sheppard

Red Mountain RAILWAYS

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

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

Daily, Except Sunday.

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

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

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

THE STEAMER

W. HUNTER

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

FOR SILVERTON, SLOCAN CITY and ALL INTERMEDIATE POINTS.

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

Powder carried only on Fridays.

Time Table subject to change without notice.

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

June 1, 1897.

G. L. ESTABROOK, Master.

HOTEL VEVEY

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

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

KASLO & SLOCAN RY

TIME CARD

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

Leave	8 00	A.M.	Kaslo	Arrive.	3 50 P.M
"	8 36	"	South Fork	"	3 15 "
"	9 36	"	Spr[illegible]	"	2 15 "
"	9 51	"	Wh[illegible]ter	"	2 00 "
"	10 03	"	Bear [illegible]	"	1 48 "
"	10 18	"	McGuigan	"	1 35 "
"	10 38	"	Cody Junction	"	1 12 "
Arr.	10 50	"	Sandon	Leave	1 00 "

CODY LINE.

Leave 11.00 a.m.	Sandon	Arrive 11.35 a.m.	
" 11.25 "	Cody	" 11.20 "	

ROBT. IRVING,
Traffic Mngr.

GEO. F. COPELAND,
Superintendent

MINING RECORDS

Showing the Rapid Development of the Slocan.

LOCATIONS OF THE WEEK

Assessment Work Done on Claims and Transfers of Mining Properties.

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

LOCATIONS.

AUG 31—Glenwood, Slocan Lake, A E Fauquier; Camp Lodge, Wilson, Chas M Brewster; Eastern Township, same. Geo L McNichol.

SEPT 1—Mona Fraction, Carpenter, John S Parker; Plato, Carpenter, Charlott Henderson; Mildred S, H L Arnold; Lulu Fraction, Noble Five Mountain, J G McGuigan.

SEPT 2—Empress, Wilson, O Lenrieur; Prom, Carpenter, Emil Hendrickson; Dump Fraction, McGuigan creek, M J Sweeny.

SEPT 3—Skylark, New Denver, Wm Barker; Heloise, Four Mile, W S Horton; Little Tiny Fraction, Last Chance Mountain, Jas Lathom; Angus Fraction, Galena Farm, A P McDonald.

SEPT 4—Delaware, Dardanalles basin, Theo Peickart; Snowstorm, Carpenter, D M Bongard; Dominol, Wilson, Geo M Hubbell; Hoodo Fraction, Noble Five Mountain, W W Warner.

SEPT 7—Nelly Rae, New Denver, Thos M Rae and Gordon Sutherland.

ASSESSMENTS.

AUG 31—Kootenaian, Lone Star Fraction.

SEPT 1—Surprise Extension, Blue Jay, Blizzard, Starlight Fraction, Silver Cord, Little Widow Fraction, Flood No 2, Blue Grouse Extension.

SEPT 3—Pordensgold, Bolder, Banshee, Boabab, Lone Lake, Red Gauntlet, Lost Lake, Eagles Nest, Kuasind, Bryan.

SEPT 4—Neglected, Silver Moon, Vyner.

SEPT 7—American Girl, Washington Fraction, Kokanee, Stormount, Naoma, Allegash, Prince Alexander.

TRANSFERS.

AUG 27—Forest Fire, ½, Wm A VanTassel to Jessie Helena Neilson, July 5, $1.

AUG 28—American Boy, Sebastian Haas and Eugene Denzel to The American Boy M & M Co, June 22, $1.

Joker Fraction, Robert Langill to Wm Callahan, Aug 2, $1

AUG 30—Black Knat Fraction, ½, Joseph A Otto to F H Lantz, Aug 29, $1

Omego Fraction, Thos J Donahue to Jethro A Smith, Aug 27, $1.

Braid, Julius Riser and Wm Braid to Reginald Strangeway, July 14, $1

AUG 31—Sultana, C M Cowper Coles to Chas C Rashdall, Oct 15, $1.

Iron Mask, J A McDonell to Chas S Rashdall, Oct 12, $1.

Kootenaian, Frank M O'Brien to Wisconsin Consolidated Mines, Ltd, Aug 18, $1.

SEPT 2—Sincher, ½, Sincher Fraction, ½, Geo W Hughes to Alfred W McCune, Aug 21, $1.

SEPT 3—Dixie Hummer, ½, Philip J Hickey to Wm H Yawkey, Sept 2, $2,500.

Emporium, 1/6, J D Farrell to W H Yawkey, Sept 2, $200.

Baushee, Roulette, Mountain Lilly, Lucky Move and Rebound, Hecter A Ross, Thos Wall and Daniel McRae to John Vallance, Oct 5, $1.

Kasa, P J Hickey to Sunshine Mining Co, Sept 2, $1.

Emporium Fraction, ½, P J Hickey to J D Farrel, Sept 2, $1.

Dixie Hummer, ½, P J Hickey to J D Farrel, Sept 2, $2,500.

Cross Roads, D R McLean to S K Green, Feb 18, $1.

Fidelity, ½, F L Byron to L F Holtz, Sept 3.

Cracker Jack, ½, L F Holtz to F L Byron, Sept 3.

Cracker Jack, ½, L F Holtz to A S Williamson, Sept 3.

Fidelity, ½, F L Bryon to A S Williamson, Sept 3.

Heloise, W D Horton to R Greeen, Sept 3.

SEPT 4—C P R, ½, Henry Hewer to Angus Matheson, Aug 2.

Silver Moon, L E Diller to Wm Glynn, bill of sale in escrow, Sept 4.

SEPT 7—Sincher, 1/12, Geo W Hughes to Peter Larsen, Aug 30.

Green Mountain No 2, Jas M M Benedum to Albert Doring, Sept 7, $80.

SLOCAN CITY DIVISION.

LOCATIONS.

AUG. 27—B & S, J F Yates.

AUG. 28—Point Du Lac, Lachine and Cassette, A Cassette; Good Hope, A Brown, F Carlson and A Morrison.

AUG. 30—Rudalph, W Thomlinson; Rosemary, H Dagliesh and A Haines; Sil Milford, R Green; Chacellar, F Hughes.

AUG. 31—Klondike, D McLeod; St Lawrence, J A Foley.

SEPT. 1—Chilkat, B E Sharpe.

ASSESSMENTS.

AUG. 27—Libby, Ruby May, Trenton, Dido, Denbigh.

AUG. 30—Ibex, Whistler, Slocan Bob, Glen, Albion.

AUG. 31—Dolly Varden.

SEPT. 1—Silver Dollar.

SEPT. 2—Greenstone.

TRANSFERS.

AUG. 30—Gold King, G W Stafford to A W Milbrandt.

SEPT. 1—Early Bird and Keno, ½, J Tinling to W C McKinnon.

AINSWORTH DIVISION.

LOCATIONS.

AUG. 28—Sunset, R Foestner; Bijou, Jeremie Dobiliard; Salute, same.

AUG. 31—Falistaff, John A Rice; K & S, H Klapach; Mountain Beaver, Thos Dryden.

SEPT. 1—Erne, John Miller.

SEPT. 2—Big Head, John Kelly and Geo Howie; Rock, E E Chipman; Silver Cable, Jas Nicholson and A Hague; Nelson, A Bloomquist; Nightingale, Geo Shields; King Solomon, Robt Shields; Wild Horse, Albert Lind and Chas Bergstrom; Roy, same.

SEPT. 3—Orient and Harrisburg, Mike Domico; Alaska and Royal Five, S Johnson; Menu, Frank Bradford and T Henderson; Drum Lummon, W H Crawford; Lilly, Sam Olsen; Morning, Peter Johnson, Sam Olsen, Nels Magnuson and Oscar Johnson; Rob Reid, J Keith Reid; Gem Fractional, J B McLaren; Bonanza, L O Symons; Summit and Surprise, L Borradale; Georgia, J Carmody.

ASSESSMENTS.

AUG. 30—Virginia Dare, St. Gottard, Glacier, Grutte, Native Silver, B N A, Black Eagle, Vernon, Yukon, Humboldt.

AUG. 31—Horseshoe, Elvira, Marie, May, Helvetia Fraction, Alp, Ivanhoe, Noble Three, Tiger, Mayflower, Tennessee, Consolidated.

SEPT. 1—Jumbo Fraction.

SEPT. 2—Silver Queen, Skylight, White Star, Nip and Tuck, Stanley, Grand Republic, Diamond Joe, Bolderwood.

SEPT. 3—Indiana, Liberal, Annexed, Alma, Peacock Copper, Orlando, Imperial, Horseshoe, Good Luck, Kaslo.

TRANSFERS.

AUG. 28—Nettie ½, Jas A Speirs to E Rork.

Nettie ½, Jas A Speirs to J W Powers.

AUG. 30—St. Gotterward ½, Geo Bagtaglia.

Harriet E and Pauper's Dream, 4-5, Andrew Moher and Allen Bourchaier to J B McArthur, $5

Alameda, 4-5, Allen Bourchier to J B McArthur.

Dora ⅔, Allen Bouchier and G L Peet to J B McArthur.

Iron Duke, Goodenough, Peacock, Black Coon, 4-5, and None Such and June Bug, 4-10, Sam Denmoie to J B McArthur.

SEPT. 1—Little Maud and Granite, ½, D E Crafts to E H Thomlinson.

Eneled, Theo F Adams to Frank Townsend.

SEPT. 2—Skylark, A E Price and J W Duncan to Wm A Stack and W D Jackman.

The opaque smoke at present in the Slocan does not come from the Trail Blazer cigar.

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

NEWS IN PLACE

The force on the Enterprise will soon be increased to 100, and the output will make this mine on of the big shippers.

H. T. Bragdon has just received a car load of Gurney Stoves and Ranges, which he is offering at prices to suit the times.

There are no Trail Blazer cigars on the Klondike, although several Slocan prospectors will endeavor to pack some in next spring.

Drop into Bragdon's and inspect the finest lot of stoves ever brought into the Slocan, which he is selling at prices all the way from $10.50 to $225.

The Tokoa will take from Vancouver on her next trip to England about 200 tons of British Columbia ore consigned to the Swansea smelter in Wales.

Weston Coyney, has left the staff of THE LEDGE for a short time to do Klondike business for a New York paper. He will be stationed at Skagaway for several monts.

Two-thirds of the Dixie Hummer, situated on the divide between Howson and Four Mile creeks, have just been sold for $5,000. W. H. Yawkey and J. D. Farrell are the purchasers.

The road to Three Forks is going ahead rapidly. It can already be traveled as far as the Mountain Chief. The grade at this end is quite heavy, but beyond the Mountain Chief it will be on a level.

Reports from Trout Lake state that that section is being pushed forward very rapidly, the movement being greatly stimulated by the late big finds made there, the rock assaying high in gold and copper.

The Mining and Scientific Press observes: "The nomads of '97 unlike the argonauts of '49 can not fall back on the agricultural resources of the country, if unsuccessful. They must get gold, get out or starve."

Weary Watkins—Say, what is moral courage, anyway?

Hungry Higgins—I heard a preacher say it was the power to say "No."

Weary Watkins—When you're asked to drink, or to work?

A New Mexico farmer has developed a seven-headed varity of wheat which he claims is good for seventy bushels to the acre. With that kind of breadstuff growing $1 would be not only high, but low, jack and the game.

The original locators of the Fidelity have organized a co-operative company to work the claim and ship ore. It is capitalized at $30,000. F. L. Byron is manager of the proper, and L. F. Holtz and A. S. Williamson constitute the remainder of the company.

New Denver is not a city of hotels on one street. It is a city of homes, substantially built, well laid out, and provided with every modern convenience it is possible to get. Citizens of New Denver are here to stay. The erection of residences goes rapidly, on yet the demand for homes exceeds the supply.

A travelling man from the coast who visited New Denver this week, made the remark that in his travels throughout the mining region of British Columbia he had not seen so much earnestness, confidence, stability and business in any place as here, and plainly gave it as his opinion that New Denver was the best town of West Kootenay.

"Yes," said the man from the West, "he was very lucky. He went to a newly discovered gold country, and in less than three weeks came home with $1,000!"

"That paid him well for his time."

"No; I won't go so far as to say that. You see, he had the $1,000 when he started. But he was mighty fortune to be able to gold onto it."

Saturday evening at a meeting of the general committee of the First of July Celebration, it was decided to donate the balance in the treasury, about $25, to the road fund. It was the original intention of the committee to turn over whatever surplus there might be to the band boys to help them in their efforts to resuit the band, but after duly considering the matter the band withdrew in favor of the road building.

The Slocan Pioneer has changed management, Richard Butler and W. L. Kearns having taken the job of piloting the infant craft over the turbulent newspaper sea. Mister Young, of Young fame, has also fired the editorial staff on the News of Slocan City, and is doing the brainy work himself. With an epidemic of typhiod fever, stringent money market, inflated valuations, and these later afflictions our sister city at the foot of the lake has much to bear up under.

KASLO.

(A LEDGE Special.)

D. W. Moore visited Sandon on Monday.

Jno. Vallance, New Denver, registered at the Kaslo Friday.

A. J. McLellan, of the Kimberly mine, South Fork, was in Kaslo.

S. A. Mighton and J. M. Kelly, of Sandon, were in Kaslo Monday.

Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Braden, of Helena, Mont., arrived in Kaslo Monday.

Geo. Turner, Superintendant of the Great Western mine, was in town Monday.

W. H. Jones, editor of the Rosslander, was in Kaslo on Saturday, returning from a visit to the coast.

In clearing away for the abutment for the bridge to be put over the second crossing of the Montezuma road over the South Fork of Kaslo creek, the workmen discovered and staked a fine ledge showing good samples of galena.

The K. & S. received their new rolling stock Sunday, fifteen freight cars and two passenger coaches. The passenger coaches, which are luxuriantly upholstered and beautifully finished, will add greatly to the comfort and convenience of the travelling public on this line.

NOTICE.

NOTICE is hereby given that if Stewart, the electrician does not settle charges against his goods now in my possession within 30 days from date, I will retain the said goods in payment of said charges. PALMA ANGRIGNON.

New Denver, Sept. 2, 1897.

SABLE THEOLOGY.

There was a negro preacher, I have heard,
In Southern parts before rebellion stirred,
Who did not spend his strength in empty sound;
His was a mind far-reaching and profound.

Others might beat the air and make a noise,
And help to amuse the silly girls and boys;
But as for him, he was a man of thought;
Deep in theology, although untaught.

He could not read nor write, but he was wise,
And knew "right smart" how to extemporize.

One Sunday morn, when hymns and prayers were said,
The preacher rose, and rubbing up his head,
"Bredern and sisterin', and companions dear,
Our preachment for to-day, as you shall hear,
Will be ob de creation.—ob de plan
In which God fashioned Adam, de first man.
When God made Adam, in de ancient day,
He made him body out of earth and clay,
He shape him up all right, den by and bye,
He set him up agin de fence to dry."

"Stop," said a voice; and straightway there arose
An ancient negro, in his master's clothes;
"Tell me," said he, "before you farder go,
One little thing which I should like to know!
It does not quite get through dis nigger's har,
How come dat fence so nice and handy dar?"

Like one who in the mud is tightly stuck,
Or one nonplussed, astonished, thunderstruck,
The preacher looked severely on the pews,
And rubbed his hair to know what words to use:
"Bredren," said he, "dis word I hab to say,
De preacher can't be bothered in dis way;
For, if he is, it's just like as not
Our whole theology will be upsot."

—Current Literature.

BIRDS AND DISEASE.

An Authority Who Thinks Birds Incapable of Carrying Contagion.

Persons interested in birds have recently been debating the question whether these creatures are capable of contracting diseases from human beings or of transmitting disease to human beings. Expert opinion seems to be divided. On the one hand Dr. K. Rulf, director of Gefierderte Welt, in a recent letter to the president of the Acclimation society, asserts that the transmission of any disease from a bird to a man and vice versa is absolutely impossible. Says Dr. Rulf:

"For more than 30 years I have been occupied in keeping, observing and raising exotic birds of plumage; consequently I have had occasion to deal with them when ill. Every bird that has died has been examined, and I have thus dissected during about 30 years several hundred parakeets. I have always kept these birds during their illness, sometimes for a considerable period, in my apartment, which is somewhat restricted in size, being composed of only six rooms for four grown persons and four children. During all this period I have not had a single case of sickness in my family, although the birds have had all possible kinds of maladies. I am also confirmed in my belief by the fact that I have allowed no opportunity to pass of asking for information on the subject from the principal dealers in birds at Hamburg, Cologne, London, Liverpool, Antwerp, Amsterdam, Rotterdam, Marseilles and Bordeaux whenever they had sick birds in considerable numbers. In no case was I informed that any one, either a member of the family or an employee, had been attacked in the house of one of these merchants, and I obtained the same information from the directors of the great zoological gardens at Paris and London. No contagion—and I cannot insist too strongly on this point—could ever be established."

These, however, are all negative facts and would fail to stand against even one authenticated case of the transmission of disease to or from pet birds. Such cases, it is believed, have been proved to exist by Dr. Laboulbene, who communicates an account of his investigations to the bulletin of the Acclimation society.

It Was Needed.

"Our church tower goes nearer heaven than the tower of any other church in town," proudly remarked a resident in an interior town to a visitor from the city.

"Well," replied the latter, "I don't know any church that needs it more."—Pittsburg Chronicle.

A man is relieved and gay when he has put his heart into his work and done his best, but what he has said or done otherwise shall give him no peace.—Emerson.

Professor Bailey of Ithaca has succeeded in grafting tomato on potato vines. In this case the tomatoes grew to full size, but the potatoes remained small!

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

THE SELKIRK HOTEL
SILVERTON, B.C.

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

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Manager of Nelson Branch Parson's Produce Company

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