VOLUME IX. No. 33. NEW DENVER, B. C MAY 15, 1902. PRICE, $2.00 YEAR IN ADVANCE

# General News Float

### In and About the Slocan and Neighboring Camps that are Talked About.

The force at the Arlington has been increased.

The Whitewater shipped 172 tons of ore in April.

Two tourists from Norway arrived in town last week.

H. Clever is putting up an addition to his residence.

A company has been formed to work the Washington.

The Payne mill is running, although not very smoothly.

Byron White is expected to be in the Slocan this week.

Fred Baker is working at the Granby mines in the Boundary.

Gassie Thompson has gone to Cape Nome for the summer.

George See, formerly of Sandon, died in Republic last week.

Henry Farrell has purchased the Bogle ranch near Slocan City.

Mr. Phypers and wife have removed from Sandon to Portland, Ore.

Frank Watson dwelt a few short hours in New Denver last week.

The new crusher for the Enterprise concentrator came in last week.

An excellent body of ore has been struck in the upraise on the Ivanhoe

C. R. Hardy and D. P. Kane were talking insurance in the Slocan last week.

It is a dull day in Sandon when a saloon or resturant does not change hands.

The Florida Mining Co. is to be wound up by the full court at Vancouver.

Dave Knight, formerly of Kaslo, has opened up a wholesale fruit store in Seattle.

Rev. Frank W. Hardy, of Ymir, will preach in the Methodist church Sunday evening.

F. S. Andrews is having trouble with Frank Fletcher over the Slocan city townsite.

Sandon is short on fire protection, several of the hydrants being afflicted with constipation.

If all the citizens of New Denver were as public spirited as W H. Gibbs what a town this would be.

H. Byrnes' poultry yard is alive with Belgian hare and Pekin ducks Hares for breeding, $5 to $10 a pair.

Eating oranges will drive away that tired feeling that comes in the spring. Williams sells the yellow fruit.

Rev. A E. Roberts was elected secretary of the Methodists church district meeting held in Nelson last week.

Thos. M. Clement leaves this city for Victoria where he will spend the summer, and possibly reside permanently.

J. D Graham has left the government service. He was gold commissioner at Revelstoke several years ago.

The Engineering and Mining Journal of New York says the present low price of silver is likely to continue for some time.

The ping pong social given in Clever's hall last Thursday evening was a huge success. Upwards of 100 people were present.

The Sandon baseball team will put in a shift at New Denver on Saturday. The local twirlers will look on, and on the shorts.

W. E. Mertens, after setting type in this office for twenty-five months has gone east and will open optical parlors in Toronto.

Amos Thompson thinks that the flies on goat mountain are strong enough with proper training to drive a tunnel through a granite formation.

Hill Bros. have sold their sawmill, at the head of the lake, together with all timber limits, to Orillia lumber men who contemplate operating the mill to its full capacity.

There is great demand for zinc ore from local and foreign smelters. The Bosun is stoping out the zinc left standing in the drifts in recent development work.

In the near future the tug Sandon will tow all the C. P. R. barges on Slocan lake, giving the Slocan a better opportunity to serve the passenger and local freight trade.

Bob Cunning keeps the pioneer hotel of Sandon, is mayor of the burg, chairman of the license board and a justice of the peace. Bob is a favorite with the people, and never deals from the bottom.

Fresh vegetables, fruits, flowers and nursery stock of all kinds can be procured at the Aylwin gardens in New Denver. Shipments made daily to any part of the Slocan. White labor only employed.

At C. F. Nelson's drug store may be seen a battery of instruments from the armentarium of Geo. L. Pedlar, Opt. D., Eye Specialist, who will resume practice there after May 23rd. Examination free.

Prof. Parke gave the best panoramic-kinetosopic picture show that has ever struck the camp, Tuesday evening in Bosun hall. The only sad feature about it was the lack of a good house to witness it.

The Hewitt is this week shipping the first ore that has been shipped over the Four Mile road for a month or six weeks. When the road is in better shape the shipments from this property will surpass all previous records.

There was a gold excitement in Sandon last week. Two gold nuggets were found in a turkey that Bob Cunning was serving with his Sunday dinner. The turkey was raised in Nebraska and it is a mystery now were it would get gold in that state.

If ever the thanks of the community was due to anyone, it is coming to the citizens who have contributed to the building of the Sixth-street sidewalk—especially these who have so liberally given their labor. Of necessity somebody had to take the initiative, and upon W. H. Gibbs this honor rests, but of equal merit is the good spirit that has characterized all the boys who have so willingly assisted.

## ON GOAT MOUNTAIN.

Pack trains to Goat mountain are almost of daily occurence. Supplies were taken to the Empire claim Wednesday morning.

The Emma people are finding everything high grade in their new strike and are staking all vacant ground in the neighborhood On the Cliff the owners are still taking out ore. The long tunnel on the Capella has not yet tapped the ledge, but ore is being sacked from the upper stopes for shipment. The lessees of the Sweet Grass are pushing work in a small way, and expect to have ore to ship in a few weeks. On the Thompson a very promising showing is being worked upon

## CARD OF THANKS.

We take this means of conveying to our New Denver friends, the K. of P. lodge and the Sunday School, our deep gratitude for the many kindnesses shown by them to our dear boy in his brief sickness and to us in our bereavement, and especially for the beautiful floral pieces sent by them.

MR. AND MRS. N. C. DINGMAN

## WIPED OUT.

The worst slide that has occurred in the McGuigan basin for years came down on Thursday morning about 9 o'clock. The slide started up above Power's freight camp, in heavy timber, and took an entirely new and unexpected course. It carried away the stables, bunk house, store house and everything but a couple of old unoccupied buildings.

The avalanche came as they always come, suddenly and without warning. The six teams of fours which are used to do the freighting on the Rambler road, were all out with their drivers. Thirteen mules and three saddle horses, just brought in the day before from Washington to do the summer's packing stood in the stable. A string of heavy ore wagons just received from Brantford lay in the yard. Supplies and provisions for a heavy season's business filled the store to the rafters At the fatal moment when the slide came Billy Douglas, the camp blacksmith, was busy shoeing a mule. Sandy Macdonald, the corral boss, was busy about the stables. J W. Power, who owned the outfit, had just got on horseback to start up the hill when he saw the slide coming and giving the warning to his companions, rode like mad for safety. His escape was providential, as the edge of the slide caught him and stripped the leather leggin from one of his feet, but left the man and horse uninjured. Sandy Macdonald reached the edge of the slide, but was carried down a few feet before he was thrown out of the track. Billy Douglas, not as fast a runner, was caught in the slide and smothered, but his body lay where it fell. The camp, with its live stock and equipment was swept to destruction in a flash. Searchers afterward found the safe within a few hundred feet of McGuigan, and the wreckage of the camp scattered along the trail of the avalanche for three miles.

The warning was quickly sent to the Rambler mine, from which a relief expedition came and recovered Douglas' remains and bore them to Sandon. Macdonald was brought down the hill but was not seriously injured.

The avalanche was sudden, swift and terrible. Its work of destruction was complete. Of the $15,000 invested in the freighting outfit, nothing remains but the teams that were on the road. In less time than it takes to say it, Power saw himself $10,000 poorer and his companion killed.

The snowslide's verdict is irrevocable; there is no insurance and no salvage. The work of years gone in a flash. A life snuffed out. The rumble ceases, the snow clouds subside, the tragedy is ended and the tale is told. Such is life—and death—in the snow clad hills of the Silvery Slocan.—Sandon Paystreak

## INDIGNATION AT THREE FORKS.

There is great indignation in Three Forks football circles these days on account of the refusal of the Nelson sports to play the Three Forks team at Kaslo on the 24th. A challenge was sent to Nelson some time ago, and the Kaslo patrons of the sport were ready with a purse of $75 towards expenses and the match looked like coming off until a reply was received from Nelson to the effect that it would be "too hot on celebration day to play Three Forks." Perhaps it would be The Three Forks boys reckoned on making it hot for Nelson regardless of the weather, but their hopes are now blighted When the lakeside players go to Vancouver to play on July 1st it may be advisable to include sunbonnets in their outfit, as the sun occasionally shines in other places besides Kaslo.

## A NELSON DRAMA.

Sapho isn't in it with the drama that was enacted in the Nelson Court house last week. It was an amateur performance, ... at the "Woman who Did," with admission free and more sensation to the square inch than Manager Annabel ever dreamed of putting on the theatrical boards A woman, young, beautiful and in deep distress, sat in the dock for two days while the details of her supposed crime against nature in refusing to bear an unfathered child, were discussed, presumably for the edification of the youths and men who thronged the place, some of whom doubtless felt a paternal interest in the fate of the embrayo soul that had been denied admission to the scarlet woman's abode. She was acquitted by the twelve good men and true (?) who weighed the evidence against her because, like certain historic characters in a similar case, they were not provided with a warrant for stone throwing. At least it is evident that was how the judge regarded the mental attitude by which the members of the jury were enabled to render a verdict of "not guilty."

But though there was none to condemn, neither was there any to say "go, and sin no more," to this fair daughter of Humanity. Not a Christian woman's hand was outstretched in sympathy or aid; not a Christian home opened its portals to receive her if, perchance, she might have desired to "sin no more."

And now the chief of police is up against public opinion for having, in a spasm of morality, allowed this farce to be placed upon the boards at the expense of the community. By and bye our vaunted civilization will discover that the only sins over which man has jurisdiction are sins against society. For sinning against nature the great mother herself has ample punishment.

## SLOCAN ORE SHIPMENTS.

The total amount of ore shipped from the Slocan and Slocan City mining divisions for the year 1901 was, approximately, 30,000 tons. Since January 1 to May 10, 1902, the shipments have been as follows:

| | Week | Total |
|---|---|---|
| Payne | | 235 |
| Ivanhoe | | 25 |
| Sunset (Jackson Basin) | | 641 |
| Reco | | 302 |
| American Boy | 20 | 349 |
| Arlington | | 1091 |
| Hewett | | 596 |
| Bosun | | 420 |
| Last Chance | | 150 |
| Wonderful | | 100 |
| Enterprise | 60 | 320 |
| Monitor | | 435 |
| Queen Bess | | 160 |
| Silver Glance | | 37 |
| Whitewater (April) | | 1870 |
| Ottawa | | 0 |
| Neepaw | | 68 |
| Hartnay | | 25 |
| Marion | | 85 |
| May | | 7 |
| Paystreak | | 2 |
| Surprise | | 20 |
| Slocan Star | | 203 |
| Duplex | | 7 |
| Emily Edith | | 20 |
| Prescott | | 4 |
| Rambler (April) | | 1720 |
| Molly Gibson | | 1100 |
| Total tons | 80 | 10750 |

## CANADIAN SPRUCE FOREST.

It has already been made abundantly clear that Canada is destined to be one of the great pulp and paper making country of the future. No other countries in the world has the same quantity or quality of spruce, and no one has equal water power facilities in close conjunction thereto. The Canadian spruce belt extends the whole distance from Belle Isle Straits to the mouth of the Mackenzie River and occupies 2,590,000 square miles. It varies in width from 850 miles to over 1,000; and a fair average, taken at ten almost equal intervals in that huge extent, gives an average breadth of 700 miles. We have thus in sight the raw material for 4,500,000,000 tons of wood pulp needing nothing but the advent of capital and transportation facilities to exploit it And we have scattered all through these forests an abundance of water power necessary to convert them cheaply and economically into the finished material And since the Canadian spruce reproduces itself in pulp wood sizes every thirty years, our forest can withstand all demands made upon them with out fear of denudation in the course of time.

The increase in the pulp industry is shown by the growth of the returns for export of the finished product since 1890, in which year the value of pulp exported was only $168,000, while in 1901 the value fell little short of $2,000,000 In 1881 there were in Canada five pulp mills, representing an invested capital of less than $100,000; twenty years later we have 35 mills, of a total capitalization of nearly $20,000,000.

## HOW TO INJURE YOUR TOWN.

Tell all strangers that it is a poor place to live.

Constantly talk about moving.

Be envious of those doing well.

Hold up evil.

Make no effort to aid good work.

Send off for your job work.

Never turn loose a nickle for public improvements.

Cuss the schools.

# Smelting Boundary Ore

### The Cost of Producing the Matte Not More than Two Dollars Per Ton.

The low grade copper ores of the Boundary district can be mined, smelted at a total charge of not more than $3.65 a ton, according to Dr. Ledoux, the famous copper sampler of New York. He declares that they are profitable with copper at 12 cents Copper is now 11½ and 11¾ cents Dr. Ledoux, who is at the head of Ledoux & Co, ranking among the largest samplers of copper in the United States, made a visit to the Boundary mines last summer to acquaint himself with conditions there. He has an article in the current number of the Canadian Mining Review, which will be read with unusual interest by those who are watching the development of the Boundary mines. He says in part:

"There have been numerous published guesses at the grade of these Boundary creek ores, and ofter all that is the vital point on which all the others depend. On the north side of the Phoenix ravine, (which includes the Dominion Copper companie's properties and the Snow Shoe) the large amount of ore developed is estimated to run 1.8 per cent in copper, $2.40 in gold and 25 cents in silver. (With copper at 11¾ cents, that gives a gross assay value of $6.88 a ton.)

"The workable ores from the south side of the Phoenix ravine, (which includes the properties of the Granby company) contain on an average: Copper, 1 7 per cent; gold, $1 60, and silver 38 cents per ton. (With copper at 11¾ cents, this gives the total values of $5.98 a ton)

"The ore from the easterly side of the main dyke, as represented by the Snow Shoe, Gold Drop and others, probably run by the carload as shipped about 1.6 per cent copper, $1.50 gold and 30 cents silver. The run of the mines in the Greenwood camp, as shown by the smelter returns, is probably 1.6 per cent copper, $1 85 in gold and 50 cents in silver.

"I may say that I have had unusual opportunities for studying the facts. In arriving at the figures I have not been obliged to depend on the statement of the managers. The entire product of the Granby Consolidated Mining Smelting & Power and of the British Columbia Copper Company passed through the hands of my firm, Ledoux & Co., and from the freight records it is readily ascertainable from how many tons of ore came the matte and blister copper we have handled.

"The statements of ore given tally with those of the railway company, representing ore delivered to the smelters, and the statements of the superintendents as to the grade of this ore tally closely with those figured from the copper matte handled by us in New York, checked again by my personal investigation on the spot.

"It may therefore be taken as a safe estimate that the large amount of ore in the Boundary district will vary from 25 to 35 pounds of copper per ton of 2000 pounds, with from 25 to 40 cents of silver per ton and from $1 50 to $2.50 per ton in gold

"It may be stated that there are some mines like the B C, near Eholt, whose ores as shipped contain considerably more copper than the above, but the figures I have stated are well within the limits for the average.

"The cost of mining ... in the Boundary has varied from $1 66 to $2 10 per ton, the first named figure being the more recent. It is a difficult problem, as I have already hinted, to handle the very large ore bodies without the risk of caving and ruining the mines, on the one hand, or the necessary employment of excessive amount of timbering or leaving in the mine large blocks of pay ore as support. The management of the companies has already been studying this problem, and the Granby company has commenced ore handling with steam shovels, and proposes to still further reduce the cost of mining by stripping from the surface down to the present level of the railway track, and by the introduction of the caving system for lower workings.

"It has been said that the cost of mining in the district, even with the high wages to miners, is very low, the conditions being most favorable. I come now to the all important consideration of smelting costs.

"The Boundary ores being self fluxing, indeed being rather basic in character, allow the admixture of a certain quantity of silicious ores from the Republic camp or other districts, whose ores carry gold and silver, and the sulphur being low permits of smelting without preliminary roasting. With the advent of railways from the south, the Boundry smelters can procure more dry silicious ores at favorable rates. It may also be stated at this point that the freedom of the ores from bismuth, arsenic and antimony renders it easy to obtain a ready market for the copper product

"In covering the cost of smelting it is necessary to take into account the losses in slag and otherwise. I was allowed to sample the slag dumps and to take portion of the weekly slags samples which had been preserved in the laboratory. Before the establishment of bessemerizing, the slag loss of the Boundary smelters averaged: Copper, 46 per cent: gold, 12 cents per ton, and silver 8 cents per ton., With a consumption of about eleven per cent coke, and with freight charges as they exist to day, the cost of smelting at the most favorable location in the Boundary district after charging against the smelter the cost of marketing the product, must be considerable under $2 a ton. Adding the present cost of mining, the total outlay for mining and smelting must be less than $3 66 per ton

"With the introduction of caving and steam shovels at the mines, and of bessemerizing at the smelters; with further reductions in cost of freight and fuel, sure to come with or without the advent of competing railways. I unhesitatingly affirm that the copper ores of the boundary should be mined, smelted and their contents marketed with a profit, with copper at 12 cents in New York, and as railways extensions make other ore available that can be purchased cheaply, the profit should increase, but there must always be, as elsewhere, many shipping mines too small to justify their own individual smelters, and mutual cooperation and a broad business policy should allow them all to prosper.

"The average ore of the best developed Boundary mine, showing nearly 500,000 tons in sight, is said to contain 38 per cent silica, 16 per cent of oxide of iron, 15 per cent of lime, and about 1 1-2 per cent sulphur, copper 1.8 per cent besides gold and silver.

## EMPIRE STOCK COMPANY.

What is said to be one of the best theatrical companies that has ever played the towns of the Kootenays, the Empire Stock Company, will appear in Bosun opera house, this (Thursday) evening The company comes here well recommended, after playing a week's engagement both in Nelson and Rossland, where they were given large ... the troupe, and their entertainments are spoken of as clean, high-class and intensely popular They have some of the best specialty artists on the road. Seats on sale at John Williams' at 50c and 75c

## SILVER AND LEAD QUOTATIONS.

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| May 1— | Silver, 51 | | Lead, £11 15s |
| " 2— | " 51 | " | 11 15s |
| " 3— | " 51 | " | 11 15s |
| " 5— | " 50¾ | " | 11 12s6d |
| " 6— | " 51 | " | 11 12s6d |
| " 7— | " 51¼ | " | 11 12s6d |
| " 8— | " 51¼ | " | 11 12s6d |
| " 9 | " 51 | " | 11 11s3d |
| " 10— | " 50¾ | " | 11 11s3d |
| " 12— | " 51¼ | " | 11 11s3d |

THE LEDGE is two dollars a year in advance When not so paid it is $2.50 to parties worthy of credit. Legal advertising 10 cents a nonpariel line first insertion, and 5 cents a line each subsequent insertion. Reading notices 25 cents a line, and commercial advertising graded in prices according to circumstances.

FELLOW PILGRIMS: THE LEDGE is located at New Denver, B. C., and can be traced to many parts of the earth. It comes to the front every Thursday and has never been raided by the sheriff, snowslided by cheap silver, or subdued by the fear of man. It works for the trail blazer as well as the bay-windowed and champagne-flavored capitalist. It aims to be on the right side of everything and believes that hell should be administered to the wicked in large doses. It has stood the test of time, and an ever-increasing paystreak is proof that it is better to tell the truth, even if the heavens do occasionally hit our smokestack. A chute of job work is worked occasionally for the benefit of humanity and the financier. Come in and see us, but do not pat the bull dog on the cranium, or chase the black cow from our water barrel: one is savage and the other a victim of thirst. One of the noblest works of creation is the man who always pays the printer: he is sure of a bunk in paradise, with thornless roses for a pillow by night, and nothing but gold to look at by day.

R. T. LOWERY, Editor and Financier.

# THE LEDGE.

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

THURSDAY, MAY 15, 1902.

### FROM THE EDITOR'S UPPER STOPE.

It must be a wise hen which knows her own eggs.

A liberal dose of printer's ink will often cure commercial constipation.

Beware of law. It is slow and often hard to umderstand in British Columbia.

New Denver is the most central point in the new Slocan riding for a county court.

"Bobs" does not seem to cut so much newspaper ice as he did a year or two ago.

If the press would speak out it would not be long before Canada would have a mint.

Every year since the Slocan was discovered some life has left it by the snowslide route.

Flour advanced 20 cents a barrel in Canada last week. The advance is caused by a lack of mills to supply the market.

Seems like as if the earth was moving. The Methodists are talking of lifting the boycott against cards, dances and theatres.

The Nelson court house has been condemned. Better tie it to the bridge at New Denver and let them float together into oblivion.

Vancouver has a heap of trouble. The firemen are objecting to a Chinese scale of wages, while the taxpayers grumble because $150,000 was not put in the sewer.

It is now proposed to change the telephone call of "hello!" to something else. By jotting the "o" before the "h" the impressiveness of the call woul be greatly intensified.

A lady in New York state recently gave birth to five children, all girls. She made less fuss than some women do over one edition to the human race.

Silver seems inclined to go down in the cellar and sit down, but time will force it into the top story where it can look out of the windows and smile at the prosperity of the Slocan.

The rapid settlement of the Canadian Northwest is attracting much attention in the United States, and already several papers are advocating better trade relations with the Dominion.

Amoy, in China, is the filthiest city in the world. It is so crowded that the dead are buried standing. If the people were not so wedded to old customs they might kill the odors by using cremation.

The largest gun in the world is being put up in New York harbor. It will throw a 3,000 pound shot 21 miles, and uses 1,000 pounds of powder to a load. It beats all how civilization keeps advancing.

If the immigration from the United States to Canada keeps up there will soon be millions of Yankees in the Dominion. This is a sign of the times that intelligent people can read without spectacles.

The average weight of a Scotchman's brain is 60 ounces while an Englishman's is 49. This would seem to prove that oats are better than beef for producing gray matter in the upper stope.

In July, 4,000 tons of flour will be shipped from Vancouver to Australia and New Zealand where the drought has killed the crops and ruined many farmers. Canada is getting to be a great country, and in time will be greater than England.

The production of milk in the United States averages 424 gallons to the cow. Last year 518,000,000 pounds of butter were sold in that country at an average price of 17 cents. The cow does not stand all the time in the shade according to this record.

A letter of praise to a mother about her son lost in battle is a grand thing, but it cannot restore the touch of a vanished hand, nor bring to a woman's heart the supreme joy of grasping a big son in her arms and smothering him in the purest of all kisses.

The passing of Bret Harte removes a genius whose pen did more for California than that of any other man. His poems and stories of western life are lunches for the soul, especially to those who have mingled in the life so ably depicted by this picturesque writer.

In Kentucky a deaf mute stole a bible and got a year in jail. The court presented him with a bible in order that he might reform while behind the bars. The dummy will probably trade it off for whiskey with a view to getting inspiration from a spirit he understands.

The destruction of St. Pierre by the eruption of a volcano is the greatest calamity that has hit any town on this earth since Pompeii went up the lava flume. It is a hot, forcible and impressive warning to keep away from mountains that are warm under the peak.

Canada and the United States are the only civilized countries in the world in which the telegraph is not controlled by the state. As a consequence rates are double in these two countries as compared with the sections of the world where the governments run the tickers.

In Chicago there is a startling increase in heart disease among students in high schools. Caused by smoking cigarets. To those on the outside of this vice smoking cigarets seems about the most foolish way of slowly committing suicide that the human race could be guilty of.

The judge is not always the wisest man in court. He is sometimes a common plug of a lawyer, boosted into his position through the influence of sharper lawyers who expect to work him to their own advantage. Such judges are liable to prostitute their office through a lack of mental acumen, or the power to be always honest. A judge should be impervious to material influence. If he is otherwise justice will often be dipped in the mud and the devils in hell given a chance to guffaw.

Morgan is said to be a socialist at heart, and intends after he has secured all the business concerns on earth to turn them over to the state, and make a reality spring from the dream of government ownership. Morgan's grasping propensities may, after all, be goodness veiled for our future happiness.

The British Columbia government has always treated New Denver as if it were a dirty deuce in a new deck. Public works that are absolutely necessary have to be made by private funds, or else they will not be made at all. More business and less personal abuse is sadly needed in the legislative factory at Victoria.

A Catholic priest has written a play in which a pope figures as one of the characters. The drama is historical and deals in matters that flowered in 1803 when Napoleon was the main guy in Europe's political circus. It is the first time that a pope has been introduced in the English drama and no doubt many devout Catholics will be shocked at the spectacle of a mimic pope in paint and tinsel.

It has been suggested that one of King Ed's sons be called the Prince of Canada. Canadians would certainly appreciate such a great honor. It would help to advertise their country amid the inner circles of European society. We have no objection to one of the King's other boys being called the Prince of Slocan or New Denver. It might help us in these days of despondent silver.

Carnegie has serious intentions of buying several newspapers in America. Andy should do well in British Columbia at this business. There are quite a number of journals in this Province that he could secure at a small cost, and at the same time prevent several cases of slow starvation from overtaking many men more capable of rolling logs than training public opinion to flower in the right direction.

According to astronomers, the solar system of which this earth is a part travels 390 millions of miles through space in a year. Some day, we know not when, we may run into another solar system, and the bump will be against us. In view of this possibility our delinquent subscribers should dig up immediately, and be prepared for the bump.

We hear a great deal these days about the manufacturing of lead in Canada, but nothing about making silver products. Silver is cheap and America prosperous. Thousands of people can afford to buy silver cups, saucers and other articles. Let us start a factory in the Slocan and boom silver in this way. Our sale of silver souvenirs made while they wait for tourists should of itself be a great thing. Push this along ye shouters of prosperity.

The professions are beginning to look upon edvertising in a different light, and many of them have ceased to think it infra dig to advertise. Successful parsons and doctors in many places are advertising, and the lawyers are also falling in line. In a few years the parson, doctor or lawyer who does not carry an ad in one or more papers will be looked upon as a fossil unfit for the advanced condition of civilization to which he clings by a thread from ancient codes, like a skipper to a piece of musty cheese.

In a recent speech in London the Duke of York said that if he had pleased the people of Canada and the King he did not regret the trials and tribulations of his recent trip through the Dominion. This sounds a little harsh, but the Duke has not forgotten the long speeches of words dinned into his ears by cheap orators, nor the immense crowds of Canucks who strained their necks on every possible occasion to see what they thought was a great man.

John Houston is not dead. He stood off the House in Victoria last week for half an hour and made a record. The government, meekly seeking his vote, did not have the sand to call him down. John flung some truth at British Columbia's aggregation of freak legislators even if he was slightly rude and out of conventional order. If somebody would write a farce upon the doings of our mouthy, pugilistic, flesh-pot seeking legislators, with the original characters in the cast, what a world of merriment would flood the land.

SMOKE
MAINLAND
AND BRITISH LION
CIGARS
WM. TIETJEN, MANUFACTURER

Even in the Silvery West people are not averse to hunting for bargains, so here is one that should appeal to the masses:

**For One Dollar**

The Montreal Family Herald & Weekly Star
AND THE New Denver Ledge

Will be sent to any address in Canada or the United States until January 1, 1903. To make the offer still stronger I will include the Coronation pictures of King Edward and Queen Alexandra.

Address all letters to

R. T. LOWERY, New Denver

If your gardens are all planted it is time to get your

**Fishing Tackle**

In shape. All the latest things in the Tackle line at

Nelson's Drug & Book Store
New Denver, B. C.

THEO. MADSON
MANUFACTURER OF
TENTS AND AWNINGS
P. O. BOX 76. NELSON, B.C.

RELIABLE AGENTS WANTED
We want at once trustworthy men and women in every locality, local or traveling, to introduce a new discovery and keep our show cards and advertising matter tacked up in conspicuous places througout the town and country. Steady employment year round; commission or salary, $65 per month and expenses, not to exceed $2.50 per day. Write for particulars.
INTERNATIONAL MEDICINE CO.,
Postoffice Box 337. London, Ont

FARMERS NAMES WANTED: Send us the names and postoffice addresses of ELEVEN FARMERS who have land to clear or who have use for a STUMP PULLER, and we will send all FREE to your address a copy of our Stories of the Great Northwest, now going to press. Write plainly, and address the W. SMITH GRUBBER CO., LA CROSSE, WIS.

**50c**

Will buy six back numbers, each one different, of . . . . .

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# The Cow Skull Gulch Ball

A wild cry arose from the clump of stunted willows that encircled Cow Skull Spring. It reached the ears of several miners who were loitering about Latting's "joint," and their attention became riveted upon the yellow masses of willows in the near-by gully. In the space of a moment, Rose Rattigan pushed her way through the shrubs; she waved her arms excitedly, and shouted in a lusty voice: "The ould spring's dry! Divil a dhrop uv water in sight, but dirty mud!"

This announcement caused a flurry among the men; to have been told the rich Cow Skull mines had suddenly pinched out would scarce have been a more demoralizing bit of news. One incredulous fellow called back: "You're giving us a josh, Rosy, ain't you now?"

"Come down wid your own eyes, Bill Clarke, and you'll be after wantin' water now, when there's narry a dhrop in camp!"

Clarke and his companions filed down the trail to Cow Skull Spring and saw for themselves that the contents thereof was naught but thick, black mud. No one seemed to appreciate this deplorable fact save Latting, who immediately foresaw an increased run of trade on his "joint," where liquid refreshments were not dependent upon a refractory natural spring.

"Not enough water here for a jack-rabbit," quoth Bill Clarke; "it's bad, mighty bad, for Cow Skull Camp."

"Bad? Sure, an' yez spake wid wisdom, Bill. Here's the dirty shirts of ye gallants"—Rose indicated with the tip of her shoe a big basketful of soiled garments sitting by the spring—"here' the empty spring, and there's the grand ball to-night, an' me afther promisin' clane shirts fer thot same ball. Wisha, it do be bad!"

"Can't be helped, Rosy. Spring went dry same time last year, but water showed up again in ten days. Guess we can stick it out for that stretch of time, hey?" So spoke Phi Lattin, sole proprietor of the "joint," who really failed to see the disadvantage waterless Cow Skull would suffer, since his bar had just received a fresh stock of liquors.

"Makes a fellow dry to look at that thar mud hole," sighed big, lank Peter prospector. At which remark Bill Clark proclaimed that the treat was on Peter, and the men, nothing loath—not even Peter—tramped back to Phi's.

Rose, left alone, sank upon the full clothes-basket, and strove to solve the dilemma of doing a big wash with not a pint of water. The rattle of wheels and a noisy salutation of "Hi, Madame Rattigan, time to tune up your piano!" aroused the washerwoman of Cow Skull. She looked up the trail and saw Ray Atlas, the water "boy," whose bulky white horse jogged serenely over the rough ground, pulling a heavy two-weeeled cart upon which reposed a hogshead—the peregrinating reservoir that supplied the cabins of the camp with water.

Rose smiled. Here was company for her misery. "Faith, Ray, an' it's a big jugful uv wather ye'll not scoop out uv Cow Skull Spring this foine mornin'!"

Not so much sarcasm tinged these words as a tone of commiseration.

Atlas hailed his white equine, and joined Mrs. Rattigan at the edge of the defunct spring. A glimmer of intelligence lit up his face. He recalled the cessation of the spring a year ago, at which time a geologist happened to be at Cow Skull, and this learned man had classified the spring as intermittent. So borrowing this piece of wisdom, Ray solemnly declared: "You know this is an intermittent spring, Rosy, and it cuts up like this once per year; takes a breathing spell, you know."

"Inter-r-mittint? An' for how long will it be afther inter-r-mittin', Ray Atlas? Will th' wise noddle uv yer's figger that ont? Nakes, an' what'll yez be doin' wid no wather fer to peddle, an' me wid no wather to wash the shirts of ye gallivantin' beaus fer the ball this noight?"

"Rosy Rattigan, do you mean to tell me you ain't got my Sunday shirt washed for that ball?"

"It's that I do, Mister Atlas; nor do they be wan clane shirt in all Cow Skull Camp, Mister Atlas." And Mrs. Rattigan jerked her head in a series of nods.

"Why, I'm on the receivin' committee, Rosy, and I'll have to tog up handsome-like, out of respect to the camp what's givin' this grand ball."

"Tut, Ray, lad, out uv respict to Pink Dewit, you're meanin' to say, now. But see, thin—what's this?" Rose fished out a soiled, though marvelously gay, garment from the conglomerate mass in her basket, and flashed it before Ray's eyes.

His Sunday shirt! Ray looked dejected. This was a sorry predicament. Could he muster up courage in such a grimy garment to escort the lovely Pink Dewitt to the first "grand ball" given by the Miners' Union at Cow Skull diggings? Never! For, at this lowest ebb of his hopes, an inspiration suddenly dispelled his gloom, and he divulged the scheme to Mrs. Rittigan.

"Rosy, there's Galena Creek running slathers of water, and just five miles up the canyon. I've got to make that trip, or Cow Skull's name is gone to the dogs."

"Faith, Mister Ray Atlas, an' it'll be sorra the minnit I'd have fer to do the washin' wid you gone all day to fetch the wather."

"But Rosy, girl, don't you see—we'll h'ist you and your basket on the cart, and you can scrub at the creek, and have the clothes dryin' all the way back."

Atlas grinned ecstatically at this brilliant spurt of forethought, and Rose eyed him with approval.

"It's consaited Oi be fer the loikes uv that wise noodle o' you, Ray Atlas. Sure, an' it's off we'll be skytin' in wan second o' time."

A few minutes later, "Roop" the white horse, jogged industriously up the road that divided Cow Skull Camp into two irregular rows of rough cabins and dingy tents. Ray Atlas, comfortably braced against the big water-barrel, handled the ribbons; and Rose Rattigan, washerwoman, sat in state upon the crushed and dirty contents of the capacious clothes-basket.

Ray and Rose, and possibly Roop, were the only characters in all Cow Skull Camp that knew of this urgent expedition to Galena Creek. But Pink Dewit, premiere waitress at Wishbone's Hotel, was smitten with acute jealousy upon beholding, from her vantage point at the kitchen window of the tiny hotel, Ray and Rose riding so merrily up the canyon.

Pink snapped her small teeth viciously, and thought many hateful things about Mrs. Rattigan, the jolly, buxom widow, for whom every man in Cow Skull had a cheerful word. "The old piece of Irish blarney!" chattered Pink to herself; and, then, with a toss of her head, she adopted a don't-care manner, and tripped in to serve breakfast to the superintendent of the Go Down mine.

An unusual stir permeated the atmosphere at Cow Skull diggings that day. The night-shift men arose after a ten-wink sleep, and rushed about in apparent confusion. There was to be a twenty-four hour lay-off to celebrate the forming of a branch Miner's Union at that flush camp.

A delegation of men and women were coming over from Wadsville in the evening to lend a hand in the celebration, and the Cow Skull boys were preparing for a suitable reception.

Naturally, a "grand ball" was to figure as the leading item on the program. The whole proceedings were of recent birth, and the rush, hurry, and excitement existing in camp had gotten into the bones of every man there.

Wishbone's dining-room had been loaned for a temporary dance-hall, and Peter Prospector, Bill Clarke, and half a dozen other miners were eagerly assisting the superintendent's wife and waitresses to decorate the barren room. The forenoon went spinning merrily by; at noon, the miners of the day shift were knocked off duty, and bevies of brawny men hummed noisily betwixt Latting's "joint" and Wishbone's Hotel. Gradually the news of the drying up of Cow Skull Spring circulated among the miners, and a few sagacious individuals surreptitiously collected every drop of water they could discover—not overlooking the sack-wrapped demijohns of both shifts, nor even their neighbors' water-pails. But, with all their diligence scarce a gallon of the precious fluid could be cornered, and soon an undercurrent of alarm dampened (metaphorically) the gala spirits of Cow Skull's populace.

When the three men, who had provided themselves—more liberally than circumstances warranted—with water, appeared at the hotel, freshly shaven, with clean faces and plastered hair, the other miners became imbued with a hankering to "spruce up," and began to steal away toward their respective abodes.

Soon a mighty shout thundered down from a cabin perched on a sage-brush knoll. "What scurvy wood-rat swiped my pail of water?" It was Peter Prospector, who accosted the camp at large, and he looked decidedly ugly, and dry, too. In answer to this query came a deep chorus of awful threats, countercharges and bewailings.

To add to the general discomfiture, one of the cleanly persons, after banging and kicking upon Rose Rattigan's door, dramatically chanted forth the fact that Rose had fled, and left him with never a decent shirt to his name.

Peter Prospector was the proud possessor of an extra shirt, and he willingly offered to barter it in exchange for a pint of water; and to emphasize his earnestness, he flatly refused a quart bottle of whiskey, three flasks of brandy, and two ounces of gold dust for this rare article of apparel. No pint of water was forthcoming—yet never was a shirt so coveted as this one of Peter.

"Where's that hulk of a Atlas? Why ain't he here with his water-cart?" demanded Jerry Smith.

"Ho, ho, I say! Where IS that blamed cuss? Ain't any one seen Rosy Rattigan, nor Ray Atlas? Where's Pink Dewitt, she oughter know?"

Pink, for obvious reasons, declared she didn't keep tag of Ray Atlas, nor of any washerwoman that ever washed, and, as she was the only one in all Cow Skull who had witnessed the departure of Ray with his watercart, and Rose, with her clothes-basket, the mystery took on new proportions, and a panic seemed inevitable, while the hour for the arrival of guests and the beginning of festivities swung on at an alarming pace.

Since Atlas had delivered no water at Wishbone's Hotel that morning, the cooks struck, for the simple reason that no one could expect supper to be prepared without a spoonful of water on the premises. Even Phi Latting grew despondent. Having anticipated a run on his choice liquors, he accordingly got ready to meet it; but now every miner in the camp experienced the pangs of thirst that could be quenched by nothing but water, and shunned the "joint" as if fresh from the Keeley Cure Institute. Then the woeful drought falling upon him at this untimely hour, drove the community frantic; men who had been known to be calm and collected at the bottom of a shaft, with fuses spluttering a half inch from giant-powder blasts, and every avenue of escape shut off, now went charging about like locoed broncos.

The omission of supper, that would have given birth to a perfect riot on any other day, was a mere bagatelle to the shirtless, waterless Cow Skullites.

At a late moment, just as the sun smiled a lurid farewell from the crest of a purpling range of hills, some one discovered that whiskey straight could be utilized as an ablutionary liquid. Afterward, it was darkly hinted that Latting himself originated this report. At any rate, the expected run of custom at last came his way and Latting forgot his prayer for a shirt department and an arsenal well, in handing over wholesale quantities of his stock in trade. Whiskey flowed much more freely that water for a time, but the results were far from satisfactory. Bill Clarke, goaded to ugliness by whiskey-drenched eyes, deliberately appropriated Peter's extra shirt. A rough-and-tumble ensued. The miners circled about the combatants, and no one observed the first wagon load of the expected visitors until Pink Dewit shrilled out a warning cry.

The crowd, that had been almost precipitated into a free-for-all fight, broke up like street gamins before a police squad. The three individuals who were washed had no shirts, and fled in dismay—Peter, who owned the extra shirt, galloped off to his cabin with the shredded remains of that same garment; a number of others, both grimy and shirtless, disappeared like rats in a woodpile. No amount of prodding could induce the disreputable reception committee to perform its rightful duties. There were ladies in this advance equippage, and not a man in camp could muster up courage, or dispel his native bashfulness sufficiently to put on a brave front, and meet the Wadsville people. Soon a second wagon topped the brow of the hill—a third, a fourth, and a fifth rapidly followed. All Wadsville, apparently, came bowling into Cow Skull Camp.

The straggling cabins wore a cheerless and deserted air. Not a man nor a woman came forth to welcome the guests. It was as if the yawning mines had swallowed up the entire population of the camp. The visitors lowered their voices, and broached various surmises of heart-rending catastrophes they had read about. Perhaps a Tonopah plague had devastated Cow Skull. A hundred different solutions to the mystery were listened to, and the mystery only deepened and darkened with the falling shadows of night. In a compact group, the Wadsville people moved toward Wishbone's Hotel—still whispering, still surmising.

A hollow rumbling of wheels, a brisk shout of "Git along, old Roop!" and a genuine Irish soprano voice singing:

"Oh, Paddy, dear, and did ye hear,
The news that's goin' round ?"

brought the whole company to a standstill.

"What is it?" screamed a hysterical lady.

"Look! look!" hissed a tragic but timid youth.

A swaying jolting blot of something indistinctly seen through the semi-darkness fluttered down the gulch, in the opposite direction from which the Wadsville party came. Toward them it swung a phantom white elephant; dragging a billowy, tremulous shadow—from which emanated the sweet and thrilling words of "The wearing of the green," sung in a mellow brogue.

Of a sudden, the monstrous elephant took on the size and shape of a white horse; the billowy shadow, the outlines of a big two-wheeled cart, on which were a water barrel, a man, a woman, and improvised lines crowded with drying clothes, stretched from upright sticks. It was Roop and Ray, and Rose, entering Cow Skull in triumphant spirits.

"Sowl o' me body! Behold the foine people! Ah, welcome it is to Cow Skull, ladies and gentlemen! Faith, now, an' where's the boys?" Rose Rattigan beamed a cordial welcome to the astonished Wadsville citizens, and looked puzzled as she attempted to discover a sight or sign of her own townsmen.

"Why, madam," said a voice in the crowd, "we found a deserted camp. Not a soul came out to meet us what does it mean?"

"A-a-a-h! shrieked Mrs. Rattigan. "The darlint boys! The swate spalpeens! It's sorra a shirt the wan of thim has, ladies and gintleman, to appear in respectable company." Whereupon Rose began to laugh until the tears glistened upon her ruddy cheeks, and her buxom bosom heaved with merriment. Then she shouted in carrying tones: Bill Clarke! Peter Prospector! Sulphur Joe! Come out all ye distressed darlints, and git the clane shirts and a pan o' wather!

Cow Skull Camp awoke as if touched by a magic wand. Miners streamed from every cabin, and in their rush to the water-cart, almost stampeded steady old Roop. Rose and Ray plied a rival trade for a spell; she dealing out the dry shirts, he measuring out water to the clamoring men. The whole performance took on a wildly picturesque. coloring. Since the miners experienced a joyful relaxation at the happy turn affairs had taken, good feeling and hospitality ran at high-tide.

Pink Dewit forgave Ray Atlas his neglect of her when matters were fully explained; but her nose was visibly put out of joint at the gay and glorious dance in Whishbone's dining-room that eventful night, because Rose Rattigan reigned in undisputed sway as not only the petted heroine of Cow Skull Camp, but the acknowledged belle of the Miners' Union Ball.—John Harold Hamlin, San Francisco Argonaut.


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## CERTIFICATE OF IMPROVEMENTS

WHITE HORSE NO. 4, BLACK HORSE and FEDORA Mineral Claims.

Situate in the Slocan Mining Division of West Kootenay district. Where located: On Galena Farm Flat.

TAKE NOTICE that I, J. M. McGregor, acting as agent for Charles E. Hope, Free Miner's Certificate No. [illegible], intend, sixty days from the date hereof, to apply to the Mining Recorder for a Certificate of Improvements, for the purpose of obtaining Crown Grants of the above claims.

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

Dated this [illegible] day of April, A.D., 1902.

[illegible] FRACTION Mineral Claim.

Situate in the Slocan Mining Division of West Kootenay District. Where located: On Noble Five Mountain.

TAKE NOTICE that I, John D. Anderson, P. L. S. of Trail B. C., agent for Mrs. Mary Holland, Free Miner's Certificate No. [illegible], 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 [illegible] day of [illegible] A. D. [illegible]

J. D. ANDERSON

## NOTICE.

TO DELINQUENT CO-OWNERS.

To HARRY M. ADAMS, or to whomsoever he may have transferred his interests in the Laughing Waters and Faraway mineral claims situated in the McGuigan Basin, adjoining the Soho and Red Cross claims, in the Slocan Mining Division of West Kootenay District, B. C.

YOU are hereby notified that I have expended $205.00 in labor and improvements upon the above mentioned mineral claims under the provisions of the Mineral Act, and if within 90 days from the date of this notice you fail or refuse to contribute your proportion of the above-mentioned sum, which is now due, together with all costs of advertising, your interests in the said claims will become the property of the undersigned under Section 4 of the "Mineral Act Amendment Act 1900."

Dated at Kaslo, B. C., this 27th day of March, 1902.

J. C. RYAN.

## NOTICE.

TO DELINQUENT CO-OWNER.

To GEORGE C. WHARTON, or to whomsoever he may have transferred his interest in the Lost Bear Mineral Claim, situated near Silverton, adjoining the Alpha, in the Slocan Mining Division of West Kootenay District, B. C.

YOU ARE HEREBY NOTIFIED that I have expended $102.50 in labor and improvements upon the above mentioned mineral claim under the provisions of the Mineral Act, and if within ninety days from the date of this notice you fail or refuse to contribute your proportion of the above mentioned sum, which is now due, together with all costs of advertising, your interest in the said claim will become the property of the undersigned, under Section 4 of the "Mineral Act Amendment Act 1900."

Dated at New Denver, B. C., this 27th day of March, 1902.

H. CLEVER.

## NOTICE.

TO DELINQUENT CO-OWNERS.

To the legal personal representatives of J. W. LOWES, deceased, and to HUGH McRAE, or to any person or persons to whom they may have transferred their interests in the Glencoe Mineral Claim, situated on the north side of Hume creek, in the Slocan Mining Division of West Kootenay District, British Columbia.

YOU, and each of you, are hereby notified that I have expended two hundred dollars in labor and improvements upon the above mentioned mineral claim under the provisions of the Mineral Act, and if within ninety days from the date of this notice, you fail or refuse to contribute your portion of all such expenditures, together with all costs of advertising, your interest in the said claim will become the property of the subscriber under Section 4 of an Act entitled "An Act to amend the Mineral Act 1900."

Dated at New Denver B. C. this 25th day of February, 1902.

D. A. McDOWELL

## NOTICE.

In the Matter of an application for a duplicate of a Certificate of Title to an undivided 3-8 and [illegible] of all minerals, precious and base, save coal and petroleum, under Lot 1914, Group 1, Kootenay District, "Monitor" mineral claim.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN that it is my intention to issue at the expiration of one month from the first publication hereof a Certificate of Title to the above mentioned undivided 3-8 and undivided 1-8 of all minerals, precious and base, save coal and petroleum, under Lot 1914, Group 1, Kootenay District, "Monitor" mineral claim, in the names of [illegible] Kendall and Alfred [illegible], which certificate is dated the [illegible] day of December, [illegible], and numbered [illegible] K.

H. F. MacLEOD,
[illegible]

Land Registry Office, Nelson, B. C., [illegible] 1902.

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## From the Bull's Kennel

What a coarse lot of grafters the the legislators of B. C. are.

And what a succulent lot of fish the voters of B. C. are.

At election time the smiling candidates come around and with the glad hand and promisory verbal notes;

Plaster up the back all past differences with party weaklings.

Promises come easy;

So do cigars and booze;

And votes.

Laboring men are led to believe there are too many professional men in parliament, and that they should elect a laboring man to look after their interests.

They plunk their votes to the man who spouts the loudest about the "oppressed masses," and can articulate "damn-it" with the ease of a street gamin.

The business men and mining men are given another steer.

It is a matter of dollars and cents with them.

They have to be handled differently, but are worked quite as easily.

The successful candidate gets in.

His friends crowd about like coyotes around a carcase in the woods.

They are chokeful of congratulatory expressions.

Incidentally they remind him of the promises he has made.

He is most happy to be reminded.

Yes, it will be attended to at once.

The legislature meets.

His friends go home and wait.

They believe they have acted honorably by him and expect him to be honorable with them.

In reality they sold their vote to him;

They have been grafters.

In the legislature he sells his vote to the bosses.

It is barter from start to finish.

He thinks he is honorable;

But he's a grafter.

If the government is weak he flirts with the opposition.

If it is strong he hangs in with the lobby.

His mit is big.

His friends glory in his graft.

But finally there comes a time when business must be done.

The bosses begin to whip into line.

In the line-up he finds himself powerless to accomplish anything.

He has been a grafter, but he finds that others have been grafters, too;

And that before he can work his grafts he must help the big fish work their's.

When the big fish have done with him the time limit has about expired and the legislature is about to adjourn;

Or the government has been defeated, and dissolution ensues.

Then a roar goes up from his constituency.

He comes back and tells them how the opposition blocked business—

If he was on the government side.

And if he stood in with the opposition, how the government refused to pass any legislation proposed by the opposition.

And the little fish take the bait.

The trouble is that all people are grafters.

The legislature is only the medium through which they work—

Or try to work—

Each other.

### SCIENCE AND MINING.

The inks of ancient days were much like black paint, and, on account of the large quantity of gum used in their manufacture, the letters stood up in relief on the parchment as though embossed.

A man made volcano exists in Belgium which has been burning continuously for nearly 100 years and emits vast columns of black smoke, rendering the neighboring country barren, baked and utterly unprofitable.

At Brule, France, is even the most remarkable volcano made by man. Originally it was a mass of coal, millions of tons. One day about a century ago the coal caught fire, and it has never ceased burning. The summit of the smouldering mass has a genuine crater.

Emperor William is showing extraordinary interest in motors in which potato alcohol is used as fuel. He has secured pledges from the North German Lloyd and the Hamburg-American companies that they will equip their harbor boats with alcohol motors, and Krupp has promised to use them for some of his machinery. Orders have already been given for experimental tests in the navy, and the war department is advertising for automobiles using alcohol fuel.

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The Free Press, Winnipeg, has distributed over 9,400 thermometers and barometers as premiums to their weekly subscribers throughout Manitoba and the territories since last fall.

So great has been the demand for this attractive premium that the Free press has been obliged to extend the offer from time to time, and order additional supplies. Of the last shipment of one thousand, over four hundred are already "spoken for." The Free Press announce that to the first six hundred sending $1.00 for the Weekly Free Press they will send the premium, after which the offer will be withdrawn. A reliable thermometer and barometer is an instrument that ought to be found in every house in the Northwest, and as the Free Press instrument was manufactured expressedly to meet climatic conditions in this country, we would recommend our readers to avail themselves of this opportunity.

The purchase of $4,900,000 worth of pig iron in one transaction is believed to be the largest contract for iron made in the history of the industrial world. It was made between the United States Steel Trust and the Bessemer Furnace Association and coveas three hundred thousand tons of pig of which the deliveries are to begin in October and extend unto March of next year.


Glasses that Fit.
We succeed because our glasses give perfect sight.
The frame sets comfortably, each eye looking through the centre of the lense the whole becoming to the wearer.

G. W. GRIMMETT, Graduate Optician and Jeweler.
Agent for Canadian Kodak Co.
SANDON, B. C.


## Application for Water Right.

Sandon, B. C., April 8th 1902.

NOTICE is hereby given that the undersigned will at the expiration of four weeks from the first publication hereof apply to the Gold Commissioner for a record of water as hereinafter set out.

(a) The name of the applicant is Byron N. White.
(b) The name of the creek is "Carpenter" creek.
(c) The point of diversion or intended ditch held is at the Gorge below Alamo, and will be returned about one thousand feet below that point, with a difference in altitude between the point of diversion and return of about two hundred feet.
(d) It is intended to divert or store the same by flume or iron pipe.
(e) The number of inches applied for is two (2000) thousand.
(f) The purpose for which it is acquired is for generating electricity for supplying light and power to mines, cities or municipalities, and for generating heat, light and electricity.
(g) The land upon which the water is to be used is the Apex mineral claim.
(h) This notice is posted on the 8th day of April A. D 1902.

BYRON N. WHITE,
Per Oscar V. White, Agent.


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Shampoo
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At Ed's Tonsorial Parlor
BRICK BLOCK NEW DENVER

RELIABLE ASSAYS
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Lead..... .50 | Gold, silv'r, copp'r 1.50
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St Paul, Toronto, Montreal, Boston
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E. J. Coyle, A. G. P. Agt., Vancouver.
J. S. Carter D.P.A., Nelson, B. C.

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Is new, but the proprietors are not. They have been before the public, and behind the bar in the old CENTRAL long enough for the world to pass judgment upon the quality of their fluid bracers. No need to tell old-timers where the light now shines on Alf and Jack, but pilgrims to Kaslo should look them up when in search of a nice room, or beer that is not all foam. Tell them where you saw this and you will be solid with—
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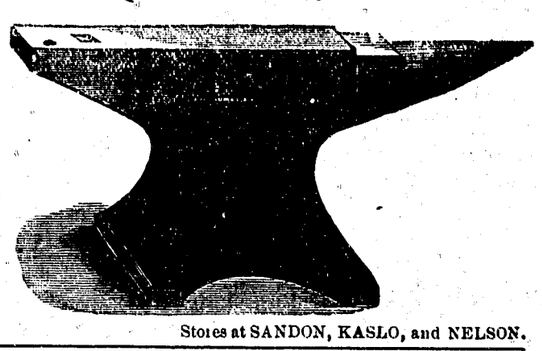

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We have a beautiful range of Ladies' Suitings
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