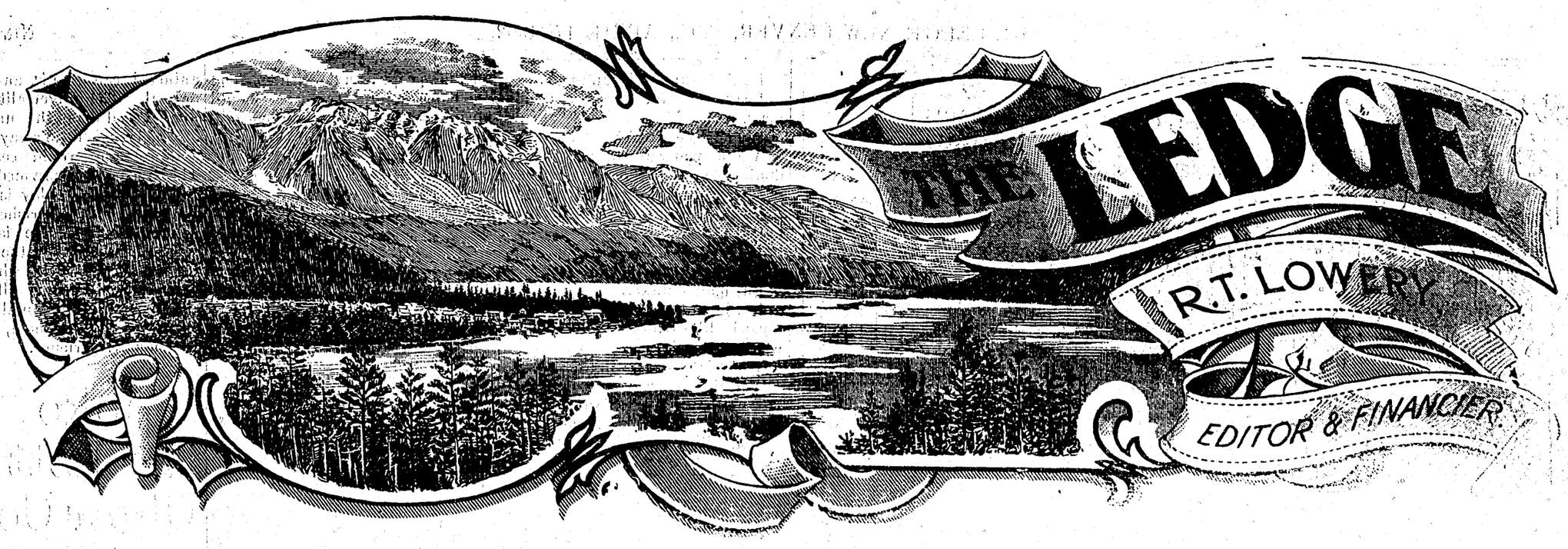

VOLUME IX. No 29. NEW DENVER, B. C., APRIL 17, 1902. PRICE, $2.00 YEAR IN ADVANCE

General News Float

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

LOCAL CHIT-CHAT.

Mrs. Capt. Seaman spent Sunday in New Denver.

H. Byrnes has fenced his Union-street property and is clearing it.

Born—At Slocan City, Apr. 3rd, to the wife of J. Haslam, a son

The sawmills in Kootenay are busy with orders from the Territories.

John Hector has gone to Trout Lake to inspect his hotel in that section.

Mrs. Frank Hanna, of Trail, was the first white woman to live in Nelson.

Born—In New Denver, April 12th, the wife of C. E. Strickland, of a son.

Moran & Greenlee are shipping a car of ore from the Homestake Run this week.

The Bosun is getting ready a shipment of zinc ore, to be sent to Antwerp

The Chew brothers are negotiating for the purchase of the Hill Bros. mill and timber limits in the Slocan.

As time flies along the society of Three Forks continues to grow more ethereal.

Born—At the Queen Bess, Three Forks, the wife of W. J. Scott, of a daughter.

Kaslo is going to celebrate Victoria Day. Silverton and Rosebery yet to be heard from.

E. R. Atherton and family have taken up their residence in New Denver for the summer.

T. Brown and D. Weir have been made license commissioners for the Slocan district.

About 200 sacks of dry ore is ready for shipment from the "Cave" claim on Goat Mountain.

A woman desires a position as cook in town or at the mines Send enquiries to Box 50, New Denver,

The beautiful aroma so often noticed in New Denver is partly caused by the people smoking cigars bought from Williams.

A hoisting and pumping plant is to installed at the Speculator as soon as it can be hauled over the road to the property.

D. Mero has fenced his ranch and will raise a large crop of tubers this summer. His example is worthy of emulation

Slocanites in Butte report that times around that formation are lacking in the elements that make it easy for the man in search of a job.

The Blue Bells mine, on the coast, has been bonded to an Eastern syndicate. J. B. Smith, of New Denver, has an interest in the property.

The band boys rendered highly appreciated service to the town Sunday afternoon by giving a delightful open air concert on the plaza.

Messrs Wills & McNaught estimate that they have $10,000 worth of ore blocked out in the upper workings on the Capella, Goat Mountain

Nault & Deschamps are working a dry ore claim near Rosebery, called the Forget-me-not. A shipment will be made to the smelter next month.

Slocan City will be stirred from cellar to garret this month. A mayor is to be elected to fill the vacancy caused by the resignation of Mayor Bradshaw.

M. L. Grimmett has built an addition to his summer residence and family has moved down from Sandon to enjoy the season in and about New Denver.

Spring fruits and vegetables are constantly arriving at the store of Williams, a fact much appreciated by the citizens of America's only Lucerne.

The Slocan-Republic, M. & L. Co., is asking for tenders for the construction of a standard-sized wagon road from Slocan City to their mines on Republic hill.

The Kaslo has 100 men on the pay roll, and the shipments will increase this summer For the first three months of this year the mine shipped 1200 tons.

The city of Sandon and J. M. Harris have agreed again to disagree, and as a result the snow campered city cannot either water or light from the local company

The Wonderful at Sandon, being worked by W. W. Warner, promises to be a heavy shipper this season. The ore body recently found by a 20-foot cross cut is 2½ feet wide at a vertical depth of 125 feet.

A big political convention is in progress this week at Kamloops. The Miners' Federation and Labor Unions of the Province are preparing for the approaching struggle.

W. Lawrence is doing development work on the L W. and D. N. claims at the head of the lake, and is opening up an 8 foot ledge carrying a very promising payshoot of dry ore.

A consolidation under the name of the Standard Hecla Consolidated Mining Co., has been made of the Standard and Hecla companies, of the Coeur d'Alenes, with a capital of $3,000,000.

There are 15 men at the Cumberland. The company owning this and adjoining properties will probably this summer build a new tram and put the concentrator at Alamo in running order.

The Slocan Star may resume operations on an extensive scale next month. The showing 1000 feet from the old workings is wonderful, and makes of this property a greater mine than ever.

The Arlington mine is producing some phenomenally rich ore lately, a 20-ton car netting the company $1000 and another of 30 tons something over $5190. A better wagon road is to be built to the mine this summer.

"Cheerfulness throws sunshine on all the paths of life" when insured in The Mutual Life of Canada. Consult W. J Twiss, Geb'l Agt., Kaslo, before placing your application elsewhere It will save you money, with a liberal and progressive policy and high dividends

The ore body on the Silversmith has increased to four feet in width A large amount of grey copper is mixed with the ore. Five carloads have been shipped from the property, taken out in the course of development, and the returns have been something over 500 ozs silver and 70 per cent lead to the ton.

Simon Guggenheim, chairman of the executive committee of the directors of the American Smelting and Refining Co, says he believes the price of silver and lead will materially increase in a short time, certainly with the passage of the Philippine coinage bill, which will provide a new market for the white metal.

Dr. LeBau, of Nelson, intends to make his home in Seattle. He has been longer in Nelson than any other resident. Tom Collins, the historian, comes next, in fact Tom may be called the pioneer of Kootenay for he traded with the Indians more than 20 years ago, and camped upon many of the spots that now assay high in civilization and tenderfeet.

When the water right is procured the Byron N. White Co, operating the Slocan Star group of mines, will organize a company for the purpose of putting in a plant at New Denver to furnish light and power to all the mines and towns in the Slocan. The plant will cost $60,000 or more and will be placed below Box canyon. The undertaking will be of great benefit to the district and a profitable one to its owners

Connection has at last been made at the Payne mine between the No. 5 and No. 8 tunnels, a vertical depth of 385 feet. An upraise was driven 315 feet to connect with a shaft sunk 70 feet from the fifth level. It is considered one of the most difficult connections that has been made in the camp, and was most successfully accomplished Drewry & Twigg engineered the project. With this connection made the Payne will be enabled to resume shipments on as large a scale as at any time in its history.

B. C. MINING OUTLOOK.

"Mining in British Columbia in 1901 was carried on under most trying conditions, among which might be mentioned serious labor troubles, excessive freight and treatment charges, especially on silver-lead ores, and the remarkable fall in price of both lead and copper.

"That the industry was able to survive under these conditions is but an additional proof of the wonderful extent and richness of the mineral deposits of that province."

The above remarks were made by J. C. Drewry, of Rossland, the managing director of the Canadian Gold Fields Syndicate, and a director of the St Eugene Consolidated Mining Co, recently in response to a query by a representative of the Montreal Herald as to how mining matters were progressing in British Columbia.

Continuing, Mr. Drewry said, "The strike is at an end; the mines are now running full handed, and the output for 1902 will be greater than in any previous year. For several years the charge made by British Columbia smelters for freight and treatment on silver-lead ores has been twenty dollars per ton. This excessive freight and treatment charge, coupled with the low price of lead in 1901, caused many mines to close down.

"On January 1st, 1902, the British Columbia smelters announced a reduction of from three to four dollars per ton for freight and treatment charges on silver-lead ores, and as the price of lead is now steadily advancing, the mines will be in a position to resume operations. In December, 1900, the English price for lead was £18 per ton. In January, 1901, the price began falling until it went down to £10 per ton, and has fluctuated around that figure until within the last few weeks It is now steadily advancing, the present quotation being £11 12s 6d.

"Another very serious drawback has been the fact that the silver-lead smelters of British Columbia have not been able to handle the entire output of the mines, and a large tonnage had to be shipped to United States and European points at the expense of heavy freight charges.

"For example, the St Eugene mine at Moyie last year shipped 11,000 tons of silver-lead concentrates to Antwerp, paying $17 per ton for freight alone These concentrates were smelted and refined in Antwerp; the pig lead was then turned into white and red lead, and several thousand tons of these products shipped back to Canada, again paying heavy freight charges. The mine owners of British Columbia felt that their ores should be smelted and refined in Canada, and made representations to the Dominion government to help out the industry. The government recognized the difficulties under which the industry was laboring, and granted a measure of relief in the way of a bounty for the reduction of pig lead in Canada To my mind, the relief granted was inadequate, and should be doubled.

"Canada is at present a large importer of white and red lead As soon as the refinery is completed at Trail, B.C., Canada will produce her own pig lead, and naturally it will be corroded at home and turned into white and red lead, not only for home consumption but also for export. British Columbia produces the raw material in rapidly increasing quantities, and within a few years Canada should be an important factor in supplying the white lead markets of the world. Thus it is that the development of one industry leads to the establishing of others, each doing its part towards the upbuilding of Canada and adding to the wealth of the nation

"The settlement of the labor troubles, the lowering of freight and treatment charges on silver lead ores, the recovery in price of both lead and copper, and the building of the lead refinery at Trail have all tended to materially brighten the prospects for profitable mining in British Columbia during this and in the coming year.

"There are other reasons, too, why this should be so. The mining boom came on us with a rush. Canadians knew practically nothing of mining, and were forced to depend largely on the wily American. The past five years have been years of education Experience has been gained, but it had to be paid for. Canadians have taken up mining in earnest, and McGill and the Toronto School of Science are turning out a large number of good, honest, capable mining engineers and metallurgists who can be depended upon to safeguard the interests of Canadian investors and lend their valuable aid to the carrying on of mining operations on a legitimate and businesslike basis

"Many mining stocks are now quoted at below their real value, while others are quoted at figures altogether inflated and unjustifiable. The weeding out process is steadily going on, and investors are rapidly learning to distinguish between the companies who are mining the public and those engaged in mining ores."

MINING DIVIDENDS.

Unusually large dividends were paid by companies engaged in the mineral industry of the United States in the quarter ending March 31st. A compilation by the E and M. Journal of New York, of the dividends paid by 203 companies shows the total of $17,187,883, which is a noticeable increase over the corresponding three months in 1901

Foremost on the list are 20 petroleum and natural gas companies that reported $20,129,598. Of this amount the Standard Oil Company contributed $19,400,000, while 16 independent California and Texas oil wells yielded $597,357.

Second place is held by 10 iron and steel companies with $16,983,029 to their credit The bulk of this ($14,912,283) was paid by the United States Steel Corporation, being a quarterly dividend of 1 per cent. on the common stock and 1¾ per cent on the preferred.

The other industrials were 10 coal and coke companies with $1,961,375, led by the Pittsburg rail and river combinations, and six chemical and mineral companies, with $999,530, of which the Virginia-Carolina Chemical Company furnished $519,911. In all the 46 industrial companies paid $38,886,241, which is equal to nearly 82 per cent. of the total reported

In the list of metal mines 43 gold, silver and lead properties yielded $4,163,252 Of this the American Smelting and Refining Company paid $875,000 on its preferred stock; the Quincy Mine, of Utah, $375,000, on a $75,000 capital, and the Homestake Gold Mine in the Black Hills, South Dakota, $315,000, being at the rate of 6 per cent. annually on $21,000,000 stock.

The copper companies in several instances have reduced their annual rate, owing to the lower selling price of the metal. Six companies reported $3,692,160, and of this amount the Amalgamated, which controls properties in Montana, paid $1,538,079, and Calumet & Hecla, of Michigan, $1,000,000.

Two zinc concerns divided $711,248, of which the New Jersey Zinc Company reported $700,000. Three California quicksilver properties paid $35,000. Thus 57 metal mines declared a total of $8,601,640

A number of new payers have been added to the list, while increased dividends have been declared by others whose profits have grown with the industrial expansion.

In addition to the above mentioned dividends we report $326,760 by 12 Mexican mines, led by the Penoles, of Mapimi (owned in Belgium), with $164,438, equal to 50 per cent. monthly on its capital. One Central American mine, worked by New York people, paid $15,000. Four British Columbia mines paid $120,000.

THE OZONE OF AMERICA.

Kaslo is still hopeful, although it has had enough of hoodoos to queer any ordinary camp. The citizens are quietly working towards making it a smelter point, and their perseverance deserves success Dave Knight, who has spent many a day in this burg, has the Seattle fever, and will hop along to that bustling city on the Sound.....Allen and Palmer, two of the whitest men who ever killed thirst, have bought George Mintelly's building and with the coming of May the customers of the Central Hotel can clink their glasses in a new place.....Owing to the police poker has had to go away back where the light of day shineth not, and the rubberneck never comes. It is a sad blow to the rubberneck family, but they still have ping pong and marbles to look at which prevents despair from engulfing them in its cold and clammy depths..... Money for the Victoria Day celebration is piling up plentifully through the efforts of Arthur Goodenough and Alf Palmer On that day the town will be en fete, as they say in French, and all the Rubes are expected to come to camp for one of those hot old times that were of daily occurrence when Kaslo was in flower, and silver had not trained its crest in the mud of low prices..... The gold market is unchanged.

FUEL OIL FOR YUKON STEAMERS.

The White Pass & Yukon Co.'s steamers may be run with fuel oil by another season, According to a despatch from White Horse, the Company has decided to test California oil, from a point of economy as well as utility during the approaching season. Should the experiments turn out satisfactorily there will be an end of the wood cutting business which has occupied so many men along the Yukon in the winter seasons. It is also pointed out that the steamers could make the run to Dawson or to White Horse from Dawson without stopping to take on fuel, which is a drawback of the present system. The company expects to use 12,000 to 15,000 cords of wood this season. Green spruce is the timber used, and of this there is still a large supply available, though a few years would deplete the forests close to the river.

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 April 12, 1902, the shipments have been as follows:

		Week	Total
Payne			235
Ivanhoe			55
Sunset Jackson Bosun		8	64
Reco			97
American Boy		41	311
Arlington		40	1051
Hewett			996
Bosun			48
Last Chance			15
Enterprise		20	257
Monte			102
Queen Bess			182
Silver Glance			35
Whitewater			166
Emma			7
Neepawa			90
Hartney			20
Wellington			5
Idaho			2
Payne Creek			4
Surprise			20
Slocan Star		41	1[illegible]
Duplex			7
Emily Edith			20
Prescott			4
Rambler			160
Total tons		142	4077

G. W. Grimmett, the popular optician of Sandon, will be in New Denver on Saturday next. He comes prepared to remedy defective eyes, jewelry, watches and clocks

It is estimated that $[illegible] represents the investment in machinery in the gold mines of South Africa.

Tourist Movement

Secretary Jowett Explains the Objects of the Nelson Organization and Gets Support

TOURIST ASSOCIATION MEETING.

Secretary Jowett, of the Nelson Tourist Association, was in town Tuesday and came before the Advisory committee of the local Association in the evening, and gave a clear statement of the aims and purposes of the Nelson organization. Mr. Jowett is on a tour of the Kootenay towns with a view to affecting organizations where there are none, and encouraging and stimulating those already in existence. It is the desire of the Nelson Association to act as the head organization, and to encourage the smaller associations to work with it, if not through it, to induce tourist travel to come this way. Ten thousand pamphlets will be printed, descriptive of the many scenic points in the Kootenays, each locality being privileged to get up its own matter, as much or little as they want to pay for These pamphlets will be sent to all tourist centres, and circulated through the leading tourist excursion headquarters in the United States and London In addition to this, the Association is in communication with the famous Raymond and Cooke tourist agencies, with a view to getting this district placed upon the routes of these great summer excursion managers.

The local committee was in perfect harmony with all the plans suggested by Mr. Jowett, and signified its willingness to co-operate with Nelson in its efforts The committee did not feel that New Denver could go into the pamphlet extensively, since there was so much need of the expenditure of what little funds that could be raised here in the improvement of the facilities for reaching the several points of interest hereabouts.

It is the intention of the local committee to get up a big picnic for May 24th, and arrangements are already under way for a party of 10 to 20 to make the trip to the glacier at an early date. Definite dates and arrangements will be made known later.

Events Just Passing By

No further steps have been taken by the local Tourist Association to present to outsiders the advantages and inducements that New Denver has to offer to induce them to come this way in their search for pleasure, health and happiness. But it must not be supposed that the Association is becoming lax in its duties, nor allowing interest to lag In order to work harmoniously with the Nelson Association the local committee is not inclined to take any important action until the secretary of the Nelson Association puts in an appearance But there is much being done by individual citizens to attract attention this way The improvement of the Court House plaza, the open air concerts that the band is gratuitously giving, the planting of trees, flower gardens, lawns, and the otherwise beautifying of the homes and public houses, all tends to give to the town that importance that must in due time be recognized and appreciated by our neighbors Let there be more of it; harmonious working together in this direction will bring about results that will be astonishing A few more afternoon's labor on the Court House ground will make it the best recreation ground in the Kootenays. With very little effort it should be possible to induce the football and baseball teams of Sandon, and the sports of Three Forks, to come down here to limber up Don't make it a catch penny proposition. Let them feel at home Now when the snow is knee deep in those camps it would give the boys a taste of heaven to come down here and bunt the pig skin about in the warm sunshine And they need it Throw the beauties of the town wide open to them Make them feel it is theirs, and that they are part of it.

If the government agent would spend a few dollars on paint, or even white wash, and have it put on the jail and adjoining buildings, it would add materially to the appearance of the grounds If the open air concerts were held at regular stated intervals and the dates advertised before hand, and if boating parties could be arranged for corresponding dates, it would soon bring every citizen out to enjoy them, and, especially to the Sunday afternoon concerts, many would come from Sandon Moonlight excursions on the lake could readily be arranged, horseback parties to the heights of Silver Mountain, to view the grandeur of the lake by moonlight or sunlight; or for a trip by moonlight over the Silverton wagon road and up Four Mile creek one of the most scenic and withal grandest rides that can be found in any land And if a trail were cut to the glacier, parties to the iceberg on the mountain top would be of more frequent occurrence. When we can find enjoyment in these things there will be little difficulty in bringing others here to enjoy them.

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There are some people who conscienciously believe that Socialist leaders and Socialists generally should be put in jail. This is nothing new. The Jews of ancient times believed the same of Jesus Christ and his apostles. And they were jailed and crucified, but that did not stop the growth of their doctrine. The religionists of England thought the same of Bunyan, of Wesley, and the politicians have thought the same of every social reformer that has ever opposed their schemes. There is no doubt that there are some men preaching Socialism who ought to be put in jail; so there are such men preaching every other kind of ism, but they are like a fly speck to a mountain as compared with that class of men preaching old party politics. Jail every Socialist in the land and the cause would grow on and on—It is necessary.

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Cecil Rhodes is a greater man dead than alive—in the world's estimation. In life he showed only his outer nature. He was a cruel, grasping, greedy, monarch; he stopped at nothing to win dollars and fame and power; he used his power to crush the weak and build up the strong; he was a hard headed, iron willed master; a strong friend, and relentless enemy. One has said that he "was essentially religious," and perhaps he was, but his god seemed to be his name and his saviour his belly. In his will he proves that beneath his outer crust he had a nature as fanciful as he was masterful; as liberal and broad and kingly as he was grasping and cruel Cecil Rhodes built upon gigantic foundations; he could murder the weak and pillage their homes if by so doing he could daub more of Africa red with a Rhodesia brush. He sought to do what he could to make England greater, even if he had to cake Afric's soil with the life-blood of fathers, sons, mothers and babes In life he was a commercial tyrant; in death he is a nation builder, a king, "essentially religious."

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If you want to quickly and scientifically kill a town try incorporation It is sure medicine Everybody will then have a chance to tear everybody else to pieces and to keep enough hell on tap to make life miserable. Incorporation has been tested in a few Slocan camps and it has been unfailing. One application has generally been sufficient to break the exchequer, and the second breaks all friendships, while the third leaves only a sigh in the pockets of the taxpayers. To be foolish is to incorporate, to incorporate is hell.

SILVER AND LEAD QUOTATIONS.

April 1—	Silver, 53⅞	Lead, £11 7s 9d
" 2—	" 54	" 11 7s 9d
" 3—	" 54	" 11 8s 9d
" 4—	" 54	" 11 8s 9d
" 5—	" 54	" 11 8s 9d
" 7—	" 54⅛	" 11 8s 9d
" 8—	" 53⅞	" 11 8s 9d
" 9—	" 53⅞	" 11 8s 9d
" 10—	" 53⅞	" 11 8s 9d
" 11—	" 53⅞	" 11 8s 9d
" 12—	" 53⅞	" 11 10s
" 14—	" 53⅛	" 11 7s 9d
" 15	" 53⅛	" 11 11s 3d
" 16—	" 53⅛	" 11 12s 6d

A PSALM.

Let us then be up and doing,
All becoming money kings;
Some day we may be endowing
Universities and things.

Lives of billionaires remind us
That we've got to own the stock
If we want to leave behind us
Libraries on every block.

The showing in the lower workings on the Hewett has grown to enormous proportions. The ore body continues [illegible] values Shipments will resume when the government road is repaired.

"Papa, what is a financial forecast," asked the little boy

"It's the way your mother looks through my pants pockets at night before she asks me for money at morning."

The C.P.R. have resumed their Lardo service, commencing April 14, to twice a week, Mondays and Thursdays, on the present schedule.

A cubic inch of water evaporated at atmospheric pressure will make a cubic foot of steam

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 put the bull dog on the cranium, or chase the black cow from our water barre': 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, APRIL 17, 1902.

FROM THE EDITOR'S UPPER STOPE.

In Joe Martin the prize ring seems to have lost a great weight.

The iron band, riveted with a golden spike, now holds Grand Forks and Republic together.

The peace terms proposed by the Boer leaders at Pretoria will not appear reasonable to the British.

Gentle Spring is still very coy in the Slocan, and in some of the camps is still wearing her winter dress.

The prayers of the people seem to have been answered. The Local Legislature will not touch the mining laws this session.

Some member should introduce a bill in Victoria for the maintenance of a prize ring back of the Legislative buildings.

A wail constantly goes up from the Slocan that we have been ruined by legislation. Truth often shines through the rifts in the cloud of rumor.

They never shake dice in Calgary. The inhabitants are generally too dry to wait that long for a drink when they dismount in front of a bar and bottles.

The Slocan is full of big silver dollars coined in the United States. Their weight might not feel so heavy if they were minted in this great Dominion.

The street cars may have temporarily stopped running in Nelson but that does not keep the city from keeping to the front in the line of theatrical attractions.

Poor young men have little chance to rise in Ontario. The laws of that province are framed to help the rich and keep the poor ever on the ground floor.

It is a long time since we ordered that Canada mint, but it must have become stalled somewhere. Probably some banker has knocked it off the tray of progression with a roll of rag dollars.

The military spirit continues to grow in Canada, and our volunteer force is to be increased to 100,000 men. Parsons and pulpits do not seem able to stem the ever increasing desire for blood and conquest.

If the Canadians were as eager to develop the mining resources of their country as they are to shoot Boers in South Africa this province would be a wonderful hive of industry. Shooting rock is not very popular with the natives of this great Dominion.

There is much road and bridge work to be done in the Slocan, but the Government does not seem to pay any attention to us. Perhaps Wells is waiting for the Legislature to close so that he can enforce the wage scale of $2.50 a day without any protest from the Opposition.

One by two the papers fade. The Golden Era goes up the journalistic flume this month for the lack of ad bracers, and many other sheets in B. C. are hanging between life and the claws of the sheriff. The newspaper cemetery of this province ever yawns for misplaced "long felt wants."

Florence Burns was tried in New York for murdering Walter Brooks and discharged. She is now traveling with a troupe and is paid $1,000 a week for murdering music as a chorus singer. It is wonderful what American morbid curiosity will stand. If Miss Burns had been guilty of writing some great poem she would probably have to live in some dark garrett and fill her stomach with dried apples and aqua pura to keep it from excessive attacks of vacuum.

By marriage Miss Grant became the Princess Canta-Cuzene, of Russia. Most any of America's Four Hundred would tie up with blue blood for the privilege of wearing such a cognomen, especially when it is hyphenated. Without the hyphen European titles are not quite so valuable in the American matrimonial market, and Lords and Dukes in search of a bank roll with a woman attachment should cut out this paragraph and paste right on their looking glasses, if they have any.

Talmage has passed over the divide and the country paper has lost a great filler. For years Talmage's sermons have been read by millions. They were always full of words and beautiful illustrations but their real value to the human family is doubtful. Talmage sought and gained the applause of many muckers in the mine of thought, but his work never appealed very strongly to those in the upper levels of intellectual light. Talmage had much of the mortal nature or he would not have passed at the age of 70 years.

Judging from the many articles sent us upon how to raise cows, peas, corn and other things, the people at a distance must think the Slocan is a farming community. It is not, although we raise something occasionally. Sometimes it is the other fellow, sometimes lead or a little silver, occasionally a baby, and in older days much hell was raised, but lately scarcely a trace of the latter is ever brought to the surface. We raise our hopes every spring, and just now we are clearing the way for the raising of tourists, although the raising of rates is not expected. There is no rayson why we should not raise more in the Slocan than we do, but we see little chance for it until the Government is razed.

The Black Angel

Christian De Wet is a strong light in the Boer ranks. When the Boers weakened after Cronje's capture he raised the flag and rode out of Paardsburg alone, carrying his gun and bible. He was prepared to fight the entire British Army alone if necessary, so when he met the Boers retiring from the campaign he compelled them to help him fight the British or fight him then and there. Thus he drove men to rally around him and the war began again. Like a religious fanatic he has fought against fearful odds and astonished the world with his military tactics. He is a Black Angel and lives for vengeance much the same as many men did in America after their wives and families had been killed by the Indians

Look at him after Kroonspruit, assembling his rough troops and offering prayers to God. Then just as he finishes reading a psalm a messenger dashes into the camp and informs him that his son had been shot dead and the blow had killed both his wife and daughter. Then this iron man, bereft of all he loved by the hell of war, with the lines of mortal horror on his face, hurls the bible from him, and with clenched hands he rolls in the dust, exclaiming, "God damn God! There is no God!"

When De Wet arose the face he turned upon his soldiers was not that of a man. It was that of a demon with only one thought raging in his tortured brain, to kill the British or be killed. Transformed by war this once quiet farmer became a terror and his thirst for vengeance has drawn the black pall over many an English and Canadian home. After he had recovered from his awful outburst he again went back to God and carried his bible into every fight. Thus do mortals chase the wrong God and suffer accordingly.

From the Bull's Kennel

What kind of an angel are you going to be?

Every man and every woman, every boy and every girl, can answer this.

And you won't have to go to the encyclopedia Britanica, Webster's Unabridged, or any other work of reference.

Just look into that little machine that pumps life into your body and it will tell you.

If you use your brains.

What kind of an angel were you yesterday?

What kind of an angel have you been today?

What kind do you intend to be tomorrow?

It all rests with you to say.

You are the doctor.

What angels are, if anything, nobody knows.

But anybody with a mind of his own has an idea—or ought to have.

Many people delight to sing, and teach their children to sing, that fantastic little nursery lullaby, "I want to be an angel."

But few give a moment's thought to the wish expressed.

Such a wish is as commendable as wishing to be a cat or dog in this present life.

If any of you wish to exchange places with me drop around.

Though you be the vilest gutter bum that ever tapped a bad beer barrel for booze,

I'll exchange, if I can.

For you there is a chance to be something better.

For me, I must just be dog.

If I could be anything better, don't you think I would?

Did you ever see any kind of an animal, excepting man, that would not?

It would be a lofty ambition for me, a dog, to want to be an angel.

But if angels are anything they are inferior to what spiritual man is destined to be.

And why should man wish to be something lower than what he can be?

In fact, something lower than what it is his privilege to be already?

Why waste precious hours in wanting to be Something in the great unknown future?

Life is labor.

Life is sacrifice.

The best balance in which to weigh yourself is adversity.

In this school you get your best education.

By it you are prepared for other and greater things.

The man who spends his earthly life, like a dog, wanting to be an angel in the future, is a fool.

What he has been here he will be there.

What an angelic specimen you would make, you long-tongued [illegible] of others people's failing.

And you, whose only god is gold, whose only thought is of belly and raiment, what a specimen you would make with "a crown upon your forehead, a harp within your hand."

And you, who have never sacrificed an hour's time, nor given a thought to other people's happiness, what a beauty you would make as you "with the angels stand?"

Don't "want to be an angel."

Leave that for the lower animals.

Want to be a MAN.

And as you want to be a man, don't be a Something with Nothing for a head.

Don't be a physical, moral, spiritual weakling.

There is nothing higher than man in earth, hell or heaven.

But man's Maker.

If you want to be a man, you must be like Him after whom man was fashioned.

There is no other way.

And if you are like Him here you will not have to wait around for a pass into His kingdom.

You will carry it with you.

THE CAPTAIN OF INDUSTRY.

When I was a lad I managed to squirm
In as office boy for a brokerage firm;
I cleaned the rug and the cuspidor,
And at last bought and sold things on the floor—
I pushed along so successfullee
That now I am a captain of industree.

I watched the ticker and I took a chance
Now and then, on a "sump" or a sharp advance;
Things happened somehow to turn my way
And I bought out the brokerage firm one day—
Then I was the firm and the firm was me,
I'd become a captain of industree.

I watched my chance and I gobbled blocks
Of what I knew to be gilt-edged stocks—
I gobbled stocks wherever I could
And wrecked roads where it would do me good;
The money came rolling in to me,
And so I'm captain of industree

I've a marble shack on the avenue,
And a brownstone cottage at Newport, too;
I've a splendid yacht and a private car,
And my fame's wherever the railroads are—
I've pulled the strings so successfullee
That now I'm a captain of industree

I have dined where a prince sat down to dine,
And few have wads that are bigger than mine;
I possess two hundred million plunks,
When I travel I take along eighty trunks—
Oh, I tell you what, it is great to be
A glorious captain of industree

—Chicago Record-Herald.

The Cartoons which the New York Truth Seeker is printing each week add a great deal to the attractiveness and effectiveness of that able Freethought journal. They are sharp and forcible strokes at the superstitions and humbuggery of the times, and even the unthinking will pause to study them. They reinforce the arguments of the Truth Seeker's brilliant corps of contributors, and form one of the features which place that paper in the front rank of weeklies. Freethinkers can hardly get along without it, as it is not only highly instructive but vastly entertaining as well. A sample copy of it can be had by addressing The Truth Seeker Co., at 28 Lafayette Place, New York, N. Y. Subscription price only $3 per year.

In order to meet the expenses of war England will tax flour and wheat. Why not beer, wine, tobacco, tea, coffee and coronations. These things are of no real value and the people can do without them and not suffer. Luxuries should always be taxed first and the necessaries of life only as a last resort.

CHEAP "ENTITLEMENTS."

A western writer who recently visited Georgia says that on the very first day he was addressed as "captain," and that after ten days everybody called him "colonel." He was somewhat puzzled about it, but the whole thing is very simple, as the following will show:

First—Give a Georgia darkey a "chaw of tobacco" and you're a cap'n.

Second—Give him a quarter, you become a colonel

Third—Paralyze him with a dollar, and you're a general for life.

Fourth—Throw in an old suit of clothes and two stiff "drams" of corn liquor, and he raises all his children to call you "governor."

The above receipt for promotion in Georgia is infallible.

An English woman, who has published a diary of her experiences at Jacobsdal during the fighting there, says: "It is amusing to see what an interest the Dutch girls take in the British wounded. They are causing quite a jealousy among their own people, who say they are not getting so much attention from the girls since the 'onde Rooineks' were brought into hospital. The women were full of compassion for the Highlanders who were brought in after Magersfontein. 'Poor things,' they said, 'they are so poor that they can't afford to buy trousers.'"

The origin of the Christian religion, and of all religions, is the misery of man. Man is a religious animal because he is an unhappy animal. The universality of religion is based upon the universality of suffering. Take away suffering and religion would cease to be. The first priest was a medicine man and every priest today is a medicine man. He flourishes on the ills of humanity. He is for the sick-bed, and not for the mart, or the bright green fields where happiness reigns. Destroy all disease, and every church would go by the board.—S. P. Putnam, in "My Religious Experience."

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And the traveling public generally will find everything for the inner man that will put a shine of health and gladness on the outer man at the
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LE B. DE VEBER, Manager

DISCONTENT.

There's a heap of foolish chatter 'bout the way
the world is run,
Men and women allus tellin' 'bout the way it
might be done.
But it seems to me the wisest jest to let her roll
and sizz,
Knowin' discontent is catchin' as the yaller
fever is.

Carter had a quarter section that for raisin'
crops was great,
Land as rich as all creation, weren't no better in
the state;
Bill kep' workin' late an' early; kep' the children
at it too,
'Ceptin' when the school was runnin'—would
have pulled the mortgage through.
Ef he'd had a mite of backin', but his wife she
couldn't see,
Any future 'ceptin' famine, case in point you
must agree,
Fur Bill caught her discouragement, got dis-
couraged, lost his grip,
And the quarter section dwindled to a twenty
acre strip.

Mercy Meredith, you knowest her, was as purty
peart, an' spry
As an April mornin' robin, er a flicker in July,
Father died and left the homstead, house an'
land an' all, to her.
Everybody said she'd airned it; well, she married
Jacob Burr.
Proud an' selfish man was Jacob, holdin' glad-
ness as a crime,
Magged his wife outrageous, preachin' meek
submission all the time,
Jacob had no cause to blame her if at last she
turned to find
In some other voice the music that was singin'
in her mind;
True, she's got to bear the burden, but her hus
band sowed the seed
O' discontent that drove her to commit the wilful
deed.

Where's the use of seekin' trouble?
Gladness dwells in everything!
Moles that burrow in the meadow, birds that
mount and sail and sing,
Are the care of Him that made 'em; they are
happy, one an' all;
While a man can leap the ditches he has no ex-
cuse to crawl.
You may ride a higher stepper than the gentle
nag I own,
But my roan may still be joggin' when your
handsome bay is blown;
Runnin' streams 'll tell a story sweet to either
you or me,
Ef we've tuned ourselves to hear it; all that's
best in life is free;
Man may carry all of heaven 'thout his shoul
ders droop' bent,
But he's crushed to earth with bearin' half a pint
o' discontent;
So it seems to me the wisest jest to let the old
world sizz,
Knowin' discontent is catchin', as the yaller
fever is.

—Denver Times.

THE HOTTEST OF CAMPS.

"You may talk of your Leadvilles an' Cripple Creeks an' Tombstones an' such," commented the reformed Comstocker, "but I say, an' I'll bet on it, there never was, never will be and never can be as hot, as swift, as great a mining camp as was Virginia City, Nev., with Gold Hill as an annex, in the seventies. There has been a good deal said and written and published in books about Virginia City before the days when old Bill Comstock made the first discoveries," he continued, musingly, "and they were crude times. All they had then were stages and freight teams. That was when we had Bill Sharon's crooked railroad, the Virginia and Truckee, connecting us direct with San Francisco, and we had all the luxuries an' refined high toned frills of a metropolis within twenty-four hours of our hands.

"Well, as I was sayin', when the Big Bonanza—which ran from a stringer in the Gould and Curry, on the 1200-foot level, through the Best and Belcher, on to the Consolidated Virginia, on to the California, on to the Ophir, to kind of blow out in the Sierra Nevada—was opened the biggest, richest ore body in the world was given to the United States, and incidentally to the big four, Jim Fair, John Mackay, Jim Flood and 'Sap' O'Brien, in trust for the stockholders. Excuse the long lingo, boys," he added, puffing at his cigar. Then after a long breath, "On an average there was an ore body 250 feet from true wall to true wall, running from, say, the 1400 to the 2100-foot level, all easily knocked down, and assaying, as the manager's assayer said, from $30 up a ton in silver and about the same in gold.

"To get out the mass of stuff they had to have miners, and they got them. In Virginia and the Hill there were from 50,000 to 60,000 men, the pick of the world, who broke the ore out and sent it on top. They worked in three shifts—from 7 a. m. to 3 p. m., from 3 p. m. to 11 p. m., and from 11 p. m. to 7 a. m. This was day and night, every day in the year, also Sundays, except on Miners' Union holiday, in July, when everybody went to Carson City by train, cleaned out the town and seen the only green grass and growing flowers they saw year in and year out.

"This leads up to goats, like this. You see, the 11 p. m. to 7 a. m. shift had to sleep daytimes. Now, Virginia City is built parallel, street by street, along the deeply inclined side of Mount Davidson. You can hardly walk up the streets that run up the mountain, but you can come down mighty quick," said the grizzled miner, cackling grimly. "This arrangement on the parallel streets makes the housetops of a street below about level with the grade of the street above. Fine for goats, that was. These houses were all wooden, with verandahs around them.

"The only animals not human that could thrive in Virginia on the crops of sage brush, tin cans, old boots and old clothes naturally was goats. The census showed there was one goat and 2½ kids to every man, woman and child of Virginia's population. These brutes always took the house roof route when on rambling bent. A gang would step on the roof of a house level with the grade, drop into the verandahs and hold experience meetings, and they wasn't calculating to do it in whispers, either. To sleep at times was impossible. 'Twas a continual chase to drive them away. Time and again an angry and sleepy miner would lope out in fatigue regimentals and shoo them away. They'd just natchurally hop up a story or two and turn around to say 'ba-aa' as innocent lookin', but as cussid as a heathen Chinee."

The old-timer condescended to refresh himself at the expense of the "tenderfeet" as he called them, then continued:

"As to flies. As I said before, the Comstock mines were the hottest in the world. We worked practically minus any clothes. I disremember if there was anything but a linen skullcap to keep the sand out of our hair. Yes, we did have shoes, but pretty considerable filled with holes at that.

"Well, the flies was hotter and thicker than boiled grease cooling off. They just natchurally seemed to burn a feller where they lit, and there was billions of 'em, hatched out from the leavin's of lunch grub, I guess. A man would come down from a hot floor drenched and dripping and with all his nerves a-tingle to cool off a bit, while his partner made a 'pass.' All the flies in the neighborhood would make a break for him. The wetness caught them and there they stuck. And them flies could wiggle, twist and squirm and waggle worse nor a nigger caught visitin' a hen coop at midnight. I've heard more brilliant single-handed swearing over sticky flies than I ever heard over anything else. There was but one way to stand 'em off. That was blow out your candle and go sit in the dark."

The reformed Comstocker shifted about as if again feeling the bodily presence of the flies.

"You've heard of cow itch, haven't you?" he said. "Well, the prickly heat we suffered was worse than a double dose of it. It was with us day and night. It was bad enough below, but was worse on top when you began to cool off. It was scratch, scratch, scratch till you were raw. The first hour in bed was the worst, sand-papering yourself all over and suffering like the old scratch. The only thing I ever found that gave any help was rubbing on lots of oil, such as they used to oil the donkey engines which ran the 'giraffes' up and down the wenges. Strange, though the same oil was used for the ore cars as for the donkey engines, the donkey engines' oil was the only kind that seemed to do me any good.

"Heat! Talk of heat! Why you people don't know what heat is. It might be thought the deeper you went the hotter it was. I don't find it so always. I felt the heat worse on the 1200-foot level of the Curry than I did on the 2600-foot level of the Con. Virginia.

"There's a station at level about every 100 feet apart, down. This is a big open space, perhaps 80 by 60 feet, timbered at regular distances to hold the roof. It's all covered with big thick iron boiler plates fitting like a mortise, all kept swept clean and oiled to allow of switching the big iron ore cars to any of the cages waiting at the level to take the cars on top. In the station are three or four immense wooden barrels filled with water and perhaps a ton of ice. I've come out of a drift to a station so red hot that I couldn't think. I've dived into the ice barrel, pulled out a 100 pound chunk of ice, broke it into pieces with my candlestick, spread them over the iron plates and laid down among the broken ice, rubbing myself with the pieces. I've been so hot I have cried while trying to put a cap or tie on a post. I've been so hot I could actually not sweat. I've worked in drifts so hot that the wooden handles of the picks and shovels burned my hands. I've been in such hot places that ten minutes was all I could work in an hour.

"With all these disadvantages rock must be rich to allow of its being worked—well, that's what the Big Bonanza was. The Con. Virginia took out $225,000,000 of ore from its discovery up to 1885.

"It's strange what queer things heat makes a man do. I've seen old hands who knew every inch of the place come out red hot, walk deliberately to the shaft and fall down it. Same with a car man running a heavy [illegible] load. He believes a cage is waiting at the level and runs on with the car. The station tenders yell to him to stop. He can't; he simply has lost his senses through heat. On he goes. The car plunges into the shaft, the man hanging on to it. Down they go 100 or 500 feet into the sump. Of course he is almost instantly killed. Some think when a man falls into a shaft, he falls plum down. He doesn't. He bounces from one side of the shaft to the ot
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[illegible] ne new machine can operate it [illegible] rolled by a foot [illegible] working one other. The [illegible] and it is said [illegible] ition two [illegible] minute [illegible] In ex- [illegible] lay [illegible] was [illegible]

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African war
colonies to it:

"The colonial par
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hearts of all despots rejoice an
the character of the colonies in th
mation of all right-thinking people
how can the prestige of England
if an impression is created that sh
dependent upon her colonies, most of whom have the utmost difficulties in paying their way? The greatness of England has never depended upon her territorial possessions, but upon the number of good men and good women she has reared. The pride of power and lust of gold mark the decadence, not the advancement, of a people. The right policy for us to pursue is the development of our resources at home rather than expansion and exploitation abroad. England's glory would not suffer if she decided to become the mother instead of the destroyer of a free South Africa, and even if federated Australia were to break away from her, as she will do some day, or if Canada were to become an Independent Republic. The greatest of the Roman Emperors was Hadrian, who saw that the policy of Imperial expansion was a mistake, and ordered the withdrawal of all the Roman legions beyond the Euphrates.

"We would be the last to advocate the shrinking of legitimate responsibilities, but we are strongly of opinion that those statesmen of a past generation were right who condemned the policy of the 'forward party' in India—a policy which has brought India to the brink of ruin—and who held that it was the mission of England to teach her dependents to govern themselves, and thereby to become independent. Lord Melbourne advocated the cession of Gibralter to Spain even at the time when Gibralter was believed to be impregnable. Modern artillery has been brought to such perfection that we have discovered that this once impregnable rock can now be attacked from the land side, and, as it will cost many millions now to put it in a proper state of defence, we question whether it would not be advisable to take Lord Melbourne's advice, especially if Spain were to give us something in exchange for it. The veteran Goldwin Smith has always been in favor of the colonies waving their own flag. Cornwall Lewis, a statesman of the first rank, ridiculed the idea that a nation derived any glory from an extensive colonial empire. Lord Beaconsfield, whose Jingoism was expressed in his ambition to make England paramount in the councils of Europe, regarded the colonies as a 'millstone round our necks.' Lord Thring actually drafted a bill for giving them independence. The Duke of Wellington was called a coward because he refused to regard Algiers as the key to India and deprecated the idea of going to war with France for the possession of that 'key.' These men had a better conception of what constitutes the greatness of empire than any that vulgar materialists like Chamberlain Rosebery are capable of forming."

A POWER DRILL SHARPENER.

John and Wm. Word of the Black Oak mine in Tuolumne county, Cal., some months since invented a power drill sharpening machine which they have been successful in introducing in the Michigan copper mines. The machine weighs in the neighborhood of 1800 pounds and is operated by compressed air. The sharpening is done by two hammers, one vertical and the other horizontal, each striking a blow of from 80 to 200 pounds pressure, as determined by the operator.

The steel being heated, the first process is the rounding of the shank of a drill so as to fit it for the chuck of the drilling machine. The other end of the drill is then put under the vertical hammer and on what is known as the upsetter. The shaping follows and the sharpening commences. First, the corners are sharpened and then the drill is put under a swage to give it uniform thickness and size. The sharpener puts an edge on the drills not unlike that of a new knife. The end of the drill is cut in the shape of a cross-bit. After the drill has been sharpened it goes through the dollying process, by which the edge is straightened, and then it is tempered.

The machine is built on a sort of moving anvil, the object of which is to permit the changing of the tools underneath the hammer. This is so nicely arranged that it can be moved from one tool to another in less than a second's time. The drill is held by an adjustable dead block, which, like the entire machine, is worked by air pressure. The

There is no harm

In blowing your own horn so long as you have the right tune,
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Two hundred dollars worth of Hams and Bacon just received. These Hams cannot be beat in Prices or quality.

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was carried
profit and

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The Similkameen Valley Coal Co., Ltd. assets are coal mines, timber, water power, agricultural and horticultural land, city water works, electric light plant and the townsite of Ashnola, surrounded by the following resources: gold, copper, silver, lead, iron, lime, fire clay, platinum, and a fine stock raising country, and it is the smelting centre of the Similkameen Valley, with a climate all that could be asked. Today you can secure an option on this Company's stock by paying 10c per share down and 10c per month until fully paid, with non-forfeiture clause. This price is subject to a 25c advance without notice, or as soon as transportation is assured. The present price is $1.10 per share. Do not wait until it is too late, but get in on the ground floor and make a handsome profit. A purchaser of 100 shares now may gain a profit of $8,000, Crow's Nest shares as an example. This would be a fair profit on an investment of $10 a month for a period of 1[illegible] months. We invite the fullest [illegible]spection of the Company's affa[illegible] by intending purchasers. For ther information apply to Similkameen Valley Coal Co., Head Office, Nelson, B. C., [illegible] K.W.C. Block, Baker [illegible]

CERTIFICATE OF IMP[illegible]

WHITE HORSE NO [illegible] and FEDOP

Situate in the [illegible] Kootenay [illegible] Gabena [illegible]

TAKE [illegible] pur above [illegible] under sec[illegible] the issuan[illegible] ements. [illegible]pril A.D. 1902.

[illegible] ACTION Mineral Claim.

[illegible] the Slocan Mining Division of Wes[illegible] District. Where located: On [illegible] Mountain.

[illegible] E[illegible] at I, John D. Anderson, [illegible] C., agent for Mrs. Mary [illegible] Certificate No. 25218A [illegible] from the date here[illegible] the Mining Recorder [illegible]ovements for the pur[illegible] Grant of the above [illegible] that action under sec[illegible] be commenced before the issuance [illegible] improvements [illegible] March, A. D. 1902. J. D. ANDERSO[illegible]

HARTNEY, AUGUST FLOWER, SYLVANITE, EDITH, HUNTER, HUB AND HUB, EDITH Fractional and KINGSTON Mineral Claims.

Situate in the Slocan Mining Division of West Kootenay District. Where located: On Silver Mountain, west of the Merrimac Mineral claim.

TAKE NOTICE That I, Wm. S. Drewry, acting as agent for John D. MacMaster, free miner's certificate No. B 52470, intend, sixty days from the date hereof, to apply to the Mining Recorder for Certificates of Improvements, for the purpose of obtaining a Crown Grant of each of the above claims.

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

Dated this 30th day of January, A. D. 1902.

2-26 W. S. DREWRY.

NOTICE.

TO DELINQUENT CO-OWNER[illegible]

To GEORGE C. WHARTON [illegible] ever he may have [illegible] the Lost P[illegible] Silverton, Mining D[illegible] B.C.

YOU A[illegible] upon [illegible] under [illegible] Act, this [illegible] get [illegible] c

HER SOLDIER [illegible]

The wind blew in from the [illegible]
Soft with the swoon of [illegible]
While warm in my hand [illegible]
Bringing a message [illegible]
The jasmine swung in [illegible]
Its gold bells, rung [illegible]
And over my head th[illegible]
Showed the first of [illegible]
For somebody wrote [illegible]
That only the wi[illegible]
A message of love [illegible]
Dear, was it you?

And ever the wor[illegible]
Thrill my hear[illegible]
The war is done [illegible]
Plunging the d[illegible]
Flowers that no[illegible]
Leaves that w[illegible]
Smile the word [illegible]
Sing it low [illegible]
Heaven is n[illegible]
Wait in f[illegible]
Dear, is [illegible]

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"ONLY MOTHER."

She inherits the time-worn garments,
That ill suffice for another;
And things none else would welcome
Are laid by for "only mother."

She is up when the rest are sleeping,
To finish the task of another,
And if till the midnight she linger,
What matter? 'tis "only mother."

She does not care for the sunshine—
The joy and the light of the flowers?
She has only thought for the duties
That drag thro' the leaden hours?

She does not care? ah, some day,
You may find what it is to smother
The pain and the longing and heartache
And learn to be "only mother."

God pity you then! God shield you
While yet you may bring to that other
Such comfort and love as will make you
A blessing to "only mother."

—Eva Williams Malone.

MAN AND MACHINES.

Invention has filled the world with competitors not only of labor but of mechanics—mechanics of the highest skill. Today the ordinary laborer is for the most part but a cog in the wheel. He works with the tireless—he feeds the insatiable. When the monster stops the man is out of employment—out of bread. He has not saved anything. The machine that he fed was not feeding him—the invention was not for his benefit.

The other day I heard a man say that it was impossible for thousands of good mechanics to get employment, and that in his judgment the government ought to furnish work for the people. A few minutes after I heard another say that he was selling a patent for cutting out clothes—that one of the machines could do the work of twenty tailors; that only the week before he had sold two at a great house in New York, and that 40 cutters had been discharged.

On every side men are being discharged and machines are being invented to take their places. When the great factory shuts down the workers who inhabited it and gave it life, as thoughts do the brain, go away and it stands there like an empty skull. A few workmen by force of habit gather about the closed doors and broken windows and talk about distress and the price of food and the coming winter. They are convinced that they have not had their share of what their labor produced. They feel certain that the machines inside were not their friends. They look up at the mansion of the employer, and think of the place where they live. They have saved nothing—nothing but themselves. The employer seems to have enough. Even when employers fail, when they become bankrupt, they are far better off than the laborers ever were. Their worst is better than the toilers' best.

The capitalist comes forward with his specific. He tells the workingman that he must be economical—and yet, under the present system, economy would only lessen wages. Under the great law of supply and demand, every saving, frugal, self-denying workman is unconsciously doing what he can to reduce the compensation of himself and his fellows. The slaves who did not wish to run away helped to fasten the chains on those who did. So the saving mechanic is a certificate that the wages are high enough. Does the great law demand that every worker should live on the least possible amount of bread? Is it his fate to work one day that he may get enough food to be able to work another? Is that to be his hope, that and—death?

Capital has always claimed, and still claims, the right to combine. Manufacturers meet and determine prices, even in spite of the great law of supply and demand. Have the laborers the same right to consult and combine? The rich meet in the bank, club-house or parlor. Workingmen when they combine, gather in the street. All the organized forces of society are against them. Capital has the army and navy, the legislature, the executive and judicial departments. When the rich combine it is for the purpose of "exchanging ideas." When the poor combine it is a "conspiracy." If they act in concert, if they rally to do something, it is a "mob." If they defend themselves, it is "treason." How is it that the rich control the departments of the government? In this country the political power is equally divided among men. There are certainly more poor than rich. Why should the rich control? Why should not the laborers combine for the purpose of controlling the executive, the legislative and judicial departments? Will they ever find out how powerful they are? A cry comes from the oppressed, the hungry, the down-trodden, from the unfortunate, from the despised, from men who despair, and from women who weep. There are times when mendicants become revolutionists—when a rag becomes a banner, under which the noblest and bravest battle for the right.

How are we to settle this unequal contest between men and machines? Will the machines finally go into partnership with the laborers? Can these forces of nature be controlled for the benefit of her suffering children? Will extravagance keep pace with ingenuity? Will the workmen become intelligent enough and strong enough to become owners of the machines? Will these giants, these Titans, shorten or lengthen the hours of labor? Will they give leisure for the industrious, or will they make the rich richer and the poor poorer. Is man involved in the "general scramble" [illegible] pity, no mercy? Can man become intelligent enough to be generous, to be just; or does the same law or fact control him that controls the animal or vegetable world? The great oak steals the sunshine from the small trees, the [illegible] everything at the mercy of beak and claw, and hoof and tooth—of hand and club, of brain and greed—inequality, injustice everywhere. The poor horse standing in the street with his dray, overworked, overwhipped and underfed, when he sees other horses groomed like mirrors, glittering with gold and silver, scorning with proud feet the very earth, probably indulges in the usual socialistic reflections, and this same horse worn out and old, deserted by his master, turned into the dusty road, leans his head upon the topmost rail, looks at donkeys in a field of clover and feels like a nihilist.

In the days of cannibalism the strong devoured the weak—actually ate their flesh. In spite of all the laws that man has made, in spite of all advances in science, the strong, the heartless, still live on the weak, the unfortunate and the foolish. True, they do not eat their flesh or drink their blood, but they live on their labor, on their self-denial, on their weakness and want. The poor man who deforms himself by toil, who labors for his wife and children through all his anxious, barren, wasted life—who goes to the grave without ever having one luxury—has been the fool of others. He has been devoured by his fellowmen. The poor woman living in the bare and lonely room, cheerless and fireless, sewing night and day to keep starvation from a child, is slowly being eaten by her fellowmen. When I take into consideration the agony of civilized life, the failures, the anxieties, the tears, the withered hopes, the bitter realities, the hunger, the crime, the humiliation, the shame,—I am almost forced to say that cannibalism, after all, is the most merciful form in which man has ever lived upon his fellowman.

It is impossible for a man with a good heart to be satisfied with the world as it is now. No man can truly enjoy what he earns—what he knows to be his own—knowing that millions of his fellowmen are in misery and want. When we think of the famished we feel that it is almost heartless to eat. To meet the ragged and shivering makes one almost ashamed to be well dressed and warm—one feels as though his heart was as cold as their bodies.

In a world filled with millions and millions of acres of land waiting to be tilled, where one man can raise the food for hundreds, millions are on the edge of famine. Who can comprehend the stupidity at the bottom of this truth?

Is there to be no change?

Are the "laws of supply and demand," invention and science, monopoly and competition, capital and legislation always to be the enemies of those who toil? Will the workers always be ignorant enough and stupid enough to give their earnings for the useless? Will they support millions of soldiers to kill the sons of other workingmen? Will they always build temples, and live in huts and dens themselves? Will they forever allow parasites and vampires to feed on their blood? Will they remain the slaves of the beggars they support? Will honest men stop taking off their hats to successful fraud? Will industry in the presence of crowned idleness, forever fall on its knees, and will the lips unstained by lies forever kiss the robed imposter's hand? Will they understand that beggars cannot be generous, and that every healthy man must earn the right to live? Will they finally say that the man who has had equal privileges with all others has no right to complain, or will they follow the example set by their oppressors? Will they learn that force, to succeed, must have thought behind it, and that anything done in order that it may endure must rest upon the cornerstone of justice?—Robert G. Ingersoll.

The convention which opens at Kamloops on Monday will be one of the most important gatherings, from the standpoint of labor, ever held in this province. Hitherto the labor party has been only of a local character. For instance, at Nanaimo, where a labor candidate is generally sure of election, this party has a platform of its own make-up, which in some details may differ from that adopted in other places in the province, where the local conditions may be different. What is wanted is not local platforms, but one framed to suit the entire province. Under present conditions, with a good healthy labor wing in the House, it could accomplish more in the way of advanced legislation than the people of the province would desire.—Vancouver Independent.

IF I KNEW.

If I know the box where the smiles are kept,
No matter how large the key
Or strong the bolt, I would try so hard—
'Twould open, I know, for me.

Then over the land and sea broadcast
I'd scatter the smiles to play,
That the children's faces might hold them fast
For many and many a day.

If I knew a box that was large enough
To hold all the frowns I meet,
I would try to gather them, every one,
From nursery, school and street.

Then, folding and holding, I'd pack them in
And turn the monster key;
I'd hire a giant to drop the box
To the depths of the deep, deep sea.

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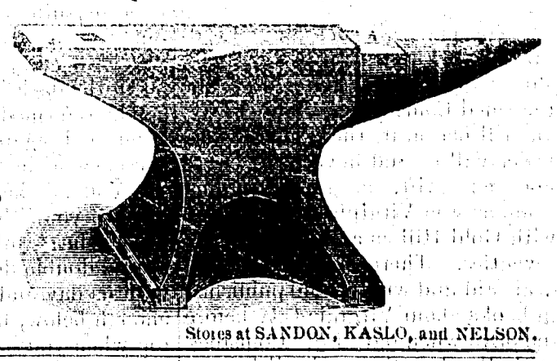

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