VOLUME XI., NUMBER 12. NEW DENVER, B. C., THURSDAY, DECEMBER 17, 1903. PRICE, $2 A YEAR, IN ADVANCE

From the Lake Towns

Thos. Avison has gone to Vancouver to have his eye treated.

Get a copy of Float before they are all sold. Nothing like it on earth.

W. R. Will leaves today for Vancouver, where he will spend the winter.

The company owning the Emily Edith want to sell or lease the property.

Joe Bean has gone to the Yakima country to go into the ranching profession.

Gust Cormier left the past week for Caraquet, N. B., for the Christmas holidays.

Six inches of ore have been uncovered on the Argenta fraction, Springer creek.

Float should be sent to friends in the east. It is a Christmas gift that only costs four bits.

Wm. Hunter makes the sworn statement that his expenses during the recent campaign were $98.

Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Anderson left for Enderby on Tuesday, where they will make their future home.

Geo. Horton, representing the W. P. Kilbourne & Co.'s choice cigars, will be in the Slocan next week.

The two cent sport is abroad with his trusty rifle, shooting innocent little squirrels and muskrats that children play with.

Rev. Jas. Calvert gave a very interesting optical lantern lecture in Miners' Union hall, Silverton, on Tuesday evening.

Jas. Cawley, after being on a prolonged spree, ended the jag by drinking enough carbolic acid to kill him. He lived in Fernie.

Paul Hauck has switched from the dough table to the cobbler's bench, and has opened a sole-saving establishment in Slocan City.

On Jan. 6th a conservative convention will be held at Nelson to nominate a candidate to contest Kootenay for the Dominion election.

Miss Schofield, the leading soprano in the Schubert quartette, was taken sick at Nelson and could not appear when the company performed there.

The Foresters are making every preparation for a grand ball in Bosun hall on New Year's eve. They expect a large attendance from sister towns.

A social dance will be held in Pythian Castle hall this (Wednesday) evening, as a send-off to Messrs. Taylor, McRae and McLean, who are leaving on Thursday for the East.

Two feet of ore is showing in the face of the tunnel run in to catch the vein on the Chicago at greater depth. F. P. O'Neill has gone to Spokane to report to his company the particulars of the recent strike.

Physical Culture, one of the best and most useful magazines, has been shut out of the mails in Canada. We would like to know the reason, as it seems that anything of real merit in Halls to be given the worst of it in Canada.

Rev. Jas. Turner was unable to fill his engagement at Sandon on Sunday, owing to sickness, and Rev Mr Hetherington who was with Mr. Turner in his Klondike campaign, was sent to take the place of the pioneer preacher.

Forty-five men were laid off at the Enterprise Saturday night. The lack of snow and the rapid fall of silver is given as the cause. As both silver and snow are on the rise this week the men will probably be back to work in a few days.

Canada's aggregate trade for the last five monts amounted to $221,000,000, nearly $24,000,000 more than for the same period last year.

After spending two years in the north, Sam Long is glad to get back to the Slocan, but he will start out in the spring again for the northern wilds. He says that is the greatest country on earth.

When we get right down to mining in the Slocan we won't hear any more about "too little snow for rawhiding," or "bad roads," or "lack of winter quarters," or—we will be too busy taking out ore.

Col. S. W. Ray writes from Port Arthur, Ont., saying that "he didn't like the idea of thinking we might be without a turkey for Xmas," and so he sends us the cost of one on his subscription. Who's going to provide the puddin'?

Sometimes our "reliable informant" knows more about the other man's business than the other man does. It has been so in relation to the Capella. Instead of the last car of ore from that property netting the owners over $6.000, the actual returns were $2,884.

Nobody in this printing palace trips the light fantastic, and we don't want to offer advice to anybody who does, but our bull dog suggests that if there are any social dances or other good things to be given away, they should be given to the fellows who have to stay at home.

Apples—Northern Spies and the famous Greening first prize apples, Swift's hams, butter, Roquefort cheese, Tom Smith's confectionery, fancy groceries. The trade and mines supplied. Drop us a card or call us up by phone. J. F. Delaney, wholesale and retail, New Denver, B. C.

A LOW PRODUCTION.

The ore shipments from the Slocan this year will hardly run over 15,500 tons. This is less than half what the shipments were for last year, and the lowest production in the history of the camp. Without going into an exhaustive discussion of the whys and wherefores of the great falling off, it is apparent to all that a strong game is being played by the operators. Just what the outcome will be it is hard to say, but this is certain that the government aid by bonus has not increased the output. Perhaps when the Silver-Lead Association gets its organizaton in proper working trim under the new pooling scheme, there will be a different story to tell of the Slocan. But this fact should not be lost sight of, that any amount of organization and government aid cannot better conditions while the ore is allowed to stay in the ground. What the Slocan needs more than anything else is more mining and less looking for aid and whining about adverse conditions.

In the month of October the Alaska-Treadwell company operated the 240-stamp mill 29½ days, while the 300-stamp mill ran 29⅔ days. Both crushed 81,359 tons of ore, the estimated realizable value of the bullion being $80,141, and 1,630 tons of concentrates were saved of the estimated value of $86,203, making a total realized value from 81,459 tons of ore of $166,344, or something more than $2 a ton. Operating expenses were $87,077, leaving nearly half of the total receipts as profits.

The Oregon Short Line's new rate on ore from Hailey, Idaho, to Denver, Colo., is $6 per ton, which is the inducement expected to bring out the zinc mines of the Wood River country.

CANADA TOASTED.

Dickens in one of his erudite novels brings in a big, lusty and backward boy, and after sizing him up, makes the remark: "If you find a good boy who seems to have no ambition or get up, and fails to show his spirit, kick him! kick him! Kick him till he's proud."

The cap seems to fit our young Dominion. Johnny Canuck has had his share of kicks, the last the most unkindest cut of all, and Uncle Sam rolls the sweet morsel under his tongue and licks his chops. In his new-born pride of power and increasing advantages he looks round for further avenues of aggrandisement, and, chuckling to himself, puts forward an air line claim to a foothold on the fisheries of Hudson's Bay, even going the length of proposing annexation, or, as one writer puts it, that "Uncle Sam should now set himself to court the Lady of the Snows and make her his bride."

Our lady rises in her beauty and dignity and repels the suggestion. In the flush of her sweet temper she tells Uncle Sam that Bro. Jonathan is a great, big, greedy grafter, a chip off the old block, who wouldn't be content if he owned the whole world, unless he had a patch on the outside for potatoes.

Turning to Johnny Bull she gives him a piece of her mind also, and tells him he isn't half smart to let Uncle Sam run a bluff on him; and that he listens too much to the Little Englanders, the labor unions, the free trade tyrants, and that other set of doughty duffers as bluntly and deftly dubbed by Kipling.

"Howsomever and nevertheless, when done and said all," the little unpleasantness is soon dispelled, and Our Lady of the Snows and the Sunshine resumes her good nature and comforts herself with the brotherly remark: "It's never lost what a friend gets," and cons over the old refrain, "My son's my son till he gets a wife, but my daughter's my daughter all her life." Rousing from her reverie, she declares "I'll be mistress in my ain house," and taking a cinch on her girdle and gathering her skirts with a swift swipe of her lilly-white hand, displaying her dainty ankle, she wakes Johnny Canuck, with a resilient and lady-like kick, and tells him to wake up and get a move on; to doff his old stocking night cap, his muffled flannels of swaddling clothes, his shoe-packs and snowshoes, to dress up and take his place in the procession of nations.

Waving her wand, she beckons her yoemen to rally! Along they come trooping and trooping and whooping, from the gulfs and the bays and the banks of the Maritimes, from the rivers and lakes of the Inlands, from the inlets and island-dotted channels and waters of our own B. C., from the hills and the dales, from the mountain, the forest and prairie, from the farm, the mill and the mine, from school and from college, the press and the pulpit to gather and reason together, resolving that Canada shall enter on a resilient and resolute national policy—a career befitting our birthright and ambition.

All hail! Our Lady of the Snows and the Sunshine! And so say we all of us: Prosperity to Canada.

Your old uncle, W. D.

It is said that Senator W. A. Clark is preparing to harness Shoshone Falls, Idaho, for power, generating a total of 40,000 H. P. The diversion will be by means of a tunnel 2,000 feet long, which commences 600 feet from the falls. From the tunnel to the power house the water will go down in eight large iron pipes, each having a drop of 210 feet. These pipes will each connect with two twin horizontal turbines connected directly with the generator, each generator being capable of generating 5,000 H. P.

SILVER-LEAD ASSOCIATION.

A meeting of the Provincial Silver-Lead Association was held in Sandon Tuesday evening. It was well attended and considerable business of importance was transacted. A committee was appointed to interview Commissioner Parmalee of the Dominion government, now at Nelson for the purpose of perfecting plans for the payment of the lead bonus recently granted by the Ottawa government, by the aid of which committee the Commissioner will be better able to adopt a plan of settlement.

The following revolutions were adopted:

Resolved, that this Association has heard with regret statements recently made in the Provincial assembly by the honorable member from the Slocan electoral district, to the effect that the lead bonus granted by the Dominion government has produced no improvement in this district. This statement is directly contrary to the facts, as much work now in progress and contemplation would not now be going on and be in prospect but for the bonus. No payments have as yet been received on account of the bonus, which, when paid, will recoup many mines for expenditures that would not otherwise have been undertaken, and it is our opinion that many mines now working and employing laborers would not be working had the bonus not been granted.

Resolved, that the resolutions recently passed by the associated board of trade at Rossland, asking for government aid to the zinc industry in British Columbia did not emanate from this association, as we consider it premature. We would ask the associated boards of trade to take action in accordance with the wishes of those parties most interested.

AS TO A ZINC BONUS.

The resolution passed by the Provincial Silver-Lead Association at its Sandon meeting Tuesday evening, relating to the action of the Associated Board of Trade, is timely and suggestive. Without particularizing, this body of well-wishers has frequently stepped out of its jurisdiction to demand action on matters that these boards know little or nothing about.

In the case at issue, the promoter of the zinc smelter at Kaslo, asks the government for a bonus of $500,000 a year on zinc spelter made in Canada, the bonus to go to the smelter company now organizing. In other words, the smelter company asks the Government to pay for the smelter's erection and operation and the company will take the proceeds.

It is well for the Silver-Lead Association to steer clear of this kind of cinch game. And the Associated Boards of Trade cannot afford to be made the cat's paw for such grafters.

SILVER-LEAD QUOTATIONS.

Dec. 9	Silver, 54½	Lead,	£11 1s 3d
Dec. 10	Silver, 54½	Lead,	£11 1s 3d
Dec. 11	Silver, 54½	Lead,	£11 1s 3d
Dec. 12	Silver, 55½	Lead,	
Dec. 14	Silver, 55½	Lead,	£11 3s 9d
Dec. 15	Silver, 55½	Lead,	£11 5s
Dec. 16	Silver 55½	Lead,	£11 6s 3d

At the Bendigo mine, Australia (the deepest gold mine in the world) the main shaft is down 3,900 feet. At the 3,856-foot level a cross cut is being driven for one of the rich saddles in which high values have been found. In this [illegible] been found to be 108 degrees F. Three men are required to work a rock drill at this depth, and in order to keep them cool, the men at the face are sprayed with water brought down from the 3,200, and a shower bath is provided at the flat.

Send 50 cents to this office and get a copy of Float.

Sandon News Croppings

The Payne is receiving 500 tons of coal per month.

The Washington is working under the contract system.

Seven cars of ore will be sent out by the Slocan Star this week.

John Daly feels certain that Rendall will build a smelter in Kaslo.

John McLaughlin and his bride paid a visit to Sandon on their wedding trip.

J. B. McArthur, part owner of the Rambler-Cariboo, died in Toronto last week.

The Red Fox has closed for the winter, and the men came down the hill last week.

Jno. Walker came in from the Rambler to the hospital Tuesday night, suffering from tonsilitis.

John Tier is recovering slowly from a compound fracture of the leg, sustained two weeks ago at the Monitor.

Powers, the young cartoonist from McGuigan, is making a success in Toronto. The Globe is using his work.

T. H. Hawkins has taken the office of assayer and bookkeeper at the Alamo. He will retain his office at Sandon.

Sandonites are bracing their nerves and hardening their muscles in preparation for the frolic of the flume in the spring.

Mrs. Davis of Revelstoke, who has been visiting at the home of Rev. Mr. McIntyre for some days, left on Tuesday for her home.

Midnight mass will be held in St. Joseph's church, Sandon, on Christmas eve. Special music is being prepared for the occasion.

A boxing match between Billy Williamson, of Seattle, and Billy Mill, of Toronto, will be pulled off in the Auditorium on Xmas eve.

Sandon might well be dubbed the "bed of the beautiful," but it is a warm bed; much warmer than the breeze-swept lowlands on the lake.

F. F. Busteed, superintendent of the Kootenay division of the C. P. R., and C. H. Temple, master mechanic, paid Sandon a visit last Wednesday.

Billy Howarth, printer, puck teaser and all-round manipulator of the shinny stick on ice, is back in Sandon to share the honors with the hockey team.

An operation was performed on Andrew Peterson at the hospital this week. It was found necessary to scrape the cheek bone. He is now rapidly recovering.

The lack of snow cut out the ore shipments last week. The snowfall of the past few days will put the roads and trails in good condition for sleighing and rawhiding.

The ball to be given New Year's night at the Auditorium by the Knights of Pythias will be the dancing event of the season. Many will attend from New Denver and lake towns.

At the last meeting of Alta Lodge No. 29, A. F. & A. M., the following officers were elected: W. M. J. W. Barton; I. P. M., R. McTaggart; S. W., A. Irwin; D. W., R. Marshall; Sec., E. M. Sandilands; Treas., O. V. White; tyler, E. A. Cameron.

The Auditorium was filled to the doors last Wednesday evening to hear the Schubert Symphony company, and never was an audience better pleased and more appreciative. The lady quartette was, of course, the feature that captivated all, but every number was excellent and given in the artists' best style.

At a meeting of the Sandon curling club last Thursday evening the principle business of the evening was the election of the skips for the opening contest between rinks. The following were chosen: Messrs. Cavanaugh, Gomm, Hall, McLachlan, Grimmett, Ritchie, Fallows and Lyons. The membership of the club numbers about 45. The president vs. vice-president contest is on this week.

Fifteen men came down the hill from the Payne on Saturday. They objected to the board provided at the boarding house. The trouble was afterward taken up by the Union and the mine management and an amicable settlement arrived at, and all desiring have gone back to work.

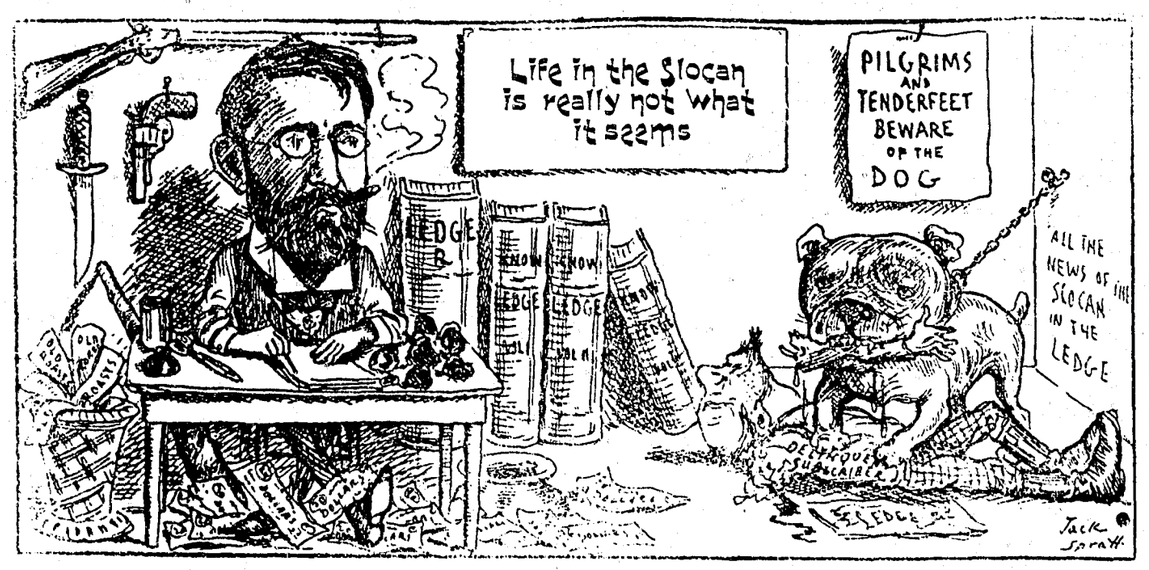
Quietly, but effectually, Manager Zwickey has developed the Rambler during the past year, until today it is the big mine of McGuigan Basin, and one of the best in the Slocan camp. Large ore bodies have been encountered at frequent intervals in the course of development and these have demonstrated the immense richness of the ledge. It has shipped 2500 tons of ore the past year, and is in shape to double that amount during 1904.

The anniversary services held last Sunday in the Methodist church, were in a measure marred by the inability of Rev. Jas. Turner to be there, but his substitute, Rev. Mr. Hetherington, filled the bill admirably. Monday evening an entertainment was given in the church at which Revs. Mr. Hetherington and Mr. Brown gave addresses and Rev. Mr. Calvert, of New Denver, gave an optical lantern discourse. Refreshments were served in the basement after the entertainment, and the occasion was in every particular a most enjoyable one.

The youngest man in congress is Burton Lee French, Idaho's one member of the house. He was born on August 1, 1875, and, therefore, is just past twenty-eight years of age. Like many other men who have come to congress across the prairie from the Rockies and beyond, Mr. French is a native of Indiana, Delphi being the place of his nativity. His father was one of the winners of the west, and by the time the future congressman was old enough to go to school he found himself in Idaho, where schools were few and far apart. In 1898, at the age of twenty-three, he was elected a member of the state legislature. Two years later he was the nominee of the Republican minority for Speaker of the house, thereby becoming his party's leader on the floor. There was a great redistricting fight at that session of the legislature, and so skillfully did young French lead his forces that he became a marked man in Idaho. His reward was the Republican nomination for congress last year, and he carried the state by more than seven thousand. He is the first Republican that Idaho has sent to the house in a decade.

Instead of the Copper Queen mine, Bisbee, Arizona, being alone on a great bulk of ore, the recent strike of the Lake Superior and Pittsburg property proves that the ore body pitches regularly toward the west. This makes the third producing mine opened on the deposit, and extends the body about [illegible]

The main shaft of the Pittsburg and Montana company, at Butte, is to a depth of 1200 feet, and the management will cease sinking for a period, until the smelter gets at work. Shaft No. 2 is down 900 feet. Within a few months it is said that the company will be turning out copper at a very low figure, all machinery being automatic.



THE LEDGE.

With which is amalgamated the SANDON PAYSTREAK.

Published every Thursday in the richest silver-lead-zinc camp on earth.

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.

Subscription, $2 a year in advance or $2.50 if not so paid.

Certificate of Improvement notices $7. Delinquent Co-Owner notices $10.

Fellow Pilgrims: THE LEDGE is located at New Denver, B. C., and is traced to many parts of the earth. It has never been ratted by the sheriff, snowslided by cheap silver, or subdued by the fear of man. It works for the trail blazer as well as the hay-windrowed, 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 pay-streak is proof that it is better to tell the truth, even if the heavens do occasionally hit our smokestack.

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.

Address all communications to—

THE LEDGE,
New Denver, B. C.

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

HUMOR OF THE HOUR.

They had purchased a set of croquet,
And were ready one morning to play it,
But the horrid old rain
Spoiled the game for the twain,
So they spooned in the parlor all day it.
—Chicago Record-Herald.

Customer—You said this suit would wear like iron.

Clothier—Well, didn't it?

Customer—Too much so. It's getting rusty already.

Bobby—You don't seem to be bashful, father.

Father—I can't say that I am.

Bobby—Why! Uncle Sam said that when you played poker you were always shy.—Town and Country.

"These firemen must be a frivolous set," said Mr. Spiking who was reading a paper.

"Why so?"

"I read in the paper that after the fire was under control the firemen played all night on the ruins.

Mr. Grump—That confounded doctor charged me five dollars for telling me there was nothing wrong with me.

Mrs. Grump—Outrageous!

Mr. Grump—Yes; if he had discovered dangerous symptoms I shouldn't have minded it in the least.—Farm and Fireside.

An old Scotch gentleman and a youth had spent the whole day on the golf links, and, as is often the case with particularly enthusiastic players, had had some remarkably close and exciting games. As they left for home the old man remarked:

"Hey, mon, but it's bin a gran' day!"

"It has," the youth assented.

"Think ye ye could come agin on the morrow, laddie?"

"Well," the young man answered, reflectively, "I was to be married, but I can put it off."—Answers.

Mrs. Married-a-month had had a brace of pheasants sent her for Christmas, and told the servant to cook them for dinner on boxing day, as some friends were coming.

Next morning the girl asked: "Please, mum, do you like the birds 'igh?"

Mrs. M.—Like the bird's eye, Mary? What do you mean?

Mary—Well, mum, some folks likes the birds stale.

Mrs. M.—Oh! like the bird's tail. Yes, certainly, Mary. Bring in both the eye and the tail.—London answers.

A London mechanic, with the intention of enjoying a practical joke, pasted the figures of two donkeys on the dead wall opposite his workshop. Under these figures he had written in large letters these words, "When shall we three meet again?"

It was not long before a man coming by stopped and stood gazing in perplexity at the two donkeys and the inscription. The mechanic was elated at the manner in which his joke had worked, and burst into a laugh, which soon stopped when the man quietly turned round and said:

"Bedad, I was all along wonderin' where the other one was.

EDITOTIAL REGRETS.

A country editor, who evidently has troubles of his own, is having heart to heart talks with his delinquent subscribers. The following is one of the latest:

"Good morning. Have you paid your subscription this year? Perhaps you owe for last year, or several years. Now, you understand we don't need money; we have millions—to get. But it is really an imposition to let people go on carrying our money when we are strong and healthy and so abundantly able to bear the burden ourselves. For this reason we ask anybody who has any of our money in his possession to leave it at the office or send it by post, freight train, express, or any other way, just so it gets here. Silver and gold are heavy, and it would be a matter of life-long regret if anybody should get bow-legged carrying it about for us."—Tit-Bits.

A SIMPLE MINDED PHILOSOPHER.

Many years ago the writer visited the Hawaiian islands. In making a trip around one of the smaller islands we came one day upon a veritable bit of Eden. In the background were the mountains, reaching to the clouds; about us a half-dozen grass houses, each in its setting of verdure, shadowed by cocoanut palms; before us the quiet waters of the lagoon, with the white line of the barrier reef, and beyond that the indigo sea rising to the horizon. We sat down in the shade to rest and a native came out to interview us. He was a perfect specimen of uncivilized man. In the prime of life, six feet tall, straight as an arrow, with a frank, open countenance, and an inch-wide lace pattern stripe tatooed in blue the whole length of each leg.

Said my guide: "Do you live here?"

"Yes."

"Always lived here?"

"Yes."

"Why don't you go to one of the plantations to live?"

"What for?"

"To work."

"For what?"

"To earn money."

"What do I want of money? I own my grass house, I own my vegetable patch, I own my canoe, I make my own nets, and I don't wear any clothes; why should I work?"—Boston Transcript.

A VAST PROJECT.

The Granby company have a rather ambition plan afoot. It has given notice in the official Gazette that it will apply to the legislature for permission to drive a tunnel to tap the ledges of the Knob Hill and Old Ironsides at a depth of about 3,000 feet.

Such a tunnel would be four miles in length with the portal at the base of the mountain on the apex of which the mines are located.

The tunnel is to be of sufficient dimensions to run regular ore trains headed by ordinary train locomotives and followed by the regular regulation steel cars. The idea is a good one. It will save more than its cost, as the expense of hoisting through shafts, would be large whenever a depth of over 1000 feet is reached. Besides it will do away with pumping, as such a tunnel would drain the mines completely down to its level. Shafts will be run down to the tunnel level from the glory holes, and into the shafts the ore will be dumped and be received by the cars in the tunnel. That is to say, the shafts will have gates at their bottoms which will be opened to fill the cars when they come in to be loaded. In this way the deposits can be taken out while descending until the tunnel level is reached.

A notice of application for necessary powers has appeared in the B. C. Gazette.

The plan contemplated by the company involves the driving of a tunnel through which trains could be taken from the level of the Boundary creek valley, loaded at the ledges of the mine by mechanical means such as are now employed at the the surface and drawn practically on the level to the treatment works. The portal of the tunnel is expected to be at a point on Boundary creek a short distance above Greenwood. The ore bodies would be tapped at a depth of something like two thousand feet from the surface at the town of Phoenix.

THE VALUE OF PROTECTION.

There came a time when the slave-holding states seceded from the union, and to raise money needed to force them back it became necessary to place heavy duties on imports. Then the American people learned the value of protection. There had been plenty of immigration before, when the starving farmhands of Ireland and Germany came to the United States to do the rough work, but when the Morril tariff came into effect the character of the immigration changed, and instead of laborers the skilled workmen of Europe hastened to our shores. Then the American people learned the value of a protective tariff. Instead of sending their money to be spent in the marts of Europe in exchange for manufactured articles, they found that the best skill of Europe eagerly sought the higher conditions to be found in the States. Protection made all the difference. It created employment at profitable wages for the American workman, and it brought the most skilled artificers in the world to share in the comforts of the American workman.

That is partly why the American people believe in protection, and why the suggestion of free-trade is sufficient to defeat any party that advocates it.—Ex.

THE STORY OF A GOOD BOY.

Once upon a time there was a good boy who left school, graduating with the highest honors. He had also been a constant attendant at Sunday school, where he had been taught to tread the path of virtue with unfaltering step, and he had firmly made up his mind to do it. Then he went to look for a job. He found one, and went forth one Monday morning full of joy and hope. He was home again about three o'clock, not because the place closed early, but because the firm had no further use for him.

"Mamma," he explained, "somebody called up the man on the telephone, and he told me to say he was out. Of course, I could not think of doing such a thing, and he discharged me on the spot."

Two weeks later he obtained another situation, and went forth again on the following morning. Again he returned quite early.

"My employer," he said, "was a very profane person. I spoke to him about it gently and kindly offered to send him some tracts. I cannot repeat the words he used, but he discharged me."

His next job lasted two days.

"I discovered," he explained on this occasion, "that their goods were frightfully misrepresented. Of course I could not think of remaining in such a place."

To make a sad story short, he lost five jobs in two months. His father does not know just what to do about it. He cannot bring himself to advise the boy to conform to the iniquity of the times, and maybe the boy wouldn't, anyhow. The old man did think of advertising:

Wanted—By a conscientious boy, an employer; must be of good character, correct principles and strict integrity. Address, stating particulars, X. Y. Z.

But it is not likely that he will do this. The only conclusion that the anxious parent has yet been able to reach is that the reason why those whom the gods love die young is that it is the only way to keep them from spoiling.—William E. McKenna, in Puck.

"Didn't you git no money from dat woman yer held up?" asked the first footpad.

"Naw," replied the other, shivering slightly; "she wuz from Boston."

"Well, Boston people has money."

"Mebbe dey has, but when I sez to her: 'Money or your life, lady,' she sez: 'How dare ye speak to me widout the formality of a interduction,' sez she, an' leaves me froze stiff."—Philadelphia Press.

If you don't try to live up to your ideals the chances are they'll come down.—Puck.

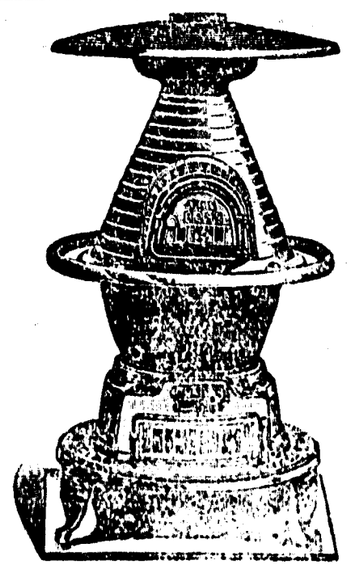
D. J. Robertson & Co., of Nelson sell furniture every day except Sunday.

Fifty Years the Standard

DR. PRICE'S CREAM BAKING POWDER

Improves the flavor and adds to the healthfulness of the food.

PRICE BAKING POWDER CO.
CHICAGO



Have you your Stoves for Winter?

We carry all sizes of the best makes of coal and wood burners. They are makers of heat and savers of fuel.

H. BYERS & CO.
SANDON, B. C.

Mail orders

We give all mail orders our prompt and careful attention We solicit yours for Prescriptions of all kinds, Kodaks, cameras and Photo Supplies.

School books

And supplies. Blank Books, Ledger Books and Office Stationery, Wall Paper, etc.

CANADA BOOK AND DRUG CO.
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SMOKE....

Blue Prize, Henry Vane, Columbus and Havana Whip Cigars. Union Goods, made by

W. P. KILBOURNE & CO.
Winnipeg, Man.
Represented by GEORGE HORTON.

For the Asking

On receipt of your name and address we will place before you for selection the greatest assortment of Jewelry, Silverware, Leather Goods, etc., in Canada.

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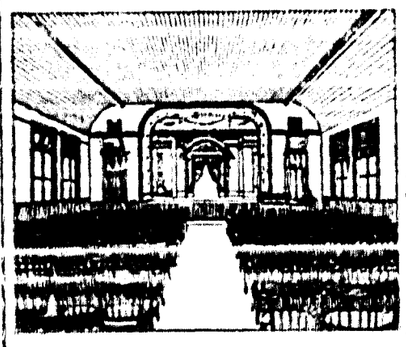

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Picture on the Cabin Door

One bad season had followed another, and now there was destitution all through the Naragansett country. The few traders who were fortunate enough to have any goods left doubled and trebled their prices, and even then they would take nothing but good standard coin in exchange. They refused even to look at the depreciated Rhode Island currency.

A few more of the more wealthy landowners sent to Plymouth and Boston and even to far-away Nieu Amsterdam and Philadelphia for supplies. But the poor settlers and the new arrivals from the Northern colonies could not do this. They had to depend on the chase and such scanty harvest as they were able to glean from their newly cleared fields. As the winter came on some of them became discouraged and drifted back to Plymouth and Boston.

But for the most part they were strong, hopeful men having faith in the new country, and willing to endure hardships and privations until they could fight their way to competence.

Jacob Holdness had built his cabin in a small clearing overlooking the Saugatucket river. He was a watchmaker by profession, and had brought the tools of his craft with him, but finding them useless in this new country, he had put them away and tried to accustom his hands to the gun and plow instead.

During the summer and fall the family had not lacked for food. There were fruit and game in the woods, and fish in the streams; and by going to the Pettaquamscott river, a few miles away, they could obtain crabs and other shellfish. And before cold weather set in Holdness had the foresight to catch and salt down half a barrel of mackerel.

His harvest had not been very successful this first year. A few bushels of corn and a basket or two of vegetables, and that was all. But the great misfortune came when he was caught under one of his own falling trees and crushed to the earth. He was unconscious when they found him, and weak from the loss of blood; but a few days in bed showed that although his injuries were very severe they were not likely to prove fatal. Still it would be many months before he could do any more labor.

There was only 14-year-old John now to look after the outside work and provide for the family's needs. Mrs. Holdness was almost an invalid, and the two twins, Peggy and Joan, were not yet 8. The nearest neighbor was three miles away, and in nearly as bad a plight as themselves. There was no store or trading post in the vicinity, and even the occasional barter with the Indians was cut off, for the red men were still smarting under the sense of injury which they fancied the whites had put upon them, and several tribes had already sent in runners with ominous messages of arrows and snake skins.

John Holdness was a pioneer boy, however, and did not shrink from the prospect before him. He had grown accustomed to hardships and difficulties, and rather glorified in overcoming them. Every day now, except when the storms were unusually severe, he was in the woods felling trees or hunting. A small deer and several wild turkeys were added to the provisions, and then the ammunition gave out.

Jacob Holdness had intended to make a late trip to one of the northern trading posts after powder and shot and salt, but now John would have to undertake the journey. Carefully hoarded in the bottom of the strong box was a single gold coin, all that was left of the £100 which had accompanied him across the sea. It would not go far in provisons, but it would buy a little powder and shot, and perhaps some salt. The powder and shot were absolute necessities, and the salt they regarded as scarcely less so.

John was given the coin, with many admonitions regarding its safety and careful expenditure. It would take three days for him to go and return, but he had been over the route with his father and had little fear of being lost. After leaving the valley he would strike the old Pequot trail, and that would lead him almost to his distination.

It was a clear, crisp December day when he started out; icicles glistened on the trees, and underfoot the snow was packed firm and solid. But on the the third day a fierce storm set in from the northeast. In the afternoon it grew bitterly cold, and Mrs. Holdness began to make frequent trips to the door. Night came early, but the storm seemed to increase with the darkness. The wind shrieked through the trees and around the cabin, and fine soft fingers of snow sifted through the closed shutters and oil paper windows. Mrs. Holdness piled more wood upon the fire and the light flared up and danced into every part of the little room. It revealed a few shelves in one of the opposite corners, and the family dishes of pewter and wood—it made wierd shadows of ths spinning wheel and caused them to waver up and down the rough background of the cabin walls. Some of it even flashed through the open door of the small inner room, and rested on the bed where Jacob Holdness lay, anxiously listening for the sound of his boy's footsteps.

But only the wind came roaring and shrieking about the cabin, and at last the invalid grew weary and fell asteep. The twins played before the fire untll their eyes grew heavy and dull, and then they climbed up the short ladder to the bed in the loft.

But Mrs. Holdness could not sleep. Her boy was somewhere out in the storm, and he was cold and hungry. She piled more wood on the fire, and put water in the big iron kettle to heat. Then she refilled the little soup kettle and hung it on the crane over the fire. There was corn bread left from supper, but John preferred it warm, so she mixed more dough and placed it on the bread board and set it before the fire to bake.

Drearily the hours passed away, and the noise of the storm was broken only by the occasional howl of wandering wolves. At last she drew out her spinning wheel and began to spin.

It was near midnight when she heard the door shake as though something had fallen against it. On opening it quickly she found John upon his kees reaching for the atch, and in his arms, half held and half dragged, was the form of a young Indian girl.

By a strong effort he struggled to his feet and drew the girl into the middle of the room. Then he sank back utterly exhausted upon the floor.

"I'll — be all right in a minute, mother," he gasped. "I'm tired out, that's all. "It was awful," shudderingly. "I never expected to see home—again."

His mother brought him a dish of warm soup and began to remove his shoes and stockings.

"Look after the girl first," he expostulated. "She needs it more'n me. I found her on the 'trail.' She was lost and had fallen in the snow. She became unconscious while I was bringin' her. I couldn't go more'n a rod or two without stopping to rest. I've been since dark comin' from Tower Hill."

"Why didn't you leave her?" piped a shrill voice from overhead. John looked up quickly. Peggy's eyes were staring at him through the trap door.

"Oh, I couldn't do that, Peggy," he said, rebukingly. "I never even thought of such a thing."

"I'd 'a' left her," declared the child, stoutly. "Injuns killed Uncle Tom an' stole our doggie. I wouldn't have nothin' to do with 'em."

Mrs. Holdness had been chafing the Indian girl's hands. She now rose and went after more of the warm soup.

"She's comin' to," in answer to John's inquiring look. "I'll give her someting warm to drink an' then put her to bed. I think she'll be all right in a few days."

It was late the next morning before John awoke. When he went down the ladder he found the Indian girl sitting by the fire. She turned quickly as he approached.

"Me waitin' see you," she said, gravely. "Want t'ank for last night. Not many do like you, only great warriors. But you not know me?"

A strange look came into her face as she rose slowly to her feet. John shook his head.

"Me Wachita, from Big River country. Panther Leap my fader."

Mrs. Holdness started and drew the twins closer to her. The girl saw the motion and her eyes gleamed.

"Panther Leap kill, burn destroy," she said, coldly. "Hate Paleface. Me, Wichita, only daughter, what you do now? Better lef in snow," to John.

Mrs. Holdness' hesitation was but momentary. Placing her hand upun the girl's shoulder she gently forced her back to her seat.

"You are sick and tired," she said, soothingly. "You mustn't think of leavin' here today. You ain't to blame for what your father does."

The gleaming eyes did not leave her face.

"An' what you do when me get well?"

"Why, send you home, of course," indignantly. "You don't suppose we'd harm you on account of somebody else, do you?"

A softer look came into the girl's eyes.

"Me not know," she said simply. "Me never see much of pale face."

In the afternoon she was on the floor playing with the twins.

The next day was pleasant, and after breakfast Wachita made her simple preparations for departure.

"Panther Leap not know," she said in answer to Mrs. Holdness' advice for her to remain another day. "He have many scouts lookin' for me."

But before she left she took some pigments from her girdle and painted a rude picture on the door of the cabin.

"No take him off," she admonished earnestly; mebbe he do much good. Indian read him and know paleface Wachita's friend."

John had brought back with him a small quantity of powder and shot. He had not been able to obtain any salt. That was almost as scarce as gold in the colonies just now.

But as the weeks went by he found little use for amunition. Snow fell almost continuously, and the runs and trails became nearly impossible both for game and hunter. He could not go so far as usual and was only able to bring in a bird or rabbit at rare intervals. Gradually the small stock of provisons disappeared, and before winter was half over actual starvation was staring them in the face. Every morning John struggled through the snow to Pettaquamscutt river or back toward Wolf Rocks, or the Great Pond; and every night, as a rule he struggled home weary and hungry and empty-handed.

And day by day the color faded from the cheeks of Peggy and Joan, and the languid steps of Mrs. Holdness grew more slow and feeble. Jacob Holdness saw it all from his bed in the little inner room; but he could do nothing, and he turned his face to the wall and groaned.

At lenth they were reduced to such roots as could be gathered in the woods, and a small allowance of parched corn. And then as a last resort, John went to some of the neighbors, but they were poor themselves and could offer little assistance.

One day, while he was away on his weary search for food, there came a sudden knock on the door. Mrs. Holdness opened it and started back in dismay. Two Indian warriors stood before her. But almost at the same instant a little figure pushed between them and the well known voice of Wachita asked!

"How all? Boy chief home?"

"No," answered Mrs. Holdness; "he is out huntin'. It's been a hard, hard winter."

"Yes, me know. Hard winter all round. Me come sooner, but been far away, long, big river. Dis my fader, Panther Leap," touching the larger of the two Indians, who gravely took Mrs. Holdness' trembling hand and raised it to his forehead. "Dis udder one my brudder," and the ceremony was calmly repeated. "Now, go bring." The two Indians turned and disappeared around the cabin. Wachita followed Mrs. Holdness inside.

Peggy and Joan were sitting listlessly before the fire. Jacob Holdness was moving slowly across the floor on a pair of crutches. Wachita looked at them keenly.

"Look berry bad," she said; "need meat, broth—many things to eat."

"Yes, I know," acquiesced Mrs. Holdness sadly, "but there is no way to get them. Game seems to have left the woods."

Heavy footsteps crunched the snow outside, and Panter Leap stalked in and dropped the carcass of a small deer upon the floor. Then he stood aside while his son advanced and lowered a heavy basket of corn from his shoulders. Three times did they go out and return; then they took a position near the door and waited.

Wachita raised Mrs. Holdness' hand and rubbed it softly against her face.

"Now, eat, eat—berry much—an' get strong," she admonished. "Tell boy chief Wachita no forget."

Tears were a mist before Mrs. Holdness' eyes, and she could scarcely see the girl as she joined her father and brother. Another moment and she heard their footsteps moving swiftly away toward the forest.

In October the production of Lake Superior copper mines was greater than in September, despite the fact that an accident at the Red Jacket shaft hampered work there, reducing the output of the Calumet and Hecla at least 200,000 pounds. The average price paid during the month for Lake copper was 13 cents. The production for September at 13 cents gives the total valuation of $2,150,000. For November it is confidently believed that a new record in production will be made.

Further particulars regarding the work of the Homestake company for the fiscal year ending June 20 show total production to have been 1,279,075 tons, all of which was milled at the company plant. From this and the miscellaneous sources of a minor nature was received $4,629,721 or $3.26 per ton. Total costs of operating were $4,026,099, or $315 per ton, leaving the aggregate net earnings $603,622, or 47 cents per ton.

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The best and cheapest meals in the country are to be found in the dining room. The house is run on cosmopolitan principles, and the prospector with his pack on his back is just as welcome as the millionaire with his roll in the bank. Every guest receives the best care and protection.

The liquors are the best in the Slocan, and the hotel has long been noted for its fish and game dinners.

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HAD ANANIAS BEATEN.

There is a good story being told at present about a Berks county pastor who recently made a trip to this city, and who included the Philadelphia hospital in the list of interesting places visited while here, says the Philadelphia Telegraph. When he reached the insane department of the institute he began a conversation with one of the patients, a rather gentlemanly appearing man of middle age, and, as it is the custom to coincide with whatever assertions unfortunates of this class may make, the good clergyman, of course did not ruffle him in any particular during the interval their talk lasted.

"Don't you think it dreadful," said the patient, that Senator Quay should have been so murderously sand-bagged by that insane division worker, just as he was about to vote on election day?"

"Yes," replied the clergyman, "it was indeed regretable."

"And ex-President Cleveland, have they found the crazy anarchist who stabbed him at the Chamber of Commerce banquet the other night?"

"I believe they have," responded the now somewhat startled minister.

"And Steel King Schwaub, has he recovered from the injuries he sustained by being thrown from the top of Mount Blanc by that demented guide?"

"At last accounts I believe he was progressing favorably toward recovery," answered the divine meekly.

The lunatic stopped at this poiut, and looking the molder of religious belief squarely in the eye, asked: "You're a minister, aren't you, and know the Bible through and through?"

"Yes," answered the visitor.

"Well," said the "detained" one, grinning sardonically as he threw over his head the fragments of a newspaper he had been engaged in tearing, "all I've got to say is that you've got Ananias beaten a hundred miles. You're about the ——liar in this country."

The beer made by the New York brewery in Sandon is to be found in every camp in the district.

THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

Upstairs: "Fifteen two and a pair makes four," said Subbubs, who was playing cribbage with Popley; "what have you in your crib?" "Ah," replied Popley, absent-mindedly, "just the sweetest 'ittle ootsums tootsums girl in the world." —Philadelphia Press.

"The only trouble with your magazine,' remarked the purchaser, "is that you don't publish enough fiction." "Great Scott, man!" replied the overworked editor, "you evidently don't read our advertising pa—er; yes, I've thought so, too, at times!"—Cincinnati Times-Star.

Faithful to the law: "Why did you let him get away from you?" thundered the chief. "He—er—took a mean advantage of me," replied the green detective; "he ran across the grass in the park, and ——" "Well?" "Well, there was a sign there, 'Keep off the grass.' "—Philadelphia Press.

A honeymoon experience: The groom—"Would you mind if I went into the smoking car, dear?" The bride—"What! to smoke?" The groom—"Oh, dear, no. I want to experience the agony of being away from you, so that the joy of my return will be all the more intensified."—Brooklyn Life.

"Of course, there is considerable difference between the hotels conducted on the European plan and those on the American plan." "Oh, yes! On the European plan you merely pay for what you want, and ——" "And on the American plan you pay for what you don't get." —Philadelphia Ledger.

Deeds, not words; Father (sternly)—"Didn't I tell you if any of the other boys said anything to make you angry you should count twenty before you said anything?" Tommy—"Yes, sir; but I didn't need to say anything. Before I'd counted twelve the other boy yelled 'Enough!' "—Philadelphia Press.

Why he came back: Van Quiz—"I heard you had concluded to live in England altogether, Mr. Chumppe?" Champson Chumppe—"Aw, that was—aw—me intention, don't ye-know? But awftah me visit in Lonnon, I find that we've evah so much maw English in Amewica?"—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

A case of freezing: Levy's brother died in Chicago the other day. The undertaker telegraphed to Levy: "What shall I do with the body? I can embalm it for $50 or freeze it for $30." And Levy telegraphed back: "Freeze it from the knees up for $20; he had his feet frozen last winter.—Lyre.

Boston hospitality: Johnny—"Pa, what is tact?" Wise pa—"Tact, Johnny, is knowing how to do things without appearing to be doing them. For instance, I asked Mr. Aridman to dinner this evening, and incidentally I remarked that your mother would entertain us on the piano. Mr. Aridman said he was so sorry he couldn't come."—Boston Transcript.

"That boy of yours has disgraced his self in school," remarked Farmer Thorpington, as he tossed the latest letter aside. "Laws sakes! What's he done now?" inquired his better half. "It aint what he's done; it's what he aint done. This letter says he s been in five football games an' come out without a scratch!"—Baltimore News.

The provision made by Senator R. J. Gamble, of South Dakota, in his bill for experiment stations in the mining states, is for an expenditure of $5,000 on each, and to appoint a competent geologist and a competent chemist, the first at a salary of $3,000 and the second at a salary of $2,000 per annum respectively, whose duties shall be to examine and report on minerals and ores presented for analysis at a reasonable charge. This bill is said to be identical with the one presented by Col. James A. George to the American Mining Congress and indorsed by that body.

The statement was made recently that the Diamond mine, Leadville was proving to be the greatest ever opened up in that district. The company spent $260,000 before getting a pound of ore. When the vein came it was at a depth of 1,020 feet. This body has been proven to be 650 feet wide, and is said to have been drifted on 1,250 feet without any of the confines being determined. It is being [illegible] diamond drills have proven it to be immensely deeper. The average values at first were $8, but since the average handled has run high as $17.

Three thousand gallons of water per minute is pouring out of the Cripple Creek drainage canal, the last work having opened a much greater flow. About 1,200 gallons of this total is found almost at the face of the tunnel, where it is supposed that the heavy water channel has been penetrated. This work completes the contract of the El Paso company, but the tunnel company will continue to drive for further water courses. It is expected that within the week the Elkton will be dry to the 800 level, which has not been seen for a long time.

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W. R. Megaw, Sandon and Vernon.

Love in Nelson.

This picture represents a nightly scene in Nelson and shows that the old story is ever new. The young man is happy because his best girl fans the delicately perfumed atmosphere, while he sits serenely, well knowing that his immaculate shirt bosom was done up at the

Kootenay Steam Laundry

and will not break even if the situation becomes critical.

"PARSIFAL" IN NEW YORK.

Last week, Judge Lacombe, in the United States circuit court, in New York, declined to grant the injunction asked for by Cosima Wagner and Seigfried Wagner, heirs of the late Richard Wagner, restraining Manager Heinrich Conried from producing the dramatic festival play, "Parsifal," at the Metropolitan Opera House on the evening of December 24th. Beyreuth will, therefore, be no longer able to monopolize "Parsifal," for impressarios in other countries will doubtless follow Conried's lead and produce Wagner's masterpiece. "Parsifal," by the way, has been given eight times outside of Beyreuth, namely, in Munich for the delectation of King Ludwig the Second, its sole spectator. The dates of these private performances were May 3d, 5th, 7th, and November 5th, 7th, 1884, April 26th, 27th, 28th, 1885. The list of artists who took part included M M. Reichman, Gura, Kindermann, Siehr, Gudehus, Vogl, Fuchs, Mmes Malten and Vogel. Intendent Possart claims that Munich has a legal right to give public performances of this opera now.

It is related that during one of his busy reception hours, when President Lincoln was talking first to one and then to another of the many who filled the room in the White House, a gentleman asked if any news had been received of John Morgan, whose Confederate cavalry had been raiding Ohio and Kentucky. "We'll catch John some of these days," replied Lincoln; "I admire him, for he is a bold operator. He always goes after the mail trains, in order to get information from Washington. On his last raid he opened some mail bags and took possession of the official correspondence One letter was from the war department to a lieutenant in Grant's army; it contained a captain's commission for him Right under the signature of A. Lincoln the audacious Morgan wrote, 'Approved, John Morgan,' and sent the commission on its way. So there is one officer in our army whose commission bears my signature, with the approval of that dare-devil rebel raider."

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A BOUQUET FROM THE MINERAL KINGDOM For $1 will send by mail ten sample specimens of Silver-Lead-Zinc ores of the Slocan, from mines in the vicinity of New Denver. Five for 50 cents one large piece (a unique paper weight) for 25 cents.
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It has lately been renovated throughout, and is first-class in everything.

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Ore shipped to Nelson will be carefully looked after.
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CANADIAN PACIFIC RY.
Change in Train Service on Nakusp and Slocan Section

Commencing November 15th, the following schedule will be in effect: Trains will leave and arrive at Nelson as heretofore, the change in time being between Sandon and Nakusp. Following is the new schedule:

Read Down Mon Wed Fri	Read Down Tues Thur Sat			Read Up Tues Thur Sat	Read Up Mon Wed Fri
8.15	8.15	Lv Sandon	Ar.	16.35	17.35
8.50	8.50	Three Forks		15.50	16.30
8.55	8.55	Alamo		15.45	16.25
9.15	9.30	Denver Can'n		15.30	16.05
9.30	9.30	Ar Rosebery	Lv	15.00	15.30
9.15	9.15	Lv Nelson	Ar.	15.10	15.05
14.40	14.40	Ar Rosebery	Lv	10.00	10.00
	10.00	Lv Hills	Ar	14.20	
	10.57	Summit		13.30	
	11.00	Ar Nakusp	Lv	13.05	

NOTICE.

Thirty days after date I intend to apply to the Chief Commissioner of Lands and works at Victoria, for a Special License to cut and carry away timber from the following described tracts of land, situate on Wilson Creek, in West Kootenay District.

FIRST LOCATION.

First commencing at a post planted on the North side of the third east fork of Wilson Creek, about four Miles from the main Creek, thence North 40 chains, thence East 160 chains, thence South 40 choins, thence West 160 chains, to point of commencement.
Located November 12th, 1903.
Mrs. S. Prestley.

SECOND LOCATION.

Situated on Wilson Creek in West Kootenay District. Commencing at a post planted on the East side of second West fork of Wilson Creek, about 7 miles from the main Crhek, marked Mrs. S. Prestley's S. E. C., thence west 40 chains, thence north 160 chains, thence east 40 chains, thence south 160 chains to point of commencement.
Located November 10th, 1903.
Mrs. S. Prestley.

NOTICE.

TO DELINQUENT CO-OWNER.

To H. EUMMELEN, or to whomsoever he may have transferred his interest in the Soho mineral claim, situated in the McGuigan Basin, Slocan Mining Division, West Kootenay Mining Division.

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 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 interest in the said claim will become the property of the undersigned under Section 4 of the "Mineral Act Amendment Act 1900."
Kaslo, B. C., October 15, 1903.
J. C. RYAN.

NOTICE.

TO DELINQUENT CO-OWNERS.

To THOMAS M. RAE, or to whomsoever he may have transfered his interest in the Royal Five, Lake View, and Jennie mineral claims, situated on Goat Mountain, Slocan Mining Division, West Kootenay District

YOU are hereby notified that we have expended $555.00 in labor, improvements and survey, upon the above named mineral claims, under the provision 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 and payable, together with all costs of advertising, your interest in the said claims will become the property of the undersigned under section 4 of the Mineral Act Amendment Act, 1900.
EDW'D HUNT,
DUNCAN D. MACDONALD,
DAN J. MATHESON.
Vancouver, B. C., Sept. 10th, 1903.

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One of the Prettiest Places in Kootenay

The New Denver Market Garden, Sixth Street. Seventy fruit trees, nearly all bearing; all kinds small fruits, strawberries, raspberries, goose berries, red currents, etc. Flower garden with choice varieties of roses and other plants for cutting—good market. All under thorough cultivation, and perfectly irrigated, with comfortable dwelling house, woodshed, storeroom and out buildings. For further particulars apply to WM. ANDERSON, New Denver, B C.

CERTIFICATE OF IMPROVEMENTS

FLORENCE Mineral Claim.

Situate in the Slocan Mining Division of West Kootenay District. Where located: On Goat Mountain, north of "Turrit."

TAKE NOTICE that I, Herbert T. Twigg, as agent for Thomas W. Fitzgerald, free miner's certificate No. B 69269, Noah F. McNaught, free miner's certificate No. B. 64,387, and William R. Will, free miner's certificate No. B 64404, intend, sixty days from the date hereof, to apply to the Mining Recorder for a Certificate of Improvements, for the purpose of obtaining a Crown Grant of the above claim.
And further take notice that action, under Section 37, must be commenced before the issuance of such Certificate of Improvements.
Dated this 3d day of December, A. D. 1903
HERBERT T. TWIGG.

DUM DUM FRACTIONAL Mineral Claim

Situate in the Slocan Mining Division of West Kootenay District. Where located: On Payne Mountain, south of "Big Timber."

TAKE NOTICE that I, Herbert T. Twigg, free miners' certificate No. B 64392, intend, sixty days from the date hereof, to apply to the Mining Recorder for a Certificate of Improvements, for the purpose of obtaining a Crown Grant of the above claim.
And further take notice that action, under section 37, must be commenced before the issuance of such Certificate of Improvements
Dated this 19th day of November, A. D. 1903

CLARA MOOR Mineral Claim.

Situate in the Slocan Mining Division of West Kootenay District. Where located: On Gold Creek, about one-half mile from Slocan Lake

TAKE NOTICE, that I, A. R. Fingland, F.M.C. No. B 69293, intend, 60 days from the date hereof, to apply to the Mining Recorder for a certificate of improvements, for the purpose of obtaining a crown grant of the above claim.
And further take notice that action under Sec. 37 must be commenced before the issuance of such certificate of improvements.
Dated this 22nd day of October A.D. 1903.
A. R. FINGLAND.

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A.F. & A.M.
ALTA LODGE NO. 29
SANDON, B. C
Regular Communication held the first Thursday in each month in Masonic Hall at 8 p. m. Sojourning brethren are cordially invited to attend JAMES M BARTON, Secretary.

NEW DENVER MINERS' UNION NO. 97, W. F M.
Meets every SATURDAY evening at 7:30, in MINER'S UNION HALL.
HUGH WILLIAMS, President. W. C. LAWRENCE, Secretary.

Sandon Lodge No. 24, K. OF P.
Meets every Wednesday evening at 8 o'clock in the Pythian Castle Hall, Sandon. Sojourning brethren will receive a Pythian welcome. R. H. GORDON, C.C. ALFRED J. HALL, K. R. & S.

SURVEYOR.

JOHN McLATCHIE, Dominion and Provincial Land Surveyor. Nelson, B. C.

A. R HEYLAND, Engineer and Provincial Land Surveyor. KASLO

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