

# KOOTENAY

Presents an Unequalled Field for the Developer of Mineral Claims showing Gold, Silver, Copper, Lead, and Zinc, as Well as for the Investor in Producing Mines.

# The Tribune

# RAILROADS

Already Completed or Under Construction and Steamboat Lines in Operation Make the Mining Camps and Towns in Kootenay Accessible the Year Round.

SECOND YEAR--NO. 51.

NELSON, BRITISH COLUMBIA, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 10, 1894.

TWO DOLLARS A YEAR.

## THE MINES AND THEIR OUTPUT.

ORE SHIPMENTS FOR THE WEEK AGGREGATE OVER 400 TONS.

Five Carloads of Machinery Received and Passed Duty Free by the Collector of Customs—No Scarcity of Fuel if Smelters Will Use Charcoal—A 6-Stamp Mill Turning Out Four Hundred Dollars in Gold a Day—Etc., Etc.

The shipments of ore given below are furnished THE TRIBUNE by the Columbia & Kootenay Steam Navigation Company, and are accurate:

TRAIL CREEK DISTRICT.	Tons.
November 3.—Le Roi mine, to East Helena, Montana.	51
SLOCAN DISTRICT.	
November 3.—Slocan Star, to Omaha.	100
November 7.—Slocan Star, to Omaha.	130
November 8.—Slocan Star, to Omaha.	53
NELSON DISTRICT.	
November 5.—Silver King, to Denver.	108
Total.	443
Approximate Value.	
Trail Creek district ore (gold).	\$2,700
Slocan district ore (silver and lead).	28,300
Nelson district ore (silver and copper).	10,800
Total.	\$41,800

### Slocan District News.

The following is condensed from the Slocan Times of the 3rd: George W. Hughes now controls 34-60ths of the Fisher Maiden mine on Four-mile. An interest in the Washington mine is likely to be acquired by parties connected with the Kansas City smelter, and if so work will be resumed at the mine about the 15th. An extraordinary showing is to be seen in one of the stopes in the Slocan Star. The clean high-grade ore, without a trace of waste, measures eight feet across. Another shipment of 60 tons will be made from the Mountain Chief shortly. Some fine specimens of high-grade galena were brought down from Ten-mile, where Jack McKinnon and Bob Kirkwood have several claims. The Alpha mine is sending down 8 tons of ore daily to Silverton. Winter quarters at the mine are almost completed; the houses have been built on the snow-shed principle, so that sliding snow will pass over them. J. J. Moynahan has returned to New Denver from taking a look at J. A. Finch's properties on Spring and Bear creeks, Kaslo district, and reports them looking first rate. One shipment has been commenced from the Fisher Maiden, and 60 tons will go out by rail next week. Winter quarters have been built on the Silver Bell and Hustler, in Twin Lakes basin, and drifting has been commenced on the ore body.

### A Little Placer Excitement Near Kaslo.

The placer excitement has again broken out on Kaslo creek and quite a number of claims have been staked out between Kaslo and Kemp's springs. Within one-fourth of a mile of Kemp's, Mr. Pratt of the Three Forks Prospector, A. M. Otto of Kaslo, and a Mr. Russell of Three Forks have each a claim. Mr. Otto, who is an experienced California placer miner, remarked the day of his location that he would not take \$500 cash for his claim. The fact of the Chinamen, who have been working for several months just above the city limits on Kaslo creek, selling coarse gold at J. B. Wilson's store at Kaslo precipitated the present excitement. Parties are now prospecting between Kemp's and the north and south forks of Kaslo creek.

### Hopes to Return to British Columbia.

Tom Lowthian, who spent part of the season of 1892 in Nelson and Slocan districts, is in New Mexico, and writes a friend in New Denver as follows: "I have my hands full in this (Cochiti) district. I discovered it practically myself a year ago and have had nothing but lawsuits ever since. I have spent thousands of dollars in law, and so far, have gained every case, but am not through yet. Hence I am tied up here. I hope to return to British Columbia at some later date and become a resident of the province, if I can ever get away from New Mexico."

### Will Put in Machine Drills.

A machine drill will be put in the War Eagle mine, Trail Creek district, and the power to run it will be furnished by the Le Roi company. It is claimed that manager Peyton has decided to ship the Le Roi ore to Trail, and not to Northport as was reported. The Northport road is a first-class one and a tri-weekly stage runs over it in connection with trains on the Spokane & Northern railway.

### Is Again a Producing Mine.

The Northern Belle mine, in Jackson basin, Slocan district, is again a producer since it has got into the hands of men who know how to mine. Last month "Bob" Jackson and one miner took out and sacked 55 tons of high-grade ore, and have ore in sight. Mr. Jackson will work the mine all winter and will probably ship to the Pilot Bay smelter. He can lay the ore down at Kaslo for \$11 a ton.

### Officers Elected.

The shareholders of the Nelson Hydraulic Mining Company, Limited, met in annual meeting at Nelson on Monday and elected J. F. Ritchie president, R. J. Bealey vice-president, and G. W. Richardson secretary and treasurer. These three along with John Elliot and F. M. McLeod are the board of directors. An

## AN OBJECT LESSON FOR THE PEOPLE OF CANADA.

In 1892 the Democratic (or Free Trade) Party led the people of the United States to believe that the country would be more prosperous if FREE TRADE was substituted for PROTECTION, and they elected to Congress 220 Democrats, 122 Republicans, and 14 Populists, who repealed the Sherman Silver Bill and passed the Wilson Low Tariff Bill.

FROM—	DEMOCRATS	REPUBLICANS	POPULISTS
ALABAMA,	7		1
ARKANSAS,	6		
CALIFORNIA,	6	1	
COLORADO,			2
CONNECTICUT,	3	1	
DELAWARE,	1		
FLORIDA,	2		
GEORGIA,	11		
IDAHO,		1	
ILLINOIS,	13	9	
INDIANA,	11	2	
IOWA,	1	10	
KANSAS,	1	2	5
KENTUCKY,	10	1	
LOUISIANA,	6		
MAINE,		4	
MARYLAND,	6		
MASSACHUSETTS,	3	19	
MICHIGAN,	5	7	
MINNESOTA,	2	5	1
MISSISSIPPI,	7		
MISSOURI,	13	2	
MONTANA,		1	
NEBRASKA,	1	3	2
NEVADA,			1
NEW HAMPSHIRE,	2		
NEW JERSEY,	6	2	
NEW YORK,	21	13	
NORTH CAROLINA,	9		
NORTH DAKOTA,		1	
OHIO,	11	10	
OREGON,		2	
PENNSYLVANIA,	11	19	
RHODE ISLAND,		2	
SOUTH CAROLINA,	6	1	
SOUTH DAKOTA,		2	
TENNESSEE,	8	2	
TEXAS,	11	2	
VERMONT,		2	
VIRGINIA,	10		
WASHINGTON,		2	
WEST VIRGINIA,	4		
WISCONSIN,	6	4	
WYOMING,		1	
	220	122	14

other run will be made this fall as soon as the new sluice-boxes are in place, and it is expected that the clean-up will be more than satisfactory.

### Will Probably Ship Five Hundred Tons.

The Noble Five group of mines, in Slocan district, will probably ship 500 tons of ore by January 1st. There are now 250 tons of carbonates and 100 tons of galena, practically ready for shipment, and 150 tons more can readily be stoped and sacked. The ore will probably go to the Omaha smelter.

### Admitted Duty Free.

The machinery for the concentrator between New Denver and Three Forks has been delivered at the concentrator site. It was admitted duty free. The machinery for the sampling works at Pilot Bay was also admitted free. The machinery in both cases was manufactured in Chicago.

### Turning Out \$400 in Gold a Day.

The 5-stamp mill on the O K mine, in Trail Creek district, crushes between 7 and 8 tons of ore every 24 hours. About \$50 a ton is saved on the plates, and the concentrates are worth about \$500 a ton.

### Flume Completed.

The flume to convey water from the little lake on the Lakeside mineral claim to the power-house at the Silver King mine, on Toad mountain, has been completed. It is nearly two miles long.

### Metal Quotations.

On Friday bar silver was quoted at 63 cents an ounce in New York and pig lead at \$3 a hundred (smelter rate) and \$3.12 a hundred (metal exchange rate).

### Two Feet of Ore on the Mamie.

Two feet of good galena ore has been struck on the Mamie claim, at Ainsworth. The Mamie is owned by Dan Clark and Jimmie Van Hook.

### Killed by a Gravel Slide.

Golden Era, 3rd: "We regret to have to record another very serious accident by which an old miner, named John Ridgway, met his death. He was working on his claim on the Moyea river drifting, when a 'run' took place in the gravel

overhead and he was caught and instantly buried under tons of gravel. Every effort was made to rescue him but without avail. His body was found eight days afterwards, much bruised, death having been instantaneous. Mr. Ridgway came from Montana to Kootenay in 1887, during the Perry Creek excitement, and remained in the country ever since. He was a native of Ohio, where his father still lives. He was a pensioner, having fought in the rebellion and was wounded at the battle of Fredericksburg. He had a good claim and one that would have given him a good 'stake' had he lived. He was much respected and his death is universally regretted around Fort Steele.

### Quietly Sounding the Public.

John Andrew Mara has been through Kootenay, quietly sounding the public to find the depth of the antagonism to himself as a political quantity. John Andrew poses as a Protectionist and hopes to secure a return to parliament by the men who believe that the protection system is the best one for Canada. As THE TRIBUNE is the only straight-out Protection newspaper in the province, Mr. Mara will, no doubt, define his views through its columns, and not through the columns of Free Trade newspapers, like the Kamloops Sentinel and the Nelson Miner. The next Dominion election must be fought squarely on the Protection issue, in this district, and now is a good time to find out where Mr. Mara stands.

### The Northwest Territories Election.

The election for members of the assembly of the Northwest Territories resulted as follows: Magraw from Lethbridge, Oliver from Edmonton, Haultain from Fort McLeod, Mitchell from Duck Lake, Tins from Victoria, Knowling from Souris (all by acclamation), Neff from Moosemin by 52 majority, Mowat from South Regina by about 50 majority, Brown from North Regina by about 40 majority, Bulyea from Q'Appelle by a small majority, Sutherland from North Q'Appelle, Brett from Banff by nearly 100 majority, Ross from Moose Jaw by 61 majority, Simpson from Red Deer by 3 majority, Eaton from Saltcoats by about 25 majority, Gillies from Whitewater by 87 majority, Fearon from Medicine Hat by 57 majority, Page from Carrington, Betts from East Prince Albert by 35 majority, Reid from West Prince

Albert by 76 majority. Clinkskill from Battleford by 36 majority, Dill from Wolsley by a large majority, Maloney from St. Albert, Insinger from Yorktown, Lucas from West Calgary by 1 majority, Bannerman from East Calgary by 19 majority, Lineham from High River by 229 majority. In West Calgary the vote stood, Lucas 230, Critchley 220, Sifton 205, and there will be a recount and probably a contest. In East Calgary the vote was, Bannerman 208, Clarke 187, Lindsay 113, Nolan 57, Reilly 47. "Jim" Riley will now probably quit running for office.

FROM—	REPUBLICANS	DEMOCRATS	POPULISTS
ALABAMA,		8	1
ARKANSAS,		6	
CALIFORNIA,	6	1	
COLORADO,	1		1
CONNECTICUT,	4		
DELAWARE,	1		
FLORIDA,		2	
GEORGIA,	10		1
IDAHO,	1		
ILLINOIS,	20	2	
INDIANA,	13		
IOWA,	11		
KANSAS,	7	1	
KENTUCKY,	6	5	
LOUISIANA,		6	
MAINE,	4		
MARYLAND,	3	3	
MASSACHUSETTS,	12	1	
MICHIGAN,	11		1
MINNESOTA,	7		
MISSISSIPPI,		7	
MISSOURI,	8	7	
MONTANA,	1		
NEBRASKA,	5		1
NEVADA,			1
NEW HAMPSHIRE,	2		
NEW JERSEY,	8		
NEW YORK,	30	4	
NORTH CAROLINA,	2	3	4
NORTH DAKOTA,	1		
OHIO,	19	2	
OREGON,	2		
PENNSYLVANIA,	28	2	
RHODE ISLAND,	2		
SOUTH CAROLINA,		7	
SOUTH DAKOTA,	2		
TENNESSEE,	4	6	
TEXAS,	1	10	2
VERMONT,	2		
VIRGINIA,	2	8	
WASHINGTON,	2		
WEST VIRGINIA,	4		
WISCONSIN,	10		
WYOMING,	1		
	248	100	13

Albert by 76 majority. Clinkskill from Battleford by 36 majority, Dill from Wolsley by a large majority, Maloney from St. Albert, Insinger from Yorktown, Lucas from West Calgary by 1 majority, Bannerman from East Calgary by 19 majority, Lineham from High River by 229 majority. In West Calgary the vote stood, Lucas 230, Critchley 220, Sifton 205, and there will be a recount and probably a contest. In East Calgary the vote was, Bannerman 208, Clarke 187, Lindsay 113, Nolan 57, Reilly 47. "Jim" Riley will now probably quit running for office.

### Not Yet Accepted by the Canadian Pacific.

The Nakusp & Slocan railway has not yet been accepted by the Canadian Pacific, and until it is two train crews will be employed to handle the traffic. One crew, with James Trodden as conductor and William Barfather as engineer and engine 565 as motive power, will run between Nakusp and Wilson creek; the other crew, with Samuel Woods as conductor and James Foster as engineer and engine 60 as motive power, will run between Wilson creek and Three Forks. These men are all practical railroaders and can take a train around a 20-degree curve and up an 8-per-cent grade as easily as some men can a train along a tangent on a prairie.

### The Result in Stevens County.

The result of the election in Stevens county, Washington, fills nearly all the offices with Populists. That party elects Field for joint senator, Phelps representative, McLean auditor, Ledgerwood clerk, Lavigne treasurer, Mantz attorney, Smith school superintendent, Pankey assessor, Thomas surveyor, and Gifford coroner. C. R. McMillan (Democrat) is elected over Graham (Populist) for sheriff by 31. Wolford (Populist) is elected county commissioner in the second district and McEvers (Republican) and Fountain (Democrat) are a tie in the third district. The total vote polled was over 1700.

### The Preliminaries Are Arranged.

The Cariboo & Ashcroft railway is to be built. The preliminaries were all arranged during premier Davie's recent visit to Ottawa. The road will be 300 miles long; be narrow gauge; be subsidized with the usual \$3200 a mile by the

Dominion government; have the interest on its bonds guaranteed by the province, and its land grant raised from 10,000 to 20,000 acres to the mile. If thus aided the Canadian Pacific people (not the Canadian Pacific Railway Company) will undertake to build the road. When completed it will be leased to the Canadian Pacific on the usual 40-and-60-per-cent basis. The road will have cost the Canadian Pacific nothing and it will be a feeder to the main line. It will be another Nakusp & Slocan deal, a deal by which the Canadian Pacific gets a branch road built without any expense to itself and by which the promoters hope to make big money in doing the construction work. It is a new wrinkle and the Canadian Pacific is working it for all it is worth. The British Pacific scheme will be side-tracked, as its promoters are not strong enough to fight both premier Davie and the Canadian Pacific crowd.

### Fifty Years' Fuel in Sight.

The smelter at Pilot Bay, once it is in operation, will pay out not less than \$5000 a month for fuel, nearly every dollar of which will go out of the country. Within three miles of the shores of Kootenay lake and its outlet there is timber enough, if made into charcoal, to furnish fuel for the Pilot Bay smelter for fifty years. Charcoal may not be as good fuel as coke, but it was used for smelting purposes when coke could not be procured, and it is still used in some localities. Five thousand dollars a month spent for charcoal would mean the employment of from seventy-five to one hundred men on Kootenay lake. The timber is at hand, so are the men. All that is wanted to utilize the one and employ the other is the word to be given by the smelter management.

### Helena Won.

The greatest interest in the recent election in Montana was manifested over the contest for the permanent location of the capital of the state. Helena and Anaconda were the contestants, and Helena won by about 1000 majority. The legislature will be Republican by about 28 on joint ballot.

### Was Defeated.

Even the gifted John M. Burke failed to be elected representative in Kootenay county, Idaho. He is a Democrat and was defeated by a Republican named Crane.

## WHITE GROUSE MOUNTAIN DISTRICT

ONE OF ITS MINERAL-BEARING VEINS TRACED FOR THREE MILES.

The Ore Carries Gold, Silver, and Copper in Paying Quantities, and the Output of the District is Likely to Become a Factor in Another Year.

Although not much noise has been made about it in the past year or more, it is not at all impossible but that another copper-silver district will be opened up tributary to Kootenay lake within the next twelve months. During the past season George Nowell, the Black brothers, and a few others have been quietly at work cutting out and grading a trail from Davie town-site, ten miles south of Pilot Bay, on the east shore of Kootenay lake, to the White Grouse mountain claims. Several men have been at work lately and the trail is now in excellent condition for pack horses to the first summit, seven miles from the lake. From there to the summit of White Grouse mountain, a farther distance of 7 or 8 miles; the trail is cut out and the claim owners of the district feel as though the government should assist in completing the same to the mines and extending a branch to connect with the proposed trail from Fort Steele to Kootenay lake, as by way of this route cattle and other products of that section would be landed on the main lake, whereas should they build by way of Crawford creek, steamers would have to deviate five miles from their course to reach the terminus of the trail at the head of Crawford's bay.

Although the ores of White Grouse mountain are gold, silver, and copper bearing, they differ much from those of Toad mountain, which are designated as "bornite," i. e. the sulphide of copper and iron carrying the nobler metals.

The first discoveries on White Grouse were made in July, 1893, a stampede followed when the result of a few specimen assays were made known. A quantity of ground was located that fall, but as the section was so difficult to reach on account of no trails being cut, interest waned to a great extent and these few men who had faith in the prospects located staid with the proposition, and next season expect to begin reaping the reward of their faith and perseverance.

What used to appear to the prospector a distance of 25 to 30 miles, has by the cutting out and grading of a trail become in reality only about 14 miles from Kootenay lake to the summit of White Grouse where the claims are located. Lockhart creek is followed from the lake to the first summit, a distance of 7 miles. The grade is quite easy and very regular and a wagon road could be cheaply constructed to the top of the mountain, whose estimated height is 7000 feet above the sea. This mountain lies between the headwaters of Goat river, which runs to the southeast side, and a tributary of the St. Mary's, on the north and west sides. The country is well watered by numerous small streams with beautiful falls and quite a number of small lakes, so situated they would be natural reservoirs for any reduction works or other purposes. Timber, such as tamarack, balsam, and spruce, abounds in endless quantity.

Three systems of fissures, from four to fourteen feet in width, practically vertical, cross the mountain running due north and south. Granite, porphyry, slate-lime, and quartzite formations are encountered, but no geologist has yet given the section a thorough examination, so a scientific description of the formation cannot be given at this time. The vein filling is a soft, non-siliceous quartz, heavily impregnated with gray copper, some copper pyrites, carbonates of copper, such as malachite and azurite, carrying gold and silver.

The owners are rather modest in their estimate of the value of their ore and do not claim to be able to glut the market or stop the wheels of progress in metal production when they begin shipping, which will begin about the 1st of July next. Although some extremely high assays have been had, the average value of the output will be 90 ounces in silver, 20 per cent copper, and about \$7 per ton in gold. It is said that the Kootenay Mining & Smelting Company at Pilot Bay, who are now taking all dry ores offered, are anxious to secure the output of these mines, to be used as a dry ore to mix with the ores of other sections.

One of the veins, the one known as the Copper King system, has been located in continuous claims a distance of 15,000 feet, or nearly three miles, while on the other parallel lodes locations have been made for upwards of a mile. The boys interested in the camp have the necessary grit, and are endowed with sufficient muscle to carry out their ideas and make the section where they have cast their lot noted and remunerative.

### Mortally Wounded While Hunting.

A man, named John Keppler, was mortally wounded while hunting along with Gus Adams at the lower end of Kootenay lake on Thursday afternoon. The shot entered one leg above the knee and ranged up into the body. Adams rowed the wounded man to the reclamation works, reaching there at 4 o'clock Friday morning. He was taken aboard the steamer Nelson on Friday afternoon, and the wound was dressed by Eli Smith, the steward of the boat. At Bonner's Ferry the doctor who examined the wound said it was mortal and that death would surely result.



## PUBLISHERS' NOTICE.

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## The Tribune.

SATURDAY MORNING, NOVEMBER 10, 1894.

## ELECTED TO REPRESENT THE PEOPLE.

J. Fred Hume, whom the people of the south riding of West Kootenay district elected to represent them in the legislative assembly, left Nelson for Victoria on Thursday. No member of the assembly represents a more important constituency and no member made so few promises or pledges to secure election. A business man of nine years' residence in the district, he knows the requirements of the district. As a business man who knows what it is to be hard up, he will in all matters that concern the finances of the province act as if the province was an individual, and by doing so he will not go far astray. The province is hard up, and the receipts for 1894-5 will be far below the expenditures for the same period. There will be a deficit. In the face of that fact, should the province continue making large appropriations for public works? How can its credit be pledged in aid of railway schemes? In order to maintain its credit, the province must do as an individual would do under like circumstances. It must cut down its expenses, so that its expenditures will not be in excess of its receipts. In order to do this, West Kootenay should not insist on large appropriations for roads and trails. The district must stand its share of the cutting down, and stand it gracefully. Mr. Hume was not elected by men whose permanent property interests are elsewhere than in Kootenay, men who care little for the future of the district as long as they thrive while they are here. On the contrary, he was elected by men, like himself, who are in Kootenay to stay and who are opposed to mortgaging the future in order to obtain temporary benefits. He was elected to represent the people in Kootenay, not the people out of Kootenay.

## RETURNED TO POWER.

The result of the election held throughout the United States on Tuesday seems to be a clean sweep in the northern and western and Pacific states for the Republican party. That party elects its candidate governor of New York state and its candidate mayor of the city of New York, both offices having for years been filled by Democrats. It appears from the returns that the Republicans will be in the majority in both houses of congress after the 5th of March next. In the south the Democratic candidates for state officials and congressmen were successful with few exceptions. The Populists do not appear to have been successful anywhere, although from the states in which they are strong their returns are meagre. If the result means anything, it means that the people of the United States have awakened to the fact that they made a mistake, in 1892, in placing the government in the hands of the Democratic party, a party that declares that a protective tariff is a fraud, a robbery, and unconstitutional. It means that the people of the United States intend keeping their home markets for themselves. The result should be an object lesson to the people of Canada, for Canadians can no more afford to turn over their home markets to the foreigner than could the people of the United States. And the people of the United States have found out by experience that they cannot afford to do it.

## ARE QUEER REASONERS.

The free traders are queer reasoners. In Canada, it is the manufacturer that is robbing the farmer. In England, it is the farmer that is robbing the manufacturer. In Canada they would destroy the manufacturing industries, in order that the farmer be allowed to purchase goods in the cheapest markets. In England, they would destroy the farming industry, in order that the manufacturers and their employees be allowed to buy their provisions in the cheapest markets. They claim that the Canadian farmer should sell his surplus produce in the markets of England in competition with the farmers of every country on earth who have a surplus to sell; with the farmers of the Argentine Republic, who can grow wheat profitably at 30 cents a bushel; with the stockmen of Australia and New Zealand, who can raise sheep and cattle profitably at 2 cents a pound. They claim

that the manufacturers of England should compete with the manufacturers of Japan, who hire labor for 15 cents a day, or with the manufacturers of Belgium and Germany, who pay 75 cents a day for labor. They would drive men in England, who follow farming pursuits into other pursuits already overcrowded, which would only tend to lower wages. They would drive the men who are employed in the manufacturing of Canada on to farms, which would only tend to cause overproduction of wheat and beef, and lower prices already too low. The farmers that are most prosperous are the ones that raise what they consume—the ones that follow "diversified farming." So with countries. The ones that are most prosperous are the ones that are least dependent on other countries for either provisions or manufactured goods.

Will the opposition members from Yale and New Westminster districts do at this session as did the opposition members from Victoria at the session when the Parliament Building Bill was passed? Will they fall down when the Ashcroft & Cariboo Railway Subsidy Bill is up for passage? Yea, to a man.

THE Spokane Review deprecates the fact that the loan companies no longer look on Kansas and Nebraska as good fields in which to make loans on farms. Kansas and Nebraska would both have been better off today had the eastern loan companies never loaned a dollar to their farmers. The pioneers of the eastern states and provinces were either unable or unwilling to borrow money, yet they succeeded in turning timbered wildernesses into as fine farms as are in the world. Not so with the western pioneers. They borrowed money with which to turn the prairies into wheat fields, and they are now handing over the result of years of labor to the companies who plastered their farms with mortgages.

THE Revelstoke Mail asks Mr. Kellie, the member for the north riding of West Kootenay district, to declare his intentions regarding the British Pacific railway scheme. The Mail is on the wrong tack. It should ask Mr. Kellie to declare his intentions regarding the Cariboo & Ashcroft railway scheme.

To Build a Wonderful Telescope. James G. Fair of San Francisco, who made his money mining on the Comstock lode at Virginia City, Nevada, is interested in a telescope-building project which may result in the construction of the greatest star-magnifier the world has ever seen. The instrument will not only bring distant planets nearer than the great equatorial at Lick observatory, but it will permit as many as fifty persons to use it at the same time. The instrument has been perfected by professor McGeorge, formerly director of the astronomical station at Melbourne, but now of the Paris observatory. There he has worked on his new telescope, which will have no tube. It will be a reflector with a mirror twenty feet in diameter. The cost will not be more than \$100,000, yet it will have ten times the light-giving power of the Lick observatory glass. Mr. McGeorge, when he had perfected his plans, began hunting for a millionaire patron. He wrote to an old friend in this city, Dr. McLean, and gave him an outline of his plans. McLean saw ex-senator Fair, and the California capitalist was so much struck with the idea that he offered to advance money to build the telescope and mount it in the Lick observatory. The plan is to perfect the glass here, and then take it to the Paris exposition, where it would soon pay for itself.

## Medicinal, but not Pure.

Disputes often bring into prominence unexpected things. On the other side of the earth a milk dealer had a quarrel with his help, and the latter then went on a strike. The cause responsible for the quarrel or strike did not appear in the suit which the dealer brought against his former employees for damages, which they met with a cross action for wages. In such complications the evidence is usually interesting, and the instance proved no exception to the rule. The most interesting stage of the case was when the employees testified that the daily sales were 350 gallons of milk, while the receipts were never more than 200 gallons for the same time. The additional 150 gallons were the result of a combination of water, salt-peter, and amonito. One witness, who was a customer of the dealer's testified that this manufactured compound acted more favorably on his child than did milk from other dairies. The judge who tried the case remarked that this effect might be due to the medicinal qualities of the article. The Australian jury returned a verdict for the employees and the court held the dealer for selling as milk a 75 per cent adulterated product that possessed medicinal qualities superior to the average patent medicine.

## Co-operative Mining a Success.

Wallace (Idaho) Miner, 3rd: "Further reports from the Morning mine are very encouraging. There are now eighty-five men at work at the mine in different capacities. There are more applications for work than can be accommodated at present, although the force is being gradually increased as conditions permit. The men have been carefully selected by foreman Plummer, consequently they have a good crew. All the men seem to be satisfied and an eyewitness informs us that they are doing lots of work. So far not a man has quit voluntarily, although a few have been discharged. The mill is running on two shifts on the accumulated ore. The first shipment of concentrates, two carloads, was made the early part of the week."

## A NIGHT IN A MAINE FOREST.

I will tell the story as my friend told it to me.

We were in the produce business, in the early part of the civil war. I was a young man then, and relished hard work, with a spice of adventure thrown in. Our firm wanted some horses sent to Bermuda. They would have to be shipped from one of the Canadian ports, since the Atlantic seaboard was under an embargo. It was determined that I should go to Bangor, where the best horses were then supposed to be found, purchase what I wanted, drive them across the state, and ship them from Halifax to Bermuda. I had no trouble in buying four good strong animals, also harnesses and a wagon. I engaged Tom Hunter, a livery-stable keeper, to go with me. He was a careful, reliable man, and good company, too.

It was bright and early one morning in June when we set out on a long drive, a drive that was destined to be without adventure. Neither of us knew the way. I bought a state survey map, and picked out the roads from that. They were in a wretched condition. Stumps, stones, and deep ruts that recent heavy rains rendered almost impassable. Two of my horses were under harness for the first time and they acted very badly. It took all our patience and skill to get them into any kind of shape. It was only after the beasts got tired out that they settled down to slow, steady pulling.

The first twenty miles were through open country, after which we had fifteen to twenty miles dense forest, in which, somewhere we were told, stood an inn. It was four in the afternoon when we drove up to a shanty at the edge of the forest. A typical backwoodsman sat on the fence, smoking a pipe.

"Can I put up here for the night?" I asked.

The man surveyed me, horses and all, a full minute without moving. Then he ejaculated with an upward drawl, "Nav."

"How far is it to the next house?" I asked.

"A matter of eight mile," was the answer.

"Can't I stop here? I'm pretty tired."

"You can stop, but I can't accommodate ye."

"Then that's the end of it," I said, driving on. I reflected that, now the horses had got settled down to work, we ought to make eight miles in two hours. Anyhow we could get there before dark.

When we entered the forest, the road became infinitely worse than it had been, and that is saying a good deal. It grew dark surprisingly fast, owing partly to the denseness of the forest, but more to ominous clouds gathering in the southwest, from which mutterings of thunder were heard. We walked the horses every step of the way. It became so dark that I could not see even the hind ones. It was only when the lightning flashed that we could move a few steps forward. At last the storm burst upon us. Getting out, Tom tied the leaders to trees, and he and I squatted under the wagon for shelter.

"Tom," said I, "this beats all." "It does indeed, sir," said Tom.

The horses stood fairly well during the half-hour or so that the storm shook that forest. I am not afraid of thunder and lightning, when I am properly situated, but I don't like at such a time to be among trees. However, the fury of the elements at last gave way to gentle rain, and by 10 o'clock, just as we drove up to the inn, a bright moon was sailing among the clouds.

"Hello!" I shouted. A man appeared at the door.

"We want to spend the night here, two men and four horses," I said.

"I don't see how I can accommodate you," he said.

"You must!" I cried. "Here, Tom, take the horses to the barn, and find them some fodder. You've got a barn, haven't you?" turning to mine host.

"Well, yes, just a cover for my sheep, and I kinder hate to turn them out, but there's wolves about. But I'll risk it, and your horses can go inside."

It was true. The rude shelter housed about a dozen sheep. These were put into the pen, to make space for our horses. The poor creatures were glad enough to get a dry place to stand upon, and some hay. They were fretted nearly to death. Then Tom and I went inside the house. It contained one room for sleeping, eating, and visiting, with a ladder in one corner leading to a loft. A bed was on one side, and a fire in an open fire-place upon another. Besides the host were an old woman and—would you believe it?—as pretty a girl as one often sees, clean and buxom, and a real fire, too. I coaxed her a little that way myself, but Tom was much more successful, and it kept me in constant amusement to see the eyes they made at each other. The old woman cooked common mush in a kettle over the fire. That, with a pitcher of good milk, made our supper, and let me tell you, one is a long way from starving on mush and milk.

Having eaten, we were given the only candle the house contained, with directions to hand it down when we were ready for bed. Then we were taken to the foot of the ladder and bidden to ascend and "bunk into one of them beds."

The loft, or attic, was simply the space under the pointed roof, the only place where I could stand erect being under the ridge-pole. Besides the beds, there were two chairs, one going with each bed. There were no windows, and had it not been for the storm which had just wet and cooled the roof, it would have been insufferably hot. I did not quite like the looks of things. By pulling away the ladder we could easily be made prisoners. Tom said he guessed it was all right, and proceeded to make himself ready for bed in short order. I had partly undressed when I felt a sharp prick on my leg. By the light of the candle, I saw an enormous ant, certainly two inches long, with its jaws fastened to me. I killed it, but the bite was painful and troublesome for days. After that, spiders and insects of all sorts

seemed to be running riot over the room, or hanging from the rafters.

I must have fallen asleep, when I heard the noise of new arrivals. I was therefore not much surprised to see two men come up the ladder bearing the same candle which we had handed down, now slightly shorter. They appropriated the other bed. Tom's loud breathing proclaimed that he was already asleep. With one eye and ear half-open I discovered that one of the new-comers was a colonel, or at least that his companion called him so. The other was a private in the army. They handed down the candle to the old man as I had done, and for half an hour quiet reigned.

It must have been midnight, when I was thoroughly awakened by terrible noises below—loud talking, swearing, and the scuffling of feet, as if a crowd of rough men had taken possession. I sat up in bed, and by the dim light coming through the hole in the floor saw the colonel partly dressed and with a revolver in hand, peering into the room below.

"What's up?" I said in a low tone.

"There's a lot of skeddaddlers, in my opinion, on their way to Canada to escape drafting into the army," answered the colonel. "Leave them to me," he added. "Come here and look."

I did look. It was a regular pandemonium. The boys, about a dozen of them, were making things lively. They were half-tipsy, and were quarrelling with each other, all trying to appropriate the one bed. The old man had pushed his wife and daughter into a corner and stood in front of them, keeping the miscreants off by a well-directed blow here and there. One fellow at length rushed to the ladder and mounted with rather unsteady steps toward us. I had an impulse to shake the ladder and throw him off, but the colonel pulled me back where we could not be seen in the darkness. We, however, could see the man who showed his head above our floor.

"Here you!" he called out. "There's fellows here as wants them beds, and mighty quick. You can just turn out, and give 'em to your betters, or—"

The threat was not finished, for the colonel sprang forward, caught the man by the collar, placed his revolver against his forehead, and shouted in tones that even woke Tom: "You insolent pup! You bound! (with plenty of oaths interjected) I'll teach you who is going to sleep in these beds, and it isn't you or any of your friends. One word more of your impertinence, and you are a dead man. You didn't know you had a war colonel to deal with. But you have, and one that's going to command the whole crew of you."

So saying, the colonel flung the man to the floor below where he fell in a heap. He then pulled up the ladder. The crowd had become very quiet. The colonel used his advantage.

"Now, you fellows, drop, wherever you are, right on the floor. Not one of you daves to touch that bed, which belongs to the ladies. Those of you that unke any trouble will hear from me, for I shall sit here and watch you all night with this six-barrelled revolver, each ball of which is good for two of you. Down now."

I never saw such a sudden and complete downing. They dropped, every one of them, and the floor was covered.

"Now let the ladies lie down on the bed, and you," addressing the old man, "put on some more fire-wood, so that I can see the room and everybody in it."

The colonel was obeyed in every respect. The women lay down upon the bed; the man replenished the fire and seated himself in an arm-chair, where he could doze and be comfortable.

"Did you kill him?" I asked the colonel, meaning the man whom he had thrown down the ladder.

"Watch a few minutes and see," was the reply. It was not long before I saw signs of life, careful movement, such as raising the hand to the head; but the man did not speak nor attempt to rise.

"Are you really going to sit here and keep guard all night?" I asked the colonel.

"Not if I know myself," he replied, laughing silently. "In a few minutes they will all be asleep. Why, they're half-drunk, you know, and they are drowsy as well as cowardly. One man with a weapon could manage twenty such."

After that, the shanty was quiet. Not a sound was heard except the stentorian breathing of the men.

"Do you think our horses are in danger of being stolen?" I asked the colonel once more, before settling myself for another nap.

"Well, these fellows would rather ride than walk, of course," was the answer. "I think you and I will do well to get an early start. But once asleep, most of the boys won't wake up before nine o'clock."

After that I had four hours of capital sleep. It seemed as if the colonel was worth a whole regiment of soldiers, and I felt as easy in my mind as if I had been at home.

It was daylight when the colonel awoke me, saying, "I'm going out for some fresh air. So many in such a hole makes bad breathing. Besides, we may as well look after the horses."

I arose and quickly dressed, roused Tom, followed the colonel down the ladder which he had put in place, and together we picked our way among the sleepers, through the unlocked door, till we were outside. Never did the open air seem so fresh and clean. The colonel and I drew in long breaths. The barn was in good order, and our animals had not been disturbed. The old man was there, keeping guard for us. The idea also entered his head that his latest arrived guests might steal our horses, and he sat quietly on the ground with his gun beside him, to keep intruders away. I thanked him heartily, and added an extra coin to the payment for our night's lodging. After that we had no more adventures. I got the horses through all right, and shipped them.

Next summer I went again to Bangor, to purchase a pair of horses for our firm in New York. While there I looked up Tom Hunter, my companion of the year before. He was married, and keeping house very comfortably. His wife was the pretty daughter of the old man and woman who kept the inn. She made Tom an excellent wife, and he said it was a lucky day for him when he spent the night with me in that terrible forest.

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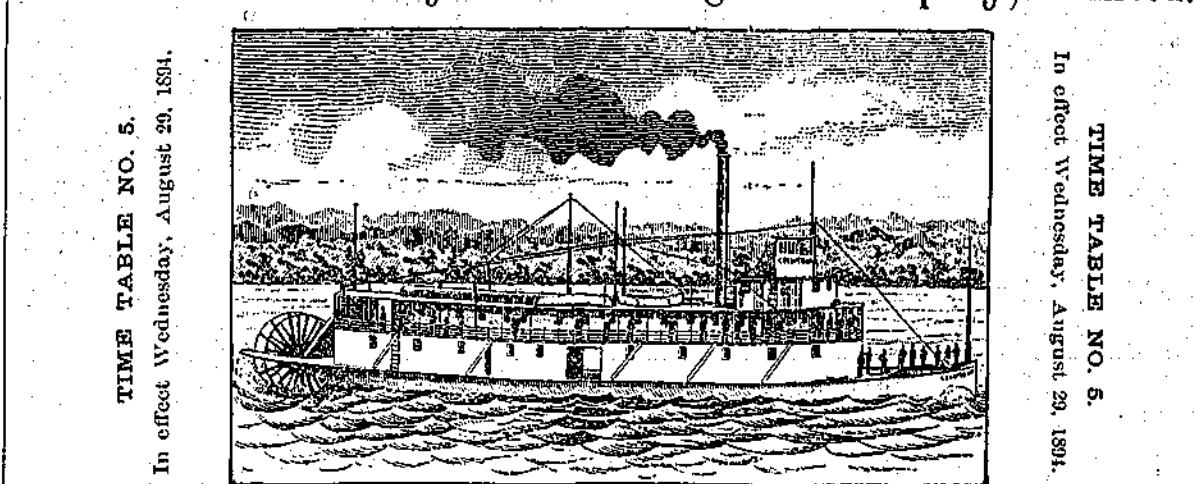
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Connecting with the Canadian Pacific Railway (main line) for all points east and west.  
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**Northport Route—Steamer Lytton.**  
Connecting at Northport for points north and south on the Spokane Falls & Northern Railway.  
Leaves Robson Saturdays at 4 a. m.  
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The company reserves the right to change this schedule at any time without notice.  
For full information, as to tickets, rates, etc., apply at their company's office, Nelson, B. C.  
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On Tuesdays and Fridays trains will run through to Spokane, arriving there at 5:30 P. M. same day. Returning will leave Spokane at 7 A. M. on Wednesdays and Saturdays, arriving at Nelson at 5:40 P. M. making close connections with steamer Nelson for all Kootenay lake points.

Passengers for Kettle River and Boundary Creek connect at Marcus with stage on Mondays, Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Fridays.

To Hunting, Survey and Prospecting Parties, and Others.

The new fast Steam Launch

"FLIRT"

Can be chartered by the day or week on reasonable terms.

Orders sent through the purveyors of the steamboats Nelson and Alinsworth, with whom all arrangements can be made, will receive prompt attention. Arrangements can also be made through John Henson & Co., The Tribune office, Nelson. Address, by mail or telegram, August 28th, 1894. C. W. DUSK, Halford, B. C.

## ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE.

In the county court of Kootenay, holden at the last sitting of the Columbia river, in the matter of John Buchanan, deceased, and in the matter of the Official Administrator's Act, dated the Thirtieth day of August, A. D. 1894.

Upon reading the affidavits of Edward C. Arthur and Maggie Connor it is ordered that Arthur Patrick Cummins, official administrator for the county court-district of Kootenay, shall be administrator of all and singular the goods, chatties, and credits of John Buchanan, deceased, and that this order be published in the Nelson Tribune newspaper for three days, and that any claimant shall receive notice of this order as aforesaid.

Dated at Donald, in the district of Kootenay, this 29th day of August, 1894. A. P. CUMMINS, Official Administrator.

## Notice of Application for Certificate of Improvements.

"HANNAH" MINERAL CLAIM, SITUATE IN THE NELSON MINING DIVISION OF WEST KOOTENAY, LOCATED ON TOMB MOUNTAIN.

Take notice that Frank Fletcher, as agent for William Strachan, free miner's certificate No. 56268, intends sixty days from the date hereof to apply to the gold commissioner for a certificate of improvements for the purpose of obtaining a crown grant to the above claim, and further take notice that adverse claims must be sent to the gold commissioner and action commenced before the issuance of such certificate of improvements.

Dated October 6th, 1894.

## Notice of Application for Certificate of Improvements.

"GOLDEN DRIP" MINERAL CLAIM, TRAIL CREEK MINING DIVISION.

Take notice that we, Thelma M. Dornilizer, free miner's certificate No. 56268, and Joseph Hamilton, free miner's certificate No. 56268, intend sixty days from the date hereof, to apply to the gold commissioner for a certificate of improvements for the purpose of obtaining a crown grant to the above claim, and further take notice that adverse claims must be sent to the mining recorder and action commenced before the issuance of such certificate of improvements.

Dated this 5th day of September, 1894.

## Notice of Application for Certificate of Improvements.

O. K. MINERAL CLAIM, TRAIL CREEK MINING DIVISION.

Take notice that we, John V. Cole, free miner's certificate No. 56268, and Maurice Duffin, free miner's certificate No. 56156, intend sixty days from the date hereof, to apply to the gold commissioner for a certificate of improvements for the purpose of obtaining a crown grant to the above claim, and further take notice that adverse claims must be sent to the mining recorder and action commenced before the issuance of such certificate of improvements.

Dated this 24th day of August, 1894.



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## M'GRAW.

I never knew anything of his history, nor by what upstossing wave of the social maelstrom he was flung into the door of my office on the morning of his first appearance. I remember that I had just returned from a week's absence, and that, glancing up from the chaotic litter of neglected correspondence on the desk, I found him standing with familiar nonchalance at my elbow, looking down upon me with a good-natured smile of half recognition. He was a giant in height, browned, and something gaunt from outdoor work and exposure, but with a massive frame and an easy bearing that lent a certain air of careless grace to the incongruity of frock-coat, flannel shirt, and narrow-brimmed stiff hat. An Irishman and a laborer, I thought, as I bade him be seated, and inquired his business.

"I saw the notice in the paper that ye were wantin' men to work in the railroad in Coloraydy," he said, drawing up the indicated chair, and handing me a cigar, which I discreetly refrained from lighting. I assured him that there must be some mistake, suggesting that the advertisement probably referred to the employment office on the ground floor of the building. "Divil a wan mistake," he replied calmly, "I've been to see the other felly, an' he's got nothin' at all on'y the contract to furnish the men at so an' so much a head, they payin' the fare to Coloraydy."

"Well?"  
 My visitor filled the room with a pungent odor of burning weeds before he removed his cigar, and looked across at me with a shrewd twinkle in his smiling eyes. "Ye'll not be this long puttin' wan an' two together," he said. "The other felly has the contract; it's yerself has got the railroad runnin' to Coloraydy; and I'm the man to hustle ye a gang of the b'ys."

I hastened to explain that while the railway company which I represented was anxious to secure its share of passenger traffic, it was in no sense philanthropic enough to give free transportation to the laborers for the Colorado Overland.

"Passes, d'ye think I meant? Of course not; but here's the center-line of the whole thing. I'll hustle a gang of the b'ys that'll pay wan half the fare down, an' ye'll be writin' to the contractors in Coloraydy to advance the other half, takin' it off the pay-roll when the b'ys've worked it out. The felly downstairs'll divvy with me on his commissions, an' ye'll get the business for your road, d'ye see?"

I confess that I did not see the force of the argument from a business point of view, but after a conference with the employment agent, I agreed to communicate with the contractors on the Colorado Overland. Their reply was surprisingly prompt and satisfactory. The labor market had been drained for other fields, and my correspondents were glad to acquiesce in any arrangement which promised to supply their need. My henchman went to work at once, and a week later we left St. Paul with a rather trampish-looking crew of fifty-six men pointed toward the distant mountains of Colorado.

It was not until the journey was fairly begun that I really came to know M'Graw. During the week of preparation I had seen very little of him, though good reports of his diligence had reached me from time to time through the employment agent. He had been represented as an embodiment of unwearied energy and buoyant activity, going about his business of ransacking the purses of St. Paul for recruits with an aggressive earnestness that suffered no luckless laborer possessed of the requisite amount of money to slip through the meshes of his net. Such as he could be had influenced by alluring descriptions of the laborers' paradise in Colorado, supplementing with his clever Irish wit an inventive imagination which was quite unshackled by any recognition of facts; and I had been told that when these arguments failed he had not scrupled to compass his object by less peaceful means, bullying, brow-beating, and abusing the reluctant ones until they were willing to purchase temporary relief by making the required deposit.

It was raining hard when the train steamed out of St. Paul, and I settled myself comfortably in the smoking compartment of the sleeper, willing to push the anxieties and fatigues of the long journey as many hours as might be into the future. The night-run south was unusually heavy at that season of the year, but for some reason my sleeper, the "El Chiquito,"—I am not likely to forget the name,—carried a light load, and I had the smoking-room to myself until I turned from staring into the dripping blackness slipping past the windows to see M'Graw's face thrust in at the door. His democracy was pure and undefiled, knowing no artificial

degrees of class prejudice, and I was rather more amused than annoyed when he sauntered into the compartment, and let himself carefully down into the seat opposite me.

"Well, we're poundin' 'em now," he remarked, with a tentative movement toward his breast pocket which I promptly interpreted and forestalled by tendering him my cigar-case. He helped himself, and, ignoring the convenient match-box, leaned across and got a light from my cigar. Mingled with the puffs of tobacco-smoke I detected the fumes of bad whisky, and I knew then why he had handed himself so cautiously into his seat.

"You're sure you got them all aboard, are you, M'Graw?" I asked, wondering why he had chosen to desert his companions in the forward car to come back and bore me.

"Every mother's son of 'em; I'm the felly that can handle the b'ys to the queen's taste. There was Patsy Hanlon,—he was the wan I had the devil's own time with, gettin' his money,—he turns up as cool as you please just when the train's ready to pull out, with a cock-an'-bull story about his wife bein' took down with a fever. 'Gimme back my money,' says he. 'I'll see you funder in Coloraydy,' says I. 'But the sick woman, man,' says he. 'Sick nothin',' says I. 'Chase your feet into that car before I'll be breakin' ye in two!' An' in he went, just like a lamb. It's good cigarys ye smoke, Mr. Harold, burren' they're a little wake an' tremblin'-like."

"I'm glad you like them. Take a couple more to smoke when you go forward."

He took the cigars and ignored the hint, and I had settled back in my corner to endure with what philosophy there was in me, when the sleeping-car conductor made his appearance. After taking my ticket he turned to M'Graw, who promptly tendered the fare to the end of the run. I could see that the official was contrasting the physical efficiency of the man with the moral force in the rule instructing him to exclude such persons from his car, and, knowing the stringency of the rule, I was not surprised to see him refuse the money.

"I'm sorry, sir, but I can't allow you to ride in this car," he said.

"Ye can't?" M'Graw's smile was rather more than usually good-natured as he asked the question.

"No; I'll have to ask you to go up forward."

"An' what's the reason my money is n't as good as anybody else's?"

"I can't argue the question with you, sir; you'll have to leave the car."

"I'm dommed if I do!"

"Then I shall be obliged to put you out." The conductor rather reluctantly put his lantern down, and I hastened to interpose.

"This man is with me, Parker; he is in charge of a car-load of laborers. If you'll take his money, I'll answer for his good behavior."

"Oh, that makes a difference," said the official; and with a very evident sense of relief he hastily made out a berth check, and gave it to M'Graw.

My conductor grinned triumphantly when Parker left us. "I'm always likin' to taken them fellies down a peg," he said. "They do be puttin' on too many airs with their blue coats an' brass buttons an' the like. I'd a mind to paste him wan for good luck, annyway."

"That would n't do at all, M'Graw; you'd get us all into trouble that way."

M'Graw's smile was a little short of serene as he replied: "An' did n't I know that? Just the same, I'm thankin' ye for standin' up aginst wan of Mr. Pullman's rules, for a poor divil of an Irishman, an' Mike M'Graw is n't the b'y to be forgettin' them things, d'ye see?"

I remember little of the two hours' talk that followed save that M'Graw monopolized it, giving me a circumstantial account of his own sayings and doings—an account that brought so forcible to mind the employment agent's hints of his inventive genius that I have no hesitation in repeating here the assertion that I know nothing of his past. At a late hour he rose and said, "Well, I guess I'll be goin' back to the b'ys."

"But you have your berth here; why don't you go to bed?" I inquired.

"Oh, that was only a kind of a bluff," he answered, laughing. "I on'y wanted to show the blue-coated felly that my money was as good as anybody's."

After he left me, I sat up long enough to finish my cigar, musing over the while on the curious outcropping of pride or self-respect, or whatever obscure motive might have prompted my Irishman to purchase from two dollars' worth of satisfaction from the representative of the Pullman company, and musing upon the subsequent monologue, quaint in its very richness of exaggeration and braggadocio, and replete with Pullmanian humor. M'Graw was incontestably a sad liar, and I could not help wondering if he were really the bully that my informant's report made him out to be. The burden of proof was against the supposition. The ability to tyrannize over one's neighbor demands a certain measure of personal courage, at least of the baser sort, and as blows are usually in inverse proportion to boasts, I fancied that M'Graw might safely be set down as a man of large words and little deeds. I had a mania for predictive character analysis, and I confidently expected to see my henchman properly humiliated, doubtless, I said, by the weakest and most inoffensive man in the company of recruits, before the two days' journey was over. When I went to my berth the storm was still raging, and the swaying of the sleeper gave certain evidence that the heavy rainfall was beginning to have its effect upon the track. It was a substantial roadbed, however, as western railway builders reckon stability, and I gave but a passing thought to the possibilities of disaster as I drifted into lower clime, and fell asleep to dream of Irish Munchausens and impossible adventures in the company of a grotesque figure in a black frock-coat and a narrow-brimmed hat.

It was in the midst of the most fantastic of these dreams that I awoke, to find myself clutching frantically at the bedclothing as the sleeper left the rails and jolted heavily over the ties for a breathless moment before it plunged down the embankment. After that there was a painless blank, and when it came to an end I found

myself pinned down upon my face in pitchy darkness. A second convinced me that I was quite helpless, and I waited with what fortitude I could summon for some sign of approaching assistance. The shouts of the rescuers and the dull blows of their axes told me that others were involved, and I shuddered when I thought of the crowded laborers' car in the forward part of the train. After what seemed an endless interval of suspense, a faint gleam of light penetrated the wreckage above me, coming, as I imagined, from the lanterns of those whose voices I heard in welcome proximity. I shouted eagerly to call attention to my helplessness, and a moment later my cries became shrieks when I realized that the light came not from the lanterns, but from a fire which was eating its way through the mass of inflammable material behind and above me.

Even at this late day I cannot think calmly of the horrible agony I endured while the pitiless flames crept toward my prison. It is unnecessary to attempt to set it down in words; it is enough to have borne it. Two facts connected with it stand out clear and distinct in the field of memory. In the increasing light I could see that the way to liberty was open above me if I could but struggle out of the trap of splintered timbers holding me down. That is one of them. The other is the name of the ill-fated car shoving in letters of gold on a broken panel just before my eyes—"El Chiquito." The letters were seared into my brain as with a branding-iron, and I have only to close my eyes now to see them flaming before me as I write.

The air was like the breath of a furnace, and the roar of the fire was in my ears when I heard M'Graw's call in the confusion of voices overhead. Then there was a sickening odor of burning flesh, the rush of a falling body, and the Irishman was flat on his face beside me, thrusting himself under the timbers lying across my back.

"Kape yer nerve, Mr. Harold, till I'd be gettin' me back under it;" and then—now, then, if ye're not kilt entirely, lift for the life o' ye!"

I obeyed mechanically, and the crushing weight of wreckage moved upward by half an inch.

"That's enough—out with ye!" came the stifled command.

I am glad now to remember that I hesitated, having some dim sense of the inevitable consequences to my rescuer.

"But, Mac, it's your life or mine—" I began, when he broke in with a terrible oath.

"Dom yer eyes! Will ye get out of this, or will I strangle ye where ye are?"

I shall always be thankful that the fear of death was not unnerve enough to keep me from refusing, but my protest was cut short by a deluge of water, and I felt strong hands lifting me, through the smoke and steam into the cool, fresh air of the night. I recall, as if it were part of a fearful dream, the struggle with my rescuers, and my ineffectual attempts to fling myself back into the fiery pit out of which they had drawn me, and after that there is another blank reaching across to an awakening among friendly faces in the guests' chamber of a farm house near the scene of the wreck.

And M'Graw? It was only yesterday that he sat in my office, smoking his villainous cigars, and recounting his latest besetments in Colorado by fire, flood, and desperate men; and while there was the same familiar ring of unreality in his speech, the vivid scars upon his face and hands will always vouch, to at least one listener, for the verity of his most incredible narrative.—Francis Lynde, in The Century for November.

## A PICTURESQUE PIONEER.

The Sheriff of all Kootenay Tells of Days That Make Him Sad.

The New York Sun is responsible for the following:

Lying in the picturesque valley of the Columbia river in British Columbia, with the Selkirk mountains on one side and the Rocky mountains on the other, is the town of Donald, on the Canadian Pacific railway. It used to be known as the "wide-open town," but is now a sedate little place of about 500 inhabitants. It is the meeting place of divisions of the railroad, and from that reason takes on a commercial importance from the fact that it is the home of sheriff Redgrave, the chief official of that country round for a great distance.

Sheriff Redgrave is a distinguished man, not only because he holds the chief office thereabouts for many miles, but because he has a notable past. He has had many fierce campaigns with the Indians, has fought his full share of deadly duels with desperadoes, "dropped" his man on more than one occasion, knows what roughing it means in a country the wildest of the wild, and for years before such a thing as a railroad was thought of in that country was a marked man. His dignified presence always commanded respect wherever he appeared. He was always pointed out to strangers, and knew that his position in the community demanded of him scrupulous regard for his personal appearance, and also that he must always keep up his nerve and live up fully to his reputation. Although the sheriff is now nearly 60 years old, no one has ever found him derelict in his self-appreciation or neglectful of the past. The sheriff in eventful days has few stirring events to call out his powers, but in the estimation of most of the citizens of Donald is the most conspicuous man in the place. It is one of his habits always to come down to the through trains every day to greet the crews and to exchange a word or two with the mail clerks. It also gives the passengers an opportunity, as they patrol up and down the platform while the engines are being changed, to ask who that distinguished-looking man is, and, while the stories of the sheriff's greatness are being related, to give the sheriff also an opportunity to display a becoming modesty and an assumed ignorance of the fact that the travelers are listening to the stories of his past. The sheriff is considerable over a verge height,

## Snow is on the Hills,

and will soon be in the valleys; so do not delay in getting one of Squire's overcoats and be prepared for it.

## Special for the Next

fifteen days. Squire offers fancy worsted suitings at greatly reduced rates. Call and examine before they all go.

## You. Fall Suit Should

be ordered now. Squire's selection of worsteds, serges, Scotch and English suitings and trouserings is very complete.

## Fred J. Squire, Merchant Tailor

Corner Baker and Ward Streets, Nelson

E. C. TRAVES, Manager.

F. J. FARLEY, Treasurer.

## WEST KOOTENAY BUTCHER COMPANY,

HEADQUARTERS AT NELSON.

## WHOLESALE AND RETAIL DEALERS IN FRESH AND SALT MEATS AND HAMS.

NELSON MARKET: BAKER STREET, WEST OF POSTOFFICE.

Flour, \$1.15 a sack.	SPECIAL RATES	Hay, \$16, \$18, and \$20 a ton.
Potatoes, \$23 a ton.	ON	Oats, \$32 a ton.
Cabbage, \$2.25 a hundred lbs.	CARLOAD LOTS	Shorts and Bran, \$20 a ton.
Onions, \$2.50 a hundred lbs.		Chickens, Turkeys, and Hogs.

## International Commission Co.

JULIUS EHRLICH, Manager. Barrett Block, NELSON, and Rickey Block, COLVILLE.

## Ladies and Gentlemen, Attention!

## T. A. GARLAND'S, Nelson,

is the spot to spend your money, where you get the best value in Dress Goods, Ladies' Jackets, Capes, Ready-made Clothing, Gents' Furnishings, Boots and Shoes, Rubbers, Blankets, Comforters, Pillows, Floor and Table Oil Cloths, etc., etc. All are invited to see my stock, which is now complete.

rather solidly built, and has a grizzly beard. He wears a low-crowned hat, and has a military style as he walks up and down the platform, nodding to one person as "Jim" and to another as "Jack" and so on. After a turn or two about the platform he usually stops at the mail car, and, putting one foot on the braces of the car, enters into conversation with the messenger, while the passengers walk up and down and take him in thoroughly or listen to the tales of his career.

Sheriff Redgrave is always amiable and almost always cheerful. Once a year, however, he is manifestly troubled and downcast. He will wait until a goodly collection of citizens have arrived, and then this conversation usually ensues:

"Good morning, sheriff; you have been a little troubled this morning; you look blue. Nothing gone wrong, has there?"

Some one will say, and the sheriff will make this response:

"Oh, no," with an apparent effort to throw off his careworn look; "nothing is the matter, but the fact is this is the anniversary of a very sad day with me, and I never can shake off its remembrance."

"Indeed?" some one will say, and at that invitation the sheriff will tell that story of an eventful day in his career, one that annually fills his soul with sadness: "It was just thirty years ago today that I was up in the Cariboo country with the dearest friend I ever had. He was a noble fellow; one that I would have gladly given my life to any day were there occasion to do so. We were walking through a gorge late one afternoon, and by a lamentable oversight had only one gun with us. My friend had that. Suddenly we came face to face with an enormous grizzly bear, one of the old-time bears, tremendous fellows, such as we used to have in these mountains. The bear was angry, and I think had been stung by some bees. He showed fight, and I saw at a glance that it was either his life or one or perhaps both of ours. He came right for us, roaring and determined to kill us. My friend was a nervous man, and I could see that he was a little frightened. Now you know I never lose my nerve, so I said to him that I thought he had better give me the gun and let me kill the bear so as to make

sure of the job. He agreed, and seemed glad to have the responsibility off his hands. The bear came straight for us, and I took deliberate aim. He had his mouth open, and I aimed to shoot him there and let the bullet penetrate the brain, and thus make a neat job of it. When the bear was about ten paces off I pulled the trigger. The bullet went straight to its mark, of course, but, what was the result? Just as it struck the bear in the mouth, that animal for some reason or other turned on his heels. The bullet passed through his head, and the bear, turning just as it was passing through, deflected the bullet, so that it flew back to us, and killed my friend instantly by my side. Yes, this is always a very sad day with me, and I am sure you will excuse me if I don't show my accustomed cheerfulness."

Sheriff Redgrave has another thrilling experience that he relates occasionally, and it illustrates his fortitude of resource in time of great emergency, and reveals to some extent the reason of his popularity and advancement in the estimation of his fellow citizens. He was up in the Cariboo country many years ago and there was an epidemic of small-pox raging. It would never do for him to return home after having been exposed to that contagion, and it was also incumbent on him as a man with a sympathetic heart to try to stamp out the terrible disease. He and his friend pondered over the situation for a long time, and at last a plan came to them.

"How do you suppose we stamped that small-pox out?" the sheriff says as he tells the story.

"Well, it was this way. Neither of us had any medical education, and if we had it wouldn't have done any good, for we had no remedies with us, and it would have been impossible to make those Indians take any medicine. What do you think we did? We just rounded up all the Indians that had the disease, and when we were sure we had every one of them and had burned all their effects, we buried each Indian in the ground up to his neck in the ground and left him there for the night. The next morning we came

around to see how they were getting along, and would you believe it, the wolves had come during the night and had eaten off the heads of every one of those Indians. That stamped out the epidemic in that whole section, and to this day there has never been a case of small-pox there. It was rather rough treatment, but ever since then that tribe of Indians have been among my very best friends."

The resources of the sheriff in time of difficulty are also illustrated by another anecdote he tells. He and a friend were out in the mountains one day and came to the only ford in a stream that was accessible for many miles. To their dismay they found that the heavy rains had made the stream impassable. They had to get over in some way for the fate of important business depended upon the sheriff's arrival at home. It was out of the question for them to try to build a bridge.

"How do you suppose we managed it?" the sheriff asks.

"Well," we thought a long time and then we formed a plan. The stream was a hundred yards wide and rushing furiously along. It was a mighty torrent, sweeping everything before it. Well, we just loaded our pockets full of stones and hung them about our necks. Then we each carried a big boulder as we could. Taking a long breath, so as to last us after the water got over our heads, we plunged into the stream and waded over by walking on the bottom. The stones kept us from being swept away."

These stories illustrate the sheriff's character and indicate to some extent why he is a distinguished man in all British Columbia. They also serve to explain the reason why the people of Donald are proud of the sheriff and take pains to point him out to travelers as their most notable citizen. Should any one go to Donald prepared to doubt the sheriff's veracity it would be well for him not only to provide himself with a couple of hair-trigger shooters, but he must also be ready to get the drop on any of the half-dozen citizens, for the sheriff's numerous friends are always quick to resent to the death any reflections on the sheriff of any kind whatever.



# Fall and Winter Goods

A full Range of Woolen Shirts and Underwear to suit everyone's taste and pocket. A very complete stock of Boots and Shoes at hard-time prices. Suits, Coats, and Pants, Rivetted Overalls, Blanket-lined Clothing, Mitts and Gloves, German Socks, Mackinaw Suits, Melissa Waterproof Coats, Gum Boots, Lumbermen's Rubbers, Snow Excluders and Overshoes. Call and inspect the stock.

## The Post Office Store

Baker Street, Nelson. Telephone 30.

### LOCAL NEWS AND GOSSIP.

Sowehow, whenever postoffice inspector Fletcher makes a trip through Kootenay the mail service takes a bit for the worse. Before he made his recent trip letters from New Denver reached Nelson once in a while. Now they have stopped coming altogether.

Passengers make the trip from New Denver and Three Forks to Nelson in a day and a half by way of Kaslo. It is passing strange that mail matter from New Denver is six days in transit.

A wedding ceremony took place on the steamer Nelson on her way from this port to Kaslo last Saturday evening. "Doc" P. O. Hackleman, a Kaslo resident, came to Nelson on the Alsworth and secured a marriage license for himself and Miss Margaret R. Fitz Gerald of Chicago, who arrived on the Nelson & Fort Sheppard train that evening. The Rev. H. S. Akhurst happened to be on board, and it was an easy matter to join two loving hearts together. John A. Finch assisted the minister in his functions. R. H. Kemp acted as best man, and S. M. Wharton bestowed on the young couple a paternal blessing. Besides these gentlemen the boat's officials and a few other passengers made up the witnesses. The ceremony took place in the ladies' cabin of the steamer just as she reached the Kaslo port.

The dwelling house of R. H. Kemp at the Kemp mineral springs on Kaslo creek had a close call from fire one day last week. Sparks from the stovepipe ignited the roof and before discovery was made burned a large hole therein. Part of the house, by complete deluges of water, soon had the blaze under control. The damage done was but slight, otherwise it would have been severe, as besides Mr. Kemp's property all of over near Perry's mine and notes were in the building, besides his and his assistant's personal effects.

Arrivals at Nelson: R. F. Green, merchant, Kaslo; E. J. Matthews, one buyer, Kaslo; S. D. Moore, mining operator, district; J. T. Wilkinson, "The World's man on the wing," Vancouver; Robert Jackson, mine owner, Kaslo; D. C. Corbin, railway manager, Spokane; A. B. Hendryx, smelter manager, Pilot Bay; P. Burns, cattle man, Calgary; Dr. Alushall, dentist, Kaslo; W. H. Smith, mine owner, New Denver; Charles Olson, hotel man, Alsworth; A. A. McKinnon, hotel man, Alsworth.

It is likely that a preventive officer of the customs department will be stationed permanently at Rossland, in Trail Creek district.

Charles Hayward, Jr., deputy timber inspector, is at Nelson collecting timber dues and royalties from the owners of sawmills. He is having some trouble, as some of the land from which timber has been cut is crown land, and the owners of the land claim the government has no right to collect dues or royalties from timber cut on such land.

A parlor social will be held at the residence of Mrs. Colville on East Silica street on Thursday evening, November 15th, under the auspices of the ladies of the Methodist church. A short program, consisting of games, refreshments, etc., will be provided and a most enjoyable evening may be anticipated for those who attended. All are invited.

Methodist services in Hume's hall on Sunday at 11 A. M. and at 7:30 P. M. Morning subject, "The Honored Twelve;" evening subject, "Heroes Outdone."

Choice veal and pork, dressed poultry, pork and veal pies, chicken pies; pork, Cambridge, liver, blood, bologna, and beef sausages; pickled pork, and head cheese at the Independent Market, Nelson. Orders from Kootenay lake towns filled promptly. John Oates, proprietor.

Fresh fish and oysters twice a week. C. Kauffman.

Fat turkeys, ducks, and chickens always on hand. International Commission Company, Nelson.

Choice apples and pears, by the box, a specialty. C. Kauffman.

Try a pound of N. W. T. butter, 25 cents. C. Kauffman.

### The New Road to Trail Creek.

The Northport News is much exercised over the new wagon road leading from Northport to the Trail Creek mines, and fears it will not be used if "the B. C. government" refuses to station a customs officer at some point on the road. The British Columbia government has no more authority to appoint customs officers in Trail Creek district than has the state authorities of the state of Washington to appoint customs officers at points in Stevens county. The appointments in both instances are made by the Federal governments. In this section, the member of parliament for the district (who happens to be of the same political faith as the party in power) controls the appointments of subordinate customs officials. In the Northport section of the state of Washington the customs officials are appointed in the same way, provided the congressman for the district is of the same political faith as the president; if not of the same political faith, then the appointment is controlled by the leaders of the party in the state. The member of parliament for this district is above suspicion; as far above suspicion as the member of congress from the eastern district of the state of Washington. Neither would use his official position to advance his worldly interests. Mr. Moore, our member of parliament, as president of the Columbia & Kootenay Steam Navigation Company, is on the lookout for business for his steamboats, and naturally will use his best efforts to keep the ore from going over the new wagon road to Northport, for if it goes to Northport the steamboats will not get a chance to handle it. All of which is perfectly legitimate. Mr. Wilson of Spokane, member of congress for eastern Washington, is a member of the money loaning firm of A. M. Murphey & Co., and he has an eye to business, for did he not secure the appointment of Mr. Murphey, his partner, to the lucrative position of receiver of one of the busted Spokane national banks? Politicians on both sides of the international line are much alike. They all have their weather eye on the lookout for anything with money in it. The new Northport road will be used if it is the most practicable route over which

to haul the output of the Trail Creek mines. If not the most practicable, it will not be used. The Canadian customs authorities will not place any impediments in the way, as a customs officer is to be stationed at Rossland, the Trail Creek terminus of the road. But the Northport News is so ignorant.

### An Englishman's Opinion of American Women.

"American women are as a general rule plain and they dress without taste and with a vulgar Semetic display of jewelry when they can afford to do so. I have traveled in many different countries round the world and have no hesitation in affirming—and I am quite sure every impartial traveler will agree with me—that no country on the face of the globe claiming even an approach to advanced civilization, will you see so many plain or downright ugly, repulsive looking, sallow faced and prematurely aged women as in New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Washington, Newark, and New Jersey, and in fact all over the eastern states. They have almost invariably bad complexions and many of them paint to excess to conceal their morbid pallor. The only exception as regards physique are the huge, square built, ungainly and ungainly North German squaws to be seen in the Benton quarters of American cities. Only in California and some of the southern states does one see any really fine, handsome women, who owe their charms partly to the climate and partly to the admixture of Spanish and French blood. Moreover, the old English patrician families who colonized the southern states in the reign of the Stuarts, from whom many of the southern women are directly descended, were all of better stock and naturally superior, mentally and physically to the low-bred New Englanders."

### Crassly Ignorant Reporters.

The following from the Slovan Times of the 3rd is a fair sample of the crass ignorance of the reporters employed on the coast newspapers: "Alexander Sproat, on his arrival in Victoria lately, registered at the Oriental hotel as 'A. Sproat, New Denver,' and then sat down in the office. Presently in walked a man whom he sized up as a newspaper reporter, who looked the hotel register up and down and then glanced over to where he was sitting. The reporter, scenting an item, made sure of Sproat's identity by referring to the hotel clerk, and then accosted him.

"You are Mr. Sproat, I believe?"  
"Yes."  
"Of New Denver?"  
"Yes."  
"All! How far is New Denver from New Westminster?"  
"Sproat was entirely unprepared for this question. He admits he does not know how far New Denver is from New Westminster. But it will always be a credit to his coolness and presence of mind in critical moments that, instead of gasping or swearing, he calmly answered:  
"Oh, about seven miles."  
"The paper man went away happy, and next morning The Times announced in its local columns that 'A. Sproat of New Denver, near New Westminster, was in the city.'"

### Report of Nelson Public School.

FOR OCTOBER, 1891.	
Number of boys on register during month	22
Number of girls on register during month	19
Total	41
BOYS' ROLL.	
Fourth class—	Third class—
1. Dick McFarland	1. Millard Sansom
2. Elia Muir	2. Allan McDonald
Second class—	First class—
1. Nellie Marshall	1. Robbie Bell
2. Ivy Johnstone	2. Frances Elter
Primer (1st)—	Primer (1st)—
1. Chester Hayward	1. Percy Suckey
2. Flora Kinnison	2. Betty Johnstone
	N. DELMAGE, Teacher.

### SOCIETIES.

A. F. & A. M.—Nelson Lodge, No. 16, meets the second Wednesday in every month. Sejourning brethren welcome. FRANK FLETCHER, W. M. E. V. BROWN, Secretary.

### NELSON STABLES.

### WILSON & SEALE, TEAMSTERS.

Contracts for hauling ore and merchandise made with mine owners and merchants. Job teaming attended to. Stable on Vernon street, opposite Turner & Kirkpatrick's.

### Application for Liquor License.

Notice is hereby given that I intend within thirty days to apply to the stipendiary magistrate of West Kootenay district at Nelson for a license to sell liquor at retail at my hotel at Fredericton in said district. DAVID T. MORICE. Dated October 23rd, 1891.

## W. A. JOWETT

(Notary Public)

Victoria Street, Nelson, B. C.

### Mining and Real Estate Broker

Commission and Insurance Agent

### REPRESENTING

The Confederation Life Association, The Phoenix Fire Insurance Company, The Dominion Building & Loan Association of Toronto, Etc.

### MINES INSPECTED AND REPORTED UPON.

Several good lots in government townships of New Denver and Nelson to be sold cheap. Stores and offices to rent at Nelson. Tenants wanted for ranch on Columbia river near Robson, or will sell. Good opportunity.

### LOTS IN ADDITION "A"

Apply at once to W. A. JOWETT, Victoria St., Nelson, B. C.

## Kootenay Lake Sawmill

LUMBER YARD.

Foot of Hendryx Street, Nelson.

A full stock of lumber rough and dressed. Shingles, laths, sash, doors, mouldings, etc. Three carloads dry, clear fir flooring and ceiling for sale at lowest rates.

G. O. BUCHANAN, Proprietor. HENRY DAWES, Agent.

### GOLD AND SILVER EXTRACTION.

The Cassel Gold Extracting Co., Ltd., of Glasgow. (The MacArthur-Forrest Cyanide Process.) Is prepared to negotiate with mine owners and others for the extraction of the above metals from the most refractory ores, and to treat and refine on samples up to one ton in weight sent to its experimental works, Vancouver. All communications to be addressed to W. P. LEWIS-HARVEY, F.C.S., Assay and Mining Offices, Vancouver, B. C. All kinds of assay mining and analytical work undertaken.

### Sawmill for Sale.

A complete sawmill, Russell make, with two D aston saws 50 and 35 inch, iron-top saw frame, carriage and truck, patent dog on feed-blocks, rope feed works, side edger, cutoff saw rigger, Phoenix boiler and engine, 9 by 12 cylinders, 30-horse power boiler. Price on board cars at Buckeye station on Spokane & Northern Railway, \$1000. Address Julius Ehrlich, Nelson, B. C., or Thomas Holland, Clayton, Washington.

### ASSAY OUTFIT FOR SALE.

Large and complete assay plant for sale, including balances, furnace, and chemicals. If not sold by private bargain on or before September 15th, it will be sold by auction at Nelson. For further particulars apply to E. Applewhite, corner Victoria and Kootenay streets, Nelson.

### Notice of Application for Certificate of Improvements.

"NUMBER ONE" MINERAL CLAIM. Take notice that I, as agent for William Moore, free miner's certificate No. 4682, intend, sixty days from the date hereof, to apply to the gold commissioner for a certificate of improvements, for the purpose of obtaining a crown grant of the above claim. And further take notice that all these claims must be sent to the mining recorder, and action commenced before the issuance of said certificate of improvements. CHARLES WESTLY BUSK. Dated this 5th day of October, 1891.

### Application for Liquor License.

Notice is hereby given that we, the undersigned, intend to apply to the board of license commissioners of the corporation of the City of Kaslo at their next meeting, for a transfer of our liquor license from lot 25 and 26, block 3, to enable us to continue our business in our new building on lots 25 and 26, block 8, at the southeast corner of Fourth and Front streets, in the City of Kaslo, the premises for which the original license was granted previous to the fire on February 25th, 1891. A. & J. FLETCHER. Dated at Kaslo, B. C., October 22nd, 1891.

## FOR THE LAST FEW WEEKS

we have been clearing out our OLD STOCK OF GROCERIES and waiting on the C. P. R. to bring in our NEW STOCK. The soulless corporation above referred to can NEARLY ALWAYS be depended on

to transport goods with dis-

patch, but for some unac-

countable reason it went

back on us this time

and actually de-

layed our

goods en route. But the

goods are here, and are turning out

bright and clean and in first-class shape, and

we can now satisfy the most fastidious of our custom-

ers. Our object is not simply to get CHEAP groceries, but to

get the very best that can be got, at fair and reasonable prices, and we have it in

Hams, Bacon, Lard, Butter, Cheese, Ogilvie's Flour, Snowflake Flour, Rolled Oats,

Buckwheat, Rice, Sago, Tapioca, New Raisins, Currants, Peels, French Peas,

Mushrooms, Sardines, Finnan Haddie, Codfish, Blackwood's Sauce,

C. & B. Horseradish, Currie Powder, Lucca Oil, Pickles,

French Capers; Jams, Jellies, and Marmalades, in 7-lb. pails;

Van Houten's and Epps' Cocoa, Chocolate, and a complete assortment of

Canned Fruits, Vegetables, etc., etc.

## Turner & Kirkpatrick,

Vernon Street, Nelson.

Telephone 27.

## We Have Quit Selling Off At Cost

## G. A. BIGELOW & CO.

BAKER STREET, NELSON.

and from this time on, or until further notice, we will sell Groceries, Crockeryware, Glassware, Dry Goods, Clothing, Hats, Boots, Shoes, Furnishing Goods, etc., at a fair profit, for Cash. Liquors and Cigars, at wholesale only.

## Hotelkeepers

in need of Tableware should call on Jacob Dover, Jeweler, Nelson, before placing their orders. His stock of silver-plated knives, forks, spoons, casters, butter dishes, pickle dishes, and silverware is complete and his prices as low as anywhere west of Winnipeg. Mail your orders and they will be attended to. Store, Houston block, Baker Street.

## MATHEMATICAL PROBLEM

If to myself there added be  
My third, my sixth and five times three,  
Five score and five the sum will be.  
What is my number? Tell it me.

Multiply the answer to the above by 10 and you will get an idea of the variety of our new stock of HOLIDAY GOODS. It will be the most complete collection of the kind ever offered here, and will range from a 5-cent Toy or Xmas Card to a \$15 or \$20 Present. Parties at a distance sending us their mail orders can depend on a satisfactory selection. Staple lines as usual.

## TURNER BROS., BAKER ST., NELSON.

## WILSON & PERDUE,

### MEAT MARKETS.

Nelson,

Kaslo,

Three Forks.

Are prepared to supply every town, including camp, and mine in South Kootenay with beef, mutton, veal, pork, and sausage; also, with side and breakfast bacon and sugar-cured and smoked hams. Orders by mail care, fully filled and promptly forwarded.