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. 41. NELSON, BRITISH COLUMBIA, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 1, 1894. TWO DOLLARS A YEAR.

Provincial Library 6 Feb 94

MINING NEWS OF THE WEEK.

Little that is of Unusual Interest Happening in any of the Camps.

H. L. Sawyer, who is interested with Messrs. Daly and Pierce of Kaslo in the Boston and Winnifred claims, in White Grouse mountain district, has returned from doing the assessment work for the current year. The trail from Davie, on the east shore of Kootenay lake, is now to the second summit, and will be finished the entire distance, sixteen miles, very soon. Mr. Sawyer utilizes dogs to do his packing, and has three for that purpose, each canine carrying an average of forty pounds. The Boston and Winnifred are on the same vein, the Boston being opened in sixteen different places, and both claims are so well defined on the surface they can be followed for 3000 feet. The ledge is from three to seven feet in width. Assays have been had as high as 277 ounces silver to the ton. Mr. Sawyer, like all others who have examined White Grouse district, feel confident it will yet be heard from favorably as a high-grade dry ore camp. Peter Annance, who is now at Kaslo, has some very fine samples of grey copper ore from the Sam Jones claim, which is opened in thirteen different places, and which is located about one and one-half miles from the copper King group on the east.

Mine Buildings Rebuilt.

W. J. Hennessy of the Noble Five mines, in Slocan district, was at Nelson on Friday. He said that all the mine buildings burned by the fire had been replaced by larger and better ones, and that seventeen men were employed at the mine sacking ore and doing development work. The distance from the mines to the route surveyed for a wagon road along the south fork of Carpenter creek is about a mile and a half, thence to Three Forks about five miles. "It is an open question with Slocan mine owners," said Mr. Hennessy, "whether they cannot haul their ore to Kaslo this winter with their own teams as cheap as the railway is likely to haul it. At Kaslo there will be the advantage of having not only a market at the Pilot Bay smelter, but a route, via Nelson & Fort Sheppard railway, that insures prompt delivery at competitive smelting points in the United States." Mr. Hennessy left for the mines this morning.

The Cody Creek Road.

M. S. Davys has completed the survey for a wagon road from Three Forks up the south fork of Carpenter creek to the mouth of Cody creek. The distance to Sandon creek is 3¾ miles, and to Cody creek 5 1-10 miles. The raise is 1325 feet, which makes the grade about 5 per cent, although it will be 12 to 15 per cent in two places for a few hundred feet. Most of the road will be on the side-hill and will be easily made. It crosses the creek four times, and for short distances, where the old sleigh road is followed, corduroying will be necessary. Tenders will be called for at once. The road should not cost much above $1000 a mile.

Beginning in the Right Way.

D. W. McVicar of Walton, Nova Scotia, who bought the Little Mamie claim, in Ainsworth district, has eleven men at work building a road into the claim and will commence sinking in a few days. Too many investors in mining property in Kootenay sit down and wait for the government to build roads before beginning work, and whine if the government is unable or refuses to comply with their demands. Nova Scotians may be "tenderfeet" in our estimation, but they evidently know how to work.

Minor Mining Notes.

The Briggs brothers, who have industriously and quietly made some interesting finds and done a whole lot of work on the south fork of Kaslo river, were in Kaslo the past week. They state they have a new development which will be heard from quite favorably before snow flies.

Owing to the water supply running short the Poorman stamp mill on Eagle creek, near Nelson, has been closed down temporarily. Eight men are at work in the mine.

G. J. Atkins & Co. have struck eighteen inches of ore in the Bullion, a claim which adjoins the Northern Belle and Dublin Queen, in Jackson basin, Slocan district. An assay made at Kaslo gave a return of 1387 ounces silver.

William Flager has made two strikes within a mile and a half of Bear lake, on the dry ore belt. From an 18-inch vein he obtained an assay of 450 ounces silver. The foot wall is porphyry and the hanging slate. He calls his finds the Nonpariel and the Black Bird.

John F. Stevens, owner of the Little Donald mine, in Ainsworth district, is erecting an ore-house on the Black Diamond, a claim adjoining the Little Donald, which he also owns.

James Van Hook and Dan Clark are putting in a siphon at Loon lake, in Ainsworth district, to lower it so as to be able to get down on the Lady of the Lake claim.

All the machinery on the Silver King and Kootenay Bonanza mines on Toad mountain was started up on Monday and found to work satisfactorily. The diamond drill, which is run by compressed air, made eight feet the first day, although run but a short time.

A Kick Registered.

The following is from a Kaslo correspondent, and is printed in THE TRIBUNE merely as a deed would be registered in the land office:

"The Lardo trail, which was so littered by fallen timber and washed out by high water at the time of the cyclone and floods in June last, has not been repaired by the government, and consequently miners and ranchers suffer much inconvenience on that account. Several ranchers have quite large crops of potatoes in and many were expecting to realize on the crop of wild hay. The government expended $50 on the Argenta trail, but it benefited no one."

STATEMENT OF CLAIM.

(1). Petition for opening the Lardo and Trout Lake trail was presented on August 26th to gold commissioner Goepel.

(2). It is important that something should be done at once in this matter.

(3). No money as yet expended in that section this year.

(4). Many claim holders becoming discouraged at the difficulties of doing anything with their properties or even fulfilling the law in regard to them.

(5). Many claims have to be allowed to be abandoned and re-located. This is no real assistance to a section.

(6). Twelve hundred or 1500 acres of the finest hay and farm land in the the whole of Kootenay district directly on this road, the product of which are at present inaccessible. The money this product might realize being drained out of this section into the United States. This valley is a benefit to the whole lake region.

(7). A sure route, open at all times of year to all lake ports. Ranchers now have crops in but cannot get them out.

(8). The only valley where stock can run all winter and where only eight or ten weeks feeding at most is necessary.

(9). The total cost of the work necessary not more than $800 or $1000.

An Imperial Housewife.

Female suffrage has to contend against very serious obstacles in Germany, as the emperor, in his usual high-handed manner, declares against the movement. Victoria, the empress-mother (daughter of queen Victoria of England), did much to advance the cause of female emancipation while her influence was at its height, but the present empress appears to be ill-fitted to lead the movement, as she takes a most plebian delight in pots and pans.

Before his marriage, the German emperor was wont to say that a wife with a talent for making jam is preferable to one who has the wish to amend the constitution. He must have found his ideal, for in a speech recently delivered by him he said: "I cannot wish anything more pleasant for the men of my nation than that the women may, like the empress, devote their attention chiefly to the three great C's: Church, Children, and Cookery."

Augusta Victoria is the daughter of the duke of Schleswig-Holstein, and has been trained to superintend household affairs after the manner of a German yeoman. Her parents taught her to be saving, diligent, and modest—qualities which she now endeavors to instill into her own children. No particular of the imperial household escapes her attention; she takes especial pride in attending to the mending of the emperor's linen, and darns his stockings, after the manner of old-fashioned housewives, who would consider it a crime to throw away a pair of socks which could be mended. She has no great love for her social functions, but delights in the grand maneuvers, when she will ride by the side of her husband in the uniform of the regiment of which she is honorary colonel. Much of the empress's time is devoted to charity, and especially do poor children find a willing listener in her. In giving presents, she chooses some useful article, generally a watch. She is not only strict in fulfillment of her own work, but exacts the same attention to duty from others. The empress is 35 years of age, of medium height, blonde, and rather stout. She was married in 1881 and has six sons and a daughter. She keeps a diary, the contents of which is unknown even to her husband. The following may serve as an illustration of the reverence with which she is regarded by her sons. The crown prince, aged 12, upon hearing his teacher say that "all mankind are sinners," inquired if this applied to the high as well as to the humble. Being told that such was the case, he answered: "Well, my father may be a sinner, but my mother isn't."

British Columbia Southern Railway.

Bonner's Ferry Herald, 25th: "A party of surveyors were encamped on the north side for several days this week, and were the subject of considerable curbstone speculation. They were out for the British Columbia Southern, a company that proposes building a railway from the coal-fields in East Kootenay to any point that they can raise the dust to get to. It is the same road that Kalispell and Jennings have been figuring on for the past two years. The company also has a line surveyed down Goat river to Kootenay lake. They also intend to run a survey down the Moyea to Bonner's Ferry to connect with the Great Northern and Northern Pacific, the latter to build a branch from Kootenay station. The principal trouble with the British Columbia Southern is that it has no money, which is always a serious drawback towards the construction of a railroad. It was about to secure a loan in Europe when the financial panic came on, and we have not heard of their having raised any capital since that time. It is surveying lines as baits for other roads to catch, at and then it can sell some franchises or coal mines it owns on the other side. It may be well to keep an eye on the B. C. S., however. The party camped on the north side dropped into town to get supplies and to reach a telegraph office."

Newspaper Portraits not Accurate.

The newspaper portraits of Eugene V. Debs are not accurate. They represent him fat and sleek, and he is not. Debs is tall, blue-eyed, pale, smooth-shaven, and inclined to baldness; he looks very like Bill Nye, and the fact that he wears spectacles emphasizes the resemblance. He dresses very plainly, but neatly. He talks fluently; he is an omniverous reader, and he particularly likes poetry. Of address he is candid and cordial; he has to a degree that quality called personal magnetism. Five minutes with him would suffice, we think, to convince a reader of human nature that Debs is a man of high ideas, honest convictions, unswerving integrity, great intellectual vigor, or perhaps, rather zeal, exceptional simplicity of character, and consummate impracticability. His traits are those, we believe, which, taken singly, are most admirable, but which, bunched, are very likely to get him into trouble.

SLOCAN DISTRICT NEWS.

[From The Slocan Times, August 25th.

The Nakusp & Slocan railway drags its weary way into the heart of the Slocan country. It is now given out that the track will be at Three Forks on the 15th of September. But from present indications there is no reason to believe this any more than previous statements. The construction of the Nakusp & Slocan railway is like the world: it will come to an end some day, but anyone who foretells the exact date is liable to be out a few thousand years more or less. The length of time taken to build it will compare very favorably with the pyramids of Egypt, or St. Peter's cathedral at Rome, or any of the world's great monuments. But there is nothing monumental about the Nakusp & Slocan railway.

On last Tuesday afternoon the first saw log was cut by Sam Lovatt's mill at Three Forks in view of an admiring crowd of business men who are located in tents and don't like it. The mill has been turning out lumber at full capacity since, but is still a long way behind the demand. Crane & Lowes, C. Bohen, R. E. Lemon, H. H. Pitts, Galena Trading Company and many others are only waiting till they can get the lumber on the ground to build.

A wagon road up Four-mile creek from Silverton is a work of absolute necessity. The number of claims located on this creek and its tributaries and the number of those prospects now under development together with the upward tendency of silver is sufficient to warrant the undertaking of the work. The government collects large sums from the camp, but when they are asked to comply with the wishes of the taxpayers by the construction of the road they pass by silently. May we not long be cursed with so contemptible a government, whose heart pulsates only for the interest of a few. Now is the time to begin the construction of the road. Let a meeting of those interested up the creek be held and a general contribution be started and the work begun. If this is done considerable ore will probably be shipped from the vicinity this winter, and greater development work will be undertaken and the whole country will benefit in consequence.

New Denver and Silverton are now connected by telephone. The line was put in by Hunter & McKinnon for the convenience of their two stores. It follows the trail along the lake shore, and for stability and permanence will knock out the C. P. R. telegraph system in this part of the world.

W. C. McKinnon had to go to New Denver on Monday to register two letters. Good for the New Denver mail service. The man who divided the world into fools and d—d fools would have invented something else to say about postoffice inspector Fletcher if he had known him.

J. A. Finch has completed a trail connecting the Reid & Robinson group with the Idaho basin mines in which he is interested.

Lane Gilliam passed through New Denver with his pack train this week. He had a load of ten hundred of coal for the Reid & Robinson group on Four-mile.

Mr. Shaw a gentleman from Illinois who bought some $5000 worth of wildcats from W. D. Middaugh, is in the country trying to look up his property and have assessment work done on what he can find of it. Mr. Shaw has the sympathy of people here who suffered from the same cause. Let him stay with the country and he will pull even yet.

Mr. Morris of Chicago, who accompanied Mr. Finch on his last trip into the Slocan, was very favorably impressed with the country and means to invest heavily in mining property.

M. Hall, the New Denver plasterer, has got an $1100 contract for stone work on the Moore concentrator.

E. J. Matthews of Kaslo, representing the Omaha smelter, was in town several days this week. He contemplates making his headquarters here within a short time.

Wilson & Burns are building a large slaughter house on Carpenter creek. They mean to locate the wholesale meat trade of the Slocan at New Denver.

One of the Causes.

Revelstoke Mail, 25th: "What is the cause of such stringency in money as is chronic in this town? I think the chief cause lies in the fact that so much money is sent away out of the town and so very little comes back. Of course this must always be the case to a certain extent in non-manufacturing towns. We do not produce anything that we can exchange for money. We are buyers, never sellers. While we are the commercial center of as rich a mining district as the world ever saw, we are not exporting a single pound of ore. It is true the gold mines up the Big Bend are putting out satisfactory quantities of gold, which, in the absence of a Canadian mint, is sent off to San Francisco, but the returns are confined to the pockets of two or three individuals at most, and cannot be counted as an important factor in bringing money back to the town. All the money, then, which circulates here is derived from three sources: Government money paid out for labor on trails, etc., the monthly wages paid to Canadian Pacific railway employes, and the money spent at the hotels by visitors. Most of this money is paid into the stores for goods, and when enough is accumulated by the merchants it is sent east for supplies to replenish their stock. This money never comes back again, and while the stocks carried by the stores are considerably larger, yet the amount of ready money circulating in the town is so much the less."

THE BLADE.

The Species has not yet Appeared in America, but There is Plenty of Material.

The Blade—the successor of the dude, chappie, and Johnnie in London—is the man about town in his extreme youth. To be a Blade, you must not be under sixteen or over twenty-one. You must know how to assume a diabolical swagger and wear clothes cut in the latest fashion, and with a little touch of eccentricity added to them, and use all the slang of the period, disdaining ordinary language as not picturesque enough. The well-bred Blade, even though he be a duke, tends to wear his hat tilted a little over the right eyebrow, with a piece of hair pulled coquettishly down just below the brim; flowers in the button-hole; the bigger and uglier they are the better. Last year all Blades wore green carnations, invented by Oscar Wilde. The Blade's collar must be high, and he must wear a very large bow, slightly askew. This bow may be either cream-colored or deep blue, with white spots, or it may be red or buff, but it must not be green. In the matter of hats, the Blade must be distinctly fashionable, but must have some little quirk to his head-gear which no other class may imitate. In this respect he copies the Parisian dandy, who lies awake nights thinking of new styles of hats, so that he may constantly be different from those who are as constantly trying to imitate him. The middle-class Blade must display a fine gold watch-chain, and his coat and vest may be of rough, black cloth or blue serge. The shoes must be long and turned up a little at the toes. The Blade must carry a large and ornamental stick, and always swing it head downward. Narrowness of pose is hateful to him. In walking he thrusts out his elbows and knees and swings his stick as if he had some intention of smashing the heads of his fellow pedestrians. The Blade smokes publicly, but no Blade must smoke a meerschaum on the street. This would doom him. The briar is the only thing, and it is not "smart" to have a new pipe. The true Blade must buy his briar, take it home and put it on a glowing fire and burn the rim, and never be satisfied until it is a blackened pipe with a melancholy past. If the Blade ventures to smoke the cigarette, he must be sure to hold it in the left hand, and swing it idly to and fro when not inhaling the smoke. The Blade must spend his time in a whirl of dissipation, but it is all classified according to the Blade code. The Blade may drink cherry brandy and even champagne, but it is thought more elegant to absorb whisky and soda and beer. Naturally, the Blade gambles, both upon the turf and at the juvenile club house. Epigram is indispensable to the Blade of high life. He must profess a knowledge of the world which not even sixty years of rapid experience would give him. He must be very ungallant in his epigrams about women. He must swear a little, but not too much. He must be very mysterious in his intrigues. To see the Blade in all his splendor of very elongated frock coat, matchless lavender trousers, white waistcoat, and glossy silk hat with an eccentric brim, and with a whole garden of flowers in his buttonhole, as he enters the stalls of a fashionable theatre after the performance has begun, brushing past stately old dowagers and winking openly at the pretty girls, is one of the great sights of London town.

An Attempt at Resuscitation.

Edward J. Tronson of Vernon is trying to resuscitate a political corpse by filing a petition in the supreme court. The petition sets forth:

1. Your petitioner is a person who voted at the above election.

2. Your petitioner says that the election was holden on the 18th day of July, 1894, when Forbes George Vernon and Donald Graham were candidates, and the returning officer has returned the said Donald Graham as being duly elected.

3. Your petitioner further says that certain persons voted at the said election who were not qualified by law to vote at the said election, and on a scrutiny there should be struck off from the number of votes appearing to have been given to the said Donald Graham one vote for every person disqualified as aforesaid.

4. Your petitioner further says that the returning officer erroneously received certain ballot papers as votes for the said Donald Graham which were not marked according to law, and that such votes ought to be struck off the roll.

5. Your petitioner further says that on a scrutiny of the vote given and tendered at the said election it will be found that the said Forbes George Vernon was duly elected by a majority of votes, and that the said return is erroneous and ought to be amended as prayed.

Wherefore your petitioner prays that a scrutiny may be allowed of the votes given and tendered at the said election and that it may be determined that the said Forbes George Vernon was duly elected and that the return ought to be amended by the insertion of the name of the said Forbes George Vernon in place of the name of the said Donald Graham, and that the petitioner may have such other relief as circumstances may require.

Napoleon and Josephine.

A great deal of sentiment has been wasted over Josephine and her divorce, but Simeon, the author of "Private Life of Bonaparte," shows that Napoleon was fully justified, apart from reasons of state, in taking the steps of separation. At the time of his marriage, and for a long time afterward, he worshipped her, but she was always cold and indifferent, seldom writing to him during his absence, continually and secretly contracting debts for jewelry and dress, and finally compromising her reputation by her relations with an officer, Hippolite Charles, who had been expelled from the army of Italy by Napoleon. This scandal occurred while Napoleon was in Egypt, and was kept from him as long as possible. He was at last told of it by Junot, and determined on an immediate divorce. On his return he was met by Josephine with such a show of humiliation and sorrow, and with so many vows of future devotion that he forgave her and continued to live with her, although his love for her was dead. Later a genuine affection seems to have grown up between them, so that at last, when the divorce was decided upon, it was a matter of pain to both. Napoleon never, even after his marriage with Marie Louise, lost interest in Josephine. The second marriage was even more unhappy than the first. Marie Louise was a weak creature, with no principle, and when the emperor was banished to Elba, she took up with a lover with whom she had long had relations. Both wives, whom he had striven by every means in his power to make happy, had deceived him with this difference: While Josephine was unfaithful to him from the first, Marie Louise only deceived him after several years of marriage. In each of these unions he tried to found an exemplary and peaceful home, governed by the simplest habits. Neither the splendor of his career nor the pride of state had any influence upon his character as husband and father.

A Question for Public Discussion.

Judge Grosscup of the United States district court at Chicago was in Montreal on August 14th. He will be remembered as the judge who took such prompt and vigorous action in connection with the indictment of the leaders of the American Railway Union. Judge Grosscup is a tall, slim-built man of 45 or thereabouts, with a well-shaped head and highly intellectual face. He is slow and deliberate of speech, but his face is lighted up at times by a pleasant smile. He received a representative of one of the Montreal newspapers cordially and willingly granted an interview. He described some of the scenes of the strike as they have been already told in the press. Chicago, he said, did not present any appearance of the great struggle which was going on in one section of it, but the only topic of conversation was the strike.

"What is the feeling in Chicago regarding the American Railway Union, now that the strike is over?" he was asked.

"The business portion of the community view it with the deepest resentment, considering that it has inflicted grave injury on the city. Among the workingmen opinion is divided. There is one section which looks upon it as a grand organization, their emancipator from white slavery, as they call it. Others, again think it is a mushroom growth, designed to benefit the leaders."

"I presume Debs is thought of in the same way as the American Railway Union?"

"Yes, the mercantile community hate him; one section of the working class believe him to be the Moses of the new exodus to better conditions, and the other section, while considering him a clever man, think he is not capable of managing the organization."

"What is your own impression of him?"

"He is a man of great personal magnetism, and you have to like him when you meet him. He himself gives you the feeling that he likes you. He is a very clever man, but I understand Howard, one of his associates, is thought a better leader."

The judge expressed the hope that a result of the strike would be to make the labor question one of public discussion. "It will never be settled until the people settle it, and what the people decide is always right in the end. This problem is the most serious before the nations of both America and Europe."

Refused to Sign it.

The tariff bill passed by the congress of the United States became a law without the signature of president Cleveland. Following are the duties levied under the new law on articles likely to be exported from Canada:

Sawn lumber	Free
Shingles	Free
Staves	Free
Wood	Free
Canned fish	20 per cent
Horses	20 per cent
Cattle	20 per cent
Hogs	20 per cent
Sheep	20 per cent
Butter	1c per lb
Cheese	1c per lb
Milk, condensed	2c per lb
Beans	20 per cent
Eggs	3c per doz
Hay	$2 per ton
Honey	10c per gal
Hops	8c per lb
Onions	20c per bush
Potatoes	15c per bush
Barley	30 per cent
Barley, malt	40 per cent
Wheat	20 per cent
Flour	20 per cent
Mutton	20 per cent
Poultry, dressed	3 per cent
Agricultural implements	Free
Coal, soft	40c per ton
Lead ore (on the lead contents)	1c per lb

All Very Nice.

Underhill "Doctor, how can sleeplessness be cured?" Doctor "Well, the patient should count slowly and in a meditative manner 500, and then—" Underhill "That's all very nice, doctor; but baby can't count."

About Sixteen Miles an Hour.

The great bicycle relay, bearing a message from president Cleveland at Washington to governor Waite at Denver, consumed 6 days 10 hours and 37 minutes in making the distance, 2037 miles.

IS THE PROVINCE HARD UP?

Those who Say it is are Accused of a Lack of Patriotism.

The Victoria Province: The Vancouver News-Advertiser plainly asserts that the treasury of the Davie government is in a depleted condition and makes these specific charges: (1). That the salaries of certain government employees were not paid when due in July, and (2) that some appropriations payable to municipalities for road expenditures were not made when due. These statements are in support of certain allegations made by the Victoria Times. The government organ of Victoria, the Colonist, answers these charges by a long lecture on patriotism and the necessity of standing together to keep up the credit of the province; but it does not answer the allegations of its contemporaries. Everyone knows that incidents such as the Nakusp & Slocan railway deal, the great sums expended, and the vastly greater to be expended on the legislative buildings must have seriously affected the credit of this province. No one would be surprised to find that there was a shortage in ready cash, and it is more than half suspected that the government is meditating a financial guarantee in the near future that will cause conservative and prudent people to stand aghast. If the press has information that leads it conscientiously to believe that the funds of the people are being dissipated or the credit of the province impaired it is its plain duty to ventilate the matter. The cry of "recklessness" and lack of "patriotism" raised by government organs is simple "bosh." The issue is a plain business one. Here it is: Can the government promptly and squarely meet all its obligations, or can it not? Patriotism does not enter into this question any more than does government pap, an article often confounded with patriotism by those feeding at the public crib.

The First Number no Slouch.

The first number of "The Slocan Times," published at New Denver, is what a country newspaper should be: newsy, brainy, and independent. The Times gives the news without beslobbering individuals; gives its opinions on questions that concern the people of the section in which it is printed as if its editor did his own thinking; and displays its advertisements as if the office was entirely independent of type founders. If The Times keeps up its lick, the Slocan country will be heard of, and the men who get out the paper will be able to pay their way without discounting accommodation paper. The Times is owned by the men who run it, and the men who run it are not owned by any political party or private or corporate interest. D. B. Bogle and Will Hanks edit and print and own it.

Reputable Newspapers do not Knowingly Lie.

Once more The Miner has been caught lying; in fact, that, paper, of late, is only too willing to make lying statements in order to score a point against an opponent. This may be one of the methods practiced by "trained journalists" in New Zealand, but it is never practiced by reputable journalists in Canada. THE TRIBUNE, on August 11th, printed an article on the tariff, and duly credited the reprint portion of it to the Salt Lake Tribune. Yet, The Miner of last week states that the article was "cribbed," in other words, that the article was used without credit being given to the paper from which it was taken. The Miner can no longer be classed as a reputable journal, for it knowingly lies.

An Anecdote of a Hebrew.

Bob Ingersoll relates an anecdote of a Hebrew who went to a restaurant to get his dinner. The devil of temptation whispered in his ear "Bacon." He knew if there was anything that made Jehovah real white mad, it was to see anybody eating bacon; but he thought, "Maybe He is too busy watching sparrows and counting hairs to notice me," and so he took a slice. The weather was delightful when he went into the restaurant, but when he came out the sky was overcast, the lightning leaped from cloud to cloud, the earth trembled, and it was dark. He went back into the office trembling with fear, and leaning over the counter said to the clerk: "My God, did you ever hear such a fuss about a little piece of bacon!"

Preserving Tools From Rust.

A good plan for preserving tools from rusting is the simple preparation employed by professor Olmstead of Yale college, for the preservation of scientific apparatus, and which he long ago published for the general good, declining to have it patented. It is made by the slow melting together of six or eight parts of lard to one of resin, stirring till cool. This remains semi-fluid, ready for use, the resin preventing rancidity and supplying an air-tight film. Rubbed on a bright surface ever so thinly, it protects and preserves the polish effectually, and it can be wiped off nearly clean, if ever desired, as from a knife blade, or it may be thinned with coal oil or benzine.

Help.

Dream not, O soul! that easy is the task
Thus set before thee. If it proves, at length,
As well it may, beyond thy natural strength,
Doubt not, despair not. As a child may ask
A father, pray the Everlasting God
For light and guidance through the subtle snares
Of sin, thick-planted in life's thoroughfares,
For spiritual nerve and moral hardihood.
Still listening 'midst the noises round about
Of time and sense, the inward-speaking Word,
Bitter in blame, sweet in approval heard,
Piercing the tumult of the world without:
To health of soul a voice to cheer and please,
To guilt the wrath of the Eumenides!

PUBLISHERS' NOTICE.

THE TRIBUNE is published on Saturdays, by JOHN HOUSTON & Co., and will be mailed to subscribers on payment of TWO DOLLARS a year. No subscription taken for less than a year.

REGULAR ADVERTISEMENTS printed at the following rates: One inch, $35 a year; two inches, $60 a year; three inches $81 a year; four inches, $96 a year; five inches, $105 a year; six inches and over, at the rate of $1.50 an inch per month.

TRANSIENT ADVERTISEMENTS 20 cents a line for first insertion and 10 cents a line for each additional insertion. Birth, marriage, and death notices free.

LOCAL OR READING MATTER NOTICES 25 cents a line each insertion.

JOB PRINTING at fair rates. All accounts for job printing and advertising payable on the first of every month; subscription, in advance.

ADDRESS all communications to
THE TRIBUNE, Nelson, B. C.

PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

D. LABAU, M.D.—Physician and Surgeon. Rooms 3 and 4 Houston block, Nelson. Telephone 42.

L. R. HARRISON, B. A.—Barrister at Law, Conveyancer, Notary Public, Commissioner for taking Affidavits for use in the Courts of British Columbia, etc. Offices—Ward St., between Baker and Vernon, Nelson.

The Tribune.

SATURDAY MORNING.....SEPTEMBER 1, 1894

PROTECTION VERSUS FREE TRADE.

Between the advocates of Protection and of Free Trade there will always be honest differences of opinion. THE TRIBUNE is an advocate of Protection, because it believes that that policy is best for the people of Canada. The majority of the people are of the same opinion, or they would not have returned as their representatives in the house of commons a majority pledged to support a Protectionist government. It is just possible the majority of the people of Canada are fools, but it will take other evidence than that of The Miner to convince us that they are. Although, to quote its own words, "The Miner is written for the people of Kootenay," and not for the benefit of the people two thousand miles to the east, it is very doubtful if anything that has appeared in its columns of late has benefited the people of Kootenay to any great extent. Somehow, the people of Kootenay seem to be harder up on this 1st day of September than they were on the 1st day of April last, the day on which The Miner announced that an all-wise one from New Zealand would thereafter write its heavy editorials and dish up its light locals. If it is "absolutely false that Free Trade does not tend to lower wages," why is it that the corporations operating near Nelson whose management is in the hands of English Free Traders should be the only ones that refuse to pay the standard wages of the country? Why is it that employers who favor the policy of Protection can pay their miners $3.50 a day, while the employers who favor the policy of Free Trade can only pay the same class of labor $3 a day? We might even ask, why it is that the newspaper organ of the party of Free Trade has seen fit to cut the the wages of printers from $4 a day to $3 a day? THE TRIBUNE believes that what is best for the majority of the people of Canada is best for the people of Kootenay, as long as Kootenay is a part and parcel of Canada. And it believes, further, that the people from across the sea who have no other interest in Canada than to acquire wealth with which to maintain themselves when they return across the sea are not the people whose advice, if followed, is likely to be of lasting benefit to either Canada or Canadians.

A FEW years ago it was believed that valuable tin deposits had been discovered in the Black Hills country, in South Dakota, and the discovery was lamented by hundreds of Cornish miners in the silver mining camps throughout Colorado, Montana, Idaho, Utah, and Nevada, for the reason, as they rather pathetically stated it, "what will become of the folks at home, if the mines at Cornwall cannot be worked at a profit?" So with all natives of Great Britain who are in America for gain: they do not wish to see any industry thrive here that will take the bread from the mouths of their kindred at home; nor do they wish to see any American industry successful that is likely to come in competition with like industries in the mother country. This they call "patriotism." Then, is it not "patriotism" that actuates the Canadian and American who wishes to see the people of their respective countries thrive in preference to those of other countries?

THE MINER intimates that Mr. Hume may have been represented at the Vancouver conference of opposition members elected to the legislature by "some discredited political heeler or strolling semi-literary deadbeat." The Miner editor had better be careful or he will again be down dancing attendance on Mr. Hume, apologizing for the frothy utterances that appear in the editorial columns of that paper.

THE MINER refers to J. M. Carroll as the man whom the opposition brought upon the platform to refute the premier's statements on the subject of time checks. Yes; and he succeeded in so confounding the premier that that politician left the platform a discredited man in the eyes of many men who heard him explain how a time-check issued in March could suddenly be changed to one bearing a date in May, and afterwards be as suddenly changed to bear a date in June.

"WE have no hesitancy in saying that "the statement, 'when the tariff is taken "off wages fall,' is untrue," says The Miner. And in the same article says, "If the Free Trade party had their way "they would abolish all duties whatso-"ever. * * It is true that many of the "hands in factories in eastern Canada "would find their wages lessened." Yet, The Miner would like to be reckoned as an authority on economic questions.

THE KILLING OF THE CAPTAIN.

The perpendicular rays of the noon sun had furled all the shadows close under the walls of the houses, and the quadrangle of the post, burned bare and brown by the summer heat, seemed to quiver in the blinding glare. In the center of the large, level square the fountain lisped its tired, listless monotone, and the small stream fell back, perfectly straight, on the iron pipe through which it had reached daylight again, after leaving the turbulent mountain torrent a mile above the reservation limit. At the foot of the flagstaff a small jib-boom of shadow pointed northward. In the blue-white sky the buzzards circled lazily, and without apparent effort in smooth, ample curves, on a level with the yellow-pink peaks of the mountains, that looked down in lofty silence on the little military settlement huddled against the lines of juniper at their base. Below, nothing moved. It was July, and in Arizona the July noon is a brutal master, whom few care to face.

At the lower end of the quadrangle the road passed out of the military primness of the post proper, through a row of quartermaster's storehouses on the one side, and semi-official shops and hotels on the other, until it degenerated into a broad, red, rutted ribbon, that wound in and out between Mexican jacals and Negro shanties, an finally took a free course across the undulating plain. Here and there, between the cactus hedges, little shelters of dry branches cast a protecting, but ever-changing, shade over some family of nomad freighters, Mexican today, Mormon tomorrow, as the coke-teams happened to come along. In the dry corrals, asthmatic horses and overworked mules hung their heads, and gazed, with weary indifference, at the rope-knots by which they were hobbled. Beyond, the plain, faintly red and green, and dotted at intervals with chunky clumps of soapweed, stretched away indefinitely, until it ultimately lost itself in a distant, hot horizon, above which fantastically-carved sierras uplifted their peaks.

Under the last of these rude shelters, quite oblivious of heat or landscape, a young Mexican vaquero leaned against one of the mesquite posts, and alternately rolled cigarettes of brown paper, or watched a girl of his own race, seated on an empty tomato-can box. They were both young, well-made and, but for a certain untamed, feline expression that revealed a characteristic lack of moral restraint, both would have been called good looking. The girl had turned her back upon him, and was lazily plaiting the long, glossy braids of brown-black hair that started just behind each ear and hung down well below her waist when she stood up. She had propped a piece of a broken looking-glass against an empty can, and was gazing with placid, animal contentment at the distorted reflection of her features, which the greenish mirror shot back at her. For a long time neither spoke. A scorpion, with uplifted tail, ran swiftly across the floor of stamped earth, but did not succeed in provoking a remark, and the little brown lizards chased one another, with sudden bursts of speed, from one branch to the next quite undisturbed. Finally, Santana pushed back his heavy hat, and blowing the smoke of his cigarette far out before him, he turned toward the girl.

"And so you won't have me!" he said.

"I said no," she answered, without resentment, even without interest.

"And why not?" he asked again, after a pause.

"Oh! leave it! I said no—that is enough! Don't bother me, Santana!"

She rose slowly, flung her braids over her shoulders, and began smoothing her hair with both hands away from the white, central part that began low down her neck, and stretched around in a pretty curve to her forehead.

"But, Orejana," he persisted, crossing his arms and shifting from one leg to the other. "Tell me, why not? Give me a good reason. I love you. I have a capital contract, and I am as good as any other vaquero on the range. Is it true? We have always been together, Orejana * * * Tell me, Orejanita," he went on, caressingly. "Don't you love me * * * a little, little bit? * * * just such a little bit?"

She had shaken out the folds of her rebozo, and stood looking at him impassively from under her long eyelashes, as she drew her shawl tightly over her head.

"No!" she repeated, in the same quiet tone.

He moved toward her and stretched out his open hand.

"But I * * * I love you!" he said, passionately. "Do you hear me? I love you, Orejana, and you shall be mine. Do you hear what I say? Do you understand? Por Dios, I tell you the truth."

She laughed a little defiantly, and shrugged her shoulders. Then, after carefully putting the glass away, she walked past him, down to the cactus hedge, and stood there in the sunlight, holding one hand over her eyes to shade them, as she looked down the road. Santana followed, with stealthy steps, and stood behind her, irresolute, not knowing what more to say.

"Aren't you going' she asked, presently, without turning round.

"Yes! Why shouldn't I go? Yes * * * I go!" he said, half angrily, and strode off toward his horse, that was waiting in the shadow of the little adobe hut, untied, his head near the ground, and eyes half closed. With a leap, Santana found his seat and dropped his spurs behind the cinch; but, as the pony sprang forward, he determined to make one more effort, and, wheeling him suddenly, he galloped up to the gate and reined in.

"Orejana, 'chacho! Listen to me, darling! Listen! Is it true you will not have me? * * * Shall I wait? Why will you not say yes?"

At that moment, the captain, followed by a comple of troopers, cantered past, on his way to the post, and the girl, ignoring Santana's question, gazed after him wistfully, admiring his soldierly bearing, his handsome, manly figure and thoughtful face.

"What a man!" she exclaimed involuntarily, below her breath, and flushing suddenly. "What a splendid man!"

Santana heard the whispered words, and looked up sharply. To his suspicious nature, devoid of poetry—hence of its best emotional translation, generosity—his question seemed answered, and an ugly frown fell upon his face.

"Aha!" he cried. "Esta bueno, 'sta bueno! That is the reason, is it? Well, God only knows whether he will die on a full stomach, or hungry! But remember * * * you killed him!" and dashing through the hedge, regardless of its thorns, he galloped away across the prairie. When the girl turned her head to look after him, he was no more than an oblong speck, dancing up and down in a halo of red dust.

"Ay de mi!" she said, plaintively, and, gathering the ends of her head-shawl across her breast, she walked slowly back toward the hut, with a sudden vague presentiment of impending evil.

Indeed, that day an ill wind seemed to be blowing over the post, for, after the captain had read his private mail, he seemed much disturbed. At mess, that evening, he hardly spoke to his fellow-officers, and immediately afterwards he called at the colonel's house and begged very earnestly to be put in command of the next expedition sent out after the renegade Apaches. His request was granted sooner than he had hoped, for but a few days later he marched out at the head of his troop, accompanied by one hundred Indian scouts, and Orejana was left to weep and wonder; and her wonderment increased when she learned that, at about the same time, her suitor Santana had gone back to Sonora.

II.

Nearly six months had passed since the captain had marched forth into that modern hell—the Sierra Madre—in pursuit of the Apache fiends. The mounted troopers had long ago been left behind, and the few "white" men who were still at the front and able to walk, had ample opportunity to prove their prowess as pedestrians. Half a dozen mules with ammunition followed the trail of the scouting column; the larger supply train, with the escort and the main body of packers, was seven days' march in the rear, but occasionally rejoined the command, to prove, not only to the soldiers, but to the Indians, both friendly and hostile, that army regulations subsist partout and per tout. It was a formality which the tenderfoot, or school-trained military man, may look upon as being easy to comply with, but one which the frontiersman and Indian fighter holds to be a "big contract."

That it was a "big contract" to do things as they should be done, no one understood better than the captain. He admitted the necessity of a diamond with which to cut a diamond, and knew, by long experience, bought with blood, that Indians on the warpath must be fought with Indians (if possible, of the same tribe), or with white men who have wrestled so long with the Indian that they are familiar with all the wiles that make him "peculiar." But the captain had a larger, finer aim in view than the mere running down of a handful of Chiricahuas. His ambition was to prove, once and for all, to the friendly scout, as well as to the renegade hostile, that, when the hour has really struck, the disciplined white man is the Indian's equal on his own ground, in his own country, under even the most adverse circumstances. He had trained himself carefully and conscientiously for this great effort, and the men whom he had chosen, with the experience of a long life on border duty, were well grown to the task.

He hoped less from a battle fought with bullets than from the persistent assertion of the endurance and fearlessness of his command. It was a campaign in which morale was his chief weapon. Night after night; or, as it might happen, day after day, he proved that officers and men were equal to the colossal work of pursuit. Where the Indian camped on Sunday, the captain camped on Monday, and it was not long before the hostile chiefs understood the logic of his tactics, and began to tremble least their superiority of craftiness and endurance—a superiority of which they had boasted for centuries were to become a legend of the past.

The captain was well known and respected among his enemies. He was a man whose honesty and justice were beyond question—and these are the qualities that, in a white man, the Indian holds in the highest respect, perhaps because of his scant acquaintance with them. They had long since admitted that they could not cope with him on his own ground; he was now proving to them that they were no longer a match for him on ground of their own choosing, and suddenly they became frightened. The fundamental principle of all their raids had been to steal the first march and then rely on the inaccessibility of their mountain fastnesses. To reach this wild country, as yet untrodden by their civilized pursuers, meant security for the time being, and eventually immunity from punishment for past misdeeds, as the inevitable compromise that preceded their temporary surrender was conducted according to the precept "Forgive and forget." But today all that seemed changed. The captain had invaded their impregnable refuge, and among themselves they began to talk of surrender.

An outsider, unfamiliar with Indian warfare, might have objected that the commanding officers seemed to have very little to say. They were allowed to do only what the scouts deemed advisable. They might not smoke without consulting their allies; they were not permitted to add a stick to the fire—to stand erect; to choose their own trail, or even te walk ahead of their men, unless accompanied by an Apache. The orders they gave were considered as broad suggestions, which the scouts sometimes repudiated absolutely, and never accepted without discussion. They were told where to camp and where they should sleep, and whether it was opportune to "wickey-up," or push on. At the same time they were the soul of the expedition, and the scouts knew very well that any permanent result could be obtained only through the representatives of the greatest organized power on earth—the army.

These representatives had, to be sure, not always reached the aboriginal's ideal of what such chiefs should be; but in this case it was different. Such men as the captain were not often met with, even on the border, where the law of the survival of the fittest is fiercely enforced. So, when they realized that their commanding officer was their equal in endurance, and was willing to share every privation, every hardship, with the meanest of his men; when they had understood that his sense of justice remained unaltered by circumstances, and that dismay was not in his character, they accepted him as a great chief, a great warrior, and even, allowing for the differences that separate an Indian from a white man, as a great medicine-man amid his own surroundings. They felt convinced that he would retain his superiority over them in the trying hour of defeat, when they had become excited and demoralized, to the point of losing both confidence and judgment; and they felt as assured of this as of the more evident fact that he was their superior when there was no danger and every man in the command entertained a romantic appreciation of his own valor.

Even in eccentric communities, example, though a great factor, is not the only one. Ideals are prime movers, the world over, independently of geography or surroundings, and the captain possessed the faculty of inspiring every man about him, whether Indian or white, with the ambition of excelling his best performance. Therein lay the man's power. He gave his boys a creed, and in a simple way, by a convincing accord between practice and preaching, he showed them how to live up to it.

On the night of the ninth of January, the little command, exhausted after two days of exceptionally heavy marching, waded across the knee-deep Haros river, now supplied with the drainage of the winter rains. The sky was overcast, and occasional showers added to the gloomy discomfort of the surroundings. There was no real camp to expect. The pack-train was several days' march to the rear, and a shelter among the rocks that bordered the river, with a wet blanket for a cover, and the pebble-covered ground for a mattress, was all that the men were looking for. But, as this was the regular lodging on six nights out of seven, it occurred to no one to complain, or even to waste a discontented thought on the outlook. The captain had given his orders for the night, and such of the men as were not overhauling the diminishing supply of pinole and jerked cow, were busy scratching a water-shed around the spot which they had chosen for a pillow. The murmuring of the stream over the rocky bottom was a pleasant, soothing lullaby, and the fatigue of the days' march guaranteed a sweeter sleep than the softest shake-down could promise elsewhere.

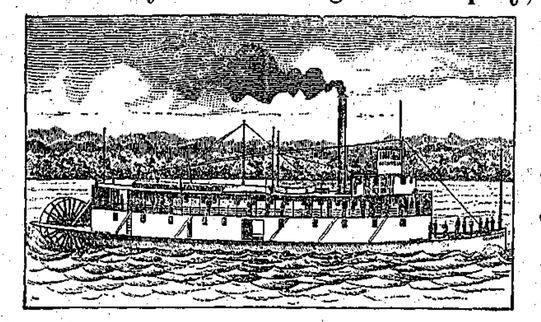
Occasionally, as if out of curiosity, a star peeped through the clouds, and winked lazily at the forlorn, scattered band. Then, little by little, the slight stir and bustle of the encampment died out, and all was quiet by the rippling river save for the occasional disturbance of the sentries who came to rouse their relief—on such nights the order was "running guard," each man taking his turn.

Suddenly—not a man present could have told how or why—every sleeper was aroused and packing his slight kit. It was dreary work and slow—at least, it seemed so during the first sleepy moments. There was very little light, and the toilers felt, rather than saw, what they were doing; but the subdued clicking of the rifle levers, barely audible above the sound of the rushing river, ricochetted from rock to rock, and proved that all were careful to "keep their powder dry."

In a few minutes, each little group had formed, and the long, arduous ascent began through the ubiquitous hedge of vindictive, thorn-guarded cactus brush and over the sharp-voiced gravel that rolled down in streams between the larger nigger-heads. It was soon apparent that extraordinary precaution was not necessary; speed was the first essential. Speed * * up-hill, in the dark, each little party following a separate road. There were still some cattle in bunches, here and there, under the clumps of juniper, and as they rose with a noise of snuffling and grating stones, to dash away up the side canadas, the men knew that the broncos were still far ahead of them, and scrambled on with a contented grunt. Then, long spells of silence. A momentary flurry and rush for shelter under a dripping bush or wet rock, against which even a man's restrained panting sounded loud and strong, and for a moment the pulsations of the blood in his forehead, or the quick beating of his heart, seemed unnaturally audible. Then quiet again. A soft sh-sh-o-o-o-h! and the gradual grating of a displaced pebble zigzagging down to a lower level; a moving shadow just ahead, blurred by the soft swinging of a branch; the swish of a twig springing back; the chuck of a rifle-butt against a stone—and the march had begun again. Up—up, hour after hour, until every leg-muscle quivered and seemed to sing like the over-strung string of a bow, and the shirt clung to the wet skin and slipped suddenly after some strong effort. All around silence, darkness, danger, the unknown. Above, a veil of star-sprinkled cloud. Ahead,—behind,—a panting shadow, gliding from cover to cover; and, far away, the yelp of the coyote, or the cry of the night-hawk answered, close at hand, by the soft, melancholy croo-crooing of the wild dove. Then an interminable halt on the summit, in the shivering, foreboding silence of dawn. A movement on the right, and a quick, involuntary levelling of the rifle, slowly, cautiously lowered, as it becomes evident that the rear-guard has come up

Columbia & Kootenay Steam Navigation Company, Limited.

TIME TABLE NO. 5. In effect Wednesday, August 29, 1894.



TIME TABLE NO. 5. In effect Wednesday, August 29, 1894.

Kaslo Route—Steamer Nelson.

Connecting on Saturdays and Wednesdays with Nelson & Fort Sheppard Railway for Kaslo and lake points.

Leaves Nelson—
Mondays at 3 p. m.
Wednesdays at 5:40 p. m.
Thursdays at 5 p. m
Saturdays at 5:40 p. m.

Leaves Kaslo for Nelson—
Sundays at 8 a. m.
Tuesdays at 3 a. m.
Thursdays at 8 a. m.
Fridays at 3 a. m.

Connecting on Tuesdays and Fridays with Nelson & Fort Sheppard railway for Spokane.

Bonner's Ferry Route---Steamer Nelson.

Connecting with Great Northern railway for all points east and west.

Leaves Kaslo Tuesdays and Fridays at 3 a. m.
Leaves Nelson Tuesdays and Fridays at 7 a. m.
Leaves Bonner's Ferry for Nelson and Kaslo at 2 a. m. on Wednesdays and Saturdays.

Revelstoke Route—Steamer Lytton.

Connecting with the Canadian Pacific Railway (main line) for all points east and west.

Leaves Revelstoke on Tuesdays and Fridays at 4 a. m.
Leaves Robson on Wednesdays and Sundays at 5 p. m.

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.
Leaves Northport Sundays at 10 a. m.

The company reserves the right to change this schedule at any time without notice.

For full information, as to tickets, rates, etc., apply at the company's office, Nelson, B. C.

T. ALLAN, Secretary. J. W. TROUP, Manager.

THE MADDEN HOUSE

At Corner Baker and Ward Streets, NELSON, B. C.

THOMAS MADDEN, Prop.

THE MADDEN is Centrally Located, With a Frontage Towards Kootenay River and is Newly Furnished Throughout.

THE TABLE is Supplied with Everything in the Market, the Kitchen Being Under the Immediate Supervision of a Caterer of Large Experience.

THE BAR

IS SUPPLIED WITH THE BEST BRANDS OF ALL KINDS OF WINES, LIQUORS, AND CIGARS.

Special Attention to Miners.

SILVER KING HOTEL

Extensive improvements now completed makes the above hotel one of the best in the city both for transient guests and day boarders.

FINEST WINES, LIQUORS, AND CIGARS IN THE MARKET SOLD AT THE BAR.

JOHN JOHNSON, Proprietor.

The Tremont.

East Baker St., Nelson.

Is one of the best hotels in Toad Mountain district, and is the headquarters for prospectors and working miners.

MALONE & TREGILLUS, Props.

Stanley House BAR.

Corner Stanley and Silica streets, Nelson. We are now running the Stanley house bar, and will be glad to have our friends and acquaintances give us a call.

DAWSON & CRADDOCK.

WILLIAM PERDUE

Nelson Meat Market,

EAST BAKER STREET.

Will contract to supply mining companies and steam boats with fresh meats, and deliver same at any mine or landing in the Kootenay Lake country.

MEAT MARKETS.

WILSON & BURNS

(Successors to Burns, McInnes & Co.)

Wholesale and retail dealers in stock and dressed meats. Are prepared to furnish in any quantity beef, pork, mutton, veal, bacon, and ham, at the lowest possible prices.

Nelson, Kaslo, and Three Forks

ORDERS PROMPTLY FILLED.

JOHN M. KEEFER. JAMES E. SEALE.

KEEFER & SEALE

TEAMSTERS.

Job teaming done. Have several hundred cords of good wood, which will be sold at reasonable prices.

LEAVE ORDERS AT

J. F. Hume & Co.'s, Vernon Street, Nelson

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 report on samples up to one ton in weight sent to its experimental works, Vancouver. All communications to be addressed to

W. PELLEW-HARVEY, F.C.S.,
Assay and Mining Offices, Vancouver, B. C.

All kinds of assay mining and analytical work undertaken

Spokane Falls & Northern Railway, Nelson & Fort Sheppard Railway.

All Rail to Spokane, Washington.

Leave 7 A.M.....NELSON.....Arrive 5:40 P.M.

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.

NELSON STEAM SASH AND DOOR FACTORY

SASH, DOORS, AND WINDOW FRAMES MADE TO ORDER.

Estimates Given on Building Supplies.

TURNING, SURFACING, AND MATCHING.

Orders from any town in the Kootenay Lake country promptly attended to. General jobbing of all kinds.

RICHARD STUCKEY, Proprietor.

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.

NOTICE.

Nelson Electric Light Company, Limited.

The works of the company will be in operation on or about the 20th instant, and all parties desiring lights should make application to the undersigned.

GEORGE A. BIGELOW, Secretary.

Nelson, B. C., August 10th, 1894.

APPLICATION FOR TIMBER LICENSE.

Notice is hereby given that thirty days after date we intend applying to the honorable the chief commissioner of lands and works for a special license to cut and carry away timber from the following tract of land in West Kootenay:

Commencing at a post marked Southeast corner post of Nelson Sawmill Company's application for timber license, being the southwest corner post of Lot 282, Group 1; thence west 60 chains, more or less, to southwest corner post; thence north 150 chains, more or less, to northwest corner post; thence east 60 chains, more or less, to northeast corner post on western boundary of Lot 228, Group 1; thence south 150 chains, more or less, on western boundary of Lots 228 and 282, Group 1, to place of commencement, containing 900 acres, more or less.

For NELSON SAWMILL CO., LTD.,
W. N. ROLFE, Manager.

Nelson, B. C., 19th July, 1894.

CERTIFICATE OF IMPROVEMENT.

"BLACK BEAR" MINERAL CLAIM, SITUATED WEST OF AND ADJOINING THE "LE ROI" MINERAL CLAIM, IN THE TRAIL CREEK MINING CAMP, WEST KOOTENAY, BRITISH COLUMBIA.

Take notice that we, the Le Roi Mining & Smelting Company (free miners' certificate number 50469), 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 adverse claims must be sent to the mining recorder and action commenced before the issuance of such certificate of improvements.

THE LE ROI MINING & SMELTING COMPANY,
GEORGE M. FOSTER, President.

Dated the 25th day of June, 1894

WARNING NOTICE.

To whom it may concern: Notice is hereby given that I, John Henry, Jr., having lawfully and regularly located the Romolo mineral claim, situate in Hot Springs camp, occupying ground formerly known as Early Bird mineral claim, the said Early Bird having lawfully expired on May 18th, 1894, and the ground relocated by me, as the Romolo mineral claim, on May 9th, 1894.

Being the lawful owner of said ground, known as the Early Bird claim, all persons are notified that they purchase or lease the same from anyone but the undersigned at their own risk. JOHN HENRY, Jr.,
Miner's Certificate No. 51,634.

Ainsworth, B. C., July 23rd, 1894.

SHAREHOLDERS' MEETING.

The general annual meeting of the shareholders of the Nelson Electric Light Company, Limited, will be held at the company's office in Nelson, British Columbia, on Monday, September 3rd, 1894, at 3 o'clock p. m.

GEORGE A. BIGELOW, Secretary.

Nelson, B. C., August 1st, 1894.

Application for Liquor License.

The undersigned hereby give notice that they intend applying for a license to sell liquor at retail at their hotel at the town of Thompson, in Trail Creek division of West Kootenay district, British Columbia.

THOMAS STACK,
C. McDONALD.

Dated, Thompson, B. C., July 25th, 1894.

Application for Liquor License.

The undersigned hereby gives notice that he intends to apply for a license to sell liquor at retail at his hotel at the town of Thompson, in Trail Creek division of West Kootenay district, British Columbia.

JOHN Y. COLE.

Thompson, B. C., August 2nd, 1894.

BANK OF MONTREAL

Capital, all paid up, - - $12,000,000
Rest, - - - - 6,000,000

Sir DONALD A. SMITH,.....President
Hon. GEO. A. DRUMMOND,.....Vice-President
E. S. CLOUSTON.....General Manager

NELSON BRANCH
N.W. Cor. Baker and Stanley Streets.

— BRANCHES IN —
LONDON (England), NEW YORK, CHICAGO,
and in the principal cities in Canada.

Buy and sell Sterling Exchange and Cable Transfers.

GRANT COMMERCIAL AND TRAVELLERS' CREDITS, available in any part of the world.

DRAFTS ISSUED; COLLECTIONS MADE; ETC.

SAVINGS BANK BRANCH.
RATE OF INTEREST (at present) 3½ Per Cent.

and is gliding ahead.—noisily, it seems at first, and yet, no! silently, like phantoms, they have passed on and vanished again in the mist.

Hah! What was that? Sh—sh—croo-croo! croo-croo! and a flurrying of wings. Then, for a long time nothing moves, but the dim dawn growing lighter, and the dewdrops falling faster. Lighter, lighter, grayer, whiter grows the day, more silent, more sad. Behind the craggy mountain tops a sheen of dull gold; black walls beyond, and, in the lighted space above, dark, rounded spots, showing the bushes on the gravel background. Below, a lake of white mist, shrinking into the funnel bottom. Silence over all. Then, suddenly, unexpectedly, a flash and a low, reverberating bark. Distant cries, muffled in the fog. And, again, flash! flash! from below—then from the right—then from the left; and the bushes rain down all their drops, as a naked Indian springs out of the shelter of each of them. Down! down! jumping, sliding, slipping, leaping, maddened with the speed, drunk with the noise of the firing all around,—down! with a sudden halt for a random shot, and a furlong to go before the lever has clicked back into place and the butt is back at the shoulder. Yells, screams, screeches; a bit of level ground, and a sudden slackening of speed in the swaying mist; a scurrying noise up the ravine, and short cries of expostulation, mingled with howls. Then a long, triumphant yell from three slopes of the hollow.

The bronco camp is jumped, and their stock is all rounded up, bellowing and neighing on the gray wash, over which long streamers of mist drift like seaweed. Ya-hoo! ya-hoo! Then the voice of the captain, shouting to stop the pursuit, and, above the ensuing silence, the chuckling ripple of the river; a sudden deluge of cold morning light; the shuffle of the scouts' moccasins, and in the center a group of officers, shaking hands.

"Captain, well done!"

"Well!" the first lieutenant exclaimed, after a while, "it's an awful pity!"

"What's an awful pity?"

"Why," the other answered, "we ought to have bagged the whole lot of them! There isn't a dead man, woman, or child on either side, and not a prisoner. The wounded are so slightly hurt they are hardly worth mentioning, and it looks to me like a put-up job. Why, we had them rounded up like pigs in a pen!"

The captain looked over at the snow-covered peaks of the Espinosa del Diablo, and answered slowly:

"We may bag them after all! Wait and see!" He had suspected, long before this, that his scouts could be trusted to trail and capture, but not to kill, the hostiles, who, after all, were of their own family, and this morning's result was in confirmation of his doubts. The moment was, however, inopertune for such revelations, and he hoped that the day would not pass without some proposal of surrender on the part of the broncos. So he merrily added as he turned away: "See that the out-pickets are properly attended to, and send the interpreter to me."

According to the unwritten rules of border warfare, the plunder belonged to the scouts, and such of it as might prove useful they took possession of; the rest they burned. While the work of selection and destruction was proceeding, the captain lay down, and, resting his head on a boulder, was soon asleep, his striker, Charley, standing guard a couple of yards above him.

Two hours later the man laid his hand on the captain's shoulder, and he sat up suddenly, holding his revolver in readiness to fire. A little Indian boy, trembling in every limb, stood at his feet, attempting to deliver a message in the sign language, which the captain understood perfectly, and answered by the same means. "Do you see any boys here?" he asked, falling back with apparent unconcern. "Go back to the chief, and say we are all men;" and closing his eyes he was soon asleep again.

About noon his striker touched him a second time, and he sprang up. An old squaw, with a scarred, wrinkled skin, that her blanket barely covered, came toward him, and he asked who had sent her.

"Geronimo."

"There are no squaws in my camp," he answered. "Go; tell him so. If he will meet me, let him come; but let him come prepared to talk with men. Tell him he may have peace or war, as he chooses. Peace on my terms; war on his. I will wait for him one round of the sun, and if he does not come, we will follow him and kill him. Ugashe,—go!"

And with the same appearance of unconcern, the captain leaned back, while Charley motioned the woman away with a jerk of his rifle. Half an hour later the captain was up, and busy moving camp. He had recognized the squaw as one of the chief's own, and knew that every visible detail of his position had been reported to Geronimo. It was no moment for trifling. The solution of the vexed Chiricahua question was in his grasp, and the slightest advantage gained by the foe might inspire him with temporary confidence, and defer the issue indefinitely. So, leaving a picket near the spot where he had been found sleeping, the captain promptly moved his command across the river, sent a runner back to hurry the packtrain and ammunition along, and, having attended personally to every detail of the new camp, he lay down, before the scouts' makeshift for a fire, to rest. The picket at the old camp had sent a messenger to report, and it was not long before the whole command knew that the great chief was coming down for an interview on the following morning.

It was a gloomy, cold, damp night, and to men less thoroughly inured to extempore camping in the Sierra Madre, to sleeping where they fell, there would have been scant comfort in store. But they had all understood the meaning and the importance of the promised talk on the morrow, and feeling that their work was well-nigh done, they yielded to the fatigue that had been sapping their energies for more than a hundred hours—and slept.

Soon it began to rain; but the sleepers merely recognized the fact by a mechanical gesture that drew the flap of the blanket over their heads, and hugged their rifles more closely. At intervals, during the night, the silent, phantom-like figures of the scouts on guard moved from one small, smoking fire to the next, stirred it skilfully, and disappeared again in the mist, that, long before dawn, settled down over the forlorn little camp, and gathered into thick cocoons around each recumbent figure.

As the morning light began to unravel these woolly skeins, the first and second lieutenants sat up and yawned at each other. It was a cheerless awakening, and, beyond the sense of duty, there seemed to be no valid reason for abandoning the meagre comforts of semi-unconsciousness for a more realistic appreciation of the surrounding misery. The captain was still asleep, and they wearily pulled up the shanks of their moccasins and were beginning to readjust the private's uniform they were wearing, when, suddenly, the stillness was broken by cries of alarm from the rocks ahead, and the interpreter's large figure bounded past them to the front. As they jumped up to follow, several shots fell, and they saw the scouts scattering among the boulders that bordered the wash by the bank on which they were encamped. Ahead of them, and only half-visible, on account of the mist, the big interpeter was leaning on his rifle, and yelling loudly in Spanish that they were American soldiers and scouts. The fire slackened, and a few moments later, some of the officers of the attacking party—consisting of Mexican irregulars in pursuit of the broncos—came forward, and, the recognition having been mutual, it seemed as though the conflict were ended.

The captain had joined the men in the front rank. He did not speak Spanish, but the movements of the forces on the field told him more clearly than words exactly what the situation was, and he at once grasped the fact that the fighting was over, only on the condition of his showing an imposing front. The Indian scouts had already taken possession of a commanding eminence, and lay there hidden beneath, or behind the first natural rampart they could find. Unaware of this fact, a party of Mexicans was manœuvring, in a very transparent and bungling manner to secure this same eminence, which was really the key of the situation, and the captain, recognizing its importance, at once ordered the second lieutenant to reinforce the defenders. The first lieutenant he sent back to stop further firing on the part of the Apache scouts, who were scattered among the rocks near the camp, and, as soon as he was gone, instructed the interpeter to continue his talk with the Mexicans while he, dressed in the uniform of an American soldier, climbed to the top of a boulder that stood out in full view of both camps, and unfolded a white handkerchief, crying out as lustly as he could: "Americana! Soldiers!" which was the best Spanish he could muster.

Ten seconds later, a puff of smoke shot out from under a mesquite bush, less than twenty paces distant, and the captain, reeling backwards, fell to the ground. The bullet had torn away the whole side of his strong, squarely-projecting brow, and the wound was a mortal one. A short pause of hesitation followed; then came a shot from the ground where the captain's striker, Charley, lay crouched, and, immediately, a volley from all parts of the Mexican camp, feebly answered by the scouts, who had been ordered to hold their fire, and did not know yet what had happened. The Mexican officer moved forward, as if to command an assault, his lieutenant close behind him, and again the rifles barked angrily above the yelling of the men. With an oath, the big interpreter, shot through the biceps of his left arm, sprang back behind a boulder, and handling his Winchester like a revolver, pulled the trigger twice in quick succession. Here and there a rifle spat from behind the notches in the bluff; then there was a lull and an appalling silence, while the smoke slowly cleared away.

On the level wash, the two Mexican officers lay motionless, one upon the other; just behind them another quiet figure made a dark cross on the shingle; a little beyond, a wounded ranchero was crawling slowly to cover, with groping, helpless movements, like those of a maimed lizard, while at short intervals the Springfields snapped and he stopped, quivering at each fresh wound, and then resumed his wriggling course, until finally he lay quite still. Under the mesquite bush, the man who shot the captain leaned against the bunched trunk-stalks, grinning noiselessly, his gun on his knees, untouched, and a dark-blue hole under the rim of his hat; and behind the high rock the captain at peace forever now, gazed heavenward, the flag of truce across his blue coat, like a mute accusation of murder. On the eminence to the right, the Mexicans ran an assault; the Apache scouts responded, and the assailants fled, driven back in disorder and dismay.

There was nothing to make a picture of; nothing to describe or remember. The whole thing was a simple matter of fact, without stirring or romantic incident. Guns had been fired; men had been shot to no purpose, without apparent motive, and the dismal truth was unrelieved by the slightest patch of color or of sunlight; it was raining sullenly when the first shot fell; it was raining sullenly now that the last had been fired.

As the captain, though still breathing, was unconscious and mortally wounded, the first lieutenant was now in command, and he hardly knew what to do. A squaw had come in from the bronco camp, to offer help should the Mexicans attack again, and all the fighting bucks were drawn up on the opposite shore of the river, ready to cross at the first call. Then, through overconfidence, the first lieutenant lost the game. He was so sure of his position that he walked over to the other camp and was a prisoner before he knew it. They asked him who he was, and when he told them and pointed to his uniform, they insisted upon written proof, which he did not have. Then they asked for help for their wounded, and, forgetting what were the relations between the Mexicans and the Apaches, he promised them transportation; but when he rose to go, they denied his freedom.

In the other camp, the scouts, not understanding the delay, became anxious and sent the Mexican interpreter to bring back their lieutenant; but they only laughed at him, and him also they made a prisoner, saying he had more wool in his head than on it.

"Vaya!" he answered them, "a man goes as God pleases, and I am now a hostage. But this I say to you; you are all men beyond the stage of youth; but you are fools. I am speaking the truth as a man who is about to die. We die but once, and if I die, you die, too. The broncos are already in your rear, and our scouts will fight you in front. Think on it! Think on it—not once, but twice!"

Then the men gathered together, and, calling in their scouts, they understood that the interpreter was right and that they were in great danger; so they turned to the lieutenant who was their prisoner, and said to him: "Your Indians are all stripping for a fight, and the blood that will be shed will be on your own head. It's all a mistake. We met in the fog, and, thinking your Indians were hostile, we fired on you. It was all a mistake. We will sign a paper together, so that it may be recorded that it was a mistake and that no one was to blame."

After he had signed the statement, he rose to go; but they still detained him.

"You promised us transportation for our wounded. Where is the help you promised us? Instead of sending us mules, your Indians are closing in around us. You must control them. Speak to them, and order them to send over the mules."

As they would not let him pass a certain point, and kept him "covered," he called out to his men to send the mules at once. The second lieutenant answered that it was impossible; all the mules and horses had been captured from the broncos when their camp was jumped, the day before, and therefore belonged to the scouts, who would not listen to the proposition of parting with them for the benefit of the Mexicans.

"I order you to send them at once!" the first lieutenant called out.

"I cannot recognize the order," was the answer. "You are a prisoner, and therefore no longer in command. If I insist on this, the scouts will kill us all, and scatter to the mountains, to join forces with the broncos; and if they abandon us, the Mexicans will kill us. You have got us into this mess, and you must find the way out of it." And, turning to the big interpreter, he continued: "Tell the Indians!"

By this time the scouts were wild. They had stripped to the buff, and were eager for a fight. Their kinsmen, the broncos, were not half a mile away, and ready to jump in at the first signal. Here was a glorious opportunity of killing six or seven strings, of a score each, of Mexicans, their most hated foes, and the opportunity was tempting. So they answered the interpreter:

"Tell the sons of she-coyotes that we are ready to fight. If they don't send our officer back to us at once, we will begin right off."

"But," he replied, "the first lieutenant has promised them transportation for their wounded. It was his word that he gave them; a soldier's word is truth."

"A soldier's word is truth," the Indians answered. "We will send them horses, and then our officer will be set free."

But the Mexicans refused to accept the horses, insisting on mules, and the situation looked serious. The second lieutenant did not know what to do. He merely knew that he could not control the Indians, and that the first shot fired meant a stubborn fight in which certainly a hundred lives would be lost.

"Will you trust me?" asked the interpreter. "Good! All right!" he called across. "Send over a couple of men for the mules."

When they came, he said to the first:

"Amigo, you should be able to climb that rock. Come along now! Jump up there!"

Then he called down two of the older Apache scouts, on whom he could depend.

"Peaches," he said to the first, "I am going over to the other camp, and I want you to watch this man. Keep an eye on me, and when you see me raise my hand, this-a-way, drop him so by-Jesusly quick he won't even wriggle. And you," he said to the other, "when you see that Mexican fall, shoot this one, and fall in for the fight, with a yell to the broncos to stand by. Now I am going to see whether those chaps understand my Spanish."

Five minutes later the prisoners were back in camp, and two very much disappointed Apaches were gazing ruefully at the backs of a couple of scampering Mexicans. But all was safe, honor included, and when the light packtrain came up, with the surgeon, the overhauling of the camp began. The doctor was a man of few words. He looked at the captain, and said, quietly: "Death wound. Bind some reeds together, boys, and make a 'travois.' We'll take him back to a soldier's grave among our own people."

Then he looked at the two Mexican officers, and turned away. "Quick shooting, that, and good!" And, going over to the mesquite bush where the man who killed the captain lay grinning, he repeated the final verdict: "Dead * * * But hold on a minute, boys," he added, as they were bearing the body away. "It seems to me that I know that face * * * Why, surely, that's young Santana who used to punch for Robinson! What was he doing here? What? The man who killed the captain? I must look into that later. Who's next?"

"Now, there!" he broke out suddenly and quite irreverently, as he was bandaging a wounded Mexican. "That's one of those d—d cases of why and wherefore that beat anything I ever read of in books. Two human lives that I know of * * * and how many more?"

* * *

Aye! How many more, indeed? For God has linked us all so closely that who may fall and no other human life be touched?

III.

When the gallant little command returned from their campaign, worn to the minimum that is absolutely necessary to life, and tanned to the color of old leather, the whole population of the border country—good men and bad, soldiers and civilians, Mexicans and Indians—turned out on the plain and stood in silence on either side of the trail; and every head was bent in genuine sorrow, as the little band marched slowly past, bearing their dead captain to his last home.

And when a pale Mexican girl touched the doctor's arm, and, looking up at him with eyes that seemed to have wept their very last tear, said: "Senor, forgive me; but they say that it was Santana—is it true? oh, tell me that the captain is not dead!" the bluff old doctor's lips quivered as he answered, after the fashion of her people, and laying his hand on the breast of his coat: "No, chivuita, he is with God, living here in the hearts of all of us * * " But she interrupted him, quoting the last words Santana had said to her before he rode away: "Remember, you killed him!"

And the news brought great grief to a little farm house in the broad grain lands, where an old woman sat mumbling, as her tears fell fast: "Oh! my boy! my soldier boy! * * But Thy will be done, O Lord!"

And the news brought sorrow and perplexity to a great house in a great city, where a bride sat wondering. It was not more than six months since she had written to the captain to say that the old ties were broken.

And for a long time after the captain's death the borderland was red with human blood.

And yet the doctor's question is not fully answered: "Two human lives that I know of * * * and how many more?

ONE DOLLAR . . A FRONT FOOT

The Mines of the Great Slocan District are all within a few miles of New Denver, the celebrated Mountain Chief being less than two miles distant. The townsite is acknowledged to be the prettiest in the whole Kootenay Country. Investors and Speculators should examine the property offered.

To allow Prospectors, Miners, and Mining Men to acquire ground on which to build homes, lots will be sold in Blocks 58, 59, 60, 61, 62, 74, 78, 79, and 83, in the townsite of NEW DENVER, until October 1st next, at the low price of One Dollar a Front Foot ($25 a Lot). Terms cash. Title warranted.

D. B. BOGLE, General Agent, NEW DENVER

"BLAKE-MORSDEN" ORE CRUSHERS

AND ALL KINDS

HOISTING AND POWER PLANTS FOR MINES.

CORRESPONDENCE SOLICITED.

The Jenckes Machine Company

SHERBROOKE, QUEBEC.

AIR COMPRESSORS

OF THE MOST EFFICIENT AND ECONOMICAL TYPE.

"SLUGGER" AND "GIANT"

AIR DRILLS FOR MINES.

SEND FOR CATALOGUE.

The Canadian Rand Drill Company,

SHERBROOKE, QUEBEC.

British Columbia Agency: 632 Cordova Street, Vancouver. Eastern Agency: 16 Victoria Square, Montreal.

The Pulsometer Steam Pump

The Handiest, Simplest, and Most Efficient Steam Pump
FOR MINING PURPOSES.

Pulsometer Steam Pump Company, New York, U. S.

J. FRED HUME & CO.

GENERAL MERCHANTS
VERNON STREET, NELSON,

Are Going Out of Business
and are selling off their entire stock

Groceries, Hardware, Tinware. **Dry Goods, Clothing, Boots and Shoes.** **Crockery, Glassware, Doors, etc.**

AT COST

ORE SHIPMENTS FROM SOUTH KOOTENAY.

FOR WEEK ENDING AUGUST 30TH.

August 24th.—Josie mine, Trail Creek district, via Revelstoke to Everett, Washington	14½ tons
August 25th.—Le Roi mine, Trail Creek district, via Northport to Tacoma, Washington	13 "
Silver King mine, Nelson district, via Nelson & Fort Sheppard railway to Denver, Colorado	56½ "
August 27th.—Josie mine, Trail Creek district, via Revelstoke to Everett, Washington	8 "
August 30th.—Silver King mine, Nelson district, via Nelson & Fort Sheppard railway to Denver, Colorado	25 "
Total	117 tons

APPROXIMATE VALUE.

Trail Creek district ore (gold and copper)	$1,775
Nelson district ore (silver and copper)	8,150
Total	$9,925

LOCAL NEWS AND GOSSIP.

Silver, 65⅞c; lead, $3.15.

P. A. McPhee & Co. are now running the Hotel Slocan at Kaslo. Mr. McPhee is as well-known as any other old-time resident of the Kootenay Lake country, and Thomas John Readley, as chief clerk, will by his affableness make the patrons of the house feel as if they had always lived in sight of Kootenay lake. The dining-room is in charge of C. A. Woods. The hotel has been thoroughly overhauled, and is now one of the best in South Kootenay.

James Donnelley has secured the contract for building the school house at Waneta. The contract price is $850, the building to be frame and lath and plastered. The lumber, etc., will be furnished by the sawmill at Northport.

The Great Northern railway has had two of its traffic men in South Kootenay in the last ten days, and both were after business. One of them was C. G. Dixon, who has charge of the passenger and ticket business at Spokane and this section of British Columbia. The other was C. H. Weeks, who is a general freight rustler, with headquarters at Spokane. The Great Northern gets its share of the business of this section of British Columbia.

J. B. McLaren and W. D. Dalglish, both of New Westminster, are taking a first look at Nelson and southern Kootenay. The smoke, however, is as thick and all-prevading as is the mist which always overhangs the village from which they hail, and they are unable to get even a glimpse of the magnificent scenery for which this country is so justly famous.

Napoleon Fitzstubbs is back at Nelson from Victoria, where he went early in the spring owing to ill health.

G. B. Wright has got the contract for repairing the wharf at Ainsworth, and a few men are now at work.

It is a two-to-one bet that The Slocan Times of New Denver will not be the recipient of any favors, in the way of advertisements, from the provincial government.

W. C. Ward of Victoria, superintendent of the British Columbia branches of the Bank of British Columbia, is at Nelson taking a look at the best-paying branch of his bank in the province.

The long-looked-for fire bell has arrived. It was made at Cincinnati, Ohio, weighs about 300 pounds, is as sweet-toned as a young grass widow, and bears the following inscription in raised letters: "Presented to the Firemen by the Ladies of Nelson. 1894."

The Tecumseh hotel property in Nelson is about to change ownership, J. Duhamel selling to two well-known steamboatmen.

The passengers on the incoming train on the Columbia & Kootenay on Friday night witnessed a real, genuine Indian war dance at Slocan crossing, where a large and influential tribe, under a medicine man known as "Man-Afraid-of-His-Hair," are encamped.

According to The Miner, its editor is a white-winged angel, for does it not say that he is the very opposite of the editor of THE TRIBUNE. Well, ever since the days of old Adam, the white-winged boys have been in the minority, and today they appear to be very much so in South Kootenay, for the only one that is known flocks all by himself, and he is the editor of The Miner.

C. W. Busk's new steam launch "Flirt" was built by Simpson, Strickland & Co. of Dartmouth, England. Its length over all is 31 feet; beam, 6 feet; depth, 3 feet 3 inches. The stem and stern posts and keel are of English oak; the steamed timbering, American elm; the carvel, mahogany. The engines are quadruple expansion, all working parts of steel; Kingdon's patent vertical boiler, 2 feet 8 inches diameter and 2 feet 6 inches height, of bessemer steel; working pressure, 175 pounds; indicated horse-power, 11; guaranteed speed, 10 miles an hour. The "Flirt" is British registered at the port of Dartmouth, England. It is pronounced a fine piece of work by steamboatmen.

Lost—On the trail between Nelson and Poorman mine a check book on the Bank of Montreal, containing mem. orandums of checks issued. Finder will please leave it at Bank of Montreal, Nelson.

Peaches, per box, $1.25; plums, per box, $1.15. At C. Kauffman's.

Do not buy fruit for preserving until our stock arrives. International Commission Company.

THIS WEEK'S NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

Cole, Emory & Co., Winnipeg—Merchant tailoring.
C. W. Busk, Balfour—Steam launch "Flirt."
A. P. Cummins, Donald—Notice re estate John Buchanan, deceased.
John Y. Cole, et al., Trail Creek district—Notice re O. K. mine.
G. W. Girdlestone & Sons, Winnipeg—Notice re insurance policies.
Hanson & Blomberg, Nelson—Notice of dissolution of partnership.
Ira W. Black, Three Forks—Application for liquor license.
Edward Applewhaite, Nelson—Assay outfit for sale.

The Vampire Bat.

The bats of this country are not to be dreaded in comparison to those of the vampire species which abound in India. Just imagine a big mouse with a horn on his head like a rhinoceros, furnish him with a pair of demon-like wings, and you have a very good picture of this latter kind. The natives dread the vampire bat on account of his blood-sucking propensity. In the sultry nights he fans the heated sleeper with his wings while his needle-like teeth are being inserted into the veins of his victim, quenching his thirst for blood with such gentleness that it is only by some fortunate chance that he is discovered before the mischief is done. It is a well-authenticated fact that if an individual is once bled by a vampire he is invariably chosen, in preference to all others equally exposed, for a subsequent attack, and even if he were to move ten or twenty miles away no immunity is gained thereby, as the bat is sure to follow him and keep up his blood-thirsty attack until his victim succumbs or the animal is discovered and killed.

COLE, EMORY & CO.
MERCHANT TAILORS,
WINNIPEG, MANITOBA.

A. D. Emory of this firm will be in Nelson and vicinity the early part of September showing full range of fall samples. Address Hotel Phair, Nelson.

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 pursers of the steamboats Nelson and Ainsworth, with whom all arrangements can be made, will receive prompt attention. Arrangements can also be made through John Houston & Co., The Tribune office, Nelson. Address, by mail or telegraph,
August 28th, 1891. C. W. BUSK, Balfour, B. C.

ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE.

In the county court of Kootenay, holden at the last crossing of the Columbia river, in the matter of John Buchanan, deceased, and in the matter of the Official Administrator's Act, dated the Thirteenth day of August, A. D., 1891.

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, chattles, and credits of John Buchanan, deceased, and that this order be published in the Nelson Tribune newspaper for the period of sixty days.
(Signed) WILLIAM WARD SPINKS.

The creditors of John Buchanan, late of Nelson, in the district of Kootenay, miner, are requested within sixty (60) days of this date to send to me by registered letter addressed to me at Donald, in the district of Kootenay, full and verified particulars of their claims with dates and items. Upon the expiration of the said period of sixty days I shall proceed with the distribution of the said estate, having regard only as to such claims as I shall receive notice of as aforesaid.

Dated at Donald, in the district of Kootenay, this 29th day of August, 1891.
A. P. CUMMINS, Official Administrator.

Notice of Application for Certificate of Improvements.

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

Take notice that we, John Y. Cole, free miner's certificate No. 50669, D. J. Hughes, free miner's certificate No. 50628, and Maurice Oudin, free miner's certificate No. 51156, 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 adverse claims must be sent to the mining recorder and action commenced before the issuance of such certificate of improvements.

Dated this 30th day of August, 1891.

NOTICE.

Notice is hereby given that C. Hamber, formerly acting as agent for the United Fire Insurance Company of Manchester, England, and the Atlas Assurance Company of London, England, is no longer agent or in any way connected with the above companies. In future all communications relative to above companies should be addressed to Harold Selous, agent.
G. N. GIRDLESTONE & SONS.
General Agents.

DISSOLUTION OF COPARTNERSHIP.

The copartnership heretofore existing between the undersigned, Wilhelm Hanson and John Blomberg, doing business as hotelkeepers under the firm name of Hanson & Blomberg, has been dissolved. All debts due by the firm will be paid by John Blomberg, who alone is authorized to collect debts due the firm.

Dated Nelson, B. C., August 25th, 1891.
WILHELM HANSON,
JOHN BLOMBERG.

APPLICATION FOR LIQUOR LICENSE.

Notice is hereby given that the undersigned will within thirty days apply for a license to sell liquor at retail at his hotel at Three Forks, West Kootenay district, British Columbia. IRA W. BLACK.

Dated August 20th, 1891.

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. Applewaite, corner Victoria and Kootenay streets, Nelson.

Nelson Livery Stable

Passengers and baggage transferred to and from the railway depot and steamboat landing. Freight hauled and job teaming done. Stove wood for sale.

WILLIAM WILSON ..... PROPRIETOR

FOR RENT.

The story and a half frame building on Baker street, between G. A. Bigelow & Co.'s and the Nelson house, is for rent. Apply at The Tribune office, Houston block.

W. F. TEETZEL & CO.
CHEMISTS AND DRUGGISTS

A large and complete stock of the leading lines of

Drugs, Chemicals, Patent Medicines, Perfumes, Soaps, Brushes, And Toilet Articles of Every Description.

Cor. Baker and Josephine Streets, Nelson, B. C.

Central Office of the Kootenay Lake Telephone.

A large and complete stock of

FISHING TACKLE.

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 Phœnix Fire Insurance Company. The Dominion Building & Loan Association of Toronto, Etc.

MINES INSPECTED AND REPORTED UPON.

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

LOTS IN ADDITION "A"
to sell on easy terms.
Apply at once to
W. A. JOWETT, Victoria St., Nelson, B.C.

FRED J. SQUIRE

Has just received his stock of Tweed, Serge, and Worsted Suitings and Trouserings.
Prices to Suit the Times.

Hunter & McKinnon,

General Merchants,

New Denver and Silverton.

Keep on hand at both places everything required by the prospector, miner, and mine owner.

Notice of Removal.

The International Commission Company

Will remove on the 15th instant from its present quarters (next to G. A. Bigelow & Co.'s) to the Barrett Block on West Baker street (next door to T. A. Garland's).
JOS. EHRLICH, Manager.
Nelson, August 8th, 1891.

The sitting of the Courts of Assize, Nisi Prius, and Oyer and Terminer, which was adjourned from 19th June, 1891, will be held in the court house, Nelson, on Monday the 10th day of September, 1891. T. H. GIFFIN,
District Registrar Supreme Court.
Nelson, August 18th, 1891.

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.

DO YOU WANT
The best Piano or Organ?
The best Sewing Machine?
The best in the stationery line?
The best in the music line?
The best prices consistent with quality?
IF SO CALL AT
TURNER BROTHERS, Houston Block, Nelson.
Good assortment of Newspapers, Magazines, Candies, and Children's Toys always on hand.

SEASONABLE GOODS
AT THE
Postoffice Store

Fine Neglige Shirts in Silk, Silk and Wool, Flannel and Cotton. Summer Underwear in Mosaic and Natural Wool. Hosiery Suspenders, Ties, Collars, Cuffs.

STRAW HATS
Felt Hats in all the Best American and English Makes. A full Line of American Revited Overalls.
Prices lower than ever.

NELSON LOTS

The RAILWAY CENTRE and SEAT OF GOVERNMENT of West Kootenay.

A SECOND RAILWAY IN OPERATION.

CHOICE BUILDING and RESIDENCE PROPERTY
REBATE ALLOWED FOR GOOD BUILDINGS.

ALSO LOTS FOR SALE IN NAKUSP, DAWSON, and ROBSON.

APPLY FOR PRICES, MAPS, ETC., TO
FRANK FLETCHER, Land Commissioner C. and K. R. and N. Co., Nelson, B. C.

$45 in Cash • • •
Will purchase a 7-drawer "New Williams" sewing machine
Large stock from which to make selections.
Houston Block, Nelson. JACOB DOVER, Jeweler.

FRASER & CHALMERS
CHICAGO, ILLINOIS.

Concentrating Machinery:
Blake Crushers and Comet Crushers.
Crushing Rollers and Finishing Rollers.
Plunger Jigs and Collom Jigs, wood and iron boxes.
Frue Vanner and Embrey Concentrators.
Evan's, Collom's, and Rittenger's Slime Tables.
Trommels, Screen and Punched Plates.
Ore Samplers and Grinders.

Smelting Machinery:
Water Jacket Furnaces for Copper and Lead Ores.
Slag Cars and Pots. Bullion Cars and Pots.
Lead Moulds and Ladles. Crucible Tongs.
Blast Pipes and Water Tuyeres.
Patterns for all kinds of Reverberatory and Matte Furnaces. Machinery for the Systematic Treatment of Ores, by the Leaching Process.

Hoisting and Pumping Machinery and Wire Rope Tramways.