MINES AND MINING

By H. MORTIMER LAMB

NOVEL METHOD OF COPPER MINING AT PHOENIX.

It is announced that the Granby company has decided to employ a steam shovel in operating the Knob Hill mine, following the methods applied to iron mining in Michigan and Minnesota. This plan entails making large open cuts on the vein, the ore from which is broken down in large quantities and loaded on to cars by the steam shovel. By this system, when practicable, the costs of mining and handling are naturally considerably reduced, as timbering, pumping and bringing the ore out of the mine are rendered unnecessary. The shovel is mounted on a standard gauge railway car, and is completely boxed in, with the exception of the boom and dipper, and is equipped with a vertical boiler, 54 x 104 inches with 64 two-inch tubes, and having 255 square feet of heating surface. The water tank is 42x92x60 inches in size. The hoist is fitted with 8x10 cyclinders, which is the equivalent of about 40 horse power. The boom, which is made of iron, is 20 feet long by 22 inches in width. The dipper will be specially arranged with four large steel teeth, and has a capacity of one and three-quarters cubic yards. It is estimated that the ore to be handled by the shovel will run about 12 yards to the ton. The new appliance should, it is expected, be in operation in the course of the next few weeks.

THE PROFITS OF THE GRANBY COMPANY.

In the last issue of the Phoenix Pioneer, Mr. Miner is reported to have made the following statements:

"Development at our Phoenix mines, including the Knob Hill and Old Ironsides, has proceeded during the past 12 months on a larger scale than ever. Strange as it may appear, the ore bodies are so vast that it is difficult for any engineer to calculate the ore in sight. It is the opinion of prominent engineers, who vary more or less in their calculations, that the ore in sight runs all the way from 8 to 15 million tons, and it is not difficult to estimate, with treatment facilities of anywhere from 600,000 to 1,000,000 tons annually, how many years the present available tonnage will last without another day's development."

"I may say that practically all the expense of increasing the plant at the smelter and at Phoenix is coming out of the ground, without a penny being asked from the shareholders. Instead of striving for dividends too soon we are building up with our earnings a very large and important mining and smelting proposition, which we trust will be sure and permanent for all our investors."

This last assertion is sufficiently definite to satisfy any one that the Granby company so far, at least, has been moderately successful in its operations, and this is the more re-assuring in view of the avowed scepticism in certain quarters. It is perhaps more important that the Granby undertaking should succeed than any other mining enterprise inaugurated of recent times in the province. The venture has been very largely advertised, and is regarded generally as a sort of test case, whether or not the low grade though enormous bodies of ore in the Boundary district are capable of profitable working. The fact once permanently and irrefutably established that the Granby company is in a position to earn reasonable profits, will mean the investment of capital on an increasingly considerable scale in Boundary mines. What makes the prospect of success appear promising is that excepting only the incident of an unduly large capitalisation, those connected officially with the Granby company have scrupulously abstained from stock manipulation, or "booming" with that object in view, but on the contrary have conducted the affairs of the company with vigor and discretion.

PROSPECTS OF SILVER-LEAD MINING.

The C. P. R. is displaying a great deal of energy in bidding for the output of the Slocan mines, almost the entire product from which is now being treated at the Trail smelter, and there is also an unconfirmed report that the great corporation intend taking immediate steps for the establishment of a refining plant, in time to claim the bonus of $5 per ton granted by the Dominion government for lead refined in Canada before July, 1902. The opening months of 1902 are likely to see the output of silver-lead ores substantially increased and the production for the entire country brought nearer to the normal stage than has been the case for the last half, if not the whole, of 1901. It is an open secret that the lead producers are looking forward to the end of the year with confidence that the American Smelting & Refining company will re-enter British Columbia in search of silver-lead ores, and this will be a substantial impetus to the industry. It is generally believed also that the present indication of a strengthening in the price of pig lead on the London market is only the commencement of a movement that will restore quotations to a profitable basis. If the American Trust re-enters the field, the Canadian smelters will of necessity require to make considerable reductions to secure a reasonable share of the business and this with the expected improvement in prices should help out the Canadian mine-owners. In the Slocan the mines, as a rule, have not the ore reserves to produce heavily and continuously, and at the present time there appears to be a movement by the mine managers to proceed with development work and install modern machinery with a view to increasing their respective producing capacities in order that every advantage many be taken of a turn in the market without loss of time. For this reason the Slocan is much busier than would be indicated by the output from the district. In the East Kootenay districts the same conditions do not apply as the ore occurs in much larger bodies and the only three mines of importance at this time are developed to the point where they have a couple of years' ore supply in sight without further development. The St. Eugene mine, however, has a force of 100 men exclusively on development work and the workings on the ore bodies are being extended constantly. If, however, production is not resumed until lead reaches £15 on the London market, and this according to a statement made by Mr. Cronin in a local paper is the decision, it is feared that shipments from this property will be delayed for some time to come.

CORNISH MINES IN ROSSLAND.

A London despatch announces that in consequence of the recent labor troubles in the Rossland mining district, a considerable number of Cornish drill miners may very shortly be expected to arrive in British Columbia. Public notices were extensively circulated in the neighborhood of Bodmin, announcing that there were working opportunities for some 50 drill miners in a British Columbia mine. The wages offered, $3.50 per day, proved very tempting to the miners in the district mentioned, and large numbers applied for jobs. It is estimated that something like 100 men answered the advertisement in Bodmin alone, while numerous applications were received by mail from outlying districts.

In discussing this exodus the Cornish correspondent of a financial paper expresses the hope that the men who are so anxious to leave England and their wives and families, for this apparently alluring offer of employment in British Columbia, will have no reason to regret the step they are contemplating, and instances it as another proof of the restless spirit which animates Cornish miners as a whole. If the report is true, and it very likely is, it is not unlikely that when the Cornishmen arrive they will be easily persuaded by the Rossland union to seek work in other districts until the strike in that camp is settled. Should this prediction prove incorrect, however, it is certainly preferable that the place of the strikers should be taken by British subjects rather than aliens from Missouri.

A LARDEAU SMELTER.

Mr. C. W. McCrossan, managing director of the Metropolitan, Kolden Link & Golden Circle companies operating in the Lardeau, has recently organized the Lardeau Smelting & Refining Company of British Columbia. A small 30-ton matting plant has been ordered, and it is hoped that this will be in operation at Ferguson by the New Year. Later it is proposed to increase the capacity of the works to 130 tons daily, and seeing the present high costs of freight and treatment charges on Trout lake ores there is no reason why the project should not be a success.

THE "BOOMING" OF FISH CREEK.

The Lardeau Eagle makes the following very pertinent comment on the somewhat exaggerated or at least optimistic recent press utterances on the Fish Creek mines:

"The Nelson Miner, Revelstoke Herald and Kootenay Mail are certainly leaving nothing undone to place the Fish creek camp before the investing public. The Herald devotes most of its space to that section, and it certainly makes some strong assertions. It is extremely doubtful, however, if this policy pays in the long run. A boomerang is disastrous."

THE NOBLE FIVE FIASCO.

Undoubtedly the sensation of the week is the sudden and unexpected depreciation in the value of Noble Five stock, which on Friday week last was selling in Toronto at 9 and 9¼, to rubbish prices. Even now the true explanation is not know outside Victoria, but this notwithstanding no dealings have taken place in any of the other markets since the downward movement commenced.

The announcement that Mr. Dunsmuir had definitely decided to foreclose his mortgage on the property is naturally received with dissatisfaction by shareholders, who hoped in view of the admittedly fine showing recently disclosed in the mine, that a sufficient production might shortly be maintained to pay off the heavy liabilities and eventually admit of regular dividend distributions. These anticipations were probably in any case over-sanguine, though as may be understood, excuseable under the circumstances, which so far as the Noble Five was concerned, were peculiar. The course taken by Mr. Dunsmuir does not require any justification. He seemingly was not only advancing all the money required for the recent developments of the mine, without any assistance from his fellow shareholders or directors, but also the security upon which he invested a very large sum under mortgage, has not returned him a cent in interest for considerably over a year, and he could hardly therefore, be expected to expend further sums merely to benefit the public. If there is any cause for complaint it is on the grounds that shareholders were given to understand at the meeting last spring that foreclosure proceedings would not be taken, provided the mine, after the programme of development as outlined, was carried out, gave any promise of repaying previous expenditures. According to recent reports the conditioin of the mine was never so favorable. But it must be remembered that Mr. Dunsmuir himself did not at the time confirm nor has he since confirmed this assurance.

THE REASON OF PREVIOUS FAILURES.

Mr. J. D. Kendall, the well-known engineer, has on more than occasion written very pertinently annent the causes which have contributed to mining failures in British Columbia. His latest production is, however, exceptionally excellent and well worthy the attention of would-be purcahsers or operators of mining property. I quote as follows: "We must not send out men to purchase mining properties who are utterly ignorant of mining, as we have done. We must not buy on vendor's reports, as we have done. We must not build mills and smelters, when we have not sufficient money in hand or at command for mine development, as we have done. We must not build mills before we have a mine nor leave the selection of treatment processes to men who are mill-builders only, as we have done. We must not send out to manage properties men in whom we have so little confidence that they are little more than puppets worked from this end, as we have done. We must not leave the management of mines largely to boys, just from school, as we have done; even if it be from a school of mines."

THE LOCAL STOCK MARKET.

The idiosyncrasies of the local stock market at the present time are enough to disgust investors for all time in speculation of this class. Extraordinary and extreme fluctations, in many instances without any apparent rhyme or reason, are the order of the day, but once any particular stock begins to decline there is no telling, so marked is the feeling of insecurity and uncertainty, how low it may go before ouching a bottom price. This week, the slump in Noble Five has unquestionably had a bad effect on the market generally, which during the last few days has been absolutely lifeless. Cariboo McKinney, which on Monday was strong and in active demand has suddenly subsided, and from 30 bid was quoted at 16 on Friday with only 13 asked and no sales even at these prices. There are two rumors in explanation, one that certain manipulators are bearing the stock, the other that lean ore has been struck in the lower workings, but so long as the public must rely for its source of information on market rumors only, and there is no means of obtaining regular authentic official reports of the conditions of a mine from month to month, so long will mining stock investment remain on the level of "nickel-in-the-slot" gambling, which, whatever may be said to the contrary, undoubtedly exerts an evil ecect on the mining industry of the province. Among other stocks Centre Star has sold during the week at 43½, but has since noticeably weakened; War Eagle and Iron Mask are both fairly firm and have both sold at 14; Payne has been in demand at 18½, but on Friday declined one point; Winnipeg is a little stronger at 8½ to 9; Several sales are reported in Republic at 3.

MRS. BLANK'S BARGAIN HUNT

Exciting Time Lady Shopper Had and Its Disastrous Results.

From New York Sun.

At the next meeting of the Woman's Helping Hand Bridge Whist and Luncheon Club, Mrs. Frank J. Blank will offer a resolution condemning bargain sales and calling upon the legislature to abolish them. If the other members ask Mrs. Blank for her reasons she will tell them her experience on Thursday; but in case they don't question her it will be no violation of the club's ethics to publish them now. Mrs. Blank herself told them to every woman she met on Friday.

Mrs. Blank has no special longing for a certain kind of cashmere cloth until she saw it advertised in her morning paper at 21 cents a yard at a special sale at Cheepone's. She could not resist such a bargain and it was with difficulty that she restrained her impatience until after luncheon. When she entered the store there was no need to ask where the cashmere cloth counter was. She just followed the crowd and succeeded in getting within eight rows of women of the counter. A big woman stepped on her toes and when she turned around to remonstrate the elbow of another woman bumped into her side so hard that she gasped.

The wild cries of those immediately around the bargain counter encouraged her to push ahead and at the end of fifteen minutes she was two women nearer the goal of her desire. Occasionally she could catch a glimpse of the cloth itself. There was a commotion behind her and a red faced woman with her hat hanging down over one ear pushed her way in behind Mrs. Blank.

"What, 21 cents a yard?" gasped the red-faced woman, as she saw the sign above the counter. "Why, they are selling the same thing for 19 cents a yard at Cutem's, right on this street."

"Why did you come here then?" asked Mrs. Blank, sharply.

"Thought it would be cheaper here. Usually is, you know. I'm going back there," and she went out.

Mrs. Blank hesitated a moment and then she began to fight her way out of the circle of bargain hunters. If Cutem was selling this cloth two cents a yard cheaper Cutem should have her trade.

When she reached the street she was so confused that she walked around the block to get to Cutem's though the place was within three or four doors of the first shop.

Much the same conditions prevailed there around the cashmere cloth counter, but Mrs. Blank was cheerful for she saw the sign "19 cents a yard" very plainly. Profiting by her experience she worked herself half-way through the crowd by using her elbows regardless of the sides of other people. Half an hour filled with strenuous efforts passed quickly and Mrs. Blank was again within sight of the coveted cashmere cloth when a rumor was started by a new arrival on the outside of the crowd that Littleprice & Co., to meet their competitor's cuts had reduced their price on this same goods to 15 cents a yard.

"Is it true?" said half a dozen women; and from the outer edge of the circle came a voice that carried conviction; "Sure, it's true. I came from there myself and I saw the crowd scrambling for it."

The crowd around Cutem's bargain counter separated itself into forty rushing, panting, wild-eyed, covetous women, each headed for Littleprice & Co's two blocks away. Mrs. Blank went with the racers and although she was well in the van she found there between seventy-five and one hundred women massed around the cashmere table underneath a sign that bore the pleasing news "15 cents a yard, special."

Other women in the crowd had evidently profited by the tactics they had observed in the other shops and Mrs. Blank's attempts to elbow her way in were met by the attempts of other women to do the same thing and scowls or even reproof in the shape of "Can't you be a lady?" did not deter a single struggler. The chief object for the moment of everyone present was to get some of that cashmere cloth.

Mrs. Blank's progress was satisfactory on the whole and at the end of three-quarters of an hour she was so near the table that by reaching over the shoulder of the woman in front of her she was able to feel the cloth. That one touch compensated her for all her trouble. She had intended to buy only five yards of it. She decided to take ten when a sudden movement behind her attracted her attention.

The pressure on her back ceased. She overheard frantic cries of "Cheepone's," Down to 11 cents a yard," "Had to make the cut," and the disappearance of the crowd told the story. Cheepones had met its rivals on their own ground and reduced cashmere cloth to 11 cents a yard. This was the most sensational cut in the history of bargain counters.

"I did like Cheepone's best," said Mrs. Blank as she hurried back there, "and I only wish that I had stayed there."

She found the crowd much larger than on her first visit and while she was looking for an opening a runner brought in the news that the old bargain house of Cutem's had just marked down their cashmeres to seven cents a yard. Mrs. Blank occupied a stragetic position for this rush, for she was on the outskirts of the crowd. Led by her the crowd rushed to Cutem's, knocking down a newsboy on the way.

Ten minutes later and before any one of the new comers had reached a point from which she could see the counter came the news that Littleprice & Co., ever brave in the face of disaster, were sacrificing their cashmere cloth at five cents a yard. They had changed the signs above the counter from "special" to "challenge sale," thus striking a note of defiance.

Mrs. Blank met in the mad push around Littleprice & Co.'s challenge sale counter some of her former antagonists during the afternoon. Each showed some sign of having literally been in the push, but there was no diminution of their desire for cashmere cloth. They pushed and punched and stamped and were impudent to one another, though collectively it had been a well-dressed crowd.

"The greatest yet," called a voice from the rear to a friend in the push. "Work out of that. Brush by this sale. Come with me to Cheepone's where the price of cashmere cloth has been reduced to three cents a yard."

"What," exclaimed twenty incredulous women and once more the crowd bolted.

Mrs. Blank was about class C in this race and she felt that the afternoon had been well spent when she saw hanging above Cheepone's cashmere counter the sign: "Reduced to three cents. They can't beat us."

Within ten minutes after Mrs. Blank's arrival came the announcement that the cashmere cloth was all sold out. The clamor of half a hundred disappointed women was only stilled by the preparation made to close up, for it was six o'clock.

Mrs. Blank went home. She comforted herself with the thought that any way she didn't want the cloth, but she is down on bargain sales and she will swing her club against them if she can possibly do so.

One Morning in the Garden

By Harold Ohlson.

As I entered the garden, wheeling my bicycle, I observed my cousin Camilla elevated on a step-ladder, gulding a young creeper in the way it should go, and making sure it should not depart from it by a liberal use of tin tacks and flannel. She waved a greeting to me with the hammer.

"Good morning," I remarked, leaning the bicycle against the wall.

"Good morning, Tom."

"Busy?" I enquired.

"I can spare a moment," replied Camilla, looking down on me from her high estate, "if it is anything of importance."

"I want you to come for a ride."

"I can't. My machine is being repaired. Where's Bob?"

"He's damaged his foot, so I have to work the tandem alone," I explained, regarding the machine with an unfriendly eye.

It always makes me feel sad to see a solitary figure on a tandem. I think of the empty chair by the fireside—the waiting wife opening the door to a riderless horse—and things like that," said Camilla, driving home a tin tack.

My eyes being, naturally, lifted to Camilla's face during our conversation, my neck was becoming very stiff. So I implored her to descend. But she sat on the top of the step-ladder with the air of Nelson on his monument, and refused.

Now I had come on serious business that morning. I had several times approached Camilla with a matter that lay very near my heart, and I was determined to come to some arrangement without further delay. But when the desire of your heart is seated on the top of a step-ladder, with an enormous hammer firmly grasped in her hand, the most ardent wooer must find himself in difficulties.

"I have something to show you," I said.

"I can see from here," replied Camilla.

I shook the ladder gently.

"I should be sorry to proceed to extremities," I remarked.

The hammer missed my toes by about half an inch, as Camilla used her hands for the purpose of holding on.

"You'll kill me," she cried.

But I hardened my heart.

"If you don't stop——!"

"Yes?"

"I'll never speak to you again."

I stopped. Evidently diplomacy was better than force.

"Oh, of course, it doesn't matter," I said carelessly, at the same time putting two fingers into my waistcoat pocket, with some ostentation. Camilla came two steps lower. I shook my head and removed the fingers. It was not until I had silently regarded the landscane for at least a minute that she stood beside me on the grass.

"A woman must always descend to stand on a man's level," she sighed. "Now, what is it?"

I drew a ring from my pocket, and held it out to her. The diamonds sparkled in the sunlight. Camilla regarded it thoughtfully for a moment, then stooped and picked up the hammer. I became apprehensive.

"If personal violence——" I began.

"I have no wish to be unkind," said Camilla sternly, "but——"

"I have not specified the finger," I pleaded.

"Please don't be silly—it's such a lovely morning," said Camilla, addressing me as if I were the serpent in Eden, or a wasp at a picnic. "I'm going for a ride."

"Impossible," said I. "The tandem is only adapted for the use of man."

Camilla stood in deep thought for a minute. Then the devil—well, no, let us say the spirit of mischief—entered into her, and peeped out of her eyes. She whispered into my ear. "John's cycling suit—I know where it is." She was pale, but calm. I endeavored to look horrified.

"But if we were seen?" I objected.

"Only just round the tennis lawn; I am longing for a ride."

We stood side by side and looked at the tandem, which leant against the wall with a nonchalant air, as if conscious of its powers for evil. Suddenly Camilla cried, "I shan't be long; take the machine on the tennis lawn," and ran into the house, leaving me gazing at the neglected ring, and wondering if the gods were fighting for me and what the morning would bring forth.

The tennis lawn lay at the back of the stables, and was enclosed by high brick walls, while several great trees effectually precluded observation from the house. Here I led the tempter, cold and impassive even in the hour of victory. There was an entrance from the garden, and presently I heard the click of the latch. For a moment I did not recognize the slim, grey-clad figure that appeared; it was, however, only for a moment. Promptly quenching my remarks of admiration, Camilla insisted on mounting at once, thus compelling me to keep my back turned to her. Then we fled round and round the lawn, perilling life and limb at every corner. Camilla said it was lovely, I must confess to some enjoyment myself.

But in the midst of our revels came the writing on the wall. We were busily employed in describing figures of eight when Annabal, Camilla's maid, appeared at the garden gate, waving frantically.

"Miss Camilla! The rector! In the garden!"

There was nearly a catastrophe, but in the end we managed to reach the ground in an upright position.

"You must go round by the stables," I said.

"I can't," gasped Camilla. "Wilkins is cleaning the trap."

"Either Wilkins—or the rector—I exclaimed, pointing with fine dramatic effort to the two gates.

"Can I get back through the garden, Annabel?" asked Camilla.

"If you're quick, Miss."

Camilla threw out Annabel as a scout, and advanced cautiously. I formed a rear guard, leaving the bicycle leaning against the stable wall, laughing in its handle-bars at the mischief it had done. But we were cut off, for the portly form of the rector was already slowly descending the steps leading from the drawing room window into the garden. Retaining my prescence of mind, I pointed to the summer-house.

"Hide," I whispered, "I'll get him away."

Camilla darted in, hurriedly beseeching me to act promptly. But in my possession was a certain ring, scorned and neglected, and I recognized that the circumstances enabled me to bring pressure to bear. So I let the rector approach, and he found a young man in deep meditation, seated at the back of the summer house, just below a window of open trellis work. I greeted the reverend gentleman with effusive cordiality, and he sank into the depths of a luxurious wicker chair with a sigh of content. I leant back and joined my hands behind my head, so that they projected into the summerhouse; on the finger of my right hand was the ring.

"I was told that you were in the garden," said the rector, "so I took the liberty of joining you. Mrs. Arundel will be with us in a few minutes."

I felt a vigorous poke on the back of my neck. I waved my little finger.

"It is too fine a day to stay indoors a moment," I rejoined. "To sit in the shade and dream is the only possible enjoyment."

"It is indeed, a restful day," said the rector, with the air of one at peace with all the world. (Good man! He was all that time grievously afflicted with a church-warden). He was sitting a little more forward than I, and presently I observed two white hands pushed slowly through the trellis work and extended in the attitude of blessing over his bald head. The hat that should have covered it lay on his knees, so that the gentle July breezes might cool the mighty brain, whence the sermons came. Then, while my companion remained wrapt in meditation, the hands were withdrawn, quickly reappearing with a gossamer spider hanging from a finger. The rector woke up with a start, and rubbed his nose vigorously. Even a rector's nose is mortal and may be tickled.

These evidences of recovering spirits on the part of the prisoner alarmed me, and I determined to bring home to Camilla her situation more forcibly.

"If you find it too warm, we might sit in the summer house," I suggested.

I felt an excruciating pinch on the back of my hand, but I cheerfully endured physical pain as it was a sign of the mental torture I was inflicting. My heart was hardened, and my purpose relentless. Again I waved my little finger.

"I am very comfortable," replied the rector, gently fanning himself with his hat. "But if you would prefer it——"

"Oh, no; we should probably find it still warmer in there. There is occasionally a delicious breeze," I said.

He would have entered that summer-house only over my lifeless body. But it was not my purpose to let Camilla know that.

It was not until we had been conversing for about half an hour, and Mrs. Arundel's appearance might be expected at any moment, that Camilla surrendered. We were discussing theological matters, the rector monopolizing the lion's share of the conversation, when I felt my little finger gently straightened, and the ring drawn off. The next moment a hand was laid against mine; a hand with a ring on one finger. But which finger? The rector was sternly reproving the present generation for its ritualistic tendencies; I counted the fingers, touching them lightly with mine. The thumb was easily recognizable; the hand was certainly the left; and the ring was on the third finger. And then, as the rector's peroration declined and fell, I rose.

"I am terribly thirsty, and I'm sure you must be the same," said I. "Shall we go in? I am almost one of the family here, you know ,and am allowed to play the host."

"Thank you," replied the rector; "I believe I should enjoy a little soda water."

I coughed softly ,Camilla, reclining in a hammock chair, continued to be absorbed in her book. I tapped her arm.

"Go away," she said.

I drew another chair to her side, and sat down. In the past I had been a humble petitioner; now I was trying sterner measures.

"No one saw you, I hope," said I.

"Of course not. Aren't you ashamed of yourself?"

"I—I didn't let him go in," I faltered, my firmness beginning to break down.

"Why didn't you get him away at once? It was a mean thing to do. Mother might have come at any moment, and her knitting was in the summer house."

Surely the gods had fought for me!

"You are still wearing it?" I asked. Camilla had, I noticed, kept one hand hidden in the folds of her dress.

"I was afraid of losing it, and—and—I haven't got a pocket, you know," she explained, drawing her hand from its hiding place. "It is a sweet ring."

Camilla sat in silence for some minutes admiring it. I, too, said nothing, but watched her face. Then she slipped the ring off, and my heart sank. However, it was only to try it on other fingers, none of which it would fit. I had calculated the circumference to a nicety. At last she slipped it back whence it came, and looked up at me.

As Camilla said, the ring seemed to only fit one finger properly, so she supposed it must be worn there, though she would have preferred—but I have discovered that Camilla does not invariably say what she means.

ABSOLUTE SECURITY.

Genuine

Carter's Little Liver Pills.

Must Bear Signature of

Brent Good

See Fac-Simile Wrapper Below.

Very small and as easy to take as sugar.

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS. Price 25 Cents. Purely Vegetable. Brent Good

FOR HEADACHE. FOR DIZZINESS. FOR BILIOUSNESS. FOR TORPID LIVER. FOR CONSTIPATION. FOR SALLOW SKIN. FOR THE COMPLEXION

CURE SICK HEADACHE

MODERN FABLES

By George Ade. Copyright 1901, by Robert Howard Russell.

Once there was a Social Fizzle named Homer Splivens. He was the dampest Fire-Cracker that ever tried to Pop in a Public Place.

His Parents had spent $600 on him so that he might know how to enter a Ball-Room. At the age of 26 he could not Enter without walking on several ladies.

Among the Town Boys he was regarded as a hot Pasty, but the Girls looked upon him as a fair-haired Rollo who was too Simple and Bashful to be real Interesting. At a Stag Party he was a James Dandy, but when he found himself in his Merry Make-Up and surrounded by the Elite, he simmered down and became a mere Chair-Warmer and Coffee-Cooler.

Homer was what the Horsemen call a Bad Actor. In the early morning Practice he could do a Quarter in 29, but when he had to Pace with a Bunch he struck a foolish Side-Motion and ran into the Fence.

When he was among the Fellows he opened up like a Morning-Glory. He told Stories and said Sarcastic Things about Married People he knew and made up Verses. The Young Men would repeat these Bright Observations to the Girls and tell them how witty and entertaining old Splivey was. So the next time Homer showed up, the vivacious little Kittens would form a Semi-Circle in front of him and say, "Oh, Mr. Splivens, do tell us a Story or else make one of your killing Jokes." Then Homer would flush up and try to swallow his Palate. He would flatten out like a dying Welsh Rabbit and make a few choking Sounds, but there would be nothing doing in the Story Line.

After a Painful Pause the Girls would quit him cold. During the remainder of the Evening, Homer would sit back in a dark Corner of the Gentlemen's Dressing Room, thinking up the Reply he might have made but did not.

In the meantime, the Girls would be giving him the Giggle and saying he was the wooziest ever. If they met him later in the Evening, each one gave him some Cutting Remark about having a Nice Time. If they had been Men he could have Come Back in grand style, but when any little blue-eyed Elsie ran up and jabbed a Harpoon into his quivering Bosom, he simply groaned and turned his Face to the Wall.

What made it so Bitter for Homer was, that in his Heart of Hearts he wanted to be a Butterfly. Frequently he would say' "Some Boys can Fly and why can't I?"

At many an Evening Party he would conceal himself behind the Bass Viol and watch the frivolous Capers of the Charley Freshes and wonder how they did it. He would listen to the merry Babble and wish that he could butt in and Talk all Evening without having anything to Say. Sometimes he would overhear the Conversation that was causing all the Girls to double up and have Duck Fits. Then the Cold Sweat would gather in large Beads on his Forehead. The Talk was a cross between the innocent Prattle of Childhood and the manical Maunderings of the Incurable Ward at Bloomingdale.

"Oh!" thought Homer. "If only I could mislay my Mind some evening and get out and deal that kind of pink Persiflage, I would be as Popular as any of these Willing Performers."

Homer fell in Love at long range with a Girl named Lucy Livingstone. Lucy was a Prize Panzy who never passed in Algebra, but she was a Talktr from Conversationville. Homer never told his Love, but let Concealment, like a Green Worm, feed on his essential Organs. He would compose a Honeyed Speech with which to greet his would-be Dulciana, but when he met her at the Corner of Fifth and Main he would lift his Hat with the wrong Hand and gurgle a few Words of Stereotyped Piffle and back into a Lamp-Post.

Oh, but he was a naughty Lover! When it came time for him to go into Action, his Ammunition was always wet. And even when he Fired, he never got the Range. He would Loop a few Loops and dodge into a Cigar Store.

What made him so Sore was that some Handsome Harry with Vaseline on his Hair and not more than two Ounces of Cerebellum could saunter up to the Heart's Idol and tap her on the Back and call her "Luce." And what was ten times worse, she seemed to Like it. He saw himself done up forty ways from the Jack by many a He-Pelican who could not command $8 a week in the Open Market.

When he met her, he addressed her as Miss Livingstone. The other Fellow called her "Sis" and linked Arms with her.

Whenever a Rival blocked him off, Homer stood around on one Foot for a while, waiting for an Opening and then he did a soft-shoe Sneak and swore that he would Forget her.

He told himself that he was a Chump for continuing to Worship one who could be pawed over and man-handled by anything that wore a Derby Hat.

But H. Splivens was Hard Hit. The more he tried to Sponge her Likeness from the Blackboard of his Memory, the oftener he thought of her. He yearned to monopolize the Affection which seemed to be On Tap for any one who cared to step up and turn the Spigot.

He told himself that Faint Heart never won out Fair Lady. From all he could gather, the Society Tid-Bit preferred the Gally Boy to the one who sat on the other side of the Room and talked about the New Books.

Mr. Splivens decided to turn over a New Leaf. He saw that his only Chance was to jump in and make a Bold Play. His telepathic Tactics had not make the slightest Impression on Lucy. The Silent System was no good.

"The next time I get a chance to Lead, I will give her a Glad Surprise," he said to himself. "I will convince the Little Lady that I am not made of Wood. I can be just as Loving as the next one if my Nerve holds out."

So he went to a Dance and there was Lucy, looking very Cute and Coquettish and hemmed in by the usual Gang of Third-Raters. Mr. Splivens was about to Buck the Line and make a hard Tackle, but he suddenly realized that he was not in Condition. What he needed was a little Dutch Courage. Accordingly he slipped out and stowed away five Santiago Sours, so-called because they leave you wrecked on the Beach. He came back a trifle Squiffy and all Set. Homer was ready to be as Friendly and Familiar as any Girl could possibly wish. He laid Hands on the surprised Lucy and led her to the dim Conservatory.

"This is where my Stock takes a Leap of 20 Points," he said to himself, as he led her to a Rustic Bench beneath a Lemon Tree.

He fixed a Burning Gaze on her and carelessly wrapped an Arm about her supple Waist.

"Old Girl, you are all right," he said.

With a piercing Shriek, she hurled him among the Cacti and declared that she had been insulted.

"Why do you discriminate against me?" he asked in a hurt Tone.

"I always supposed you were a Gentleman," she said, freezingly.

"I have been up to date and probably that is why my Work is so Coarse," he replied. "Was I too Sudden?"

"Wretch!" she exclaimed and swept back into the Ball Room.

For three Days after that her Brother was looking for Mr. Splivens with a Gun.

Moral:—It has to be done in just a certain Way.

THE OMINECA PLACER MINES

Gold Commissioner Valleau In Town—A Railway Badly Needed.

Fred. W. Valleau, gold commissioner for Omineca, whose headquarters are at Manson, at the headwaters of the Peace river, arrived from his post of duty on Sunday night. Mining in Omineca is so far confined to sluicing and hydraulicing and the season's work ends early in that northern latitude, so that Mr. Valleau's office is only kept open during the summer. He will make his annual report to the department of mines and remain here till early spring.

During the past summer Mr. Valleau made a tour of inspection, descending the Peace river as far as Fort St. John, meeting with several interesting adventures in the course of his trip, and adding to his store of knowledge of the district, all of which will be embodied in his report. He declined to give any information for publication prior to reporting to the government, but, in a general way, intimated that considerable progress had been made by some of the companies operating on the gold-bearing creeks of the district. Chief among these is The 43rd Mining & Milling company, the pioneer hydraulic company of the district, which has been developing its property on Manson and Slate creeks for the past six years. During the past season the company has been engaged in actual mining, with satsifactory results.

Other companies operating in the district are the Arctic Slope, of Victoria, which owns claims on Black Jack gulch, Manson creek, Germansen creek and Findlay river; the St. Anthony company, of Santa Barbara, Cal., working on Germansen creek; the Vital Creek Mining syndicate, in which Victoria people are the principals; the Tilton-Otterson mine, operating on several creeks and gulches tributary to Manson creek; the McKinnon mine, on Lost creek; the Mayflower, on Tom creek, and several others.

This mining field has been proved to be rich, but it is so distant from ordinary routes of travel and so difficult of access, that the cost of transportation of supplies and machinery is extremely high, almost prohibiting its development. Trails and roads are badly needed. Under present conditions a traveler, with only necessary baggage and food, will take at least a month to reach Manson from Ashcroft, and heavy goods and machinery are only landed there at the cost of great exertion and money and much discomfort to the freighters. The hope of the district lies in the building of the Kitimaat and Omineca railway, the first section of which, from Kitimaat to Hazelton, is being surveyed. The road will traverse a rich mineral, agricultural and grazing country, magnificently timbered, which, despite the shortness of the summers, is capable of raising good crops of vegetables and the coarser grains. Many rich quartz ledges exist, carrying gold, copper and silver, which would be available for profitable development if transportation facilities were provided.

SIR A. L. SMITH DEAD.

He Was Formerly Master of Rolls.

London, Oct. 21.—Sir Archibald Levin Smith, who recently resigned the post of master of rolls on account of ill-health, died last night in Morayshire, Scotland. He had rowed thrice with Cambridge against Oxford. He was born in 1834.

TEXAS STREET DUEL.

Two Men Murdered in a Fight in Waco.

Waco, Tex., Oct. 21.—A street duel with revolvers was enacted in Austin street, the main thoroughfare of the city, this afternoon, between former Sheriff Harris and his son, on one side, and Dr. Lovelace and his son, on the other. As a result both of the Harris' are dead and Lovelace and his son are under arrest, charged with the killing. The trouble is supposed to have originated in do-

MISS STONE'S CAPTURE.

London, Oct. 21.—The rumor from a Bulgarian source that Miss Stone is hidden in the Vilayet of Salonika, is regarded as very improbable, says the Sofia correspondent of the Daily Telegraph. Mr. Charles Dickinson, United States consul-general at Constantinople, is firmly convinced of the complicity of the Macedonian committee. In missionary circles the view is favored that when the ransom is paid the brigands shall also granted amnesty, and that all records of agreement with the band shall be cancelled.

NARROW ESCAPE.

Montreal, Oct. 21.—(Special)—The Grand Pacific hotel, 1,424 Dotre Dame street, was badly damaged by fire early this morning. The occupants all escaped without injury, but lost all their effects. A thrilling rescue of five of the inmates was made by Sub-Chief St. Pierre, who dragged them, half-suffocated, from the burning building. The loss is about $15,000.

EXTRA VALUE.

OVERCOATS, MACINTOSHES, RAGLANS AND WINTER SUITS

B. WILLIAMS & CO. Clothiers and Hatters,

68 and 70 YATES STREET.