There.

apers three short "Bible study for the Secretary and sor W. H. Wil dy for Bible Class-"How Can We ning Classes More l Work," by Geo. ry, Seattle. The ood ideas and sug-An invocation by losed the morning

uperance Hall at der the direction of odist church of the ine one. There was ince and the time ion opened with . Williams. What

ope of educational ted by Prof. Frederratt Institute, New drawer was then parlor conferences For directors and sq., 74 Pandora avegeneral secretaries

ay's Daily.) business sessions of d this morning a le study by Prof. for his topic th again delighted his Mr. C. G. Hicks of the question of are entrusted to the n the work. The 14.000.000 worth of tinent and spent expenses last year. for square, conwise expenditure. ons make quarterly er of their respectthe requisite money our work? First. atter and must re ion. The speaker ber of the convenand remember his God in this matter. 3-94 was then pre . Jacks, and pledges

received, the total hen made their re ceived and adopted convention next wear as also received from e discussion Seattle place for the eleventh

ates were given lunch ee Hall, this time by Episcopal churches. vs there was a good unch served was an s afternoon the delea little recreation. crosse match, while points of interest is evening the meet-titute Hall. It will uestion drawer con Then there will er. Then there led by Mrs. J. A. bject "What Aid has the Ladies in the An address by close the meeting ed to be very interest

m's Ex-Mayor. 8.—In the House of Rt. Hon. Mr. Gladthat on Monday be ioption of a resolution re to the report stage bill on Friday sext. Chamberlain gast no-i move as an ansealladstone's resolutio declare that the gov was calculated to de into a voting machine tish minority of their its, and ought there

18.-Liberal leader d on charges of being recent alleged revolu een liberated

how much better 3 ake Hood's Sarsaparilla it tired feeling and mak LONDON HOLIDAY RESORTS

The Ancient Royal Hunting Grounds Now Free to All.

SPENDING A DAY AT EPPING FOREST

London East Enders and Their Manner of Enjoyment at This Greatest World's Holiday Resort-Vastness of the Crowds.

r n our Own Correspondent.) London, Aug. 5, 1893.-My first visit to Epping Forest, probably the greatest holiday resort in the world, was made in costermonger's cart in which I held rietary interest. I had been for some weeks plying the subtle arts of the coster with my good coster friends, Slumpsy Jem and his wife Becky, and, I am proud to say, with excellent financial success. We had fought our way from affluence and aristocracy by a commerjally wise distribution of vegetables, fish, flesh and fowl, and were now in a way to enjoy the fruits of sobriety, diligence and thrift in a well-earned day of dered joy.

Nothing could have been completer or asant event, at our habitation in Bell ane. Jem washed, oiled and polished our cart, rubbed the rusty coronets of ur second-hand harness, and groomed had her hands and heart full in arranging her own "get up," whose observable omponent parts comprised high-heeled hoes, a second-hand velvet gown which riginally never graced less than the form a countess or a singer in "the 'alls," d a massed forest of huge, waving osich plumes above her richly oiled and ited bangs of side and front hair; nile my own immediate assignment of was to fill the hampers against that cious hunger which comes to all city olk from a day of pleasure in the woods had what Jem called "a bloomin'

our largest coster baskets were our ham-In these I had stowed a meal ich Becky insisted was "fit for Her Majesty, Queen Victoriey, at Hascott." ere were juicy slices of cold roast beef nd a joint of mutton I had found at a ng public house in the Strand; quarts shrimps as sweet and pink as a baby's ger-tips; dozens of sandwiches hiding ely slices of tongue; tender mackerel ad myself grilled to a crisp as brown a frost-touched maple leaf; Roquefort e "w'ich," as Jm truly said, "made Cheddar turn green with envy;" shalows of Kentish strawberries each as arge as a walnut and sweet as nectar, vice. There were other toothsome tidon for Becky and a cunning provision r himself; for on this point he had apoached me with confidence, genuine ling and wise insight into the social

Wat's the use," he said, with almost inge of bitterness, in his sturdy plea, 'at's the use a leavin' out the wet? A London lady's no more good at a in', 'thout wetting 'er up a bit, than oow 'thout runnin' water. Wy, 'n' all m yer rich, dry wittles 'd crackle constitushun inter kindlers afore 'thout a sup o' wet. At 'Ampstead Hepping, give a ooman wat she's used an' plenty hof it, 'n' no fear, she'll ke folks 'arppy w'ere she bides!" Jem was a sight in his new "clobber." ming rows of buttons and stunning ngsman." Becky was no less a sight

er grand gown and feathers. Bolivar even a more interesting sight in his k coat and wonderful decoration, a on of which comprised feathers wavfrom his trembling ears, a set of whiskers depending from his shaghin, with bright ribbons crossed and ossed about his nimble legs; and at, a tiny coster lad without recorded stry, who often accompanied us on daily hawking adventures and slept our cart at night, who was this day our "coachy and vally" combined, in Jem's every-day jacket, waistcoat "kingsman" was a sight of atomhabilitated matter one seldom in a lifetime beholds.

ideed we were altogether such a sight as we sallied forth, the denizens of Lane, Shoreditch, were so pleased h our appearance and so enthusiastic r our various gracious returns of their rty encomiums, which included occahal showers of half-pennies among the Bell Lane ragamuffin youths, that this admiration for our spirit in so gaily upholding the gallantry of the thoroughfare was at length expressed in enthusiastic eers. These encouraged Sprat to lar-Bolivar far beyond his wont or de-The donkey thereupon took most whiskers and all of his bit behis teeth. Then, after lifting t out of his temporary box with his ole heels, he straightway broke into erce canter, never checking his fupace until he ran head-foremost old Stoke-Newington church After alighting here over each heads, we took time to reassure er of the peaceful nature of our ex-

the less merrily, on our pleasant ay way. is we jogged along at an easy gait in fine May morning, there was much esting to see and know through the im of my coster friends' sources of mation. of this and that, to them, familiar obalong or upon the highway, I gave in return, a bit of the Forest his-Some of these things my readers care to know as well as Jem and ky and Sprat. In ancient times it known as Waltham Forest, and in e days comprised 60,000 acres. It s exclusively used as the royal hunt-

spiced coster warning, made some

necessary repairs, gathered to-

our distributed hampers and their

and then proceeded with great-

in charge who usually settled the cases of potchers with their darts, scarcely of posichers with their darts, scarcely troubling the hard justices in Eyre, who, until 1670, held their justice seat here in the Forest every three years. In later though still olden times the annual Epping hunt was one of the most famous stag-hunts of England. Even to-day this custom is still observed by unloosing, every Easter Monday, a fat, beribboned stag, which ambles amiably about the Forest, followed by hundreds of London quasi-huntsmen, a lot of happy, friendly curs and perhaps ten thousand East End ragamuffins who fall over each other merrily and madly in the general scramble through the shadowy forest glades.

Henry the Third was the first sovereign to give the mayor and citizens of London the privilege of sporting in the royal forest; and thus it gradually grew. into a vast common. But there were no legally defined rights. By 1871 suburban encroachments and enclosures had extended so rapidly that less than 4000 acres of Epping Forest remained. great popular agitation against its diminution, followed. This resulted in the corporation of London, under authority oster poverty and ignominy to coster of an act of Parliament, and at an expense of three quarters of a million pounds, by purchase of manorial rights and other procedures, recovering several thousand acres which had been enclosed. The entire area, amounting to about eation and rest, without the grim 6000 acres, which stretches away to the tlook beyond of remorse tramping with northeast of London on the western borts steely strides on the heels of ill-con- der of Essex, from Wanstead to the town of Epping, a distance of about twelve miles, was publicly declared "forore tidy than our preparations for the ever free to the people" by the Queen, who appeared at the Forest in person, before a concourse of fully 200,000 Lonportions of the tract have been measurour spirited donkey, "Bolivar," until, as ably beautified and improved; but the Jem justly remarked, "'T'll make their | chief glory of Epping Forest is in its acheyes ache to hobserve this ere turn-out, tual primeval character. Scarcely an bli me, so it will. A bloomin' wicount acre has ever been touched by spade or couldn't match this go, no fear!" Becky plow. Old Roman camps are within it shaded by the selfsame trees which clustered about them nearly 2000 years ago; and the turf upon the earthwork where Boadicea, Queen of the Iceni, was defeated by Suetonius, with 80,000 Britons

tiquarians, has never been disturbed. At Chingford, on the western slope of the Forest, we gave Bolivar as famous stabling as could be found; left Sprat to bring on the hampers at a seasonable hour to the woods between Queen Elizabeth's Lodge and Connaught lake and set out for genuine costers' enjoyment of arty blanchy," and I used it. Two of the Forest. Back towards London for several miles we had only seen patches of woods and coppices to oru right. Here at Chingford the real Forest begins.

slain, since it received that mighty feast

Jem and Becky, already within its ac customed spell, pressed forward to its heights with increasing speed, outstretched hands and radiant faces; and as I saw them far in advance, I could not but think of the old prints of Pilgrim when his burden fell.

We were at once in the thickest of itnot of the Forest, but of the mighty throng. Avenues upon avenues of East Enders stretched in every direction. It was now after noon, the Saturday halfholiday, a joyous, glorious day withal, real powdered sugar, a pot of clotted and it seemed that from all ways leading cream as yellow as gold and three beau- from London and near outlying towns tiful tin spoons and saucers for their ser- great tides of humanity came sweeping on, each one greater than the one before which would have done honor to the it, and all finally merging at the edge of quality; along with cold tea by the the woods and over the open spaces in full, and a few dark-looking, chunky seething masses of motion and color. It ttles of ale, a tribute to Jem's affect was like the action of incoming sea tides breaking upon a shallow, shingly beach. No one can understand the complexity, the irrepressibility, the vastness of a London holiday crowd until the greater poruirements of a London East End tion of these 100,000 or 150,000 souls can be seen here at a glance moving upon and almost storming this ancient Epping Forest en masse. Far back as the eye can reach hundreds upon hundreds of outlandish Essex shandrydans, as many traps and gigs, Whitechapel omnibuses, millers' and butchers' carts, brewers' vans and costers' carts, are moving towards you, around and between these countless thousands of folk afoot, concentering from highways, from lanes and from footpaths across the fields, are massed in seemingly inextricable confusion. For an instant there is something

like terror in such a scene. I cannot tell why, but in it and through it, I again saw what I looked upon, all but 30 years ago, when Sherman's cruel edict emptied Atlanta of all its people, and left their homes in flames. But those were faces set and white

these, bright and rubicund and broad with endless smiles. And in this respect your London "outer" differs from all other folk on earth. No matter whether he be great or humble, the moment his turned towards the fields or the sea he is a bundle of quivering sympathies, responsive in kind to every form of mirth, to the most vagarous incident or accident of situation or condition, and gives back an hundred fold every kindly look that nature can bestow. He may be rough and uncouth in what he says and does, but he has left all care behind. and makes in every moment of his holiday hours, even in untoward exigency and defeat, a place for unctious mirth and hearty cheer.

What are the amusements of this vast army of men and women and lads and lasses? Chiefly in wallowing, and I use the expression literally, in the sun and shade of Epping Forest. Thousands' upon thousands have brought their hampers and baskets as we have done. Then, in great splatches of color, they group and heap themselves in wriggling bunches of enjoyment over field, upon brae, in cool recess, in shady avenue, upon grassy meadow, in deep wood glade, and actually wallow in the ancient forest turf and soil. They wander and stroll and leap and race, and shout and sing and dance, and furn hand-springs and somersaults, and cavort and pirouette and act like half mad folk, just as they do at Hampstead Heath, while the bands roar on, read our ambitious coachman a | and the crowds hallon, and mounted police and forest verderers look on with benign smiles at the unrestrained and unrestrainable enjoyment. Turn where you may, from Chingford six miles north to dimness and circumspection, but Epping, or from Beak hill three miles east to Loughton, the same wild scene of physical and mental abandon and elation are repeated. Ten thousand children are chasing butterflies like exultant natural-More than ten thousand lads are ists. swinging from hawthorn limbs, shouting While they quaintly told from the clumped tops of pollard oaks, or routing the birds from loftiest hornbeam branches; while the surface of every lake and pond is shut from sight by thou-

reeds, or floating in boats upon their sur-In great open spaces every manner of ground, with most cruel foresters proceeding in a perfect bedlam of roar- homely.

sands more wading among lilies and

ing from the touters and managers of a vast collection of Vanity Fairs. You will see skittles, foot-ball, cricket wrestling and putting-stone. Ever glorious Punch and Judy are omnipresent and screaming ly witty and hilarious. Donkeys by th thousands and screws by the hundreds, are here for uproarious riding and racing. The three card monte game is every where. Knock-'em-downs by the hundreds, with their crashing and bawling and shouts of defeat and victory, are all the way from Wanstead to Epping. American shooting saloons are quite as frequent and well patronized. The artificial pigeon whirls and flies from scores of booths and the detonations of the shooting are incessant. There are more than a thousand of my old Gipsy friends, in all manner of picturesque apparel, plying thir "dukkering" among the good natured 'Arrys and 'Arriets. Mingled with all this and these are the shouts and cries of every manner of fakir from every land beneath the sun; the brayings of hundreds of open air speakers who as at Hyde Park, inveigh against the liberty that gives them opportunity for de-nunciation; and, louder and more discordant than all these, the wailings and exhortations of Salvationists; the barbaric clamor of their tambourines, fifes and drums, a persistent reminder of pence-

pulling and repentance. It is saying little for Jem and Becky and myself to assert that we participated fully in the exhilarating diversions of Epping Forest. Then, the envied of many eyes, we partook of our glorious repast beneath the very shade of Queen Elizabeth's hunting lodge, a quaint, old and lofty half-timbered structure, which has been beautifully restored, where faithful Sprat landed our hampers victoriousdoners, on May 6, 1882. Since that time | ly after many a bravely resisted siege; and then, the envied of thousands still. as the sole occupants of a Whitechapel bus, we were driven in noble style about the forest, away to Epping, once famous for its sausage, pork and cheese; to Monk's Wood, and the great pollard oaks; to the old British camp at Ambresbury Banks; to Hawk Wood Hill and its famous obelisk; and to High Beach, neary 800 feet above London, where almost its wondrous historic interest lies clear

and fair below. of blood, save for the prodding of the an-The old-world valley of the river Lea, scene of Walton's earliest days and of the incidents of the "Angler" is beneath you to the west. Miles to the north and south are its snug villages, its ivied churches, its half-hid stately halls. Just here beside you is Beech Hill House, here Tennyson wrote the "Talking Oak" and "Locksley Hall." Far to the west are the uplands of the Cambridgeshire hills. Between, a slumbrous valley with an ideal English landscape. In its centre stands ancient Waltham Abbev. mournful and pathetic reminder of a departed day and time, of Harold and bis lavished treasures, and of his march to Hastings to meet fierce William of Normandy. Nearer still lies Copped Hall, where in the early reign of Edward VI. Princess Mary was held prisoner; and at Fair Mead House beyond, the gentle poet Clare was brought a mental wreck. Back at Chingford, as the sun was etting behind the Hampstead Hills, all

the converging ways to London seemed dense with a routed army in its flight. Bolivar was impatient to overtake the disappearing host. Right merrily we oo short way welcoming Bell Lane, and Bolivar came o a sudden halt before my own habitation, Jem and myself, in pleasant converse, were alone upon the "box." Sprat and Becky were a confused heap of overgrown attire, soiled velvet and straggling eoster feathers in the bottom of the cart. But when we pulled Becky out and stood her upon her ample legs within the doorway, all the pleasures of the day seemed o steal softly again into her sunny coster nature; and as reward for our gallant outing ways she clapped us both, Jem and I, soundly on our backs with her broad, honest hands and softly mur-

mured: "Gor bli me, lads. Hi never 'ad sech a enjoy'ble-sech a hinformin' 'n' enjoy'ble time-never. Gor bli me, ef Hi did!" EDGAR L. WAKEMAN.

Iron Mining.

The most revolutionary thing that has ever occurred in the history of iron minng in America or the world is now in actual progress on the Mesaba Range in Minnesota, and is proving successful. It will do more to alarm the miners of old ranges than anything that could happen, All the big Biwable mine, in section -58-16, ore loading is going on directly from the ore body, lying as nature left it, at the rate of a twenty-four-ton car every four minutes. The ore is loaded by a steam shovel of two-ton capacity, which is working ahead into the end of a cut. When the cut is completed and the shovel is able to work sideways, the work will be easier, for there will be less distance to traverse. The shovel handles about four tons a minute, and is loading about 500 tons daily. This week t begins on a 1000-ton daily output, and shipments will be large.

The ore is dry and fine grained, and is handled with much ease. The cost of stripping off the thirty feet of surface above this ore body has averaged five cents per ton of ore to a depth of ninety feet, and the ore is more than ninety

feet deep The cost of loading the ore from the natural bed without explosives, underground workings, airshafts and pumping machinery, is less than 4 cents a ton; total mining cost. 9 cents a ton: royalty. 50 cents: freight to Duluth, 80 cents; freight from Duluth to Cleveland, commission, etc., \$1.35; total at Cleveland, \$2.47; value of ore laid down at Cleve and this season, \$3.75; ordinarily, \$4.25. The cost of mining the hard ore of the

be \$1.65 a ton, and the last governmen geological report states that this company raises more ore per man than any hard-ore mine in the United States. As this machine handles as much ore in four minutes as one man can do in a day, its adoption in the mines all through America may be looked for. It will

throw thousands of men out of work.

Minnesota mines at Tower is stated to

Denison, Tex., Aug. 18.-A woman man's attire was arrested here yesterday morning. She claims to be running away from the home of Doc, Smith of Guthrie, O. T., and says she is the woman horsethief. Tom Ring, arrested at Guthrie a month ago. She broke jail and escaped. She says her name is Nellie Hodge, but contradicts herself and the opinion is that she is the woman horsethief.

KOOTENAY NEWS.

Mr. Schultz Has a Talk About Colonist Methods and Mining News. Mr. S. D. Schultz returned from Nelson last night, and in an interview with the Times had the following to say of Kootenay: I gave the cream of current Kootenay topics to a Colonist man last evening, and I see by this morning's issue, that the account is credited to an "Occasional Correspondent." I am not registering any strenuous kick against your contemporary's conduct, but I think it would have been ordinary courtesy to at least have mentioned the informant of their half column of Kootenay budget. The Colonist man, in an effort to be more than usually "smart," overreached himself. In order to make the article appear as emanating from "an occasional correspondent," he antedated it to the 12th, so as to give it ample time to travel by easy stages, and in correspondence dated the 12th instant, the clairvoyant contributor anticipates happenings of the If the reported strike on the Nelson &

Fort Sheppard right of way is authenticated it will no doubt create considerable excitement. Since the silver slump pros pectors have turned their attention to gold propositions with gratifying success in most cases. The gold croppings cover a considerable area and this fact suggests that something more than usually rich will be located. The whole country is being carefully exploited, though the thick timber on the mountain sides, especially along the Salmon, is somewhat of an impediment to the successful finding of croppings. The contemplated operation on the Silver King will stimulate the owners of contiguous claims to bring their claims to the front, and will import much needed confidence, the lack of which is not due to any inherent want of faith in the intrinsic value of the claims but mainly to the disturbing fluctuations and possible demonetization of the white metal. The original holders, buoyed by rich assays, are pluckily holding out, constantly refusing offers to dispose at sacrifice prices to speculators the entire fringe of Epping Forest with | ready to take advantage of the present pinch. Even when reduced to extremities, they will only dispose of a share or interest. If the present holders can contrive to pull through and save their claims from falling into the greedy grasp of foreign capitalists, the country will not only be benefited by large pay rolls, but the dividends will be kept and circulated, instead of contributing to the luxury and extravagance of Metropolitan

plutocrats. The Nelson end of the Nelson & Fort Sheppard will be ready for the rails in about a month, so Mr. McLean, the sub-contractor, states. The work has been rather rough, all side-hill cutting and calling for lots of powder. The road is graded past the north fork of the Salmon and Nelson, The sub-contractor of the part leading out of Nelson is getting along splendidly. Indications point to the road being completed before the snow flies. The water in the Kootenay is falling at the rate of two inches

Jeff Davis of Port Moody made a lo cation on the 13th inst. near the falls of Anderson Creek that runs through Nelson city and the specimens have a good gold showing. The Salmon and its had come to Epping, but merrier still we tributaries are fairly alive with prospectreturned to grimy London, racing and ors. There is a lot of placer mining, singing in humble coster fashion, all the and the results of the clear-up are eager-When we rattled into ly looked for. The Nelson court h is rapidly nearing completion. There is some complaint about the rooms ing cramped. The front presents a very attractive appearance. The hospital is about ready for occupants. matron will be selected from the three applicants. Kaslo presents a moribund appearance. The Theatre Comique still running to empty benches.

Jefferson of the "Washington," a half interest in which was lately sold to Buckingham, an Eastern capitalist, stated to me personally that over \$70,000 had been spent by them on their rich property, and that their shipments by the Nakusp and Slocan will surprise the sceptical. Nakusp is having an ephemeral boom that will languish into death, when the railway construction men move. At Revelstoke prospectors have just returned from the Big Bend country with rich specimens of gold quartz. In some of these specimens the quartz was decomposed and honeycombed, and in others it was hard and flinty. A boat is being constructed at Revelstoke with the object of experimenting on the feasibility of making Death Falls. News was brought in on Tuesday last that Alf. Wood, formerly of the defunct News, and lately of the Nelson Miner, was injured up Hall creek, where he is placer mining with T. Brown, a McGill College engineering student. The trouble was caused by a boulder rolling on his leg, but nothing serious is looked for.

MINING MEMOS.

Bonner's Ferry's Luck-Death of Prospector. Nelson Miner.

The bond on the Josie claim has changed hands according to the Northport News. An advance of \$400 transferred the bond from Patsy Clark to Loring Brothers.

The final payment is reported as paid on the Center Star mine in the Trail Creek district. Joe Bouriois, the seller of the property, has cleaned up \$80,000 prospecting in the Kootenay.

The Poorman mine is now running night and day in order that advantage may be taken of the water supply while it lasts. It is expected that the water will curtail their efforts about the middle

of September. From a reliable source the information comes that the government has reconsidered its appropriations and will place an additional amount to the credit of the Kaslo-Slocan wagon road. The increased grant will give funds sufficient to complete the road to New Denver.

The Grady group of mines, located a year ago by Messrs. Grady, Briggs and Laatz between New Denver and Silverton, has been bonded for \$100,000 to the McNaughts of Seattle. It is said that \$10,000 was cash, and that \$35,000 is payable on the first of January, and the remainder in one year. The principal claim in the group is the Alpha, on which considerable work has been done.

There is no chance of Nelson being frozen in this winter provided the owners of the various steamers plying on the lake come to any mutual agreement with respect to keeping the channel open in the event of heavy frosts. Such is the opinion of J. A. Mara of the C. & K. In great open spaces every manner of horsethief. When arrested, besides a steam navigation company. The C. & game and diversion known to English man's suit she wore a sombrero, pistol K. is prepared to bear its proportion of fields, or streets, or holiday resorts, is belt and spurs. She is very young and the cost, but of course we do not think it right for the C. & K. to bear the entire | ing for gold mines.

burden when other steamers would sha the advantage of having the channel kept open. I believe an arrangement will be effected before the winter sets in by which commerce on Kootenay lake will not be interfered with.

(Kaslo-Slocan Examiner.) Assays from the Bon Ton, taken since the settlement, went 982 ounces silver.
Assays of Ed. Tennison's and John Long's ore from the St. Mary's went 77 ounces silver and 56 per cent, lead. A letter has been received by one of the managers of one of the best properties here from the Tacoma smelter offering to buy silver-lead ores at the same prices

as quoted last December.

A prospector by the name of Kent reported a quartz discovery on the Moyea, at Bonner's Ferry this week, and judging from samples of rock which he showed, it must be something rich. George Sleed, 25, an Englishman, was drowned in the Duncan river last week. A party of prospectors were coming down the river in a boat which struck a snag and sank. All the others escaped unharmed; Sleed was never seen again. Wonderful reports have been received from Bonner's Ferry, which are greatly exciting the people of that town. It seems that rich dirt, going \$2 to the

pan, is being got out on the Monyea river near its mouth. Prospectors are going into the new country as fast as they can, and as it is considered a glacier de posit, these new fields may rival the fafamous Fraser river strikes. The new gold fields are located seven miles east of Bonner's Ferry, and if the excitement keeps up that town will be depopulated within a week. J. H. Thompson and J. W. Price returned Saturday from a 6-day trip in the

Hauser lake country. They went to look up some fine prospects, called the Toronto and Guelph, which lay alongside the famous "Dick" Gallop claim, with a view to purchasing them. They say the mos quitos were never worse than they are this year, and that for big game, the upper country can't be beat. They saw fresh tracks of bear, panther and mountain goat almost everywhere, and prophesy it won't be long before that country becomes famous as a mineral country and as a sportsman's paradise.

The difficulty between the owners of the Bon Ton and Big Bertha claims has been amicably settled by a survey made the disputed ground to the Bon Ton. It the Big Bertha occupied the ground and continued the development. The ore was being shipped when the Bon Ton people arrived this spring to resume work. An injunction was taken out and there was ings, but upon the arrival here of Capt. half interest in the Bon Ton, an arrangement was made to have the lines run. This proved that the rich ore deposits that have made the Big Bertha's reputation belong to the Bon Ton. It is thought that the vein runs through the Big Bertha towards the Dardanelles, and it is hoped that future work on the Big Bertha will prove this to be the fact and restore her good name.

Kaslo Claim. Four loads of ore came down on Tuesday. They comprised 120 sacks of ore from the Mountain Chief mine. A fierce bush fire, of no small proportions, was raging along the wagon road

at the beginning of the week. It didn't reach either the town or the sawmill, but was quite near enough to cause considerable anxiety.

Kaslo has, without exception, the very any town on this or any other planet was ever cursed with. "It cries aloud to Heaven." Letters arrive in Kaslo when

they get here; no sooner, no later. The present population of this city is in the neighborhood of 1000 souls. With so many coming and going, principally going, it is, of course, impossible to be exact. Three months ago the population amounted to about 3000; many hundreds have since gone into the hills and many more have departed to seek in other climes what they did not find here.

Another company was formed to put in a system of waterworks and an electric light plant. People are still dipping their aqua pura out of the creek, while the pale, cold moon sheds the only light to be seen in Kaslo after dark. When that chaste orb is not on deck, the belated traveler, even though painfully sober, stands an excellent chance of disappearing through some of the numerous yawning chasms which relieve our sidewalks from the charge of being monotonous.

Government Lots in Nelson. There are a number of troubled men

in town this week whose annoyance is not caused by the silver disturbances. It is learned that an edict has been issued from the office of the commissioner of lands and works to the effect that all those who have erected buildings upon crown lands must remove the same.

If this order is carried out it will necesitate the removal of the buildings erected or owned by Messrs. Clement, Geo. Keefer, Ed. Traves, Sampson, Crittenden, Brown, Buchanan and Rogers. In the past it has been the practice to allow those who wished to build on a lot to do so and purchase the lot afterwards if it should so fall out that the government auction should occur during

The policy of the government is not without blame in this matter. The gov- got hold of him and hanged him and he ernment is ever ready to sound the alarm against speculation in land. They had killed 18 men, Sokoloski and the have effectually locked up the land in two Frenchmen among the rest, but that Nelson. In the past if a man wished a they never got the dust. He said that government lot he was allowed to build his partner died of mountain fever and ipon it, and when the auction came off the improvements were put up with the lot, the owner being allowed for them. The claim is now set up that the government gets the worst of the deal, but t is surely the wrong time to squeal when the men have proceeded in good faith along the precedent laid down by

the government. If the government needs to change its policy it should fix upon some plan whereby innocent parties would not be deprived of their buildings through proceeding upon the loose system of the lands and works department.-Nelson Miner.

City of Mexico, Aug. 18.-A deputation of mining engineers is being organized by the director of the school of mines to travel through the states of Jalisco, Colima and Zacatecas and the territory of Tepic with a view to prospect-



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BOONE HELME. Recollections of the Murder at Quesnelle by One Who Was There. To the Editor:-I see that Mr. Browning has given an account in the Toronto Mail of the murder of three menby C, H. Ellacott, P.L.S., which gives in Cariboo in 1862, and noticing some discrepancies I may as well give you a appears that after the Bon Ton com-pleted its assessment work last October on the spot at the time. Tommy Harvey, alias Irish Tommy, and myself, left. Antler creek in company with Sokoloski and two Frenchmen for Forks Quesnelle. This was on or about 18th July, 1862. We journeyed together until we arrived a prospect of some lively legal proceed- at Keithley creek, where the three afore mentioned gentlemen, carrying on a mule R. C. Adams of Montreal, who owns a and two horses about \$32,000 in coarse gold, stopped for dinner, Harvey and I journeying on about three miles to the ferry, where we cooked our repast a la mode Cariboo, when we took the ferry boat, rowed and owned by Jacob Heck. now resident on Mayne Island. After crossing the lower end of the North Fork lake we made the best of our way for Cap Mitchell's bridge across the North Fork. I well remember this portion of the trail, as I walked it barefoot, my gum boots getting uncomfortable. paid our fare of 25 cents at the bridge and made the best of our way into Quesnelle Forks, arriving in good time tha evening. Now I am quite satisfied that we met Boone Helme and his chum about three miles out from the Forks Quesnelle. We stayed at the Forks next day and saw the murdered men brought They had made a brave fight, every man's pistol (good six shooters) was emp rottenest apology for a mail service that ty, and each man had a bullet through his head. Boone Helme and his chum killed these three men, took and hid the dust and if no stranger has found it it is there yet, for Boone left the country. I have proof of that, for after leaving the Forks I went to Little lake, seven miles away, to look for some horses to pack in goods from the Forks to Antler creek. 40 miles, at 20 cents a pound, but not finding any horses, I journeyed on down, stopping at Beaver lake, Deep creek and Williams lake, stopping with Tom Mannifield, harvesting a few days, when I started for Lytton. I met Boone Helme Cook & Kimble's ferry, now Spence's Bridge. The first thing I heard was. "throw up your hands," and looking up I saw the muzzle of a double-barrelled

and his chum at Little Bloody Run, just below Cap Venable's, a few miles above shot gun about four feet from my head. It took his partner about five minutes to cut my pack straps, after taking my six shooter and purse. The latter contained three Mexican dollars and three British shillings. One of my old shirts contained a good wad of dast; but when the blankets were unrolled the shirt with others rolled out and a small bag containing bullets attracted their attention and saved my dust, which being tied in the old shirt pocket inside was not seen. They emptied my pistol, gave it back to me and told me to git and not look back. As my road was down hill I lost no time. The next I saw of Helme was at Sumas in the spring of 1864. I think. He was along with a pack train owned by Dan Harris (alias Dirty Harris), at one time owner of the major part of the townsite of Fairhaven. Helme was on his way to get the dust hid at Onesnelle and next day I got on my way to intercept Helme at Yale, but the marshal from Port Townsend was there and took him from Yale to Port Townsend on a charge of murder. Helme dug out of Townsend jail and once more made his way to the hills, finally fetching up in Boise, where he waylaid and killed a miner for his dust. Then the vigilantes told before they cheked him off that he there was no use to look for him. He said that he also killed Little Billy, an English ship carpenter, in 1862, throwing his body into Pemberton lake. this man's throat for \$5. It looked as if a Nemesis was continually on his track after he committed the triple murder at Quesnelle. Helme at that time had a brother, a respectable man, living in California. W. T. COLLINSON. Plumper Pass, Aug. 17, 1893.

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