TALKS OF YELLOW GOLD.

WONDERFUL DEVELOPMENT OF BRITISH COLUMBIA MINES.

Crow's Nest Pass the Key—A Line Through It Will Unlock the Mountains, and Cover the District With Smelters and Permanent Settlements—Actual Work in Progress.

Mr. J. P. Graves, one of the leading men of the great British Columbia gold district, in an interview with a Globe reporter in Toronto the other night, said:—

"There are to-day eighteen gold-producing mines in the Trail Creek District, of which Rossland is the centre. The average value of the ore mined is $26 per ton. Some of it runs far higher, as when Le Roi, from picked ore, gave $500 per ton. That was not a fair sample, however. The cost of mining and reducing the ore up till the present time has been $14 per ton. This included hauling fifteen miles by wagon to Northport, and shipment thence on the Spokane and Northern Road to the smelters.

"The first smelter for the treatment of gold ore was opened at Trail Landing, on the Columbia River, seven miles from Rossland, in April, and a tramway has just been completed from Rossland to it. The cost of treatment by its means is reduced to $11 per ton, but it will smelt nothing but Le Roi ore for a long time. Its capacity is 200 tons per day, which, with the amount banked waiting for the opening of the smelter, will keep it going for a good many months, and if Le Roi production continues increasing possibly permanently. I believe that there is room in the Trail Creek camp for a dozen smelters as big as the one at the Landing. The only other smelters I know of in British Columbia are the smelters at Nelson and at Pilot Bay. They are for silver and lead ore, however, and the one just put into operation is the only one for gold.

"The greater part of the ore has gone, and still goes, to the smelters across in the United States—Rossland is only about eight miles from the boundary line—at Tacoma and Helena, and as far as Salt Lake. The statements of production can only be verified by the returns from these smelters, but the most conservative esmate of the gold production of the district this year is $5,000,000. It has been put at $7,000,000, but that figure is, I think, not warranted by fact.

NO FICTITIOUS GROWTH.

Ore was first shipped in 1894, and ce that time development has been wonderfully rapid. There are at present ten mines in which machinery is used to furnish power for the compressed air drills and for hoisting the ore. That machinery has all been purchased in Montreal and Sherbrooke, the greater part from the Ingersoll Drill Co., and Rand Drill Co. The average cost cannot have been far short of $50,000 per outfit. Le Roi mine has the largest engines and boilers ever used in a mine in Canada, power being provided for 50 drills. This mine is run night and day with three shifts of men, and there is ore enough to pay dividends of $100,000 per month when the new machinery and the tramway are in full operation. The dividend now paid to Spokane men chiefly is $25,000 per month since January last and $25,000 extra for one month. The capital is $2,500,000 in $5 shares and the price is expected to double. The War Eagle mine has paid dividends of $187,000 in the past nine months, but there is not so much machinery used in it, and machinery is a pretty fair test of permanence. Speaking generally the indications are that there are enormous quantities of low grade ore in the district and that it gets richer the further down it is worked. At 200 feet Le Roi ore began to look well and at 400 the vein is 60 feet wide and steadily becoming richer. Eminent experts of Europe say Le Roi is the richest gold mine in the world.

"The trouble has been that Canadians have been too slow to get it. The Americans who, like myself, entered early will, in the sale of mines alone, without taking account of dividends, receive from $5,000,000 to $7,000,000 in cash before September 15th this year; most of this money will go to Spokane. Canadians are slow yet, but are beginning to come in, while English influence is becoming quite active. Mr. R. H. Pope, M. P., was one of the largest and earliest Canadian investors; and Mr. Ives, late Minister of Trade, is interested with me in the Jose mine.

"As to the question of labor there is little to say. Of course as a mine-owner I am interested in getting as many laborers as possible there—it lowers wages—but there is no surplus yet and we often have to skirmish for men. I do not think there will be a surplus of laborers this year or next for development is going on rapidly. Laborers in the mines get about $3 per day and wood-cutters about $2.50. There is also a good deal of work for carpenters at from $2.50 to $3.50 per day. The cost of living is not more than it generally is through the west. I can't speak as to the board of the workingmen, but I can get as good accommodation as I wish at Rossland hotels for $2.50 per day.

A SOLITARY VOTER.

The development of the town of Rossland and Trail has been wonderful. Rossland has from 3,500 to 4,500 people, and Trail, which in January of this year had three houses only, has now 1,500 inhabitants. You can understand how rapid has been the development when I tell you that there was only one vote at the recent election in this town of 1,500. Railroads are what we most need. As I have stated the nearest railroad point is Northport on the Spokane road, and Spokane itself, 145 miles distant, is the commercial centre. The main line of the C. P. R., is away north, far beyond reach, and the Columbia River is a poor substitute for a railway. Sir Wm. Van Horne, with whom I had a talk while in Montreal, knows the district, and how valuable it would be for traffic, but hesitates to construct a main line of the C. P. R., through the Crow's Nest Pass and across the rich belt of British Columbia mining country, just north of the boundary, because it would seriously lessen the value of the northern line. The line, however, must be built, if the mines are to be fully developed. There is no coal in Trail Creek District, while on the line of the Crow's Nest extension coal is plentiful, and would be invaluable for the smelters. At present the coal has to come from Vancouver or the American side, and its cost prevents the smelting of the low grade ore that is now thrown on the bank as useless. If coal could be had by a haul of 100 miles instead of 400 there would be a great increase in smelting. The silver and lead districts of Nelson and Kaslo in East Kootenay would also benefit tremendously from the construction of the Crow's Nest line. As an example of the traffic to Trail Creek I may say that on the day I came out there were on the steamer on the Columbia River between Revelstoke and Trail 102 passengers at $5 each, five car loads of general freight, and four coal barges in tow. It takes two steamers to take the traffic toward Spokane. Unless the C. P. R. build the railway through this great mining belt it is inevitable that the greater part of the ore will be smelted on the American side, and in this way give employment to thousands of men. Spokane was bankrupt before it went into your mines, and had to pawn its jewels to come in. Now it is becoming wealthy on its dividends. The English are now sending their experts and are investing. One of these experts, coming out of a mine, sat down and wiping his forehead said, "It's amazing; South Africa is not in it." Another, without giving any opinions, bought a block of 5,000 shares. These are incidents that prove a good deal more than general statements about the wealth of the mines. You can depend upon it the Trail Creek camps will produce more gold in the next few years than any other district of the same extent in the world."

USING DOGS IN WAR.

Ambulance Work in the Russian Jager Regiments.

During the French military operations at Tours in 1890, competitions were instituted between racing dogs, carrier pigeons, horsemen, bicyclists and tricyclists. The pigeons completed a given distance in the shortest time—5 minutes 50 seconds; the riders took 7 minutes 57 seconds; the dogs, 8 minutes 8 seconds; the bicyclists, 9 minutes 15 seconds, and the tricyclists, 10 minutes 40 seconds. On the same occasion experiments were made with dogs carrying ammunition. It was found that a large mountain or sheep dog would carry 500 charges with the Lebel rifle to the front with the greatest ease and rapidity. Against this advantage must be set the fact that dogs, as well as men, are likely to be hit in the line of fire, and that a dog which has once been wounded can never be broken of its dread of returning under fire. In the first instance it is difficult enough to accustom the animals to the sound of firearms or cannon. At the beginning of their training the fiercest dogs will either bolt altogether or crouch in abject terror at the slightest discharge, unable to attend to any orders. Still, even here, use and kindly persuasion will eventually make the dogs indifferent to the loudest firing. Once the fear is overcome the dog will stick to his post more firmly and unconcernedly than many a young soldier in his first year of service.

Another duty has been suggested for the dog in war time—a share in the

AMBULANCE SERVICE.

During and after the battle the dog might scour the field looking for the wounded and summoning help quickly. It would carry round its neck a flask containing a refreshing drink, and as soon as it found a wounded man the animal would stand by him and bark until some of the ambulance corps came to the rescue. After all, this is only a different version of what the famous St. Bernard dogs have been doing from time immemorial when succoring worn-out travellers on the pass. So that the ambulance work is, perhaps, the easiest lesson the dog learns, and it has been brought to a very perfect condition by the Russian Jager regiments. Wolf hounds and sheep dogs are best for this service, being especially valuable in rocky and wooded districts, where a wounded man, lying amongst underwood or stones, is not easily seen by the members of the ambulance corps. To teach the dogs their duty a difficult piece of ground is chosen and a number of men, representing the wounded, disperse themselves about at the most out-of-the-way spots, lying face downward on the earth. The dogs are then sent in search. When an animal finds a wounded man he is taught to put his forefeet on the body and stand there, barking loudly. An ambulance cart is stationed at some distance, and directly a dog gives tongue a relief party starts in the direction of the sound, the dog being trained to continue barking until the bearers reach the spot. If the wounded man is only slightly hurt he finds ample material in the dog's ambulance pouch for a temporary dressing of wounds whilst waiting for the ambulance bearers or a doctor, and can further gather strength from the soup or brandy in the flask around his canine deliverer's neck. As soon as the ambulance bearers have carried away the wounded, the dog starts off anew to seek another subject of relief. If necessary, he is harnessed into a little hand cart to draw the wounded to the field hospital, or to carry stretchers and provisions about the battle-field.

GUILTY AS CHARGED.

Judge—You are charged with cutting Jasper Johnson with a razor after he had worsted you in a friendly sparring match.

Prisoner—Yas, sah, I slashed 'im. Dat coon 'veigled me into boxin' an' nebber told me he was lef'-han'ed.

A MOORISH DINNER PARTY

AROUND THE TABLE OF THE GRAND VIZIER OF MOROCCO.

The Unique Decorations—No Routine of Courses — No Wines—Musicians Fed—The Guests Sprinkled with Rose and Orange Water—Escorts to and From the Feast.

Along the dark avenue of our palace in Marakesh appears a chamberlain and his attendants, and we know that we have been sent for to attend the great dinner party the Grand Vizier of Morocco has been so busy for the last few days in preparing for the entertainment of her Majesty's Minister, writes a correspondent. Our horses and mules are ready saddled, and the body guard of soldiers drawn up in line to salute and follow, while the native servants in all the glory of their most gaudy clothes, stand, lantern in hand, ready to escort us. Then off through the dark streets, between the high buttressed walls that crop up on all sides in the southern capital of Morocco; here across a wide open space, deserted but for the dogs, or some late wayfarer, lantern in hand, and here again through a labyrinth of tortuous alleyways, from which the high white houses, windowless and ghostlike, rise on either hand.

At the doorway of the Vizier's house we dismount, and, passing through empty halls and wide passages, severe and austere in their grim whiteness, we are ushered into one of those small and

BEAUTIFUL GARDENS

which the Moors love so much and know so well how to render attractive. Between the dark cypress trees and the trellis work that line the paths the fitful light of moon and many lanterns falls, while the shadowy figures of the members of the Sultan's court pass and repass. A dark man, with a small beard and moustache, swathed in the finest of white wool and silk garments greets us. It is the Grand Vizier. A minute later and we are ensconced in the reception room, leading from the garden by an arcade of horseshoe arches an apartment rich in delicate inlaid tile work, in arabesques, and inscriptions in lacelike plaster, and with a ceiling of gorgeous painted wood, rising in arches and domes of intricate carving and delicate color; here a puzzling geometric design of gilded beams, and there falling in "stalactites" to end in drops of gold, or disappear into the projecting designs of tile or arabesque. Now, at last, one cannot help thinking, the land of the "Arabian Nights" is reached. In a domed recess in the garden, lit with fantastic lanterns, are the musicians, their voices and music at this distance rising and falling in weird harmonious cadences, an effect that is quickly destroyed on their approaching nearer, for the Moors cannot discriminate between singing and shouting or between sound and noise. The garden before us is threaded with raised and tiled paths, in which here and there, where the meetings of two paths allow of space, bubble and splash little fountains in marble basins. One seems miles away from the filth and noise of the great city without, and in the very heart of which one actually is.

Dinner is announced, and, led by the Vizier, we pass down the length of the garden, among courtiers, soldiers and slaves, and find ourselves entering a second and even more

GORGEOUS APARTMENT

than that we had just left. Under the arcade of arches that gives entrance to this room, stood our dinner, ninety-two huge covered dishes of earthenware filled with all the delicacies that native cooks know so well how to prepare. Within stands the dining-table, loaded with fruit and flowers and sweet-meats, with candelabra and dessert dishes, and set in European fashion, as strange an anomally in so Oriental a scene as the furniture which lies scattered about the room. At either extremity of the large apartment stand four-posted bedsteads of French "Empire" design, in ebony and walnut respectively, while mirrors of every shape, form, and design, from handsome constructions in "buhl" to the most flashy of modern gilt hideosities. Clocks of many shapes and designs tick against the walls, while the floors of marble and tiles are strewn with antique carpets of the country and modern Brussels of suicidal hues; the candelabra on the table of inferior pewter, the forks and spoons of handsome silver gilt; everywhere the same strange mixture of Orientalism and civilization, of wealth and shoddiness. Nor was the company less diverse, for next to her Majesty's Minister in evening dress and decorations sat a tall figure swathed in white wool and silk; while behind a young officer in the mess kit of the Grenadiers stood a group of Moorish servants in scarlet and gold, black salves, and soldiers in their crimson "fezzes." The perplexity of the English butler who was shown close upon a hundred dishes and told to serve dinner was a feature in the entertainment but fortunately there is no routine in Moorish feats, and one eats promiscuously of spiced meats, young pigeons richly stuffed fowls roasted with lemon peel, and "kooskoosoo," the national dish, to mention but a very few of the many delicacies prepared. No wines are ever given at these entertainments, and one falls back upon one's own supplies brought for the purpose, for the Moors are by religion, and generally by practice,

STANCH TEETOTALLERS,

nor would those who do imbibe in secret venture to do so at a public feast, in the presence alike of Europeans and their own compatriots.

We did not do justice, it must be confessed, to even a small proportion of the repast prepared, excellent though the dishes were; nor is one expected to do so, for the number of cooked dishes is a sign of honor and hospitality, and one tastes rarely of those which one's servants think most according to their master's gout, the rest being carried away to the different apartments in which the Vizier in entertaining his fellow members of the Ministry and the court in general, for only the Chancellor of the Exchequer and two of the under secretaries of State dined with us at table. A lull in the music in the garden without tells us that the musicians have not been forgotten, but are feasting apace.

Then back once more to the reception room, to seat ourselves upon a semicircle of chairs arranged at equal distances one from the other where we are sprinkled with rose and orange water from long necked silver sprinklers, and refreshed with the heavy scent of incense. Trays of green tea, in minute cups and tumblers, such as we would use for liqueur, follow, tray after tray, until the three cups apiece prescribed by Moorish etiquette are drunk. Then the musicians approach and seat themselves under the arcade without, a long row of men with inlaid guitars and violins and strange instruments that have no name in English. But the proximity is too great, and what was music at a distance becomes noise at close quarters. Beyond them is the garden, seen through the arches, half lost in shady gloom, half apparent in the bright moonlight and brighter flash of numbers of lanterns. Again, the white-robed figures come and go, passing and repassing each other, like ghosts among the trees, and the members of the court and their attendant soldiers and slaves wander at will along the tiled paths.

A move is made, and, bidding our adieus to our host, we mount once more, and, surrounded by soldiers and servants bearing lanterns, seek our home in the Maimounieh Palace.

RHEUMATISM'S VICTIMS.

After Spasmodic Efforts For a Cure Usually Give Up.

There is One Medicine That Has Cured Thousands After Other Medicines Had Failed—A Released Sufferer Adds His Strong Endorsation of This Wonderful Remedy.

From the Trenton Courier.

What an innocent sounding name has rheumatism, and yet how terrible a reality to the thousands who suffer with it. Doctors agree that rheumatism results from poison of and deposits in the blood, but as to just how they can be reached and readicated, it would seem that their knowledge fails. The usual treatment is a long series of medicines which may give temporary relief, but do not cure, and then the patient usually gives up, thinking that there is no medicine that will cure him. This is a mistake. Rheumatism is not a necessary evil, and because one is growing old it is not imperative that one should accept rheumatism as a natural accessory to advancing years.

There is a remedy for rheumatism despite the general belief that it cannot be cured—a remedy that has cured thousands of the most severe cases. A noted instances of the truth of this assertion which has just come to the knowledge of the editor of the Courier, is the case of Robert Francis, Esq., formerly of Trenton, now retired from business in Rat Portage, Ont., and still residing there. He has been a victim of rheumatism for over three years. Last winter he visited his friends in Trenton and was then contemplating a visit to the south in search of relief from his constant foe He had to use a staff in walking and went at a slow pace. This Christmas he was here again on a visit to his friends, smart and erect without the stick or the sorrowful look of a year ago. His friends and acquaintances all accost him as a new man and congratulate him on his healthy, fresh and active appearance in contrast with a year ago. He has cheerfully and gratefully given the following statement of his efforts after a cure. "My home is at Rat Portage, Ont., where for years I was engaged in business and where I still reside. For three years I have been a great sufferer from rheumatism. I tried several highly recommended remedies to no purpose, as I continued to grow worse till it was difficult for me to walk. I was for thirteen weeks confined to my bed at home and in the Winnipeg hospital. I was then induced to try the Mount Clement Springs. I took six courses of baths, or twenty-one baths each without any seemingly beneficial result. I read of several cures in the Courier from Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People, and friends who used them with benefit to themselves urged me to try them. I did so and after a short time I felt an improvement in my condition. I have taken twelve boxes in all and my improvement has been continuous and satisfactory, so that I need the cane no longer and I have increased my weight from 140 pounds to 175 by the use of Pink Pills. I am not entirely free from rheumatism but I am a new man, one thousand per cent. better than I was a year ago and I attribute my health entirely to Dr. Williams' Pink Pills."

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills strike at the root of the disease, driving it from the system and restoring the patient to health and strength. In cases of paralysis, spinal troubles, locomotor ataxia, sciatica, rheumatism, erysipelas, scrofulous troubles, etc., these pills are superior to all other treatment. They are also a specific for the troubles which make the lives of so many women a burden and speedily restore the rich glow of health to pale and sallow cheeks. Men broken down by overwork, worry or excesses, will find in Pink Pills a certain cure. Sold by all dealers or sent by mail postpaid, at 50c., a box, or six boxes for $2.50, by addressing the Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Brockville, Ont., or Schenectady, N.Y. Beware of imitations and substitutes alleged to be "just as good."

LATEST RUSSIAN WAR SHIP.

The Russian cruiser Rossia has just been launched on the Neva in the presence of the Czar. The Rossia, which is entirely built of steel, has three screws. She is 480 feet 6 inches in length, by 69 feet 6 inches beam; her displacement is 12,000 tons. She will be able to carry 2,500 tons of coal, and her radius of action, at an average speed of ten miles per hour, is estimated at 19,000 miles. The Rossia will carry twenty-six large and thirty-six small guns; sixteen of the large guns will be quick-firing. She will also carry four lance torpedo tubes.

FRUITS OF EXPERIENCE.

Yes—We are going to camp out again, and I know just exactly how to have a perfect time.

What is your formula?

Well—you leave at home all the things you think you ought to take—and your take all the things you think you ought to leave at home.

Cures

Prove the merit of Hood's Sarsaparilla—positive, perfect, permanent Cures.

Cures of Scrofula in severest forms, Salt Rheum, with intense itching and burning scald head, boils, pimples, etc.

Cures of Dyspepsia, Rheumatism, Catarrh, by toning and making rich, red blood.

Cures of Nervousness and That Tired Feeling, by feeding nerves, muscles and tissues on pure blood. For book of cures by

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Send address to C. I. Hood & Co., Lowell, Mass.

Hood's Pills are the best after-dinner pills, aid digestion. 25c.

FOR TWENTY-SIX YEARS.

DUNN'S BAKING POWDER

THE COOK'S BEST FRIEND

LARGEST SALE IN CANADA.

10 cts. Cures Constipation and Liver Ills.—Dr. Agnew's Liver Pills are the most perfect made, and cure like magic, Sick Headache, Constipation, Biliousness, Indigestion and all Liver Ills. 10 cents a vial—40 doses.

Sold by W. E. Richardson.

A MATTER OF BUSINESS.

A short time since a workman employed by a wealthy firm of manufacturers in Birmingham committed suicide. On behalf of the man's widow and child the firm was asked to state what money was due to the deceased, but no satisfactory statement could be obtained and ultimately a solicitor's letter was sent. To this the firm replied that the sum owing by them to the deceased was 1s, 10d, which they forwarded, less 1d for postage.

Piles Cured in 3 to 6 Nights.—Dr. Agnew's Ointment will cure all cases of Itching Piles in from 3 to 6 nights. One application brings comfort. For Blind and Bleeding Piles it is peerless. Also cures Tetter, Salt Rheum, Eczema, Barber's Itch, and all eruptions of the skin. 35 cts.

Sold by W. E. Richardson.

A contrivance has recently been invented which makes it safe for a woman to carry her purse in the hand, as pretty nearly every woman does. To one end of the purse is attached a ring, which is slipped over the middle finger, and to the other a sort of bracelet, which fastens securely round the wrist. With the purse thus anchored to the person, a thief cannot very well get away with it, unless he takes the lady too.

Heart Disease Relieved in 30 Minutes.—Dr. Agnew's Cure for the Heart gives perfect relief in all cases of Organic or Sympathetic Heart Disease in 30 minutes, and speedily effects a cure. It is a peerless remedy for Palpitation, Shortness of Breath, Smothering Spells, Pain in Left Side and all symptoms of a Diseased Heart. One dose convinces.

Sold by W. E. Richardson.

ALL RIGHT ANYHOW.

The skies were never bluer,
And love was never truer,
And dollars never fewer
Than they are to-day;
But—what's the use in crying?
There's fish enough for frying;
A song's ahead of sighing,
And we're happy on the way!

Relief in Six Hours.—Distressing Kidney and Bladder Diseases relieved in six hours by the "South American Kidney Cure." This new remedy is a great surprise and delight on account of its exceeding promptness in relieving pain in the bladder, kidneys, back and every part of the urinary passages in male or feamle. It relieves retention of water and pain in passing it almost immediately. If you want quick relief and cure this is your remedy.

Sold by W. E. Richardson.

WANTS IT THIS TIME.

Hand over and be quick about it, said the "holdup," as he put a revolver to the head of the belated man.

But you held me up last week and didn't get anything, remonstrated the victim.

Well, hand over what I didn't get then!

Hay Fever and Catarrh Relieved in 10 to 60 Minutes.—One short puff of the breath through the Blower, supplied with each bottle of Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder, diffuses this powder over the surface of the nasal passages. Painless and delightful to use. It relieves instantly, and permanently cures Catarrh, Hay Fever, Colds, Headache, Sore Throat, Tonsilitis and Deafness.

Sold by W. E. Richardson.

NO GHOST OF A JOB.

Nora, you didn't stay long at your new place?

No'm; thim haythen people ixpicted me ter clane 'leven bikes iv'ry marnin' before breakfast.

Police officers in Morocco have little accounts to settle with the prisoners whom they arrest. The prisoners must pay them for the trouble of taking them to jail.

Rheumatism Cured in a Day.—South American Rheumatic Cure for Rheumatism and Neuralgia, radically cures in 1 to 3 days. Its action upon the system is remarkable and mysterious. It removes at once the cause and the disease immediately disappears. The first dose greatly benefits. 75 cents

Sold by W. E. Richardson.

At Greenwood Garden, Peak's Island, Me., there is a huge rattlesnake which has just completed an unbroken fast that lasted for a full year.