

## FOREWARNED IS FOREARMED

## The Life to be Expected in the Klondike Mines.

There has been so much hearsay about the Klondike district that personal testimony possesses a supreme value. Constable Philip C. Engel of the North-West Mounted Police, after two years' service in the district, under Inspector Constantine, has just returned to civilization, and is able to offer valuable advice to those who may be thinking of starting for the new El Dorado. It may be remembered that it was upon the representations of Bishop Pompas, who early discovered the possibilities of the Yukon territory, and of the transportation companies that the Federal Government determined upon sending Inspector Constantine and twenty men to police the district and see to the collection of revenue. Previous to that gold have been found in several parts of Alaska on the American and Canadian territory. The Americans, though a great people, have not learned to be magnanimous, and it was impossible for a Canadian to obtain a claim upon American soil unless he first took out naturalization papers.

The twenty men who accompanied Inspector Constantine were all volunteers from the Mounted Police service in the North-West. They were marked by fine physique, intelligence, activity and an all-round noddiness equal to any emergency which might present itself. The first thing the party had to do when they reached the Klondike was to build themselves a barrack. Each man had his allotted work, and in a surprisingly rapid manner the shelter was complete. The miners who flocked into the Canadian territory, were, for the most part, orderly and peaceable. Once there threatened to be a little trouble, but Inspector Constantine made a show of force which overawed the more turbulent spirits. The relations between the police and the miners were cordial and free.

The former collected over twenty thousand dollars in revenue. They antagonized certain authorities which were the first to demand police protection and administration, for the reason that they collected revenue upon certain importations from the profits of which these same authorities had been enabled to live in comfort.

This, however, is by the way. 'The Klondike, or 'Thron-duick'—('plenty fi fi')—is an infinitesimal moiety of the whole territory, which will support a million men,' said Constable Engel, in the course of a long talk last night at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. William Doig, 595 Cadeux street, whose guest he will be for a few days, previous to going to the Old Country to see his friends.

'I do not advise a million men to go to the Klondike at the present time. I mean that there is wealth enough to be got out of it to support that number. Other parts of the country were producing gold in paying quantities long before he went to the Yukon; other portions are still rich, are still being worked. The attention has been concentrated upon the Klondike because a big strike was made there on Aug. 19, 1896, by "Siwash George," as we called him, subsequently followed by still bigger strikes in September, when two dollars to the pan became common.

'Oh, I must tell you how the sapient ones got left. The tenderfoot sometimes, you know, stumbles upon good fortune without having earned it. What may be called the professional prospectors go by signs and indications. They look up at the sky, which must be of a certain color; they closely examine the grass, which must also indicate the yellow metal beneath. Well, some of the old-timers in the Klondike turned up their noses after making the usual examinations, and, saying scornfully—"the whole thing is a moose pasture," went off. Then the tenderfoot came along, set to work, and made the Klondike famous.'

Mr. Engel would impress upon all who may be thinking of going out to remember that they are going to an Arctic country, where the minimum temperature in the winter is fifty degrees below zero. This winter season sets in in September and lasts till the following May. The temperature registers sixty and sixty-seven and did so the winter before last. Last winter was considered mild. 'And as to the stillness and the dry air, don't depend on them; that's all I say,' was the comment of Mr. Engel. For I have seen it blow a hurricane when it registered over sixty degrees. Don't expect to show your nose under such conditions. You must stay in your shack or whatever shelter you have provided and burn wood all the time to keep life in you.'

The winter dress of Mr. Engel, in the picture we give, will convey the notion that there are not many flies 'knocking around' in the winter of the Klondike. Then there is the question of food. One must never expect fresh food the year round. In the brief but hot summer, it is true that vegetables might be grown, but there is nobody to undertake this work. The transportation companies did something tentatively in this direction, but that was for the benefit of the people. One must be content with canned stuff, and the vital thing is to get enough of that. No man should start out unless, first, he is thoroughly strong and understands what roughing it means; second, he should have at least a thousand dollars; third, provisions for at least a year; fourth,

he should take the Dyea route, which gives a clear waterway.

This is the deliberate judgement of Mr. Engel, who knows by personal experience whereof he speaks.

Again, February is the month in which to start out.

'And what will become of the many large parties who have just started for the Klondike, both from Canada and the United States?'

'Ah, what, indeed! Only a comparatively few will ever reach their destination and the question is how will this few be received when they get there? If they are in any way deficient, if they are likely to become a burden upon the miners, the latter will probably thrust them out.'

'What, to starve?'

'Well, self-preservation is the first law of nature. You may be sure this law will be in active operation on a gold field, which brings out the passions of men in all their intensity.'

'As for those who have taken the Edmonton route, they will get no further than Great Slave Lake this winter, and before they reach their destination next summer, they will have to go back upon the trail four hundred miles. I consider this route simply a sort of madness.'

'There are many, many millions of gold in the Klondike district, and men have already obtained enough to make them comfortable for life; but the truth should be spoken, and the truth is that the hardship which must be endured are incredible for severity. Not a few of the men who have come out of the Klondike district with bags of gold would give it all could they have their shattered health restored. The gold is there; in the getting of it, under arctic conditions, every energy of the strongest man is taxed to the utmost.'

Of course, liquor is sold in the Klondike. 'We received instructions, when we went in, not to interfere with the liquor business. There is one saloon, the proprietor of which has a permit. You pay fifty cents for a drink of whiskey over the bar; a bottle of Bass's ale costs a dollar and a quarter. Now, let it be understood that while no man would think of using liquor while on the trail it is essential, nevertheless, for external application in the case of frost-bite. Men, too, when lying down for the night, will take one drink, but no man in his senses would think of drinking on the trail. His temperature would be almost instantly lowered; he would lose a great lassitude; he would fall out in time.'

The police are allowed to stake out claims, but they must not work them themselves. They can obtain a partner, who will go in upon the terms of share and share alike. A chum of Mr. Engel's had a claim, which a partner started to work. 'How will it pan out?' he said one day. 'Splendidly,' was the answer. 'I think I'll sell.' 'You'd be a fool to do so,' But the policeman determined to sell. He asked thirty thousand dollars. And he got it without a murmur.

'But where was the man with thirty thousand dollars to give him?'

'Why, he gave it to him in the gold dust which he worked out from the policeman's own claim. The policeman never turned a shovelful, the other man did the work, and paid the policeman with his (the policeman's) own money, so to say.'

This is a common way of buying and selling in the Klondike. Claims aggregating in value over three hundred thousand dollars have changed hands in this way.

The miners are a simple folk, whose chief characteristic is candor and directness. They go up to the saloon-keeper, with their bags of gold, and say, 'Here, Jim, keep that for me, as I can't be bothered with it about me.' And Jim puts it in an old shed at the rear of the saloon; and there are bags and bags of the precious stuff lying on the floor, and Jim never even looks the door upon it, the utmost precaution being a bit of a stick put carelessly into an old hasp. And nobody breaks in, and all is simplicity, tempered with card-playing—chips representing ordinary currency and the gold dust standing for final redemption.

The gold dust is sent to San Francisco, but Inspector Constantine made repeated requests to the government to establish assaying offices in the territory. The reply was that this had been tried by the United States Government with but indifferent success. Mr. Engel is, however, strongly of the opinion—considering the wealth of the country, considering that in a moiety which is called the Klondike from fifty to sixty million dollars will surely be extracted, considering, moreover, the revenue which the government is getting and which it will get in the future—that the accommodation of assaying offices should be provided the miners.

A word as to the government regulations—These will have to be modified for satisfaction. The limitation of the size of the claim and the claiming by the government of every alternate claim have excited serious discontent among the miners.

As to the threat of the Americans to rush the Klondike, defy Canadian authority and proclaim the territory American, Mr. Engel smiles scornfully and remarks quickly: 'All such attempts would be stopped quickly and effectually.'

At present, according to Mr. Engel, the Klondike is the poor man's country—that is to say, there are enormous possi-

bilities for the individual. In time, however the great syndicate will be formed, and when that happens the individual prospector will probably become a laborer.

'But how can the syndicate interfere with men who have and are working their own claims, to which they have perfect title?'

'Why, you know, the miner's claim can be suddenly flooded—by accident. His dam may get a poke in the middle and all his dump be swept away. This is simple enough.'

'And do you say that a combination of men would lend themselves to such diabolical work?'

'It is highly probable, and it accords with the history of gold mining in other parts of the world.'

Mr. Engel brings with him many souvenirs of his two years' residence within the Arctic circle, where, with the thermometer registering sixty-five degrees below zero, men play the parlor game of crokinole, habited in fur garments, sitting round a red hot stove, which, upon the peril of being frozen, must be constantly fed—all-devouring Moloch that it is. Of these the chief place must be given to a series of photographs representing the life of the police force, in barracks, on the trail, cutting wood for the winter, miners at their work, and the Yukon river, the surface of which is piled with mountains of ice.

'Yes,' said Mr. Engel, laughingly, 'and yet they talk of bringing bicycles out to such a country.'

Finally, Mr. Engel will show you, in a long chamois bag, many small shining lumps, which, transmuted into dollars, would stand for considerable purchasing power.

## A Winona Lady

## Saved From a Life of Torture.

## Paine's Celery Compound Conquers After Years of Failures With Other Medicines.

Mrs. G. H. Parker, of Winona, Ont., was for eighteen years a complete martyr to neuralgia, that cruel and merciless tormenter of thousands of old and young in Canada. During her long years of agony she had the services of some of the best medical men, and consumed any quantity of patent medicines, but all failed to drive off the tyrant that was making life a burden. At last she was persuaded to test the power and virtue of Paine's Celery Compound, and the happy results that rewarded her faith are described in the following letter:

'I have been a great sufferer from neuralgia for nearly eighteen years; these sufferings at times were so bad that words would fail to describe them. After having tried every known remedy and different physicians and receiving no help, I was persuaded to try your Paine's Celery Compound, which I have been using for the past four months. I am happy to say that I am now a different woman and completely cured. I can recommend your Paine's Celery Compound to all my friends, for it has been worth hundreds of dollars to me.'

## Shot near Montreal.

MONTREAL, Aug. 19.—A young French Canadian named Romuld McHenry was probably fatally shot last night in Repen Tigny village, about twenty miles from Montreal, while robbing the house of a widow named Ethier. The children heard him enter the house. The eldest ran to a neighbor and gave the alarm. She was accompanied back by the hired man, one Stanislas Prudhomme. Finding the intruder rummaging a bureau, he shot him. McHenry escaped, but was found in the fields near by so badly wounded that he will probably die. He made an ante-mortem statement to-day. Several articles belonging to Mrs. Ethier was found on him. Prudhomme was arrested.

## Wise Men Know.

It is folly to build upon a poor foundation either in architecture or in health. A foundation of sand is insecure, and to deaden symptoms by narcotics or nerve compounds is equally dangerous and deceptive. The true way to build up health is to make your blood pure, rich and nourishing by taking Hood's Sarsaparilla.

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Thousands are suffering excruciating misery from that plague of the night, Itching Piles, and say nothing about it through sense of delicacy. All such will find an instant relief in the use of Chase's Ointment. It never fails.

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## Sheriff's Sale.

There will be sold at Public Auction in front of the Court House in Richibucto, in the County of Kent, on TUESDAY, THE TENTH DAY OF AUGUST next, at one o'clock in the afternoon, all the right, title, interest, property, claim and demand, whatsoever, with or without equity, of James Dunlap, of, in, out of or upon the following land and premises:—All that certain piece or parcel of land situated in the Parish of Wellington, in the said County of Kent, Province of New Brunswick and described as follows:—All that certain piece or parcel of land lying and being on the north side of Little Bouctouche River, being the lot originally granted to John W. Weldon, containing one hundred and twenty acres, reserving six acres for a mill site together with house, barn and out-houses and appurtenances to the same belonging, and also all other lands and tenements belonging to said James Dunlap situate lying and being within my bailiwicks. The same having been levied and seized under and by virtue of an execution issued out of the Supreme Court, at the suit of Sarah M. Smith, Edward J. Smith and Henry R. Emmerson Executors and Trustees, under the last will and testament of Sir Albert J. Smith deceased, against the said James Dunlap.

AUGUSTE LEGER, Sheriff. Sheriff's Office, Richibucto, May 4th A. D. 1897.

## To Make Marriage Compulsory.

[Bos. on Letter in the Kansas City Times.] Charlotte Smith, the reformer and protector of women, who made her presence known in New York last year, has prepared a daring memorial for Congress, which seeks to compel men to marry.

This afternoon Mrs. Smith and a score of other reform women held a mass meeting in a hall in Washington street. No reporters were allowed in the hall, as Mrs. Smith declared that she intended that Jerry Simpson should be the first to present it to the public gaze.

Mrs. Smith believes in making marriage compulsory, and wants a law enacted to that effect. She wants investigations to be made of the present condition of women in the factories, claiming that the manufacturers, after getting an increase in the tariff, proceed to cut down their wages. She suggests the establishment of national matrimonial bureaus throughout the country, and have all the marriageable men to be marked. In mood of discontent she appeals for an appropriation, ammunition and rations for 100,000 women, so they may reach the gold fields in Alaska and remain there at least for twelve months. She suggests the advisability of setting aside a plot of land, to be known as No Man's territory, for them. She is of the opinion that there is no place in this country for the unprotected unmarried women.

American Boy: 'Papa, what's an absolute monarchy?' Papa: 'A country ruled by a king whose authority is unlimited. His word is law, and the people must do his bidding. Do you understand?' American Boy: 'Oh, yes; a sort of political boss.'



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