

MINING'S LUCKY PHASE.

ODD TURNS OF FORTUNE THEY TELL ABOUT AT ROSSLAND.

Fortunes Suddenly Discovered in Shares Supposed to be of Little Value—The Young Englishman with Remittances, Introduction of Merely Ambition.

'What's that?' asks the stranger to Rossland the first time he hears the ore thundering down the chute from the War Eagle mine and the Rosslander answers with the pride of an inhabitant of a solid camp.

'That? That's dividends.' The mining camp that has dividend payers and the camp that has only properties which will make a mine are vastly different things. And a camp like Rossland, which has passed through its period of depression and showed that it has bottom is very likely to prove a surprise to the stranger from the East, who usually expects to find a few shacks stuck on a hill, along with one general store, a log cabin hotel and twenty five saloons. As for the saloons, he is right, but he finds also, as an addendum to these and the mines a city of 8,000 people, regularly laid streets, several excellent buildings, electric lights, water works, shops of all kinds, five banks, plenty of hotels and a club with a \$2,000 home. Six years ago the place was a hillside of rocks and trees, one of a dozen such roundabout.

The history of Rossland is the history of most camps. In 1890-91 two French Canadians, prospecting among the mountains, chanced on this hill and staked out claims. In one day they located the present rich mines, Le Roi, War Eagle and Centre Star. Having no money for recording purposes, they offered a man in an adjacent settlement his choice of the claims for the recording fee. He chose the Le Roi. Thus a mine now computed at \$9,000,000 first sold for \$12.50. The Frenchmen being men of no money, considered the \$16,000 which they finally got out of the claims to be a fair clean up, yet to day their hillside is calculated to have a producing power of \$15,000,000 yearly, under improved working conditions. A year or two after the locating of the claims an American general came in, bringing along his cook. This cook is the father of Rossland and the man for whom the town is named. He staked out the present town site, and has found the stakes an excellent investment, so far having made some \$300,000 out of the sale of the real estate.

Such instances are nothing, however, in a country where paupers become millionaires within the year. Two years ago a miner in Rossland was borrowing a few cents to get food, while the other day he was entertaining Spokane, the Mecca of miners who have made their stake, at a large ball. Twenty-four months, and the hungry miner is worth \$2,000,000. Some curious stories are told of the Le Roi mine. For instance, one man, a tailor, doing business in Spokane, had a Rossland customer who wanted a suit of cloth, but had nothing to pay with, save shares of the Le Roi then unheard of. After persuasions the tailor gave the Rosslander a suit and received 6,000 shares of Le Roi. He put them away, and forgot about them until months later, when a mining friend asked him to invest a trifling in developing a gold claim.

'Not much,' said the tailor. 'I was only in one mining deal in my life and I got hung up for a forty dollar suit. Got paid with a lot of shares of some blamed mine that ain't worth a darn, I guess. Where are those shares anyway?' He routed them out of an old desk and held them up contemptuously. 'That they are,' said he, 'are they worth anything, anyhow?'

As the shares were bringing \$6 each at the time, the tailor made \$35,960 on his suit of clothes. It is related that another man, who originally put in a capital of \$2,000 for an interest in the mine, sold his shares after the property had been worked, for \$1,034,000, besides having received some \$90,000 in dividends. This reads more like romance than mining, yet it is quite overshadowed by what is told of the earnings of a certain other man's dollars. This man, with his partner used to own a bar in Rossland. A customer, owing them a bill of \$100, came to them one day, said he had no money, and offered 46,000 shares of Le Roi's stock for the debt. It being the only thing to do, the saloon men accepted what they thought a worthless security and wrote off the debt. Now it seems that besides owing a bar in common

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they also had a racehorse, and when the shares came in one of them persuaded his partner to give him all the shares as equivalent. To do this the first had to make out that the animal was ailing and unfit to race any more. But summer coming on, it turned out he had lied and the horse that season won \$2,500. The second partner got furious, wished his shares at the devil, and started to sue his partner. Not long after this, second man sold his 46,000 shares for \$8 a share, thus realizing \$368,000 from an original amount of \$100.

It is probably the chances like these given by a mining country that have brought such droves of young Englishmen to British Columbia camps. Rossland for instance, though American in many ways, is filled with Englishmen. Most of them live on money from home and are everywhere known as remittance men, while their passion for golfing gives them their other designation of the small hat crowd. Some of them lacking remittances come out armed with letters of introduction carrying the signatures of anything from a Marquis to a K. C. M. G. These letters are usually to the manager of the British America Corporation, the big London company operating in British Columbia, and as the bearer always imagines he is to fall into a high place and large income, his talk with the manager is a decided surprise.

'Ah, yes,' says the manager after preliminary courtesies. 'Now, as a matter of fact, what can you do, Mr. Smith?'

'Well, I can do almost anything.'

'Have you a technical mining education?'

'No.'

'Have you a profession?'

'No, but I'm a graduate of Oxford. Lord So and So's son and I were chums there, and that's how I got this letter.'

'Ah, yes. Delightful place, Oxford. Now, I beg pardon, you know, but have you any money to invest?'

'No.'

'Well, Mr. Smith, I say to you as to dozens of men before you, if you have money enough, to pay your passage out of here, do it. It's the hardest country to starve in that I know. The only work I can give you is manual labor in the mines, or sorting at \$2.50 a day. We have several Oxford graduates there now, and plenty of other good men. But as for a position, at present we have down 250 names of men wanting what clerical positions there are in the company. Again, I tell you, get out of here if you can.'

And the manager is right. In mining camps there is nothing but mining and the profession, unless a man has capital; and for an educated man unacquainted with mining, as for others, the choice is between day labor and starvation. Thus it is that many of the penniless English lads leave the country at once, but some remain to take what they can get, and very pluckily they take it, too. One young fellow, who had come out with letters from a Marquis well known in politics, and an equally well known financier, took a job of shovelling snow and washing bottles for the first winter. At the end of that time he was encountered by the manager to whom he had brought the letters, and was asked what he thought of the country.

'Well,' he said slowly, 'as though loath to admit even so much defeat, I am just the last bit disappointed in it, don't you know?'

Some Englishmen come out with neither remittances nor introductions, but only a beautiful confidence. One such, swaggering around a day or two after his arrival, was questioned as to what he was going to do.

'Oh,' said he, 'in a matter-of-fact way, until I look around a bit I think I shall become superintendent of one of the large mines here.'

Another was overheard trying the effects of great convictions and untold wealth on a shrewd American proprietor. 'Why, don't you know,' continued the youth, 'I am connected with some of the noblest families of England. Lord Crow is my uncle, and I am related to the Earl of Hawk. Why, my dear man, what are you hesitating for? I tell you I have millions behind me.'

'Well,' replied the inspector, 'I don't

give a damn about that. I want to see dollars in front.'

The 'dollars in front' Englishman was the kind who, it is related, saved the city of Spokane in the early days. Some fifteen years ago it was a town of 2,500 people, with no future and every one dead broke. At this juncture in came an Englishman with \$80,000. He was induced to deposit this in the bank, which at the time had just \$500 on hand. Then they got him to invest \$15,000 in real estate, and this amount circulating through the town gave it an impetus and got it on its feet again. It was computed that \$250,000 worth of debts was paid off with this \$15,000. Spokane is now a place of 40,000 people, the New York of northern Washington and southern British Columbia, to which many miners retire when they have made their stake. Here they live in much splendor, in houses furnished throughout by the decorator and surrounded by as many turrets as possible.

In a country of so much drinking and gambling men attend pretty thoroughly to their own damnation, and some one else must look to their salvation. While there are clergymen of several denominations at Rossland the English Church parson is the clerical character of the place. This is an old Cambridge man, a great oarsman and football player in his day, who has been in British Columbia for twenty years, and is known far and wide as Father Pat. Father Pat is distinctly western timber for a western land, prides himself on being one of the boys, and will take his whiskey at the bar with you whenever you ask him. By sheer force of character he made himself respected and loved in the rougher days of British Columbia, when a man of more dogma and less strength of body would have failed. In these days his physical fights were many, for the miners thought one parson much like another. It is said that one of his first experiences was the attempt to hold services in a saloon. There was no place else in the camp to hold the meeting, so he walked into the largest saloon in the place on Sunday morning and remarked that he was going to hold a service there. When the miners had got over their daze one big fellow stepped out.

'You can't hold no service here unless you lick me first,' he remarked.

'All right,' said Father Pat, cheerfully, 'maybe, and I'll get up to him.'

As the miner was as strong and as clumsy as a bull, and knew rather less of boxing than an elephant, he was knocked out inside of two minutes. Then another came out, and after him a third, and when they had been thrashed in succession their fellows not only cheered the parson, but helped him rig up a church in the saloon, and the freedom of the camp became his. So the stories go of him in many cases. The miners in those days couldn't understand a parson, but 'be gum, a parson that can fight like hell is all right,' as one said. In these more advanced days, when afternoon teas are heard of in British Columbia mining camps, there are those who object to this kind of minister, who say that he can't preach and knows nothing of doctrine; that he shouldn't drink, and that it's wicked to fight. But the miners still seem to think that a parson is about right who will sit up all night with their sick children, or ride twenty-five miles to nurse a man with a broken leg, even if he doesn't care anything about ritualism.

Thus, though a pioneer like Father Pat had seen great changes in twenty years, they are nothing to the coming changes of the next twenty. The amount of Eastern and English capital invested in British Columbia is prodigious, and the province is being opened up with amazing rapidity. With the extension of the Canadian Pacific lines will come a much greater population, and women, in particular, will probably go into the country in far greater numbers than heretofore. At present there is a keen demand for honest labor in southern British Columbia, the country depending entirely on Chinamen for cooking and domestic service. For this work they get anywhere from \$20 to \$35 a month, and women domestics would demand like prices.

These Chinamen, while cleanly and industrious, are, as a rule surly fellows, and liable to startle housekeeper by their vagaries. One Rossland woman, for instance, had occasion to teach her Chinese cook how to make a new cake, and for the first time made it herself before him. The receipt called for six eggs, and after she had opened four there chanced to be two bad ones, which she naturally threw away. Some weeks after, during which the cook had made the cake several times she happened to be in the kitchen when he was at the cake again. The Chinaman opened four eggs, then threw two away, and then went on.

'What did you throw these eggs away for?' she asked.

'Ah, m' do likee you,' said John, with a surprised stare. And it turned out he did it each time he made the cake. So much their imitative faculty.

Another woman of Rossland had a puppy given her which she turned over to her Chinese servant to look after.

'John, she said, 'this puppy has just been given to me. I want you to take him into the kitchen and be very careful of him.'

'Me understand,' said John.

At dinner that night John brought in a covered dish and set it before his master.

'Me hep caretul,' he remarked to his

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mistress, as he raised the cover with a pleased smile on.

Under the cover was, of course, the puppy neatly cooked. Such oriental peculiarities as these hardly encourage housekeepers to consider their China boys as they call them, complete substitutes for the servants of their Eastern days.

SUCCESS BY THE MILK PUNCH.

A Lawyer from "The Couch" Tells How He Became a Member of the Bar.

'When the time came for me to turn over a new leaf,' said the well known lawyer from the coast after the others of the party had given episodes of their struggles to get a legal education, 'I had no more idea of taking up the law than I had of flying. If anything, there was far greater probability of the law taking me up, and that in short as well as summary order.'

The statement was a surprise for the learned counsel had not only made a brilliant success through his own efforts but had been introduced to the profession by the unchallenged leader of the California bar of the period, and it was a period when men not only had to know law but to practice all they knew.

'Strange as it may seem to you, I owe the beginning and all the early steps of the career at the bar to my ability to make a drinkable milk punch, an accomplishment which might seem better to qualify me for practice behind the other bar. When it came to turning over that new leaf I was in San Francisco. I distinctly remember the very sidewalk on which I stood, being the pavement in front of the old Nucleus House, a hotel at one time famous. There was then this peculiarity about that particular strip of sidewalk over all the corners of Market street, that if any person standing there cared to hold the express financially supported opinions as to the order in which three cards would emerge from a silver box he had only to hint his willingness to the first bystander and he would be conducted without delay to the society gentlemen who were quite willing to deal the cards for him and would support opinions diametrically opposite to those which he professed.

'My available capital and assets were all in my pocket and I was willing to venture them in the hope of doubling them. When my visit to the tiger on Fourth street was concluded I was in the ownership of one solitary \$5 piece, a piece of hospitality which the tiger had extended to me when he discovered that I had rolled in all I had. There was no good waiting for a remittance from home, there was no one cared enough about me to enclose a ten-cent shinplaster in a letter to keep me from going to the devil. Whatever was to be done was to be done by myself, and it was just as well to quit foolishness and get out and hustle.

'I jumped the very first job I came into contract with. This was to be night clerk at a Turkish bath establishment. Really I was very lucky and I was spared a lot of hardship which often properly falls to the lot of young men who fail to call the turn. Between my ruin at the faro table and my re-establishment as a producing member of society there was only about an hour. I was to be night clerk and was also to go on duty at the Turkish bath immediately.

'Among my duties was the care of a refrigerator with a supply of spirits, a feature of the business that had to be dealt with a little cautiously owing to the fact that we had neglected to take out a license for the sale of liquors, yet our patrons would call for a drink after their bathing was accomplished and we had to serve them. On that first night I made the acquaintance of that brilliant pleader whose confidence I was honored with until the day of his death. It was when the rivalry between the opposing factions known as the Chivalry and the Showery was at its bitterest, and he was the leader of the Chivalry. To those not familiar with the course of history in my State I would explain that he was the foremost member of the faction which attracted the Southern element in California, for he was a Southern gentleman. He was brought in at an early hour, supported by a policeman and incapacitated through liquor a failing that was recognized by all his friends and scarcely reprobated by his bitterest enemies.

'He was promptly put through the bath, for he was a regular customer when on a spree. The hot room and the rubbings and the showers and the cold plunge banished at last the stupor of his drunkenness and he was sober though weak by the time he was stretched out in the cool room before being put to bed. He had hardly found his sofa before he wanted whiskey. I was really afraid to let him have any. He had all the appearance of a man who needed food rather than drink. But he refused to eat and it was only by dint of much coaxing that I got him to consent to try a milk punch. Now that was one thing that I could mix to perfection, but I do not intend to divulge my methods just yet, so you need not look for fuller details in this line. But the punch

went to the right spot with the leader of the bar and as he combined both food and stimulant into the refreshment of his weariness I left him to his own devices and to the care of the attendants within.

'There was a good line of custom that night, so I was not surprised to have a number of orders come out for milk punches. Any novelty will be popular under such circumstances and these punches were just about the best of their kind. Along toward daybreak the head rubber tapped on my wicket from the cool room and called me inside. There was the Judge stretched out on the floor just as drunk as when he had been brought in earlier in the night.

'What's done this?' I asked.

'It's all along of those milk punches of yours,' the head rubber replied; 'he's been drinking them all night long.'

'Well, take him out and give him another bath just to get him sober enough for bed,' I directed.

'That's just what I wanted to see you about,' replied the attendant. 'That's what I've been doing all night and as soon as I get him sober he goes to work and gets himself drunk once more. He's had four baths already and this is his fifth drunk in succession.'

'That put a different aspect on the matter and I decided to leave him alone. I had had no idea that he had been drinking all these milk punches, for I had thought that some of the others were doing their share. About eight o'clock I had the judge put through the bath again, for supposed that he might have to make an appearance in court that day. After his last bath he sent out for a cocktail and a little bit of breakfast, and particularly he wanted to see me. I was astonished to see him looking so well, for he had been through enough to warrant sending any ordinary man to the hospital.

'You are the young man who made these milk punches?' he asked.

'I began to apologize for the innocent part I had played in the night's adventure. "Don't apologize," he continued; "I have to thank you for five complete and distinct intoxications in one night. It is a record never to my knowledge experienced. You are a young man with an accomplishment. From this moment I charge myself with your future. You are worthy of better things than a place in a Turkish bath. You shall enter my office this very day as my confidential clerk and I will direct your studies in the law. I will have a refrigerator sent in, the milkman and the ice man shall be ordered to visit me regularly and you shall go to the very best place in the city and obtain a supply of the ingredients.

'I know that he drank less because he had me in the office, for he no longer felt it necessary to take his friends and his clients out for the stuff. I made him milk punches and studied law with him. He took me into partnership as soon as I had fitted myself to practice. Even when I was his partner there were always ice and cream in the refrigerator in his office and the force of old habit kept me mixing punches. I never knew him to care to repeat his exploit of getting drunk five times in one night, but he often spoke of it with a great pride that he held the coast record. That is how it is true that the display of my qualification for practice or rather tending at one bar directed my industry to the other bar.'

P. E. I. OPINIONS.

What Mr. Wm. Sharam Thinks About Dodd's Kidney Pills.

Used Them for Severe Urinary and Kidney Trouble—Took Ten Boxes All Told—Believes Dodd's Kidney Pills are a Sterling Medicine.

MURRAY HARBOR, P. E. I., Oct. 9.—One of the staunch upholders of Dodd's Kidney Pills in this town is Mr. William Sharam. He cannot do too much to impress the fact on sufferers with Kidney Disease that their certain cure lies in Dodd's Kidney Pills. That he has succeeded to a large extent is witnessed by the large sale of Dodd's Kidney Pills in Murray Harbor.

Mr. Sharam asserts that Dodd's Kidney Pills will cure any form of Kidney Disease no matter what the name of the trouble is, if it can be traced to Kidney disorder, Dodd's Kidney Pills will cure it. His own case was Urinary Trouble. He was cured by ten boxes. Similarly Bright's Disease, Diabetes, Rheumatism, Heart Disease, Women's Weakness and Blood Disorders are cured by Dodd's Kidney Pills, for they are all so many symptoms of Kidney Disease.

Of his own case Mr. Sharam says:—Having some three years ago sprained my back with lifting, which sprain resulted in Urinary and Kidney trouble, I was left in a very weak state. In 1896 I got so weak that I almost fainted and could hardly hold up. After using many other patent medicines in vain, it struck me that a remedy for my trouble should be one advertised for Kidney Disease only, and I got some of your Kidney Pills. I have used ten boxes all told and can now enjoy sweet sleep without being disturbed as heretofore, and my old trouble of frequent rising in the night to urinate has vanished. Since then and even before I have sold many dozen boxes of Dodd's Kidney Pills and believe they are a sterling good medicine. I can always recommend them and always keep them in stock. I keep a general store in this vicinity and am well known throughout the district.

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