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R. T. LOWERY,
Editor & Financier

THE LEDGE

You will become like Solomon if you read The Ledge regularly.

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VICTORIA, B. C.

VOLUME XII., NUMBER 2. NELSON, B. C., MONDAY, OCTOBER 20, 1904. PRICE, $2 A YEAR, IN ADVANCE

Life in Nelson

Judge Leamy and Mrs. Leamy of Grand Forks were in the city the past week.

Alfred Olson, one of the old-timers of Nelson, left this week for Goldfields, Nevada.

G. A. Proulx of Lardo, one of the owners of the Buffalo group, on Cascade creek, near Poplar, is in the city.

Colonel W. S. Ray of the Molly Gibson Mining company was in Nelson the past week, and left for Port Arthur, Ont., Thursday.

W. J. Robertson, the Nelson furniture man, returned Thursday from an extended visit to Halifax, N. S. He also visited the St. Louis fair.

A. D. Hallett, Greenwood's chief of police, was in the city Monday night, presumably trying to locate the Liberal candidate for Yale-Cariboo, who left here a week ago and has as yet failed to furnish the promised dispatches to a local daily in reference to Liberal enthusiasm in the Okanagan.

Ed. Angrignon, one of New Denver's most popular young business men, was in the city Monday last. Mr. Angrignon says business has improved at the Lucerne in the past month, largely owing to the number of men employed on the waterworks system, and the activity at Rosebery, the zinc smelter town a couple of miles distant from New Denver.

Owing to having to publish both a Nelson and a Fernie edition of the paper this week, and Mr. Lowery being at Fernie, THE LEDGE wasn't issued Monday morning. However, the usual number of newsboys congregated in front of the office about six o'clock Monday morning. Some wag, coming along, informed them there would be no paper as Lowery was drunk and smashing things in the Bodega saloon. Down street the whole mob went helter-skelter yelling: "No LEDGE this morning; Lowery's drunk!"

Charles P. Webster, traveling correspondent of the Vancouver Mining Exchange was a caller at THE LEDGE office this week. He is on a tour of the camps of Yale and Kootenay districts and should receive the support of prospectors and mining companies, as the Exchange is the only paper on the coast that has "played fair" with with the mining industry of the Interior. It is the intention of he management to enlarge the Mining Exchange, making it the largest as well as the most authentic mining journal in the province.

In the police court Saturday the case of assault brought by a Chinaman working in the sawmill against one of the mill hands came up. The accused pleaded guilty to rolling the chink in the sawdust and was relieved of $24 in all by the court. The chink didn't appear in court owing to a slight indisposition caused by having "got" right down on something real hard. Frank, a Chinaman, was accused of serving blue grouse in his restaurant. As in many Chinese cases, there were extenuating circumstances, Frank claiming that the grouse came from the U. S. A. The pry was put under him for $10, with $2.25 salvage. The person who sold the grouse also contributed $12.25.

Quite a number of Poplarites are wintering in Nelson.

Four cariboo were shot last week a short distance from Goldhill on the Lardeau river.

Harry Graves, the popular conductor on the Lardo branch, was in town a few days this week.

J. O. Moore, provincial road superintendent, came in from Kaslo Thursday and left for East Kootenay Friday.

S. F. McKay of the Poplar sawmill was in Nelson this week, on his return trip from Calgary, where he sold 100,000 feet of lumber.

Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Baxter opened up the Bird creek wagon road by driving through to the Ophir properties, in Ashcroft's new landeau and best pair, a distance of thirteen miles.

W. A. McKinnon former night operator of the C. P. R. at this point left Wednesday for the south where he will spend the winter. Mr. McKinnon is one of the smoothest operators that has worked for the C. P. R. for some time past. His many friends greatly regret his leaving.

This week a deal was put through by Ald. A. H. Clement by which the Reisterer and Gosnell breweries were purchased by a local syndicate, represented by J. J. Malone and Gus Thomas. A company has been formed and already more than the required amount of stock has been subscribed by local business men. It is the intention of the new company to improve the plant and enlarge the output of the Reisterer brewery and close the other down.

MY LADY'S GARTER

At one of the leading theatres where the serried ranks of youth and beauty were sparkling like a sea of glory, in gay and costly attire, a favorite actress dropped a part of her gearing—tell it not in Gath!—her garter, in fact. Who this actress is will be told by her press agent, never fear.

Two proud and prominent gallants made a plunge for the circlet, each seeking to recover it. A scuffle ensued which merged into a fight. No flashing swords had they as their forbears of olden times, but each drew his trusty barlow knife and began carving the other, like striking Chicago butchers after a derelict maverick, and the way they slashed each other will be better told after the coroner's inquest.

What became of the coveted garter is not known, but, no doubt, some Gloomy Gus picked it up and restored it to its fair owner. This is a small matter—the incident we mean. What looms up to Himalayan heights and Matterhorn magnificence is the demonstrated fact that the days of chivalry, long gone by, have returned in their pristine splendor to Cincinnati.—Commercial-Appeal.

Each time a woman ignores her conscience, Satan rings a fare.

To leave something unsaid is not necessary to prove oneself a liar.

Masterton, Griffith & Co., Trout Lake, have all the supplies needed by lumber camps and mines.

Visitors to Sandon need never fear the pangs of hunger. The Sandon Chop House is always open.

NEW DENVER

Billy Doyle is working at Rosebery.

Charley Adney was in town from Poplar last week.

Harry Angell has moved into town from the Bosun ranch.

The Roman Catholic church is giving a concert and dance in the early part of November.

A. W. Strickland, manager of the local branch of the Bank of Montreal has gone to the coast for a short visit.

Frank Switz, an Italian miner known as "Irish Mike," was killed at the Idaho mine Tuesday. He drilled into a missed hole.

A slide carried away a portion of the electric light flume last Tuesday, and the town is now outwardly in darkness for a few days, although the local mental lights shine as brilliantly as formerly.

Some of the finest peaches grown in B. C. were raised by J. H. Moran in this town. This shows that the Slocan is not only the richest mining camp but also one of the best fruit growing portions of the province.

Wm Tomlinson is over from the Lightning Peak group on Kettle river, and reports work progressing favorably and prospects particularly good. A trial shipment of five tons has been sacked and sent out to the smelter.

Friday morning funeral services were held in the Presbyterian church over the remains of the late G B. Chandler, who died Monday last, Rev. W. G. Brown officiating. The attendance was very large. The body was then carried to the wharf, followed by a large number of the residents, and thence shipped to Dorchester, N. B. Mrs. Chandler accompanied the remains.

Our Grit friends are deluging the town with campaign literature, and as we walk the streets we see staring at us from every part of the town somelike this: "How Ross Won in the Yukon," "Surplusses to Burn," "Sifton on Permits," "Why Mulock Put the Pry Under Lowery's Claim," "Laurier and the Foreigners," "The Loyalty of Bourassa," "What Big Bill Has Done for the Slocan," etc.

SPEEDY JUSTICE.

Mike O'Neill, of Atlin, was sentenced to six months at hard labor, being convicted by Police Magistrate Taylor of the theft of $125 from Wylie Sherman, a Caribou Crossing farmer. O'Neill and Sherman were passengers on the train from Caribou to Whitehorse. O'Neill had a long bottle of "stark naked" hootch from which he induced Sherman to drink often and freely, and when he reached the comatose stage he (O'Neill) extracted the money from Sherman's pocket. O'Neill practically admitted the theft.—Whitehorse Star.

ZINC THE HIGHEST IN HISTORY.

The past fortnight's developments in the zinc ore markets of the Joplin district, while decidedly profitable to the mine operators, says the Lead and Zinc News, are in no wise dominated by conditions existing in the spelter trade of the country. Zinc ore this past week almost reached the highest price level which has been created in the previous history of the zinc industry of the United States. For top price $53 was paid for ore which a fortnight ago was sold for $43—an advance of $10 per ton in the ore market in the face of an actual decline in spelter prices. Strange to say, the reports of steadily advancing ore markets has brought forth little or no increase in the demand for spelter. On the contrary, holders of spelter had been steadily refusing to dispose of their product for less than five cents per pound on the St. Louis market. Bids of $4.05 were frequently refused during the first half of the past fortnight, a movement which was wise from the smelters' point of view, especially when the ore markets were climbing higher each day.

THE SLOCAN MINES

Active stoping has commenced on the Reco.

Ten men are now at work on the American Boy.

Brindle and Thompson have commenced work on the Marion.

The lessees of the Silver Bell ship another carload of ore this week.

The Slocan Star is shipping clean ore direct from the mine by the carload.

The Noble Five is being surveyed, and development will be started this week.

The shaft on the Last Chance is down 200 feet, showing up a large body of ore.

A new vein has been opened up on the Cindrella, assaying 90 ounces in silver.

A carload of ore was shipped to the Nelson smelter last week from the upper tunnel of the Payne.

The samples of ore sent from the Ottawa to the Nelson fair assayed 2260 ounces in silver to the ton.

Thirty-four tons of ore were shipped from Slocan city the past week. The total tonnage to date is 1,847 tons.

The lessees of the Mountain Goat, Surprise basin, have struck a good paystreak of ore and sacked several tons.

Operations were resumed the past week on the Rockland, the big copper property on Eight Mile, with a crew of eight men.

Five inches of first-class ore has been crosscut on the south drift in the Myrtle. Native silver is freely sprinkled through the ore.

Chapleau affairs still continue to occupy a great deal of attention. A new turn of events occured this week when E. Savage, the manager, returned to the camp and went up to the property. He declares he was put in charge by the new company, and he will not give up possession of the mine until all liabilities have been wiped out. The original leaseholders of the Chapleau have been talking freely of late also as to their intentions, it being given out that they would commence operations this week with 26 men.

DON'T MEDDLE WITH LOVERS.

A beautiful young woman of this city required the services of an alienist to inquire into her mental condition as the result of a love match opposed by her parents. Like thousands of other young girls who have given their hearts into the keeping of men of their choice, this young lady has possibly been hectored and and ridiculed until sensitive nature at last gave way under the strain of parental displeasure. Now that it is too late these same well-meaning parents would gladly sacrifice their own lives that their beloved daughter might again see the light of reason. And yet how many families there are whose happiness has been forever clouded by the well-meant interference of a father or mother in the love affairs of their children. Noble-hearted girls have been known to pine away and die as the result of such actions while their grieving parents were ignorant of the true cause of the malady. Whenever the natural dictates of the heart are opposed, [illegible] to those responsible.—Paris News.

Just received a strong line of heating stoves at prices from $5 each and upward. The B.C. Furniture Company, Fernie.

At the Kootenay Saloon in Sandon you do not need an introduction to get a drink. Put the price on the bar and the mixer will do the rest.

LATEST FROM POPLAR

E. L. Hart left for Nova Scotia on Monday.

Charles Copp is paying the camp a short visit.

Mrs. E. L. Masterson visited Trout Lake this week.

Jack McHale left Wednesday to spend the winter in Nelson.

Turk Brown has moved into his new residence on Second street.

The sawmill shipped four carloads of lumber to Calgary this week.

Engineer Crawford of the Lardo express is building a residence at Gerrard.

Miss Anderson, sister of Gust Anderson of the Grand, left this week for Vancouver.

R. G. McLeod and several of the shareholders of the Spyglass from Nelare in Poplar.

Alex. Smith was in camp last week looking over the Klondike group on Tenderfoot creek.

Word has been received that the deal on the Hecla and Heckler Fraction has been declared off.

Roberts and Woodrow report a new strike of free gold on the Golden Unicorn, Rapid creek.

E. L. Morand and family arrived in town Monday and have taken up their residence in the Royal.

Andy Garvey has gone to Rossland to do assessment on a claim adjoining the I X L in that camp.

John Keen went to Nelson on Monday to attend a meeeting of the executive of the Liberal association.

Messrs. Lammers and McGoldrich are in Poplar this week looking over the timber areas of the district.

Ernest Harrop is receiving congratulations on the birth of a son, which occurred in Nelson on the 26th ult.

J. C. Hanson and bride returned Friday from Spokane and have moved into their residence on Marquis avenue.

The Morgan-Beach hunting party returned this week from Howser lake. They bagged three goats and a variety of small game.

Officer Simpson and W. E. Marshall visited Howser and Lardo this week, the former as an escort, and the latter also as an escort.

Gust Anderson and Fred J. Hazen have taken up a water right on the Lardo and will start a brewery, or a stampmill, or a sawmill.

Mrs. Alex. Wilson, Mrs. Smuck, Miss Morgan, Miss Beach, Frank Holton, P. H. O'Connor, Monte Morgan and the "kid" are camping at Howser lake this week.

We have it on the authority of no less a personage than Sir O'Shaughnessy that the Lardo express will run regularly this winter, weather permitting and traffic increasing.

Armstrong & Almstrom have closed the Poplar hotel and have gone to Rossland for the winter. An addition will be made to the building and the hotel opened again in the early spring.

Work has been discontinued on the Copper King for the winter. About one hundred feet of tunneling has been done during the season. The lead is 75 feet in width, carrying copper-gold values.

The tunnel on the Mother Lode is in 160 feet with the ore well in the face of the tunnel. Manager Cole leaves this week on business connected with the future development of the mine, and will spend a month at the coast.

Work on the Swede group closed down this week, the new manager of the Great Northern Mines, B. Crilly, having decided to devote his whole attention during the winter to the development of the Camborne properties of the company.

A recent assay from the lead in the upraise of the Spyglass gave 1197.5 ounces in silver from the quartz and gray copper; 286 ounces from the quartz and galena, and [illegible] ounces from the zinc ore. This shows that all the ore so far encountered in the mine will give a good net profit.

A deal is now on for a group of claims near the head of Lake creek, and adjoining the Arrow group. The owner is John Chism and the deal is being put through by Wm. Schmock. The lead is about six feet in width, bearying as high as 70 per cent. zinc. The ore will have to be taken out by way of Healey creek.

Send your watch to O. Strathearn Kaslo, for repairs.

Life in Fernie

If you know any good news bring it to this office.

Mrs. Jennings and son will return from New York in a few days.

The Italian band in Fernie discourses music that would sound well, even in New York.

In this issue no attempt is made at publishing the current news, but what a difference next week!

The Ledge makes no attempt at getting up much of a paper this week. Too busy getting the plant in position.

The entrance to the new Bank of Commerce building on Victoria avenue is a work of art, and admired by all who pass along Fernie's main artery.

Fernie should have a good curling rink. Nelson players are anxious to come here several times during the winter, and promise to buy all their Scotch whiskey in town.

A Jap was fined $50 and costs last week for raising a disturbance, but not in Lio Yang. He had over $1,000 in his clothes when the police searched him which proves that money must be easy in Fernie.

Cole Murchison has sold his interest in the Imperial hotel to Joseph Jean, who is now sole proprietor. Cole will stay in the city until spring. After that he may go to the Okanagan, and look at the fruit trees.

The coal miners of Fernie received something like $50,000 in wages last Saturday. Probably $25,000 of this will be spent in Fernie, $20,000 go to Europe, and Big Tim of Toronto will get most of the balance.

The Elk Lumber Co. will build a new sawmill south of the bridge. The present mill will be torn down. The new mill will cut 20,000,000 a year, and employ 175 men. This means more business for Fernie. The new plant will be running by next May.

Prof. Cooper like everyone else in Fernie has done well during the past week in phrenology. The Professor has been blind for 24 years. When at home he lives in Coeur D' Alene city, and is one of nature's nobleman. He speaks well of his reception in B. C., especially in Ymir, Sandon and Fernie.

The good people need not be nervous because there is a new editor in town. This old paper in its new place will not break any of your idols, or bring sorrow to your soul. It will be devoted to news and some clean humor, so do not be afraid to come in and hand us the necessary collateral for a subscription.

Mrs. E. Todd brought delight to many a feminine heart in Fernie last week. She had a millinery opening in the new Todd block, and ably assisted by Miss A. Brown, late of Toronto, she displayed a lovely assortment of hats that gave great satisfaction and surprised the fair sex, who thronged the store from early morn to late at night.

S. B. F. Stein, general representative of the Bell Piano Co., of Guelph, Ont., was in town last week and appointed Mrs Todd local agent. The Bell piano took diplomas this year at the Nelson [illegible] and Ottawa last year. Soon as a suitable warehouse can be obtained the Bell Co. will distribute their pianos from Nelson.

Before long Fernie will be the second city in B. C. It has had much trouble in the past. The explosion, two strikes and the big fire would have killed many a town, but not so with Fernie. Its energetic citizens have survived all their troubles, and are rapidly pushing on to the road that leads to a mountain of fat bank accounts.

The band played sweet music on Sunday.

The young son of John Gusty's has no further use for hot stoves.

The water in Fernie contains a little arsenic, but there is none in the whiskey.

Fernie is more than 4,000 feet above the sea, and some days you can almost touch the clouds.

Coal is delivered to your door in Fernie for $3.50. This fall the coal is better than it has ever been.

W. F. Martin, one of the fastest hockey players Rat Portage ever had arrived in town last week, and has taken a position with Gordon & Mathison.

At the end of October, L. R. Forbes will spend a month's vacation in Ottawa. His wife has been visiting her relatives in that city for the past month.

The LEDGE office in Fernie is in the Lundy block. It has a bake oven in the rear end, and an hotel across the road. This makes it easy for the staff when thirst or hunger attacks them.

THE TODD BLOCK

The new Todd block on Victoria avenue is just about completed, and is a very substantial brick structure. The entire flat upstairs has been leased by the Eagles for a lodge and banquet room. One of the stores is occupied by Mrs. Todd, and the other will be in a few days by Charles Richards, the well-known, and popular merchant. The ill-luck that has hampered his path in the past has been all brushed aside through his energy and attention to business, and in more commodious premises he will be better prepared than ever to take charge of his ever increasing business.

A BIG DAY IN SIGHT

All the C.P.R. trackmen between the Hat and Kootenay lake will assemble in Fernie on Saturday for a celebration of their own. The great railroad of which they are an essentral part provides the 500 of them with free transportation, although they would probably get here if they had to hit the ties. At least 100 of them will sit down to a banquet at the Napanee Hotel, Thomas Whelan having been engaged to furnish that number with all that is good to eat and drink. Harry Doolan will probably carve all the turkeys.

MARYSVILLE

Work at the smelter is progressing favorably.

Fifteen men are working at the Sullivan tramway.

CRANBROOK

R. E. Beatty has sold his store to J. G. Templeton of Calgary.

W. J. Young has opened a barber shop in this town.

Fred Roo has not yet rued the day that he build an hotel in Roosville.

The payroll at Moyie is $24,000 a month.

Harry Doolan has been made permanent roadmaster.

John Hutchison has opened a general agency in Cranbrook.

The highest cash prices are paid for cook stoves and furniture at the B. C. Furniture Company, in Fernie.

The King Edward is one of the largest hotels in Fernie. It contains 27 rooms, and is fitted up with a view to the comfort of guests. Keep the King Edward on your mind when you buy your ticket for Fernie.

THE LEDGE.

R. T. LOWERY, Editor and Financier.

Published every Monday morning in the commercial centre of the Kootenay.

Subscription, $2 a year in advance or $2 50 if not so paid.

THE LEDGE can be traced to many parts of the earth. It has never been raided by the sheriff, snowslided by cheap silver, or subdued by the fear of man. It works for the trail blazer equally as well as it does for the champagne-flavored trust fiend. It aims to be on the right side of everything, and still firmly believes that hell should be administered to the wicked in large doses. It has stood the test of time, and the paystreak has never entirely pinched out, although at times it has been no bigger than the shadow of a knifeblade. It knows that one of the noblest works of creation is the man who always pays the printer.

Address everything to—

THE LEDGE,

Nelson, B. C.

A pencil cross in this square indicates that your subscription is due, and that the editor wants once again to look at your collateral

The Ledge in Fernie.

The removal to and the publication of this paper in Fernie needs little comment in one way, and a great deal in another. Its editor recognizes the great future that is in store for Fernie, and all of East Kootenay, and has gathered all his forces to the town with the payroll. We need no brass band to announce the fact that we are in town. Our work will speak for itself and needs no padding. This paper, after a few minor difficulties are pushed away, will always be found in the front rank. Its editorials will be original, and flavored with a Western experience that commenced long before the trails were blazed into one of Canada's greatest coal towns. Its city and district news will be breezy and interesting, and seldom dipped in vinegar. Its selections of the best in humor, fiction and literature, will alone make it a pleasant companion in every cabin, palace and home. It commences business in its new home with the largest circulation of any weekly paper in this province, a fact that will gladden the heart of every advertiser. Its job printing department will be the birthplace of many a typographical triumph, ever blending beauty with stability. With these few remarks we hoist our flag amid the smoke of Fernie, and trust that it will never come down until the last car of black diamonds is dug out of the hills, and the millenium makes us all the same size.

A HARD trail often ends at Easy street.

THE oil boom is the next great sensation in B. C.

THERE is one great advantage in running a paper in Fernie—coal is cheap.

THESE are the days when the candidate has a good memory and always wants to shake your hand.

WE still believe that one of the noblest works of creation is the man who always pays the printer.

THERE is more money in the smoke of coke ovens than there is in all the scenery around New Denver.

CONSIDERING the temptations thrown in their way railway conductors are no more dishonest than any other class of people. While money is god to most people, few can resist the chance to make an easy dollar.

OUR editorial matter is scant this week owing to the fact that we are busier rustling business than Bill Galliher is catching votes.

THE circulation of this paper is limited to a million, so get in early and subscribe. We still have the bulldog, but he is awfully lean.

IT IS a good thing to fire customs officials once in a while. Many of them become too tyrannical when they hold office for many years.

THE Russian forward movement is something like the man with three wheels in his head—one moving forward and two backward.

THE Conservative party wants Canada to own the Grand Trunk Pacific. It is about time Canada owned something. It has been a picnic for grafters for many years, although we still have the privilege of using the C. P. R. when we have the price and are civil.

WITHIN ten years there will be more than 20,000 people in Fernie, and with coal at its door and iron at Bull river, it is bound to be the the Pittsburg of Canada, to say nothing about zinc and other smelters, which will have a tendency to make it look like Swansea.

NEVER be small about anything. If you steal take a railroad and you will be honored in the land. If you steal a pound of meat or a loaf of bread you will be branded as a villain and probably be put in a place where the bars prevent you from falling out of the windows and breaking your neck.

THIS is a world of ceaseless change. A few days ago we had three subscribers at Nakusp. One, after eleven years, grew tired and topped his paper, while another took the typhoid route to a better land. The only subscriber we have left in the birthplace of this paper is John Hector, and we trust that he will always be rich enough to pay the printer.

PARTICULAR ABOUT HIS COMPANY.

A sailor, three sheets in the wind, sailed into a revival meeting and took a vacant seat in the first row. After a hymn had been sung the exhorter asked those of the congregation who wanted to go to heaven to stand up. It arose enmasse, leaving the son of Neptune seated. He looked around with a look of unfeigned disgust that bordered on contempt. One of the captains left the platform, and accosting the lad of the briny deep, inquired:

"Don't you want to go to heaven?"

"In course I does," he replied.

"Then why do you not stand up?"

"Well, shipmate, I wants to go to heaven, but not with such a bloody crew as this."

HE WOULD RATHER.

Sam Jones, the evangelist, while preaching in Georgia, recently, saw a well dressed young man leaving the church. Shaking his finger at the absconder, Jones thundered: "Young man, would you rather go to hell than sit here and hear me finish this sermon?" Stopping a moment and scratching his head, the young man replied: "Yes, sir, I think I would," and stepped outside the door.

INCREASING CIRCULATION

"Let us," said the ardent youth
To the journalistic miss;
"Let us," shyly, "go to press,
So that we may print a kiss."

One edition soon was done—
He knew what he was about,
"Our success is fine," he said,
"We must get some extras out!"

MORE HINDRANCE THAN HELP

Bishop David H. Greer, of New York, recently took the American girl to task for frivolity.

"I, for instance, am not frivolous," she said. "On the contrary I am fond of cooking. I often go into the kitchen and help our cook."

"But perhaps your help," said Bishop Greer, with a smile, "is like that of a young girl I used to know in Wheeling.

"She went into her mother's kitchen one day and told the cook she had come to help her.

"But the cook frowned.

"'No, no,' she said. 'I have too much to do today,'"

IGNORANCE TO BE REMOVED

A little boy, who had a good idea of his artistic ability, was found by one of his father's friends at work drawing a picture.

"What are you doing?" he asked the boy.

"I am drawing a picture of God," replied the boy, hardly looking up from his work.

"Why, you cannot draw a picture of God," said his friend. "No one draws a picture of God, because they do not know what He looks like."

"I know it," replied the youthful artist, "but they will when I get through."

JUDICIAL EXPERIENCE.

Last week a strapping negro woman was up before a magistrate, charged with unmercifully beating her boy.

"I don't understand how you can have the heart to treat your child so cruelly," said the magistrate.

"Jedge, has you been a parent of a wuffless yaller boy like dat ar cub of mine?"

"Never—no, never!" With great vehemence, and getting red in the face.

"Den don't talk; you don't know nuffing about it."—Philadelphia Ledger.

A READY RETORT

Soon after King Edward VII., then the Prince of Wales, had won his first Derby, he, in company with a friend, hailed a hansom in Piccadilly, and directed the man to drive to Whitehall. When they alighted, the friend, in giving the driver half-a-crown, inquired whether he was aware whom he had been driving. "Now, don't come it mister, please!" remarked cabby. "There ain't a day pass but what somebody tries to kid me as 'ow the Shah of Persia or the Hemperor William's bin a-riding in my keb." "I am not joking," was the smiling reply. "The gentleman who has just alighted is the Prince of Wales." "Wot oh?" came from cabby, with an incredulous wink. "Then you can tell the gentleman what just alighted as 'ow the 'orse wot's bin a-pullin' 'im along is 'Persimmon.' Gee up, Persy!"

NO FURTHER USE FOR HIM.

"Maud, that little boy next door swears like a trooper. I hope you don't play with him."

"No, mother, not now. He's taught me all he knew."

THE DIFFERENCE.

White—I've noticed that the wicked generally get what they deserve.

Black—And I've noticed that the good don't.—Life.

COULDN'T EAT PORK

Rabbi Hirsh, of Chicago, was riding in a crowded street car, and rose to surrender his seat to a lady. Before she could take it a young man plumped himself into it. The rabbi looked at him in disgusted silence. "What's the matter?" demanded the man; "what yeh glarin' at me for? Yeh look as if yeh'd like to eat me." "I am forbidden to eat you," answered the rabbi; "I am a Jew."

COULDN'T REMEMBER IT

A lady in San Francisco engaged a Chinese cook. When the Celestial came, among other things she asked his name. "My name," said the Chinaman smiling, "is Wang Hang Ho." "Oh, I can't remember all of that," said the lady, "I will call you John." John smiled all over, and asked, "What your namee?" "My name is Mrs. Melville Landon." "Me no memble all that," said John. "Chinaman he no savey Mrs. Membul London. I call you Tommy."

THE RUSSIAN METHOD.

"In Moscow," said Nathan Haskell Dole, translator of Tolstoi, "I saw a little child crying miserably one afternoon. He walked slowly down one of the principal streets, and his howls soon brought a big crowed around him.

"What is the matter, my child? What troubles you?" every one asked.

"The boy paused finally. He looked at the mulititude which had assembled. Then, lifting up his voice, he shouted in a shrill treble:

"'I am lost. Will somebody please take me home to Ivan Troubetsky, the champion clothier of the South End, who has just got in his new stock of spring overcoats, suits, neckties, shirts, hats and umbrellas, which he will sell cheaper than any one else in the city.'"

DIDN'T NEED ANY REFORM

"So your engagement is broken off?" said the girl in grey.

"Yes," replied the girl in brown, frowning at the recollection.

"What was the matter?"

"He basely deceived me. You see, it was this way. I asked him one day to promise me that he would never again smoke cigarettes. He promised. Then I asked him to refrain from the use of tobacco in any form. He promised to do that. Later, I told him I had a horror of anyone who touched liquor, and he agreed never to touch it. After that I suggested that I thought the clubs had a bad influence on young men and I should expect him to give them up, and he said he would. I also took up the subject of gambling, and made him promise that he would stop playing cards and betting on horses."

"Well you didn't ask him much! I suppose he deceived you in the matter?"

"Oh, no! I could have forgiven that. But just when I was congratulating myself that I at least had reformed one young man I found that he didn't need any reforming. He positively was not addicted to any one of the bad habits I made him promise to abandon. It was a terrible shock, and I broke off the engagement right away. There was no longer anything in it to make it interesting!"

EQUAL TO THE EMERGENCY

Herbert S. Stone, the publisher, according to the New York Tribune, described at a dinner in Washington the amusing methods of a newspaper writer who used to furnish articles at a set rate a column.

He was once commissioned to do a serial story for a Chicago paper. The story as it proceeded from week to week, was interesting, but it contained many passages like the following:

"Did you hear him?"

"I did."

"Truly?"

"Truly."

"Where?"

"By the wall."

"When?"

"Today"

"Then he lives?"

"He does."

"Ah!"

The editor, sending for the man, said; "Hereafter we will pay you for the letters in your serial. We will pay you so much a thousand letters."

The young man, looking crestfallen, went away, but in the very next installment of his story he introduced a character who stuttered, and all through the chapter were scattered passages like this:

"B-b-b-believe me, s-s-s-sir, I am n-n-n-n-n-not g-g-g-g-g-guilty. M-m-m-m-my m-m-m-m-m-mother c-c-c-c-committed this c-c-c-crime."

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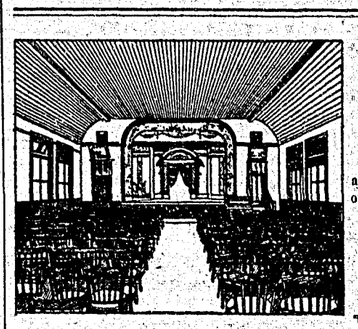

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B. Tomkins, Manager, Nelson, B.C.

Railroad Accidents

By Elbert Hubbard in The Philistine

Do you know the cause of most railway accidents?" asked a Division Superintendent on the Lake Shore to me the other day, as we were waiting on the platform at Ashtabula.

"What causes most accidents? Why, disobedience of orders," I answered.

"You are only partially right—the cause lies deeper. Why should a railway employee disobey orders? Why should an engineer run past the station where he is ordered to stop?—it is his own life he endangers most. Why should a train-despatcher send out two trains facing each other on one track? Or why should a switchtender throw a switch in front of a fast express?

"You call these things accidents,—but that in not the word—they are the result of wrong mental conditions: and this wrong condition is usually domestic infelicity.

"Do you remember when two passenger trains met, head on, out in Indiana, last year? The engineer of one of those trains had in his pocket an order to take the side track at a certain station. He ran by that station at the rate of fifty miles an hour, and in five minutes there was a crash that snuffed out fifty-four lives and two hundred thousand dollars worth or property.

"I knew the engineer. Let us call him Hank Bristol, for that wasn't his name. He was married to a smashing, dashing, beautiful creature, and they boarded at a hotel—had no children. I boarded there, too, and we all made eyes at Hank's handsome wife. She used to play the piano and sing a little, and recite. The love of the one plain, honest man was not enough for—she craved the admiration of the clever. She wasn't a bad woman—just an idle one, who spent every spare cent Hank made, on finery, and, of course, wanted the finery and herself admired.

"Hank was proud of her, too. One evening he kissed the dear creature good-bye and started out to make a night run. He went to the roundhouse, and at the last moment the Ol' Man decided to save Hank back and let him take out a special carrying the President and Directors of the road, in the morning. Hack was tickled—it was a great compliment to him. He went home to tell his wife—he used to tell her everything.

"But when he got home, she wasn't there—she had gone to the theatre with a boot and shoe drummer.

"Hank went away and walked the streets all night—his wife never knew, and I believe she doesn't yet. He walked the streets all night and ran out the special in the morning.

"But after that he was never the same. He used to confide in me—he just had to tell some one to keep his heart from bursting.

"He grew absent-minded, lost flesh, appetite gone, was nervous—the doctor said he should quit coffee and cut out half the tobacco.

"I know what was the matter—he was jealous. I told him so—and he laughed a laugh that gave me gooseflesh. 'I jealous? Why, Bill, you don't know me—I jealous? The idea! No, I'm only married to a damned fool of a woman, who makes my heart eat itself out with grief because she lives on the fringe of folly. Why don't I leave her! My God! Bill, that is the trouble—I can't—I love her!'

"Hank didn't work on our road or I'd never have let him touch a throttle-valve, even if he'd been my brother. I knew it would come. He was found under the engine, the order that he had disobeyed in his pocket, and a picture in his watch of the woman who caused the disaster. No, it probably has never dawned upon this women that she caused the wreck. She wore deep mourning and the cutest little black bonnet with a white ruche. She was the most fetching widow you ever saw—and she knew it.

"Yes, that is what I said—marital infelicity causes the railroad wrecks and most others, too.

"The only safe man is one whose heart is at rest—who has a home, and a wife who stays there and minds her business, looks after the babies, has no secrets, and does not make eyes at other men—that's the kind! I know every man that works for me, and I know a disturbed, distressed and jealous man a train-length away. My heart bleeds for 'em, but I serve the public and none such can run an engine for me.

"Do you see that man in the blue overalls down there at the end of the platform? Well, he is the engineer who will take out this train. See how calm, satisfied and self-possessed he is; he has no cares, no anxieties beyond the desire to do his work well. See him now walking around his engine, lovingly looking it over. He is not so awfully brilliant, but he will never disappoint you. Now, when we start, about two miles out, you will hear the engine give three soft toots, and over to the left, a little woman will come out of a white cottage and wave her apron!"

The conductor called "All aboard!" The bell clanged warningly, we stepped into the coach and the train started. We had reached the outskirts of the town and were skimming along at the rate of thirty miles an hour.

The engine gave three short, soft whistles. I saw the white cottage, a woman standing on the back porch with children holding on to her skirts all 'around—she was waving a big check apron!

"What did I tell you?" asked the Superintendent—"that man's heart is at rest—he will never forget an order—he is safe—his mind is free, so he does his work! He is at peace with himself and at peace with the world. You can always trust a man who honestly loves and is loved honestly. Penelope is preferable to either Phryne or Phyllis."

Oil in S. E. Kootenay

The Pacific northwest yields every variety of product possible of cultivation in a temperate climate, and contains every resource capable of being applied to the uses of man—except one.

Its mountains are full of gold and silver, copper and lead and zinc. Huge deposits of iron lie adjacent to millions upon millions of tons of coal. Its forests constitute the world's great reserve supply of timber and its rivers in their headlong career from high altitudes to the sea form a perennial source of energy unequalled in any other portion of the globe. One great exception to the universal character of the riches of this quarter of the continent there is, however—there are no developed fields of petroleum. This consideration lends particular interest to the reports of a great oil field occupying the southeastern portion of British Columbia, the southwestern corner of Alberta and the northern portion of Montana, which abuts the Canadian province and territory. The discovery and development of a productive field of petroleum in this locality would round off and complete the tale of the valuable resources of the Pacific northwest as nothing else could do. Therefore, while from one point of view the story of efforts put forward to open up this presumably oil bearing territory is only the story of certain pioneer speculators endeavoring to enrich themselves, from another point of view it may be the history of the foundation of an industry pregnant with advantage to the towns and cities and population generally of the Pacific slope.

The existence of petroleum in this part of the country would probably never have been suspected but for the fact that very remarkable seepage of the oil occur, one in Alberta, one in Montana on Kintla creek, and several in British Columbia, one of the latter known as the Big Spring on Sage creek being a sufficiently wonderful natural phenomenon to attract widespread attention. The formation of the country was put down by geologists as belonging to the Cambrian era—a series of rocks in which science declares it is impossible for petroleum to occur. Dr. [illegible] published a detailed report of the geological conditions in the neighborhood of the international boundary survey more than 20 years ago, and in this report there is not one [illegible] indications of petroleum. It is fair to assume that at that time the seepages were unknown to him, because the appearance of petroleum under such circumstances would have undoubtedly presented a problem of engrossing interest to this great observer.

At the same time what is known as the Aldridge seepages in Alberta have undoubtedly been known to the Stoney Indians from time immemorial. It occurs on the main east and west trail through the south Kootenay pass and at the present time the Rocky Mountain Oil company of Calgary is boring several wells in the vicinity.

The British Columbia seepages, in particular the Big Spring on the Sage creek, were first discovered by Thomas Jefferson in 1883. Thomas Jefferson, or "Uncle Jeff," as he is familiarly called, was one of General Miles' scouts during the Nez Perce rebellion. After the Indians were subdued, he settled down to trap beaver along the tributaries of the Flathead river, and it was while engaged in trapping that he discovered petroleum on the creeks. "Uncle Jeff" is still a hale old man of 64, able to conduct parties through the mountains and making not only an efficient but an entertaining guide, overflowing with a wealth of interesting reminiscences. It is to be hoped that he well derive a comfortable competence to cheer his declining years from the fruits of his old discovery.

Jefferson made no secret of his discoveries and by 1871 the seepages of petroleum were as well known as they are today. Conditions were entirely different, however. No means of transportation existed and even the great coal measures of the north were going a begging for development. In that year the late Dr. Selwyn, then retired from his post as director of the Canadian Geological department and living in retirement in Vancouver, made a trip through the country, riding from Pincher creek, Alberta, over the divide to the Flathead river, and then up the river to the present route of the Crow's Nest Pass railway. He described in his report the various seepage with vividness and accuracy.

So the matter lay for some years.

Then came the development of copper mines, the demand for coke, the opening of the Fernie mines, and construction of the Crow's Nest pass railway, a series of remarkable events with which most Spokane people are familiar and by which many of them have benefited. This led Dr. Dawson in his [illegible] that steps should be taken to test the oil fields, transportation being no longer an overwhelming difficulty. In 1897 an act was passed in British Columbia for the encouragement of coal [illegible] prospectors to secure locations under very easy and suitable terms. The auspices were less favorable in Montana and Alberta, but it is not by any means meant that the oil field does not extend over both the state and territory. In fact at the present time the greatest activity exists in the Swift Current, St. Marys and Boulder creek district of Montana and on Cameron Falls creek in Alberta. Great success is attending boring operations in these localities. But the evidences of petroleum exist largely in British Columbia. Eastward of the Aldridge seepage in Alberta, which is only about three miles from the summit, the formation is such as to rather daunt the speculator, and this reduced the area suitable for commencing operations to comparatively small dimensions. There has not been room for great activity, although it is to be hoped, upon the demonstrations now being made, the field of operations will be successfully extended. In Montana also boring was only commenced upon an induction from the British Columbia seepages, and the one existing on Kintla creek.
—David B. Bogle. In Spokane Review.

BE AN IDEA HUNTER

Don't be afraid to take a suggestion. It pays not to be. I've a friend who delights in ragging me. He succeeds, too. When he hands out some caustic comment that leaves a scar upon my vanity, I bring up my batteries and let go at him for all I'm worth. Personalities are apt to fly, which is rather dangerous to friendship But that is one way ideas are born, and if you're wide awake you can generally catch one or or two on the wing. Ideas have a money value. Never mind if they are liners, hot from the bat, and sting like—catch them with bare hands, if necessary, but catch them.

When you've caught your idea, don't be pig-headed, and let it die useless until forgotten. If it comes from a friend, all right; you don't mind being indebted to a friend for a "mere idea." If from an enemy, chuckle to yourself over the fact that he has unwittingly given you a valuable present

Yes, ideas are valuable. It depends what you do with them. Sometimes they mean a saving in time in bookkeeping, an improved system or reduction of expense. Sometimes they mean an easier method of collecting, a way to sell more goods, a means of attracting people to your store, a happy thought in displaying your goods or in advertising. Occasionally they mean valuable inventions Sometimes they don't mean anything profitable, but by all means test them. Figure the matter out as well as you can, and if it looks at all likely, give it a trial. Even if the idea proves itself worthless, it will lead to others, some of which are bound to prove invaluable. But there is one thing sure, none of them will be any use, unless you act.

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The Jap in America

There are perhaps 10,000 Japanese in and about San Francisco, and several thousands more scattered through the State of California. More than half of them are boys in their teens or young men in their early twenties. They come mostly of good families. Many are of the proud Samurai caste. With little money or none at all they have come to the United States to get an education.

When a Japanese boy of this class lands in the United States, he goes to one of the innumerable Japanese employment agencies. Usually he doesn't know a word of the language. His countrymen coach him in a few words necessary to understand a domestic order. Then they get him a job for a low price as "second boy," or man of all work, often at a price as low as $5 a month with board and room and the privilege of school time to himself.

Green as he is, he learns fast. In a week he can wash dishes, prepare vegetables, sweep, dust, and make beds. After that he goes to a Public School, is admitted to one of the lower grades, and begins a regime which makes the life of a Scotch student seem like leisure by comparison. He is up with the dawn, studying until it is time to get breakfast and serve it. He rushes through his dishes and is at his desk by 9 o'clock. In the primary school recess of an hour and a half he is back serving luncheon, or if that meal is omitted at his house, doing odd chores. After school he races through his housework, serves dinner, washes the dishes, and is back at his books again. And he keeps that pace up year in and year out. It would kill a Caucasian.

All this is a great blessing to the housekeeper of limited means. A family which couldn't afford a white servant hires a Jap boy for $6 a month and his board. The wife does the cooking and the lighter housework. The Jap does all the rest. There's only one trouble with the arrangement. He is learning all the time, and when he has found out how to do plain cooking, American style, he is likely to find a place where he can make more money. Then the housewife has to break in another Japanese boy. The original "help" goes on and up until he is a pretty good plain cook and is making a cook's wages. He saves the money to finish his education.

Some day little Oki shows up at Palo Alto or Berkeley, where Stanford University and the University of California are situated. Stanford is run on the dormitory plan The bedmakes are all Japanese, so if he has elected Stanford, the thrifty Japanese gets a job in the dormitory. If it's the University of California, where there are no dormitories, he takes service in one of the big student boarding-houses. And in this situation he does the work equivalent to a High School course—does it in two or three years. When the studies are too puzzling, the Japs band together, form a class, and hire an American student to tutor them.

Students in Encina dormitory at Stanford, going down to the Japanese quarters in the basement to find out what happened to that key, find the whole dormitory course sitting like statues at a table, studying. The keeper of a student boarding house at Berkeley finds her Jap boy peeling potatoes with a geometry propped up on the sink, his hands working at one thing, his head at another

Some fine August day, the former bedmaker or second boy enters the University. He has been in this country perhaps six or seven years. In that time he has gone from a primary class clear through a High school course, made his living, and saved enough money to take a four-year course in the university, with the help of vacation work. Happily, tuition at both universities is practically free.

Except for seeing him in the classroom, none of the white students know he is there. He is living in some little cheap room at Berkely or Palo Alto, cooking his own rice and oatmeal and studying, studying. He nods and smiles politely as he passes on the campus; but that is all. Yet on graduation day, he is there for his diploma.

Some day the university hears that Oki, '99, or Kamaru, 1900, has a chair in the Imperial University at Tokio, or has won a big Government prize for a discovery about some fungus.

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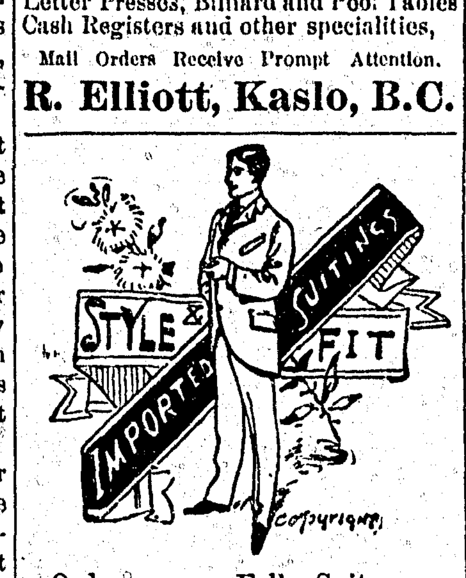

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TREMONT HOUSE, NELSON European and American plan. Meals, 25 cents. Rooms from 25 c up to $1. Only white help employed. Nothing yellow about the place except the gold in the safe. MALONE & TREGILLUS.

BARTLETT HOUSE, formerly the Clark is the best of a day hotel in Nelson. Only white help employed. G. W. BARTLETT, proprietor.

THE HOTEL FERGUSON is the home of Slocan people when they are in Ferguson. McKENZIE & BLACK, Proprietors

THE BRITTANNIA HOTEL is the oldest and the best in the Lardo. Gold seekers always welcome ELVIN BROS.

Wholesale Merchants.

A. MACDONALD & CO., Wholesale Merchants, Groceries and Mining Supplies.

STARKEY & CO., Wholesale dealers in Butter, Eggs, Cheese, Produce and Fruit, Nelson, B.C.

F. FERGUSON & CO., Nelson, B.C. Wholesale dealers in Wines, Liquors and cigars. Agents for Pabst beer.

J. A. McDONALD, Wholesale Dealer in Fruit, Nelson, B.C.

General Store.

J. T. KELLY, THREE FORKS, dealer in Groceries, Dry Goods, Etc.

$1 Twelve back numbers of Lowery's Claim all different, and a copy of Float sent to any address, postpaid. Address, R. T. Lowery, Nelson, B.C.

THERE is nothing like motion if you would keep your blood in circulation, and your upper stope from the bats of inactivity. Get up early and go to work. If you need a persuader to rise in the early hours of the day invest $1.50 in a SUNRISE, or $2.50 in a MUST GET UP. These alarm clocks will almost awaken the dead, and you can secure from—

Patenaude Bros. Phone 293

Fort Steele Brewery Co., Ltd.

FERNIE, B.C.

Brewers of Extra Fine Lager Beer and Aerated Waters. Bottled Goods a Specialty.

Our Leading Line

Is the **Slater Shoe** For Men

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Central - Hotel

FERNIE

First Class in Every Respect

MRS. A. JENNINGS, PROPRIETRESS.

P. BURNS & CO.

RETAIL & WHOLESALE MEAT DEALERS

Have one of their largest stores in Fernie.

Lamb, Veal, Fresh and Smoked Fish.

Bulk Oysters Try a gallon

Palace Meat Market

FERNIE, B. C.

Fresh and Salt Meats of every kind. Fish and Poultry in season.

J. McMASTER, PROP'R.

Mrs. E. Todd

Has opened in the Todd Block a perfectly new stock of Millinery, Fancy and Dry Goods, Furs, Corsets, Ladies Hosiery and Underwear. Ribbons in endless variety and color. Everything in fashion can be found in this store.

The Imperial Hotel

NEAR THE C. P. R. DEPOT,

Is the Headquarters in Fernie for Commercial Travelers

Joseph Jean - - - - Proprietor.

JOB PRINTING - The Ledge

	PER BOX
PEARS	$1.75
APPLES	$1.50
PRUNES	50c
GREENGAGES	70c

Only the best fruit handled at easy prices.

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FERNIE

Tasty Meals,
Easy Beds,
Nerve Bracers
Of Every
Description.

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THE *Waldorf Hotel*

IN FERNIE

Will be ready for business next month. It will be up to date in everything, and will be a home for commercial men.

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Is one of Fernie's oldest and best known hotels. The Proprietor's name is.

Wm. Eschinig.

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Real Estate, Loans,
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BARRISTERS, SOLICITORS, ETC.

FERNIE, B. C.

Office in L. T. W. Block, Victoria Avenue.

Union Restaurant

Fernie, Furnishes Meals at all hours. Everything first class.

Geo. Ichikawa, Prop.

Political Notes.

BIG BILL GALLIHER is still in the field as the Liberal candidate.

IT IS not true that Papa Kaiser of Eholt will vote for Galliher.

PEACE and harmony outwardly prevail among the two Tory factions in Nelson.

THE Ross-Deane comedy aggregation is making a tour of the Okanagan and Kamloops districts.

JOHN HOUSTON says he publishes the only "orthodox" Conservative paper in the province. As the other fellows get the pap, it is possible that it pays to be unorthodox in politics.

THE result in Yale-Cariboo depends largely upon which party receives the support of Patrick J. Kennedy of Greenwood. Should he decide to support either Ross or Burrell it might result in a stampede of the Caulfield wing from the Socialist candidate.

DUNCAN ROSS and Martin Burrell had a talking match at Eholt last week. It is not on record that anyone's political opinions were seriously disturbed. Still it is just as well to have the candidates talk, and let them believe they are making votes.

IT IS said that Governor Mackintosh, the Tory candidate, is lost. It would be wisdom on the part of his opponents not to take much stock in the "lost" rumor, for the governor is liable to be "found" working in some part of the constituency, and also at the head of the poll when the votes are counted.

THE rumor that the editor of the Economist will be the Conservative standard bearer in the event of Governor Mackintosh not coming to the scratch in good condition, is without foundation. Mr. Carley assures us that he cannot neglect his business or jeopardize his reputation for honesty by becoming a candidate.

WHAT a wild, mad mob of enthusiasts the people of Ontario must be. When Borden appears there the people flock from miles around for the sole purpose of opening their mouths and letting the gas escape. When Wilfrid makes a tour the Cap Sullivans and Strattons and others who have spent their private fortunes in the interest of pure government, tear each other's clothes in the mad endeavor to get near the great chieftain.

THE very obscure individual who hasn't been noticed by the press for five years, is now getting into the swim with both feet. He has been either a "lifelong" Grit or Tory, and now as a matter of conscience and in the "interests of pure governmen" he "turns from his wickedneast." If he guesses right, he will probably get a low-grade appointment; if he guesses wrong, he will get the contempt of both parties. In either case he sinks into the obscurity from which he emerged for a brief period.

BUYING THE PRESIDENCY.

Rockefeller is down for a million dollar subscription to the Republican campaign fund on behalf of the Standard Oil and other trusts. Pierpont Morgan individually is pledged for a quarter of a million; the steel trust is down for three quarters of a million, the sugar trust for a similar sum, the tobacco trust for a half million, the coal trust and Pennsylvania railway for a half million and various other well known interests and monopolies associated with Wall street for large sums.

The total campaign contributions to be raised from these sources is reliably put at ten millions. It will be the largest amount of money ever put into a campaign fund. It means the trial of the power of the people. It means that the old Republican party with the tariff monopolies is to be reproduced on a larger scale with the trusts of today.

A. W. BLEASDELL

FERNIE, B.C.

Druggist and Stationer

Prescriptions carefully compounded and sent to any address.

Magazines, books and newspapers of the day always in stock.

NELSON

OPERA HOUSE

Wednesday-Thursday Oct. 19-20

Return engagement of

Mr. Harold Nelson

and his excellent company

Wednesday night

Faust

Thursday night

Heart and Sword

Seats on sale at McDonald's.

Prices: $1, 75c., and 50c.

The Kaslo Hotel

KASLO

Is a pleasant halting place for pilgrims on their way to Poplar.

COCKLE & PAPWORTH

THE Exchange Hotel

IN KASLO

Keeps a line of Nerve Bracers that are not surpassed in the Golden West, and there is not a cigar in the house needs a windy day to smoke it. Furnished rooms always ready for the needy. Poplar prospectors always welcome and given the best.

ALLEN & PALMER

MUSEUM TO COST A MILLION.

The department of public works, Ottawa, will shortly commence the erection of the new Victorian Memorial Museum, which is designed to house the geological survey and museum, the national art gallery and the fisheries exhibit. The museum is to be built upon the site of Appin Place, at the foot of Metcalfe street. The building, which will be a four-story structure, will have a frontage of 400 feet and a width of 50 feet. Two wings, one at the east end and one at the west end of the building will each have a depth of 125 feet. In the center of the building, on the front, there will be an extensive tower, while in the rear the extension will take the form of a semi-circle, the ground floor of which will be utilized as an auditorium, and the upstairs for a geological survey and library.

The building will be constructed entirely of Nova Scotia stone, relieved by Nepian sandstone, and will cost in the vicinity of one million dollars.

Just Offered

A new line of English Underwear that can't be beat, per suit $4.00 and $5.00.

Also a nice line of Sweaters and Jerseys. Just what you want for the cold weather, prices $1.25, 1.75, and 2.50

You will find here a full line of Gent's Furnishings, such as Suits, Pants, Overalls, Shirts, Collars, Ties, Braces, Socks, Shoes, Mitts, Gloves, and a complete line of Groceries, Tobaccos, Cigars and Confectionery.

J. W. GALLAGHER Phone 196 P.O. Box 248 NELSON

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Everything Up-to-date

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JUST OPENED UP.

Heavy Fall and Winter Shirts, Overalls, and Fleece-Lined Underwear for Men. Fine Selection of

LADIES' FALL GLOVES

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TIME

When you will become a regular customer of

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N.B.—A Traveller's Sample lot of Dog Collars now in stock.

What Is It? Why It's McFadden The Painter

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