

# LOWERY'S CLAIM

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NELSON, B. C., CANADA.

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### The Resurrection

Lowery's Claim has risen from the dead, and for the second time spreads its white wings over the earth. Refreshed, after a sleep of 23 months, it hopped over the journalistic boneyard fence like a Grit politician chasing a fat office, and, ensconced in the flower-laden ozone of Canada's earthly paradise, the City of Nelson, it will proceed to toast the evils of church, state and society in the flames of satire, sarcasm and ridicule. It will prospect for humor in every legitimate field, and endeavor to prove that nearly all hell is a home-made article. It will demand that justice be done all men, from the hungry hobo to the chap who carries a diamond headlight in his shirt front and hires a man to write his cheques.

It will not war with the real metal in churches, but the pyrites of religion will be Benningtonized wherever found. It does not seek job printing from knife-bladed creed boosters in return for literary taffy about bughouse sermons that would give a mind of reason an attack of mental appendicitis. It tips its hat to no man merely because he wears a white cravat, hammers a pulpit with rhythmic precision, and bellows to Jesus like a Missourian calling the hired help to supper. It respects all thoroughly honest parsons, even though they be insane, but has nothing but green paint for those self-important heaven brokers who are in the business for the long green and chicken pie, and who exist upon the fears and superstitions of the human family, instead of mucking for their ham and eggs. It is a safe bet

that such theological parasites have no use for this journal and their hammers will soon be pounding from ocean to ocean.

The Claim believes that an honest lawyer should sit beside the man who always pays the printer. Both of them are among the noblest works of creation, although one of them is about as rare as sweet perfume in Gehenna.

It also believes that the medical profession in some ways is one of the grandest in existence, but heavy with moss-grown ideas, and the cobwebs of custom and superstition. It believes, as a whole, the human race would live longer and better if they depended more on common sense and rational methods of living and less upon mysterious prescriptions in Latin, handed them, as a rule, by Galenic pupils who cannot see further into the human body than a gumboot miner can into a granite formation after dark. As there are too many farmers in the legal profession, too many muckers in the pulpit, an excess of snobs in the army, an overplus of blacksmiths in print shops, so there are too many butchers looking wise behind medical diplomas and a big sack of many-sided glittering steel instruments.

This journal knows that labor and capital are alike greedy and necessary. Both become tyrannical when they hold a handful of trumps, and liable to scalp the under dog to a red finish. Under our present system of living both are necessary to the welfare of the universe, and should live in harmony. Every worker should be well paid for his labor, and every capitalist should draw dividends, especially if his heart is not encircled with iron bands.

The Claim will come to the front every month, and nail on the wall of publicity scalps torn from fakes, frauds and humbugs. At the same time it will paint in colors equal to a Slocan sunset all that is noble, glorious and meritorious in the acts of men and women in every clime.

If you care to follow the career of the most independent journal on earth do not fumble the dollar in your jeans until its outer edge is worn thin, but let it quickly come a-smiling to an editor who has never been raided by the sheriff, snowslided by heart failure, or put on the hike by pitching pennies into a dogmatical slot machine. With these few remarks the Claim blows its reincarnated whistle, and warns all devils to make for the green timber, and requests all angels to carry the news to Jesus.

No parson who follows a creed can be sincere and broad-minded. The constant boosting for one line to heaven gives a man mental myopia, and raises disgust in the minds of those who know that religion is largely a matter of anything that is pounded into your head when your upper stope is young and full of matter resembling diluted plaster paris.

London, England, is an expensive place for the stranger. He can hardly spit in that burg without dropping a penny in the slot. About the only thing you can drop in that great city without being taxed is your H's.

Society people will not have to break their necks away out in India any more every time they pass Lord Curzon at a social assembly. The dude lost his throne, probably from a lack of common sense in his upper stope.

They arrest you in Frank, Alberta, for fishing on Sunday. Tourists do not need a mountain to fall on them in order to keep away from a western town so cursed with the back wash of Puritanism.

Some men think they can run an empire successfully, when they are incapable of conducting their own shoestring business without running foul of blue papers.

# Honor Thy Children

Fra Elbertus in Phillistine. ☺ ☺ ☺ ☺ ☺ ☺ ☺

Much advice is given to children. Advice is a thing we have small use for ourselves, so we give it to poor relatives, colored people and children. We are very free with it. This is one of the drawbacks of being a child—the advice. "Children, obey your parents," is quite superfluous, provided parents would first harken to this: "Parents, love your children."

Children obey the person who loves them without injunction, and no one can love when ordered to do so.

I was a child once and have not forgotten it—my desire was to obey. And I obeyed because I loved. The persons I disobeyed I did not love, and that is the reason I disobeyed them. Not loving them, I had no respect for their opinions and advice. To love a person is to believe in him. If you love a man, you admire his art, his actions, his piano-playing, his poems. Cease to love him and his work becomes commonplace, and if you hate him, everything he says and does is ridiculous, preposterous and absurd.

I once knew a woman who loved a violinist, and of course she loved his violin playing, and adored a Stradivarius and a Guarnerius. Later she hated this same violinist; and forever after the violin stood to her for trickery, untruth, perfidy and hypocrisy. She ceased going to concerts because the screech and scratch of horsehair on catgut brought to her mind the thought of baseness and pretence.

It is an extreme case of course, but the truth is this: when we love a person, his actions are to us gracious; his speech as music; his words authority. We love, and our desire is to obey. Children born in love follow the love instincts—they obey.

"Honor thy father and thy mother"—we do, just so long as they honor us, and no longer. Parents, honor thy children, not that thy days may be long, but because you owe it to them and to yourselves.

When Grant Allen in "The Woman Who Did" has the child discard the honest mother, he does not ring true. It takes an awful

lot of mismanagement to separate a child from its parents. The mother who loved her babe into being, whose blood nourished this second life, whose milk for months was its only food, can never be spiritually separated from her child, unless she herself severs the mystic cord. That is to say, unless she herself ceases to love.

The person we love, if we love enough, stands to us for the Deity—an embodiment of all that is just, beautiful, strong and excellent. The child has no other gods before his parents. There is just where love benefits and blesses—it supplies an ideal. And as long as the parent loves, all that this parent does and has done is justified in the mind of the child. The child that grows up and curses its parents is one that has been left on somebody else's doorstep, actually or practically.

The abandoned person hates—yes, by all the gods at once!—he hates.

But loyalty and steadfastness are only other terms for love.

Perfect fear casteth out love. Indeed, a very little fear casteth out love. And the mother who cares more for society's wish than she does for her babe, may have society's smile, but she will never have the lavish, complete love of her child.

The mother of Schopenhauer lost her son when she placed him, at the tender age of eight, in an English boarding-school. Later she got into competition with him, sought to suppress him, and laughed in contempt at his attempt at self-expression. She ceased to love him; he grew to hate her. She had the chichester-propensity. She separated her child from her, and for the last twenty-five years of her life she never saw him. Her writings, like her gowns, have been thrust into the rag-barrel of time, and she is remembered only because she gave birth to a genius.

Schopenhauer's scathing comments on women are the jungle-tales of his childhood—mental little journeys in company with the

mother who dowered him with her heritage of hate.

When Byron's mother used him as a target for dishes and her lame wit, and called him "that lame brat," she was digging a gulf between them that time could never bridge. "Your mother is a fool," said a boy to the limping George Gordon. "I know it," answered the boy, and burst into tears. But even if a mother is a fool and she still has sense and instinct enough to love, her child will never know she is a fool, but for him her every act and word will be regal, graceful, beautiful. Love gilds everything with its own gold.

We used to hear about the man who said to the erring child: "Never darken that door again!" We now believe that the parent who said that darkened the door of his own heart, and let into his soul the chill of night. And the peculiar thing is that the people who said this were always good people—those who loved their enemies. A genuine rogue with no standing in society would not be troubled about the wrong acts of his children.

Rather would we say with Robert Ingersoll: "My child, go where you will, commit what crime you may, but remember that this is your home and in me you always have one friend left."

And yet I believe that the parent who discarded his child on account of something the child did, or did not do, was more actuated by fear of society than by hate. "What will the folks in our church say?" and therein lies the so-called disgrace. The disgrace is not in the act—it is in what the people say. Nobody was ever shocked by what any one else may have done; we are all shocked because we fear some one else will be shocked. It is not God we fear, but the Goddess Grundy. Surely it cannot be that an extreme love for morality prompts the parent to say: "Never darken that door again," because the sin of casting off a child, to a normal person, is really a more unchristian and inhuman thing than anything the child can do. So we are led to believe that fear is a worse sin than hate. And of all the virtues none are finer than love and loyalty—the love that suffereth long and is kind.

As a general proposition, I would say that the obligations of the

parents are greater than those of the child. Who asked to come here anyway?

The child loves instinctively, and at first he has only one love—he has no other God before his parents. But the parent can go off after strange gods and devote his time and strength in this or that fad, folly or foible.

The best proof that the loyalty of the child is greater than that of the parent lies in the fact that for the man who has never known a mother—whose mother died in giving him birth—motherhood is forever a sacred theme. Mothers who live sometimes undeceive their children. If Byron had never known his mother he would have said prayers to her and lavished love on her memory to the end of his days. Just as Meissonier, whose mother died when he was a child, wrote this in his journal:

"It is the twentieth of February—the morning of my seventieth birthday. What a long time to look back upon! This morning, at the hour when my mother gave me birth, I wished my first thoughts to be of her. Dear Mother, how often have the tears risen to my eyes at the thought of you! It was your absence—the longing I had for you—that made you so dear to me. This love of my heart goes out to you! Do you hear me, Mother, calling and crying for you? How sweet it must be to have a mother!"

#### It Has Variety.

The Bible is a sectarian book, as there are different versions. But if any one version should be decided to be the standard, it would still be sectarian. When it is read in the public schools, certain chapters are selected. A Methodist can read a chapter that will teach Methodism. A Presbyterian can read a verse that teaches predestination. I propose to select a few passages that I think will convince you that a good many doctrines can be taught from the Bible by just reading certain selections. Here are some that we don't wish to have taught to our children: "Thy wisdom and thy knowledge, it hath perverted thee."—Isa., xlvii:10. "In much wisdom is much grief; and he that increaseth knowledge increaseth sorrow."—Ecc., 1:18. "Thou shalt bestow that money for

whatsoever thy soul lusteth after, \* \* \* for wine, or for strong drink."—Deut. xiv:26. My next selection I shouldn't think you would like to have read to your children even without comment: "That which befalleth the sons of men, befalleth beasts; as the one dieth, so dieth the other. All go unto one place, all are of the dust, and all turn to dust again."—Ecc. iii:19, 20. "The dead know not anything, neither have they any more a reward. Neither have they any more a portion forever in anything that is done under the sun. There is no work—nor knowledge—in the grave, whither thou goest."—Ecc. ix:5, 6, 10. "As the cloud is consumed and vanisheth away, so he that goeth down to the grave shall come up no more."—Frank Morse to the Ministers, in Higher Science.

#### War's Cost.

Six hundred thousand men have been killed and wounded in the Russian-Japanese war. Here are a few figures to help us realize what this means. Six hundred thousand casualties equals:

Nine hundred Iroquois Theatre disasters.

Seven hundred and fifty Slocum disasters.

Two hundred and forty Johnstown floods.

Ninety Galveston floods.

Twenty Martinique catastrophes.

The total population—Men, women and children—of Baltimore.

Three times the population of the States of Idaho and Nevada combined.

Three times the population—men, women and children—of the Boer republic, which resisted the whole power of the British Empire for over two years.—Baltimore Herald.

#### Small Difference.

Dr. Jowett of Oxford was a formidable wit. At a gathering at which he was present the talk ran upon the comparative gifts of two Balliol men who had been made respectively a judge and a bishop. Prof. Henry Smith, famous in his day for his brilliancy, pronounced the bishop to be the greater man of the two, for this reason: "A judge, at the most, can only say, 'You be hanged,' whereas a bishop can say, 'You be

damned.'" "Yes, said Dr. Jowett, 'but if the judge says, 'You be hanged,' you are hanged.'"—Chicago Daily News.

It is a pity one had not twenty minds and forty hands; double pity one did not faithfully employ the mind and hands one has. The sweat of the brow is not a curse, but the wholesomest blessing in life.—Carlyle.

Philosophy, in the final analysis, seems to consist of convincing one's self that it is easier, on the whole, not to want things than it is to get them.—Puck.

Reason must be our last guide and judge in everything.—John Locke.

If evil thoughts were crimes, what penitentiaries would we need.

Why preach eternal happiness and deck ourselves with crepe?

Luck is a constant visitor at the home of perseverance.

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# Life is a Humbug.

Life is a Humbug only because we make it so. We are frauds because we are fools. This is a beautiful, a glorious world, fit habitation for sons of the Most High God. It is a fruitful mother at whose fair breast all her children may be filled. There should be never a Humbug nor a hypocrite, never a millionaire nor a mendicant on the great round globe. Labor should be but healthful exercise to develop the physical man—to furnish forth a fitting casket for the goldlike mind, appropriate setting for the immortal soul. The curse of life arises from a misconception of its significance. We delve in the mine for paltry gems, explore old ocean's deeps for pearls; we toil and strive for gold until the hand is worn and the heart is cold; we attire ourselves in Tyrean purples and silks of India and strut forth in our gilded frippery on the narrow bridge of time between the two eternities; we despoil the thin purses of the poor to erect brazen altars and priceless fanes, when the whole earth's a sacred shrine, the universe a temple through which rings the voice of God and rolls the eternal melody of the spheres.

Perhaps it is unnecessary to state that I'm not posing as a saint. I may eventually become an angel—of some sort—but I'll never wear wings. We are accustomed to think of seraphs flying from heaven to earth, flitting from star to star—irrespective of the fact that feathers are useless where there's no atmosphere. An angel working his wings to propel himself through a vacuum were as ridiculous as a disembodied spirit riding a bike down a rainbow.

I do not expect to reform all Humbugs, to banish all Fakes, to exterminate all Folly. If the world should get too good I might have to hunt another home. I can understand every crime in the calendar but the crime of greed, every lust of the flesh but the lust for gain, every sin that ever damned a soul but the sin of selfishness. By all the sacred bugs and beasts of ancient Egypt, I'd rather be a witch's cat—or even a politician, and howl in sympathy with my tribe; I'd rather be a

tramp and divide my handouts with one more hungry; I'd rather be a mangy yellow dog without a master and keep the company of my kind, than to be a multi-millionaire, with the blood of a snake, the heart of a beast, and carry my soul, like Pedro Garcia, in my purse.

When I think of the three thousand children in the single city of Chicago without rags to shield their nakedness from the keen north wind, of the ten thousand innocents such as Christ blessed, who die in New York every year of the world for lack of food; of the millions in every country whose cry goes up, night and day to God's great throne—not for salvation, but for soup; not for the robe of righteousness, but for a second-hand pair of pants—and then contemplate those beside whose hoarded wealth the riches of Lydia's ancient kings were but a beggar's patrimony, praying to Him who reversed the law of nature to feed the poor, I long for the power to coin sentences that sear like sulphur-flames, come hot from hell, and weave of words a whip of scorpions to lash the rascals naked through the world.—W. C. Brann.

## Passion for Purity.

Instead of a move toward laxity and license, the desire for divorce may spring and often does from a passion for purity I am well aware, to the average theolog, is quite preposterous. To be honest, to him, is to be absurd. He cares more for the world's approval than for an upright life, free from quarrel, quibble, bickering, and misunderstandings that dwarf, stunt, and finally destroy all that is holiest, purest, and best in man's nature; and never for a moment will he admit that the relationship of the incompatible is the one essential immoral thing in the world.—Elbert Hubbard.

## They Don't Want Them

According to old deeds, the whole tract of land adjacent to the town hall at Watertown, Conn., is saddled with a condition that "no Episcopalians or other sectarians" shall be allowed to build a resi-

dence upon it for themselves.—Exchange. That's nothing. There is a town up in the Boundary, Volcanic City, owned by R. A. Brown, who has the deeds made out that no church people or saloonmen shall be allowed to build on the lots.—Golden Star.

## The Friday Hoodoo.

"And you really believe that Friday is an unlucky day?"

"Huaph! I know it is."

"Washington was born on Friday, and so were Napoleon and Tennyson and Gladstone."

"Yes, and every mother's son of them is dead."

The chief of the Dowie church in Zion City may have formed a secret alliance with Teddy Roosevelt. He has issued orders to his followers that all married couples must produce a child for baptism at least once a year. Elijah evidently knows the value of a full cradle when it comes to running an autocratic gospel mill, although this part of the Dowie creed will work a great hardship upon the aged.

The recent war between Japan and Russia will have a destructive effect upon the Christian religion. If Pagans, from our way of thinking, can excel in war and the making of peace the average man will not be long in thinking we should be importing missionaries from Japan, instead of exporting them to that country. The brown heathens of Japan have dealt a terrible blow to egotistical Christianity.

For allowing solon and chloride baccilli to get in the city water the civic officials of London, in the cent belt, have been accused of criminal negligence. They should move to Fernie where such little matters cut less ice than a bald-headed bachelor at a baby show.

Some men would rather be boss than make money. I know a miner at Coal Creek who quit making \$5 a day digging coal in order to accept at \$3 per diem a position at which he could boss other men.

The 20 cent piece should be suppressed. It has a tendency to create dishonesty in any community.

### The Mother's Poem.

At one time Mrs. Kate Cleary was one of the most talented writers in Chicago. She became the slave of drugs and liquor, and fell dead one day this summer just after her husband was taking away from her their two children, one of whom was the dearest thing to her life. A few days before her death she wrote a poem that breathes a mother's deathless love, and contains some of the sweetest lines ever woven into verse. Here is the poem:

I love the world with all its brave endeavor,

I love its winds and floods, and suns and sands,

But, oh, I love—most deeply and forever—

The clinging touch of timid little hands.

I love the dawn all pearl and primrose glowing.

Or that which covert comes—all wet and gray;

Or the blue gleam through frosty windows showing,

That ushers in the day.

And love of man—the love that's worth the winning.

(Not always worth the keeping, sad to say)—

Because of all the sorrows and the sinning,

Like this—who did betray!

But, oh, above all love for man or story,

Above all friendship for the human race,

Above all nature's passionate great glory,

Give me the sunlight of a little face!

Give me the head against my shoulder lying,

The feel of one soft body close to mine,

The strength to face the world for him—defying

All power—the rest be thine!

But ever still afar the laddie lingers,

And ever still alone do I repine,

While longing for the touch of trusting fingers,

And a little loving hand in mine!

### "One Mo' Chance."

Frederic Morgan Davenport, professor in Sociology at Hamilton College (Clinton, Onedia county,

N. Y.,) has written a study in mental and social evolution entitled "Primitave Traits in Religious Revivals." The author treats revivalism as a sort of religious intoxication and discovers that the manifestations supposed to be caused by the operation of the holy spirit are akin to those exhibited in the ghost dances of the Indians and the emotional orgies of other primitive people. He reckons hypnotic suggestion and imitiveness among the causes of so-called "conversions," and eliminates altogether the supernatural element. He finds no relation to exist between religious emotionalism and morality. To show how much there is of hypnotism and how little of the "true spiritual element" in the process of bringing sinners to repentance he relates the following:

In a little town between Cleveland, Tenn., and Chattanooga, it was the purpose to give a donation to the colored minister. One of the brethren in the church volunteered to make a collection of the offerings from the various homes of the members, and an old colored woman, somewhat well-to-do, loaned her cart and a pair of steers to this brother to facilitate the gathering of the donation goods. After he had been throughout the neighborhood and secured a reasonable load of groceries, provisions, and clothing, he drove off to Chattanooga and sold everything, including the cart and the steers, pocketed the proceeds, and departed for Atlanta on a visit to his relatives. Consternation and then indignation reigned supreme in the home community when it became known that he had gone. After some time the culprit drifted back, in deep contrition, but having spent all. Indignation once more arose to a white heat, and it was determined to give him a church trial without waiting for any legal formality. The day was set, the meeting was crowded; the preacher presided, and after a statement of the charges announced that the accused would be given a chance to be heard. He went forward and took the place of the preacher on the platform. "I ain't got nuffin to say fo' myse'f," he began in a penitent voice; "I'se a po' mis'able sinner. But bredren, so is we all mis'able sinners. An' de good book says we must fergib. How many times, bredren? Till seven times? No, till seventy times

seventy. An' I ain't sinned no seventy times seven, an' I'm jest go' to suggest that we turn this into a forgibness meetin', an' eberybody in dis great comp'ny dat is willin' to fergib me, come up now, while we sing one of our deah ole hymns, an' shake ma hand." And he started one of the powerful revival tunes, and they began to come, first those who hadn't given anything to the donation and were not much interested in the matter anyway, then those who hadn't lost much, and then the others. Finally they had all passed before him except one, and she stuck to her seat. And he said, "Dar's one po' mis'able sinner still lef' dat won't fergib, she won't fergib." (She was the old lady who had lost the steers.) "Now, I sugges' that we hab a sea-on ob prayer, an' gib dis po' ole sinner one mo' chance." And after they had prayed and sung a hymn, the old lady came up too!

### St. Peter in a Charitable Mood.

Two women in Heaven claimed one man newly arrived.

"I was his wife," said one.

"I his sweetheart," said the other.

St. Peter said to the man: "Go down to the Other Place—you have suffered enough."

The perversity of man is peculiar, He invariably gets dry when he lands in a prohibition town, or hits a camp on Sunday where all the bartenders teach Sabbath school, and the gin mills are closed tighter than gum to a schoolmarm's jaw.

No political party is immaculate. They will all steal until a disgusted people turns them out to let another band of grafters at the hay.

During the Nelson fair people from Kossland, Fernie and other places should be warned not to blow out the gas.

### Fruit, Shade and Ornamental Trees

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# The Cent Belt Exposed

By a Nova Scotian. ☺ ☺ ☺ ☺ ☺ ☺ ☺ ☺

There are six millions of people in Canada, and some of them are Canadians. As a rule, in the years gone by, the best, the brightest and brainiest sons of Canada have emigrated to the United States soon after their whiskers began to sprout, because in that great country they found more freedom of action, broader ideas and a bigger price for brains. In the cent belt the average typical Canadian travels in a groove so deep and narrow that in order to see him you have to go down a ladder. He votes and prays as his father did, and imagines that he knows it all. For six days he chases the cent with unswerving velocity and gloats with pride as his pile of coppers grows higher and higher. Upon Sunday he washes up, goes to some gospel mill and erases all his wicked deeds by whooping it for Jesus, and dropping a white chip in the church rake-off. However, there are signs of improvement in eastern Canada, for in the Canadian Magazine we find a fearless article by the Hon. J. W. Longley upon "Moral Heroism." To read such an article in a Toronto publication is like butting into an old friend in a foreign country. Longley says:

"The ordinary man will say, surely Canada is a moral country, as moral at all events as any other country on the globe; and as for religion, are we not a religious people? Does not a church stand in every hamlet; and are not churches multiplied in every village, town and city in this wide Dominion? Certainly, all these things are true, and yet I am going to venture, at the risk of unpopularity to suggest, that the moral fibre of Canada is not up to the ideal standard and that the religion of the Canadian people, in common with the religion of the rest of the English-speaking world, is to a very large extent the outgrowth of a perfunctory system, which, while it utters the formulas, is in a large measure destitute of the vital principles of a religion which recognizes God, eternity and immortality as the great supreme consideration of human beings.

Let us deal for a little with morals. The usual definition of moral-

ity is the conforming from day to day to the usages and customs of civilized life; obeying the law, paying one's debts, and assisting to secure peace and order in the community. All these are good and essential. But is there not another, a higher and an ideal morality to be sought after, to be grasped, to be attained? The ideal morality is that to be derived from the overshadowing principle of love or self-forgetfulness. A morality which derives its force by prompting each individual to seek not the interest of the individual but the interest of others, the interest of the world at large. And such a morality in Canada we have not, and what is worse, the tendency of the general thoughts, views and impulses of the people is not only not to recognize such a morality but to regard the man who ventures to illustrate it as a hopeless and unspeakable lunatic.

In public life Canada is not a nation of moral heroes. It is a nation of opportunists. That man gets to the front easiest and best who conceals his opinion on all dangerous topics, and confines his observations on public life to the tame and judicious platitudes of the moment.

This moral attenuation is not confined to the political field in Canada. It permeates all important functions and all callings. It is found conspicuous in the pulpit. Each Sunday morning's essay is adjusted to suit the tastes of the regnant element in the pews—and thoughts of self-advancement are rarely absent from the minds of those who are preaching the gospel of self-forgetfulness. Professors in universities rarely endanger their professional positions by expositions which run directly opposite to the prevalent views and interests of the governing body. In Great Britain, in France, in Germany, professors of science have gone beyond the process of fumbling stones and discovering new forms of fauna and fossil; they have applied the fresh light obtained by scientific investigation to the great problems which relate to human life and destiny, even though it tends to strike down

cherished beliefs and sacred dogmas. The scientific men of Canada have never yet, so far as I am aware, challenged the thunders of the pulpit by a straight blow at any orthodox error."

## Too High a Price.

A farm laborer who was getting married found that he had not enough money with which to pay the minister's fees. He promised, however, to pay him in potatoes when they were ready for digging up. The minister waited for some time, but no potatoes were forthcoming; so he called upon the man and inquired the reason.

"Well, to tell you the truth, Guvner," was the reply, "I'd like to give you the potatoes, but she ain't worth it.—Harper's Weekly.

## Needless.

The Good Fairy called her assistant and showed her a golden box. "Take this box," she said, "and lock it carefully in the safe. It contains good advice."

"My mistress," replied the assistant, "why should we lock up good advice? No one will ever take it." —Puck.

Why do the newspapers of this province persist in calling the well-known firm of Foss & McDonel, Loss & McDonald?

When Dave Carley got a look at Bordeau he went home and locked up his safe.

## T. G. PROCTER

NELSON, B. C.

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and unimproved, on Koot-  
enay Lake.

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a Specialty.

T. G. PROCTER, NELSON

### The Claim Office.

The office of LOWERY'S CLAIM is in a pleasant locality, one where the sun shines, the birds sing, and the cows do not break in and steal. It is within a few yards of a bank, church, saloon, coffee mill, coffin emporium, and the office of a dynamite factory. It is bounded on the east by a potato patch, on the west by a sidewalk, on the north by a brass band college, while to the south the Board of Trade building silently stands guard, like a stranded ship in still water. There is hope before the door but none inside, and the hay on the lawn has just recently departed this life through the medium of a dull sickle in the hands of a tall chunk of the Yellow Peril.

There is no water barrel or bulldog around the premises, and peaceful citizens can come in with ads and flowers for the editor without taking any chances of being drowned or masticated by a dog.

Warlike fire-eaters who call at the office for the express purpose of making the editor change his mind must leave their guns, tomahawks and bottles at the saloon on the corner. I am now living in a plastered palace, and will take no chances of having the wall and furniture leaded by any Yahoo in search of a panacea for ennui at my expense. I do not mind my columns being occasionally leaded, but that is the limit. I cannot afford to give the landlord any excuse for raising the rent by allowing parsons or anyone else to come in and shoot up the place. In addition to this I have a big gun on top of the safe, but its ability is reserved especially as a line of argument against collectors for the heathen, and mining experts who do not use the proper shade of yellow upon their leggings.

Old friends of mine are welcome when they stampede to this paradise to tether their cayuses on the lawn, but they must stretch no bearskins on the rose bushes, nor fry any porcupine steaks upon my editorials. The bushes are full of tenderfeet, and their feelings must not be shattered.

No rough rider or mule skinner will be allowed to ride his broncho full tilt into my print shop, pitch his sombrero at the piano, nor poke cigar butts into the canary bird's cage. Hard rock miners are re-

quested not to drill any holes in our marble counter, but the gumboot chaps from the sluice country can always leave their dust with the cashier.

Visitors, while in the office are not permitted to deal stud poker, sing psalms, say their prayers, drink out of a pocket magazine or spit tobacco juice on the Brussels.

Nelson's leading excitement intends to paint the name of this great country around the world, and the editor expects the public to keep him well supplied with colors. Ads, subs and job work in abundance make the finest tints.

Come in with your paint.

### Things Not Done.

The tariff commission met in Nelson last week and failed to do anything with the following important matters:

No tariff was put on Joan Houston.

No way was pointed out to operate the Slocan mines without money.

No duty was put on mining experts.

No express company was censured for its high rates.

No Tory was prohibited from leaving the country.

No prize was put up for the baby show.

No bounty was granted for editors.

No prayers were said, or psalms sung at the meetings.

No remedy was found for the greed of the Manitoba farmer.

Not a cent of duty was put on imported jugs or smelter smoke.

No duty was put on Yankee parsons or foreign missionaries.

No scheme was provided whereby the consumer escapes the greed of the protected.

Nothing was murmured about the Liberals being free traders.

The duty upon paper, type, presses and printer's ink did not even raise a whisper.

A seat in the New York Stock Exchange sold last week for \$84,000. I could have bought the same seat in 1882 for \$35,000, and by not doing so have lost another \$49,000. By-the-way, a seat seems to be a misnomer, for there is no place to sit down in the Exchange. It contains just a bare floor, over

which the "bulls" and "bears" prance and tear like cowboys at a Calgary round-up.

A scout from Zion City has been talking to the people of Nelson lately in spite of the fact that one of the local parsons has been squirting cold water over him. There are many good points in Dowie's creed, although many of the older churches do not like to see him butting in after the preserves.

Mulock makes strange laws. If a boxholder takes a letter out of the postoffice that does not belong to him he is liable to a fine of \$200, but no provision is made for punishing the clerk who puts a letter in the wrong box. Perhaps through the lowness of his salary he is immune.

Kootenay should get millions every year from tourists, but for lack of advertising we only get a few thousands. It does not pay to keep your light under a barrel. Put it in LOWERY'S CLAIM, and the world will clap its hands with joy.

Japan is behind Canada in one respect. It suspends newspapers for bucking the government.

**J. BARBER, L. D. S. D. D. S.**

**DENTIST**

**FERNI, B. C.**

**The McDonald-Simpson Co.**

Limited Liability.

**Wholesale Commission Merchants & Manufacturers' Agents.**

REPRESENTING

The Lumsden Roller Mills  
The Wapella Roller Mills  
Lever Brothers "Sunlight Soap"  
Dalton Brothers "Dish-towel" Soap  
The Vogel Packing Co.  
The Baltimore Lime M'f'g Co.  
The Manitoba Canning Co.  
The W. & R. Jacob Co., Ltd.,  
Biscuit manufacturers  
The Guelph Foundry Co., Ltd.  
The "Armor" Co., Ltd.  
The Moyie Mill & Lumber Co.  
The Hygiene Kola Wine Co.

Fruit and Produce of all kinds  
Correspondence Solicited.

**P. O. Box 363. Calgary, Alta.**

# Fuming, Frenzied Fernie

The Nearest Place to Hades in Canada. ☺ ☺ ☺ ☺

Fernie is a coal town high up in the Rockies of British Columbia, and about 200 miles east of Nelson. It is estimated that the coal in the mountains around it is worth 36 billions of dollars on a basis of \$2 a ton. As a subsidy for building a four or five million dollar railroad the government gave this vast wealth away. As a steal from the people it certainly backs everything against the granite that the world has ever known. This vast wealth is now being exploited by the Crow's Nest Pass Coal Company, one of the most tricky, greedy and autocratic corporations that ever fastened its hook into any community. With its subsidiary companies it seeks to make all the people within its territory crawl along the Brussels and kiss its pedal extremities. Miners, merchants, parsons, innkeepers, and even the bedraggled courtesan are alike expected to bow in submission to its lust for gain and power. It muzzles the press with patronage, and turns the City Council by bluffs and promises into a band of grovelling idiotic toadies, unfit to govern the destinies of a hog ranch, let alone the public affairs of a young western city. The present City Council of Fernie is the rankest failure that ever disgraced the municipal annals of Canada, and if the rate-payers were less imbued with fear of the Coal Company they would long ago have pushed their pseudo legislative abortions into the oblivion of private mediation.

The Great Cinch, as the Crow's Nest Pass Coal Company and its feelers might fitly be called, is a menace to the individuality and independence of all those whom dwell within the shadow of its patronage. Its Czaric methods breed slavery, toadyism, corruption and rebellion. Its greed has no limit, and aims to devour everything reachable. Its gold-lined stomach never vomits, and its appetite requires no quassia chips. It sucks everything in like a hog making a night attack upon a swill barrel. It has given the Trites, Wood Company the exclusive right to keep stores in the colliery towns of Michel, Coal Creek and Carbonado, and many of the

miners in these towns stand so much in awe of the Great Cinch that for fear of losing their jobs they are afraid to openly buy in their own names goods from stores in Fernie. Surely fear is a great conqueror.

The Great Cinch seeks the control of all municipal utilities in Fernie with a minimum cost to itself. It allowed the mud-brained City Council to pay thousands of dollars last winter for legal expenses in the telephone fight without shedding a tear. By obtaining control of the telephone business it has greatly weakened Fernie's prospects for obtaining long distance telephonic connection, and works the screws on new customers by charging \$12.50 for installing a telephone, as against \$5 in the high-priced city of Nelson. Its fight for control of the city water system this summer has driven many of the citizens to the apex of insanity, and when fire cremated much of their property for lack of a proper water supply and fire fighting system it is a wonder that the infuriated populace did not take the bluffing bully who acts as mayor and rub his swelled head into the ashes of their burned buildings, together with some of the slavish minions who act as aldermen and fight women with their jaws. But the people of Fernie seem, with a few exceptions, to be devoid of that spirit which demands liberty or death. The Coal Company spits on them and then rubs it in. It charges \$2.50 a tap for water that at times would make even an Arabian hobo gag to drink it. Last winter the Great Cinch turned on the water from the dam in the creek below Coal Creek, and furnished the meek and lowly citizens of Fernie with a fluid polluted with ammonia from horse stables, the pumpings from coal tunnels, the drainings of wash-houses, and the choice effluvium of cesspools. For such a damnable act the Great Cinch should have been arrested for an attempt to murder and rob its slaves at the same time. It merely advertised the fact with a few dodgers recommending the boiling of the water, and the awe-stricken

Fernieites swallowed the horrible beverage like a drunken Blackfoot guzzling red ink. In addition to supporting such a high-priced typhoid promoter the city of Fernie has lost over half a million dollars in 16 months for lack of an efficient supply of water for fire fighting purposes, and still scores of people in that burg of calamity bend in worship to The Great Cinch as though it was GOD, and all else the mere dross of nothingness. This proves that some of the human race are like dogs. The more you castigate them the more will they sink in the dust and lick the dust from your boots.

I ran a newspaper for 9 months in Fernie, and gained an experience that is valuable. It was like spending a few months in the 16th century. The effect of a one-company town is plainly seen upon the inhabitants. Only a few of the inhabitants own their souls, the Coal Company and the church holding the principal mortgages. Many of the people are deeply religious and will kiss a priest's hand on the street. Fear, ignorance, superstition, envy, jealousy, greed, and hatred are found in abundance. Snobbery is rampant, and even in what is called the upper ten the odor of the iodide potassium is rather strong. The best society is largely flavored with codfish, although, like violets in Gehenna or angels in Sodom, a few noble men and women live in brave resignation amid such a desert of gross materialism. Before I reached the Canadian hades the knockers were out with their hammers sounding the alarm. Gordon, who was dealing the Presbyterian game in the city at that time, devoted a sermon to me in which he stated that my coming was a great evil to Fernie. Great Scott! I held just the reverse opinion. It was rather unkind of Gordon to hammer a man he did not know, but then, a parson brought up on infant damnation is liable to be severe and sincere at the same time. As the founder of Gordon's church burned a rival at the stake for holding a different opinion I do not feel sore because he merely burned my name in words emanating from a liver made rotten by wrong living. I have never been wicked enough to believe in infant damnation, and consider that the Power great enough to guide this planet is not fiendish

enough to eternally roast innocent children in the flames of hell simply because some creed ceremony was not performed over them ere the spark of earthly life had fled forever. All parsons, even Presbyterians, are not alike. While I lived in New Denver, Mr. McColl presided over the Presbyterian flock in the beautiful Lucerne of North America. Mac always had a cheery word for everybody, and I often wondered how he became a Presbyterian. He was the first man to come to my office with a bag of nickels for the sufferers by the great explosion in Fernie years ago, and it was then that I saw that his soul was white. I never was in his church, yet when he was leaving New Denver he came and bade me good-bye, saying that although we differed in some view points we were both working for the benefit of humanity. Since then I have thought that when I get past St. Peter I will be sure of shaking hands with at least one Presbyterian in the plaza before the great white throne. In spite of Gordon's torrid prediction about the evil I would be to Fernie such did not prove to be the case. It is true that I set the bulldog upon the City Council and bought Tom Whelan three gin flizes, but no sane individual would condemn me for these strenuous deeds. It is also true that I never entered a church, looked at a deuce in the hole or chased a high ball in the dry moments of the morning. Such a record was never before made in a western mining town.

During my exile in Fernie I was often amused at the antics of Freddy Stork. He is mayor of the city, and has a well-defined ledge of pork running through his ego. In appearance Freddy looks something like a chunk of lard pressed into the appearance of a man. His face is rather pleasing, although it resembles an overgrown pancake, while the sag in his ears indicate the spirit that fights so bravely when protected by petticoats. His walk reminds one forcibly of a Bowery tough at a picnic, while his mental actions closely resemble those of a Syphax. Freddy was extremely rude to me at times, and would not allow any troupe to play in what he called his opera house if they advertised in my paper. Like all slaves it hurt his feelings to have a free man in the

camp, and in true jasad fashion he hoisted the flag of the fool—the boycott. Freddy is fond of soldier clothes, and cannot refrain from occasionally wearing them on the Sawbath. The miners around Fernie are under the impression that the local militia is kept alive for the purpose of cowing them in the case of a strike, and their aversion to the organization is so strong that it injures the trade of every business man in Fernie. My friend Freddy no doubt dreams of the day when he can boldly charge upon a bunch of unarmed miners and have his name stuck in the tin hero annals. Unless he owns an extra pair of pantaloons I would advise him never to lead a charge against anything that is loaded. I have no animosity against Freddy. Prof. Haeckel tells us that the highest civilization is only 22 stages from the monad, and if Freddy is several laps behind he must not be blamed any more than we blame a monkey for stealing peanuts. After Fernie's blundering mayor has been re-incarnated a few times he will become a splendid fellow and see all men through a different pair of eyes. At present his vision is dimmed by the barbaric mud and muck that clings to his upper stope like a swarm of flies to a spill of molasses.

W. O. Robins, better known as "Fatty," is another relic of the paleozoic age that we met in Fernie. Fatty is a squabby looking individual made up something like a bologna sausage filled with wind in the middle. He is evidently a lineal descendant of Judas and Ananias. Fatty is one of the smoothest liars that ever sold junk to a tenderfoot or took the name of noble women in vain. He is a despicable coward, one of those slimy human reptiles that crawl in the grass and strike you in the back. He went from store to store in Fernie boycotting me and imploring the merchants to withdraw their patronage from my paper. The poor fool! The harpoon of just criticism must have sunk deep into his lying soul.

Steve Wallace is another one of the aldermen whose mind cannot rise above the fleshpots. Steve has a handsome poker face, and knows the value of every hand from a kilter to a royal flush. His knowledge of finesse should make him a great alderman, but this advantage

is overshadowed by his extreme selfishness. It is Steve first, with the city or the world a poor second.

This is enough about Fernie for one issue, and leaves plenty of material for future pen pictures of the other mislegislators and local celebrities.



### The Boy's Predicament

One of our readers, whose veracity is above question, tells the following: The terrible news comes from the western part of the Cherokee nation that a boy climbed a cornstalk to see how the corn was getting along, and now the stalk is growing up faster than the boy can climb down. The boy is clear out of sight. Three men have undertaken to cut the stalk down and save the boy from starvation, but it grows so fast that they can't hack twice in the same place. The boy is living on nothing but raw corn, and already has thrown down four bushels of cobs.—Checotah (I. T.) Times.



### Plunkett's Toast.

Col. Dick Plunkett, the brawny western plainsman and ex-United States marshal, now living in this city, is called upon at every assemblage for a toast, roast or epigram, in which he wittily abounds. At the Hotel Breslin recently in response to repeated calls, Colonel Dick arose and lifting his glass said:

"Here's to the happiest hours of my life.  
Spent in the arms of another man's wife—  
My mother, God rest her."

# The Fernie Ledger

FERNIE, B. C.

Is the best newspaper in the Crow's Nest Pass coal region. Two dollars per annum.

D. V. MOTT, Editor.

# The Capture of Sunday

By the Lord's Day Alliance.

The Lord's Day Alliance is an organization composed of men who believe, sincerely or otherwise, that Sunday is not a day for labor or pleasure. Thoroughly imbued with that idea they are doing all in their power to enact legislation for the purpose of closing everything on Sunday except the churches, and the works of nature. To their credit it must be said that, much as they revere Sunday, they are making no attempt to have the sun quit shining on that day, the crops stop growing, the birds cease singing or the ocean let upon its rolling. They claim that God instituted Sunday as a day of rest, but such is not the case. Man has made it to suit his own convenience, for every day is Sunday in some part of the world. Just a matter of law and custom in each country, and Constantine, a pagan ruler of Rome, passed the first legislation prohibiting the doing of certain things on that particular day. This was in the year 325 A. D., and since that time cranks of many kinds have had a whack at the business through a variety of motives and pretexts. The plea set forth by the drummers of the movement in Canada is that the legislation sought is for the good of the toiler by assuring him one day's rest in seven. I understand that Moore and Shearer, the principal boosters and traveling agitators for the movement, get from \$2,000 to \$3,000 a year for their services, and in their eagerness to earn this big bunch of money they often work upon the very day that they claim none others should labor. This is what the rude call gall.

Liberty and freedom are two of the greatest blessings that man can possess, and in order to obtain them a heap of fighting against church and kings has been done in the past. It is better that we all die from booze than have one man quit by compulsion, and so it is better that we all die from overwork rather than have even one little boy thrown into prison for selling a newspaper on Sunday. Freedom has had to swim many a river of blood to reach the shores of liberty, and I hate to see the lasso

of slavery thrown at it by any band of paid agitators. Legislation against the flow of natural forces is a curse to any country, and must end in failure. The lash may cow the brute, but it cannot whip a free soul into subjection.

Few are opposed to the cessation of labor on Sunday, but the many dislike any compulsion in the matter. The majority like to pass the day according to their own tastes, and not according to the dictation of any class of day worshipers. The Lord's Day Alliance is a good deal like a cow that fills a pail with milk, and then kicks it over. Given its own sweet way and the "blue laws" would soon be reincarnated, double their original size. Give tyrants plenty of rope and the end is death to themselves or the people. Both cannot exist very long in the same air. In Canada the L. D. A. claims that its fight is wholly on account of love for the toiler, but such is not the truth. It is simply a scheme of dying orthodoxy to shut out all opposition upon one day in order to give the parsons an easier and better chance to blow the hot air of fear and superstition through every community. Their aim is plain as day to all unbiased thinkers.

Regular habits and moderation in all things will make every toiler a happy and prosperous man. The lack or excess of work are alike injurious. Work should be but exercise executed with enthusiasm. Too much of it soon makes us a Dead Thing, even with Sunday off. It is like drinking aged rye. One big drink will rush you into heaven, but twenty-five will lower you below the ice box in hell. We should work every day that we eat, and not too much upon any day. If the L. D. A. will use its time and money by splitting up Sunday and spreading it over the other six days the world of labor will sing with joy. It is better to have seven, merry, joyful days than six groaning with wage slavery, and the seventh tied to a church door like crepe to the house where someone is dead.

This is a red lemonade week for

the people of Nelson. The annual Fair is rousing exclamations of joy and admiration, while LOWERY'S CLAIM has just fluttered down from among the angels, like a white flower from heaven, loaded with honey for the good, and thorns for the wicked.

In America eight hours has been hung on the hook, and the printers are making a rush to reach it. The law of compensation makes all things equal, so the bosses are already marking up the price of job printing.

At the Labor Day celebration in Cranbrook the Miners' Union of Moyie refused to March in the procession with the militia from Fernie. They must have got a glimpse of Freddy Stork in his soldier clothes.

Another reason why tourists should come to British Columbia. We have yellow metal, and many yellow people, but no yellow fever. Foci cannot exist in the glorious climate of British Columbia.

LOWERY'S CLAIM is capable of advertising Nelson, Kootenay and British Columbia more than anything else within the confines of this great and glorious province. Butt in with something.

Big Bill has returned to Nelson safe and sound, but Big Jim is still at Spence's Bridge. Bill is thoroughly western and this journal nominates him for Dominion minister of mines.

Last week Nelson was full of Grit editors and politicians, but nothing was stolen in this city except a few hours of sleep. The citizens of Nelson are great newspaper readers.

It is easier for a Jap to go through St. Petersburg than it is for a delinquent subscriber to enter heaven.

The juggernaut of machine politics had no fender when it struck A. C. Garde.

The man who intends to pay generally drives a close bargain.

A deadbeat would pay as quickly by any other name.

### Gamblers in Petticoats

However much good people may deplore the gambling craze that exists among many women in Spokane, Vancouver, Frisco and other towns and cities in the west, it can be urged in their favor that they do not go the pace at such a rate as was the custom among feminine card shufflers of the upper ten in England a century or two ago. In London, a century ago or less, many ladies moving in the highest circles of society were frequently fined for running games in their own houses. They were a gay set of girls in those days, and often when morning broke the floor of their drawing rooms would be littered with cards, a la Reco street during the boom days of Sandon. Nearly all the top notchers in the social world ran her own faro bank, and it was often a strenuous affair to stay in the social swim, and keep cases on your bank account. The pink teas of modern days are not in it. Thousands of pounds were lost or won in a night, and even the prince and princesses often copped the king and played the ace open.

During the days of George the Second ladies of the highest rank opened gambling houses and ran everything wide open in defiance of the law, until the House of Lords stepped in and turned the box over. Then the high rollers put their chips back in the rack, and sought other mad ways of wasting time and money. Tit-Bits says:

"A typical story of the time which illustrates the hold gambling had on some women is that of the lady, of whom Goldsmith tells us, who insisted on playing a game of cribbage with the clergyman who had come to soothe her dying hours. She won every penny her spiritual adviser had with him, and was dealing for a final game, in which the parson's stake was her own funeral expenses, when she expired.

And whatever age and almost whatever country we choose we find the same tale of female gambling. Thus a diarist in Charles II's reign writes: "I was told to-night that my Lady Castlemaine is so great a gamester as to have won £15,000 in one night and lost £25,000 in another night at play, and has played £1000 and £1500 at a cast." Cardinal Mazarin's niece,

we learn, won at basset of Nell Gwyn 1400 guineas in one night, and of the duchess of Portsmouth above £8000, "in doing which she exerted her utmost cunning, and had the greatest satisfaction, because they were her rivals in the royal favor."

Anne Boleyn was an inveterate gambler, as the privy purse expenses of her royal husband abundantly testify; and indeed Catherine of Aragon was the only one of Henry's half dozen wives who had not a passion for the card table. "Your noble wife," Erasmus once said to Henry, "spends that time in reading the sacred volume which other princesses occupy in cards and dice." Queen Mary carried her infatuation for cards to the extent of wagering her personal attire on them; Mary II was so wedded to the pastime that she would play continuously from Saturday to Monday; while her sister, Queen Anne, in spite of her persistent, ill-luck, frequently sat up the whole of the night playing basset for heavy money."

### The Title Burden.

Those who wear crowns or sit in high places have much that is tiresome to contend with in the administration of public affairs. For instance, the governor general of Canada has to listen to the following flow of titles when an address is read to his excellency:

"To His Excellency, the Right Honorable Sir Albert Henry George, Earl Grey, Viscount Howick, Baron Grey, Howick in the County of Northumberland, in the Peerage of the United Kingdom, Grand Cross of the most distinguished Order of Saint Michael and St. George, etc., etc.

To be compelled to listen to the above every little while would drive almost any man into a frenzy, unless he is inured to hardship, and I often wonder how His Excellency stands the strain. Surely he must prefer to be addressed in as few words as possible, and not have his entire pedigree read out every time some little group of his beloved subjects get him on a platform and hand out the oratorical honey.

In changing the passenger into a mixed train, between Nelson and Northport, the officials of the S. F. & N. have deeply wounded the

dignity of this city. The wisdom of such economy is doubted by those familiar with the advantages of the long haul.

In the past the C. P. R. has treated LOWERY'S CLAIM as contra-brand goods, and prohibited its news agents from selling it on the trains. Just when the semaphore will be turned no one knows.

The tariff commission met in Nelson last week, and it is a safe bet that everyone who appealed to it had a selfish motive tugging at his heart.

The peace between Japan and Russia has its dark side. It gives the Czar another chance to tighten the collars upon his millions of down-trodden people.

The greatest baby show ever held this far west will be on in Nelson this week, and the judges have not called out the militia.

A rare jewel is the man who never breaks his word or bond in business affairs.

D. V. Mott is rapidly becoming the Horace Greeley of East Kootenay.

Pork, tobacco and booze are barred out of Zion city.

**For Views of British Columbia SCENERY see**  
**Wadds Bros, Nelson, B. C.**

### Sharpe & Irvine

MINING  
BROKERS.

Real Estate and Insurance Agents

NELSON, B. C.

### The Hotel Slocan

THREE FORKS, B. C.

Is the leading hotel of the city. Mountain trout and game dinners a specialty. Rooms reserved by telegraph.

HUGH NIVEN, Proprietor.

# An Untrimmed Genius

One Peck Bigger Than Some Bushels. ☞ ☞ ☞ ☞

Peck McSwain has drifted into Golden with a new suit of clothes, and hitched his genius to a Star. Peck is a humorist, not machine-made, but one from whom his own brand of humor gushes like juice from a gashed watermelon. Humor to be genuine must spring from the soul spontaneously, like mushrooms in a meadow, and cannot be forced like a pump jerking beer. It ebbs and flows according to environment, inspiration, and the condition of the producer's internal anatomy and upper stoppe. Peck has all the marks of a poet and humorist. There are days when he dare not eat lest coarse materialism bespatter mud upon the angelic thoughts that embryonically nestle in his gray matter. There are days when he dare not drink for fear that the energetic high ball will lift the curtain and display before his imaginative vision all the shifting scenes of a panoramic mauagerie. There are other days when Peck dare not look upon water for fear that it maketh him gag, and cry aloud for mercy.

Peck is more generous than a Carnegie, for time and time again he has given away his entire fortune to keep some brother print from dying of thirst, or suffering from prolapsus of the stomach that necessarily camps upon the trail of an aching vacuum. In his fondness for dumb animals he greatly resembles George Angels of the cultured, beany and blue-socked city of Boston. Years ago Peck was working on the Sandon Pay-streak when the sheriff hit the camp with a blue paper and Tuck the editor to jail for having passed some remarks in a green paint shade anent the judiciary of this glorious province of fish, fruit, flowers and flossy politicians. At this crisis in the history of Sandon's famous "blue print" I assisted Peck to get out the paper, and keep the other sheriff from touching the lever that was moving the silver city at that time, and soon discovered that Peck was feeding all the stray cats, dogs and other hobo animals that wandered through the gulch. At certain intervals in the day the print shop

presented a strange and animalated appearance. Under the rotary two or three attenuated kittens would be taking a condensed milk course out of the lye-pot, while in the corner the parson's dog wrestled with some of the goods that have made Pat Burns famous. Out on the lawn a bear cub would be chewing roller composition with a couple of mountain goats butting in, while a little dear from the hotel up the road ran to and fro with a can of beer for a tourist who was slowly dying in the back room from hydraemia. On the table a crow would be eating paste, while over in the "hell-box" a brood of chickens were filling up on "pi." Such sights I may never again see, and amid it all Peck was bappy until the parson's dog died from appendicitis, and his Dutch landlord presented him with a bill of \$9 000 for extra grub. Peck paid the bill, and left the city never to return.

## A Small Boy's Diary.

There is a certain nine-year-old kid in this city who is keeping a diary. The book was given him last Christmas by a relative, and his father had forgotten all about it until he accidentally found the volume the other day. Curious to see what his small son had written in it, he opened the book and found that the diary had been faithfully kept. Here are a few of the entries:

"I am 9 years old today. Looked in the glass, but whiskars ain't sproutin' yet."

"Sassed a boy. Got lickt."

"Pop borrid ten cents for car fare, that makes \$1.15 he owes me. Wonder if Ill ever get it."

"Jimmy — stole my ball. I lickt him for it."

"Ast Pop for some of my money and he giv me a nickil. I want that doler."

"We feloes got up a baseball club today. Ime picher. If I had that doler 15 I could get a uniform."

"Pop got paid today and giv me my money."

"Mamma borrid a doller. Dam

these people anyway. A feloe cant save nothin'."

"Ast Pop about banks. I want to put my money ware carfair ain't so skarse."

"Got lickt again."

There was more of this, but "Pop" had read enough. As a result there was a conference, and now the arrangement is to pay 5 per cent a week interest and sett'e every payday. The kid got his "uniform." — Philadelphia Telegraph.

## The Only Way.

Mamma—Tommy, dear, you mustn't be so naughty. When mamma tells you not to touch the jam, you should obey her. What would you do if your mamma should be taken away from you?

Tommy—Die?

Mamma—Yes, dear.

Tommy—I'd eat that jam then, you bet!

The Kootenay, in Sandon, is one of the most famous hotels in the silvery Slocan. Its door has not been locked for ten years, and in all that time none of the nerve bracers have carried much water in their formation.

Colonel Henry Watterson denies the imputation that he grows mint back of his printing office in Louisville. The colonel lives in Kentucky and swallows his whiskey in its virgin purity.

We all have our troubles. Lady Minto cannot wear her furs in India, and the editor of Nelson's leading excitement cannot buy coal this winter for \$3.50 a ton.

Billy Hearst has no intention of starting a daily paper in Nelson, although he occasionally drops a line or two to the fish around this earthly paradise.

The red curtains have been torn down in Calgary, and the Eye-Opener is sore at the moral reformers who imagine that lopping off branches kills the root.

It is no disgrace to saw wood, pile bricks or edit an newspaper. The disgrace comes when any work is not well done.

### They Do Not Mix.

Bishop Potter's "Subway Tavern" in New York has gone out of business after running a year proving that mixing gin with Jesus is not a social or commercial success, in that great city. Potter opened this gospel booze mill with prayer, but even that was powerless to keep the theologic tavern from tottering away back and tumbling into the cemetery of exploded fads and fancies. New York is not yet civilized enough, or else too much so to sip cocktails while the bartender sings, "Jesus Pays It All." The opening of this experimental wet grocery must have been a chic affair. Just imagine a fat bishop down on his knees in the full blaze of the barkeep's diamonds beseeching his God to step in for a few minutes and take the broken hearts out of the rum bottles. It was slightly infra dig although some egotistical bishops probably imagine that God will do anything they say. Just imagine a few hours later a band of night hawks clinking glasses to the tune of "Nearer My God To Thee" while, perhaps at the back door some ragged waif is sadly saying, "Dear Daddy, Come Home With Me Now." Oh! No, you cannot mix gin with Jesus even if Christ did change water into wine during the early days, and it is not likely that many more saloons in America will be opened with prayer, although at stated intervals the churches will still use a little red wine.

### Just Like Fernieites.

A slave's one duty is to win freedom at any cost. And this fury to be free is the highest and first quality both for animals and man. For there is absolutely no other soil in which true virtues can grow. The virtues that bud in any form of servitude are spurious. Nor is chance and fortunate freedom that priceless soil of virtue; it is the will and furious courage to preserve freedom at any cost and in face of all invasions which is its sure and only soil. Every virtue grown in servility contains the ingredients of servility. A servile thing is not a man, but only the false mimicry of one. He can do nothing and be nothing as a real man would. He has committed the irretrievable character of fault

of suffering himself to be wrenched out of manhood into slavehood, whereafter he conforms no longer to the high, true, free laws of his soul, but moulds his being to his false state and to the compelling will of abasers.—M. I. Swift.

### Passin' Away.

The age of miracles belongs to the childhood of humanity, just as the stories of fairies, Santa Claus and of a Cinderella belong to the childhood of the individual. The age in which it is possible for men to believe in miracles is lifting its lingering shadows from all civilized lands, and will soon be ancient history to all men. The age of priests and kings is the age of brute force and ignorance; an age in world history in which the pride and selfishness of the few make chattels and devotees of the rest of mankind.—B. E. Austin.

### Being Rapidly Extirpated.

Johanny: Pa, what is hell?  
Pa: The vermiform appendix of theology. Many doctors remove it entirely.

### Quite Orthodox.

Charles: Your uncle is a very religious man, I understand.  
Henry: O, yes, indeed! He positively hates everybody who belongs to any other church than his own.—Boston Transcript.

"Marriage," said Smith, "is like a pair of shears, so jointed that they cannot be separated, moving in opposite directions, yet punishing everything that comes between them."

With all his big game experience Teddy Roosevelt has never tackled the tiger in Sandon, or took a shot at the white elephants around Three Forks. These joys are yet to come.

In 30 years experience with printers I have never had one of them ask me the way to the nearest saloon, and only one in all those years where the parson lived.

P. A. O'Farrell would like to make his home in Moyie. He

must have met John Daly or sat on the taffy bower with Jim Cronin.

One would think that the saloons in Vancouver could not make a living. The people of that great city are seldom dry.

A despatch from Fernie states that peace with Japan has not yet lowered the price of coke in that part of Russia.

A revolution could easily be started in England. Just take the marmalade from the breakfast table.

Lord Minto should do well in India. He has had one steambat led after him in British Columbia.

In these days of veneered society is it chivalric for a poker player to raise his hand against a woman?

In England, not many years ago, it was considered bad form to eat ground oats for breakfast.

The fact seems to be still apparent that Adam and Eve did not attend church regularly.

An over indulgence in Scotch and soda has often brought company to many a lonely soul.

The Slocan will zinc or swim after the government experts get through it.

The Lord finds many parsons deaf when he calls them to a poor parish.

## The Hotel Dallas

LETHBRIDGE, Alberta,

Is the home for commercial tourists in that city. The appointments of this hotel are equalled by few in the great west. It is heated by steam, the dining service is excellent and every guest receives courteous treatment.

C. J. ECKSTORM & CO., PROPRIETORS.

PERFUME THE OZONE BY  
SMOKING A

Mainland Cigar

# Light From Wisconsin

By Dudley S. Crandall.

I well remember the time when to be so much as suspected of infidelity was to be regarded as outside the pale of decent society, while today to be an "infidel" is really an honorable distinction, and there are many like myself who come right out into the open and denounce the whole priestly business as a scurvy fraud for which those engaged in it should be sent to the rock-pile just like any other gold-brick swindlers. One of these days all of us will regard this matter just as I do, for men are doing a great deal of thinking for themselves now-a-days. As for those who continue to make a pretense of affiliating with the church, many of them do so merely through the force of habit and because they imagine that in order to be "religious" they must at least profess to believe something, although that something is monstrously incredible. Once in a while a minister forgets himself and tells the truth about church-goers. Not long ago the Rev. Dr. J. M. Buckley said:

"Persons come to church, some because it is the house of God; others because they were brought up to do so. Some think it respectable to be there, and not respectable not to be there. In every audience, in my opinion, at least 10 per cent of the men are skeptics. \* \* \* Talk about converts. You ought to call them 'manifestors.' They give a show of hands, or they sign cards. Then they go out and forget all about it."

It was this same Dr. Buckley who remarked: "If Quo Vadis had not the pretense of religion it would be seized by Anthony Comstock."

Millions of dollars have been spent in sending missionaries to China, yet it is admitted by clergymen themselves that after all their expense and trouble that they have not yet secured even one true convert to christianity in the yellow empire. They have made some "rice christians"—that is, converts who are kept in line with daily rations of rice, but who backslide as soon as their food supply is stopped; but this is the most they have accomplished after all these years of labor and their vast ex-

penditure of money. And yet they keep right on taking the coppers from little children and robbing their toy savings banks under the pretext that they are engaged in trying to make the "heathen Chinese" as good, virtuous and pious as themselves. It would be highly interesting to know just what those alleged heathen think of these alleged christians when they compare their professions with their practice. Recently John A. Howland, in the Chicago Tribune, declared that the entire business world of that city is honey-combed with lies; that you can not believe a word of anything said by a man where his own interests are concerned. Thirty years ago, while I was in Chicago, I one day remarked to a brother who was running a job printing office there that "a man can not do business in this city unless he is a liar," and my brother admitted that it was true. And it is the same in every city and town in this broad land. Lying and fraud permeate the entire commercial world. There is hardly an article on the market that is not adulterated, even to the drugs and medicines. A dispatch in the Milwaukee Journal from Madison says that "Laabs Brothers of Wau-paca were fined \$60 for selling two brands of lemon extracts containing wood alcohol. Commissioner Emery is trying to reach the wholesalers who supply dealers with these goods." A few weeks ago two men in the western part of this state died from drinking some of this same lemon extract, and other deaths have resulted from the same cause in this region. In the city of New York more than three hundred deaths have taken place during the past year from drinking whiskey adulterated with wood alcohol, while others have been made stone blind by the same stuff, it being one of the peculiarities of this alcohol to cause blindness where it does not kill outright. A few years ago one of the big wholesale drug houses, in Baltimore was sued, damages being laid at \$200,000, by persons who had been made blind by using a ginger extract prepared with wood alcohol. There is no

tax on this infernal stuff, which sells at 50 cents a gallon, and so there are soulless scoundrels all over the land who are quite willing to increase their profits by its use, the little matter of causing death or blindness being not worth taking into consideration. And yet it is quite safe to assert that some, if not all of these dealers, are church members in good standing—including Sunday School teachers, and that they contribute toward the maintenance of missionaries in China and other "heathen" lands. Oh, dear! what a nice gang of pharisees and hypocrites we are, to be sure! And how proud God must be to have such laborers working in his vineyard!

Recently a neighbor gave me a copy of the Liberal Review, published in Chicago. There are some good things in it, one of these being "The Papacy," by Judge Parish B. Ladd, in beginning which he says:—

"The Catholic church, in bold defiance of the facts, rests its claim on a continuous line of popes, from Peter down to the present time. Peter is placed at the head of Popedom, as the one having received his credentials direct from Christ. This claim finds Peter a contemporary of the alleged founder of christianity. When we come to the evidence, the very existence of Peter is thrown in doubt. Nothing better than oral tradition, and that from Catholic sources alone, is all we have as to the existence of such a man; even that tradition contradicts itself as to the man's nativity, his labors, or when or where his death. By the application of the most liberal rules of evidence we fail to find that such a man ever existed. The epistles ascribed to him have, by the Higher Criticism, been found to be spurious. They belong to the long line of Catholic forgeries. This myth was not made by the church until the time of Innocent I, (402-417,) who was in fact the first pope. The church, in founding this line or destiny, created Peter out of nothing and threw his time back more than four hundred years. This was done to give age and credibility to the popish claims of apostolic heredity. This system of creating myths and throwing time back for centuries has ever been the common practice of the Catholic church. Like all else from Rome, Peter's early his-

tory is obscure—resting on vague oral tradition. The whole system of popish christianity was of slow growth—most of made to fit the times. In fact the forgeries of the Catholic church mark its pathway all along the line of its history, from its birth to the present time. In its early history Paganism obscured the life of the church and nearly blotted out what little history then existed, for not a single scratch of writing of the first century concerning christianity, its founder or the church, has come down to our time; all which purports to come from the first century is of much later date, thrown back to give age and credit to the system."

But where is the use of telling the dupes of this great fraud that the whole thing is founded upon the most impudent forgeries and upon alleged "traditions" handed down through the ages by an intensely ignorant, superstitious and savage people, not one in many millions of whom knew how to read or write, and who were ready to accept any sort of a statement which promised them a longer existence than they were given on earth. They did not want to think they were like the rest of animal creation. They wanted somebody to tell them that they had "immortal souls" which went to "heaven" when the body perished and lived there forever, and that they were going to loaf around with their hands in their pockets through all eternity. And as there is always a supply whenever there is a demand it naturally followed that there sprang up a sect of confidence-men who assured them that there was a paradise awaiting those who came to church regularly, bringing with them their little contribution for the support of the priests who were able to chalk their hats for a soft seat in front of the "great white throne," golden crowns and harps and hymn-books being supplied by the ushers without extra charge.

Great is Humbug, and the priest is his prophet!

**The Curse of Canada.**

Party politics are a detriment to individual merit, and a menace to the permanent prosperity of any country. All governments should be run on business principles, just the same as a successful merchant

runs his store. The past and present system of government in Canada makes governments dishonest, and creates a pap thirst in the people that is never satisfied. At present the Grits have got the barrel upended, and are using even straws to get the last drop out of it, while around can be seen lean Tories sighing while the water oozes through their lips. After a while the barrel will be empty, and then the myopic voters will fill it up and give the Tories a chance to repeat history. In Canada, after a few more years, wisdom will become rampant, and then party politics will become but an ugly dream of the days when influence was greater than merit, and graft the flower of political economy. A business government is the antidote for a country suffering from political biliousness.

Like toads looking at the morning sun Freddy Stork and Steve Wallace, of Fernie, broke into society the other day by standing on the same platform at Coleman while a local orator delivered an address to Earl Grey and his party. In his official capacity our beloved, but expensive governor general, meets strange company. The despatch does not say anything about Freddy's soldier clothes, or what kind of a card Steve handed His Excellency. Probably a king.

Tainted or tinted money goes at this office. The editor does not believe in visiting the sins of the owner upon the mute and defenceless dollar that passes through his hands.

Express companies deserve to rank with the greatest robbers of the age.

John Houston is a thorough expert in the art of advertising.

Genius is like gold rock. Few know it when they see it.

West Kootenay probably has the best climate in the world.

Advertising is the lever that moves the business world.

Do not lose faith in humanity.

Air is one of the best and cheapest things on earth.

Manitoba this year must be as good as wheat.

The soul never ripens that has not suffered.

The wheels in some heads have missing cogs.

Humor looks foolish to those who no savey.

Jealousy is the thorn in the flower of love.

Fat people should not eat in the evening.

You must give freedom in order to have it.

One speck of ore does not make a mine.

Send your folks a copy of this paper.

The smile is mightier than the frown.

Long life and exercise are brothers.

A kind deed is prayer solidified.

Learn to laugh.

**John Hutchison & Co.**

HEAD QUARTERS FOR  
East Kootenay Timber, Farming  
and Coal Lands.

Correspondence  
Solicited. **CRANBROOK, B. C.**

**STARKEY & CO.**

NELSONS, B. C.

WHOLESALE DEALERS IN  
PRODUCE and PROVISIONS

**S. J. MIGHTON,**  
CRANBROOK, B. C.

has the largest Stock of Pipes, Tobaccoes, Cigars and Smokers' Sundries in the interior of B. C.

Mail Orders Receive Prompt Attention

## LOWERY'S CLAIM

## A HERETICAL CREED.

Whoever was begotten by pure love,  
And came desired and welcomed into life,  
Is of immaculate conception. He  
Whose heart is full of tenderness and  
truth,  
Who loves mankind more than he loves  
himself,  
And cannot find room in his heart for  
hate,  
May be another Christ. We all may be  
The saviors of the world if we believe  
In the divinity which dwells in us  
And worship it, and nail our grosser  
selves,  
Our tempers, greeds and our unworthy  
aims  
Upon the cross. Who giveth love to all,  
Pays kindness for unkindness, smiles for  
frowns,  
And lends new courage to each fainting  
heart,  
And strengthens hope and scatters joy  
abroad,  
He, too, is a Redeemer, Son of God.  
—Ella Wheeler Wilcox.

## Bob's Bible.

Everything that is true, every  
good thought, every beautiful thing,  
every self-denying action: all these  
make my Bible. Every bubble,  
every star, is a passage in my Bible.  
A constellation is a chapter. Every  
shining world is a part of it. You  
cannot interpolate it; you cannot  
change it. It is all the same for-  
ever. My Bible is all that speaks  
to man. Every violet, every blade  
of grass, every tree, every mountain  
crowned with snow, every star that  
shines, every throb of love, every  
honest act, all that is good and  
true combined make my bible, and  
upon that book I stand.—Ingersoll.

## Frenzied Housekeeping

Lot's wife had just turned to  
salt.

"She always would make her  
own preserves," he explained.

That, however, was an extreme  
example of the dangers of frenzied  
housekeeping.—Sun.

Next month (F. P.) LOWERY'S  
CLAIM will have a cover, and prob-  
ably some other improvements.  
Those who wish to advertise should  
remember that the space for that  
purpose is limited, and that procrast-  
ination often makes a larceny of  
time.

Boost or knock this journal.  
Either will suit its editor.

A 2½ horse power gasoline engine  
for sale. Apply at this office.

Job never did any job printing,  
but we do. That's the difference  
between Job and LOWERY'S CLAIM.

It is easy to preach abstinence to  
others when your tank is full of  
food and drink.

If you wish to read this journal  
regularly send in your dollar with-  
out delay.

Cranbrook  
Hotel...

Cranbrook, B. C.

Is convenient to all depots, tele-  
graph offices and banks in the  
city. Special attention paid to  
tourists, commercial and other-  
wise. The cuisine is excellent,  
and all guests receive courteous  
attention. Touch the wire when  
you want rooms reserved.

Hoggarth &amp; Rollins, Proprietors

## E. W. WIDDOWSON

ASSAYER and CHEMIST  
(Late assayer Nelson smelter)

Gold, Silver or Lead, each.....\$1 00  
Copper.....\$1.50 Gold-Silver.....\$1 50  
Charges for other metals on application.

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P. O. Drawer 1108

Tel. phone A67

Blue Prize, Henry Vane, Columbus and  
Havana Ark Cigars are Union cigars, made  
by W. P. Kilbourne & Co., Winnipeg, and sold  
on the road by George Horton.

## HOTELS OUT WEST

The Kaslo Hotel in Kaslo, B. C.  
is the best hotel  
in the city. COCKLE & PAPWORTH.

The Filbert in Sandon, B. C. is a pleas-  
ant home for all travellers.  
BENNETT & BRUDER.

McLeod Hotel, Ymir, B. C. is the  
only first-class hotel  
in the city. Sample rooms.  
FINLAY McLEOD.

The Bartlett is the best \$1 a day hotel  
in Nelson. Only white  
help employed. GEO. W. BARTLETT.

Tremont House, Nelson, B. C., is run  
on the American  
and European plan. Nothing yellow about  
house except the gold in the safe.  
MALONE & TREGILLUS.

Newmarket Hotel is the home for  
all tourists and  
millionaires visiting New Denver, B. C.  
HENRY STEGE.

The Strathcona  
Hotel

Is situated on a slight eminence, just a block from the busy  
scenes on Baker street, and is within easy touch of every-  
thing in the city. From its balconies can be seen nearly  
all the grand scenery that surrounds the beautiful  
city of Nelson. Few hotels in the great west  
equal the Strathcona, and tourists from  
every land will find within its portals  
all the essentials that create pleas-  
ant memories within the  
mind of those who  
travel.

B. TOMKINS, Manager

NELSON, BRITISH COLUMBIA.