

# LOWERY'S CLAIM

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## LOWERY'S CLAIM

Is devoted to Truth, Humor and Justice, and is published monthly at Nelson, B. C., Canada. It is sent, post-paid, to any part of the world for \$1 a year. Advertising rates are \$2 an inch each insertion.

Lowery's Claim has never been raided by the sheriff, railroaded by an indignant populace, nor bulldozed by the brokers who issue tickets on heaven for a consideration. It does not believe in the fall of man, nor the hydra-headed god waved before a long-suffering public by those who peddle theologic dope, and subsist upon the fears and superstitions of the human race. It believes in everything good, and hopes that a method will yet be discovered that will smelt all evil out of the world and leave nothing but gold in the heart of man. If you believe as we do send in as many subscribers as possible so that we can keep the press running until a process is discovered that will jar all misery from this universe and annex it to the flower gardens in the New Jerusalem.

R. T. LOWERY,  
Editor and Financier.

John M. Robertson, the eminent Free-thinker, was recently elected a member of the British parliament. This is better than he would do in Canada.

The indiscriminate reading of the Bible by children is a great curse to the rising generation. As a rule the youngsters pick out the smutty stories, and pass over the wisdom in that old work of fable, fiction and miracles.

A perfectly free man is almost as scarce as radium.

All religions are fakes and it is a waste of time to exercise your gray matter over any of them. No religion has ever been founded upon fact or practical truth. Many have been started, but all by cheats who prey upon the fear and ignorance of mankind. When a man talks about God he is a fraud or mentally unbalanced.

The man who preaches that the Bible is all true and good is an enemy to morality, progress and civilization.

Thousands in this world mistake constipation for religion. They pray instead of walking more and eating less.

This is a world of action, and if you would keep in the race until nature hands you a blue paper you will have to exercise.

In these day of dollar worship even the cross has turned yellow.

As a rule in small towns you will find a human jackass trying to control the morals of the community.

As a rule there is little difference between the rich society woman and the painted bawd of the Bad Lands. Both lead lives that tend to moral, sexual and physical degeneration.

He who lives uncorrupted, does the right thing, and always tells the truth is a gentleman.

The pauper and the overrich are generally inclined towards dishonesty and immorality.

History proves that the firmer the belief in the Bible the more brutal have been the people.

President Roosevelt, it is reported, will some day go to Africa on a hunting expedition for tigers and elephants. He is bloodthirsty and must have big game, although he has never worked in a slaughter house, been a bull fighter or tackled the tiger in a stud game at Sandon.

Sunday legislation is an insult to intelligence and civilization. The halter or chain is out of place in this century. Freedom is salvation, and tyranny damnation.

In his bigoted ignorance the slave often throws stones at those who would free him.

Enslave others and you enslave yourself. The priest is a slave to creed and form, and would lose his job if he allowed his mind to poke its head above the weeds of superstition.

Times are so good in the Okanagan that some of the editors are suffering from the gout.

A double tracked wagon road from Nelson to Bonnington Falls would be a great attraction to tourists with the auto habit.

Owing to a riot in a Jewish synagogue in Toronto, the police had to close up the edifice. It is reported that the row was over the election of an official to take up the collection.

No man is free who binds himself to any creed, church or party.

A fool sometimes does a wise act. An idiot recently burned all the Bibles and hymn books in the Vancouver jail.

Send your friends 12 back numbers of this journal. The cost is \$1 sent post-paid to any part of the known world.

Cobalt, away back east, is one of the popular mining camps of the day. In the camp is a patent inside weekly paper. It is edited ably, but if Cobalt was in the west there would be two or three swift dailies in its midst. The difference between the dollar and cent belt is surprising when it comes to journalism.

Being much together creates love, and also destroys it.

The desiring of freedom for ourselves without regard to the rights of others has ever hung a black shroud over the world.

The Spokane Review said that King Edward was the father of Princess Ena. Edward may have had his faults, but he is innocent of the above charge. The Review should read up on royalty.

The Spokane Outburst is an editorial and typographical triumph. With a pen dipped in sulphuric acid Sidney Norman is making the fakes, frauds and grafts of the Athens of America rush to the brush and lie down.

Without a Booster Club Mount Vesuvius did more business last month than at any time in 1,827 years. Since the days that it put Pompeii in the lava, business has never been so active until last month, with that hell-fired mountain. In spite of all that priests could do with images, prayers and holy water the angry mountain persisted in spreading a hot blanket over several miles of the formation, burying people, villages, churches, fruit farms, vineyards and the vegetation in hot sand and molten lava. The eruption was grand, terrible and impressive, and as a living picture of hell it had Torrey and his little, old theological hades backed many miles into the consomme. As an exhibition of the wonderful and mysterious working of Nature the recent outpouring of Mount Vesuvius is supreme and enough to make the simple-minded peasantry in its vicinity believe in a devil, and cry in anguish amid their ruined homes to an imaginary God for help, who has never yet stayed the hand of ruthless Nature to save a prattling babe, a strong man, or sweet woman from obliteration.

## Mind Your Health

Nearly everyone in America could live 100 years, barring accidents, if the time card on the health route was strictly observed. By running wild we smash our machinery and unduly boom the pill and coffin business.

A dog fed on nothing but white flour will starve to death in 12 days, and the same stuff has killed more Indians than bullets.

Most of us require new wheels in our upper stopes. We eat too much, pay no attention to hygiene, and when disease grasps us in its slimy paw we run to the doctor for pills or to God with a long prayer.

Nearly all who consult doctors have no organic trouble, but are getting hell from some symptom of their foolish or indiscreet living. The few who really have diseases are generally suffering from the evil effects of pills and potions. The individual who relies upon medicine to keep him well, instead of removing the cause is in a fair way to be damned.

If you would be healthy learn how to eat, sleep, bathe, breathe, love and work, and banish the thought of fear, hate, revenge, envy, worry and jealousy.

No one can enjoy continued good health if the mind is choked with the weeds of fear, hate, worry and jealousy. These must be eliminated if you desire to reach the New Jerusalem before the game of life is trumped by the spade of a grave digger.

Be moderate in everything, even love, and you will not crave for diamonds.

Mental activity is conducive to longevity. Keep your mind busy, and have work planned out for the future. Beware of rust. A writer on health says:

"Our faculties become dull and soon lose their power if they are not exercised. How can we expect our ambition to remain fresh and vigorous through years of inactivity, indolence or indifference? if we keep letting opportunities slip by us without making any attempt to grasp them our inclination will grow duller and weaker."

We might as reasonably expect our muscles to retain our strength without exercise as to think of keeping vigorous an idle mind. Upon this subject the editor of the Milwaukee Journal says:

"The machine that lies idle is far more liable to injury than the machine that runs. The idle machine gets rusty. . . . And what is true of machinery is true of humanity.

"For instance: A man neglects the working parts of his body. Normally these parts should be exercised. He indulges his members in idleness. Whatever vitality and working force they may have had when in continued use neglect causes the machinery to run stiffly. It is the rust.

"Or a man may neglect to exercise his brain forces. He may have ever so quick a mind, but if he does not use his mental machinery the rust of idleness is soon over it.

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a mind, but if he does not use his mental machinery the rust of idleness is soon over it.

"Or a man may neglect to use the moral forces that are in him. There is a weakening somewhere. The machine lets down. And soon the parts are rusted.

"Keep your body working without friction by systematic exercise. Keep your mind bright by using it. Keep your soul clean by working it. And for society—nin-tenths of its evils are caused by the idleness of its working parts. It's the rust."

A London physician on being questioned on the subject of living says that the artificial nature of modern life and the constant rush after work which one can't overtake are mainly responsible for the general shattering of nerves seen all around. If people would only take things quietly we should be a much healthier race than we are.

A famous New York physician, now hale and handsome at seventy-five, sums up half a century of medical practice and observation in these simple rules of health:

1.—Be temperate in all things, in matters of amusement or study as well as in regard to food and drinks. To be temperate in all things, however, does not imply that one must be a prohibitionist about anything.

2.—Don't be afraid to go to sleep, for sleep, for sleep is the best restorer of wasted energies. Sleep a certain number of hours every night, and then remember that a short nap during the day is a safer rejuvenator than a cocktail.

3.—Don't worry, either about the past or the future. To waste a single hour in regret for the past is as senseless as to send good money after that which has been irrecoverably lost. To fret one's self about what the future may have in store is about as unreasonable as to attempt to brush back the tide of the ocean with a broom. Worry, of whatever kind, banishes contentment, and contentment is a necessity of youth.

4.—Keep the mind youthful. Live in the present with all the other young people. Don't get to be reminiscent. Let the old people talk about the past, for the mere act of thinking about old things reminds the mind of its years. Reminiscences are dangerous—whether they be soothing or sweet or sad—for they characterise old age, and must be sedulously avoided by those who would be ever young.

5.—Keep up with the times. Don't fall behind the procession. To accomplish this, learn one new fact every day. The mind that is satisfied to live upon the lessons it learned in its youth soon becomes old and musty. To keep young it must be fresh and active—that is, abreast of the times. The old methods of thought and the old facts may have been correct enough once upon a time, but that time has passed. Today they are obsolete, and only amusing as relics of antiquity. To remain young, therefore, one must keep the storehouse of the memory clear of all such rubbish. Throw away one of the mildewed relics every day and replace it with some newer, fresher and more up-to-date fact.

Religion teaches us that God is Our Father, and made man after his own image. What about the red, black and yellow people on this earth. Did our big God make them, or did they spring into existence spontaneously like lice on a dirty man's back?

Religion and rum are great evils, but different. If you do not drink rum it will not bother you because booze dealers do not hold a man against the wall and siphon him full of brown taste producers. If you live in a community where religion is fat and do not partake of the theological dope you will be persecuted and ostracised until you come into the flock or move camp. As a rule parsons are little things incapable of rising above fear, hatred and vindictiveness when they bump against any opposition, and the church has ever sought, when it had the power, to shoot faith into you if you would not take it in the ordinary manner.

The Pittsburg method of raising money for the Lord has not yet spread throughout America. When it does churches will grow fat, and the race suicide problem less serious.

He is dishonest who will not investigate both sides of a question.

By nature man is an atheist, and knows, nor cares nothing about gods. Through his ignorance, or that of his parents, he has been enslaved in all ages by sharpers who imagine or pretend that they can get him into the New Jerusalem provided he has faith in their mental dope, and digs up liberally.

Beware of Sunday laws. In the States when the Puritans were in power they hung, whipped and banished those who differed from them in belief. At Lynn a Baptist preacher was once whipped for preaching on the Lord's day, and the entire congregation of another church was fined \$25 for worshipping contrary to the established religion. History repeats itself, and if Canada permits the Puritans to get the wedge in by passing fool-laws about the observance of Sunday, future generations will probably rise up and remark unpleasant things about their ancestors.

The governing class in the United States is composed largely of church-cringing, venerated savages. It put Moses Harmon in jail for attempting to teach a higher and better form of sexuality, but permits ladies in Pittsburg to do immodest things in the name of Jesus. It permits churches to gamble in the name of the Lord, and winks at crime in the high spots, but is always ready with a striped suit for the genius with a new idea for the betterment of humanity. It has been ever thusly since man first bloomed in the formation.

Twelve back numbers of LOWERY'S CLAIM, and a copy of FLOAT are sent to any address, postpaid, for \$1. Send some to your friends, and help the extension of sunshine around the world.

## It Was All Day

If an honest man, who was a Free-thinker, had gone through British Columbia last fall without endorsements from parsons and really in earnest to help the orphans in Macedonia, he would have got about 30 cents. In order to do the superstitious in a proper manner you must get credentials from recognized distributors of theological dope and then go after your dupes. Elton, a Persian swindler, calling himself the Rev. Jesus A Day, rounded up quite a bunch of deluded suckers in western Canada a few months ago. Armed with credentials from Rev. Sipprell and other Methodist pulpit pounders, he proceeded to unfold his scheme to the good people of the great west. He told about how the awful Turks massacred the Christians in Macedonia, filling the land with an overplus of female orphans between the ages of 30 days and 14 years. Day wanted to have these children brought to Canada and installed in good Christian homes where in return for their labor they would be fed, clothed, educated and taught the Methodist religion. All he wanted was \$50 cash to pay each child's fare to this easy country. Scores of good Christians swallowed the bait like Rube's guzzling red lemonade at a circus. They saw a chance to get nice, little slaves cheap, and help the good Lord at the same time. A saloon man wanted to get two but with true artistic villainy and deeply developed natural diplomatic genius, he became highly indignant, and said that he could not possibly allow any of the Macedonian girls live in a hell-hole of a gin mill. This saloon man now thinks he is a bird at getting away from a brace game. No wonder Day gathered in \$20,000. A guy as smart as him is clever enough to win a seat in the Saskatchewan legislature. This smooth Persian crook called at my office and delivered an oration upon the horrible Turks and said that all Christians should help him in this noble work. When I told him that I was not a Christian he struck a bible picture attitude, placed his hand upon his black heart, and rolled his eyes towards the cobwebs on the ceiling and in a Come to Jesus Voice he said: "Impossible; your heart is too good." His manner was so picturesque and his acting so delightful that I gave him four bits. He seemed shocked and disappointed as he moved away from the door, but he never came back again. The Methodist ministers who endorsed this swarthy chap are indirectly, but no doubt innocently, to blame for the people losing their money against his brace game. If the parsons wish to do justice to those who through their fault lost their money, they will take up collections for the purpose of making good the loss sustained by all who so kindly threw their money away upon one of the cleverest games ever worked upon a gullible public.

God may have made man, but it is certain that all the gods have been made by man out of the image in his own im-

agination. Many of the gods, especially our own bible god, must have been made by man when his upper stope was tortured by the vibrations of a torpid liver.

An enthusiastic worker has not time to study the clock.

If you desire to locate heaven you must plant your discovery post on earth.

Rockefeller could have made his name live for centuries if he had given 50 millions to stricken San Francisco.

The calamity at 'Frisco was not a visitation of Providence upon a wicked city. It was simply nature having its own way without regard to life or property.

In Edinburgh, Scotland, they have Sunday legislation in such a violent form that it is illegal to move faster than a walk on that day unless your hat blows off.

The right to use the mails in the United States now largely depends upon the whim of the administrative officers. The postal system across the line is fast approaching the Russian standard. It makes for serfdom and seeks to crush all who aim to uplift humanity by the reformation of social, economic and political conditions.

In Frank the other day a mounted policeman killed himself because a local bawd rejected his love. If he had waited long enough and cooled his blood with a slim diet he probably would have felt like shooting himself if the frivolous woman in the case had knelt at his feet and begged for him to love her. But he could not wait, and crossed the Styx for a woman who laughed when he was gone.

The proposed Sunday Observance act in Canada is a distinct blow at the liberty of the people. If the majority of the politicians at Ottawa were not grafters, seeking to hold their positions by pandering to the narrow views of their constituents, they would throw such tyrannical legislation in the waste basket. If they were free men, and not slaves to the spoils of office it would be impossible to obtain a single vote for such puritanical legislation as the Lord's Day cranks are now seeking to weave around the people of Canada. The cry about helping the poor working man is all bunco talk. The Sunday observance disturbance is merely a scheme for the church to get more of the working man's money. If it was otherwise no restrictions would be put upon his actions upon that day, and the church left wide open so that he cannot miss seeing the wide tunnel in the collection box. You can help the workingman by getting him shorter hours of labor greater pay, and more knowledge of hygienic living. After a while the man who labors may get wise and brush all parasites, including the preachers, from off his broad back. Then the rot about Sunday laws will no longer be heard in

this land of theological dope and economic crucifixion.

Our think and doing make us what we are.

Think of San Francisco and be sure of your foundation.

The daily newspaper is one of the carbuncles of civilization.

Even Jesus had no use for women, and yet without the fair sex His name would seldom be mentioned except for the purpose of emphatic denunciation.

The church and the train robber are somewhat alike. They both get your cash by using threats.

The small man generally returns a favor with hatred and disgust. Only the really good are grateful.

We always think the other fellow's religion absurd, and our own without spots.

In order to save its life the Church must change its mental dope. With the advance of thought the church that does not change will die of spiritual inanition.

It is better to assist than stand on one side, and chew the linen fragment, about how a thing should be done.

Do not carry a jag of fear, hate, worry and jealousy, and expect those around you to be angels.

The editor gives absolution to all who subscribe for this journal.

The more ignorant a man the easier he can be worked by any kind of a fake, theological or otherwise.

### THE DUMB BRUTES

Time and again we have seen lordly animals in their native state, peaceful, happy and seemingly enjoying to the full the gifts of life, wounded or killed at the pulling of a trigger. If such animals are wounded they are relentlessly pursued, and may for days suffer agony before death closes the suffering.

Hunting is a relic of barbarism in man's nature. One of the most piteous sights is to see life pass out of the innocent, quivering, helpless grouse, quail dove or other birds. Often these scenes are garnished with the cheers and laughter of the hunters, when beating out the brains of the birds that sharply cry and cling to their lives.

The more humane and civilized man becomes the more he will despise the killing for fun. Such amusement marks the low, savage instinct. Not even the president of a great nation can dignify the mock heroism of killing "big game." Only a hard hearted man can derive pleasure from such barbarous sport. The man of genuine sympathy and kindly disposition can only feel disgusted at the sight of the killing of unoffensive innocents.

## A Noble Parson

Another effort is now making to convict the Rev. Algernon S. Crapsey of heresy. Mr. Crapsey is the rector of St. Andrew's Episcopal church in Rochester, N.Y. About a year ago he shocked some of the people by the expression of revolutionary opinions concerning the New Testament writings, and an attempt was then made to have him tried and convicted, but three of the committee of five clergymen selected to investigate the matter voted against taking any action. This did not satisfy the complainants, who have now prevailed upon Bishop Walker of Buffalo to convene an ecclesiastical court which is to assemble at Batavia. Most serious of the charges against Dr. Crapsey is his denial of the miraculous birth of Christ and his emphatic rejection of all miracles, declaring them to be legends no more worthy of belief than are the mythological stories of antiquity and the Middle Ages. He says:

"Belief in the inerrancy of the Bible is no longer possible to an educated man or for anyone, in fact who reads his Bible with reasonable intelligence and attention. It does not need profound scholarship. It only requires common sense to see that the Bible is not the miraculous book which orthodoxy asserts it to be.

In the light of scientific research the Founder of Christianity no longer stands apart from the common destiny of man in life and death, but he is in all things physical like as we are, both as we are born, dying as we die.

If we are told of a certain being in human form, born of a human mother, expressing consciousness in human speech, living a human life and dying a human death, we naturally predicate of such an one a human fatherhood as well as a human motherhood, for universal experience bears witness to the fact that every one who is the child of a human mother is also the child of a human father. To overcome this pre-supposition, which is established by universal experience, lies with those who deny, not with those who assert, the validity of universal experience to establish a given fact.

In resisting the scientific movement the churches are resisting the inevitable. It has been the sole work of the historical critic to arrange and classify historical statements. The Christian critic has not hesitated to apply this method to all history except the history of his own religion. And is not in honor bound to use the same measure for himself which he metes out to others? And this is all that the present writer contends for. He asserts his right to investigate facts of his own religion by the same method which he has been taught to use in the investigation of facts of all other religions. He would be ashamed to claim for his own religion what he is not willing to allow to the poorest religion in the world. If the literature and formularies of his religion contain historical statements, then those statements must be subjected to the process of historical

criticism; and if we find there the elements of myth and legend let us not be afraid to confess that our religion, like all other religions, has had its infancy and its youth as well as its years of sober manhood. And the writer farther asserts that, whether we, the Christian ministers, like it or not, the historical content of the Hebrew and Christian religions has been and will be subjected to the corrective process of historical criticism; and is it not better that we ourselves should do this necessary work than be forced to receive its results at the hands of strangers?

For twenty-five hours in every week our children are taught by trained instructors that the miracle has no place in nature; and then for twenty-five minutes in every week our children are taught by untrained instructors that the universe is based upon miracle.

For 167 hours in every week all our thought and our action is based upon the conviction that the miracle has no place in nature. We trust ourselves and all that we have to our unflinching belief in the unchanging laws of the universe. This for 167 hours, and then for one hour a few of us, when it is convenient, go to our churches and pretend to believe that the universe is based upon miracle.

In our lecture rooms, in our laboratories, in our factories and in our counting rooms we utterly disregard the mode of reasoning which we use in our churches. The clergyman himself disregards his pulpit method when he comes to deal with the practical affairs of life or with the miracles of the Hindu, the Catholic or the Christian Scientist. And yet with this fact of the complete divorce of theological thought from living thought staring us in the face we wonder why persons do not come to the churches, and marvel at the waning of ministerial influence.

Today the denominations as well as the national churches are failing to satisfy the demands of the new age, and persons are leaving them by the million and are seeking new forms from the expression of their spiritual and moral life. As long as we, the ministers, are desperately holding on to the waning miracle and to the crumbling denominational difference we are in no condition to fight for eternal truth and justice. We are trying in a pitiful way to get back into real life through what we call the institutional churches. The apostle serves tables, and the prophet becomes a teacher in gymnastics; and we think we have done a great thing in doing for the people what they can do much better for themselves.

We are upon the threshold of a movement that shall carry mankind to a higher stage of being. No one is satisfied with present conditions. The rich are ashamed and the poor are angered. The time is at hand for preaching the gospel to the poor. We will build no more cathedrals or churches, if we can help it, until we have delivered the poor from the slum and the sweatshop. We will send no more missionaries to the heathen to preach a Christ whose name we glorify but whose teachings we despise.

We will not ask the people to come to our churches until our churches are purified from a corrupt commercialism. When our Christian merchants close their stores at a decent hour on Saturday night, then we can expect to have hearty worship on Sunday morning. When these same merchants pay proper wages to the girls and women whom they employ, so that these same girls and women are in no danger of having to sell their souls to keep their bodies alive; when we have honesty in trade and open dealing in corporations, why then, and not till then, will the people think of coming to the churches. What we need is a moral and spiritual reformation, and we need it at once. Our Church-State is in danger. The abomination of desolation is in the Holy Place."

Dr. Crapsey will be tried for heresy but he will not be convicted because his brother clergymen are almost universally in sympathy with the opinions he holds. About a year ago 1700 ministers of the established church of England issued a manifesto in which they declared that "it is not without grave responsibility and peril that any of us should build the faith of souls primarily upon details of New Testament narrative, the historical validity of which must ultimately be determined in the court of trained research, although many of us, until such final decision takes shape, may cling devotedly to the traditional details in question." They also expressed their fear that the "door of ordination might be closed against the men who patiently and reverently apply historical methods to the gospel records. In plain English these rectors wanted to be at liberty to reject so much of the New Testament story as did not commend itself to their reason, just as Dr. Crapsey is now doing. This manifesto has recently received the indorsement of 76 of the most prominent Episcopal clergymen from all parts of the United States. Among these is Dr. R. Heber Newton, of New York, who was threatened with a trial for heresy because of a series of radical and revolutionary sermons delivered by him a few years ago. Another of the signers is the Rev. Harry Pierce Nichols, rector of Holy Trinity in Harlem, who upon being interviewed said:

"My name was signed to the letter not only because I believe in the sentiments which are there expressed but because two valued friends of mine, the Rev. Drs. Nash and Allen, of Massachusetts, are interested in the movement. The object of sending out the circular at this time, I believe, was to affirm the belief of those who signed it in the principles which it enunciates. I believe that our faith will stand the fullest investigation. The 'traditional details' referred to in the text of the letter mean those which are not essential to accepting the Christian faith. For instance, Matthew is the only one of the gospel writers who says that on the day of the resurrection of our Lord the dead rose from their graves and walked about among those whom they had known in life. Now this is a stupendous statement, and it naturally leads to many questions, such as: Who

were they? What form did they take? By whom were they seen? No other gospel writer mentions it. It is a statement which would require considerable proof before it could be accepted as a historical fact. Perhaps it may have been used simply to make the resurrection impressive. It is, however, not essential to a belief in the Christian religion to accept this statement."

The person must be very dull who does not instantly see that this style of argument disposes of the entire New Testament narrative. If Dr. Nichols rejects the statement that the dead rose from their graves on the occasion of the resurrection, on the ground that this circumstance is mentioned only by Matthew, then he must also deny the raising of Lazarus from the dead because it is John alone who records it. And the same is true of other of the alleged miracles. The whole story must stand or fall together, for no one part of it is more credible or incredible than another. And if Dr. Nichols takes the liberty of selecting from the narrative certain parts which he believes or disbelieves, then what is to hinder others from exercising the same discretion, the result of which would of course be that not much if anything would be left of the New Testament for "the faithful" to cling to. The fact is that, as Dr. Crapsey has said, "belief in the inerrancy of the Bible is no longer possible to an educated man or for any one, in fact, who reads his Bible with reasonable intelligence and attention. . . . It only requires common sense to see that the Bible is not the miraculous book which orthodox theology asserts it to be." But Dr. Nichols and his brother clergymen have a soft job and they dislike to lose it. Therefore they are pretending to believe just enough of the New Testament story to give them an excuse for not resigning their positions and seeking a more honest vocation. They well know that Dr. Crapsey is right in his refusal to accept the miracles as more worthy of belief than the other legends and mythological stories of antiquity and the Middle Ages, but it hurts them to let go. They very well know that their argument, when carried to its logical conclusion, leaves nothing of the New Testament except its covers, and yet they pettifog like shyster lawyers in their attempt to evade the facts and keep their victims in line. Luckily for them their congregations are only too willing to be duped, and so there is no present danger of their having to preach to empty pews. As Dr. Washington Gladden recently said:

"Ours is an age of science, but superstition still holds sway. There are hundreds of thousands of our fellow citizens to whom that which is most improbable is most credible. Marvels and mysteries are far dearer than facts, just as the most preposterous romance is more interesting to them than realistic fiction. They want to believe in such things; they are bound to believe in them, and you offend them if you point out the lack of proof."

In their crass ignorance and superstition they imagine that in order to be "religious" they must believe, or at least

profess to believe that which they know to be untrue. They do not even read the book upon which their alleged faith is founded, for if they did read it they would find that their imagined Saviour expressly declared that real religion consists simply in practicing the Golden Rule—"Whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them; for this is the law and the prophets." But of course so simple a creed as this does not satisfy the ignorant and unthinking. They must have churches, priests, vestments, candle-burning, psalm singing, incense-burning and a gorgeous array of ecclesiastical machinery, and also of course there always have been men who are quite ready to take advantage of the credulity of their fellows, assuring them that if they come down liberally with contributions they will be ticketed right through to Paradise in Pullman coaches without change of cars.

#### DESPOTISM OF THE POST OFFICE

Hon. J. W. Bailey of Texas, in U. S. Senate, Feb. 21, 1906

Mr. President, I doubt if there is a despotism on the earth today that holds any single man in its dominion, with the same power over the business of the citizens, as the United States vest in the postmaster general of this country. He can close any man's business by simply saying that he believes it is conducted fraudulently. A clerk, upon an insufficient examination can order a man's mail discontinued, interrupt the current of his correspondence, destroy his standing in the business community, and the citizen is absolutely without access to the courts to right the wrong. His business can be destroyed, his reputation ruined, his profits can be diverted to his competitors; and yet he is powerless to appeal, except to the same officer under whose order he has suffered this great wrong.

Now, undoubtedly it is true that the government of the United States ought not to allow its service to be employed by scoundrels and cheats, but this way of lodging in the hands of one man the power to destroy the business of many men is un-American. You deny the man whose business is thus assailed resort to the courts of the country. If you take his horse, even for a public purpose, without making him just compensation, he can call you to the bar of justice; but a single individual responsible to nobody but his own conscience, can destroy a man's business, injure or ruin his good name, and drive him into poverty and disgrace, from a business that he has built up by his industry and sagacity, leaving him without a remedy in the courts.

Different minds have different ideas on humor. A correspondent at Whitehall, Montana, writes us that a Salvation Army officer applied to Dan Morrison of that town for a donation. The officer stuttered so much that Dan told him to come back in a month, and he would give him a check. There was a joke in this not visible to the tooter for cash in the name of Jesus.

#### DAWN OF BRITISH COLUMBIA

The great influx of population into the Northwest is showing a decided tendency to flow over into British Columbia. What is true of the Northwest is true of this province. Its vast natural resources were unknown and unrecognized till now. It was not believed, till a few years ago that wheat could be raised in Alberta. Now Alberta wheat ranks with Manitoba "No. 1 Hard." The day of the great cattle ranches is passing away and close agricultural settlement is taking their place. The C. P. R. has shown what irrigation can do for the so-called alkaline, barren lands of Alberta, and now that the feasibility of irrigating and making fertile these lands has been demonstrated, a new stimulant to small settlement has been successfully developed. The Northwest territories and British Columbia were made for one another, as each can provide what the other lacks. The Northwest can send us wheat, flour, oats and its manufactured products, and hay. British Columbia can send to the Northwest lumber and fruit. The new settlers of the Northwest must get their lumber and fencing material from British Columbia. Last year there were 800 towns, villages and settlements in the Northwest that had not a pound of fruit. They must have it, and as the number of such markets must be quadrupled within a short time, it will be seen what a vast market is afforded for the fruit growers as well as the lumbermen of this province. A few years ago it was not known that the Kootenays were suitable for fruit growing. Now Kootenay fruit has won the highest honors in the world at the exhibitions in London, England. Apples, plums, pears and small fruits can be grown to perfection in this section as well as in any other part of the province and the opportunity of promoting fruit-growing is one of the best ever presented. This, together with the fact that the immigration movement is attracted to British Columbia, because of the milder climate and greater pleasantness of occupation, will make all land suitable for this purpose very valuable, and will bring with it the dawn of a brighter day for this province.—Revelstoke Mail-Herald.

A correspondent in Oroville wants to know if the bible was ever destroyed by fire or otherwise. We do not think so. But history shows that it has been the cause of many people being cremated.

The people of Belfast, Ireland, are very intelligent. They have already discovered Lowery's Claim and are busy writing for more copies. There is plenty of hope for the Irish.

Writing from the land of cod, Newfoundland, a correspondent puts "Nelson B.C., U.S.A." on his letter. Possibly he thought a journal like this one must surely be printed in the States. Nelson should send out a few boosting missionaries. This city is only known to thousands through the part that Lowery's Claim is printed within its limits.

## The New Politics

In the entire extent of human history no political movement can show a growth to parallel that of Socialism within the last few years.

Nowhere has this growth been more rapid than in the United States. At the national election in 1900, the Socialists polled 97,739 votes. On 1904, Debs received 403,800 ballots.

To what is due this remarkable growth?

Education!

The campaign is ceaseless.

The two most forceful factors in this campaign are to be found in the tireless activity of the Socialists themselves, and the tightening of conditions upon the industrial classes.

Some have been aroused by argument.

The others have been awakened by the unpleasant sensation of strangulation.

By the industrial classes (note the plurization) is not meant the wage-worker alone. The designation includes also the individual competitor—embraces nearly all of humanity outside the trusts—if, indeed, there be any humanity within the trusts.

Not so long ago Socialism was in dire disrepute; later it became respectable; recently it became popular; now it is in danger of becoming fashionable.

No longer is Socialism identified with the sansculotte. In Europe it finds some of its most ardent advocates among the nobility, as witness the countess of Warwick. In this country also it has found favor with aristocracy. A recent editorial in a capitalistic newspaper said, "Young men belonging to the most aristocratic families are making common cause with the laboring class."

Many of our Socialist leaders belong to the higher professions. Eminent educators, clergymen, literary men, and even millionaires are now espousing the cause. President Eliot of Harvard university, in his address to the New England Society of New York, at its centennial celebration, boldly proclaimed the doctrine of Socialism. The Rev. Dr. Thmos C. Hall, one of the most distinguished and influential men in the Presbyterian ministry, is much in sympathy with the movement and in a recent article in the North American Review virtually predicted its approaching victory. The old and the new literary generations are represented by such names as Thomas Wentworth Higginson and Jack London. Millionaires like J. G. Phelps Stokes may be mentioned.

But the strength of Socialism lies not only in its numbers—it evidences the potent influence of an intelligent direction. The present mayors of Haverhill and Brockton, Mass., are Socialists, as also are several members of the Massachusetts state legislature. Socialism has brought Russian autocracy to its knees, and 3,000,000 German Socialists restrain the arrogance of William II. within rea-

sonable bounds and have wrested from imperialism concessions that a generation ago would have seemed incredible.

Why is the Socialist campaign so effective?

These are the reasons:

It is never closed. It is not of quadrennial recurrence, but is continuous. The agitation is ceaseless, and never abates a whit of its vigor. Nor is there any Sabbath in Socialism. The fight is on 365 days of the year. Nor do I know of a Socialist who wouldn't willingly leave his bed at any hour of the night for a fair chance of making a convert. Every man in the party is a working missionary. No opposition can stand against such a spirit as this.

Then the Socialist is sincere. His faith is so unmistakable as to be contagious, and his honesty is perennially evident. His enthusiasm is boundless and infectious. Economics is his religion, the hope to which his soul is anchored, the Rock of Ages to which he tenaciously clings. An occasional opponent may doubt his judgement, but none ever questions the quality of his zeal.

The Socialist is intelligent. He is informed. He is thorough. He is a student of his subject—the subject. He reads understandingly and masters the philosophy of the theories he goes forth to proclaim and defend. Therefore is he always a well-equipped political evangelist. He can always tell you why he is a Socialist, which invariably is peculiarly disconcerting to an adversary. The average Democrat or Republican doesn't know why he is such. But the Socialist knows. He knows that the unfortunate man is a Democrat or a Republican because his father was that before him. He inherited his politics along with his religion, and the legacy is one he lacks the intelligence to squander. He was born a Democrat or a Republican, and as Oliver P. Morton said, "He can't be 'born again'." There is no Methodism in the old-line political partisanship.

The Socialist is active. Continual exercise of his reasoning faculty makes him ready, and much practice makes him strong of argument and skilled in debate. And there is sure mastery in his methods. He is not content merely to confound the adversary with superior logic and a formidable array of facts. His aim is to convince and convert.

The Socialist is generous. He gives freely of his substance to support the cause. He sees to it that the propagandic press is well sustained. He will divide with it his last dollar and devote to it the last moment of his leisure.

The Socialist is consistent. Everywhere at all times he is altogether a Socialist. Never for a moment does he forget his faith. He lives his doctrines and is loyal to everything pertaining to them.

The Socialist is appreciative. He is reciprocal. He stands ready always to reward whatever serves Socialism.

The Socialist is broad, and attracts to him whoever appreciates breadth. Nearly every reform movement receives liberal support from the Socialist. In this way he makes friends among all classes

and in time makes many of these friends into Socialists.

These be the reasons why Socialism grows.

WALTER HURT.

### AWAKENING OF A DREAMER

Bert Walker has retired as a poet and thus tells the reason why:

"'Deacon,' said a poet to me the other day, 'you don't kiss the clouds any more; have you lost your wings of metaphor?' No, my poet, I have not lost them. I have traded them for a shovel and pick so I can make a living. But I still kiss the clouds in my dreams. I have to kiss the clouds; the starlit milky way is seldom shown to me. The trouble with me is that I have too many times let my soul out to kiss the clouds. I have builded block after block of theory and not one single lot of fact. When the moon has floated by I have called it that barbaric emblem of fidelity. My neighbor went on in his humble way and called it the moon. He now has the bank account and I have the barbaric emblem. I used to talk about the sun growing red in the east and the sun peeping over the horizon to kiss my young brow. My neighbor said 'Sun's up; time to go to work.' He got up and I let the sun go on with its kissing. I used to talk about the sweet wild flowers being wooed and caressed by the gentle May zephyrs. My friend said: 'The wind is getting too high and now I will cut the weeds down with my scythe.' He has now no weeds in his garden and mine is choked with them. I used to sit and listen to the carol of the crickets and the solo of the katydid, and think that the rustle of the leaves among the trees was singing to me a heaven-born anthem. My neighbor said: 'I must go to bed; got to work hard tomorrow and need the rest.' Now he takes a long rest and I toil day after day. These and a few other reasons are why I no longer kiss the clouds. I have found out that I can't cash my sweet and poetic sentences of slush at the national bank. There they listen to the humble toiler, but pass up the dreamer. I have found that the man who works patiently in the soil is more to be considered than the man who kisses the clouds."

### INTERESTING TO MINERS

Mines and millionaires have come to be synonymous words. Rhodes, Clark, Mackay, Fair, Flood, Hearst, Daly, Alfred Beit, the richest man in England, all became millionaires from mines. They were all poor men in the beginning. Their only capital was their ability to see the chance for wealth and seize it. They knew when they had a mine and they compelled that mine to give up its treasures. Those who have faith in their judgment lived to share their wealth.

A Delaware man is blowing about eating fifteen raw eggs and a cake of soap; but that ain't nothing. We drink fifteen stines the other day, eat a handful of moth balls thinking they were peppermint lozengers, and topped off with a bottle of hair restorer.—Hardeman Free Press.

## PROFANING THE NAME OF ZION

The gallery interest in Dowie has been nobly catered to by the papers. Their hero has been flattered into royal importance, his bump of conceit—which means his whole head—has been excited to maudlin white heat by their giving his ravings the place of honor on the front pages day after day, and there has not been the slightest scruple in reporting in flaring type, every filthy and atrocious charge hurled by each faction of Zionists against the other. Such is the sacred right of free press enlightenment of the twentieth century.

The interest of the decent minded and thoughtful public centers in the revelation of the kind of religion developed by such organizations as this miserable burlesque which degrades the Christian name. It is nothing new. Christianity itself fell in its first few centuries into abuses under the false teachings of despotters, and the influx of the evil-minded masses, who professed conversion that they might turn the love feasts into orgies. The history of the mushroom factions of supposed fanatics from then down to Mormonism and Dowieism is the history of good but weak and ignorant sectaries falling into covetousness and immorality. The mask is easy to wear and the great public shrink from suspecting evil while the outer demeanor is correct.

We have to thank Dowie's weakness of character, leading to infatuation for power, wealth and self indulgence in speech and acts, for the wholesome shock now felt by the public mind. While he was on the up grade the world of business and pleasure did him homage. So long as he counted his followers by thousands, we cared not for their weight. Dowie in a momentary flash of candid confession, has now declared that one half of the Zionites are "infernal fools." We have evidence that the other half are weaklings, and the courtiers who bask in the sunshine of their Master's favor are at this moment busy charging each other with being in the secret of Dowie's alleged hypocrisies, frauds and immoralities for years past, and each speaks so emphatically that it is impossible to doubt any of them.

As we—alone among the press commentators at that date—stated last week the status of Dowie, the creator of Zionism, Zion City and the creatures therein, is very different from the status of Dowie in his ecclesiastical repertory as Moses, Aaron, Elijah, John Baptist and the high priest of his church. It would seem that he has rather a better claim to be the David and Solomon of his royal line, from the domestic point of view, but he falls utterly as poet and utterer of proverbial wisdom. It is not in our province as outsiders to criticize him as priest, except to call particular notice to the fact that he has not condescended to exhibit any of the gentler characteristics of the true minister. For sweetness of temper, charity, loving counsel and winning example, he has chosen to substitute vicious scoldings, gross abuse, laughable fishwife

cursings and pitiable ravings that disclose innate vulgarity and worse.

Nevertheless, those comfortable placed head men, and the weaklings, and the "infernal fools," deliberately sanctioned their Master's despotic but legal mastership of them, their property and their city. When hired servants are found capable of snatching his property when their master's back is turned and misusing his name to make the act appear legal, there is only one name for such conduct. The law will do justice to its own authority and if the results scatter the Dowie faction in one direction and the Volivites in the other, the state will be the cleaner and wiser for the much needed dispersion.—Canadian-American.

## COMING TO THE SCRATCH

London, March 31—The first smoking car ever reserved for women in Great Britain left a big London terminal today for Liverpool. The windows bore a label reading, "Ladies' Smoking" The innovation attests the spread of smoking among English women during recent years.

The ladies of old England

Their pipes and their cigars  
Are smoking like the men do,  
And have their smoking cars;  
'Tis said they fill their briar pipes  
From their tobacco can,  
And take a match from their match box  
And light it like a man.  
They carry packs of cigarettes  
And when each "stick" is lit,  
Doubtless cross their limbs and puff,  
And talk and smoke and spit,  
And scatter ashes here and there,  
From Beersheba to Dan;  
And when they want a light they strike  
Their matches like a man.  
Oh, ladies short and ladies tall,  
Oh, ladies dour and gay  
It is not right that ladies should  
Act in this manly way;  
Cut out the pipe and cigarette,  
Be graceful as you can;  
No woman can be graceful who  
Strikes matches like a man.

## A SOCIALISTIC TREND

If those socialists who are playing at politics in a side-party segregated from the common thought were half as alert to the progress of their principles as they are loyal to their toy organization, they would turn their attention from their play to the serious work of promoting and coserving the really great tendencies now flowing in their direction. Here, for instance, is a report from Washington on good newspaper authority (Raymond of the Chicago Tribune), that the most conservative men even high officials almost within the walls of the White House itself, are demanding that if industrial operations are paralyzed by the coal strike, the government of the United States, "constitution or no constitution," must "take possession of the mines, operate them for the benefit of the people, and turn over the money to the proper owners, leaving the operators and miners to agree among themselves if they can."

Such a sentiment is worth more to socialism than a side party with two million votes would be worth to it. This sentiment draws no line between what is rightfully private property and what is not. It assumes that a coal deposit is as rightfully private property as anything else, and then proposes to divest its owners of authority over it, thereby denying, as the socialists also do, all proprietary rights with reference not alone to the natural materials and forces but also to the artificial implements of production. This would not be complete socialism, to be sure, but it would be a revolution in the direction of socialism.

## THE UNHEEDED CRY

How solemnly down the cathedral aisles  
Go those bowed worshippers. The sermon tells  
That sweet is loving charity, whose smiles  
Gladden the heart—and then the organ swells.  
How beautiful the service, the High Mass,  
The cross and altar—all the austere pride  
Of paintings, and richly stained glass.  
But what of this unheeded cry outside,  
"Help or I perish?" Now the singers rise,  
The organ peals its last, the prayer is said  
The lights are out—but in the shadow lies  
One whom they heard not, near the threshold, dead!  
Then I bethink me could this thoughtless throng  
Peer through fat-lidded eyes of purse and pelf,  
And learn the truth that it must learn ere long,  
And know this dead One that is Christ Himself  
—Joseph Dana Miller in Public.

## WORTH REMEMBERING

1. Avoid as far as possible drinking any water which has been contaminated by lead pipes or lead lined tanks.
2. Avoid drinking water which has been run through galvanized iron pipes.
3. Avoid using anything acid which has been kept in a tin can.
4. When grippe or other epidemics are prevailing wear a little crude sulphur in your boots or shoes.

Smoking too many cigarettes will wreck a man morally, physically and mentally. Look at our friend Hutch, in Cranbrook. He has become so weak from blowing nicotine dreams through his nose that he cannot even answer your letter when you write to him for money. He is probably afraid to pay a bill lest the exertion of raising his hand from his pocket would cause heart failure.

To religion cash is more essential than faith. If there was no money there would be no creeds.

Always be good, for tomorrow you may be the leading character in a funeral.

## About Confucius

In China the government recognizes three systems of religion, Confucianism, Taoism and Buddhism, but the former is supreme in the affections of the people. Confucianism is practical and deals with the living, while the others have taken possession of the realms of the dead. Tempted by the promise of a heaven after death many uneducated Chinese profess to be Taoists or Buddhists. Being a practical people well-to-do relatives of a dead Chinaman often employ Taoist and Buddhist priests to chant hymns at the funeral. By playing all the religions they feel assured that all will be well, and as the priests are paid for their services they never attempt to dispel the illusion.

Ignorance and superstition are the chief supports of Taoism and Buddhism. As the people grow more intelligent these religions grow weaker while Confucianism continually gains in power and always dominates the social, political and national life of China. All students study the classics of Confucius.

Confucianism has nothing to do with the guesses and speculation about a spiritual world or a future existence. Confucius said that none of us understand the mystery of life so how can we know death. No soul on this earth has ever been able to lift the curtain that drops beside the grave. Those who do their duties well on this earth have no time to waste peering into the future. One world at a time is enough for the wise. If there be another nothing that little man can do will stay the proceedings. Confucius undertook to guide men through this world, and his system is human and practical, but short on fairy tales about New Jerusalem, or the devils permanent residence.

Confucius laid particular upon the relation between parent and child, and filial piety is the pivotal point in his system. It is said that a dutiful son is generally a good man. Confucius aimed to make men desirable members of society and in order to make them such he taught kindness, righteousness, propriety, understanding and truthfulness.

Confucius lived 500 years before Christ, and much of the wisdom of the former is found slightly altered in that which is written of Jesus Christ tells us not to resist him that is evil, but Confucius says not to quarrel with those who offend us.

Christ told us to love our enemies, and bless them who abused us. Christians do not follow this advise when anything ruffles their selfishness and love of conquest. Christ's standard might do in a novel, but it is too high for ordinary clay. Confucius was more sane. He said to requite kindness with kindness, and an injury with justice. Christ told us not to judge, nor to pull motes out of our brother's eye when our own optics were full of mudsills. Confucius remarked that we must be full of good qualities, and then we can requite them from other people. You must have no fault yourself before you can blame others.

Many Chinese believe that Christianity is the highest form of religion that has ever been founded in the world, but to literally follow the teachings of Christ is too difficult for anyone who wishes to keep out of the insane asylum, or the poorhouse.

Confucius said: "Do not do to others what you do not want them to do to yourself." Five hundred years later Christ said: "As ye would that men should do unto you, even so do ye also unto them." All of which proves that master minds often have similar thoughts, even when centuries intervene, and the Associated Press was still unborn. Any person who lives up to the Golden Rule is a truly good man, be he the follower of Christ or Confucius or Tom Paine, and is entitled to share the honey of heaven if there be such a place, in spite of the fact that Taoists, Baptists, Buddhists, Catholics, Mahomedans, Presbyterians and scores of other sects claim that they have all the angel territory pre-empted for their special use. If there be a New Jerusalem it should be the abode of all good men without respect to creed, color, race or nation.

The Chinese are an eminently practical people and that is why Confucianism has such a strong hold upon them. It is a religion of absolute practicability, teaching good for the present with no mythical romances for the future. It teaches men to do good for the sake of goodness, promises no rewards, and threatens no punishment. Happiness is the effect of goodness, and not the reward for goodness. All other systems of religion hold out a reward for being good and hell for being wicked. Goodness is sufficient reward in itself, and the wise know that we are punished by our sins, and not for them. Confucianism is one of the highest forms of morality and civilization, although it is not so fascinating to the unthinking masses as other religions that dangle an unprovable bait before the eyes of the fearful and ignorant in order to obtain their cash and loyalty. In religion, if you would sway the multitudes, you must not let the crowd get too near, for "far away fields are ever green," even in religion as well as it is in washing gold. The ideal appeals to a greater number than the real.

The world is slowly coming to the teachings of Confucius, which are practically the same as taught by agnostics. The steady onward march of science is rapidly driving the bats of myth, fear and superstition out of our churches and the dawn of a better day is apparent to those who watch the ebb and flow of events. You can only scare some of the people nowadays with that old chestnut about the devil having people to burn.

The trend of the times is towards universal peace and this is what Confucius taught five centuries before Christ. His mind did not run as Christ's upon this matter, for the Nazarene was an advocate of doing business with the sword, and His followers have been true to His teaching, and deluged the world with oceans of blood. In my way of think-

ing the blue pencil should have been run through part of Christ's orders before they were sent out to confuse, mislead and madden the whole human race. The gospel of Confucianism has spread to other countries besides China, and neither sword or missionary has ever been employed to obtain for it one single convert. How different with Christianity. No trail of blood has ever followed Confucianism. Its power is exercised by submission of the heart, and not through the exercise of force. Even today Christians cannot lose by taking a few chapters from the book of Confucius, even if he was yellow in the face and departed this life without being nailed to a cross.

### THE LITTLE CHAP'S FAITH

It's a comfort to me in life's battle,  
When the conflict seems all going wrong,

When I seem to lose every ambition  
And the current of life grows too strong,

To think that the dusk ends the warfare  
That the worry is done for the night;  
And the little chap there, at the window  
Believes that his daddy's all right.

In the heat of the day and the hurry  
I'm prompted so often to pause,  
While my mind strays away from the striving,

Away from the noise and applause.  
The cheers may be meant for some other  
Perhaps I have lost in the fight;  
But the little chap waits at the window,  
Believing his daddy's all right.

I can laugh at the downfalls and failure;  
I can smile at the trials and the pain;  
I can feel that in spite of the errors,  
This struggle has not been in vain.

If fortune will only retain me  
That comfort and solace at night,  
When the little chap waits at the window,

Believing his dady's all right.  
—Louis E. Thayer.

### HADN'T BEEN INTRODUCED

The pretty housemaid was telling the old, old story of man's deception and the good mistress was compassion itself. "Well, my child," she said, "you must write to the man who has done you this terrible wrong, and tell him about what has happened."

"Oh, ma'am," gasped the girl, "I hardly think I know the gentleman well enough to write to him." — Nomad's Weekly, Belfast, Ireland.

A constant reader wants to know what is the matter with the laws of Canada when they will grant a man a divorce while the co-respondent in the case never entered his house, and never had any intimacy with his wife, except to walk a few steps with her in daylight; and yet that co-respondent refuses to exonerate himself and is willing to pay the expenses imposed upon him. The law was probably not cognizant of all the facts and granted a verdict in accordance with the evidence. If all the parties concerned were satisfied the public should not butt in. If any injustice has been done the natural law of compensation will right it in time.

## AN APOSTROPHE TO WINTER

The cold wave so much abhorred by the numerous element is really the saving grace of the world. It means energy, vigor, activity and all those qualities which are essential to continuous achievement. Frost is a preservative; heat is destructive. Cold saves from decay, heat hastens putrefaction. There is no cold storage like that prepared by nature in the arctics where animals have been found as perfect as when in life, after a slumber of a hundred years.

No great deeds are ever done by inhabitants of the torrid zone. They suffer from lassitude, are sleepy, lazy and listless. All the conquering nations of the world, from the earliest times, have been found in the temperate and sub-arctic zones. They emigrate along isothermal lines, instinctively seeking the latitudes which correspond to their original abodes. They carry with them the vigor derivable only from frosty atmospheres, and the ozone found in the wintry air. These are the races who do things, and history will show that all the great physical accomplishments have been due to the men and women who know what it is to sniff inspiration from a temperature often below zero. The poets have delighted to dwell on the charms of never ceasing summer, and by their ultra enthusiasm have been the cause of much false sentiment. While the budding flowers, the magnolia and the palm trees and the circling vines, make fine figures for the esthetic imagination, the really wise know that it is Old Winter which carries in its frosted bosom the real blessings of a genuine civilization. It is the philosopher, rather than the poet, upon whom we must depend for the reasons which give pre-eminence in the affairs of men to that portion of the earth's surface which is annually visited by the borean blasts. Others may rush to Palm Beach and seek for the places of the pineapple and banana. But for us, we prefer to keep in touch with the regions of the oak and hickory, rather than the enervating conditions which distinguish the sections beyond the gulf—American Farmer.

## THE SWITZERLAND OF CANADA

C. B. Schmidt, the Pueblo agricultural expert who was commissioned to examine and report upon the Okanagan district for the Midway & Vernon railway has written a letter in which he gives this province great praise, from which the following is extracted:

"If there is a Switzerland to be found on this continent, it is British Columbia, with its mountains, its lakes and streams, its navigation and its climate only it is ten times larger than Switzerland, and has in addition to scenery—which practically constitutes the only resources of Switzerland—a great variety of tangible resources, which make the country attractive, not only to the tourists but also to the investor, the merchant, the manufacturer and the farmer. The magnificent forests of mercantable timber, the prolific soil of

its valleys and mountain slopes, the undeveloped wealth in precious minerals and of baser metals, the wealth of sea and fresh water fish, and the great advantage of its geographical location and harbor facilities for the coast and oriental trades. In short British Columbia, in my opinion, holds within its lap such a future of affluence and international influence which only the most sanguine can conceive for a new country. I envy her people and all those who embrace the opportunity to anticipate and participate in the future of British Columbia. Would I were one of them."

## THE AMERICAN CIRCUS

The following address to the Filipinos has been credited to several different persons. It contains a whole lot of truth along with its alliteration:

"You Filipinos don't know what you are missing by not wanting to become citizens of this grand country of ours. There isn't anything like it under the sun. You ought to send a delegation over to see us—the land of the free—land of fine churches and 180,000 licensed saloons; bibles, forts and guns, houses of prostitution, millionaires and paupers; theologians and thieves; liberals, and liars; politicians and poverty; Christians and chain gangs; schools and scalawags; trusts and tramps; money and misery; homes and hunger; virtue and vice; a land where you can get a good bible for fifteen cents and a bad drink of whiskey for five cents; where we have a man in congress with three wives and a lot in the penitentiary for having two; where some men make sausages out of their wives and some men want to eat them raw; where we make bologna out of dogs, canned beef out of horses and sick cows, and corpses out of people who eat it; where we put a man in jail for not having the means of support and on the rock pile for asking for work; where we license bawdy houses and fine men for preaching Christ on the street corners; where we have a congress of 400 men who make laws and a supreme court of nine men who set them aside; where good whiskey makes bad men, and bad men make good whiskey; where the newspapers are paid for suppressing the truth and made rich for teaching a lie; where professors draw their convictions from the same place they do their salaries; where preachers are paid \$25,000 a year to dodge the devil and tickle the ears of the wealthy; where business consists in getting hold of property in any way that won't land you in the penitentiary; where trusts 'hold up' and poverty 'holds down'; where men vote for what they do not want for fear they won't get what they do want by voting for it; where niggers can vote and women can't; where a girl who goes wrong is made an outcast and her male partner flourishes as a gentleman; where women wear false hair and men 'dock' their horses tails; where the political wire-puller has displaced the patriotic statesman; where men vote for a thing one

day and cuss it for 364 days; where we have prayer on the floor of our national capitol and whiskey in the cellar; where we spend \$500 to purify a statesman who is rich and \$10 to put away a working man who is poor; where to be virtuous is to be lonesome and to be a crank; where we sit on the safety valve of energy and pull wide open the throttle of conscience; where gold is substance—the one thing sought after; where we pay \$15,000 for a dog and 15 centes a dozn to a poor woman for making shirts; where we teach the 'untutored' Indian eternal life from the bible and kill him off with bad whiskey; where we put a man in jail for stealing a loaf of bread and in congress for stealing a railroad; where the check book talks, sin walks in broad daylight, justice is asleep, crime runs amuck, corruption permeates our whole social and political life, and the devil laughs from every street corner. Come to us, Filippies! We've got the greatest aggregation of good things and bad things, hot things and cold things, all sizes, varieties and colors, ever exhibited under one tent."

## FRENCH COFFEE

The delicious flavor which all travelers in France discover in the coffee of that country is got, it is said, by the addition of a little butter and sugar during the roasting process. To every three pounds of roasting berries a teaspoonful each of butter and powdered sugar is added. These in melting spread over the beans in a thin coating, which holds the aroma and contributes a caramel flavor that is delicious and distinctive.

## A GOOD FISH STORY

A story was told by lord Claude Hamilton at a dinner of the Fly Fishers' club. An Irishman had caught a big pike. Noting a lump in its stomach, he cut it open. "As I cut it open," he said, "there was a mighty rush and a flapping of wings, and away flew a wild duck; and begorra, when I looked inside there was a nest with four eggs, and she had been after sitting on that nest."—Argonaut.

The terminal city certainly has it bad. "Move her! move her! Who? Vancouver!" shrieked the World in great red letters clear across the front page the other day. How would a castor oil cock-tail do?—Okanagan.

A saloon keeper who was refused a liquor license because his saloon was located too near a church, bought the church and closed it up. This is overcoming obstacles with a vengeance and no mistaking the fact—Austin Statesman.

Le Naire writes from Victoria and gives the preachers and the Tourist association of that city several hot shots. He also touches up one of the present officials in Nelson anent a little affair that once happened before the days of the big quake in Frisco.

## In New Nevada

The population of Nevada has more than doubled in the last two years. The great desert state has forged to the front with remarkable strides because of the wonderful gold discoveries, which have proven her barren territory to be a veritable treasure value.

The great on-rush of the tenderfoot, and the newness of things in general, have caused many laughable incidents to occur. When it is remembered that the new excitements are the cause for great currents of human beings to split apart over a wide stretch of country, without hardly a word of warning, it can be readily seen that the ordinary comforts of civilized life must at times be sadly lacking.

The jail at Manhattan is the most recent curiosity, for to date it has been any convenient tree, small enough to allow a prisoner's arms to be placed around it, while his wrists have been handcuffed on the other side.

The story of Bob McCutcheon, prospector, is a trifle older. It seems that Mr. McCutcheon had slept during a period of 30 years without removing his outside shirt. That is to say, he never took off the shirt which he wore during the day when he retired at night. After many years of prospecting Bob struck it rich. He discovered a mine which gave up real gold, and he disposed of his interest to a plutocrat capitalist for more money than he, Bob, had ever seen before.

Bob decided to take a trip. He was informed that it was necessary to appear in a white collar in order to maintain a respectable place in society. On reaching New York late at night, he decided to go to bed, and his usual habits overcame his new veneering, and he fell asleep with both shirt and stiff white collar on. In the morning Bob was awakened with but 20 minutes to catch the suburban train that was to bear him to the home of his boyhood days. Upon starting to dress he found that he had forgotten the combination. He picked up a fresh collar from the bureau and worked excitedly endeavoring to button it around the collar which he already had on. Sweating and furious Robert succeeded in getting a bell-boy and obtained help. He then gave his new found assistant \$20 to keep the story quiet.

Hank Summers is an old time Nevadan whose sincerity and singleness of purpose had made him wealthy and poor many times. Hank is discussed in a story that runs as follows: It seems that in the transmission of titles to several mining claims, Mr. Summers found that he would be unable to be present to do the final signing, so he delegated an agent and, as he expressed it, gave him "power of eternity."

The superstition of gold miners equals, if it does not excel, the physical credulity of actors, who are noted the world over for their belief in the unbelievable. Two young inhabitants of Nevada who had been partners for the

past two years in the search for gold, have a custom decidedly their own. These men exchange hats just before entering upon any business deal, and continue to wear each other's head-gear until the deal is completed. They claim that the only failure that is credited to their account is directly due to the fact that one of them became intoxicated and lost the other's hat for the space of several hours. Nothing can shake them in their faith, and as the head of one is much larger than the other, they present a ludicrous sight when out for business.

A pathetic story, afterwards proving true, was the incident told your correspondent by a party of miners, in which it was related that these miners had come across a space among the trees that was cleared of snow, on one side of which a small wood fire was burning. In the middle of the clearing lay an old Indian who had been cast aside by his tribe to die. Investigation shows that it is the custom of the Indians investing the flats of Nevada, when they perceive signs of a final weakness in any individual of their number, to leave him behind to die. They place a small supply of food at his side and depart upon their journey, while he who is left on the doorstep of the happy hunting ground obeys his fate with a stoicism of the old time flagellants. This particular Indian lived for nearly two weeks before death overcame him, steadfastly refusing succor from any and all who sought to relieve him.

In Goldfield there exists an institution which is known nowhere else on earth. This original peculiarity of the noted mining camp is a clearing house for beer checks. Each saloon in the combination buys from this clearing house a certain number of checks which represents so many free drinks that are given as the result of winning on the slot machines. This number is distributed equally, and at the end of each month an accounting is made. Then the checks from each house are added up and again divided equally. The saloon disposing of a lesser number of checks is obliged to pay a balance into the clearing house that will make its share of the free drink expense in equal ratio of that of the neighboring saloon.

An amusing incident, which resulted from the wide advertising attendant upon the promotion of the Annie Laurie claim of the Manhattan Mining Company of Nevada, before that company was proven to be a mine, was the great number of letters received in Goldfield from ardent swains. These men had somehow gotten it into their thick skull that Annie Laurie was a tangible woman, possessed of much wealth. The letter portrayed in vivid language the desire of the writer to become the husband of so much money, and many of them requested a photograph of the lady, promising one of their own in exchange.

Perhaps the funniest occurrence of all and one that still brings a hearty laugh when it is mentioned in the police circles of Goldfield, is the incident which is called "The Accident of the Wind Storm."

A prominent young man, noted for his ability to charm the weaker sex, was taking a bath in a tin tub, which he had placed in the center of his tent—and those were days when a bath was an extreme luxury in the frontier town—when of a sudden, one of the severe gusts of wind so dreaded in the desert, swept down upon his habitation, and lifted it bodily from its moorings. The tent flew high in the air and the man was left standing upright in the tub, dressed even as Adam is said to have been dressed in the garden of Eden, lacking even the protection of a solicitous fig tree.

The story of the reclaiming of the desert is a sensational one. Throughout its woof runs threads of humor and pathos. There are tales of gambling and poverty; stories of success that makes one dizzy to read; incidents of determined perservance leading up to the very door of death; tales of true friendship, and cross sections of innate selfishness.

Desert life is primal. It flaunts the weakling and strengthens him who is already strong. Nature is but claiming her own. *Requiescat.* — Willard P. Hatch in Goldfield Sun.

### DIFFERENT IN KOOTENAY

Alberti Fredericci, the head of the New York roast chestnut trust, an organization not to be despised, was praising Italy in a cafe.

"The only bad thing about Italy is its train service," he said. "I shall never forget a winter experience of mine on the railroad that runs along the Mediterranean from Ventimille to Genoa."

"I boarded the train at Ventimille one morning, bound for San Remo. Off we started, snow-covered mountains to our left, orange groves and rose farms about us, the blue sea on our right, and after some minutes we stopped."

"Is this Bordighera? I said to the guard."

"No; it's a cow," he answered. "There's a cow on the track."

"Well, after a while the cow was driven off and we got under way again. Some few miles traversed in a leisurely way, and then—we stopped again."

"Another cow," I said to the guard bitterly.

"No; he replied, 'the same one.'"—*Washington Post.*

### AN EASY MARK

Mark Twain got a kiss for every time he wrote his autograph for the Vassar girls the other day, and the last heard of the old man he was sending out for more pens.—*Montreal Star.*

Dan Alton writes from New Zealand where he sold the government over \$50,000 worth of the wooden water pipe that is made in Vancouver, and Dan is naturally proud of his success in pushing Canadian goods under the Southern Cross. In the excitement Dan forgot to put a stamp on his letter, but it reached Nelson just the same. He says that the eight-hour day is a success in New Zealand and the country very prosperous.

## BRITISH COLUMBIA.

British Columbia has often been called the Switzerland of America, because of the grandeur and beauty of its scenery, rivalling, if not surpassing in picturesqueness, the mountains and lakes of that world-famed land of beauty. But British Columbia is more than a land of gorgeous scenic attractions. It enjoys one of the most healthful and equable climates in the world, free from epidemics, cutting winds and extremes of either heat or cold. It also possesses abundant and varied natural resources such as few countries can boast of, constituting it at the present time the most promising field for individual enterprise in America, and affording for people of taste and refinement opportunities and advantages for delightful home-making greater than can be found in combination elsewhere from sea to sea.

There are of course many people who do not crave such attractions as British Columbia offers aside from its business opportunities, people who are lacking in appreciation of the beautiful in nature, who see nothing in the grandeur of the forests and the glory of the flowers, nothing in the sunrise on the mountains, sunset in the valleys, or moonlight on the waters, who hear no message in the murmur of the pines or no sweet solace in the songs of the birds. To such the most dreary wastes are as satisfying as the Elysian Fields, as long as material prosperity attends their footsteps. To such natures, Kootenay's marvellous beauty does not appeal. But to those who are blessed (for it is a blessing, one of God's most precious gifts) with an innate love for the beautiful.

To those in declining years, or failing health, or those who are weary with the strife of the strenuous life, there comes a call wafting over the western mountains, freighted with suggestions of placid waters, rainbow trout, bubbling brooks, sylvan glens, and the restfulness of the "lolling lily," with balmy, aromatic breezes, laden with the healing virtue of the pines and cedars and the fragrance of the rose garden, the apple orchard, the locust tree and the exquisite mountain orchard, inviting the weary one to the lake region of British Columbia, the land of sunshine, fruit and flowers—Kootenay, the Beautiful!

To heed the call means to the average man ten or twenty years added to his life.

R. F. LANGFORD.

## A GOOD TEXT.

The Nashville American quotes a short but eloquent sermon from a correspondent of the New York Sun as follows: "Many years ago I came here from a country town, poor as any boy could well be; found employment in a large concern, bettered my position year after year; became a partner, then the head of the concern. Made my fortune, a large one; now retired. When I die I shall leave my children each a fortune, but when I think it over day after day I can only be ashamed of it all. I suppose I was no worse than others. I know some were worse than I. I could

always say, "It's good business," but I forgot there was such a thing as a square deal. If I could get the better of an associate or a customer or an employe I did. Anything that I could do to attain my own success was good business, and I did it. I have given to charity, headed subscriptions, but it doesn't satisfy me. I know what I have done wasn't manly. Last night I sat with other so-called successful men. I studied them. When they can't help thinking, they think just as I do. The modern success is a rank failure. It has made it great; it has made its people selfish and unprincipled. I would give all I possess tonight if I could say: "I have given everyone a square deal. I have done no man wrong." Think it over; it will mean a lot to you some day."

## "GWINE BACK HOME."

As we waited in the L. & N. depot at Nashville for the train, some one began crying, and an excitement was raised among the passengers. A brief investigation proved that it was an old colored man who was giving way to his grief. Three or four people remarked on the strangeness of it, but for some time no one said anything to him. Then a depot policeman came forward and took him by the arm, and shook him roughly and said:

"See here, old man, you want to quit that! You are drunk, and if you make any more disturbance I'll lock you up!"

"Deed, but I hain't drunk," replied the old man, as he removed him tear-stained handkerchief. "I'ze losted my ticket an' money, an' dat's what's the matter."

"Bosh! You never had any money to lose! You dry up or away you go!"

"What's the matter yere?" queried a man, as he came forward.

The old man recognized the dialect of the Southerner in an instant, and repressing his emotions with a great effort he answered:

"Say, Mars Jack, I'ze bin robbed."

"My name is White."

"Well, then, Mars White, somebody has done robbed me of ticket an' money"

"Where were you going?"

"Gwine down into Kaintuck, whar I was bo'n an' raised."

"Where's that?"

"Nigh to Bowlin' Green, sah, an' when the wah dun sot me free I cum up this way. Hain't bin home vance, sah."

"And you had a ticket?"

"Yes, sah, an' ober \$20 in cash. Bin savin' up for ten y'ars, sah."

"What do you want to go back for?"

"To see de hills an' de fields, de tobacco, an' de co'n, Mars Preston an' de good old missus. Why, Mrs White, I'ze dun been prayin' fur it fo' 20 y'ars. Sometimes de longin' his cum till I couldn't hardly hold myself."

"It's too bad."

"De ole woman is buried down dar, Mars White—de ole woman an' free chillen. I kin 'member the spot same as if I seed it yisterday. You go out half way to de fust tobacker house, an' den you turn to de left an' go down to de branch whar de wimmen used to wash.

Dar's fo' trees on de odder bank, an' right under 'em is whar dey is all buried. I kin see it! I kin lead you right to de spot!"

"And what will you do when you get there?" asked the stranger.

"Go up to de big house an' ax Mars Preston to let me lib out all de rest of my days right dar. I'ze ole an' all alone an' I want to be nigh my dead. Sorter company fur me when my heart aches."

"Where were you robbed?"

"Out doahs, dar, I reckon, in de crowd. See? De pocket is all cut out. I'ze dreamed and pondered—I'ze had dis journey in my mind fur y'ars, an' now I'ze dun bin robbed an' can't go."

He fell to crying, and the policeman came forward in an officious manner.

"Stand back, sir!" commanded the stranger.

"Now, gentlemen, you have heard the story. I'm going to help the old man back to die on the old plantation and be buried alongside of his dead."

"So am I!" called twenty men in chorus, and within five minutes we had raised enough to buy him a ticket and leave \$50 to spare. And when he realized him good luck, the snow-haired black fell upon his knees in that crowd and prayed:

"Lord, I'ze been a believer in You all my days, an' now I dun axes You to watch ober dese yere white folks dat has believed in me an' helped me to go back to de ole home."

And I do believe that nine-tenths of that crowd had tears in their eyes as the gateman called out the train for Louisville.

## SHE HAD A QUESTION TO ASK

A certain prominent dry goods merchant is also a Sunday school superintendent. Not long ago he devoted the last few minutes of the weekly session to an impressive elucidation of the parable of the Prodigal Son, and afterward asked with due solemnity if any one of the "little gleaners" present desired to ask a question. Sissy Jones' hand went up.

"Very well," he said, designating her with a benevolent finger, and a bland smile, "what is it you would like to know, Cecilia?"

"Please what's the price of them little pink parasols in your show window?"

In slavery days a negro was discovered in a hotel office walking up and down. "Here, you nigger," said the proprietor, "who do you belong to?" "Deed, massa," the negro replied, "I dunno, until the poker game now goin' on upstairs is finished."

When Maggie, recent arrival from over the sea, had finished cleaning the windows her mistress was amazed to discover that they had been washed upon the inside only. She enquired the reason for this half-completed task, thinking the girl was afraid to sit outside the window. Maggie's reply was as follows: "I claned 'em inside, so's we could look out, mum, but I left the dirt on the outside, so the people couldn't look in."

## A Money Maniac

Russell Sage exists in New York, has about one hundred millions of dollars, and has been weaned nearly ninety years. He has made his money as the spider catches flies, and the process has frozen his soul. He has never bought even a white stock in the game of generosity, and when his old, miserly carcase is thrown on the dump none will regret, and the tears dropped over his demise would not suffice to wet a postage stamp. Such men as Sage are merely vampires who suck the financial blood of mankind and live upon the mistakes and misfortunes of their victims. If Sage's heart had not been withered by the breath of gold he would have made a million glad, and dying, leave behind him a name wreathed in flowers by a grateful people. As a boarder of collateral he has been a success, but as a real man a dead and damned failure. Hugh Pentecost recently assayed him in a public speech in New York in the following powerful manner:

It is said that Russell Sage is ninety years old, and that he is worth about one hundred millions of dollars. So that if age and a comfortable fortune make a man competent to hold and express wise thoughts on human life, Russell Sage must certainly be a wise man. Some time ago he gave to the New York World, through a reporter, an interview in which he answered the question, "What is your idea of life?" That interview is the basis of my talk to you.

One of the things he said was, that if he had his life to live over again, he would live it just as he had lived it, except that he would devote it more to charity (I don't know why he doesn't begin now) and that he should marry earlier. With those two exceptions he seems to be entirely satisfied with the life he has lived. All his ideals have evidently been met, and I may say that he is the first person I have ever known of who was entirely satisfied with the life that he had lived. Yet I have never heard of a single person who admired or loved Russell Sage. I have heard people speak well of Mr. Rockefeller because of the money he gives to colleges and hospital institutions. I have heard many people speak well of Mr. Carnegie, and occasionally one of Mr. Morgan, but I cannot remember that I ever heard one person say a single good word for Russell Sage, so that his idea of life evidently is not in conformity with that held by the community in which he lives.

Now, how has he lived his life, according to his own story? One of the nice things he says is that he has always been a home-loving man. He says that his home has always been a heaven of happiness, and that clubs are objectionable places because they are frequented by idle old men and wasteful young men. I object to clubs, not for Mr. Sage's reason, but because they are stupid and uninteresting. I have never been able to see what a man could possibly do in a club unless it was to drink so much liquor that he could find himself and the

persons he was talking to entertaining—otherwise they are not!

He says that if he had his life to live over again, he would exclude himself from what is called society, as he has done, and he speaks of the glittering hollowness of the "four hundred," and I think in that he is right. I could not conceive of a worse torture than to live my life among them. But I should take his talk about clubs and society more seriously if I were quite sure he did not remain away from them because they are too expensive.

Russell Sage is the apostle of hard work. He says that he has worked hard all his life, and that if he had his life to live over again, he would work even harder than he has. When he says "work" he means, of course, what he calls work. I don't suppose that, except in his very early youth, he ever did an honest day's work in his life. Have you ever seen a spider sitting at the mouth of a little cave such as they build their webs in, waiting and watching for a fly to get its feet caught in the web, and have you ever seen the spider move with extraordinary celerity and wind his web around the fly and by and by eat the fly? That is the way Russell Sage works! However, I suppose he thinks he works, just as the spider does.

He says he has never taken a vacation and has never wanted one; that he never takes any recreation, except that every afternoon he takes a drive. I recommend that form of recreation to all of you! And after the drive he comes back home and eats a plain and simple dinner—and that is all right. I recommend all of you to eat plain and simple food, and not too much! Then after dinner he reads the papers (I would like to know what portions of them he reads), and good books (I would dearly like to know what books they are); then sometimes he has a chat with friends who may come in in the evening, and a game of whist. He says he gets all the excitement he needs in life out of a rubber of whist. And then, he says, "I go to bed and sleep like a top." No theaters, never the opera, no concerts, no going to the museum where objects of art are displayed, no leisurely walks in the woods for the purpose of studying the flowers or the birds or the insects of getting away from the turmoil of city life—nothing of this kind. Work, work, every day, a drive in the afternoon, plain, simple dinner, chat with his friends at night, reading the Wall Street news, a game of whist and bed, day after day, day after day, for ninety years! No travel, never goes anywhere—just office, home; office, home. If the grass grew between his office and his home, he would wear a path between the two, and this is his life. And if he had his life to live over again, he would "work harder." This man ought not to be a millionaire, he ought to be a sweat-shop worker! He doesn't want anything except work, and I don't know where he could get more of it than in a sweatshop. The sweat shop workers think they are having a hard time. He doesn't. He ought to take the place of one of them, and let the man who feels that it is slavery have the

hundred million dollars.

His idea of life is thrift, thrift, thrift! He says that thrift is one of the elements of mankind, and you know when a rich man talks about thrift, he means stinginess. Two suits of clothes are enough for any young man, he says, and the only thing a young man ought ever to think about in regard to clothes, is where he can get them the cheapest. Fifty cents is enough to pay for a straw hat, and it will last you two seasons. Good, unlaundered shirts can be bought, he says, for 39 cents, and a good undershirt for 25 cents. In this connection he makes some epigrams. One of them is this: "The boy who knows bargains in socks makes the man who knows bargains in stocks." And another one is, "Silks are not for salaried men." You see he is alliterative. Anybody can make epigrams like that, for example: Happiness is not for hod-carriers; food is not for factory workers; recreation is not for railroad employees—why, I could go right on making epigrams like that!

Don't try he says, to emulate the flowers of the field in your dress. Why not? These are the sentiments, the epigrams of a miser! I don't believe in wilful extravagance; I don't think anyone should be wasteful, no matter how much he has. But I honestly think that rather than to get into this state of mind, it is better for a young man to spend everything that he makes and when he dies be buried in potter's field. The most you could say of him would be that he was a fool. You would not say that he was a miser, whose soul would not make a square meal for a half grown microbe!

Remember what President Harrison said once: "A cheap coat makes a cheap man." That is the truth. What a world we are living in when anybody could be respected who would tell you that it was his idea of life to buy your clothes at the cheapest possible place. What a cheap world it is! Of course, people can have too many clothes. They can become vain. But I should think we might at least raise the limit to three suits! A man ought not to have to wear the same suit of clothes two days in succession. One of them ought to be allowed to air while he is wearing the other one. I myself prefer more than three suits. I frankly confess that I find a new suit of clothes a tonic and a joy. There isn't anything in this world that is too good for me! (A voice: That's right! God bless you!) I have no doubt shirts can be bought for 39 cents apiece and I know I am talking to people some of whom are obliged to wear them, but I am glad I am not obliged to do so. I do not consider it an element of manhood that you should have to hunt for cheap clothes. It is a misfortune. Do you know what it means to buy cheap clothes? It means that a woman making four button-holes and sewing on four buttons on a 39-cent shirt gets ten cents a dozen shirts, and she makes \$2 a week. When I see a suit of clothes advertised for six or seven dollars it makes me sick, because I know that the people who have made the clothing are literally starving to death. And here is this man, a hundred times a millionaire, going about the town

trying to find where he can buy a 39-cent shirt that starved some woman to make! It is a crime to buy cheap clothes when you can afford to buy better ones. When you buy the best suit of clothes or the best garment of any kind, you not only have the pleasure of wearing clothing that is tasteful and comfortable, but you have the pleasure of knowing that you have contributed part of the good wages that the good workman gets who made them. But Mr. Sage has nothing to say about this.

What does he say about money? Mere aphorisms, mere epigrams. "A good man," he says, "cannot have too much money." What he means is that a good man like himself ought to have as much money as possible. But if he meant that it is impossible for a good man to have money, he is perfectly right. There is no such thing, he says, as a money curse. He does not know that his own money is a curse to him.

"Big enterprises," he says, "require big men." That is what the directors of the great life insurance companies said when they were asked why they paid salaries of one hundred and fifty thousand dollars a year. We have seen the kind of big men they were—not big men, big thieves! This is the sort of epigram with which the American people are hypnotized—"Big enterprises require big men." You hear that so much that you get the idea that these men like Russell Sage and Morgan and Rockefeller and Ryan and the others are big men. They are not big men. I have had the opportunity of conversing at great length with a number of millionaires, and the one thing that has impressed me more than anything else is that, outside of their capacity to make money, they are about as small men as I ever meet. I think if anybody reads the speeches that have been published of John D. Rockefeller, they will find that his mind is perfectly childish, that he never had a thought in his head that was not put in there by some religious teacher, except the thoughts that enable him to get the money that he has, in the way that he has. I used to be in rather close relations with a man who has recently died worth many millions of dollars, and a more simple-minded, indeed, feeble-minded man, I never knew, outside of his capacity to get money. He was not at all developed on any other side. How could he be? These men think and scheme—work, as they say—sixteen or eighteen hours a day, no time for literature, art, thought. An independent idea would give them paralysis! They think in grooves, like other great criminals. All criminals, as I meet them, are people of childish minds. They are just like a lot of children. You think of them as a dangerous class. They are not.

Russell Sage says: "The rich do not live for themselves alone. I turn my money over and over again in a way that helps others." So you see he is a philanthropist. Let us see what that means.

Suppose he were a manufacturer of burglars tools, and that he loaned these tools out to burglars and took a portion of the loot in exchange. What would he say? "The manufacturer of burglars'

tools does not live for himself alone. He turns over his tools again and again in a way that helps others!" Money in the hands of the rich lender is nothing but a "jimmy." It is the instrument by which he breaks into other people's houses and homes and pockets and steals what they have, and when he says that he turns his money over and over in a way that helps people he means exactly that, that he lends it to other people, taking a price therefor, and these people take it and go out and break into other people's houses and pockets and take what they have. It is not called a jimmy. It is called an instrument by which dividends are earned.

Question: Are men like Russell Sage hypocrites, are they self-deceived, or are they just impudent, and do they take the rest of us for fools? I could not help but ask myself this question when I read the talk of John D. Rockefeller, Jr., to his Bible class on Joseph's famous corner in corn. Joseph, you will remember, had a dream, an din his dream there were seven fat cows and seven lean cows, and the seven lean cows ate up the seven fat cows. Joseph wondered what that meant, and he sent for a dream interpreter, and he said: "That means there will be seven plentiful years and then there will come seven years of famine." and Joseph said, "Ah! Big enterprises need big men. I see how I can turn a trick for my master, the king, that will make me solid with the royal family!" So during the seven plentiful years he bought up all the surplus corn—corn being used in the Bible for wheat or grain of any kind—and when the seven years of famine came and the people had nothing to eat, he gave them the corn in exchange for their land, so that at the end of seven years' famine Joseph had placed to the ownership of the king all the land of Egypt.

Young Mr. Rockefeller came across this in the course of his Sunday school lessons, and he couldn't dodge it, and in commenting on it he said: "I have been thinking very seriously about this problem, and I can't see anything to criticize in Joseph's conduct. Big enterprises need big men, and Joseph was a smart business man, that was all." And then he said: "You see he was kind to the people after he had got all their land away from them. He did not forbid them to live on the land." What is he? Is he a hypocrite or a fool, or does he take us for fools? Supposing Joseph had driven all the people off the land, what would it have been worth? Absolutely nothing, and he kindly permitted them to stay on the land and compelled them to yield up all their produce except just enough to enable them to live and keep at their work, just as they are doing today in all the countries of the world. What shall we say about these men? Are they hypocrites, or do they really believe the things that they tell us, and how long are a so-called intelligent, free people to sit down quietly and permit these men to hypnotize them and humbug and dupe them with these epigrams—for that is all it is?

These men are only big men because you think they are big men. Their mon-

ey is only powerful because you think it is powerful. Here are three or four thousand men like Russell Sage in this country and against every one of them are 20,000 intelligent persons, and yet this one epigrammatic rich man dopes the minds of the people so that they sit down quietly and give up everything that they have to them. How long are they going to stand it?

I know that everybody ought to be judicially minded. Nobody ought to get excited, because everything is going along as well as it can and as fast as it can; but do you know, sometimes, when I know that these vampires are sitting in their offices, where they say that they work, and are sucking the life blood out of the necks of men, women and children, I can hardly stand it; and I think I will have to go out into the streets and cry out, and say, "Are you stupid? Are you idiots? What is the matter with you that you can't see it?" Sometimes I think I will just have to get out and be a mad man and get arrested!

#### REAL RACE SUICIDE

Dr. Harold N. Moyer, of Chicago, speaking at a dinner of the Physicians' club, had the courage to ease his mind on the subject of race suicide in a manner to win applause from many who have felt themselves unable to cope with our enthusiastic president and his optimistic supporters. "The sociologists, who coined the phrase 'race suicide,'" observed Dr. Moyer, "have mistaken a healthful symptom for a social disease. At the beginning of the last century this country had 4,000,000. At the beginning of this century we had 80,000,000. In another hundred years we shall be jammed together, 360,000,000 souls all struggling for a livelihood." One of the causes of sorrow in the world is the too rapid increase of the human race. Mr. Balfour may have reflected upon the truth of this, but he would never have been forgiven if he had said it. Those white-faced women who reeled to the English government offices, intoxicated with anger, despair, hunger and maternal pity, carried children in their arms, had little ones hanging to their skirts, and left a restless brood at home. They had brought them into the world knowing they could not provide for them, and that the little ones must grow up, as their parents had before them, with want waiting at their doors, with vice for their companions, and, with a pauper's grave offering them rest at the end. If they, and their fathers before them, even unto the tenth generation, had shown a more sincere compassion for posterity there would not be this hungry army of the rejected beating with futile hands upon the doors of destiny.

#### SOMEWHAT QUEER

The girls, God bless them! They have their little peculiarities, don't you know. When they are small they won't go into the parlor at night without a light, because there might be a man there, but when they grow older they won't have a light there because there is a man in there! Queer, isn't it.—Ex.

**MONEY EXPERTLY DEFINED.**

Andrew Carnegie has again moralized on money. "The advantages of wealth are trifling," he says. "Beyond a competence for old age, which need not be very great and may be very small, wealth lessens rather than increases human happiness. Millionaires who laugh are rare."

A dozen years ago the writer heard Andrew Carnegie lecture. He was introduced on that occasion 'as a man who had given away money enough to make every person in this audience (which numbered about 500) comparatively rich.' And in his lecture Andrew talked of money, and in a depreciating way. He pictured the life of a rich man as not so very different from that of the ordinary individual. Better clothes he may have, richer food, rarer wines, more elaborate surroundings, but when this is said all is said. It was assumed by Carnegie that work was the common lot regardless of money.

Carnegie's philosophy was expressed much more happily and much more effectively by the late Mr. Hoyt in that song, The Tired Man:

"You can only weah one tie,  
One eye-glass in youh eye  
And one coffin when you die,  
Don't y' know."

Whether Carnegie laments the fact that the man with multimillions hasn't several stomachs to cater to and numerous bodies to ornament is, perhaps, an impertinent surmise. But it isn't a whit more impertinent than the strutting pose which Andrew Carnegie likes to affect towards wealth. He enumerates in a general way the things which differentiate physical comfort from physical discomfort, outlines a chasm immeasurably wide and bridges it over with a wave of the hand.

How different is the definition of money recently given by Joseph Medill Patterson, the young Chicago millionaire, who has announced himself a socialist. "Money," according to Patterson, "is power and dominion. It is wine, women and song. It is poetry, music and art. It is warmth in winter and coolness in summer. It is horses and automobiles and silks and diamonds. It is self-respect and the respect of others. No one possesses it but it possesses others. I for one cannot see why those things should be concentrated more and more in the hands of a few.

"By distributing money evenly I do not mean to say that all the money in the country should be cut up into equal bits and that everybody should get a bit of it. But, on the contrary, I believe that the ownership from which money springs should be vested in the whole community."

Patterson is a millionaire by inheritance. Carnegie by his own skill and the great protective tariff. Patterson declares that money should not be inherited. Andrew Carnegie doubtless will bequeath more millions to his heirs than they can ever spend. Since we are all interested in money the conflicting view points of Carnegie and Patterson are worth considering in a comparative way. The decision, we imagine, will be that

while Patterson is in some respects far astray he wears a sincerity which would be far more becoming to the grizzled face of Carnegie than the hypocritical mask now worn.—Joplin Globe.

**LAUGH**

Laugh, and the world laughs with you;  
Weep, and you weep alone!  
For the sad old earth must borrow its mirth,

But has trouble enough of its own.  
Sing, and the hills will answer;  
Sigh, it is lost on the air—  
The echoes bound to a joyous sound,  
But shrink from voicing care,  
Rejoice, and men will seek you;  
Grieve, and they turn and go,  
They want full measure of all your pleasure,

But they do not need your woe.  
Be glad, and your friends are many;  
Be sad, and you lose them all.  
There are none to decline your nectar'd wine,

But alone you must drink life's gall.  
Feast, and your halls are crowded;  
Fast, and the world goes by.  
Succeed and give, and it helps you live,  
But no man can help you die.

—Ella Wheeler Wilcox.

Jimmie was very much impressed by the minister's saying that man was made of rust. "Ma," he said, after a thoughtful silence, "was I made of dust, too?" "Yes," she replied. "Well, how is it then that my birthday comes in January? There ain't no dust in January."

The New York Press says: "A pretty little device of the wicked which is attracting a good deal of attention in restaurants, cabarets, posadas, cafes and hospices these days is called the 'jag indicator.' It is invented for the benefit of good fellows who don't know when they have had plenty to drink. It is a green frog with pink specks upon its back and is about three-quarters of an

inche long. The customer receives one from the bar man, which he is asked to place upon the bar before each subsequent drink. As soon as the customer sees upon the bar more than one frog, or thinks he sees the frog move, he is expected—nay required—to quit drinking for that day."

**ALMOST AN ACCIDENT**

A story is told of a man who, crossing a disused coal field late at night, fell into an apparently bottomless pit, and saved himself only by grasping a projecting beam. There he clung with great difficulty all night, only to find when day dawned, that his feet were only four inches from the bottom.

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## SLEEP CURE

One of the newest fads of the medical world is the sleep cure. According to the physician who has sought to introduce his ideas among the Parisians one sleeps entirely too little. It is his argument that one lives a certain length of time, and that this time (sickness not considered) is extended over a long or short period according to the temperament of the person. He cites in support of his theory the longevity of the negroes, and declares that they attain a ripe old age because they sleep when work is not absolutely necessary.

His treatment consists of sending the patient to bed and making him sleep. Eight hours a day one may leave his bed and mingle with the world as he pleases, but not only must the other sixteen be spent in bed, but the patient must be actually asleep.

On his discharge the patient is warned that if he would live his allotted time he must husband his waking hours by spending as much time in sleep as possible. The physician declares that with a child properly trained to sleep 12 or 14 hours a day, the attainment of the hundredth year would be a matter of course, and not an occurrence of rarity.

## REFORM'S THORNY PATH

"Reforms are always difficult to start with," said governor Folk. "Everybody tries to take advantage of the reformer. I know a young man who decided on New Year's day that he was giving too many of his evenings to the club. Accordingly he resolved that throughout 1906 he would go to the club only twice a month.

"Amy," he said to his wife at dinner, "I know that since our marriage I have been too constant a frequenter of the club, and I am aware that this has caused you a deal of private wretchedness. My dear, I am sorry. I am going to turn over a new leaf; and I will begin tonight."

"The young woman's eyes shone. Her face lighted with joy.

"Oh, Harold," she cried, "how happy you have made me! Uncle Jim wants me to go to the theatre with him tonight, and you can stay home and mind the baby."

## WANTS REALITY

Why is it that a woman would rather look at a display of pretty holser in a show window while a man prefers muddy street crossings?—Bonham Herald.

Man never likes to waste his time on anything when he knows from the beginning that there's nothing in it.

## BOTH GOT ANNUITY

A Scottish life officer sold an annuity to Mr. Pat Maloney, and paid, and paid, until they reckoned his age about 100 when they sent an inspector to Tipperary to interview the annuitant, and to make sure they were paying the annuity to the proper person. The emissary called at the cottage and asked if Mr. Pat Maloney was in. No; he was in the field plowing. A centenarian working plowman seemed rather an anomaly. The insurance man found the field, and

a man about 60 at work. "Are you Mr. Patrick Maloney?" "Yes," he said, "I am." "Are you the Mr. Maloney who draws an annuity from the — insurance company?" "Yis; bedad, and mi father before me"

"George, what are you and little Albert quarreling about? My goodness! Can't you let him have one of those blocks? Why do you insist on having them all?"

"Well, blame it, ma, we're playing that I'm Rockefeller."—Chicago Record-Herald.

Before an outpouring of sympathy with Japan sets in because the war has increased her per capita taxation from \$2 to \$6, some comparisons with the rate of taxation in this country may be helpful in repressing our inclination to commiserate with the little men who walloped the Russians. In 1904 Canadians paid in customs taxes \$7.26 per head, and in excise \$2.13, total per capita taxation \$8.57, which is 60 per cent more than that of Japan. Before the war Japan's national debt was \$6 per head of the population; now we are told that it is \$25. Canada's per capita national debt is two and one-fifth times more than that of Japan, being \$65.12 per head of population.

A Yorkshireman, who boasted of the ale he used to get in his village, heard of a place, not far away from where he lived, that sold very good ale. He mounted his horse, and having ridden to the place, called (without getting down from his horse) for some ale. A girl brought him out a quart of it. He drank it off, and ordered another, and, having also drunk this, he said: "Ah, weel, ye do keep good ale, and now I think I'll get down an' hae some."

General Charles S. Warren, the first, last and best police judge that ever dealt out justice in Butte, writes that he will be in Nelson next July. The general has recently made a fortune in copper mines and writes that he will never again buy a gold brick, pack a blanket, swim a river, nor punch holes in the snow on tall mountains. He states that when he gets over the line that he will buy the drinks provided we do not raise the ante on him. The general is dead safe when he strikes this formation and will not require to ante or pas the buck. He is one of the famous men of the great west, and his original, humane and merciful way of dealing out justice in Butte will be pasted in the history of Montana for ages to come.

## THE DIFFERENCE

An exchange editor does not attempt to hide the fact that he is a little old fashioned yet when it comes to placing men and women on exactly the same plane.

He says: "Men and women ought, perhaps, to enjoy the same rights and privileges, but for all that, if we saw two men wearing picture hats and kissing each other on the street, we would look for a brick right away."

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## A TRUE TEST

In my experience around town a gentleman is a man who can handle either a bottle of wine or a pack of cards without losing for a second his courtesy, the urbanity, the kindness and the manliness of a gentleman. It has been frequently said that alcohol and cards are the surest tests of a gentleman. How often have I observed men who pretend to be gentlemen, whose environment entitled them to be considered gentlemen, after a highball or two or a quart of the fizzy, become dis-tressing cads, boasters, backbiters, brut-ish, insolent, scurrilous and even ob-scene.

Just so in cards. Veneer gentlemen betray themselves around the poker table and the bridge whist table. By pettish words and acts they easily prove that they are not thoroughbred losers or winners. A gentleman accepts good or ill fortune with equanimity. By no word or act does he offend the sensi-bilities of those about him at the table.

All gentlemen do not drink or gamble. Some say that no gentleman drinks or gambles. That's another story.—Joplin Globe.

## About Float.

Float is not a periodical. It is a book containing 86 illustrations, all told, and is filled with sketches and stories of western life. It tells how a gambler cashed in after the flush days of Sandon; how it rained in New Denver long after Noah was dead; how the parson took a drink at Bear Lake in early days; how justice was dealt in Kaslo in '93; how the saloon man outprayed the women in Kalamazoo, and graphically depicts the roamings of a western editor amongst the tenderfeet in the cent belt. It contains the early history of Nelson and a romance of the Silver King mine. In it are printed three western poems, and dozens of articles too numerous to mention. Send for one before it is too late. The price is 25 cents, postpaid to any part of the world. Address all letters to

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