THE MORRISSEY MINER

VOLUME 1 — MORRISSEY, BRITISH COLUMBIA, SATURDAY, APRIL 11, 1903 — NUMBER 32

MORRISSEY, B. C.

" There's No Place Like Home "

Australian Hotel . . . . . .

H. L. Stephens, Prop.

Morrissey - - - - B. C.

. . . THE . . .

London and Liverpool Co.

Fernie, B. C.

Departmental Store

DEPARTMENTS

1 Clothing
2 Mens Furnishings
3 Mens Boots and Shoes
4 Ladies & Childrens Boots and Shoes
5 Staple and Fancy Dry Goods
6 Millinery and Fancy Goods
7 House Furn'shgs, Carpets, Linoleums
8 Furniture
9 Crockery and Glassware
10 Groceries
11 Hardware, Stoves and Tinware

Our Groceries Have Arrived

We wish you to call and inspect them and see if you are satisfied with our selection. If you are not, then we are not, and wil continue to add to it till we have what you want. We solicit a fair share of your patronage in this line, and if fair dealing and correct and reasonable prices will bring you, we shall accommodate you.

J. A. Gillis . . . THE CASH STORE

MORRISSEY DEPARTMENT STORE

Our stock is rapidly thinning out under the pressure of

Greatly Reduced Prices

You can depend on every article you buy at this store Unreliable goods will never find place here. You'll find the best or nothin , and value for value. You'll find our prices down to the buy-without-question mark.

R. HIRTZ, Proprietor

Windsor Hotel — EUGENE WALTER Proprietor

A First Class Hotel in a First Class Town

RATES: ONE DOLLAR PER DAY

BEST OF WINES, LIQUORS AND CIGARS

J. MECREDY,

DRAY AND EXPRESS

Wood and Coal For Sale

I am in shape to give careful attention to any business in my line. Satisfaction guaranteed. We make a specialty of safe transportation of all goods.

NOTES FROM THE MINES

Items of General Interest From the Coal Center.

About 100 miners from the Boundary country, Montana and Washington and also from the coast mines arrived this week to work in the mines. All seem good men and are pleased with the country and work

A great drawback to the work here at present is the want of railroad cars. With this difficulty remedied shipments will soon assume their old proportions.

The new Methodist church here is nearly completed. Rev. Connor is a sure rustler in his line.

All men wishing work can be sure of same at the Morrissey mines

Jim Bryan came in from Fernie this week to act as boss carpenter for the Coal company He is now finishing the snow sheds on the incline going to the mine.

Edward Iliff has again resumed work on the new fan at No. 1 mine.

Half a mile of coking stone is already placed here on the coke oven site. Work will soon commence on this contract. Two hundred and fifty ovens are to be built this summer.

The new seats in the Trites-Wood Co. store for convenience of lady buyers would be a credit to any eastern business house.

When are we to have our new post office? The way our mail is handled after leaving the Morrissey office is disgraceful. We understand W. J. Moore has been appointed postmaster and is only waiting for his supplies before opening up the office. Mr. Moore intends going in for a first class office as soon as the new town opens up, and as the townsite is only about 10 minutes' walk from the mine we can all get our mail quicker and safer. Moore is a straightforward man, well liked by all, and as postmaster he will meet with the hearty approval of the people.

Two carloads of machinery arrived this week over the Great Northern for the mine here. It will be installed in the course of a few weeks and will greatly assist in the output of coal.

The Trites-Wood Co are expecting a lady cashier this week to take charge of the office at the store.

Hotel petitions are all the go here now and our autographs are in great demand.

Our old friend Tim Morton is contemplating running an hotel on the new townsite. Tim is well known here, being the pioneer of the mine. He should make a first class boniface and a genial host.

Some fine fishing is being indulged in by the boys around here. The largest pulled out this season weighed nearly five pounds.

Inside of a year Morrissey will be the star camp of the valley, if she goes on at the rate she is now.

The boarding houses here are once more being filled up with new men, and by the looks of things more houses will have to be built to accommodate them. One drawback to the people running these houses now is that they cannot get credit at the store since it changed hands. The store, when run by the company, gave unlimited credit to all that were working, but now it is different. People had a big kick coming when the company run the business; now they have a kick because the company does not run its own store for the employes. A miner coming into the camp dead broke without the price of his dinner pail or oil can to commence work, could always get what he wanted when the company had the store. Now he cannot get these things until he pays cash.

One of the first things that the government should do when Greater Morrissey opens up to the public is to build a jail. We have been for a long time without one here, at a great inconvenience to the constable in charge, but there is no need of the same conditions existing in the new town as it is a sure certainty of being a fixed place. When the boom comes, and new men from all parts come in, we will have a varied class of people to deal with, and a jail will be an absolute necessity. We have been free from any serious trouble so far, but the future may be quite the reverse when the new town opens up.

John Ballasky, late fire boss at the mine here, left yesterday for Fernie. John is an old resident here and will be much missed. Mrs. Ballasky and the family will leave later on.

At the Mines.

Additional men are being put to work at the Morrissey mines and every arrangement is being made to push forward the output so as to meet the demand for coal. Cars are being hurried in, and in a week or ten days great train loads of black diamonds will be going out of this camp and Morrissey will once more become a great bee hive of industry. The output at the time the mine was closed down was nearly 800 tons daily, and this will soon be increased to 1200 and 1500 tons. New machinery is arriving daily for the mines and costly and extensive improvements are being made in the workings.

WORK IN LEGISLATURE

Re-enact the Chinese Exclusion Act.

LABOR LEGISLATION

The South East Kootenay Coal and Oil Reserve Has Not Been Cancelled.

PREMIER RECOGNIZES SUPPORTERS

Victoria, April 9—The bill re-enacting the Chinese exclusion act passed at last session but afterward disallowed, went on its second reading after an animated discussion.

A measure much the same in principle but designed to restrict the opportunities of employment for undesirable foreigners already in the country by application of an education test was also read a second time, after protest by Hawthornthwaite that it might operate crully against hundreds of illiterate but industrious workers at present in the province.

Notice has been given by J. H Hawthornthwaite, Nanaimo, of his intention to introduce a bill to amend the Trades Union Act by providing that any interference with the right of men to join unions be declared a breach of the law. This is a direct blow at Dunsmuir, and has been provoked by the latter's attitude toward the coal miners and their relation to the Western Federation of Miners. In attempting to prevent his employes joining the federation under pain of a long continued closing of the mines, Dunsmuir is assuredly guilty of intimidation just so much as are strikers should they use threats to dissuade men from scabbing. It is doubtful whether the bill will ever reach its third reading, for the government is still under the ex-premier's thumb and they will not let their followers be stampeded in favor of what is a slap at the coal baron whose will they are willing to work.

Routine affairs otherwise occupied the day to a large extent, although not absolutely uninteresting since in the drafting of standing committees the government made no doubt of its position by allotment to duty of Neill, Houston, Gilmour, Stables and E C Smith, heretofore classed as doubtful.

Joseph Martin is on no committee.

Another very interesting feature of the day was the presentation of a bill by the premier just as the house was rising to ratify the passage of the order-in-council of 4th September, 1901, which was rescinded on the 18th March of the following year. The object of this legislation being to destroy any possibility of title remaining good under the cancelled grants, anticipating the objects of Oliver's select committee.

With regard to the coal and oil lands of South East Kootenay, the votes and proceedings show Captain Tatlow's interrogation and the chief commissioner's answer to have been as follows:

Tatlow—"Has the government cancelled the reserve which covers the coal and oil lands in South East Kootenay, If so, when? If not, is it the intention so to do?"

Hon. W. C. Wells—"There has been no reservation of any lands in South East Kootenay cancelled. The cancellation of any reserves has not yet been considered."

In reply to a question asked by Oliver the chief commissioner said there had been no applications received for leasing oil or coal lands since a reserve was placed on blocks 4593 and 4594.

Around the Mines

General Manager J. H. Tonkin of the Crows Nest Pass Coal company, was in Nelson Tuesday, and to a News man stated that while at the mines the men were being put to work as fast as room could be found for them yet it would be a week or ten days before everything would be in working order again. At the time of the commencement of the strike the company had a large amount of coke that had not been placed on the cars. As soon as the strike was settled this coke was shipped out to the smelters and as the new coke would be ready by Wednesday there was not likely to be any further delay at smelters or mines from this source. As to coal they would probably start shipping it today. There had been some unavoidable delay with the coal on account of the fact that both Michel and Coal creek the lower levels of the mines were flooded. This was being rectified as quickly as possible and as mentioned before, in a short time everything will be in full swing again. At present about 60 per cent of the miners have been put to work. He thought the outlook for the coming summer very good. The present agreement was virtually a three year one and no danger was anticipated of their being any further friction. The company was already pushing development work as fast as possible and at all the coal camps the season would be a busy one. Contracts have been let for 250 new coke ovens each at Michel and Morrissey. At the former town F D. Alexander was to construct 125 and E Wrigglesworth the balance, and at Morrissey Frank Oldham of Pittsburg, had received the contract for the whole number to be built. The transfer of the stores formerly held by the company had been completed, and they were now altogether in the hands of the Trites-Wood Co.

The brick for the coke ovens was now on the way and should have arrived last Saturday, but had been delayed a few days on the road. At Michel a good hotel was going up, and there was other building going on there. Morrissey townsite would be placed on the market probably about the first of May.

Morrissey Methodist Church.

C. F. Connor, pastor; preaching service, 11 a.m.; Sabbath school (at the mines) 3 p.m.; preaching service (at the mines) 7:30 p.m. All welcome, seats free.

Sunday subject: "The Resurrection." Text: "Now is Christ Risen from the Dead, and Become the First Fruits of Them That Slept."

ITEMS OF INTEREST

Gathered In From Many Different Sources.

There are several applications for hotel licenses in the new town at the mines which will be opened the first of the month. The town will be called Morrissey Mines.

Judging from the number of petitions for hotel licenses that have been circulating around town this week, there will be no excuse for a man going dry when the new town is started.

William Eschwig, proprietor of the Northern hotel at Fernie, was in town this week. Mr. Eschwig is another hotel man who thinks the new town looks good to him, and was out with a petition.

Nelson News: W. J. Blundell, who has been with the firm of J. Y. Griffin & Co. for the past seven years, leaves Thursday for Morrissey to take the position of manager of the store of Trites-Wood Co. at that town.

Foss & McDonell have finished their contract of putting in the foundations for the coke ovens at the Morrissey mines, and this week moved the balance of their outfit and men to Michel, where they have a similar contract.

Allen Farrell went out Thursday to show Billy Singleton how to shoot. Billy says Farrell marked a target on a dead tree that was as large as a barn door, and took three shots at it with shells loaded with bird shot, and failed to put a single one in the circle.

F. C. Malpas, manager of the Cranbrook branch of the Canadian Bank of Commerce, was in town between trains last Saturday evening. Mr. Malpas' stay in Morrissey was a short one, but brief as it was he had an opportunity of meeting quite a number of our citizens.

George Paquin, chef at the Australian hotel, broke away from the range long enough Thursday night to take a run in to Fernie. George has been working steady for the past five months without losing a day, and thoroughly enjoyed the trip. He saw the elephant in all its pristine glory.

J. Ostermier of Lewiston, Idaho, was in town this week. Mr. Ostermier has been in every coal camp in the United States, and had heard so much about the Crows Nest country that he decided to come up here and size up the situation. He was more than pleased with his visit, and expects to come back in the summer.

T. D. Costan of the C. P. R., was in town this week with a force of men making some repairs to the foundation of the new depot building. The foundation was put in during cold weather, and with the opening of spring the building has been gradually settling to such an extent that prompt action was necessary to avert serious trouble.

A. K. Leitch of Cranbrook, was a passenger on the delayed train Thursday, and made The Miner office a short call. Archie was on his way home from Lethbridge where he has been for the past three weeks attending his sister Miss Emma, who is very low, and her many friends will regret to learn that she is not improving in health.

A subscription list is being circulated this week for the purpose of raising funds for strengthening the piers of the foot bridge with stone, and building a walk from the east end of the bridge to the depot platform. Foss & McDonell have offered to donate the lumber for the walk and furnish a team for getting out the rock, and the citizens should be willing to put up the balance necessary. This is a much needed improvement as the high waters of spring would leave the citizens of Morrissey stranded if nothing was done toward its protection. The list is meeting with a generous response.

MR. SMITH IS ALL RIGHT

He Is With the Government Now.

IMPOSES CONDITIONS

Coal and Oil Reserve Must Be Opened and No Big Land Subsidies Granted.

MARTIN AND CURTIS ARE AT IT

On the second page of The Miner will be found an interview of E C. Smith, the South East Kootenay representative in the local house Mr. Smith clearly defines his position on several important issues, and makes the adoption of his views the condition upon which he will support the government. Good for you, Smith Your views have the right ring, and if the Prior government coincides with you, the government will take a long step toward establishing itself in the favor of the people.

One of the points that Mr. Smith declares himself upon, and one that is of vast importance to this district, is the opening of the coal and oil reserve south of Morrissey. Mr. Smith says that he does not favor the plan alleged to have been that of one or two ministers of the government, to turn over this valuable domain to the C. P. R He wants to see it opened for entry or leased to a syndicate on favorable terms to the public, with certain government control remained to prevent any stoppage of work. The public no doubt favors the general entry plan as it is public property and should be opened to the public. If there is big money to be made in that territory, let those who have the energy and foresight to get in there and stake the property have their rights. It is all nonsense to talk about the need of a wealthy corporation getting it, *so that there will be opposition* to the Crows Nest Coal company. If the coal seams are thick enough, and of the right quality, a wealthy syndicate or powerful corporation will have them quick enough, simply because some combination will put up the money. But that is no reason why the prospector should not have his show at it, instead of the government handing over the bonanza to some favored ones.

Mr. Smith also takes a firm stand on the land subsidy proposition, and informed the government that he would be opposed to any measure similar to the one introduced last year to give the Canadian Northern such a slice of property out of the province. He fought it last year and he will do so again this year But he was assured by Mr. Prior that the government would not encourage any such policy this session.

Joseph Martin, the Liberal leader, and H B Gilmour, his lieutenant, will also support the government to defeat McBride in any move to capture the premiership. Mr. Martin declared himself on this proposition some time ago. Otherwise he would have joined the opposition, which would have meant that he and his followers would have defeated the government, and there would have been an appeal made to the country.

As it looks now, there will be very little legislation of importance outside of the estimates disposed of at this session. It is possible that certain labor legislation may be introduced, and a few bills of a private character, unless something unforseen turns up. Yet, with Joe Martin, Smith Curtis and Richard McBride, all with axes to grind, there is bound to be some fire works with such a combination, and maybe some deadly shots.

Delayed By Mud Slide.

The east and west bound passenger trains on the Crow were delayed by a heavy mud slide at old Morrissey junction Thursday. A vast amount of gumbo mud covered the track for about 40 feet, to the depth of six or seven feet. Two gangs of men were taken to the place, but it was 8 o'clock in the evening before it was cleared. The west bound train remained at the Morrissey station from noon till it was released.

After a License.

Andrew Johnston, who was proprietor of the Pioneer hotel at the time of the disastrous fire last January, but who has since been working in Fernie, was in town this week circulating a petition for an hotel license in the proposed new town of the Coal company. Andy's friends would be pleased to see him established in business again, with the prospects of coming out a winner.

A GLIMPSE OF GASPE.

Beautiful Part of Canada Almost Unknown to the Tourist.

Far down the Gulf of St. Lawrence, at the eastern limit of the Province of Quebec, lies a most beautiful part of Canada, almost unknown to the summer tourist, writes a lady correspondent to The Globe. Although Gaspe is one hundred miles from a railway, it is very easily reached by water. Sailing on the Campana we arrived at Gaspe at 3 o'clock in the morning. The effect was very weird, as the dawn was faintly coming over the mountains, and we landed in perfect stillness with hardly anyone in sight. The approach to Gaspe is a marvellously beautiful sight. The boat sails down an inlet from the gulf for a distance of twenty miles from Shiphead Cape, the coast all this way being a succession of beautiful mountains, with little fishing hamlets nestling at their feet. Gaspe Basin is entered through a narrow channel, and presents the appearance of an almost landlocked basin surrounded by mountains. On either side there are what are called the northwest arm and the northeast arm respectively, leading in one case to the Dartmouth and in the other to the York River. These rivers, with the St. John, a few miles away, are very popular resorts for fishermen, as the salmon fishing there is unsurpassed. It is not easy to get any fishing on these rivers, as they are all preserved, but occasionally some of the pools may be rented.

Another way to Gaspe is by boat from Dalhousie. The steamer passes the famous Perce Rock, 45 miles below Gaspe, with its fine natural arch, rising 300 feet straight out of the sea. Bonaventure Island is right in front of it; behind lies the fishing village of Perce and Perce Mountain, with a colossal statue of Saint Anne on top. It is well worth taking the trip alone to see it at sunset with all the natural beauties of the surroundings. Gaspe waters are the home of the finest codfish in the world. It is essentially the country of fish, as besides cod we had salmon, lobster, herring, halibut, haddock and even horse mackerel, those huge monsters which weigh anything from 600 to 800 pounds. We saw several of these latter fish, and numerous parties were made up to harpoon them, some succeeding and others failing.

Gaspe Basin was settled by about 3,000 people, mostly from the Island of Jersey and descendants of U. E. Loyalists. They are the pleasantest and most polite people one could possibly meet. They appear to be, "as of old," a Godfearing race, and attend their different churches, Catholic, Episcopal and Methodist. Among the attractions is a Government salmon hatchery. They bring the salmon ova from St. John, N.B., and when the young fish are about an inch long they are sent to the salmon rivers tributary to Gaspe Basin. The fry have only a short way to travel. It seems to be all right, but when one thinks that this little tadpole thing takes seven years to grow into a ten-pound salmon its chances seem very slim of ever reaching such noble proportions as thirty pounds, and yet fish of that size are often caught in the Gaspe rivers.

A Canadian News Service:

"You are, I believe, in the hands of an organization, a press organization, which is largely controlled in the United States, and your information filters through American channels. I have no doubt that the representatives of the press do their duty—they say they always do—(laughter)—but it is, perhaps, a misfortune that your press in Canada has not yet followed the advice of British journals. You need to buck up, because the news you want is the news most interesting to Canada, and you cannot have all that, or even most of it, if you are content to accept the news most interesting to the newspaper readers of the United States. (Applause.) It is eminently praiseworthy, from its own point of view that the organization of the United States *should confine its principal* news to the items most interesting to themselves. But the homoeopathic doses extended to you have aided to produce an appetite which would be better satisfied by an honest meal of news. (Laughter and applause.) I think that is the position you are in, if I mistake not. I think you want to get better news—better in the sense that you want more of that quality and kind which applies to your own particular interests rather than that of others. The affairs of your country are not of such interest to the citizens of the United States as they are to you, and it would not be wonderful if the news supplied to you, and relating to the other self-governing portions of the Empire, was rather scanty, as I find it is. It will be necessary for you, if you wish to do business with the Empire, to ascertain fully its conditions, its transactions, its history, its reverses and prosperity. You will not find these unless the dissemination and reception of them are in the hands of those interested in knowing them, and those are not the citizens of the United States, but they are the citizens of Canada. (Applause.)—Sir Edmund Barton in his speech at a Toronto banquet.

Brock's Monument.

The committee who are charged with the erection of Brock's monument met on Tuesday last, in the city, and received the plans for which they advertised. After some deliberation they selected the design laid before them by Mr. Thomas of this city. It is a very beautiful fluted column, measuring from the base to the head of the statue 185 feet, only eight feet less than the Nelson monument, London. The base will contain a vault for the reception of the remains of General Brock and Colonel Macdonald. The statue at the summit will be of stone, 16 feet in height. A staircase of 250 steps will run from the base to the openings of the capital.—From The Globe of Saturday, Aug. 14, 1852.

An egg added to the morning coffee is a good tonic.

The Morrissey Miner

NEWS OF THE .....DISTRICT

Cranbrook

Cranbrook Herald

Frank Sentinel: Dr. Thos. O'Hagan has let a contract to P. Anderson for the erection of a hospital to be situated in Frank.

Harold Jamieson has severed his connection with the Moyie Lumber company, and will probably go to Calgary for a short time.

William Gordon, bookkeeper for Breckenridge & Lund, came up from Wardner Saturday to get some medicine for his child, who is sick with the measles.

Dave Elmer, of Moyie, spent several dollars and several days in town last week. Dave says he is going to quit South East Kootenay for the Edmonton country.

R. E. Beattie leaves today for Lethbridge to attend the annual meeting of the Crows Nest lacrosse league.

Charles Vroman, formerly proprietor of the Wentworth hotel, is now proprietor of the Manitoba hotel in Winnipeg.

Contractor Greer is making rapid work with the building of the large addition to the school. When completed there will be enough school room for the present.

M. Phillipps, of Tobacco Plains, was in town yesterday. He says that he hopes to see the work on the new bridge over the Elk under headway before the water is too high.

Dr. J. H. King is in the hospital at Montreal where he had an operation performed for appendicitis. The doctor's friends will be pleased to know that he is rapidly recovering.

The local Odd Fellows are arranging for the observance of their anniversary on the 26th of the month. Services will be held this year at the English church, and Rev. Beacham will deliver the address.

The water hydrants were found to be frozen when the fire department came out for practice last Monday night. On Tuesday Superintendent Ewert turned on the electricity and after a few hours had the water flowing freely.

Arrangements are being made for the sale of the G. H. Gilpin stock of furniture and the undertaking business to a company to be known as the McConnell Furniture company. A new building will be erected for their use.

The man who drives a team over a side walk never helped pay for building the walk. If he had done so, he would display more thoughtfulness. Constable Morris will arrest any one violating the law in this way if he can catch them in the act.

Mrs. W. J. Henderson and children left yesterday for Vancouver, where they will reside in the future. This move is made to give the older children the advantage of advanced schools. Mr. Henderson will remain here for the present in the employ of the C. P. R.

Messrs. Corey, Hunt, and Cameron, who have been in Winnipeg the past month as a committee representing the Cranbrook branch of different railway organizations, completed their work last week. Messrs. Corey and Cameron arrived home Tuesday, but Mr. Hunt stopped off in Calgary.

M. Phillips, of Tobacco Plains, has received word from Washington that the commission in charge of the international survey will be at Tobacco Plains in a short time to resume the survey west to the coast from that point.

The stockholders of the Sullivan Mining company are holding the meeting today at Spokane to vote on the proposition to issue $250,000 in bonds for the purpose of raising the present indebtedness against the company and prosecuting the work of completing the smelter.

McDermot & Bowness, the wholesale liquor merchants, are rapiuly increasing their business. This shows what the right kind of men can do in any business. The members of this firm are personally popular, and the public know that what they say about their goods can be depended upon. In consequence their business has been increasing in volume ever since they took charge.

John Hutchison and G. H. Thompson spent several days this week at Cowley, Alberta. They say that the wind blew hard enought to tear the buttons off their clothes, and that the shingles on McMillan's hotel are fastened down with iron bands. They found "Mac" telling Scotch stories to Englishmen and doing a good business. Both of the gentlemen came back tanned as if they had been on the battle fields of South Africa, and feeling good over their outing.

Fernie

From The Fernie Free Press.

H. Bentley, has sold his general mercantile business at Lethbridge to the Bentley Company Limited.

Mr. C. J. Digby met with a very unfortunate accident yesterday a. m. He was working the jointer machine at Coward & Son's factory and in some unaccountable manner his right hand was caught in the narrow grove by the revolving knives. The thumb was cut off at the first joint and the first and third fingers at the second joint. The second finger was saved.

Messrs. Robertson and Bentley, who made a flying trip over the prairis in the interests of the proposed legislation for the silver lead industry in the Kootenays were very successful. Mr. Robertson arrived in Fernie yesterday and Mr. Bentley today, the latter having remained over a day at Lethbridge. These gentlemen carried convincing argument with them and the Boards of Trade in every town they visited unanimously passed resolutions supporting their views. The following towns were called at; Macleod, Olds, Innisfail, Wetaskawin LeDuc, Strathcona, Edmonton Regina and Moose Jaw. Resolutions had already been sent in from Calgary, and one or two other points. Mr. Robertson also took a run down to Winnipeg where he did some good missionary work in the silver lead cause. They report times as being extra good through out the district they travelled, the only serious drawback being the difficulty of getting the people together owing to them being so very busy. The resolutions were wired to Ottawa as they went along and afterwards mailed. Undoubtedly Messrs. Robertson and Bentley have done good work for the cause on which they were sent.

It is understood the Company intend building another row of double houses to take the place of the original log buildings next to Michel creek. If the old buildings are removed it will be the final obliteration of old Sparwood and will wonderfully improve the appearance of Michel. The town has wonderfully increased in population and we expect to see its present population of a good thousand increased at least fifty per cent before 1904.

Fort Steele

From the Prospector.

The Chinese gardens in the vicinity of town have commenced seeding.

Excellent fishing is reported at the Kootenay river, and this early in the season some splendid baskets have been secured.

Doc Sawyer came over from Cranbrook Monday. He purchased a number of horses, and returned with them to Cranbrook.

Colonel Henderson was in town Monday. He reports that spring plowing will commence next week on the ranches in the vicinity of Bull river.

The warm weather of the past week has caused the snow to disappear. It is all gone from the valley in the vicinity of Fort Steele, but from appearances the snow on the mountains is from six to ten feet deep. The Kootenay river is slowly rising.

Moyie

From the Moyie Leader

The snow has been disappearing quite rapidly during the past week, but the ice on the lake is still quite firm and and shows little indication of breaking up.

Messrs. Grant and Sheady are preparing to move their outfit back to the [illegible] do railroad work during the coming summer.

James Cronin is in Spokane and will not be in Moyie for a few days yet. It is reported here that Mrs. Cronin has been very ill lately, which accounts for their delay in coming home.

The relatives of the late Harold Imray have presented J. H. Hawke with the Masonic regalia left by the deceased as a token of appreciation of Mr. Hawke's services toward the latter during his sickness and death. The regalia, emblems and jewels are very handsome and splendid value.

AT VICTORIA

Victoria, April 4.—A deputation consisting of James Ryan and W. F. Gurd, of Cranbrook, J. G. Billings, of Nelson, D. V. Mott, of Fernie and C. F. Mott, of Revelstoke, interviewed the government this afternoon, representing the East Kootenay lumber manufacturers, Merrss. Shannon and MacDougall, of Vancouver, accompanying them and supporting the representations made.

Suggested amendments respecting timber licenses was their subject and the following recommendations were made in behalf of the Mountain Lumber Manufacturer's Association.

1. That licenses be renewable at option of holders from year to year.

2. That license holders must cut one thousand feet B. M. daily for every license held for eight months in the year and that the license may take up any number of licenses.

3. Licenses, including existent licenses, to be transferable.

4. Whereas timber east of the Cascades is not as heavy as in the west no increase should be made in the fee for licenses issued over lands east of the Cascades.

We approve of the regulation requiring surveys but would suggest in view of the difficulty to be met in having surveys made, reasonable extensions be allowed before cancellation of licenses for failure to survey.

These points were verbablly elaborated and the government promised consideration.

Monday morning a similar deputation from Vancouvgr will discuss the same subject.

Smith's Position

It is evident that C. E. Smith, member for South East Kootenay is going to vote with the government under certain conditions. The Rossland Miner's Victoria correspondent says Mr. Smith gave him an interview which definitely fixes his position in the house. Mr. Smith states positively that as the government is practically a new one he is not prepared to visit the sins of the former one on its head. He dislikes taking the position of an alleged independent member, but says Premier Prior has agreed to drop the Canadian Northern proposition, one matter upon which Mr Smith fought him strenuously last session. If Col. Prior thereby breaks faith with Victoria, he says let Victoria reckon with him. He admits that he has already seen the government and received this assurance from Col. Prior.

In regard to the South East Kootenay land matter, Mr. Smith says he also has satisfactory assurances. He would rather see those lands go to individual prospecters than to the C. P. R., and the government has agreed that the latter will not get them. At the same time Mr. Smith prefers an arrangement whereby a strong syndicate would obtain a lease of the lands and work them, the government retaining ownership and enforcing reasonable restrictions, one of which would be that in case of a dispute like that at Fernie a government receiver would take over the property and continue operations till a settlement was reached.

Another reason for Mr. Smith supporting the administration, if they will not introduce vicious legislation, is because the next election must be on party lines, and that an appeal to the country at the present time would result in confusion worse than the present composition of the house. He is prepared to keep the government in power on these conditions until matters are on a more satisfactory busis for an appeal to the country.

Crushed in an Elevator.

J. P. James, for a year or more cook at the Passmore boarding house in this town, went to Spokane where he secured a situation as operator of an elevator The following from the Spokesman Review tells of the young mans misfortune:

In an accident in the elevator of the Blalock building yesterday morning Jasper P. James, the elevator tender, had his leg broken in three places and received several minor injuries. James, who is a cripple, started to leave the elevator on the ground floor, when it started up, jamming his crippled leg against the shaft, breaking and lacerating the flesh badly. He maintained sufficient presence of mind to grasp the lever and reverse it, which he succeeded in doing at the third floor. James was taken to the Sacred Heart hospital, where his injuries were attended to. In speaking of the affair James said:

"The affair was purely an accident. The elevator had been inspected a few minutes before it occurred. In leaving the car, being somewhat awkward on account of my crippled leg, the lever must have been moved by my coat catching it."

James showed great heroism throughout, maintaing his presence of mind, though suffering exquisite torture.

On Wild Horse.

Prospector: The Thompson Placer Mining Company composed of Fort Steele mining men have started work on its placer property on Wild Horse creek The company for the past month have been engaged in putting in flumes, and repairing water ditch. The pipes to convey water to the giants are in position. Work will be rushed on an extensive scale during the coming summer.

The Chinese companies operating on Wild Horse creek have about completed preparatory arrangements for the arrangements for the resumption of work. Operations will commence in about ten days.

The Nip and Tuck company have put in a bedrock flume, expended a large sum in ditches and flumes, and now are in condition for operations as soon as the water is turned into the big ditch

New Mail Route

Inspector Dorman, of the post office department, was in town last week arranging for the installation of the new postal route to the Windermere country, which is to be inaugurated today. This will prove a great boon to both that country and Cranbrook, as it will give direct communication between two points that naturally should be affiliated in a business way. The most of the postal business of that section is with the south, and to compel them to go through the delays they have experienced the past two years would have been a burden too heavy for any community to have borne without repeated protests.

Windermere and Wilmer, here's to you.

They Can't Hold Him.

London, April 4 —It is reported here that Hon. J. I. Tarte, lately minister of public works in Canada, has been offered a Nationalist seat in the British house of Commons, and has the matter now under consideration.

Gold From East Kootenay.

Cranbrook Herald

F. C. Malpas, manager of the Canadian branch of the Canadian Bank of Commerce, has received a commission from the Dominion government to secure some good samples of nuggets and gold dust from the placer grounds of this district. These will be used for exhibition purposes at the St. Louis exposition.

Surveying Timber Limits.

Tee new order of the government making it obligatory on the part of applicants and holders of timber limits to have them surveyed before licenses are granted has caused a great deal of comment in this district. Those interested in the lumber companies seem to favor the new conditions, since it will confine timber staking as a rule to legitimate lumbermen and tend to stop timber speculating. Naturally the surveyors will be pleased since it will mean an immense amounnt of business for them.

VIAMEDE.

Fair Viamede, I voice thy praise:
From thy cool porches glisten
Wide gleams of silv'ry waterways;
There dreamers love to listen,
As evening's vesper shadows hide,
Th' enchanting [illegible] surrounding,
That sense [illegible] may confide,
The harmony [illegible] unding.

'Tis sweet to linger in thy spell:
The less becomes the greater;
No heart that loveth nature well
Can here become a hater.
Thou hast all moods of shade and shine
Within thy bounds abiding;
Here earth and heaven doth intertwine,
The gifts in their confiding.

When morning's misty garments cleave,
As each bright aisle ariseth,
And all the colors interweave,
Which Vision canonizeth;
The pearly light, the green and gold,
The mirrored sky-bloom blending,
The pictur'd mimicry unroll'd,
Appear as if unending.

O'erhead the cloudway, white and grey,
Floats in a sapphire setting,
And toward the south-land far away,
Spread frills of fairy netting;
There, billowy, snowdrift-mountains tell
Of romance, song and story;
In them the amorous sunbeams dwell,
And sub-translate their glory.

Dark in the north, wind-lash'd and swirl'd,
A storm breaks on the vision—
A Titan hath a tempest hurled,
High into realm elysian;
The timorous wood nymphs of the glens
From dell and dingle hasten,
I hear them sobbing through the fens,
Like gnomes that Grief doth chasten.

The trembling poplar tassels toss,
The elm leaves curl and flutter,
The crickets hide them in the moss,
The robins call and sputter,
As down the blast, with flash and roar,
Cometh the boisterous booming,
While field and forest, lake and shore,
Receive baptismal blooming.

No artist pencil, train'd to praise,
May paint the tints attending,
Nor sparkling speech, nor radiant phrase
Describe the beauty blending,
When in the west the sun retires,
Flame-circled, at the even,
And lights Creation's fires,
Love-perfumed unto heaven.

Llewellyn A. Morrison,
Stony Lake, 1902.

FARMER IS NOT SO SLOW.

Man From the Country Beats the Chap From the Centres of Population.

Don't laugh at the man from the country who comes to town without a patent leather shine. That team of his have got it on their harness.

Don't laugh because he gapes at a horseless carriage. Ten to one you wouldn't know a harrow from a hay-rake, or an Ayrshire from a Holstein.

Don't give him the merry ha-ha because he wears a five-dollar suit. It is paid for, and he hates tailor bills worse than the devil.

Don't swell yourself and call him a pumpkin because he cuts the sweat from his brow with his forefinger instead of a silk wipe. That sweat fertilizes the ground 60 bushels to the acre and feeds the world. Go out in your 10x6 back yard, cut down the weeds, tidy up, raise a blister and complain to your wife what a slave you are.

Go to, ye scoffers, who rail at the man in the country and call him Rube.

Compare.

Do you have that stone-in-your-crop feeling after meals? Take a pill, then look at the farmer and pity yourself. He doesn't even know what the word indigestion means. Give him a dictionary and he would think he was hunting for a Latin quotation.

His boss?
Time checks?
Pay days?
Crowded store workshop?
Strike?

The farmer bossed, putting in a time-check, waiting for pay-day—well hardly;

His own boss, the only cheque he knows about is that paper one from the grain buyer, and the leather one over the neck of the colt he is breaking. Every day is pay-day with him drawing on the soil in summer and the bush in winter. Lucky chap, got two banks, both founded on God.

His workshop the acres, perhaps 300 of them, where, roofed by the sweeping skies, served by the sun seasons, tickling the soil, and watching the earth laugh grain, he is master of the situation and doesn't know it.

True, his boots are headed with the dew of dawn, and his shirt damp with the moisture of the gloaming, but his soul is as sound as the great tree that shelters his stock in the open.

Crowded, yes; sometimes the barn cries enough, and he stacks beside it.

And when the lean year comes and the world is chastened, when homes are wrecked and suicide made by a stroke of the ticker, when panic is in the air and poverty pinches, when the black flag floats to a peaked wind, when the cry for bread goes up from starving, then he kills a hog and is happy, and his wife innocently throws the liberal sweepings from her table to the chickens.

Envy the farmer. Perhaps we are the Rubes.—Ridgetown, Ont., Plaindealer.

A Canadian European Adviser.

Mr. Wallace Broad, B.A., who has been selected for the newly-created post of European Adviser to the Chinese Minister of Mines, is a Canadian. He was born at St. John, N B., and after graduating in honors at the University of New Brunswick, took the course of engineering at McGill University in Montreal. After serving on the field staff of the Geological Survey of Canada he went to South Africa and has acquired much practical experience as consulting engineer and mining geologist in Rhodesia, and subsequently in West Africa. Mr. Broad has just left for China.

Tinted Woodwork.

Tinted woodwork is having a wide vogue for colonial bedrooms just at present. Pale green and a cream white, flushed with pink, are much liked, while a dull finished cream or a silver gray that looks almost white are two other favorites. Care should be taken, however, to avoid crude color tones.

Purely Civilized Ailment.

It is a remarkable fact that few savages have ever been known to stammer.

Poor Pa.

The Canadian boy is irrepressible: "I say pa," cried little Bobby, "is it right that there is only one man before whom the King must raise his hat?"

"Nonsense!" replied his father. "Who told you that rubbish? The King need not take off his hat to anybody. As a matter of courtesy, of course, he raises his hat to ladies, and returns the salutes of his subjects; but there is no man living to whom he is compelled to uncover."

"But," continued Bobby, who had now got near the door, "what about his hairdresser. He must uncover to him! Got yer, dad."

Printing is Our Business....

When you want printing done right, that will please you and your customers give your order

To The Miner Office

TREMBELY ED'S AWAKENING

.....By Frederic Brush

Copyright, 1902, by the S. S. McClure Company

'Trembely Ed, Trembely Ed;
Look at 'im cross, an' 'e'll drop down dead.

The mocking singsong came from an alley at the right of the village street and from a very small boy, but its effect on the man in the wagon was instant and remarkable. His chin dropped between his slouching shoulders, his head moved from side to side without the eyes following, and his big hands twitched forward on the slack reins in a futile effort to push the horse into a trot.

Soon a half dozen boys were circling about the wagon, chanting the couplet with a peculiarly effective rise and fall.

The men in the tipped chairs on the hotel veranda laughed. A group of girls stopped to watch the sport. The roan mare ambled steadily through and turned down the next side street. Here the boys drew off, each with an apple or tomato from the rear of the wagon, but far down the street the cry followed him:

Trembely Ed, Trembely Ed;
Look at 'im cross, an' 'e'll drop down dead.

Ed Jamison's father died at floodtime while trying to save another man's fortune. For twelve years his mother drove alone to the village with the produce, beat down a mortgage dollar by dollar, subdued a stubborn upland farm and asked odds of no man. Ed Jamison had no right to be a coward. He grew up strong and healthy. But a coward he was, and that in a community where physical courage must almost daily be put to the test.

People took differing views of the matter. The greater number thought that his brain was wrong somehow. Only once in a long way was a man—or, more often, a woman—who claimed that Ed Jamison had some stuff in him.

"Give him time—give him time and the right chance," they said.

His chance seemed to have come when the mother broke her hip. But for two weeks he clung to the farm as if it were a life raft in a rocking sea. The stern necessities drove him down at last.

A week later the few that had championed him could not be found, for, though he made the trips regularly and won favor with his customers by his

ED SPRANG TO HIS FEET AND DREW THE HANDS GENTLY AWAY.

honesty and painstaking, he submitted cravenly to the heaped abuses of the town "gang" and slunk out of the village each day like a beaten tramp dog.

* * * * * * *

"You don't whistle any more, Ed," said his mother. "You look thin and sick. What's the matter?"

He had built her a couch on the sunny veranda behind the climbing rose. He cared for her tenderly. The green valley stretched away below them to the village marked by the smoking tannery chimneys.

"You've done well with the farm, Ed. Everybody says so. You mustn't get sick now. Whistle 'Lorena.' You know I always like that."

He started low and sweetly, quavered and broke down, arose hastily and walked out to the barn. The mother watched him with anxious eyes.

* * * * * * *

The summer passed with sun and shower. Large harvests followed, and the Jamisons prospered. Ed came to enjoy comparative peace in the village, for the inability to arouse in him the least resistance made the game tiresome.

In September Mrs. Jamison was well enough to ride out, and one day Ed took her to visit a cousin down the river. He had never, like other lads of his age, taken the girls to ride, and this day he playfully called her his first girl—his sweetheart. He whistled the old tunes and imitated the roadside birds and was happy.

The drive home brought them to the village just at lamp lighting. Something unusual was happening. The main street was crowded with men and boys. Teams lined both sides, and at the open windows and in the yards and balconies the women chatted gayly.

"What is the celebration?" asked Mrs. Jamison of a neighbor as they drove alongside.

"Political meeting—great speech. Better hurry in, or you won't get near."

Ed proposed at once that they turn and take the long route around the town, but his mother would not hear of it. They found the crowd so dense in the main street that they could advance but a little way at a time, and opposite the speakers' platform they came to a standstill. A company of town boys bored through, jostling the people to right and left, shouting and blowing horns. The leader, a tall young fellow, struck the Jamison horse across the nose with a horn.

Looking up, he saw who was the driver, and his joy nearly overcame him.

"Trembely Ed, as I'm alive!" he shouted. "Come on, boys! Here's our game! He'll scare to death here."

Perhaps they did not see that Ed's companion was a woman. The people fell back a little and looked on dully. Some of the best men of the town were there, but none offered to interfere. Bystanders' justice is as slow in getting under way as it is inexorable in its final action.

The gang was in their liveliest mood. They unbuckled the harness, tied the horse's ears, tipped the wagon and howled and circled. One of them threw a half eaten banana at Ed. He ducked, and Mrs. Jamison screamed and clapped her hands to her eye. Ed sprang to his feet and drew the hands gently away. Blood streamed down her face. The sharp stem of the fruit had made a ragged cut in her cheek.

A country crowd takes up news as water does wave motion. Within five minutes it seemed that everybody in the place knew that something was happening down in the square.

"Ed Jamison's fighting! Ed Jamison's killed two men! There's an awful fight going on in the square! Trembely Ed Jamison's gone crazy!" So the rumors caught from man to man.

Something was happening. Trembely Ed Jamison was "licking" the Tannersville gang one by one in a twelve foot ring under the wavering torchlights of the speaker's stand, while the speaker waited and wondered.

It was minutes before the men about the wagon fully believed their eyes, but when they did Ed got fair play to the finish. Three of the gang tried to wriggle into the crowd, but they were tossed back into the circle and when they saw that escape was impossible fought gamely; but they were no match for the sturdy hill boy. Clean, regular living, hard work in the sunshine and a superior muscular inheritance were pitted against them, but more potent than these was the unleashed spirit of the youth. It was as if the dam that had caught and held all the manhood that should have flowed quietly and steadily through the growing years had suddenly given way.

This flood swept him along. He could not stop. When the last man, the tall leader, went down, he swung on into the crowd like a madman. Three men laid hold of him and shouted into his ears that it was all over. He recovered slowly and went to his mother. A doctor was binding up her wound.

People wondered afterward how she could have sat there so quietly in the midst of the noise and the jostle and the sickening blows, but Mrs. Jamison, deep in her troubled mother heart, knew that out of that dust and cursing and pain another son was being born to her.

When Trembely Ed took the seat beside her, they hardly knew him, and as the crowd parted widely to let him pass the pent up feeling loosed into cheer after cheer that rang up to the hills and on up to the high heart of the mother.

How Professor Blackie Apologized.

Professor Blackie was lecturing to a new class, with whose personnel he was imperfectly acquainted. A student rose to read a paragraph, his book in his left hand. "Sir," thundered Blackie, "hold your book in your right hand!"—and as the student would have spoken—"No words, sir! Your right hand, I say!" The student held up his right arm, ending piteously at the wrist. "Sir, I hae nae right hand," he said. Before Blackie could open his lips there arose a storm of hisses, and by it his voice was overborne. Then the professor left his place and went down to the student he had unwittingly hurt and put his arm around the lad's shoulders and drew him close, and the lad leaned against his breast.

"My boy," said Blackie—he spoke very softly, yet not so softly but that every word was audible in the hush that had fallen on the classroom—"my boy, you'll forgive me that I was overrough? I did not know, I did not know!" He turned to the students, and with a look and tone that came straight from his heart he said, "And let me say to you all I am rejoiced to be shown I am teaching a class of gentlemen." Scottish lads can cheer as well as hiss, and that Blackie learned.

A Very Suspicious Case.

"It's wonderful, the change that has come over that man in the last month," remarked a prominent evangelist to a leading minister yesterday as an ex-convict passed them where they were waiting to take an east end car. "At one time he was the very worst who ever struck the city and did time for highway robbery."

"I notice that he has braced up," and the minister looked after him approvingly. "He seems to have reformed thoroughly. The other evening he attended service at my church and picked up a pocketbook with a sum of money, which he handed over to one of the deacons after service. Lots of people who were never suspected of crime wouldn't have done as well."

"Do you know, I think he's a little bit wrong in his head," said the evangelist in a tone suggestive of an inquiry.

"Yes," replied the minister meditatively. "Besides the incident I have just mentioned, I have noticed a lot of little things that lead me to think he's kind of crazy. I believe he's a good one to keep an eye on."—Duluth News-Tribune.

SEWAGE DISPOSAL.

Provincial Health Officers Visit Berlin's Farm—Dr. Amyot's Paper on the Subject and Discussion Thereon.

Just before the close of the annual meeting of the Association of Executive Health Officers of Ontario the members were driven to the Berlin sewage farm, which they examined with the utmost thoroughness. Upon returning to the Court House a paper was read to the Association by Dr. Amyot on "Sewage Disposal." Dr. Amyot has been conducting a series of investigations at the Berlin farm during the past summer on behalf of the Provincial Board of Health. The experiments have been watched closely by Berlin's people, as owing to the peculiar situation of the town the question of sewage disposal there is unusually difficult. The rapid growth of the last few years has increased the quantity of sewage, until there is now some half-million gallons a year. This is much stronger than ordinary domestic sewage, as the waste of four large tanneries is included. Some years ago a sewage farm was acquired and it has been in operation since. A septic tank has been installed, but the plant has been found insufficient to meet the situation, and the effluent to the small stream is not pure. Dr. Amyot not only described the experiments being conducted there, but also dealt with the general question of sewage disposal and the process of putrifaction. Dr. Amyot said finally that the reason that the Berlin septic tank has not been effective in disposing of more than 50 per cent. of the organic matter is that the tank is altogether too small; that, in fact, one tank is being used to do the work of seven or eight, according to the results obtained with septic tanks in other sewage disposal plants.

Mr. Thomas Macfarlane of Ottawa read a paper on the treatment of domestic sewage with moss litter. He described a moss closet that, he said, completely dries, disinfects and deodorizes organic matter, and at the same time preserves its full fertilizing value. The system, he claimed, required little attention, and is very inexpensive.

The discussion on sewage disposal was opened by Mr. Willis Chapman, C. E., who suggested that perhaps after experimenting with many forms of sewage disposal municipalities might return to the broad system which had never been abandoned in favor of septic tanks, etc., but merely supplemented by them, in old country plants. He deprecated the parsimony of the average Councilman who feared to lay out enough money to procure a proper plant. To illustrate the extravagant expectations of some people in connection with septic tanks, he said that an Alderman looked into a septic tank and said: "I don't believe this tank is any good; I can't see a blamed living thing in it."

CANADA'S NEW WATERWAY.

Description of the Plan Recently Outlined From a U. S. Viewpoint.

A Buffalo paper says that Canada has revived the old project for the construction of a deep waterway from Lake Huron to the seaboard, though by a different route from the much talked-of Georgian Bay canal. The new plan of the Dominion Government as outlined by Mr. Tarte, the Canadian Commissioner of Public Works is to improve the French River to Lake Nipissing and secure a deep water channel to Montreal by improvement of the Ottawa river. He says that $5,000,000 has already been provided for the improvement of the French river and that a deep water channel by the way of French river, Lake Nipissing and the Ottawa river will call for an expenditure of $80,000,000.

The old scheme for a Georgian Bay canal, which has been agitated off and on for more than thirty years, was a short cut to Lake Simcoe and from there to Lake Ontario. This route, it was claimed, would save 300 miles from any port on Lake Superior, Lake Michigan or Lake Huron to Lake Ontario, and, as the Canadians claimed, would avoid the dangers of the St. Clair flats.

The main point, however, was to divert commerce from Lake Erie, as it was admitted by the advocates of the project that once the boats from Lakes Superior, Michigan and Huron entered Lake Erie the commerce was sure to go by the way of the Erie canal or the railway lines to the seaboard. They argued that if this commerce could be kept out of Lake Erie and thrown into Lake Ontario by way of the Georgian Bay canal, it would go down the St. Lawrence and be to the benefit of Montreal and Quebec. The same results, it is now insisted, could be obtained by the French river, Lake Nipissing and Ottawa river route, which the Canadian authorities appear to regard as more feasible than that of the Georgian Bay.

The fact that the Canadians seem to be in earnest about constructing such a waterway as is here indicated should stir to action the people interested in the maintenance of our supremacy of the commerce of the great lakes. If Canada can afford to spend $80,000,000 on the proposed deep waterway to Montreal, the United States can afford to spend as many or more millions in building a ship canal from Buffalo to the Hudson river. If it is to the political and commercial interests of the Dominion to have a purely Canadian route from Lake Huron to the seaboard, it ought to be much more to the interest of the United States to have a purely American route from Lake Erie to the seaboard.

Juvenile Suspicion.

"I shall soon be your new mamma," said a governess to her little charge. "I am going to marry your father. Freddy, dear. I wonder if you are glad?"

"Hurrah!" exclaimed Freddy. "That's a perfectly splendid idea. Who thought of it first—you or papa?"

Anxiety may be but atheism.—Ram's Horn.

A Matter of Business.

A young lady makes goo-goo eyes at a young man,
That's her business.
The young man makes goo-goo eyes at the young lady.
That's his business.
They fall in love and marry. That's their business.
They want their house papered, decorated, painted, etc.

That's My Business
F. C. BENJAMIN.

I AM NOT SUPERSTITIOUS, BUT I BELIEVE IN SIGNS.

High Class Job Work....

The Miner office is fully equipped with one of the best job plants in the Kootenays. The management has selected modern type, and the work will be firstclass.

A COUNTRY EDITOR

FISHES SALMON, BUT DOESN'T PRESUME TO BE A MILLIONAIRE.

The Fighting Salmon—Stories of the Fishing on the Restigouche—Mr. C. W. Young Tells of the Habits of the King of River Fish and How Others Than Millionaires Can Get Him.

Salmon fishing is not so far out of the reach of ordinary people as the Quebec correspondent of The Globe recently makes out, writes Mr. C. W. Young of The Cornwall Freeholder. He says that "salmon fishing is becoming so rare a sport that it promises to be in the near future the enjoyment of millionaires." The correspondent is the victim of a popular delusion, carefully nursed no doubt by the millionaires aforesaid, who want to keep a good thing to themselves. Even a country editor, who doesn't presume to trot in the millionaire class, has been able to enjoy good salmon fishing almost every year, at any rate whenever he felt like it, and most of the time, at any rate, under no particular compliment to anybody.

It is not generally known, but for a short distance above tide water on many of the best salmon streams there is excellent fishing on water that is practically free in May and June, when the fish are starting on their annual spawning excursions.

In old times the fishing went with the land, and the owner of a property abutting on a stream had the right to fish himself or convey the right to others. Then came decisions which took away the riparian rights. Although the owners of land previous to that time still retained their fishing privileges, those who acquired Crown land subsequently got nothing but what they paid for, the Local Government retaining the fishing, which in some cases has become very valuable. The private ownership of fishing, however, extends only as far as the tidewater; below there fishing is free to everybody, subject of course to the right of the owner of land adjacent to prevent trespass.

On the Restigouche.

On the Restigouche River, which, with its tributaries, is probably the best salmon stream in Canada, the best water is controlled by the Restigouche Club, but below the Intercolonial bridge at Metapedia there is a stretch of some seven miles above tidewater, owned for the most part by farmers, which is practically free, or at any rate as much as is necessary can be secured at the nominal price of a dollar a day per rod. From the time the fish begin to run (be it understood that in a salmon stream the salmon is the only fish, the rest are vermin), about the middle of May until mid-June or later, all the fish that are on their way to the headwaters of the Restigouche, Metapedia, Causapscal, Upsalquitch or Kedgewick, and that can escape the barricade of nets, must go over the water in question. According to the guides the salmon come up from the sea at night, find a congenial spot in the early morning, and stay there till night sends them on their way again. In the early season, when the river is full, there are no special pools or rapids visible, and while there are favorite halting grounds, one is likely to get a fish almost anywhere.

This year I had only three days to spare. Leaving Cornwall on a Wednesday morning, I reached Campbellton, N. B., on the Intercolonial Maritime Express about daylight Thursday, and taking an accommodation train a few miles up the Restigouche, was ready for fishing about 7 o'clock. Arrangements previously made having miscarried, I had to hunt up a canoeman for myself at Flat Lands, and found a genial old fellow, Delaney by name, who was willing to quit his work on the boom for a few hours to oblige a stranger. His outfit was not the most comfortable, and he could not get an assistant—two canoemen are needed for salmon fishing as a rule—but I managed to raise a salmon on the second or third cast a few feet from shore.

How a Salmon Fights.

With pardonable excitement I struck him as he took the fly, and away he went with a yard of the leader. Cautioned not to make the same mistake again, when another rise occurred the fish was allowed to have his own way, which he did to the tune of fifty yards or so, making the reel scream with the music so dear to a fisherman's heart. Meantime the anchor, a big stone, was lifted, and for half an hour the salmon had control of the proceedings most of the time, rushing madly up and down and across the stream, sulking at the bottom or jumping in the air, like a silver cordwood stick, as an irreverent pagan remarked, then gradually tiring and permitting himself to be coaxed towards a gravel beach, where a quick stroke of the gaff landed him—a 22-pounder, fresh from the salt water, with the sea lice still on his shining sides.

An old friend of mine, a veteran salmon fisherman, once advised me not to go salmon fishing, for, said he, "You can't afford much of it, and it will spoil you for other sport, and destroy your respect for Salmo Fontinalis."

Looking back after a score of years' experience, I am not disposed to agree with him. My earliest recollections are of catching speckled trout in the creeks and streams of the Townships of Esquesing and Caledon, and while I would not forego the excitement of killing the king of fish, the interest and pleasure of making a good catch of trout are as keen as ever.

Sea Trout Fishing.

So on the last day of the New Brunswick trip, the wind being very high and casting for salmon difficult and unsatisfactory, we fared down to tidewater for sea trout. Whether the brook trout and the sea trout are the same fish has been debated for years, and the discussion will not be continued here. They are both good fish, first cousins anyway, and both game to the last inch. As a rule the sea trout go into all the rivers on the Canadian Atlantic coast, but some are more favored than others. On the Gaspe and Anticosti Rivers they go with the salmon, stay with them on their journey up to the headwaters, and are so plenty as to interfere seriously with the salmon fishing. On the Restigouche, however, the salmon and trout keep apart. There are several runs of trout following the smelts up from salt water, and coming at times in almost incredible numbers. It was not my good fortune to encounter any of these large schools this year, but floating lazily down the river we cast in likely places, here and there raising a lusty fellow of a pound or so, which fought gamely for its life. Leaving the canoe at one point, we walked down a gravel shore for a mile or more, the water rippling along in gentle rapids. Here and there in a deeper spot there was a quick rise, a sharp conflict for a few minutes, and a sudden termination of the game with a landing net. Very pretty fish they were, glistening like silver, and while there were some small ones, the average was good, three nice specimens scaling thirteen pounds between them. If there were no salmon the trout fishing would be worth going for, and at the proper season the number caught would depend only on the conscience of the angler.

A Fine Achievement.

During the three days of my stay some thirty salmon were caught by different parties who were fishing below Metapedia bridge, many of them of large size, including one monster of forty pounds, which, strange to say, was taken on trout tackle, none too strong at that, by a young man from St. John, who had never killed a salmon before and was immensely proud of his luck.

While, as previously mentioned, the Restigouche and its tributaries are mostly controlled by the Restigouche Club, there are several stretches which can be leased at varying prices up to $10 a day, and the Government of New Brunswick has reserved the Upsalquitch for transient fishermen at $2 per day per rod.

There are quite a number of other streams in Quebec and New Brunswick where the same conditions as to free fishing exist as on the Restigouche. The officials of the Intercolonial Railway, which reaches almost every salmon river, are waking up to the importance of encouraging the transient sportsman, who, while he may not come in a private car, is nevertheless a profitable patron of the road. The passenger department is accumulating a good deal of information as to the desirable fishing streams, and intending visitors can always depend on a straight tip. Outside of railway fare, the necessary expense need not be more than $5 a day.

A DISTINGUISHED CANADIAN.

Still Further Honors for Sir Edouard Percy Cranwell Girouard.

The London Gazette of August 19, contained the following announcement:—

The King has been pleased to give and grant unto Captain and Brevet-Major (local lieutenant-colonel) Sir Edouard Percy Cranwill Girouard, K.C.M.G., D.S.O., R.E., his Majesty's royal license and authority that he may accept and wear the insignia of the second class of the Imperial Ottoman Order of the Medjidie, conferred upon him by his Highness, the Khedive of Egypt, authorized by his Imperial Majesty the Sultan of Turkey, in recognition of his services as President of the Council of Administration of the Egyptian Railways, Telegraphs and Port of Alexandria.

One the same page of The London Times in which the above were republished there appeared an article from its Johannesburg correspondent upon the Imperial Military Railways of South Africa, and their management during the war. In the course of the article it is said:

"The situation that presented itself to Col. Girouard, the able founder and organizer of the Soudan Military Railways, on the voyage out to South Africa, to take over the duties of Director of Railways, was in many respects a complete novelty. Without any precedent to serve as a guide, a set of instructions had to be drawn up on board, apportioning the several duties of the staff and laying down the lines on which the civil administration of the railways to be used by the army would be amplified by military officers corresponding to the existing officials. As time went on, these instructions, good as far as they went, but necessarily incomplete, were revised and improved upon, until the effective organization that obtained at the conclusion of peace, and which will doubtless be found a tradition in the British army, was evolved . . . . . When the circumstances of its establishment are taken into consideration, the absence of skilled officials, the never-ending interruptions of the normal working of the line, it must be owned that the Imperial Military Railways performed their task well. When peace came and people had time to look around and see what progress had been made at Pretoria and Johannesburg, they realized that they owed something to the Imperial Railways, while the presence of special mining trucks and the placing of large orders for rolling stock over a year ago testified to the foresight, energy and ability of the Commissioner of Railways, Sir Percy Girouard."

Talking Through Their Fur Caps.

Prof. Macoun has been examining the plants of the Klondike region, and on their evidence declares that Dawson has a better climate than Ontario. That reminds us of the early days in Winnipeg, when the fur-clad citizen, sitting close to a fire of poplar poles, in a shack through which the blizzard played tag, had the habit of saying to the tenderfoot: "Oh, ye-e-s, it's c-c-cold according to the ther-r-mometer, b-b-b-but the air's s-s-so d-d-dry that you d-d-don't f-feel it."—Hamilton Spectator.

WHERE TWO WAYS MET

By Julia Truitt Bishop

Copyright, 1901, by J. T. Bishop

"Ye reckon he'll know ye?" asked the fat old woman who was putting a cunning patch on a much worn white garment.

"Know me!" cried the thin old woman, with something that was almost a blush on her faded cheeks. "Well, I don't know anything that would keep Jimmie from remembering me. Any two people that knew one another like we did and were engaged for two long years"—

"Like as not ye won't know him," said the prosaic fat old woman, trying another patch under another hole and considering it with her head at one side.

Now it was that the thin old woman smiled. "Jimmie was tall," said she musingly, looking out at the window, "and a mighty handsome young man. Everybody said so. I didn't come to his shoulder. I always liked tall men. When we went out together, people said what a fine looking couple we were."

The old woman at the fire sniffed again.

"That was thirty year ago," she said, with distinct sarcasm. But the listener in the window looked up with glistening eyes.

"Yes; don't it seem funny that it's so long?" she asked. "I have to most shake myself to make myself believe it's true. Why, I don't feel any different. It's just the same old me that used to think everything Jimmie did was right. I reckon he would hardly have known I was alive," she went on musingly, "if he hadn't happened to get hold of that copy of the Clarion with the notice of my buying that five acre piece back of the spring, and then he wrote to me—such a respectful, dignified letter, Miss Bangs—and we have been corresponding ever since. His letters show that he is still unchanged. If we only like one another when he comes today—if we only do—then we are to be married at last after all these years. I've had an independent life, but it would feel kind of good, after all, to have a big, strong man to depend on. I don't care how independent a woman is. She gets kind of lonesome once in awhile."

THE MAN BEFORE HER WAS GRAY. HE WORE GLASSES.

"There's a knock," said Miss Bangs, deliberately folding up her work and rising.

"Mr. Hamilton!" said the maid of all work, throwing open the door.

Miss Alethea stood still for a moment, dullness settling down upon her. Then she sank into a chair.

The man before her was gray. He wore glasses. There was a stoop in his shoulders, so that he was not as tall as he had been. In that dreadful moment of revulsion she cried desolately within herself. "He is old—oh, he is old!"

"I would never have known you!" she cried involuntarily in her great bewilderment. "How you have changed!"

He had been staring at her, but now he passed his hand across his brow.

"I was about to say the same of you," he said. "The years have not stood still with you."

She scarcely heard him. She was slowly realizing that the man with whom she had been corresponding of late months was a stranger to her.

"I believe women change more rapidly than men," he was saying when she fastened her attention on him again. "It is on account of their indoor life, I suppose. I am just about as strong and active as I ever was."

Miss Alethea sat still and looked at the floor.

"The weather's quite cold out, isn't it, Mr.—Mr. Hamilton?" she asked, with a manifest effort.

"Not so cold as it was yesterday," he replied, with an effort on his own part.

"Of course you will take dinner with us?" she said.

"Well, I don't know that I can," he replied, with his embarrassed eyes on the doorknob. "I put up at the hotel, and—they'll expect me back to dinner."

And the absurdity of this was so evident that she threw up her head and laughed at it. He caught sight of the motion in a fleeting glance. That had been one of the ways of her girlhood, a charming little way when the head was crowned with a wealth of brown hair and the blue eyes sparkled and the lips were red. Then he dropped his head with a groan.

"I must go, Miss Alethea," he said. "I will be in town several days, and I'll see you again."

* * * * * * *

"Well," said the confidential friend who had happened to come with him to the hotel, "did you see your flame of the olden time?"

"Yes; I saw her," he retorted irritably, turning his face away. "And I am going to leave town this evening. I cannot see her again."

"What's the matter?" questioned the friend in amazement.

"Why, man, she's old," said Mr. Hamilton, recklessly flinging his belongings back into the trunk which he had fatuously brought with him in the expectation of remaining many days.

"Well, it's my opinion that you're no schoolboy yourself," said the friend rudely, after which it will be readily understood that the two quarreled and that the friend took himself off without delay.

* * * * * * *

"Well?" questioned Miss Bangs crossly. Mr. Hamilton had been gone a long time, but Miss Alethea had just come in, complaining that the glare of the sun in the window had hurt her eyes.

"Well," said Miss Alethea, with her face turned away, "I found Mr. Hamilton looking changed. He's—he's looking much older and more broken than I expected to see him. I don't care to meet him again. I think I'll go up to Springville this evening and spend a week with Jeremiah's folks."

A tall, gray man with a little stoop in his shoulders paused beside the only seat in the car that had but one occupant.

"Is this seat taken, ma'am?" he asked, and when she shook her head he sat down. He had been there several moments and the train was well under way before he noticed the thin, white little hand that lay upon the top of a satchel in her lap, and a small, old fashioned ring on one of the fingers. Then his eyes leaped, startled, to her face. She recognized him at the same moment.

"Jimmie!" she cried, the old name slipping out before she could think.

"Alethea!" he said, and a thrill of warmth and color swept suddenly back over both hearts.

"I had to take a little run up the road—on business," he said mendaciously. "Let me lower this shade; the sun's in your eyes."

How refined and womanly she looked! How dainty she was in all her belongings!

"I am going to Springville—on business, too," she said shyly.

How thoughtful that was in him to pull down the blind! How long it had been since any one had been thoughtful for her!

"Do you know," he said, looking at her attentively, "you have really changed very little. I should have known you anywhere—now that I have a chance to observe you closely."

"Oh, I have changed far more than you have!" she cried generously.

He moved a little nearer. His sleeve touched her arm. What talk was this about youth having fled? She could feel that sleeve against her arm making sudden summer in her soul.

"Going up to Jeremiah's for a few days?" he said. "I wonder if you would let me go along with you? I was always friends with Jeremiah."

She looked up and smiled at him, and her eyes fell. But the swift smile had effaced so many of the years that he cried with a rush of the old time tenderness:

"I declare, Alethea, you haven't changed at all!"

He Wasn't Mean.

The whip flicking hero of this story had driven an irascible old fellow a good three mile journey in London. When the fare climbed stiffly out and slowly produced a big pocketbook, cabby drew a deep breath and prepared to be sarcastic. A watchful constable standing near prevented all thought of his relieving his feelings by the use of picturesque terms.

Cabby watched his fare make a lengthy mental calculation of the distance he had been driven, select the exact legal fare, count it twice over, and then proffer it to him with an expression on his face plainly indicative of "Now, then, you dare dispute it and I'll take your number!"

But cabby didn't dispute it. Instead, he promptly accepted it, but slipping his hand into another pocket he produced a farthing, which he handed to the fare.

"What's this for?" demanded the old fellow.

"One farden, currint coin of the rellum, sir," said cabby, gathering up his reins. "I druv you jest the exact distance represented by arf of that there shekel under the three mile you reckoned. I ain't got no arf farden about me, but it don't matter. You can keep the change. I ain't mean. Goodby, sir, and God bless you. Gee up, 'orse!"—London Answers.

A Lovesick Goldfish.

At a country house last summer I saw quite a unique friendship, writes a correspondent. The cat of the household, a magnificent Persian Tom, goes, when thirsty, to a large glass bowl in the drawing room, wherein a goldfish disports itself, and there seems to have an interesting tete-a-tete with its finny friend—drinking the other's health, I suppose. The lady of the house told me that a week or two previous to my visit the cat had been unwell and could not be induced to leave its quarters in the kitchen. It was noticed that the fish also seemed sickly and refused to nibble the crumbs and seedlings thrown to it, but not for a moment did any one dream of associating its indisposition with the absence of the cat. When, however, master Tom appeared on the scene again, with quite an elastic step, the fish became itself once more and is now as frisky as ever.—London Chronicle.

A GREAT ORIENTALIST.

An Appreciative Sketch of the Life of the Late Dr. Stratton.

The death of Dr. Stratton at Gulmarg, India, brings to an untimely close the career of the foremost philologian that Canada has so far produced. Two years ago, while abroad as a delegate to the Oriental Congress at Rome, he accepted the offer of the position of head of the Oriental College at Lahore, India, and registrar of the University of Punjab. No Englishman was found capable of the place and after consultation with Professor Bloomfield of the Johns Hopkins University it was offered to Dr. Stratton, who had the rare qualifications necessary. He was a graduate of the University of Toronto, with the highest honors in classics, he had been a successful teacher of classics in the Hamilton Collegiate Institute, and had pursued graduate study in the Johns Hopkins University in which for some years he was fellow in Sanskrit, and where he gained the reputation of being the imost brilliant student of comparative philology the university had had. At the time of his Indian appointment, he was associate in Sanskrit in the University of Chicago.

Weary of climbing the slow ladder of promotion in Chicago, and desirous of seeing near at hand the life and country associated with his chief studies, Dr. Stratton went to India, conscious of the difficulties and dangers of his new position. He had to administer the affairs of higher education in the Punjab, as well as give professional lectures in Sanskrit and comparative philology in the college. It was typical of his thoroughness that he was no sooner entered on his work than he learned the vernacular and was able to teach the Indian classics to native students through the medium of Urdu. He had rare gifts—not only the literary appreciatian of the languages, but a peculiar genius for languages on their scientific side, and for the great problems of the Indo-European philology. At the time of his death he was prosecuting a monumental work on the Greek stems, part of which was presented as his doctor's thesis in the Johns Hopkins University, and printed by the press of the University of Chicago. In the furtherance of this work he had mastered all the languages of Indo-European scholarship, and made vast collections of material.

Friends of the University of Toronto, had hoped that when the time came to fill the chair of comparative philology in the university there would be opportunity to recall to Canada a brilliant scholar in a most difficult field. The unexpected news of his death has come with a great shock to his many friends and associates in Toronto, Baltimore and Chicago.

Dr. Stratton won as high regard for his personal qualities as for his scholarship. He had the gentleness, modesty and kindliness, as well as the conviction and high aims, that make the nature that is truly great. His loss is irreparable.—Fred. H. Sykes, in Toronto Globe.

PRAIRIE LIFE TOO LONELY.

Novel Experiment in Co-operative Emigration for Canada.

An interesting experiment is to be made by a group of intending settlers in Canada who have at their head the Rev. J. Barr, curate in charge of St. Saviour's Church, Crouch Hill, says The London Express.

Referring to a recent cablegram published in our (London Express) columns on the American invasion of Canada, the reverend gentleman expresses wonder that Englishmen are so willing to hand over "the splendid agricultural and commercial opportunities which Canada offers" to our American cousins.

"I venture," he continues, "to make a suggestion and to mention a movement which may be of interest to some of your readers.

"From conversations with not a few intelligent persons I have gathered that many who would otherwise be inclined to go to Canada are deterred by the dreaded isolation and loneliness of farm life on the prairie.

"People desire neighbors, and many, in short, would emigrate if they could join a company of desirable people who would settle closer together and be neighbors.

"This grouping of settlers would have many of the advantages of co-operative agriculture and would mean success from the start.

"Large reduction in the cost of transportation of the people and their effects from the mother country to their new home in Canada and also of farm machinery, animals and building material purchased there would be a necessary result.

"There might further be co-operative ownership and use of the heavier and more expensive kinds of farm implements, such as mowing, reaping and threshing machines. These are only a few of many obvious advantages."

Such a party, he concludes, is being organized, with himself at its head, and he is prepared to receive communications from any one who would like to join it.

Her Way of Putting It.

Mary was a young Irish maid fresh from the Emerald Isle.

Her mistress, who was a dignified, stately matron, called handsome, and was not unconscious of the fact, was in for an attack of la grippe, and was suffering with a red nose and swollen eyelids. She said: "Mary, if any one calls I am not at home. I am feeling miserable and am not fit to be seen."

An intimate friend called to see Mrs. —— Jones, and received this answer: "She's in, mum, but not fit to be seen."

To Brighten Cut Glass.

When cut glass is old it takes on a dull gray tinge. It is not dirt, and may be brightened, and the film removed by washing with diluted hydrochloric acid and water.

"MARIQUITTA."

BY GEOFFREY MOOR.

Yes, it was the house at the corner, and I passed it every day; its inmates became familiar to me, and I became known to them. Father, mother, daughter and son, and they sat on the flat roof in the fresh evenings of the Indian cold weather; there, too, they lounged on sultry summer nights to catch a breath of air.

I did not know their name, but I knew that they were Eurasians; I did not even know to what social grade they belonged, but I knew that I was not likely ever to meet them in any society I might frequent.

I was not anxious to meet them or to develop any personal acquaintance with them, but they had become familiar objects to my view, and it seemed to be part of my everyday life to see them sitting there on the roof.

One day I noticed a disturbance at the corner house. A vehicle of torture, otherwise known as an Indian cab—that is prone to rattle its unfortunate inmates to atoms long before its destination be reached—stood at the door. Two boxes and a bag seemed to compose the luggage of the new arrival; no board-ship chair, nothing to suggest a sea voyage; no, I clearly decided it was not the mail that brought this addition to the inhabitants of the corner house. The person, whoever it was, had entered before I passed, and only the luggage was waiting patiently outside. I had the curiosity to glance at the labels, and saw that they were marked "M. G."

My friends did not appear quite so often on the roof now, and they were never accompanied by the stranger.

It was the gay time of the year, and the festivities were numerous. I had a young friend staying with me at the time, and for his sake I determined to break through my lonely habits that I might show him some of the gayety of our town. There was a "mad ball," as the natives term our fancy dress dances, at the town hall, and for the sake of my friend I took tickets and we went. The evening, for the time of year, was unusually warm, and all windows and doors were thrown widely open. The room looked charming in its decorations, and as my young companion seemed to enjoy himself I felt satisfied. Sauntering out on one of the verandas I sat down peacefully to enjoy the strains of subdued music that reached me in the balmy air. The veranda was so dark that I could not see the faces of two people who were sitting in the opposite corner. But I could not help overhearing a few words of their conversation.

"How do you like being here?"

I was almost startled to recognize the voice of my young friend.

"O, I like it very much; it is a great change," answered a girl's voice.

As they passed me I could see that her fancy dress was a copy of a Grecian robe, and that it was entirely white, and I heard my friend say: "I have not seen you for months."

I returned to the ballroom and watched the dancers. Then I became aware that my friend was approaching me, and that his Grecian partner was still with him. This time I saw her face; it was very beautiful—her complexion pale, but not sallow. Her face suited her fancy dress, for it was purely classical. Her eyes were large and dark, her hair was of a deep brown and loosely coiled at the back of her head in a Grecian knot. "Let me introduce you," he said, "to Miss Gonzalo." With a stately little bow she turned to me, and we were soon engaged in conversation. My friend had left us, and, although I no longer dance, I had asked her to be my partner.

She had not been in the town long, she said; she came from up country, where she had first met my companion.

Here my friend came up to claim her for a dance.

Later on in the evening I again found myself alone on the veranda, a clear Indian sky above me, and my thoughts in an English home. My young friend came up to me. "They are playing the last dance," he said; "let us go home."

"By all means," I gladly rejoined. "Have you enjoyed your evening?"

"Pretty well. What do you think of Mariquitta Gonzalo?"

"She is very handsome and charming. Is she English?"

"Her father was a Spanish merchant and painter, and left her a very large fortune."

"You have known her some time, I hear?"

"Some months. I am glad you admire her. I really like the girl, and her fortune is worthy of old Indian times."

I was not prepared for this. "And so you are going to make me the witness of an engagement, I suppose?" I said, with a smile.

"Not likely," he answered, with a laugh that somehow struck me unpleasantly.

"O, well, I only thought from what you said—"

"No, no; not for me," he rejoined; "they are all very well to talk to; perhaps, you may say, to flirt with—I do not say so; but marry a woman with—well—dark blood in her ancestry—never!"

I heard a slight noise, and turning, saw Mariquitta Gonzalo in the doorway. The next minute she was gone.

"She heard," I faltered.

"Well, well, it cannot be helped," answered my companion, and turned to depart.

My friend left the next day; a constraint seemed to have fallen upon us.

It was a cool, pleasant evening when I stopped my carriage at the corner house I knew so well. It was not the usual calling hour, but the one at which I thought my friends were most likely to be found assembled.

It was some time before I discovered a man who looked as if he might belong to the place, as he sat reading, and, seemingly, by no means inclined to understand me. When, at last, he appeared to have grasped the situation, he took my card and vanished into the house. Another man appeared, a very untidy man, whose would-be white clothes looked somewhat ashamed of themselves. He led me up a bare staircase to a still barer landingplace and from there into a sitting-room which certainly was not bare.

Some moments elapsed before "the mother" entered. I knew her well from my observations of the family as they sat on the roof. Over a loose white wrapper she had thrown a bright crimson shawl, which made one feel uncomfortably warm, though, doubtless, it was meant as a reception costume. I asked after Miss Gonzalo, on whom I had come to call. Thereupon the lady called: "Flora!" Flora, appearing, bore a great resemblance to her mother, and was also attired in white, but her dress was tidier, and she proved decidedly pretty.

"Flora, this gentleman wants to see Mariquitta?"

"Yes, she is in," was the reply, and the damsel vanished.

"Miss Gonzalo is your niece?" I ventured.

"Oh, dear no! She is staying with us because we knew her well up country before her mother died, and we wanted her to see the town and enjoy herself, so we have been taking her about."

"I was happy enough to meet her at the fancy dress ball the other evening."

"Ah, well! She did not enjoy that; she was ill afterwards; but Flora liked it."

Here we were interrupted by the appearance of that young lady and Mariquitta herself. The contrast between the two girls was very striking; nobody could have suspected Mariquitta of ancestors darker than Spaniards. She greeted me quietly, though, as she first recognized me, a deep flush had mounted to her cheek.

"I wonder if [illegible] man is bringing tea?" asked the mother, apparently of nobody in particular.

I began to talk to Mariquitta, and was glad when mother and daughter vanished, one after the other, evidently in quest of the untidy man and tea.

Then Mariquitta rose and walked to the open door that led to the flat roof I knew so well.

"It is hot here," she said.

We both stepped out and sat in low chairs on the roof.

"I am glad to have the opportunity of wishing you good-by," she said.

"Are you leaving us so soon?"

"Yes; I do not think I like town life, after all."

"Do you not find it lonely up country? You do not live by yourself?"

"An old friend of my mother lives with me. She and I have no time to be lonely, for I like to see to everything myself. Besides, I am not always there. I have been to Europe twice since my parents died. I went to Spain, but my father's relations are all dead."

"Miss Gonzalo," I said, rather abruptly, "your friends will return directly, and I have a message to deliver to you."

"Yes?" with a questioning glance.

"From my friend; he has left me; he was very sorry you—overheard. He was grieved to have hurt you."

I looked at her, but withdrew my glance, amazed, for the quiet girl beside me seemed of a sudden to be inspired with all the fire and dignity of her father's race.

"Grieved to have hurt me!" she repeated, slowly. "If I had believed his ardent words, if ever I could have believed him, he might have hurt me. But I knew that he could not mean such protestations for more than a few hours. I knew, for I had learned. Listen. I have had a good education, and my father was one of the most refined men I ever met. I knew long ago that I was rich, and thought I had advantages even above other girls. Ah! but I did not understand. My father never brought me to this town. I was educated in a convent at home. Then my parents died, and gradually I began to understand. I might have advantages, be educated and rich; but there would ever be one barrier that no man's hand could raise—the barrier of prejudice, of race. And I do not blame them; but it is hard, sometimes, and I thought there might be exceptions."

She faltered, despite the proud curve of the lip, and I felt dimly what my friend had won and—lost.

"There are exceptions, Miss Gonzalo!" I exclaimed.

I gave her my hand; she pressed it lightly, but gently shook her head. Mother and daughter returned, the father and brother, too, appeared, both very dark, both very talkative. We conversed, we drank tea out of oddly assorted cups, and then the untidy man escorted me through the gaudy sitting-room and bare landing, down the dark staircase, out into the street, with its gayly-robed homeward-bound natives.

Before leaving I had turned to Mariquitta.

"Good-by," I said. "I hope we may meet again."

"Good-by," she had answered.

I still pass the house at the corner, and look up at the roof, but I have never been inside of it again. The mother sometimes nods to me from the top, but they claim no other acquaintanceship.

I often remember Mariquitta and her strange fate, and think angrily of my friend, whom I have not seen since, and wonderingly of her words: "And I do not blame them." But when I recollect the untidy man, the gaudy room, the white-robed mother, Flora, the ill-assorted cups, the objectionable father and brother—in fact, the whole establishment—I leave off wondering, and I, too, understand and do not blame. But, understanding with my head, there is a feeling which is still foolish enough to whisper:

"Poor girl! poor Mariquitta!"—London Sketch.

THE MORRISSEY MINER.

THE MINER PUBLISHING CO
F. E. SIMPSON, Manager.
M. ROCKENDORF, Local Editor.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES:

One Year, in advance,	$2.00
Six Months, "	$1.00
Advertising rates, $1.00 per inch	

BRIEF MENTION.

J. R Pollock of Fernie, was in town Thursday.

For insurance see G G. Moffatt at The Miner office.

R. Hirtz was in Elko on a visit the first of the week.

Mrs. Frank Carpenter has been very ill the past few days.

F J Watson, the insurance man of Fernie, was in town Tuesday.

The infant daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Kerran died yesterday morning.

H. L Stephens transacted business in Cranbrook Monday and Tuesday.

Second Masquerade Ball at Australian hotel May 4. Particulars next week.

Mrs. A. F. Geddes of Elko, spent Sunday in town the guest of Mr. and Mrs. E C. Wilson.

If you want any books kept or made up, call and see G. G. Moffatt in The Miner building.

Read today's news today, and read it in the Daily News, Nelson's live daily. Jack Gillis sells it.

C. M. O'Brien, district organizer of the A. L U., was in town Monday on his way from Gateway to Fernie.

Jack Gillis, Johnny Lawson and G. G Moffatt went to Fernie Thursday night to attend the Jessie Maclachlan concert.

Dr. Bell of Cranbrook, government veterinary surgeon for this district, was in town Thursday a passenger on the mud bound train.

Phil Christopher, one of the best known miners in the Elk river valley, left last Saturday for Greenwood where he will in future reside.

There will be a social dance at the Australian hotel Monday night to which all are cordially invited. Come, get acquainted and have a good time.

The Great Northern is opening up a sand pit south of town. In all probability several hundred cars of sand will be taken out for ballast the coming summer.

Frank Clapp, the soft drink man of Cranbrook, was in town Wednesday. Mr. Clapp is turning out a fine quality of goods these days, and is meeting with success.

Church of England services will be conducted (D. V.) by the Rev. Aykroyd Stoney on Sunday afternoon at 2:30 o'clock, in the Australian hotel. All are very cordially invited to attend.

Notice.

Notice is hereby given that thirty days after date I intend to apply to the chief commissioner of lands and works for a license to prospect for coal and petroleum on the following described lands, situate on the west side of Elk river and below the town of Morrissey, Crows Nest valley, East Kootenay district, commencing at a post marked "H.J. Thorne's northeast corner," standing close to Francis German's southeast corner post, thence south 80 chains, thence west 80 chains, thence north 80 chains, thence east 80 chains to place of commencement.

Dated March 29, 1903.

H. J. Thorne.
Daniel McKenzie, agent.

Fort Steele License District.

Notice is hereby given that the undermentioned persons have made application under the provisions of the liquor license act 1900, for an hotel license at the place set opposite their names:

W. B. Ganong, Windsor hotel, C. N P. Coal Co. new townsite, Morrissey.
T. R Morton, Miners' hotel, C. N. P. Coal Co. new townsite, Morrissey.
C. J. Digby, Exchange hotel, C. N. P. Coal Co. new townsite, Morrissey.
Andrew Johnstone, Royal hotel, C N. P. Coal Co. new townsite, Morrissey.
Charles McNab, Alexandra hotel, C N. P. Coal Co. new townsite, Morrissey.
David Clark, Clark House, C N. P. Coal Co. new townsite, Morrissey.
Charles Farrell, Western hotel, C. N. P. Coal Co new townsite, Morrissey.
Jules Hurel, Morrissey hotel, C. N P. Coal Co. new townsite, Morrissey.

A meeting of the board of license commissioners of the Fort Steele License district will be held to consider such applications at the court house, Fernie, on Friday, the twenty-fourth day of April, 1902, at the hour of seven o'clock in the afternoon.

J. H. McMullin,
Chief License Inspector.

Fernie. April 9, 1903.

Coal Notice.

Notice is hereby given that thirty days after date I intend to apply to the chief commissioner of lands and works for a license to prospect for coal on the following described lands in South East Kootenay:

Commencing at a post marked "W. G. W. Fortune's N. E. corner post," planted seven miles north of a north boundary of Lot 4588 and one mile north of N. E corner of lands held by C. M. Edwards under a coal license, thence west 80 chains, thence south 80 chains, thence east 80 chains, thence north 80 chains to the point of commencement, containing 64 acres more or less.

Dated this 9th day of March, 1903.

W. G. W. Fortune.

Coal Notice.

Notice is hereby given that thirty days after date I intend to apply to the chief commissioner of lands and works for a license to prospect for coal on the following described lands in South East Kootenay:

Commencing at a post marked "Lizzie Fortune's N W. corner post." planted beside W. G. W. Fortune's N. E. corner post, thence south 80 chains, thence east 80 chains, thence north 80 chains, thence west 80 chains to the point of commencement, containing 640 acres more or less.

Dated this 9th day of March, 1903.

Lizzie Fortune.

Coal Notice.

Notice is hereby given that thirty days after date I intend to apply to the chief commissioner of lands and works for a license to prospect for coal on the following described lands in South East Kootenay:

Commencing at a post marked "T. Spear's S. W. corner post," planted beside W. G. W. Fortune's N. E. corner post, thence east 80 chains, thence north 80 chains, thence west 80 chains, thence south 80 chains to the point of commencement, containing 640 acres more or less.

Dated this 9th day of March, 1903

T. Spear.

Coal Notice.

Notice is hereby given that thirty days after date I intend to apply to the chief commissioner of lands and works for a license to prospect for coal on the following described lands in South East Kootenay:

Commencing at a post marked "J. Bastian's S. E corner post," planted beside W. G. W. Fortune's N. E. corner post, thence north 80 chains, thence west 80 chains, thence south 80 chains, thence east 80 chains to the point of commencement, containing 640 acres more or less.

Dated this 9th day of March, 1903.

J. Bastain.

NOTICE

Notice is hereby given that within the time prescribed by law I intend to apply to the assistant commissioner of lands and works for the district of East Kootenay, and the chief commissioner of lands and works, for a license to prospect for coal and petroleum upon the following described lands situated on Sage creek, about six miles east from Flathead river and about four miles from the International boundary in East Kootenay district of British Columbia:

[a] Commencing at a post 4 miles from boundary, being N. E. corner of W. H. Morrison's claim, thence south 80 chains, thence west 80 chains, thence north 80 chains, thence east 80 chains to the place of beginning, containing 640 acres.

Dated February 21, 1903.

W. H. Morrison, Locator.
A. D Coplen, Agent.

The Canadian Bank of Commerce
Head Office, Toronto.

Paid up Capital, $8,000,000. Reserve Fund, $2,500,000.
HON. GEO. A. COX, President. B. E. WALKER, General Manager.

SAVINGS BANK DEPARTMENT.

Deposits of $1 and upwards received and interest allowed at current rates. Depositors are subject to no delay when depositing or withdrawing funds.

Fernie Branch, E. H. BIRD, Manager.

[b] Commencing at a post 4 miles from boundary, being N. W corner of A D. Coplen's claim, thence south 80 chains, thence east 80 chains, thence north 80 chains, thence west 80 chains to place of beginning, containing 640 acres

Dated February 21, 1903.

A. D. Coplen, Locator.

[c] Commencing at a post 4 miles from boundary, being the S. E. corner of George Lux's claim, thence north 80 chains, thence west 80 chains, thence south 80 chains, thence east 80 chains to place of beginning, containing 640 acres.

Dated February 21, 1903.

George Lux, Locator.
A. D. Coplen, Agent.

[d] Commencing at a post 4 miles from boundary, being the S. W. corner of James W. Croft's claim, thence 80 chains north, thence 80 chains east, thence 80 chains south, thence 80 chains west to place of commencing, containing 640 acres.

Dated February 21, 1903.

James W. Croft, Locator
A D Coplen, Agent.

D. J. JOHNSON
Carpenter and Builder

A Resident of the Town of Morrissey

GOOD WORK AT REASONABLE PRICES

Saw Mill For Sale

Complete outfit of the Cedar Valley Improvement company's mill at Morrissey, B. C, will be sold at very low figure to the right purchaser. Capacity eighteen thousand feet per day, but has turned out twenty-six thousand with crowding.

MILL IS IN GOOD REPAIR

A dwelling house and office will go with the mill. Write to or inquire of

Cedar Valley Improvement Co.
Morrissey, B. C.

THE BEST BEER IS THE BEST

Drink Fort Steele Brewing Co's Beer

It is wholesome and nutritious and is made in the district.

NOTICE

Notice is hereby given that I, the undersigned, intend thirty (30) days after date to apply to the assistant commissioner of lands and works for the district, and the chief commissioner of lands and works of the province of British Columbia for a license to prospect for coal and petroleum upon the lands east of the Flathead river in the southeastern corner of the province of British Columbia, described as follows: Commencing at a post at the southwest corner marked "S. D. Howell's southwest corner post," thence 80 chains east, thence 80 chains north, thence 80 chains west, thence 80 chains south to post of commencement and containing 640 acres.

Dated 27th day of March, 1903.

S. D. Howell, locator.
J. N Dalby, his agent.

Notice is hereby given that I, the undersigned, intend thirty (30) days after date to apply to the assistant commissioner of lands and works for the district and the chief commissioner of lands and works of the province of British Columbia for a license to prospect for coal and petroleum upon the lands east of the Flathead river in the southeastern corner of the province of British Columbia described as follows: Commencing at a post at the northwest corner marked "R S. Lennie's northwest corner post," thence 80 chains east, thence 80 chains south, thence 80 chains west, thence 80 chains north to post of commencement and containing 640 acres.

Dated 27th day of March, 1903.

R. S. Lennie, locator.
J. N. Dalby, his agent.

Notice is hereby given that I, the undersigned, intend thirty (30) days after date to apply to the assistant commissioner of lands and works for the district and the chief commissioner of lands and works of the province of British Columbia for a license to prospect for coal and petroleum upon the lands east of the Flathead river in the southeastern corner of the province of British Columbia described as follows: Commencing at a post at the southeast corner marked "Oscar White's southeast corner post," thence 80 chains west, thence 80 chains north, thence 80 chains east, thence 80 chains south to post of commencement, and containing 640 acres.

Dated 27th day of March, 1903.

Oscar White, locator.
J. N. Dalby, his agent

Notice is hereby given that I, the undersigned, intend thirty (30) days after date to apply to the assistant commissioner of lands and works for the district, and the chief commissioner of lands and works of the province of British Columbia for a license to prospect for coal and petroleum upon the lands on the Flathead river in the southeastern corner of the province of British Columbia described as follows: Commencing at a post at the southeast corner marked "Bruce White's southeast corner post," thence 80 chains north, thence 80 chains west, thence 80 chains south, thence 80 chains east to post of commencement and containing 640 acres.

Dated 28th day of March, 1903

Bruce White, locator.
J. N. Dalby, his agent.

CROWS NEST LIME CO.'S
Blairmore Owner H. S. Pelletier

Lime for Sale

Car Lots or Small Quantities

Agents for East Kootenay

Graham & Robert Love

Plasterers, Bricklayers and Stonemasons.

HEADQUARTERS - - CRANBROOK, B. C.

See Love about plastering your house. If we can't convince you to have it plastered, well, "Love's labor is lost."

Your Local Paper

is a necessity to you, financially and socially. A NEWSPAPER of GENERAL CIRCULATION, containing the latest news of the world, is equally necessary to you. The "up to date man" will provide himself with these two necessaries.

In THE TWICE-A-WEEK SPOKESMAN-REVIEW will be found the very latest news of the world, its matter including information on politics, commerce, agriculture, mining, literature, as well as the local happenings in the states of Montana, Oregon, Idaho, Washington, and the province of British Columbia. In addition, its columns for women, its popular science articles, its short and continued stories, its "Answers to Correspondents," and "Puzzle Problems" combine to form a home newspaper that at $1.00 per year can nowhere be excelled.

Perhaps you have something to sell—a farm, a team, farm machinery. You may wish to buy something. The best possible way to communicate with people who wish to buy or sell is by inserting a small advertisement in the Spokesman-Review. The price is the same in the daily and the Twice-a-Week.

IT DOESN'T COST MUCH—

18 WORDS	1 time	30c
	2 times	45c
	3 times	50c
24 WORDS	1 time	40c
	2 times	60c
	3 times	80c

If you wish to reach business men and newcomers, use the DAILY. Farmers, stockmen, lumbermen and miners take the TWICE-A-WEEK.

CITY MEAT MARKET
R. W. Rogers, Prop.

FRESH AND SALT MEATS

Poultry and Game in Season

Meat Delivered to Any Part of the Town.

James Greer

CONTRACTOR AND BUILDER

All Work Guaranteed. See us Before You Build, It Will Pay You

Morrissey, B. C.

IMPERIAL BANK OF CANADA

Capital (Authorized) $4,000,000
Capital (Paid Up) $2,923,366
Rest $2,485,288

HEAD OFFICE, TORONTO, ONTARIO.

T. R. Merritt, Pres. D. R. Wilkie, Vice Pres. and Gen. Manager. E. Hay, Asst Gen. Manager. W. Moffat, Chief Inspector.

CRANBROOK BRANCH

SAVINGS DEPARTMENT Interest allowed on deposits.

A general banking business transacted. Drafts sold, available in every part of Canada, United States and Europe. Special attention to collections.

F. H. MARSH, Manager.

Patmores Hardware Store
MORRISSEY, B. C.

Shelf and Heavy Hardware
Stoves and Cooking Utensils
Plumbing and Tinsmithing

J. C. Patmore - Proprietor

H. A. KANOUSE, President — C. H. LEVERS — H. BENTLEY, Sec'y-Treas

CEDAR VALLEY IMPROVEMENT CO., LIMITED

MANUFACTURERS OF ALL KINDS OF

Rough and Dressed Lumber, Shingles, Lath, Dimension and Bridge Timber

Mills at Morrissey and Fernie

MORRISSEY HOTEL,
JULES HUREL, Prop.

New House, Newly Furnished and Everything Nicely Arranged.

We Keep the Best of Liquors and Cigars

G. G. Moffatt, Notary Public, Accountant
AGENT FOR
BEALE, HUTCHISON & ELWELL
Head Office, Cranbrook, B. C.

Insurance, books kept and accounts audited. Collections promptly attended to. The very best fire, life and accident companies only.

Morrissey Office - - - Miner Building

MORRISSEY, B. C.

The tide of values is rising in this section.

Those who regard this as a "boom", sure to be followed by a reaction, are much mistaken. I will make an effort to account for the stimulus.

Extensive development of their coal properties by the Crows Nest Pass Coal company.

Building of 500 coke ovens at Morrissey. Building of 250 additional coke ovens at Michel.

Throwing open by government of reserved coal and oil lands on the Flathead and tributaries.

Building of the Crows Nest Southern from Morrissey to Michel.

Building of the Kootenay Central from Elko to Golden.

Installation of power plants at Elko.

This does not exhaust the list, but is sufficiently comprehensive. Each year will mark an advance, and each advance will be on a larger scale than the preceeding one.

Investors who think prices are high now will be amazed a few years hence, when they compare present rates with figures the future has in store.

THOS. CRAHAN
AGENT, MORRISSEY, B. C.