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THE NELSON ECONOMIST.

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EDITORIAL COMMENT.

THE Estimates were brought down in the Legislature last Friday, and, as was anticipated the Government has made sweeping reductions in the salaries of the civil service officials. These reductions, however, do not affect the heads of the departments. Some of the officials will find it difficult to make both ends meet under the new order of things. Those who were inclined to criticize the old Government for alleged indifference towards the interests of Kootenay will find ample food for contemplation in the penuriousness of the new Government. But a majority voted for retrenchment in the management of the affairs of the Kootenay. They have now no cause for complaint in this respect. THE ECONOMIST expressed its opinions at a time when there was some chance to guard against peril; those who thought otherwise can grumble now.

THE Colonist has the following with regard to the estimates: "Notwithstanding an increase of over \$30,000 in salaries of civil government officials, the estimated expenditure shows a reduction of upwards of \$230,000, of which \$116,150 comes off roads, streets and bridges, the one item which touches the public most closely and contributes most to the development of the country. The sum of \$69,400 is taken off the estimate for public buildings. The provincial police, who certainly earn their money, if any people in the country do, are obliged to contribute to the new policy of economy by submitting to a cut of about \$15,-

000 in their salaries, or nearly 20 per cent. The following comparison illustrates very well the Semlin-Martin-Cotton brand of economy: For the current year the estimated expenditure was \$1,996,750, and the cost of civil government \$145,710, or a trifle over 7 per cent. of the total; for next year the estimated expenditure is \$1,764,873, and the cost of civil government \$176,662, or a trifle over 10 per cent. of the total. It will cost the province 3 per cent. more to expend the appropriations, or in other words, \$31,000 more to expend \$170,000 less. This may be economical administration, but most people will ask to be excused from thinking so. It is a case of more places and patronage and less public works, more government and less development. How do the people like it?"

THE disfranchisement of the British officers, soldiers and sailors, stationed at Esquimalt, has brought forth condemnation from nearly every paper in the Province. The granting of the franchise to these men in the first place was to arouse an interest in Canadian affairs and possibly as a slight recognition for their services to the Empire of which Canada is so important a part. It was felt to be an unjust discrimination against the men who in case of hostile attack would defend our homes that they should not be permitted to participate in the management of the affairs of the country, while foreigners could come here and within a year or so exercise those rights of citizenship. The conferring of the franchise on these men had the desired effect, many of whom when they left the service becoming influential citizens. Now the government deprives them of the privileges held for years, and places them on a level with Siwashes and the Chinese. In case of an outbreak of hostilities it is these same men to whom the residents of British Columbia would look for protection, and not to Joe Martin and David Higgins.

A TELEGRAM announces that Hon. Mr. Sifton has called in his "Descriptive Atlas of Canada," and at great expense will point another map. It appears Mr. Sifton believed there were no Canadian firms qualified to prepare the plates, and the maps were printed from plates by a Chicago firm and were full of errors. For instance, the boundary between Alaska and Canada was as claimed by

the United States, and as the publication bore the inscription "Issued by authority of Hon. Clifford Sifton, minister of the interior," it was necessary to insert a note in very small type on the last page explaining that the boundary was as claimed by the United States. The boundary of Labrador was not correct, running away down towards the southwest instead of following the height of land, and the divisions of the Northwest territories are as they existed several years ago. On the margins of the maps there was a lot of miscellaneous information in which it was stated that the capital of Ontario is Ottawa. In one place the population of Winnipeg was stated to be 32,000, and in another 35,000. The list of principal cities of Canada included Montreal, Quebec, Toronto, Winnipeg, Vancouver and Victoria, but Ottawa, the capital city, Hamilton and London were not mentioned. On the margin of the map of the Northwest territories there were the names of about 250 places under the heading "Chief Cities," including such urban centers of population as Pincher Creek, Loon Creek, Batoche, Bull's Head and Gull Lake. The same on the map of Manitoba, which our prospective Galician, Doukhobors and other kinds of fellow citizens will be pleased to learn numbers within its not extensive limits 122 "Chief Cities." The provinces appeared on the map not as divisions of the Dominion of Canada, but of "British America," and in every respect, as the Ottawa Citizen remarks, the production bore every evidence of having been "made in Chicago."

SOME years ago James Blaine remarked: "The Eagle is not going to fatten the Lion's whelp," by which he meant that under no condition would the United States contribute towards the prosperity of Canada. The successors to Mr. Blaine have not changed in the attitude of their great leader to this country. Events, a weekly publication at Ottawa, states the situation correctly, when it says: "Canada has played baby, sucking, weakling, long enough. It is time that it was on its feet displaying its manhood to the world. Our government goes about pottering and petti-fogging asking favors and praying for concessions that were never yet granted on supplication. Let the thing be stopped. Let us go to work like men, and let our neighbors attend to their own affairs in their own way. They are well able to take care of themselves and have no

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intention of helping us. Let us cut off all the branches that hang over the line fence so that all the apples will grow on our side of the tree. Do not have our neighbors filling their baskets at our expense and laughing at us for fools."

The information that the C. P. R. will begin almost at once constructing the Crow's Nest Pass line from Kootenay Landing to Nelson will be hailed with pleasure. It means that Nelson will be a busy point the coming year. The announcement that the depot will be improved to meet the increasing demands of traffic is also a matter for congratulation.

THE citizens of Rossland are agitating for a curfew ordinance. The youth of that city are said to be almost incorrigible.

THE following is the report which a minority of the public accounts committee desired to present to the legislature, through Mr. Turner, last Friday. The committee, through Mr. Prentice, their chairman, declined to consider the subject as coming within the scope of their duty: "We, the undersigned members of the standing committee, beg leave to make the following report: That after a careful investigation respecting a certain warrant No. 119, made out in July last, the total of which \$163,207, was for educational purposes, and in which it has been stated blank warrants were inserted, we are convinced that the insertion of the blanks referred to could in no way affect the amount of the warrant, as the total of the whole of the preceding pages is shown on the last sheet, certified by the auditor, and this last sheet is the one signed by the Lieutenant-Governor; and further that accompanying the warrant is the order-in-council setting forth the total amount, corresponding with the amount on the warrant; this order-in-council is also signed by the Lieutenant-Governor. Upon inquiry from the auditor-general why blank sheets were inserted among the educational warrants, he explained that the warrants are prepared by the superintendent of education, and it was customary to insert some blank sheets for the purpose of noting on them in red ink the details of the payments as made against the sum authorized to be so paid, and that as these payments were made in many small amounts, one sheet was not sufficient for them all. We further remark that if any of these blanks were abstracted they could not be used or substituted for warrants for any service, as the bottom portion of the sheet, where the auditor certifies to the amount, had been cut off."

SIR CHARLES TUPPER addressed a large meeting in Clinton, Ont., the other night. The Conservative leader was in good voice, and his speech, delivered with fire and vigor, was frequently applauded. He did not go into any financial or other details, confining himself to what might be termed a political re-

view of Canada since Confederation. He defended the national policy, which, he said, was inaugurated by the Conservative party, had made Canada a nation, and was today the policy of the Liberal party. The latter, he said, had been compelled to steal the national policy, in spite of their previous denunciations of it, because they were afraid that any other policy would prove Canada's ruin. He challenged the Liberal party to point to any single thing they had done in the work of making Canada a nation. He charged the government with having increased the expenditure and with having added enormously to the national debt without gaining anything in return. He also charged them with having adopted many of the ideas of their predecessors. He characterized Mr. Mulock's postage stamp motto as a most absurd statement to put on a Canadian postage stamp, a statement that would never have been thought out except in the mind of a most silly man.

SINCE the Government has determined to disfranchise its officials would it not be only a simple act of justice to exempt from taxation those deprived of the right of exercising their franchise?

SOONER or later the Government will have to provide a superannuation fund for officials who have given the best part of their lives to the service of the Government. The methods prevailing in the Dominion civil service could well be applied to this Province.

THE attempt to move the full court from Victoria to Vancouver is an example of petty spite not often revealed in legislative bodies.

WHEN the tramp appeared on the stage at the Nelson opera house last week, the friends in the audience of Joe Martin cheered vociferously. It was another case of mistaken identity.

THE report of the medical health officer to the city council contains several suggestions that should receive the serious consideration of the authorities. The sanitary condition of the city is a matter of vital importance.

THE Victoria Times has added a column to each of its eight pages, and is now one of the largest evening papers printed in Canada.

THE Toronto Globe opposes the Alien Exclusion bill. That paper says: "While provision has been made for the possible straining of Provincial authority in the direction of internecine antagonism, it is to be hoped that the opposite spirit will characterize the deliberations of every cabinet council and every legislative assembly. While we are so enthusiastic about the strengthening of the ties that bind the empire together, we will be mak-

ing ourselves ridiculous if local exclusiveness breeds antagonism within the Dominion."

THE Kootenay Mining Standard has improved since its removal to Rossland. Mr. C. Dell-Smith is doing the editorial work, which is a guarantee that the paper will be crisp and bright.

ANOTHER distinguished British statesman has visited America and refused to partake of the hospitality of Canada. This time it is Lord Charles Beresford. He would have received a hearty welcome from Canadians if he had crossed over the boundary line.

THE Cascade Record says if that town is overlooked in the estimates James M. Martin will be held responsible by the voters. The genial James will probably find out the significance of the truism, "Uneasy lies the head that wears a crown."

THROUGH the enterprise of the Allen Brothers the music-loving citizens of Nelson will be enabled to enjoy opera for two nights this week. Such enterprise should not go unrewarded.

IT is suggested by the Irish Standard that Rudyard Kipling may think it a white man's burden if compelled to pay \$50,000 to his brother-in-law, who has brought action against him to recover that amount for alleged defamation of character.

A Winnipeg firm has issued a calendar for 1899, which is attracting considerable attention. It is gorgeously embellished with portraits of four celebrated Britishers, who happen to be Irishmen. They are Generals Wolseley, Kitchener and Roberts, and Rear Admiral Beresford.

IN an interview at Ottawa, G. B. Maxwell, M. P. said that 90 per cent of the population of British Columbia approved of the Alien exclusion legislation. Mr. Maxwell either does not know what he is talking about, or is telling what he knows to be untrue.

CASCADE City is seeking incorporation.

THE residents of Fernie are agitating for a school.

GOLDWIN SMITH writes of the war in the Philipines: "Liberty, enlightenment and civilization continue to be copiously served out from the muzzles of Maxim guns and Mauser rifles to the fortunate natives of the Philipines. The poor creatures appear to be fighting hard for their land, but the scientific weapon mows them down in thousands. It is not by the American people that this is done. The American people, if a fair appeal could be made to them at this moment, would put their veto on the carnage. It is the act of

unscrupulous politicians in temporary possession of the government, working for their own ends, and backed, for purposes not less sinister, by an equally unscrupulous press, which holds up to public execration as 'traitors' all who give honest counsel to the state. In one respect, however, these men deserve our gratitude."

ACCORDING to reports from the East, the steamship lines have apparently entered upon a competition in building big steamers. The Oceanic, the largest steamer in the world, has hardly been launched before the announcement is made that a competing transatlantic company has given orders for the construction of a steamer which will exceed even the enormous proportions of the new White Star liner. The details of the design are being got out, and in the course of the next few months the contract will be let.

IT is to be hoped the Government will entertain the proposal for additional school accommodations for Nelson. The school population is certain to increase the coming year, and it will be a calamity if ample facilities are not provided.

If the Government would tear down the present shack that serves as a court-house and erect a new building it would be acting with some degree of wisdom. There is no use putting a new patch on old garments.

THIS report from Victoria that a leading member on the Government side has threatened to resign will not surprise any one. The ship of state is unseaworthy and must founder when it encounters rough weather.

JOHN B. KERR, of Toronto, has been engaged as editor of the Rossland Miner. Mr. Kerr has had considerable experience in journalistic work in the west.

THE fact that many of the largest wholesale firms doing business in British Columbia contemplate the erection of large warehouses at this point is the best possible evidence that Nelson is growing in importance as a wholesale center.

THE Conservatives in the East are giving a good deal of attention to organization. If the Conservative party hopes to win in the next election it should adopt the methods of the Liberals, who for the past ten years have been educating the masses in the principles of the party. Moreover, the Conservatives will have to reconstruct the whole party. New men are badly needed.

THE East Kootenay Miner has the following in regard to the alien legislation: "The Provincial Legislature has from praiseworthy

motives recently enacted that in future (1) no aliens shall acquire placer claims in our Province, and (2) that no contract shall be made for importing labor from outside of the Province. The Alien Act, as it is familiarly called, is specially and particularly directed against our American cousins, who have done so much to open up and develop the mineral resources of our Province. The object of the first enactment is to retain the wealth of British Columbia for the nationalities of the British Empire. The object of the second enactment is to maintain the proper standard of the living wage by the prevention of the importation of labor hired from outside of the Province. It has been ingeniously argued that as some of the States exclude Canadians from being participants in sharing in their mineral wealth, therefore we are justified in excluding Americans from participating in sharing in our mineral wealth. This argument means if the Americans do wrong and pass bad legislation, therefore it is the duty of the Legislature of this Province to perpetrate a similar wrong by passing equally bad legislation. This sophistry will not do; two wrongs will never make one right. Another ingenious argument in which there is considerable force is that the Americans employ their own transportation companies and use their own merchandise, and no benefits accrue to us, but on the contrary, we sustain loss by our alluvial wealth being removed by those who offer no compensation. The same argument with greater force can apply to our brothers of other nationalities than the Canadian. The Africander, the Australian and the Briton can do the very same things that we complain of against our American cousins—take away British Columbia's golden alluvial wealth and leave nothing in return. These would not hesitate to employ American transportation and use American merchandise if they found it advantageous or beneficial to their interests to do so, and they would not be prevented unless more legislation is enacted in the spirit of "Canada for Canadians." Such legislation as we have sketched is backward and retrograde and opposed to the best traditions of our glorious constitution, which is ever for liberty. It is our proud boast that wherever our flag waves, all races, all creeds, can come and dwell under it, and enjoy all our privileges so long as they conform to our laws. It is opposed to the best traditions of Liberal principles, which ever go to make for freedom, and the removal of all restrictions for free communication and intercourse among nations. Such legislation is narrow and parochial, and never will assist in building up our Province to be one of the mightiest Provinces among our many mighty Provinces in our Empire. Throw wide our portals, remove all restrictions, and we will do more to make our Province one of the brightest jewels in the British diadem than this narrow, backward, retrograde legislation."

A TELEGRAM from Winnipeg announces the sudden death there, last night, of R. W.

Jamieson, M. P. for that city. Deceased was a gentleman of good ability and highly respected as a citizen. He was a brother-in-law of W. A. and George Thurman, of this city.

A CORRESPONDENT in the *Miner* this morning, signing himself "Citizen," objects to the proposal to establish a Reverend Sisters Hospital in this city. There are many things to be said in favor of placing such an institution under the control of the Sisters. In the first place, these women devote their whole lives to the care of the sick, and are perhaps equally as well skilled in their knowledge of contagious diseases as the medical profession. The ordinary hospitals employ nurses who did not intend to make care for the sick a life work, and naturally are not so anxious to acquire a scientific knowledge of disease as the nurses who intend to make it a life study. Anyone who has ever been in a hospital conducted by the Sisters will confess that these women are unremitting in their attentions towards their patients. As much cannot be said of nurses in other hospitals. Again, those who are interesting themselves in behalf of the Sisters are prepared to raise the fund necessary to make such an institution an assured success. The amount required will be something in the neighborhood of \$9,000. Without desiring to cast any reflections on what has been done in the past, we would point out that in case of an epidemic at the present time, the health of the residents of Nelson would be seriously menaced by present accommodations. There are very few nurses, except the Sisters, who will give contagious diseases the attention required.

Whole City Of Marble.

In the county of North Hastings, Ont., is a deserted town called Bridgewater, which is built entirely of marble, says the *New York World*. About 25 years ago a farmer's wife was searching in the woods for a pig that had strayed away. In a particularly dense part of the forest she found a cold spring of crystal water and stooped to drink from it. As she did so she slipped on a round stone which rolled from under her foot and fell into the water. Attracted by the peculiar color of the stone she fished it out and took it home. Investigation showed it to be a 20-pound nugget of almost pure gold.

Within six months the wilderness had blossomed into the bustling town of Bridgewater, with 5,000 inhabitants. There were old forty-niners from the Pacific slope, amateurs from Great Britain and the United States, prospectors from every field. Shafts and tunnels were driven by the hundreds. In the sinking of a shaft a mile south of the town, on a claim of Mr. B. Flint of Belleville, who is now a member of the Canadian Senate, a vein of white marble was discovered. At the suggestion of Flint, who wanted little or nothing for the material, the town of Bridgewater was built of solid marble. It has even to this day a court house, school, church, hotel, stores and

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private dwellings constructed wholly of this material.

While the town was booming the entire country round about was prospected. Some of the shafts and tunnels driven were more than 100 feet in depth, but remarkable as it may seem, there was never enough gold found to pay the cost of a single mine in the district.

The place where the original nugget was found was christened "Aladdin's Cave," and the land in its vicinity sold at fabulous prices. One farmer whose farm adjoined the cave sold five acres to an English syndicate for \$100,000 cash. The syndicate spent another \$100,000 in developing the claim, but never obtained an ounce of free gold. An aged Irishman at Bridgewater, Patrick Keough, received an offer of \$125,000 for his farm, which consisted of 100 acres of rockpiled, barren land. He refused the offer, holding out for \$150,000, which he never got. To-day any one could buy the property for a dollar an acre.

Within a couple of years it became apparent to all that mining in Bridgewater would never pay, and the prospectors and citizens departed, leaving the marble town to settle down to a future desolation.

W. D. Brewster, formerly C. P. R. agent at Trail, was committed for trial last Friday. The preliminary trial took place before E. S. Topping, justice of the peace. It is generally known that the deficit in the office accounts is about \$1200, says the Trail Creek News. J. H. Sinclair, one of the employees under Brewster, is now in custody of the United States marshal at Spokane, and is wanted for complicity in the defalcation. The direct charge under which Brewster was placed in custody was the failure to enter upon the cash book, thereby defrauding the company of \$140 paid February 3, for freight, by Johnson & McDougall, but when the case was opened, Mr. Abbott, for the prosecution, was granted permission to amend the information, so that it would include \$100.80 paid by Chatterton & Coleman, January 17, and not entered. The evidence was such that the justice felt compelled to commit the defendant.

The Metropolitan Opera Co. will begin a two-night's engagement at the Nelson Opera House next Friday night. On the opening night "The Chimes of Normandy" will be given and on the following evening "Fra Diavola." The company numbers 30 people, included in which are Will Rising, the well-known tenor, Blanche Aldrich, Jennette Lincoln, Alice James, Lillian Kemble, Maurice Hoggerman and Eddie Smith. In the Coast cities, where the company has been singing for the past two weeks, the papers speak highly of the artistic merit of the organization. Not the least interesting feature in connection with this company's productions is fact that the costumes worn are appropriate and expensive. A slight advance has been made in the price of admission, which, of course, is usual with opera companies. The seat sale opened this morning at the store of the Canada Drug and Book Co.

LOCAL AND PROVINCIAL.

Mrs. (Dr.) Quinlan has left on a visit to California.

P. J. Russell has been visiting towns in East Kootenay.

J. W. Smith has gone down to the Coast to visit his parents.

Fred. Newman, of the Crow's Nest Pass line, is in the city.

J. M. Coombs, a Winnipeg traveller, was in the city this week.

H. B. Thomson, of Turner, Beeton & Co., has gone down to the coast.

Montana claim, situated on Tracy creek, has been stocked for \$500,000.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Dundee have returned to Rossland after a short visit to Nelson.

Mr. J. Roderick Robertson will leave next Friday for London, Eng., to be absent a few months.

The wholesalers of Nelson are protesting against their tax being raised from \$20 to \$50 per year.

The Buchanan Dramatic Co. will begin a short engagement at the Nelson Opera House, March 6th.

It is believed that the Imperial Bank will move into the premises now occupied by the Bank of Montreal.

Miss Livingstone is delivering lectures on cooking under the auspices of the Nelson Branch of the National Council of Women.

The latest information concerning the death of R. W. Jamieson, Winnipeg, is to the effect that death was caused by the accidental discharge of a revolver.

It is reported that a Scotch syndicate has bonded the St. Eugene group of mines. The figures are \$400,000. The syndicate are trying to, and possibly will, secure the Moyie, Queen of the Hills and Lake Shore claims.

The West Kootenay Brick and Lime Co. (Ltd) has been registered with a capital of \$50,000. The company will take over the business formerly conducted by T. S. Procter, and will also extend the business throughout the interior. The company will be in a position to supply common brick, pressed brick and lime in almost inexhaustible quantities within a short time. The principal stockholders in the new company are Messrs. T. G. Procter and Beers Brothers, which should be a

guarantee that its affairs will be conducted on strictly business principles.

An amateur opera company has been organized in Nelson with the following officers: President, Capt. J. W. Troup; vice president, J. H. Bowes; secretary, C. St. Barbe; treasurer, L. M. Lay. Executive committee, A. H. Buchanan, Bruce White, W. W. Beaton, E. P. Whalley and George Johnstone. Those who have signified their intention of taking part are: A. G. Simpson, G. Melville Parry, Capt. and Mrs. Troup, L. M. Lay, G. Kydd, H. W. R. Moore, J. H. Bowes, F. W. Brougham, Mrs. W. A. Macdonald, Clarence Goepel, Mrs. Goepel, W. A. Jowett, Miss Wilson, F. M. Chadbourne, T. Morley and W. W. Beaton.

The Elections Bill.

Hon. Joseph Martin has introduced a bill amending the Elections Act, which strikes us as being difficult to uphold. Among other features it disfranchises judges, sheriffs and their deputies, members of the Imperial forces, including sailors, mariners and soldiers; school teachers, and all others in receipt of a salary from the government of \$25.00 per month or over. It provides that in cities polling shall commence at 9 a. m., and close at 7 p. m.; in places other than a city the hours shall be from 8 a. m. to 5 p. m. It is significant that provision is made for a revision of the voters' list, providing that a general election is held before August next.

Naturally enough this measure met with strenuous opposition in the house, and it is to the credit of the opposition that they succeeded in wresting from the Attorney-General a promise that the bill would be amended so as to permit school teachers to vote as heretofore. The teachers of the province are not likely to forget this attempt to take from them a privilege dear to every man of intelligence; and when the opportunity arrives many of them will show their displeasure by voting against the intolerant and intolerable methods employed by Mr. Martin and his followers.

By this act men of the highest intelligence and education in the land are prohibited from expressing their opinions by means of the ballot. Judges may be entrusted with the weighty matters of law and equity, but are not to be allowed the privilege of voting in the way their judgment may direct.

Officers and privates of Her Majesty's forces, many of whom are deeply interested—financially and otherwise—in the affairs of the province, are also subjected to the humiliation of being placed on a level with a Chinaman or Siwash. They may be permitted to spill their blood, if necessary, for the defence of the country and its institutions, but are not, by the provincial government, considered worthy of being entrusted with the privilege of the ballot.

The fact that Mr. Martin has singled out the most intelligent and most highly educated classes of our population against whom he directs this measure of disfranchisement, is a sufficiently strong indication that it is not among their numbers that he expects to receive that support which would enable him to continue in power.—*Vernon News*.

THE COURT.

There was a frown on the Judge's face as he took his seat on the Bench. After looking through one of his books, he ordered William Alfred Galliher to stand up. "William," said the judge, "it is charged that on a recent occasion, in the usually peaceful town of Ymir, you engaged in certain terpsichorean exercises, which performance is a menace to the dignity of your chosen profession. William, I am sorry to see you here on such a charge. Dancing is a vain thing at any time, but when engaged in by a member of the Bar much evil may result therefrom. All the evidence goes to prove that you did dance and otherwise disport yourself to the music cymbals and other alleged musical instruments. Your case is a particularly sad one. I have known you personally for many years. I remember you when we lived on canned beef and hard-tack with Nile water to wash it down; I recall the pleasant afternoon we spent in As-sout and how you assisted in repelling the attack of the citizens of that town; although many years have elapsed I still remember the pleasant hours spent in that old bazaar in Wady Halfa as we submitted calmly to the robbery of those avaricious old Greeks; I remember facing sandstorms without the aid of spectacles, and one of the most pleasant recollections was the time when you vanquished Conroy the champion of India in the standing jump contest. You must have jumped 14 feet 9 inches on that occasion." "Fourteen feet 11 inches, by actual measurement, my Lord," answered William. "Fourteen feet 11 inches," repeated the Judge reflectively; "fourteen feet 11 inches; William, you are an honor to your profession. You may go."

John Houston, an old offender, was up on the charge of asking questions. The Judge admonished John for indulging his appetite for asking questions. His Lordship said: "Your latest offense is asking: 'Was Pontius Pilate a Scotchman?' You ought to know better. The families of which Pontius Pilate and Judas Iscarrot were so distinguished members were French Canadians. They migrated to Jerusalem in the early days of the first century, but Judas reached there too late to sell his vote, and as he needed the money at the time he sold the Divine Master. When you need information of this character, John, you should come to this court, and not be perplexing the people with such questions. You will be excommunicated for three additional years, your sentence to run concurrently with the last."

"W. A. Macdonald," said the Judge, "a jury of your fellow-citizens have found you not guilty of being a politician. In effect, the verdict is that if you are a politician they have not been able to detect it in any of your work, so you are discharged."

MINES AND INVESTORS.

The ore body has been struck in the Golden Crown, Greenwood Camp, at the 150-foot level, there being five feet of it averaging \$32 in gold.

The new main working shaft on the Cariboo, in camp McKinney, has reached the 300-foot level, and drifting for the ledge is now the order of the day.

The Grand Forks Miner says that one of most promising strikes to be recorded of late, was made last Saturday in the Gray Horse tunnel on the claim of that name. The Gray Horse is one of the oldest locations in the Reservation having been located on the bank of the Kettle river about six hundred yards from the townsite of Nelson with a wagon road on the east bank of the river to the tunnel mouth. The tunnel has now attained a length of 110 feet. During the week numerous stratas of fine ore have been encountered all tending in the same direction, but not until within the last few feet have they come together. A shot on Saturday last opened up from 14 to 20 inches of solid ore carrying values as high as \$100 per ton. This vein has now been opened up from several feet and still holds in size and value, and bids fair with development to open out into an immense ore body as indicated by the surface outcrop. Jake, as he is familiarly called by his acquaintances, is deserving of all he may develop, as without exception he has done more work to produce a paying mine than any one prospector in that district.

Provincial Politics.

It is seldom that reference is made in these columns to the vagaries of the political wire-pullers at Victoria. The professional politician in British Columbia is rapidly earning as unsavory a reputation as his American prototype, and to chronicle his delinquencies would serve no good purpose. Self-interest and an absolute contempt for such "old-country" weaknesses as loyalty to party, honesty in motives, or truth in public statements are the chief characteristics of this type of provincial law-maker. It is exceedingly unfortunate that just now, when the outlook before the Province is so promising, the fair horizon is darkened by political intrigues. For many years past the ill-government of the Province has been deplorable. The faults, however, consisted mainly of sins of omission. A more progressive and far-seeing policy was necessary.

The new pilots are exceedingly progressive; but their aim is self-enrichment, judging from recent indications, and their motto "To the victor the spoils." The first and greatest need of the Province is capital; not to be enticed in small quantities, but to be attracted in a quick succession of large sums as the tangible ex-

pression of faith in its proved richness. Capital, however, is shy, and the timorous money-bags look askance at unconstitutional and irregular procedure in the Local Legislature. In order to strengthen a feeble and non-descript Government, Mr. Martin, a professional politician possessing some knowledge of law and a certain reputation in Manitoba, has passed a Bill through the Local Legislature to prevent the hearing of some election petitions, which might perchance have been successful, and thereby unseated two government supporters. The Bill apparently was forced through the House in the most high-handed and unscrupulous manner.

All the Government organs have endeavored to explain in the matter as one of expediency, but this would appear to be incorrect, as one of the cases was before the courts prior to the opening of the session, and the case would have been heard and settled but that the returning officer was unable to be present, although subpoenaed, owing to the refusal of the Attorney-General to give leave of absence. Regarding this extraordinary measure introduced by the Attorney-General from any standpoint, it appears to be iniquitous, and the indecent haste with which the Lieutenant-Governor displayed in giving his assent to the Bill confirms the impression which we had previously formed as to his ignorance of the dignity proper to his office. The Lieutenant-Governor of a colony is not supposed to be a political partisan, and it is not seemly that he should become a tool in the hands of such a politician as Mr. Martin.

It should be clearly understood that the foregoing remarks are in no way instigated by political bias. The Review is not a political organ, but regards Canadian affairs in general, and British Columbia in particular, from an imperial and commercial standpoint. We know that the Dominion possesses enormous mineral wealth and great commercial possibilities, and we desire to draw the attention of merchants and capitalists in the mother country to one of her fairest colonial possessions. When, however, we see political corruption rampant, precedent disregarded, and laws made to strengthen the hands of law-breakers, it is impossible to keep silence.

The greatest hindrance to the development of the Province in the past was a weak and short-sighted Government. To-day its destinies appear to be in the hands of a far more energetic party; doubly dangerous, inasmuch as, being for the most part men without any substantial private means, their first interest is for their own private coffers; and feeling their position insecure, and their opportunity for self-enrichment possibly of short duration, their needs become the only measure of their honesty.

There is more British capital available for colonial development to-day than there has ever been. The investor, however, likes to feel assured of the honest government of the country in which he embarks capital. We greatly fear that Mr. Martin and his colleagues will not earn the confidence of British investors.—*B. C. Review, London, England.*

FROM THE GRAVE.

I have never told this story before, but, knowing I have not many days left of this earth's weary pilgrimage, I write out the experience that has made me a poor man and a lonely one, though, I humbly trust, not a useless one.

Nearly 25 years ago I settled in Gresham, a village then, and taking its name from the founder, who was also my uncle, Peter Gresham. He had written to me, when I graduated from the medical college, where he had paid all my expenses as a student, that he would give me a cottage in the village and \$500 in money, but after that I must make my own way.

The offer was a generous continuance of kindness shown to me from boyhood, when I was left an orphan and penniless. I gladly accepted it, and went at once to Gresham, where my only rival was a practitioner nearly 80 years old, Dr. Farnell, who occupied a cottage directly opposite to mine. Being in easy circumstances and very feeble, Dr. Farnell was more than willing to send me patients, until, gradually, I found he had transferred the whole practice of the village to my care.

He took from the first a friendly interest in my welfare, and gave me much useful advice and information, his long experience rendering all he imparted of great value to a young physician. Scarcely an evening passed but found me at his cottage to discuss the cases of the day, in each and all of which he took keen professional interest.

But, before I had been a year in Gresham, I found my professional talks formed but a secondary interest in my visits to Dr. Farnell's cottage. When these were over, and the aged doctor dozed in his chair, or nodded over a book, Leonie Farnell, his granddaughter and housekeeper, would touch the piano keys to accompany her sweet, clear voice in my favorite songs, or would talk to me in her womanly way of the patients, who were all friends of her own, many of them her pensioners. Let me try, looking through the clouds that rolled soon between us, to picture Leonie Farnell as she was in that first year of my love for her. My love, I say, for it sprang into my heart strong and undying the first time her soft, brown eyes met mine in shy greeting.

She was pretty, but no wonder of beauty, her great charm lying in her grace of movements, her low, sweet voice and a gentle, refined modesty. She had been carefully educated, but had no brilliant accomplishments, unless gift of making a home an altogether charming place may rank in that category. Orphaned in infancy, she had been the darling of her grandfather's heart, but, dearly as he loved her, he was never averse to my suit. He read my heart's secret even before I guessed its depth, and in his quiet way favored the friendship between Leonie and myself.

A year, the one bright year in my solitary life, passed away, and I prepared to speak to Leonie of my love, I had waited until I felt

secure of my position at Gresham, and I hoped to waken some warmer token of love on Leonie's part. For even then I guessed dimly, what I know, and soon knew certainly, that I had won only a calm, sisterly affection in return for the absorbing devotion of my heart.

I have said nothing yet of my intercourse with my Uncle Gresham, the grandee of the little village, whose large, handsome house was the center of attraction to all strangers, and whose income was supposed to be something of almost fabulous extent, and really was that of a very wealthy man.

During that first bright year of my life in the village he had started, my intercourse with my uncle was as pleasant as all other parts of my life, and I was a frequent and welcome visitor at his house.

But in one brief sentence, I may record the event that wrought a change in all—my love, my friendships, my welcome at Gresham Place. My cousin, Sidney, Uncle Gresham's only child, came home from Europe, where he had been traveling for five years.

From that time I marked a change in my reception at the house, where I had been assured of most cordial welcome, and my visits soon became those exacted by my gratitude only. It hurt me cruelly to see that my uncle's affection was being won from me, but there was a far more bitter cup soon to be placed at my reluctant lips.

Sidney came to Dr. Farnell's as a guest sure of a welcome, to renew a friendship only interrupted since boyhood by his travels. And the first time I saw him with Leonie, I knew why my love had failed to meet its return. A childish friendship had grown by that long separation into a life love. The eyes that had ever met mine with the frankness of friendship drooped shyly beneath Sidney's gaze, while the cheek that had never changed color for me, flushed at his coming, even before he spoke.

Yet I would not quite despair until meeting them together, on a hazy June evening, walking slowly, as lovers walk. I heard a soft, sighing voice whisper:

"I have always loved you, Sidney!"

In their happiness they never guessed my presence, and I shrank back behind a friendly tree till they passed me by, and were lost to my sight.

Then I threw myself into my professional duties, trying so to feed my starving heart, studying diligently, and giving every case in my care ardent interest. Dr. Farnell guessed all my misery, and when I came more and more seldom to his cottage, he crossed the road frequently to visit me. Once only he spoke. "I am sorry Leonie loves Sydney," he said, after telling me of their engagement, "for he is a man I never liked nor trusted. But a woman's heart is wayward and must follow its own will. There is no reason—not one—to set against her love, so I must bear my disappointment as best I may."

And I knew my kind old friend meant that he had hoped my love would win Leonie's heart.

While August was burning up the vegeta-

tion with a long drought, we had several cases of malignant fever in the village, and one morning I was shocked at receiving a note from my uncle, saying Sidney had the symptoms.

I hurried to the house, and my uncle led me directly to the sick room. But as I approached the bed Sidney cried: "What brings you here? Where is Dr. Farnell?"

"Dr. Farnell does not practice," I replied.

"He will come to me! He must! I will not trust my life in the hands of my heir and my rival in love!"

I started back as if he had struck me a blow. Before heaven, I could swear that my possible heirship had never crossed my mind, and I had never thought to try to win Leonie, once I knew her love was given elsewhere. I could not speak, but I sent Dr. Farnell to my cousin.

In one short week the village church bell tolled for Peter Gresham's son.

Two hours before the time set for the funeral I went to my uncle, and, though he had clung to me in those bitter days of mourning, I asked for the first time to see my cousin.

I have often questioned the fatality that led me to make that request, but I can only write here what I have often told my own heart. I had to see him.

Already he was in his costly coffin, with flowers about the bed upon which it rested. I entered the room alone, and stood intently looking down upon the still, cold face of my rival.

"Dead! His words came back to me as I looked at him. I was my uncle's heir. I might yet hope in the future to win Leonie.

Suddenly the blood rushed to my heart, almost suffocating me; my hands grew cold, my legs shook under me. My eyes, fixed upon Sidney Gresham's face, grew dim, and I should have fallen had I not grasped the bed for support.

For, with my professional instincts ever on the alert, I saw that my cousin was not dead. It was a case of suspended animation, calling for instant care.

One moment the memory of the dying man's hatred and suspicion tugged at my heart; one moment a fierce temptation seemed tearing me in two, and then, Heaven be thanked, I was myself again.

Gently I lifted my cousin from his ghastly resting place, and replaced his shroud by his night dress. I would not risk the shock of his waking to a consciousness of his surroundings, but though I staggered under his weight, I took him to my uncle's room, next the one where he had lain.

Then I opened a vein in his arm. Sluggishly, drop by drop, the life blood followed lancet, and I knew I had not been deceived. Alone, unaided, I applied sure remedies, till pulsation returned to the numbed heart, color to the pallid lips, breath to the paralyzed lungs.

Then, when the wondering eyes opened, I gave a powerful opiate, watched till it took effect, and, leaving my patient in a profound slumber, went downstairs. I found my

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Job Work at the Nelson Economist

uncle in the pathetic apathy grief had made habitual in those three dreadful days, and I said, gently:

"Uncle, you have doubted my love and my gratitude in these last few months. You have thought the man who owed you every good of his life for years had counted on your death to inherit your wealth."

"But I will not doubt you agin," he said, piteously, "if you will come back to me. I wronged you, but you will not desert me now!"

"You have wronged me," I answered, "and I have come to prove to you my love and my gratitude. I have come to restore to you—"

The aged face was lifted quickly, while a pallor like death, a breathless eagerness, warned me to speak quickly.

"Come," I said. "And I led him gently, yet quickly, to the bed where his son lay, sleeping. I checked the cry upon his lips by whispering:

"Do not waken him! This sleep is his every life!"

"Not dead!" he whispered, shaking like one in an ague—"not dead? Sidney, my son!"

"Not dead," I answered, "nor dying. He will recover, uncle!"

"And you have given him his life. You, whom he almost accused of wishing to murder him!"

"He was mistaken," I said, quickly. "Now, will you watch him while I send Dr. Farnell here?"

"Yess—yes! And you will have—those things taken away?" and he pointed to the room where the coffin lay.

"I will do all!"

Nobody quite understood but the old doctor. He did, and give me one hand-grasp that seems ever to linger in my palm when I think of that day of excitement.

Sidney Gresham had the grace to drop his active animosity towards me—to let my uncle keep his affection for me, and, when he died, remember me in his will. But he never cordially liked me.

When Dr. Farnell died I became physician at Gresham Place, and my life of sorrowful

loneliness took the added pang of knowing Leonie's precious gift of love never met full return.

She has never complained, bearing patiently the sorrows of a neglected wife, the hours of loneliness even her children cannot fill, when her husband is seeking pleasure for weeks together in the city. But she is pale and sad now, the woman I loved and would have guarded from sorrow with my heart's blood.

We have been good friends, and I think when the incurable enemy I have carried in secret for years wrings out my life in a little time now, that Leonie will drop a tear upon my dead face, though no love, no duty, can snatch me back from the grave to which I am hastening.

The Old Man and the Snider Rifles.

Four score Canadian winters have now passed o'er my head,
And my locks have slowly whitened with the years that long now have fled;
I've been through plague and pestilence, through fire and tempest drear,
But in all my tribulations I had never known a fear.

When the Asiatic cholera smote my dear friend by my side,
I never flinched an instant, but stood by him till he died;
When the Papineau Rebellion nearly wrecked the ship of state,
Upon the field of battle many comrades met their fate;

Ah! may a fellow soldier, in 1837,
Changed the blood-stained soil of Canada for the golden streets of Heaven.

In '54, at Poutine, there was a crowd of men
All busy at canalizing, they made things lively then;

When bringing home my grist one day, I was met upon the road
By a band of murderous "Shiners," who were bound to take my load;
But I fought them single-handed, and saved my flour, too,
Till Arnprior Constable Campbell made prisoners of a few.

Around my little shanty a pack of wolves I've seen.
A howling in the moonlight, they looked so fierce and lean,

From the window of my cabin I have seen a hungry bear,

Which had come to kill and plunder, but I shot him then and there.

For weeks I've fought the bush fires, when it seemed that we must choke.

With the wind a-blowing toward us filled with cinders, fire and smoke.

But we dug our little trenches to be ready for attack.

And with earth and heavy switches we drove the fire back.

A cyclone struck our country and swept through field and wood.

And when that storm was over scarce house or building stood;

And then a freshet came one night, and at the dawn of day

We found that in its current our house was swept away.

But with beast, or blight or cyclone, or with bush fire blazing near,

In all my tribulations I had never known a fear. But since these Snider rifles are everywhere for sale,

There is no place of safety, except perhaps in jail; Though 'twas only in September that the sale of them began,

Every man and boy in Canada is now fooling with a gun.

Thirty thousand Snider rifles in the hands of reckless fools,

All engaged in random shooting, are rather dangerous tools.

They use any kind of target; any one that can be got,

But what that chunk of lead can do they never take a thought.

It may glance off from a forest tree, which, perhaps may change its course,

And travel for a mile or two before it lose its force.

It can bore through ten-inch timber, hit then hard enough to kill,

It can make a two mile journey if it does not strike a hill,

When I drove my cows to pasture the bullets whizzed around,

Struck a stump, or killed a "critter," or burrowed in the ground.

Without the least reflection fellows fire up in the air.

Never thinking that the bullet must surely light somewhere,

So from any point of compass or from the sky may fall,

At almost any instant a Snider's deadly ball.

Though I've been through plague and pestilence through fire and flood, I vow

That in all my tribulations I was never scared till now.

—George K. Brown in Ottawa Journal.

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Rudyard Kipling's English Home

Rudyard Kipling has apparently settled down in the little Sussex village of Rottingdean, some four miles to the eastward of Brighton. The place is doubtless dear to him for old associations' sake. It was here that he spent his holidays during the period of his career at Westward Ho! school. All the old villagers remember him when, as the nephew of Burne-Jones, he was known throughout the parish as "the little Indian." The Kipling house is an old-fashioned place, surrounded by a high brick wall and looking out on the tiny village green. It is called the Elms.

Rottingdean is a delightful survival from the last century—a watering place unmarred by railway facilities and only connected with the outside world by a coach which exists between the great florid city tract could scarcely be imagined than that which exists between the great, florid city last mentioned and its out-of-the-way, picturesque little neighbor. A very ancient village is this chosen home of the laureate of imperialism. The "Doomsday Book" mentions it. In the reign of Richard II the French effected a landing here and attempted to march across the downs, capture Lewes and avenge the Black Prince's victory at Crecy. They were opposed by a mere handful of yeomen, but lost heart and returned to their ships. The secret of this mysterious retreat will soon be made apparent to any one who tries to cross the downs to Lewes. The crossing of those wild chalk hills and desolate valleys might well daunt a foreigner. But if nature has given you a stout heart, vigorous lungs and the ability to climb ridge after ridge uncomplainingly, the very best way to enter Rottingdean is by those self-same downs from Lewes. The village lies at the extremity of a long "combe"—a narrow valley stretching far inland.

Up this combe, from the very edge of the great chalk cliffs winds the single street, to where the gray old English church stands sentinel over the green. In the little churchyard only a few weeks ago, William Black, the novelist, was laid to rest, and the flowers are still banked upon his grave. In the middle of the green lies the horse pond; and all round are houses, each of which possesses an interesting history of its own. There is the vicarage, for instance, looking across the green to Mr.

Kipling's window. Under its high roof, many famous men received their early education, among the number being Bulwer Lytton, the great Duke of Wellington and Cardinal Manning. For the old Rottingdean vicars also eked out a livelihood by keeping a school. You may read in the Earl of Lytton's life of his father, how the great novelist became "cock of the school" by thrashing a big boy named Moreton. This was under Dr. T. R. Hooker in 1817. Long before then Wellington had frisked about the green, and learned how to construe in the vicarage. To the left of the old school, with its back to a great chalk hill, is the house which the late Sir Edward Burne-Jones built for himself, and wherein he died. Sir Wemyss Reid (another uncle of Mr. Kipling) also lives near by and a new member of the literary colony here as L. Cope Cornford, the novelist.

Mr. Kipling's garden wall stretches across the upper part of the green. The house is two-storied, with an attic. The front gate is rarely opened. The entrance is by the smaller wicket, further down the street, and directly facing the church. The house was originally built by Thomas O'Way, sergeant-at-law, in the last century. Mr. Kipling's working room at present is in the second floor bow window on the left. Hence he can see the downs, the long range of cliffs and the English Channel. On clear days Beachey Head is distinctly visible, and the Dieppe steamers may be seen beating into New Haven.

Straight opposite Mr. Kipling's house on the other side of the green, is a quaint old inn—the Plough, kept by one Bleyber, who knew the author of "Recessional" when he was a swarthy youngster just home from India. Bleyber and Mr. Kipling are fast friends; although they differ widely in politics. Not long since Bleyber fell ill, and Mr. Kipling, by way of cheering him up, was wont to drop in of an evening to argue imperialism versus little England policy. The discussion invariably waxed hot; so that when Mr. Kipling left the innkeeper's pulse had quickened abnormally, and he was feverish to a degree which puzzled the local physician. At length, however, the medical man heard of these visits. Going to Mr. Kipling's house he absolutely forbade him to pay any more visits to Bleyber "unless he wanted to murder the man with argument." The incident excited much amuse-

ment in Rottingdean; but nobody laughs more heartily over it than Mr. Kipling himself, unless perhaps it be the now recovered innkeeper.

The walk to Brighton from Rottingdean lies along the summit of the cliffs, which present an almost uniform height of 200 feet all the way. On almost any fine day one may meet the knickerbockered Kipling striding along the chalky road, or lounging about the beach.

Candidates for parliamentary honors have in Scotland to run the gantlet of serious "heckling." Lord Glasgow—not the late one who sat for Buteshire, but his elder half brother—when Lord Kelburne, was in the forties a candidate for Greenock. At several meetings he had been severely "heckled" by a member of "the black squad." One night a meeting had been called unusually early, and Lord Kelburne flattered himself that his merciless "heckler" would not be present.

No sooner was his speech over than up jumped his tormentor, black and grimy as he came from his work. "Lord Kelburne," said he, "if ye're returned to parliament what's the first thing ye wad tak' the duty off?"

Lord Kelburne, his eyes sparkling at the opportunity, bent down toward the "heckler" and said, "Soap, you dirty rascal!"

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Dated this twenty-first day of January, 1899.

NOTICE.

NOTICE is hereby given that I have deposited in the office of the Registrar-General of Titles, Victoria, plans showing a proposed dock or wharf and warehouse and approaches thereto and site to float a boom over the West Arm of Kootenay Lake in front of lot (or block) 82a, in the city of Nelson, and the location of the same, together with a description of the proposed sites, and I have deposited a duplicate of each in the office of the Honourable the Minister of Public Works, at the City of Ottawa, Ontario.

Notice is further given that after the expiration of one month from this date I will apply to His Excellency the Governor-General-in-Council for approval of such plans and description and of the works therin referred to. Dated at Nelson the 11th day of January, 1899

WILLIAM R. MACLEAN.

LOS ANGELES

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Women's Mirror.

What will a girl do next to bring her luck? Now, it seems, she has taken to wearing one black stocking and one red one, and she insists that it is the luckiest of all fads. Brides have often been known to wear different colored garters. Following out the old saying of "something borrowed and something blue," they have worn one white silk garter and one blue one, but the wearing of one red and one black stocking has evidently never been tried before, judging from the way in which the girls have taken up this fad.

A cameo portrait—that is the latest fad of pretty society women, and a very expensive fad it is, too, for it requires, the most exquisite workmanship of an experienced cameo cutter. Mrs. Fred Gebhardt, whose classic profile is famous on two continents, started the fashion, and now a cameo likeness set in precious stones and worn as a brooch or belt buckle is the most treasured possession of the girl who has, or fancies she has, the proper degree of beauty.

There are two distinct types of husband who do more harm than they would be willing to admit—the man who permits himself to

become a generous figurehead in his own family, rarely holding a conversation with his wife and children, good-naturedly responding to any extravagance for the sake of peace; and the man who, though conspicuous in the church and community, tyrannizes over his family in small things until, for the sake of peace, they deceive him on every hand.

When this season's society girl decided to have her short-waists made with stiff bosoms she found herself in a quandary as to how she should dispose of her watch. To wear it with a chain, tucked in her belt or collar, was too feminine altogether. She could not thrust it in the front of the shirt without marring its glossy stiffness. Fashion said no pockets, and yet she must have a timepiece in order to be just sufficiently late for her social appointments. One very original girl found her way through the dilemma by ordering a watch to be set as a shirt stud. The face of this tiny timepiece was no larger than an ordinary enameled stud, the works being placed in a good-sized shank fastening to the stud from the underside. Stud-watches at \$25 and \$30 are already a fad for the tailor-made girl.

This season's debutantes have

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declared in favor of coral, the delicate yellow-pink beads that are so very expensive. It was only necessary for one pretty society girl to appear with her dimpled white throat circled with strings of coral to prove how charming a setting the quaint old-fashioned beads were for youth and beauty baby fashion of many years ago.

and to promptly call forth a host of imitators. Some of the girls have even gone so far as to resurrect coral shoulder-clasps from old jewel boxes, and to wear them drawn through the shoulder-puffs of their evening gowns in the

SHORT STORIES.

J. H. McCarthy, the son of Justin McCarthy, who is lecturing in this country on Omar Khayyam, says that after a lecture in Brooklyn one of the hearers thanked him for his exposition of the Persian poet's work, and added: "I never before knew the difference between Omar Khayyam and Hunyadi Janos."

The great French playwright and novelist, Dumas, upon one occasion found a man asleep in the Theatre Francais during the performance of a play by his friend Soumet. "You see that?" said he; "that's your work." Next evening a Dumas comedy was played. The two friends looked in again and found a sleeper. "You see, dear Dumas," said Soumet, "your works can produce sleep." "Do you refer to that man?" replied Dumas. "Why, that's the man who was there last night. He's not awake yet!"

Not many years ago, according to the annals of the India Office, a queen's messenger, or some other inferior official, was robbed, though not injured in any way, on his road to Cabul, and the British Government, of course, wrote to complain of it. No reply was received for months; but at last the Emir wrote: "The matter you mention has been thoroughly investigated, and not only have the robbers of your messenger been put to death, but all their children, as well as their fathers and grandfathers. I hope this will give satisfaction to her majesty the queen."

When General Niel returned from the scene of his achievements in the Franco-Austrian War, a poor man gave him a basket of lovely pale-yellow roses. As a remembrance of this gift, the general had a cutting struck from one of the blooms, and when a charming rose-tree had grown up, took the plant to Empress Eugenie. She was delighted both with the gift and the gallant donor, but was surprised to learn that the rose had no name. "Ah!" she said, "I will give it a name; it shall be the Marechal Niel"—thus informing the gallant soldier of his elevation to the coveted office of Marshal of France.

The women of French-Canadian households work themselves out sooner than the men, who, as a rule

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marry again very quickly. A girl, too, considers it a disgrace if she hasn't a beau to see her home from church. A little habitant servant of 15 was found in tears by her mistress one Sunday morning. "What is the matter with you, Celestine?" asked her mistress. It's the first Sunday since I was 12 I haven't had a young man to walk with," sobbed Celestine. "Think, madame, of the disgrace!" "But how about Jean Seguin?" "Oh, last night Jean came in to say he had met a girl with a cow and a feather bed, and he liked her better than me and wanted his presents back. Don't be sorry for me, madame. I'll try to get another beau before this afternoon and be married first just to spite him." Five minutes later she sailed forth in cherry colored ribbons in search of a fresh beau, and brought him back in triumph to dinner.

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ODDS AND ENDS

After a man gets old the only kind a good luck he has is to wake up from a bad dream and be thankful that it was not true.

Wife—They say that conversation is merely the art of talking back.

Husband—I suppose then that you are merely a conversationalist.

He—She is a brilliant woman: she shows familiarity with the poets.

"Heaven," shrieked the old maid; "does her husband know it?"

Mrs Brown—I was in the new drug store to-day. It's just lovely.

Mrs. Jones—Yes?

Mrs. Brown—Yes, they have six different shades of pills!

Bobby—Is oxygen what oxen breathe all day?

Papa—Of course, and what everything else breathes.

Bobby—And is nitrogen what everyone breathes at night?

"Your picture was rejected by the committee?"

"Yes," bitterly replied the young man; "and three or four girls on that committee had promised to be sisters to me, too."

"Go to the Ant, thou Sluggard!" commanded the proverb.

Accordingly the Sluggard went to the Ant.

"Go to the devil!" exclaimed the Ant.

"Talk about red tape!" sighed the Sluggard, being quite without the courage to go and see to whom next to go.

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