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THE NELSON ECONOMIST.

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EDITORIAL COMMENT.

WITHIN a few days we shall have entered upon a new year. The year which is now drawing to a close was not a bad one for Canada. There has been considerable progress made both in the development of our natural resources and in the expansion of commerce. British Columbia in particular has participated in this progress. The mining industry may be said to have outgrown the experimental period, and this Province stands today in the proud position of having demonstrated to the world that here is the richest mining region yet discovered among the earth's treasury of riches. The fabled wealth of King Solomon's mines pale into insignificance compared with the illimitable wealth of our mountains of minerals. During the year, development work has been carried to a greater extent than ever before, and with the result, as we before intimated, the eyes of the whole world are turned towards British Columbia.

The year has been a particularly prosperous one for Nelson. The population of the city has nearly doubled, and residences to accommodate the increased population have been erected. There homes are well built and with all the modern requirements. A large number of business blocks have been constructed, and all of a substantial character which shows the faith keen, shrewd business men have in the future of the place. Therefore, we have all reason to be thankful for the bountiful blessings of the year.

THERE is likely to be some litigation over the plot of holy ground at Jerusalem where the transition of the Holy Virgin is supposed to have occurred. The sultan gave the ground to Emperor William on the occasion of the latter's visit, and Wilhelm presented it to the German Catholics of Palestine. The Sultan had bought the land for 12,000 Turkish pounds from an Arab chief, but forgot to pay for it. The chief now claims the holy ground and declares that no foreign nation shall set foot upon it. He has 40,000 Bedouin followers, and promises to raise a row.

THE attention of the British Columbia courts is directed to the fact that the New Denver *Ledge* refers to Mr. Justice Martin as "Chief Justice Archer." To our mind a contempt has been committed, and the *Ledge* should be confiscated before it becomes more reckless.

THE Vancouver music hall problem has been satisfactorily solved. A place of amusement confined exclusively to vaudeville, has been opened, and is being patronized by the best class of citizens. The Vancouver newspapers say that the opening of this theatre will keep a good many people out of mischief. They will go there instead of going to worse places. Some moral reformer should start a variety theatre in Nelson.

AN exchange cries aloud: "Oh for a Canadian statesman." We trust there is no intention to overlook the possibilities of Mr. Hewitt Bostock in this capacity.

IT is quite true, as some one has remarked, that Canada can do without the sort of reciprocity she wants better than she can do with the sort of reciprocity she can get.

THE Crown expect to have Mackie, the convicted Napanee bank robber, on the stand at the trial of Ponton, who is out on bail as a result of the disagreement of the jury. It is believed that Mackie will confess and connect Ponton with the robbery.

THE British Foreign Office has suggested to the Czar that the conferees appointed by the various nations in answer to his appeal for universal disarmament, meet in London in May instead of in St. Petersburg, If the change is arranged the Queen will invite the Czar and Czarina, the Kaiser and Kaiserin, President Faure and the heads of other European nations to be her guests in London while the commission is in session.

THE generosity which prompted Postmaster-General Mulock to add to the newspaper postage and take the same of the postage to the mother country and the colonies, must be felt to be adequately appreciated.

THE express business to Nelson this year was greately increased on account of the large number of patriotic citizens who are buying goods from the Toronto department stores.

MCDONALD, the tobacco manufacturer, has been knighted. If the Queen would now knight every man who chews McDonald's tobacco we would have an aristocracy in Canada in less than no time.

WITHOUT wishing to institute invidious comparisons, we think neighboring cities must admit that Nelson's contributions to the *Spokesman-Review's* galary of infant beauties, far excel those of any place in British Columbia or the state of Washin ton, as regards style and general get-up.

ONE of Mr. Sifton's Galician pets has confessed to killing a neighbor and four of his children. If properly encouraged the Galicians should reduce their number at a very satisfactory rate in a short space of time.

THE new year is fraught with danger to Canadian institutions. A horde of Armenians are heading this way.

OTTAWA is agitated over the proposal to run street cars on Sunday. With regard to that street car business, Nelson carries its religious principles to the extent that it will not run cars any day in the week.

THE Ottawa *Citizen* says: "The Toronto *Globe* appears to be engaged in preparing the public mind for the announcement that the clause of the treaty of 1818 is to be abrogated. It says that the treaty clause in question is to prevent the building of war vessels on th

lakes with the exception of four small craft for either nation, and that as this clause can be abrogated by six months' notice the president can give the necessary notice and the 'power of the United States to build warships in the interior States would be absolutely unrestricted.' This harping on the 'building' feature of the clause is obviously intended to deceive the people of Canada. The treaty or convention clause is aimed at the maintenance of warships on the lakes, and their size and number are described in minute detail. It stands to reason that as the United States cannot get her warships out of the lakes she can only want to build warships there for offense against England and Canada. The application for leave to build warships on the lakes and bring them down through our canals is a piece of bluff pure and simple. What sort of 'warships' will go down through the locks of the St. Lawrence canals? And if she is really only desirous of building a few gunboats 'in the interior States' what is the matter with building them at Cincinnati, Ohio, and floating them to tide-water via the Ohio and Mississippi rivers, instead of the Welland and St. Lawrence canals? They can build warships in a dozen 'interior States' with better access to the sea through their own territory than there is to be found from the lake cities, even if Canada granted the use of her canals, which it is to be hoped she won't. But Uncle Sam won't be happy until he can build warships in the 'interior States' that are not interior States at all, but northern boundary States with ports on our Great Lakes. And the *Globe* in its surpassing innocence affects to misunderstand the treachery of the proposition, and tries to deceive its readers as to the plain significance of the action."

HALL CAINE is a shrewd observer. On his return to England he was interviewed, and is quoted as saying: "I believe the feeling of America towards England is the same as it was three years ago. Certainly there have been no such extraordinary changes as can be observed in England towards America. Nobody in the United Sates appears to want an alliance or understanding." This means that the American has not changed his spots since, three years ago, the Venezuelan difficulty was at its height, when he was indulging in his time-honored pastime of twisting the lion's tail. Any one who has lived in the United States, knows how deep-rooted is the hatred that exists towards England. That hatred is instilled in the minds of the children at school and the flame gains fury as the child grows into manhood. All this talk of a kindly feeling towards Great Britain and British institutions is rank deception. It does not deceive anyone who has lived in the United States, but the people of Great Britain in their desire to bring about a friendly feeling with the Government of the United States are evidently prepared to accept the protestations of gratitude on the part of the American Union as a desire to behave better in the future than they have in the past. This has led to a wave of popular feeling in the direction of straightening out matters with the United States, even if it be at the sacrifice of Canada's interests. Canada will have to obliterate herself to propitiate the wrath of her neighbors. The commission which has recently sat at Washington is a farce, so far as Canada was concerned. The Canadian representatives might as well have remained at home. All the work of the Commission was accomplished before Baron Hirschel left England. The deliberations were carried on by Baron Hirschell and a couple of United States senators, and the Canadian representatives were only present as a matter of courtesy. The rapacity of these senators was manifested in every conceivable manner. They have no intention of arranging a reciprocity treaty with Canada, their main object is simply to see how far Great Britain will go in order to cultivate a friendly feeling with the United States, and as a side issue to gloat over Canadian statesmen prostrating themselves before the imposing figure of Uncle Sam in the hope of securing what they never will get, a fair reciprocity treaty. Of course, no one yet knows all that transpired between Baron Hirschell and the U. S. commissioners, but from what can be learned these secret consultations bode evil to Canadian interests. Even if Sir Wilfrid were so inclined, he could not enlighten us on this point. He was not taken into Baron Hirschell's confidence, and merely confined his operations to glittering the eyes of Washington society with his brand new title. Sir Wilfrid and the other Canadian commissioners have returned to Ottawa, and are cultivating a mysterious mien in the hope of making Canadians believe they were the whole show, when as a matter of fact they were merely supers in the production. Canada is not yet prepared to sacrifice herself on the altar of United States greed and cunning. We are not going to give up anything we have now to add lustre to the fame of Baron Hirscholl. We also know here that "the feeling of America towards England is the same as it was three years ago."

THE Toronto *Telegram* speaks words of wisdom when it says that the questions raised by the proposal to open the canals to American vessels of war affects the whole country, and there should be no partizanship in the discussion of such sacred interests. No commercial advantage could repay the country for a bargain which endangers the country's safety. No Liberal paper has so far attempted to fairly and candidly discuss the effect of this proposed arrangement. The use of Canada's canals as the foundation of a warship building industry in four American cities must be justified to Canadians by argument. It can not be justified by partizan humor or timid silence. There is an Opposition at Ottawa which surely has sufficient courage to vote against any treaty which embodies so much danger and so little profit to Canada. The question should not be dragged into party politics, and if Sir Wilfrid Laurier be wise he will tell the Americans that they may do as they please with the treaty of 1818, but so long as he is Premier of Canada the canals of Canada shall, in times of peace, be closed against all vessels of war.

IF the new year relegates Joe Martin to oblivion, the people of British Columbia will take their chances with all the evils the year may bring forth.

A NEW YORK physician says, apropos of several "kleptomania" episodes of the season, that kleptomania is a fraud and that in 99 cases out of a 100 where this defense is set up, it is really plain stealing. If any clemency is to be shown to this sort of thing it seems as if justice should lean toward those who steal from actual hunger and cold, rather than those who set up the plea of mere moral incapacity to restrain themselves.

THE London *News* is authority for the statement that the Czar is busily pushing forward his peace proposition—and his troops—into China, and it looks as though he would prefer to establish himself in that direction before the peace proposition is made unanimous. With this advance of the Russian forces Alexander is supplying the Chinamen with discarded Russian guns and ammunition at the low rate, which may also be a move in the direction of peace, according to the Russian idea.

LATTERLY all the employes of the Hudson Bay Company were caught young, says a writer in *Blackwood's Magazine*; only lads born in the solitudes of the Highlands could habituate themselves to the life of loneliness; only constitutions of iron, hardened under hereditary conditions, could endure so tremendous a strain. It was essential that the brain powe of the factors should be unimpaired, and that their energies should rise superior to the depressing surroundings—in fact, that the man must be all there when a sudden call was made on his mental resources. It may be assumed that the first adventurers consisted chiefly of Englishmen, although the Scottish invasion of England had set in with the accession of King James. But it is certain that afterward, both with the Hudson Bay Co. and its Canadian rival, the names of factors traders, and prominent partisans, with scarcely an exception, were Scottish. The story of trade and discovery in the North-West reads like a muster roll of the clans, and mainly of the northern clans of the second order. There are MacTavishes, MacGillivrays, McKays, McLellands, McDougalls, with Frasers and Stuarts, and the French Frobishers. A Mackenzie, a Fraser, and a Thompson gave their names to as many mighty rivers. That came in the natural course of things. The company found its best recruiting grounds in the Highlands, and enlisted the martial spirit of

the mountaineers for a country where local feuds were forgotten.

THE Provincial Legislature will convene on January 5th. It is expected that the various election petitions will be settled at that time. The election in Cowichan takes place today. The contestants are Mr. W. R. Robertson, who was elected last July by a large majority, and Mr. C. B. Sword, who was defeated by R. McBride in Dewdney at the last general election. The election petitions against Mr. Prentice, of East Lillooet, and Mr. Deane, North Yale, both government, will be tried on January 4. The petition against Mr. Prentice will be tried before Mr. Justice Drake, and that against Mr. Deane will come up before Mr. Justice Walkem. Mr. Neill, government, has resigned again, and likewise Mr. Helgesen, which leaves the government now in a minority. Until the petition cases are settled it is impossible to say whether the present government will be able to elect a speaker or not. Just now there are dissensions in the government ranks. The Vancouver *Province*, the personal organ of Joseph Martin, is criticizing the Finance Minister, and incidentally taking a fling at the Premier. The Finance Minister is the owner of the *News-Advertiser*, and the *Province* accuses him of using his own paper, "for the purpose of advancing his own prestige at the expense of his colleagues." The *Province* treats Mr. Semlin with about the same amount of consideration, and it is but reasonable to suppose that these attacks on his colleagues if not inspired are at least condoned by Joseph Martin. The situation of affairs in the Government party is that of a house divided against itself, which must result in the inevitable collapse sooner or later. If it should happen that the present government should be defeated on its first vote or at any time during the session, it would be overwhelmingly submerged on an appeal to the country. The high-handed manner in which the affairs of the country have been conducted since Mr. Martin came into office has roused the resentment of the people. Ignorance of prevailing conditions has been the most marked feature of his administration of affairs, and the situation of the different departments of government are such as to cause alarm. The "economy" which Mr. Martin has forced upon us has been of a brand that will work great injury. Indeed, it has come to that pass that no official who values his self-respect will submit longer to the penny wise pound foolish policy of Hon. Joseph Martin.

THE following is from the *Boundary Creek Times*, a paper always opposed to the Turner government, but which apparently finds the new regime not up to expectations: "The new provincial government has found another glorious opportunity to economize. This time the aggregate expenditure for the public schools of the province has been curtailed by the sum of $55. When the circumstances connected with the brilliant economical stroke are understood the general public will fully appreciate the action of the administration Some months ago Miss Wickham, the principal of the Greenwood school, became ill. During her illness she engaged Mrs. Flood to take charge of the school. Before Miss Wickham had fully recovered she was offered a position in the Nelson schools, which she accepted. As soon as Miss Wickham's resignation was received by the trustees, they made every effort to secure another certified teacher, but a month had expired before they were able to secure one. In the meantime Mrs. Flood consented to teach until a certified teacher was secured. She did so. Had she not done so the school would have been closed. The education department refused to pay Mrs. Flood any salary for the month, raising the point that she was not a certified teacher. We are not quarreling with the law in the case. The law is all right, but the justice is a different matter. However, we tender our congratulations to the government for having found another avenue in which to continue its reign of economy. The public interests are more important than those of the lady who generously offered to take charge of the Greenwood school until a certificated teacher could be secured. Really if the government continues to show so much enthusiasm in the interests of economy, the province of Ontario will soon take a secondary place so far as surpluses are concerned."

THE Vernon *News* complains that the Semlin government has subjected the settlers around Marato serious inconvenience and grave injustice by failing to complete the bridge across the river this winter, All the necessary timber is on the ground, and it only remains to put on a few stringers and lay the floor of the bridge. It would not take more than three or four hundred dollars to complete this work, but although the matter has been forcibly brought to the attention of the chief commissioner of lands and works, he has not seen fit to have it done. In the meantime the ranchers of Mara are compelled to haul their hay to Enderby at a heavy expense, and as it is during the winter season that the bridge would be of the most use to the public, it is not unnatural that they should complain bitterly of this neglect. The *News* further mentions as an example of the fine system of economy pursued by the new government that the pay of the laborers working on the bridge was reduced to $1.75 per day. Truly the Semlin administration must be anxious to make a record !

THE Chicago *Financial Review* declares war against what it terms to be England's "guinea pig" peers, and their connection with mining and other schemes. The *Review* refers to the Hooley disclosures of payments to members of the nobility to become figure-head directors of his companies, and which formed one of the sensational features in the early hearing of his case. But it seems that one-tenth part of the swindling practices, as now carried on in England, Scotland, Ireland and elsewhere in Europe was not revealed. It instances a great many companies in which these practices obtain, and gives the names of noblemen who are acting as figure-head directors, and who are known to be interested as promoters in many questionable schemes. In the *Review's* list there are 60 peers and 150 companies, having a combined capital of $320,000,000. Of this amount, $270,000,000 represents capital of companies that have never paid a penny in dividends, either in cash or script. One nobleman, Earl Donoughmore, has assisted in the formation of 14 companies having a combined capital of $14,000,000, only one of which has paid a dividend and which works out at the rate of three-tenths of one per cent. on the total. At the ordinary rate of fees paid directors, Donoughmore received more for attending meetings than the shareholders did in dividends. The same, says the *Review*, applies to several other "guinea-pigs."

"BYSTANDER" writes as follows in regard to the Peace Commission: "The Spanish Peace Commissioners have gone home from Paris with their doleful report of inevitable submission to overmastering wrong. It can hardly be expected that they and their compatriots should yet see that there is a silver lining to the cloud and the last day of empire may be the first day of a healthy nationality. One is glad for their sakes to see that the wrong whch they resent most is that which is done their honor by the calumny about the Maine. If in this business anything could be more revolting than the iniquity, it was the infamy. The epithet is surely not too strong when it is applied to the reiteration, for an infamous purpose, of a slander of the foulest kind by those who are perfectly conscious of its falsehood. The consciousness of President McKinley is betrayed by his faltering pen."

THE *Boundary Creek Times*, published at Greenwood B. C., by Mr. Duncan Ross, has issued a holiday number equal to anything of the character ever attempted in British Columbia. The edition contains twenty-two pages of carefully prepared matter concerning the resources of the Boundary Creek country, and should prove of great benefit to that district. We congratulate Mr. Ross on his enterprise.

THIS is the season of the year when it is considered the proper thing for everybody to make general gaol delivery of their consciences and open a new account in the Book of Life. The pipe and flowing bowl are consigned to oblivion—for a fortnight at least.

CAPITAL for the British Columbia, Dawson City Telegraph company, on the board of which are Sir James Grant and Sir Adolphe Caron, has been subscribed, and preparations for building the line will begin immediately.

TEN hotel licences were granted by the city license commissioners of Grand Forks at their sitting last week. Business must be looking up in Grand Forks.

A SMUGGLING YARN.

New Year's Adventure on the St. Lawrence River.

The Canadian revenue cutter Dominion slouched ominously up and down the south coast of Anticosti, poking an ice covered nose into every bay and cove along the coast as she went. It was New Year's day and bitterly cold in the gulf. Officers and men (there were not a dozen all told) cheerfully cursed the Cape Gaspe lighthouse keeper, who had sent a crazy dispatch up to Quebec with some nonsense about a smuggled cargo of brandy.

But the inland revenue department at Ottawa knew a few hundred barrels of French brandy had lately found its way into the country, and it had its suspicions. So when the Gaspe information came up to Quebec Captain Armstrong was sent down with a three-pound gun to look into the matter. I happened to be spending my Christmas vacation with the captain, so he told me to come along, as there might be some excitement. But New Year's on the lower St. Lawrence I found was not a thing to be longed for, and we both called the inland revenue department some very bad names as we paced the Dominion's icy little deck. The captain, nevertheless, was keeping his weather eye open for a black tug with a red funnel, known as the Rosalie L., and supposed to be making up the gulf for Ste. Anne des Montes with 60 barrels of French brandy on board.

I never felt such raw, benumbing, paralyzing cold. For three days our search for smugglers had been fruitless. In fact, no kind of craft cared to pass either up or down the gulf in such weather.

It was on the afternoon of New Year's day that a fishing smack ran up alongside and reported that a black tug with a red funnel had been seen coming up the gulf. So we slipped away from Anticosti and went churning westward for the south mainland. Revenue cutters are not made for loafing, and the Dominion was making her 15 knots an hour until a fog blew up the gulf and caused us to shut down to quarter speed.

We were shivering on deck in that great white gulf fog late in the afternoon, when from the southwest we heard the sudden report of a signal gun. This was followed by three short blasts of a siren. The Dominion sped ahead under full steam, and we forgot the cold. Two men stood in the bow and strained their eyes through the white mist that hung over us like a blanket.

Ten minutes later the lookout cried, "Open boat ahead!" Under our bows 20 feet ahead a small boat tossed up and down on the waves.

"Port! Hard port!" cried the captain. Before the wheelsman could swing her round and stop the engines we had swept past the tiny craft. The one man in the boat dropped his oars and lightly waved his hand to us as we lunged past and lost him in the fog. He certainly was not trying to escape.

We lay to, and in a couple of minutes the boat pulled up alongside.

The crew of one climbed nimbly on board. He was a little dark skinned Frenchman, with twinkling black eyes and a turned up nose. He doffed his heavy coonskin cap with great grace as he stepped on deck and bowed.

"Ah, m'sieurs, it is the first of the good year. Permit me to wish you all, m'sieurs, the compliments of the season." Again the little man bowed, smiled and showed a row of good white teeth. He spoke English with astounding fluency for a habitant.

Our captain returned his salutation.

"What is your name, sir, and your ship," he asked.

"Ah, my name! Pardon me, m'sieurs. It is Pierre Baptiste Delorme of Ste. Anne de Montes. What do you call him—pilot, fisherman, trappeur, m'sieurs, and lumberman."

Again the cheerful little man bowed. The captain started at the name and took a letter from his greatcoat pocket. He went up to the little Frenchman.

"And smuggler, Pierre Baptiste Delorme," said the captain. The idea was absurd. The little fellow laughed uproariously, took a flask from his coonskin coat pocket, and gallantly passed it around. It was filled with fine French brandy.

"Ah, no, m'sieurs," he said, taking a deep drink. "I have my wife and the little Pierre and Baptiste at home, and fishing is better than this." He pointed toward the three pound gun.

Once more through the fog the signal gun sounded, followed by the whistle.

"What ship is that?" asked the captain.

"Oh, that is the Rosalie F., m'sieur with codfish for Three Rivers."

"Codfish!" said the captain. "And what is the gun for?"

The little man shrugged his shoulders. "The fog is very thick, m'sieur."

The captain went to the wheel. "Do you know these waters well, M. Delorme?"

"Know them!" A smile spread over the Frenchman's bearded lips. "Yes, m'sieur, from a boy."

"Andrews, give this gentleman the wheel," said the captain. "He shall take us to this Rosalie F. at once. I want to look over that codfish." The captain threw open his bearskin coat and showed his uniform. "On her majesty's service!" he added significantly.

The little Frenchman again shrugged his shoulders, then laughed. "With pleasure, m'sieur!" He stepped lightly into the pilothouse and spun round the wheel with airy nonchalance. The captain stood beside him watching.

"Aren't you running her a few points off on the south?" he asked, studying the chart.

The Frenchman laughed uneasily. "M'sieur, I was born on these waters," he said simply.

I was on the bow beside the lookout. Suddenly the wind came up and the fog lifted. There, 200 yards away, towered the great rocky shore of the lower St. Lawrence. Our pilot was deliberately running us upon the rocks!

The captain sprang forward and signaled "Reverse engines." Half a mile up the river lay a black tug with a red funnel, and a six oared boat was plying between her and the shore.

The captain and the Frenchman looked at each other, but neither spoke for a moment. Then the little Frenchman laughed uneasily and spun round the wheel. "Oh-h-h!" he cried, with mock distress. "I was mistaken, m'sieur, after all!"

The captain's hand was on his pistol. Yet he could not help smiling.

We had no sooner swung slowly round than the black tug picked up the open boat and scurried away. In two minutes we went after her. Snow began to fall, and the early midwinter twilight set in, but still the chase kept up.

Finally we put a ball across the black tug's bow. Her only retort was a rifle shot that splintered our pilothouse and made the Frenchman say something under his breath. Our next shot was in earnest and caught her just above the water line. We could see the crew running hurridly about, while the tug turned and run head on for land. A shot or two sang over our heads. Then a boat put out from her and made for the shores.

When we came alongside the Rosalie L., it was almost dark. We found only a red funnel showing above the water. An empty cask floated past us with the tide.

"Ah, the rascals, m'sieur!" cried the little Frenchman. "It is a brandy cask!"

The captain laughed. He had done his work and could afford to laugh. A boat was lowered, and half a dozen men raced merrily after the disappearing cask. Darkness had fallen by the time they got back, and the burden was hauled up on deck. It is always the duty of a revenue officer to ascertain the nature of the goods he has confiscanted. The captain stove in the bunghole, and did so. It was a barrel of the finest brandy ever shipped out of Cognac. It may not have been necessary for all the crew to verify the captain's decision, but they did so.

"Wait," said the captain. "M. Pierre Baptiste Delorme—where is he? We must drink the rascal's health."

But M. Pierre was not to be seen. We rushed to the stern where the little dory had been tied only to hear the sound of his oars as he slipped away through the night.

"Halt!" challenged the captain, "Halt there, or we fire!"

A rifle shot or two rang out on the cold night air. Then a mocking voice came back across the water. "Au revoir, m'sieurs, and a happy new year to yur all!" And the smoothest little smuggler on the St. Lawrence slipped away in the darkness.

ARTHUR J. STRINGER.

Cascade has been made a sub-port of entry.

The force on the Comstock has been slightly increased.

P. Burns has placed seven men more at work on the Minnehaha.

Sandon exported 386 tons of ore last week and Three Forks 318.

The question of dividing the Territories into provinces will be considered at the forthcoming session of the Northwest Legislature.

Watts—Seems to have been some trouble over at Kickwire's house.

Potts—Well, yes. His wife told him to advertise for a parlor maid, and he goes and puts in the ad., "blonde preferred."

MEN AND WOMEN.

Mr. Chamberlain once wrote a play. That was in the days of his youth, and it, needless to add, was unacted. Now we are told he is writing a political novel, at the inspiration of Mrs. Chamberlain.

Miss Grace Hawthorne is, it is true, no longer in the first blush of youth, but it was certainly most ungallant of that money-lender, against whom she has just brought an action, to refer to her in open court as "no chicken."

The Duchess Serge is a great favorite with the Queen. She is, in disposition and appearance, very much like her mother, the late Princess Alice. She always dresses with great taste, and possesses some matchless jewels.

Sir Edmund Monson, served an apprenticeship at Washington. He was private secretary to Lord Lyons from 1858 to 1863, the critical years of the Civil War. He was also arbitrator of the Butterfield claim between the United States and Denmark in 1890.

Major-General Sir William Butler, who has just been appointed the late General Goodenough's successor, has a very talented wife. Lady Butler is better known in the art world as Miss Elizabeth Thompson, and is the painter of the famous "Roll Call" and other battle pictures.

The old adage, "kiss and never tell," is generally admitted to be a good one, but it apparently has no weight with the seaman Deignan, who helped Lieutenant Hobson to sink the Merrimac. He says he was kissed by 200 girls in one week, and by the prettiest girls in Iowa, too. I forget how many young ladies Lieutenant Hobson himself admitted to having been kissed by, but I know that he ungallantly admitted to several.

It is announced that Mr. L. Z. Leiter, of Chicago, the father-in-law of Lord Curzon of Kedleston, the new Viceroy, of India, paid for the Indian outfit of Lord and Lady Curzon. Lady Curzon enters upon her duties with a trousseau of unprecedented magnificence, while Mr. Leiter presented Lord Curzon with three official durbar conference cloaks, of the finest velvet and gold, in pale blue, ruby and white, each with the Star of India in gold and diamonds.

Ex-Queen Lilluokalani, of Hawaii, is making a claim against the United States government on account of crown lands, which, she says, are worth $5,000,000. I presume her dusky Majesty will be glad to accept considerably less than this; but the United States government, which has treated her very badly can afford to be generous. In Washington society "Queen Lil" as she is called, is really quite popular, the usual exception to color being excused in her case.

The fortunes of the Gladstone family were founded on the slave trade, and they are now maintained in no small part by the production of whisky. The Mountain Dew distilled by the Gladstones at Fettercairn is one of the best whiskies made in the three kingdoms. The property was acquired nearly a century ago by Gladstone's father, who lived in great state and never drove out except with four horses and outriders. Sir Thomas, the elder brother of the statesman, who succeeded him, was a Tory of the most patrician kind.

The death is announced of James Tyson, the richest man in Australia. The deceased was seventy-five years old, and started in life as an overseer in the mines at a salary of $150 per year. The beginning of Tyson,s wealth is traced back to 1853, when he started a butchering business with his savings. This he carried on with great success until 1855, when he purchased large tracts of land for sheep raising. This brought him such immense wealth that many years ago he was able to offer the government of Queensland a loan of $2,000,000, and in 1892, at a time of great financial strain for the colony, he took up $1,500,000 of Treasury bills in order to assist the Government.

Following close upon the heels of the announcement of Sir William Vernon Harcourt's resignation as leader of the English Liberal party comes the news of the engagement of his son, Lewis Vernon Harcourt, to May Ethel Burns, of New York. Young Harcourt is almost as familiar a figure at Westminster as his father. He is the son of Sir William's first wife, who died in 1863, the year in which Lewis was born. He is familiarly called "Lulu" by his family, although there is nothing feminine about him. He is tall and athletic. The bride's father was a member of the famous Anglo-American banking house of J. S. Morgan & Co. She lives with her mother in a fine old house at North Mymms. Mr. and Mrs. Harcourt will live in London after their marriage in January, dividing their time in the country between Malwood and North Mymms.

WHAT IS A GENTLEMAN?

Julian Ralph gives some definitions of the word "gentleman" as he thought he found it understood among Englismen, in the *Cosmopolitan*, and John Brisben Walker in a very short and inadequate half-page article discusses the question, "What is the American idea of a Gentleman?" Short as is his treatment of the subject it is not so brief as the reply of a Torontonian who, when asked what makes a man a gentleman in Canada, said: "A swallow-tail coat." But this person was in a bitter state of mind at the time.

Julian Ralph says that there are two bodies in England that affect little or no respect for the nobility—the considerable body of socialists and a body of cads. You can suspect both. The Radicals inveigh against the titled class at meetings over which they have not succeeded in getting a nobleman or knight to preside. The cads affect to despise rank, but follow after titled persons whenever permitted to do so. He does not object to the honest feeling of the English people towards rank, and only complains of those who pretend to be Radicals and Republicans while they are nothing of the sort. "The English all love a lord," he says, but we will let Mr. Ralph tell the rest of it in his own way:

I was at Henley once during the regatta, and was in company that included a lord. We were rowing in several boats, and the lord, who was ahead, took the wrong route around an island. The ladies in my boat bade me to call to him to come back. "But what shall I call?" I asked. "shall I yell, 'My lord'?"

"Oh, for heaven's sake, no," said one; "if you call him a lord out loud the whole mob of people on the river bank will guy him. But do call him something, quick." So I called as I would have done in America: "I say, Campbell, not that way." Afterward I told him of my plight and he said, "What you did was exactly the thing."

"Why would they have guyed you if I had called you a lord?" I asked.

"Because," said he, "they would not have believed I was one, or they would have thought you were advertising me. They would have known something was wrong."

At a great university I was breakfasting at the table of the faculty. Several exceptionally bright members were around the table and we were all very merry and at ease. Suddenly a professor entered, evidently excited, and said: "Lord Bulwark (a famous man and member of the government) is here. He was put up in young So-and-So's room by the dean last night. He'll be in to breakfast in a minute."

This lord was a graduate of that college and was down there for what we call the commencement exercises. His mere presence spoiled the breakfast and comfort of half the faculty, so greatly did they hold him in awe.

"Oh, pshaw!" exclaimed one professor. "That cheats me out of my breakfast. I'll gulp this coffee down and get out."

"Why do you want to go away?" asked the man next to him.

"Oh, I sha'n't be comfortable. I think I'll slip away."

"I'll go, too," said another.

"And I too," said a third.

Only three of us remained, and we went on talking. The subject was the American presidential contest. The door opened to let in the dean and a man with a large, round, pleasant face.

"What you don't understand," said I, "is that we elect a platform rather than a man. It doesn't matter much what McKinley's views were or are about silver or anything else. He must accept the platform of the convention that nominated him and he must abide by it."

"Why, that's quite new," said the big man, who was of course the expected Cabinet Minister. "May I be introduced to this gentleman?" This being done, he added, "I should like to hear more about that. We think we elect platforms or policies here, and sometimes find out our mistake. But there are many things I should like to ask you."

After that he fell into the conversation, and as he told me much that was important about affairs in which his government and mine were concerned, I imagine the talk was interesting on both sides. He acted and talked like a sensible, modest, plain man, and I treated him as I would wish to treat a casual acquaintance anywhere—on an omnibus or in a drawing room. Hours afterward he saw me in the college grounds and came up and asked me to visit him in London. We drew aside and talked again for a while. To me this was all quite natural and common-place but not so to the others.

But what a marked change it made in my environment! I had come there as the acquaintance of one gentleman and now I found myself the friend of all the college. "His Lordship invited you to visit him, didn't he?" "You had a talk with Lord Bulwark, didn't you?" "I hear you have greatly interested Lord Bulwark?" Everyone brought this up, and everyone, including those who had scarcely noticed me before, was anxious to do me every kindness. Believe me, admiration for royalty and the nobility is bred in the bone in England. And precisely as a man who feels that he is a gentleman renders homage to a higher rank, so he prizes his own standing.

New Year's Bells.

Ring in the new year with gladness,
  Ring out the old with a tear;
There's always a feeling of sadness
  As we witness the death of a year,
A year so swift in its fleeting,
  With sorrow we watch its last hour,
Then give the new one a greeting
  From the bells in each steeple and tower.

A sigh for the year that is dying,
  A tear where the memory dwells,
Then banish the past with its sighing
  And list for the voice of the bells
The song of thanksgiving and pleasure
  That welcome the birth of an hour.
The soul stirring vibrating measure,
  That rolls out from each steeple and tower.

Afar o'er the night shadowed city
  The surges of harmony roll.
In anthem triumphant or ditty,
  They lighten the sorrowing soul.
A voice from each country and nation
  Responds to the jubilant hour
And joins in the wild exultation
  Of the bells in each steeple and tower.

A thought for the dead, calmly sleeping,
  Below in earth's dreary gloom;
No song of thanksgiving or weeping
  Can pierce their dull ears in the tomb
But above, where all heaven rejoices,
  And heralds with praise every hour,
They greet with sweet welcome the voices
  That ring out from each steeple and tower.

—*Boston Globe.*

Australian Finances.

The seven Australian colonies, comprising New South Wales, Victoria, South Australia, Queensland, Tasmania and New Zealand, it appears, from statements made at a meeting of bankers, held in London recently, had a total indebtedness, in 1878, of $320,446,200, which, in 1888, had grown to $811,829,000, $228 per head of the population. In 1888, Canada, according to the year book, had a gross debt of $284,513,842. or $60.73 per head. At the end of December, 1896, the Australasian debt had grown to $1,090,393,000, or $253 per head. At the close of the official year ending March, 1897, Canada's gross debt was $332,530,131, or only $64.12 per head of our population. In 1886 the Imperial debt was £742,282,400, decreasing in 1896 to £640,773,060, or about $78.25 per head of the population of Great Britain and Ireland. This enormous indebtedness has been incurred almost entirely in connection with the construction of railways and other public works, more or less remunerative, which is not, however, the case in Great Britain, her railroads, like those in Canada, being built by private enterprise.

"A pair of gloves,
  Two perfect loves,
    She dropped her umbrella,
      The while the clerk
      With maudlin smirk,
        A 'kerchief tried to sell her.

"Floor walker saw,
  With outstretched paw,
    He quickly stepped to detain her,
      But she's a swell;
      A prison cell?
        Dear no, 'tis Kleptomania!"

Sixty men are working on the Cariboo.

Twenty men are employed on the Emily Edith.

A Masonic lodge has been organized at Sandon.

The holiday business in Nelson has been most satisfactory.

A Visit to London.

An American traveller visiting London tells the following story of his experiences in that city to the English correspondent of the New York *Mail and Express*:

"I got to London in a fog, and as my horizon of vision for three days was confined to about six blocks, I came to the conclusion that I had seen all London in about 60 hours, and that it was the most overestimated town I had ever struck. I clasped my hand to my head in front of the squatty little office of *Punch* in Fleet street and seeing the establishment that I had longed for years to see was no bigger than a New York election booth, I felt that I had lived in vain.

"My wife had been hankering for oysters ever since she landed at Liverpool and I ordered two plates at a well known restaurant. They were the most coppery, unsavory things I ever ate. The waiter served them in the top shell instead of the deep shell, and charged me $2 for the layout. We are not eating oysters now.

"They say you can get more for a penny and less for a pound in London than anywhere else in the world. I know the latter part of the proposition is true, anyhow. When I break a $5 bill in Broadway I can generally manage to get as far as the Hoffman House with some change in my pocket. When you change a sovereign in London for dinner you want to lay aside a cab fare or walk home when the night's over. You may depend there's nothing left of of it.

"I have also discovered during my brief sojourn in this country that there are two classes of Americans in London. One is the man who has been all over the world and seen everything worth seeing. He is still an American in thought, word and deed; and while he does not necessarily carry an American flag on his coat, he makes no pretentions to be anything he is not. The other is the fellow who has been here six weeks, talks with an affected drawl, tries to say 'clark' for 'clerk,' and doesn't know how, and pretends to have forgotten the name of the State in which he was born. Pretentious and elaborate as the menus at the Piccadilly restaurants are, I have found the essentials of life are cheaper in England than anywhere I know. While passing along the Strand yesterday I was attacted by the savory odor of freshly fried onions. I was passing an unpretentious shop front. I stopped and sniffed the welcome odor again, and behind the glass window stood a cook in white cap and apron before a long range of shining pans. In two other pans were chops, pork, and mutton, in another sausages, in another tomatoes and in another mashed potatoes. I could stand it no longer, I went in and ordered chops, potatoes, onions, roll and butter and half a pint of bitter ale. I had been walking and I was hungry. I do not know when I enjoyed a meal more. My bill was eleven pence, and I felt that the $2 oyster bill was avenged."

It is estimated that all the gold mines in the world have this year increased their total production of the precious metal by 80 per cent. compared with the entire production of the world five years ago. The director of the mint estimates that this year's increase of production in South Africa, Australia and America, will exceed that of 1897 by $45,000,000.

Count Michael von Karnice Karnicki, the Czar's chamberlain, has invented and perfected an exceedingly clever apparatus for the prevention of that bugbear of the nervous—a living burial. The apparatus was offered as a gift to the French government, which still has its acceptance under consideration.

A tube protrudes four feet to four and a half feet above the surface of the grave, and upon the top of it is fixed a small metal box with a spring lid.

To the lower end of the tube, which just enters the upper lid of the coffin, is fixed an India rubber ball, charged pretty fully with air, so that the slightest extra pressure upon it would cause a discharge of air upward through the tube and thereby release the lid of the box, which springs open upon the slightest pressure. The opening of the lid automatically raises a small flag and sets an electric bell in motion, which rings immediately over the grave and in the sexton's house, where it also releases a flap which indicates the grave over which the box has opened. As will be seen, the slightest sign of breathing on the part of the buried person, or the slightest motion of the heart will suffice to open the box, by a clever and intricate little mechanism, pumps a sufficient quantity of air down into the coffin to preserve the buried person from suffocation while assistance is arriving.

Count Karnicki, it may be added, is firmly convinced that thousands of persons are buried alive every year in a state of lethargy.

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NELSON, B. C. P. O. Box 498.

NOTICE.

Notice is hereby given that pursuant to the requirements of the Dominion and British Columbia Railway Acts, the following plan has been deposited by the British Columbia Southern Railway Company in the Land Registry Office in the City of Victoria, viz:—

Plan, Profile and Book of Reference, revised location from 145th mile west of East boundary of British Columbia, westerly to 183.7th mile, deposited 23rd August, 1898, No. 565 B.

Dated the 5th day of December, 1898.

DRAKE, JACKSON & HELMCKEN.
Solicitors for the Depositors.

Railway Notice

Notice is hereby given that pursuant to the requirements of the Dominion and British Columbia Railway Acts, the following plans have been deposited by the British Columbia Southern Railway Company in the Land Registry Office in the City of Victoria, viz:—

Canadian Pacific Railway, Crow's Nest Pass branch, British Columbia Southern Railway. Plan, Profile and Book if Reference, starting at Nelson to a point 21.74 miles east, deposited 5th October, 1898, No. 565 E.

Canadian Pacific Railway, Crow's Nest Pass branch, British Columbia Southern Railway, Plan and Book of Reference of extra land for station ground 179½ miles west of Eastern boundary, of British Columbia on north-east ¼ of Section 25, Township 10, Kootenay District, deposited 17th November, 1898, No. 565 H.

Victoria, B. C., 22nd November, 1898.

DRAKE, JACKSON & HELMCKEN,
Solicitors for Depositors.

NOTICE.

Notice is hereby given that application will be made to the Legislative Assembly of the Province of British Columbia at its next session by the British Columbia Telephones, Limited, (a Company incorporated in England under the Companies Acts, 1862 to 1893, Imperial), hereinafter called "the Company," or, "the said Company," for an Act confirming and conferring upon it the powers of "the said Company," as the same appear in the Memorandum of Association deposited in England with the Registrar of Joint Stock Companies; and giving "the said Company" power to acquire, exercise, and take over all rights, powers, privileges, franchises and assets held by the "New Westminster and Burrard Inlet Telephone Company, Limited," and "The Vernon and Nelson Telephone Company," and vesting the same in "the said Company," and to assume the liabilities entered into by the aforesaid companies and for the conferring upon "the said Company" the power to purchase, lease, take over, or otherwise acquire the rights, privileges, franchises, powers and assets of any company in any part of the Province of British Columbia having similar objects "to the company," and to amalgamate with such other company or companies and to operate and carry on the business of the aforesaid company or companies, so acquired or to be acquired and for the conferring upon "the said Company" of all such powers as may be necessary to fully and completely carry on and operate the works aforesaid, or any of them, and of other powers.

Dated this 30th day of November, A. D. 1898.

McPHILLIPS & WILLIAMS,
Solicitors for Applicants.

A Disclaimer.

(To the Editor.)

SIR,—To-day's *Miner* gives what purports to be a report of several questions and answers put to and made by me with reference to the request of its representative for a copy of the city's voters' list.

When application was first made and repeated at short intervals, I had not had time to prepare the list from the one as revised and corrected, and as soon as I had prepared it, I, following the usual course, placed it in the printer's hands, and in doing so the request of the *Miner*, for leave to copy it was not present in my mind.

The *Miner* wanted something out of the usual course, and because it did not get it, has thought right to invent a number of questions and put answers in my mouth which I did not make.

I have always been willing to show every courtesy to the press and to give it any information consistent with my duty.

Yours obediently,
J. K. STRACHAN.

The sixth annual convention of the North-west Fruit Growers' Association, pursuant to a resolution at the last annual meeting in Portland, Oregon, will be held at the city of Spokane, Washington, from Tuesday, January 24th, to Saturday, January 28th, inclusive. This meeting should be of special interest to the members of the association from the fact that on February 12th, 1894, at Spokane, the organization was perfected.

Robt. Green, M. L. A., was in the city last evening.

F. B. Pendleton, an old timer of Cherry Creek, near Kamloops, died last week.

George Thurman, brother of W. A. Thurman, tobacconist, has arrived in Nelson.

A mining school is to be established at Kamloops, with A. J. Colquhoun in charge.

Lord Strathcona has endowed the New Royal Victoria College for women with a million dollar fund.

The Kooteney Teacher's Institute will be held in Nelson public school building Monday and Tuesday of next week.

The most important matter before the city council at its last meeting was the selection of a place in which to hold the nominations and polling places for the municipal election. The third reading of the curfew by-law was laid over till next meeting.

Toys, Toys, Toys. Thomson Stationery Co., Ltd.

A petition is being circulated requesting Mr. George Neelands to offer himself for Mayor at the forthcoming municipal election.

As a recognition of the inestimable services rendered to civilization in giving Moyie City a post-office Postmaster-General Mulock will be knighted by the Queen.

The installation of officers of the Nelson, Rossland and Kaslo Masonic lodges took place last evening in the Nelson Masonic Hall. There were present in addition to the sixty members of the Nelson lodge, 30 from Rossland, 19 from Kaslo and nine from Sandon. The installation of the officers was conducted by the R. W. Brother J. A Turner, assisted by the V. W. Bro. Dr. Quinlan and by the W. Bro. G. L. Lennox. The following are the names of the Nelson Masonic Lodge who were installed last night: W. Bro. Dr. E. C. Arthur, W. M.; W. Bro. G. Johnston, I. P. M.; Bro. A. E. Hodgins, S. W.; Bro. E. A. Crease, J. W.; Bro. G. L. Lennox, Secretary; Bro. W. B. Pollard, Treasurer; Bro. Rev. R. Frew, Chaplain; Bro. H. E. Connon, S. D.; Dr. G. A. B. Hall, J. D.; Bro. H. E. Beasley, S. S.; Bro. W. B. Shaw, J. S.; Bro. R. W. Day, Inner Guard, and Bro. Charles Maltby, Tyler. After the installation ceremonies a banquet was held at the Hume Hotel.

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THOS. GRAY, Nelson, B. C.

Prospecting in B. C.

One can scarcely pick up a newspaper nowadays without reading something about prospecting, or during our sojourn through the numerous little hamlets that are dotted here and there about this beautiful picturesque country of British Columbia, you very rarely hold a conversation with any person unless the subject is broached, remarks a writer in the B. C. *Mining Journal.*

Very few people realize what this term prospecting implies and many are perfectly ignorant of its proper meaning. In Cariboo there are very few what you may call legitimate prospectors to-day, not because money is scarce, but it is for the want of pluck and energy, and a man without these two necessary endowments had better turn and hit the trail that will lead him to some other means of support, instead of mining. It is only a man that has tramped and labored under a heavy pack through the rough thickly timbered mountains, against all kinds of difficulties, that knows the true definition of the word prospecting.

Everybody knows that British Columbia has long ago gained a reputation all the world over as a mining country. She has more than once hurled out millions from her rippling creeks and snow-clad mountains, yet she is still able to step boldly forth with outstretched arms inviting men to try their luck in her vast unprospected regions. Not to the cunning speculators who do their prospecting around their firesides, contriving and plotting as to how they can entice or implicate some simple-minded person into investing his money in some unreasonable wildcat scheme, but to the honest hard worker who is willing to tender all his strength and energies toward one direction, that is prospecting by digging and searching and hoping to be successful. This is the kind of prospector that we want and who ought to be encouraged and supported to the uttermost.

Edward Farrer, the Canadian journalist, has returned to Toronto.

Robert Jaffray has returned to Toronto. In an interview he said the Crow's Nest company's property is attended with great success. They now have fifty ovens working and are likely to have two hundred next year. The present coke output is eighty tons daily. Next year it is likely to be over three hundred. The company is now furnishing Trail and Nelson smelters with fuel, and with increased capacity will extend to operations across the boundary.

Walter Askew is spending the holidays at the coast.

The Hastings mills are being reconstructed and will be ready for orders by March.

Application will be made to parliament for a charter for a railway to run from Ashcroft to Quesnelle and Hazelton.

South East Kootenay wants a better mail service. The Moyie *Leader* protests against the evident discrimination against that town, as shown by the fact that although application was made for a postoffice nearly a year ago, still nothing has been done to give the relief sadly needed in postal matters. Other places are also complaining.

Andrew C. Martin, who was compelled to pay the costs of a divorce case at Victoria, may feel thankful that he did not carry his osculatory exercises to the extent of Richmond Hobson, the American naval lieutenant, who kissed 163 women in one day in Chicago. But Victoria is not Chicago, even if it has women who have acquired the kissing habit.

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FOR HIS SAKE.

The twilight had deepened into darkness, and the fire was very low, but the red glow from the embers revealed the solitary inhabitant of the room sitting in an attitude of hopeless dejection. There was silence save for the ticking of the old grandfather's clock, and to Colonel Dalmaine the pendulum seemed to beat out the refrain that was echoing in his own mind, "Five hundred pounds, five hundred pounds!" Presently a red-hot coal fell from the grate and threw a faint flicker on the writing table, upon which was a photograph of a very lovely girl in a silver frame.

"Oh, beauty!" said the colonel, with a long drawn sigh, and a softened expression of infinite pity came over his rugged features as he looked at the beautiful girlish face. "Oh, beauty, my heart's dear queen!" And then a sob broke the stillness of the room, and Travers Dalmaine bowed his head on his hands and gave himself up to a paroxysm of silent agony.

Just at this minute the heavy oak door was pushed noiselessly open and a small figure softly entered the room and crossed to the writing table. A little hand was laid on the colonel's arm and a little voice announced, "Chappie's here!" and then Dalmaine raised his head, and the firelight danced with glee, for the sad face now beamed with love and tenderness as he put one arm round the little lad at his side and murmured, "Chappie, my beauty's little boy."

"'Es, Chappie's tum. What for oo kwy?" demanded the baby voice, and then, catching sight of the silver frame, he added, softly, "Chappie's movah—Chappie's bocful movah!"

Then the little lad climbed on his father's knee and demanded a story. And hand in hand Dalmaine wandered with his little son through the delightful mazes of fairyland, forgetful of the overwhelming weight of trouble that had come upon him.

As they sat thus the library door opened and let in a flood of light from the hall. It fell on the curly golden head that nestled near the iron gray one, on the sweet baby features and on the man's rugged, sun tanned face. It was a touching picture that would have appealed to any woman's heart, and a little gleam of the sleeping womanhood in Beauty Dalmaine awoke as she paused on the threshold and watched her husband and her little son. Both turned, and then the child ran forward to greet the beautiful young mother, but she drew back, saying, "Be careful, child; you will crush my dress," and then daintily gathered up the shimmering satin train. But there was an ache in the heart of the loving little lad as he gazed at the faultless face above him, and then a kind hand was laid on his head, and his father said:

"You must run away now, Chappie. I want mother. Good night, my son," and he stooped and kissed the sorrowful little face with all the tenderness of a woman.

"Fardie wants Chappie's movah," the child repeated to himself as he ran up the stairs, and then the library door closed, and the husband and wife were alone.

"You'll be brief, Travers, because I have an engagement," the cold, clear voice rang out.

"To-night your engagement must fall through. I have much to say, and I must say it now."

The colonel spoke with decision, and it was hard to believe that he was the same man who had just been telling Chappie such wonderful fairy tales. The tender smile had vanished, and his usually stern face had assumed its severest expression.

"Pray sit down," he continued, pushing a chair toward his wife, but Beauty Dalmaine remained standing.

"Nonsense, Travers. I can't postpone tonight's engagement. We are going to the play. Sir Arthur has had the greatest difficulty in getting the seats, and as he has taken so much trouble I cannot put off going."

"There are worse faults that can be laid at your door, my child," her husband replied gravely. "You owe some obedience to your husband, and tonight I wish that you remain at home. I will send an apology to Sir Arthur." And so saying he rang for the lights and sat down to the writing table.

When the note had been duly dispatched, Colonel Dalmaine turned once more to his wife. She looked wonderfully beautiful, but it was the beauty of a statue. Her expression was cold and proud, and her attitude was one of haughty defiance. The severity died out of Dalmaine's face and gave way to a softer expression as he spoke.

"Did you hear what the little one said? 'Fardie wants Chappie's mother.' That is just it. I want you, beauty. I want a little of the wifely love and tenderness that is my due. Wherever I go I hear of Beauty Dalmaine's loveliness, of her sweetness, of her talents. I am the envy of all men, but if they only knew—if they only knew—that that sweetness is reserved for any one but her husband, that those talents are not used for the beautifying of her home, but to lure on other unfortunate men to the same abyss that was my fate; that her beauty, instead of being my pride and joy, is the cause of my most bitter misery! My child, I have excused you, even to myself, and have, moreover, blamed myself in a great measure that my love should not satisfy you. Perhaps I did wrong to marry you, a mere child in comparison with myself, but I loved you, Beauty, and I cannot see you rushing on headlong to your ruin without putting every obstacle in your way. Your name, the name of Beauty Dalmaine, my peerless wife, is on every tongue in London. Am I to stand that? Am I to let the name of the woman whom I chose from among all others to make my wife—am I to let that name be dragged in the dust? Is the mother of my son to be the plaything of these empty headed society men? What am I better than a brute if I stand by without interfering? You shall not drag my name and honor in the dust. Your insane vanity, which is leading you into all sorts of difficulties, must be curbed. Today I have a bill for £500 from your dressmaker. There was a time, child, when to please me seemed your greatest pleasure. That time has passed. But what have I done to forfeit your love? I have done my utmost to make you happy, and yet how I've failed!" And Travers Dalmaine drew his coat sleeve across his eyes, and there was silence for the space of a minute.

During this speech his wife had stood motionless, her eyes downcast. She was very pale, but otherwise showed no emotion. Presently he spoke again, but his voice sounded husky and far away.

"Beauty," he cried, "for my sake pause in your mad career, or if not for mine for Chappie's."

Surely that appeal would have touched any mother's heart, but Beauty Dalmaine heard it unmoved. She slowly crossed to the door, and turning she looked defiantly at her husband, and her voice rang out with metallic clearness as she said:

"I have listened to you patiently. Now I am going to the play with Sir Arthur Maynard." And then she vanished, and like one stunned her husband remained vacantly gazing at the door through which she had disappeared.

But Beauty Dalmaine did not go to the play that night. When she left the library, she slowly ascended the stairs with the intention of fetching a fan from her room. The servants were all at supper, and the house was very still, when suddenly a small voice broke the stillness, "Chappie wants movah!" followed by a sound of sobbing.

Beauty paused. The sobs continued, and again the little voice called: "Chappie wants movah! God send Chappie's movah!"

Swiftly she flew down the passage and entered the nursery. The little lad's prayer had not been in vain. God had heard it and used it as an instrument to unlock the mother's heart. In a few short seconds Chappie was in his mother's arms. The costly satin dress was forgotten, and freely her tears were mingling with his own. For the first time in his baby life he tasted the joys of a mother's love. Hitherto she had only been a beautiful, unapproachable dream. Now she was a living, loving reality.

An hour later, with weary footsteps and an aching heart, Travers Dalmaine climbed the nursery stairs, and on the threshold a beautiful picture gladdened his sorrow laden eyes. By the cot of their sleeping child knelt Beauty Dalmaine, her lovely face illumined with the light of the newborn mother love and her hands clasped in prayer. Softly her husband crossed the room and laid his hand tenderly upon her head, while she raised her dark eyes to his and still kneeling said:

"Travers, my husband, forgive me. I meant to go, but Chappie wanted me, and when I heard him say so there suddenly flashed on me the dark, loveless future I was making for my little son—our little son." She corrected herself softly, and then she was raised to her feet, and a pair of strong arms enfolded her and her husband's deep tones assured her she was forgiven.

"For his sake we'll start again, my darling," he added.

"And for Chappie's father's sake," she whispered, as her white arms stole round his neck. And the little sleeper moved, and they looked down to see a radiant smile dawn on his face and both stooped and kissed him. Then hand in hand they stole from the room.

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WOMEN PLAN CRUELTY.

"It's all well enough to write and chat and speak about the goodness and truth and beauty of human nature. Such sentiments look well in black and white and sound well in the parlor or from the platform, but all the same human nature is cruel by instinct. Man is cruel and woman is cruel, but they are cruel in different ways. Environment may have made this difference, but more likely it arises from the difference in their natures. Woman is deliberately cruel; man thoughtlessly so. Man needn't pat himself on the back and immediately conclude that he possesses the less cruel form of cruelty."

An old woman was saying these things to a young girl not long ago. She was a most fascinating girl, with one mood today and tomorrow another. The woman was old and experienced enough to see trouble reflected in the depths of this girl's eyes.

"What's wrong now, girlie?" she asked.

"I'm in a serious mood today. Tell me, is it true that we women are as cruel as men? I hope not."

"We are not so cruelly cruel," answered the woman, serious and thoughtful at once. "I knew some one had hurt you, and your eyes told me that it was a man. No woman can ever change the whole expression of another woman's eye. You know, the eyes tell so much more to me than the lips. I don't wonder that prize-fighters mind each other's eyes. If we poor women would learn to mind each other's eyes and those of man, we could read and understand one another much better. But we were talking about cruelty. No, women are not so cruel to men as men are to women.

"When a woman does a cruel thing to a man, she goes at it deliberately. She lays her plans and if nothing thwarts her carries them out, and then nine times out of ten sits down and cries because the man is hurt. Almost invariably she goes a step further—tells him how she planned to hurt him and then tells him that she is sorry. The average woman is tender, truthful, right minded, with all her cruelty, but, bless you, man isn't cruel that way. He doesn't get provoked with a woman or want to bring her to terms and then deliberately plan to do it by treating her cruelly. To hear him tell it he is above such pettiness, but to my mind he does something ten times worse. He just goes on being thoughtlessly cruel to her indefinitely, and if he doesn't look out some day he wakes up and finds out that the real woman he cared for has passed out of his life and that so far as he is concerned she is henceforth a masquerader. That's what man's cruelty does; it drives us from them."

"That's it exactly," responded the girl. "I wouldn't have said anything about this to you, but I know that you know about Ralph and me. You see, I've been too busy, I've had too many cares on me to care for anybody until I came to know him. Soon he was so much in my life that I wondered how I ever lived without him. To him and with him I could be myself, but I'm, as you say, a masquerader to him now. It's all his fault. He has been so thoughtlessly and persistently cruel for the past few weeks that I feel as cold as snow. How is he cruel? In a hundred little ways. It isn't the things that he does which hurt; it is the things that he leaves undone.

"It all began this way: He won my confidence because he deserved it. I talked to him about my inner self, about my struggles, my aims, my aspirations. He told me to come to him when anything troubled me just as he would have his little sister come. Some people say that you can't miss what you've never had, but I'm sure a brotherless girl misses a brother. I always have, at any rate, and it was such a relief to feel that at last I had a strong, true man friend whom I could approach as a brother. Soon I had to decide something that needed the cool, deliberate judgment of a well balanced man. I turned to Ralph. I wrote and asked him to call as I wanted to see him specially. I waited a week. He did not come and, worse still, did not write. That was the essence of cruelty, because he thoughtlessly disappointed me in him.

"He left town without writing, and after being away several days wrote me a hasty note saying he didn't know when he could come, but that I must write and tell him what I wanted to say. A hasty note is worse than no note at all. The human being does not live who is too busy to write a cordial line when it is necessary, and so I froze up. Things have been going from bad to worse since. I plan how I can hurt him, and the truth of the business is I can't hurt him at all, and he does and says one thing after another to me that wounds me.

"Oh, well, it's only another disappointment. Today I feel that I never want to depend on another man, to seek his stronger counsel, but tomorrow or next week or next year, I presume, if one comes along in whom there is apparently no cruelty I shall stretch out my little, tired, overworked hands to him, confident once more that I have at last found one who will not do or leave undone the little things that are cruelty in its worst form to the average woman."

"Don't be foolish," returned the old woman. "A man is a man, and the next one you meet and trust won't be any different from this Ralph. Take my advice and stick to him, because I tell you all men are cruel. It's their nature. You are interested in him, so you must learn to put up with his cruelty or rather to make him wish that his nature was different, and when a man sincerely wishes that the caterpillar is apt to change into a butterfly. Stop being deliberately cruel to him Meet his cruelty with kindness, generosity, tenderness.

"That's the mistake women make. They rarely take the initiative in being cruel, but as soon as a man is thoughtlessly cruel to a woman she begins to plan to fight him with deliberate cruelty. The result is that neither is conquered and the two drift so far apart that nothing short of genuine love can bridge the distance separating them. There's precious little of that commodity in this world, young woman, and so when you meet a man who stands for something in your life, who helps you and makes life easier, don't you let a little thing like the instinctive cruelty in him keep you apart. I'll bet that this very day he is wishing that his nature was different."

"Then why can't he come and tell me so?" exclaimed the girl, with a brighter look in her brown eyes. "If he only would, I'd beg his pardon for every hurt I ever gave him."

Conditions of a Happy Marriage.

President Eliot, in a recent address before the Dorchester (Mass.) Woman's club, discussed the happy marriage and gave it what free and easy writers call a first class notice A very brief extract from his address credits him with saying that the idealizing devotion with which the happy marriage begins is the most admirable thing in human nature He does not seem to favor the idea that the cornerstone of happiness in marriage is a sufficient income secured against the chances of fortune. On the contrary, he declares, as The Transcript quotes him, that the young woman who marries for money or position is sacrificing the best of life which marriage affords The chief conditions of a happy marriage, as he finds them, are health, common intellectual interests and a religious belief held in common between husband and wife. No doubt he enlarged upon these conditions and qualified the idea of the superlative importance of the latter two by taking large views of them We often see, for example, people very happily married whose minds are so differently constituted that it seems impossible that they should have more than a limited number of intellectual interests in common. But there are different kinds of good minds, and minds that supplement one another seem quite as well suited to harmonious associations as those that run in parallel grooves.

So as to a common religious belief. That must mean agreement in the great essentials, the roots of which lie deep in character, and which really determine standards and shape conduct. The existence of practical agreement of this sort is not necessarily inconsistent with much variation in details of belief which are important, but not really vital. A marriage between a Protestant and a Catholic may be happy, though such alliances are highly inconvenient The marriage which may be expected to fail is one between persons who are not likely to agree as to what is right and what is wrong.

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TOMORROW.

A fond, doting mother, with eyes full of love,
Said, "Charley, oh, do pray tonight,
And the angels will come on their shining wings
To cause you sweet dreams of delight."
"Oh, mother," he cried, "I am weary and sad,
But tomorrow, dear mother, I will."
Alas, alas, that night was his last!
Tomorrow he was pulseless and still.

An old man lay on his narrow couch,
And fever was racking his brain.
"Pray God to forgive you," his pastor would say,
"For the penitent's prayers are not vain."
"I am better, much better," he breathed in reply.
"Tomorrow"—and here he loud sighed—
"Tomorrow I'll ask"— No more could he say.
With the sentence unfinished he died.
—Finley Johnson in New York Ledger.

SHORT STORIES.

A Scottish parson was attending a funeral in his own churchyard, says a writer in *Longman's Magazine*. The service over, and dust given to dust, the green sod smoothed down over the narrow bed, the company departed. But a worthy man remained behind and approached the parson with a solemn face, as though for serious talk.

"Din ye ken what I aye think at a funeral?" Many serious reflections have come to one there, and the clergyman expected some befitting thought.

"No. What is it you always think?"

The answer was. "I aye think I'm desperate gledd it's no me." The incumbent of that parish was mortified.

Strange as it may appear in the "Man of Blood and Iron," Bismarck could not be discourteous to people—though others were not always as considerate to him. Professor Lenbach, than whom perhaps nobody except Professor Schweninger knew Bismarck so intimately, once told me: "In all the years I have known Prince Bismarck I only remember him speaking harshly on one solitary occasion. A manservant had shut the door with a bang. Bismarck rang the bell and when he appeared told the man sharply that he was to leave at the end of his month. About a quarter of an hour afterward he rang the bell again, and said in a modified voice, 'You may stay.' That was all."—

The ex-queen of Hawaii, surrounded by her court, was engaged in earnest conversation with Dr. Mary Walker. The little doctor was neat and spick and span from the collar of her Prince Albert coat to the soles of her little boots. She was dressed like a man. She wore no petticoats, but the serpent trail of the petticoats her foremothers wore is over her still, for all the evening she sat with her knees close together. She wears trousers, but the inherited restraint of the petticoats binds her knees She may dress like a man, but she'll always sit as women sit.

Not long ago his majesty of Siam gave an Italian (for painting one of his wives from a photograph) "the grand cross of the Siamese crown." It is a rather large order. "This cross," said his majesty graciously, "will entitle you to marry 12 wives. It is a distinction I seldom confer, so I hope you will make good use of it."

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Dated this first day of October, 1898.

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Teaching Children Application.

Set easy tasks for the little ones Do not make them too long, but have it clearly understood that they are never to be left until they are completed. Even though the thing in hand occupies but five minutes, let nothing interrupt it Completion should be the watchword, the inspiration, the beginning and the end of a child's duties. When this is once thoroughly inwrought into the mind, subsequent teaching becomes easy and later lessons will lose their most formidable features It is not altogether what we have to learn that is to be dreaded, but the undisciplined faculties which we bring to bear upon the undertaking.

A well trained child should never know when its first lessons in application were taught it. The possibility of acquiring knowledge is nowhere better demonstrated than in the proficiency of the children of some of the crowned heads of Europe At the ages of 10 or 12 years they are able to speak several languages with the utmost fluency, are well grounded in all fundamental branches, read, write and speak correctly and have a comprehensive idea of very many of the important facts of life —New York Ledger.

Washing Delicate Goods.

Flannels.—Soak in cold borax water If very soiled, make a slight lather, souse up and down and rinse well. Must never be rubbed.

Red Table Damask.—Never use hot water; hang evenly; snap well; never iron.

Corsets.—Remove steels in front and sides; put corsets on board and scrub with tepid lather of castile soap Rinse under faucet, pull until straight and dry in cool place, pulling when partly dry

Silk Stockings.—Wash in lather of castile soap, rinse very thoroughly in clear water, turn wrong side out, wring dry in a towel. When nearly dry, stretch and rub in hands to shape them Do not iron

Silk Underwear.—Make lather of white soap; water hot, not scalding Squeeze in hands, rinse through two waters, shake, snap and pull into shape. Pull into shape when nearly dry. Do not iron

Bluing.—A good test for discovering the presence of the dangerous prussian blue is to dissolve a little washing soda in water, add bluing and heat over fire Pour into a glass. When cold, a brown deposit of iron shows presence of prussian blue.

Her Friends Perplexed.

There are still housekeepers who boast of the amount of housework they can accomplish and the early hour at which it is performed. It is unusual to find such a woman nowadays outside of the covers of some ancient social history, so the occasional appearance of the woman with old fashioned ambitions is interesting The modern, ordinary, everyday woman was boasting mildly the other day of some of her small duties performed when the heroine of ancient days broke in in tones of unyielding superiority, "Why, the other morning I was up and made my beds and had my dishes washed before breakfast." "What?" said the astonished listener "Yes," repeated the capable housekeeper. "I was up and made by beds and washed my dishes before breakfast." And now her friends are wondering if she is that shiftless individual who leaves her dinner dishes overnight or if she is a modern Sapphira.—New York Times.

For the School Luncheon.

A variation of the school luncheon sandwich is made by using salmon mixed with some sort of sauce or condiment. A bit of mayonnaise dressing left over may be used with it. The fish is to be flaked fine and rubbed into a smooth paste. Cold boiled salmon can be used or a can of salmon freed from the oil, and with hot water poured over it to rid it entirely of the oily flavor, the fish being allowed to get perfectly cool before being used in a sandwich. It may be added that this treatment of a can of salmon puts the fish in excellent condition to cream in the chafing dish for a night supper. Brown bread is best for fish sandwiches, as it seems to take away any unpleasant strength of the fish flavor.

Turning a Steak.

There is a difference in the practice of the most skillful cooks as the number of times a steak should be turned while cooking. Some say but once, others every two minutes, making three or four times in all. Let the plate or platter be heated upon which the steak is to be served and carry the dish immediately from the fire to the table. There is no dish in the world that so rigidly requires to be eaten hot as steak. Some wag says, "A cold cup of coffee, cold batter cakes, the cold shoulder a cool reception, all are tolerable—we can use philosophy and forget them, but a cold steak is abominable; it is barbarous."—Caterer.

The Refrigerator.

In placing the refrigerator see that it is put where it can be well lighted and drained, never allowing the drain pipe to connect with the sewer. A refrigerator in bad condition is a menace to health. Once a week at least take everything movable from the interior, wash in hot soapsuds, rinse with soda water, wipe dry and put outdoors in the sun for an hour to dry. Wash the refrigerator thoroughly in the same way, using a flexible wire for the drain pipe and skewers for the corners and grooves.

Average Size of Children.

The average child in its fourth year should be 3 feet high and also weigh more than 28 pounds; in the sixth year, 3½ feet high and weigh 42 pounds; in the eighth year, 4 feet in height and 56 pounds in weight; at 12 years, 5 feet in height and 70 pounds in weight is a fair average. Growth is very irregular in children and young people generally. Perhaps two inches may be gained in two months, and for the next ten months not over an inch, even up to the age of 10 or 12 years.—New York Ledger.

Ventilation.

A trained nurse says that, in spite of all teaching, the hardest thing she has to fight against in her work in private houses is the nonventilation of the sickroom To shut up an invalid as nearly airtight as possible seems to be the shibboleth of the majority of persons. Yet sick people, more [illegible] others, need the strengthening qualities of fresh air. Drafts, of course, are to be avoided, but a lot of fresh air is obligatory in every case.

Takes Care of Birds and Flowers.

A young woman in Chicago supports herself by taking care of other people's birds and flowers. She goes daily from house to house, feeding and watering pet birds and cleaning their cages. She then turns her attention to the plants and window boxes, cleansing leaves and giving a dose of fertilizer when needed and in other ways keeping her feathered and floral patients in excellent condition.—Woman's Journal.

An Envelope Library.

Take a package of large envelopes, write E. L. in one corner and the number in the opposite corner at the top. Into each envelope place a good short story or poem, taken from some periodical. On the back of each envelope write the name of the story or poem it contains, also the name of the author. Tie each envelope with ribbon. The stories or poems of some favorite author may be preserved in this way. They make pretty gifts for invalid friends or those traveling who have little room for books. Tinted envelopes with ribbons of the same shade are very neat. A spray of forgetmenots may be painted in water colors on the lower corner of each envelope.—Ruth Raymond in Housekeeper.

To Round the Throat.

To have a rounded throat exercise the throat by singing. Sing whether you have a "voice" or not, deeming the exercise valuable. At night wrap the throat in a linen cloth wet with scented oil. This will nourish the skin and soften its outlines. Exercise the throat every day by turning the head from side to side slowly and never fast. Try this ten minutes every night and morning. If the hair falls out, change your diet and improve your general health. Friction is too rough treatment for ordinary skins. If used to prevent wrinkles, it should be gentle and with a little oil on the fingers.—Exchange.

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ODDS AND ENDS

Getting an Extra Ration.

Medical Officer (going his rounds)—Well, Murphy, how are you this morning?

Private M.—Much better, sir.

M. O.—Is your appetite good?

Private M.—Yes, sir.

M. O.—Are you getting enough to eat?

Private M.—No, sir.

M. O.—What would you like in addition to your present diet?

Private M.—Another pound of bread, sir.

M. O.—That I cannot give you, as the regulations do not admit of a soldier receiving a double ration of bread in one day.

Private M. (after a moment's hesitation)—Could you not let me have the extra pound and mark it down as bread poultice?

He got it.—London Telegraph.

Fatal Frivolity.

Jack and his two pretty cousins happened to be walking along in front of a drug store.

"I wonder," said Ethel, "if, astronomically speaking, Uncle Henry's son is in the right sign for ice cream soda?"

"I'm afraid not," replied Gwendolen with her eye on the youth. "I don't see any signs of the soda act."

Jack groaned and marched them fiercely past the drug store by way of punishment.

Their Object.

Mr. and Mrs. Gaswell had moved only a few weeks before into a fashionable neighborhood and were preparing to issue invitations for their silver wedding.

"I'm afraid," said Mr. Gaswell, looking dubiously at the pile of costly stationery before him, "most of these will go begging."

"Why, James," responded Mrs. Gaswell, "that's what we are sending them out for.

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"While love," said the Cumminsville sage, "may make the young man oblivious of the flight of time during the honeymoon, the monthly gas bills kindly restore his balance in short order

The largest sun dial in the world is Hayou Horeo, a large promontory, extending 3,000 feet above the Ægean sea. As the sun swings round the shadow of this mountain it touches one by one a circle of islands, which act as hour marks.

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