THE NELSON ECONOMIST

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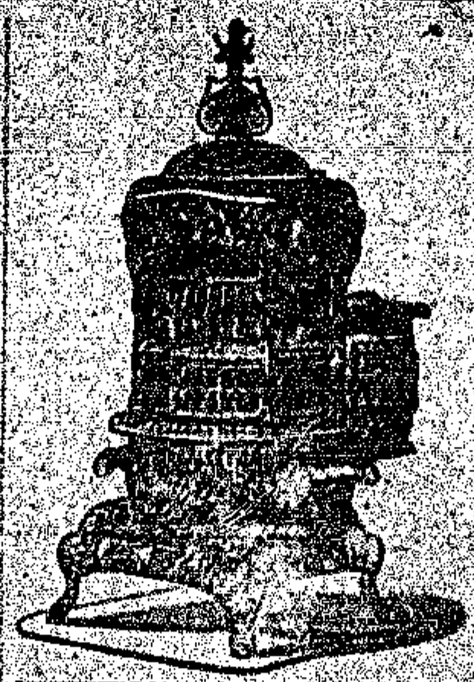

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BAKER ST.,
NELSON, B. C.

NELSON ECONOMIST

VOL. III. NELSON, B. C., WEDNESDAY, EEBRUARY 14, 1900. NO. 31

THE NELSON ECONOMIST is issued every Wednesday at the City of Nelson, B. C., by D. M. Carley. Subscription: $2.00 per annum; if paid in advance, $1.50. Correspondence on matters of general interest respectfully solicited. Only articles of merit will be advertised in these columns, and the interests of readers will be carefully guarded against irresponsible persons and worthless articles.

NOTICE.—There are several hundred readers of THE ECONOMIST behind in their subscriptions. No doubt this is attributable to neglect and all that will be required to ensure a hasty response is this gentle reminder.

THE halls of the British Columbia Legislature may well be compared to a rat pit. Instead of attempting a satisfactory solution of the economic problems with which the country is confronted at the present time, several of the legislators are investigating the private affairs of each other. They seem to think that the unenviable reputation earned by a member in Manitoba, or the mysterious flight of another member from Colorado are of far greater importance to the public than the settlement of the grave troubles in which the Province has been plunged by an incompetent, dangerous Government. Of what concern is it to the public at the present time if Joe Martin, through his own perversity, was compelled to leave Manitoba? Who cares if Minister of Finance Cotton was once in his life so overcome with emotion as to be unable to stand the further strain of bidding his Colorado creditors a fond and an affectionate adieu? Under certain circumstances the private lives of Finance Minister Cotton and Joseph Martin might possess some interest for the public, but the great question now is, how are Minister Cotton and Joe Martin going to straighten out the derangement into which they have precipitated the affairs of the Province.

The mystery surrounding Finance Minister Cotton's departure from Colorado and the events leading up thereto do not come in the nature of a thunderbolt from a clear sky. The matter has been threshed out in the public press of British Columbia for a decade, and no doubt Joe Martin knew all these things as well when he took the Finance Minister to his bosom a few years ago as he does now. Perhaps it would have been better had Mr. Cotton taken the public into his confidence and courted investigation of his exploits in Colorado, but that he has not done so, after all, is only a matter that concerns himself. Of course, it may be said that a man with whom the finances of the Province are entrusted should be able to satisfy all that there has never been any reflection cast upon his integrity, either in private or public life. But the public never pressed Mr. Cotton for an explanation of the charges preferred against him by individuals. They took him on trust, as it were.

Just now there are several grave question before the Province. The Legislature in its wisdom last session undertook to say how many hours should constitute a day's work in a metalliferous mine. In so doing, they overlooked the very important condition of naming the remuneration for an eight hour day, and as a result of their negligence have caused several very important mines to be closed down. By an act of the Legislature, the producing capacity of the miner was contracted twenty per cent. without compensating advantages to the person equally interested with the miner, viz, the mine owner. Before indulging in the romantic adventures of Mr. Cotton in Colorado, the public would prefer to have the practical question of the relations between miner and mine-owner in British Columbia settled. The disorder was brought about by Messrs. Cotton and Martin, and our own Minister of Mines as a side-light, and by those gentlemen it must be readjusted.

We do not go so far as to say that the mines recently closed down in Nelson and Rossland were forced to that extremity by the legislation of last session, but it is a fair inference to make that indirectly the pernicious meddling with prevailing economic conditions was well calculated to bring about just such a result. The mines referred to might have suspended operations from various causes had there never been any meddling on the part of the Government, but the fact remains the same, that indirectly they were affected by the class legislation referred to.

DURING the past few days there have been rumors to the effect that the Government would attempt an early settlement of the labor troubles by amending the eight-hour law so that there would be no penalty attached to working overtime. The Government is not likely to attempt any such thing. Such a provision would simply render the whole law inoperative. Besides it is not probable enough members on both sides of the House could be secured to support the repeal of the law on these lines in the face of the storm of opposition they would encounter from their constituents. Organized labor has been teaching the doctrine of shorter hours for years. In many branches of industry where the system of piece-work prevails, eight hours has long constituted a day's

work. This has been regulated by the union, and it is doubtful if labor organization ever dreamed that it could be legalized by legislative enactment. But in British Columbia the miners have succeeded in carrying such a law through the Legislature, and now that they have accomplished even more than they ever dreamed of, they will not relinquish their hold without a desperate struggle. They may laugh at the men who fell so easily into the trap, but they will die fighting in the trenches before they surrender. They may compromise on the question of wages, but they will remain firm on the eight-hour day. For the first time in the history of labor organization, they have succeeded in moulding a whole government to share their opinions, and they are not going to retreat a step without a struggle. It is not in this way the labor trouble will be settled. A well-conceived arbitration law seems to be the true solution of the problem; but no matter what opinion one holds with regard to the principle of the eight-hour law, it must be generally confessed that no intelligent dealing with the question may be expected from the present administration. A Government dropped so easily into a trap as did the present one, cannot be expected to rectify their blunders with any degree of intelligence.

THE easy off-handed manner in which the leading men of the Coast are offering soldiers to fight the Empire's battles reminds one of the patriotic devotion of Artemus Ward, who was willing to sacrifice all his wife's relations in the defense of his country. The offer of 10,000 raw recruits to Great Britain at the present time is simply absurd. If Canada would signify her intention of drilling 10,000 men for service a year hence, it would be a praiseworthy offering. But 10,000 men without skill in the use of arms would be throwing obstacles in the way of the British army in South Africa. And in the meantime there would be a grain of wisdom in encouraging Canadians to become better prepared to defend their own territory in the event of invasion, instead of becoming a burden on the Mother Country. Canada has been conspicuously negligent in the matter of preparing to assume her share of the responsibilities of the Empire.

THE Toronto *Telegram* assumes that if Hewitt Bostock, M. P., arises to demand anything for British Columbia, his honored leaders will simply hit him with another Gold Brick.

THE Liberals who fed so long at the public crib in Manitoba will now have an opportunity of working for a living.

THERE does not appear to be any immediate prospect of an Anglo-Saxon alliance, such as was freely discussed during the recent war between the United States and Spain. The other night in a Milwaukee theatre an actress was vigorously hissed for carrying the Union Jack with the Stars and Stripes as an emblem of the friendship between John Bull and Uncle Sam under the McKinley regime. The audience rose *en masse* and demanded the withdrawal of the hated flag of England. Cheers for the Boers were heard for blocks around.

THE Guelph *Mercury* says: Mr. J. M. Kellie, of the West Kootenay country, has introduced in the B. C. Legislature a bill "for the regulation of the length of hair that may be worn by employes in the metalliferous and other mines of British Columbia." With fighting Joe Martin in the political arena of that Province, it may be asked why the provisions of the measure are not applied to members of the Legislature?

IN several of the States of the Union they are organizing what is known as anti-saloon leagues. The anti-saloon league, says the San Diego *Morning Call*, like all other temperance organizations, aims at the suppression of the liquor traffic, but it is organized on board-gauge lines, does not demand prohibition nor in any way dictate the conduct of its members. Its object is educational and solidifying of all those elements which realize that the saloon is a danger to the individual the family and the nation.

"THERE is a greater calamity," said Hon. Mr. Foster, "than unfulfilled promises. What is it? It is to brazen it out before honest men, and in the face of day to say that you have fulfilled them, when you know that you have not. The first is perfidy, the second, sir, is turpitude added to perfidy." The government supporters are said to have winced and the opposition cheered.

HAVING, in the preliminary ballot to secure a candidate for the presidency of Mexico, secured 1,456,482 votes out of a total of 1,548,654, President Diaz may be said to be reasonably sure of an election when it takes place during the coming summer. Diaz is still first in the hearts of his countrymen.

AT the funeral of an unfortunate girl in San Francisco, recently, Rev. John A. B. Wilson created a sensation by saying, "He hoped to see the day when protection of women by the use of the pistol on the part of fathers and brothers of young girls, will be made justifiable homicide in every state in the Union."

THE west has won from the east in hockey. The game in which Winnipeg beat the Shamrocks at Montreal must have been a splendid exhibition of this exhilarating winter pastime.

THE Canadian patriotic fund has reached nearly $108,000, and contributions continue to be made freely.

THE Canadians of the first contingent have been brigaded with the Second Duke of Cornwall's light

infantry, Second Shropshires and First Highlanders, so there will be little complaint in future as to lack of opportunity for getting into action. After three months of "seasoning" the Canadians should now give a good account of themselves.

ROBBERIES and burglaries occur with alarming regularity in Nelson. When judges give the offenders the extreme punishment permitted by the code, these offences will grow gradually less, and Nelson will cease to become a haven for thieves and burglars. Mr. Justice Martin made a good start when he sentenced the burglars Sullivan and Gannon to seven years in the penitentiary. With a few more sentences of that character burglaries will become less frequent in Nelson.

THE report of the Public Works Committee of the City Council is a business document, and shows that the committee went thoroughly into the matters discussed.

MR. K. C. BEATON has returned to Nelson, and will resume the city editorship of the *Miner*. During his short residence here Mr. Beaton made many friends, who will welcome him back.

IT IS now a case of difference of opinion between His Honor and Mr. Semlin with regard to Atlin affairs. The chances are His Honor will carry his point.

THERE have been many suggestions made with regard to the best method of settling the differences existing between miners and mine-owners, but none that merits more serious consideration than one made by a gentleman the other day. This gentleman is not a politician, and only desires to see the trouble settled amicably. He believes the difficulty has reached that stage when the banking institutions in the Province have been affected, and that the banker of all men is in the best position to say whether or not the present trouble is working irreparable injury to the mining interests of British Columbia. He, therefore, believes that the bankers of British Columbia should come together and after due consideration of the whole matter report to the Government the result of their deliberations. If the Province is rapidly approaching that financial crisis so frequently predicted, it would be well for the people to have expert testimony on the subject, so they may force the Government to halt before it is altogether too late.

THE report that some of Mr. Greenway's supporters have determined to resign their seats on account of the exposure of their leader's duplicity in the matter of railway subsidies, may not be true, says the St. John *Sun*. But it was a great shock to them to find that, while they were claiming support for Mr. Greenway because he was getting certain railways built without subsidies, a private contract existed calling for the payment of subsidies. Apparently Attorney-General Cameron was deceived by his leader and colleagues. He asserted on the platform that the railways in question were not to cost a dollar in subsidies. After the agreements were discovered, Mr. Greenway defended himself by declaring that, though he had not published the facts, he did not conceal them, and that they were generally known. This accuses his late attorney-general and several members of the house of either falsehood or ignorance, while it convicts Mr. Greenway himself of complicity, inasmuch as the premier allowed his colleague to make statements which he himself knew to be contrary to fact. The affair is probably condemned Mr. Greenway to a loss of the provincial leadership, and has perhaps deprived him of his chance of obtaining a seat in the senate. There is a limit beyond which the government at Ottawa will not venture to go in offending the west, and a reward to Mr. Greenway under the present circumstances would perhaps be taken as a crossing of the line.

TESTS of the new American explosive thorite are expected to achieve results that may revolutionize naval warfare. The peculiarity of this mysterious substance is that it can be hammered without causing an explosion, but that it will easily detonate by fuse, enabling it to be used in armor-piercing projectiles and as an explosive after it has passed through into a ship, when it accomplishes awful destruction. The result of the tests are awaited with great interest.

IT is desirable that every dollar expended on public works in Nelson this year should be kept in the city. To best bring about this result public works should be done by day's labor, instead of by contract. A contractor may bring in outside labor, whereas when the work is performed by day's labor only permanent residents of the city are employed We believe the council would not only save a considerable sum to the city but would also be keeping the money among our own people if they built the new wharf by day's labor. Not only would it insure employment for permanent residents, but it would also save to the corporation the profit the contractor would make on the job. The city council would be consulting the interests of the business men and ratepayers generally by giving this matter their earnest consideration.

THE first move in the "high treason" cases has been taken by the Local Government instituting proceedings against C. Wentworth Sarel, editor of the Kamloops *Standard*, and George Sheldon Williams, the reputed Victoria correspondent of that paper.

THERE are several suspicious circumstances in connection with General Hutton's departure for South Africa. For some time there has been considerable friction between certain officers of the Canadian militia and General Hutton, and it is believed that the general is leaving Canada at his own request.

EVENTS AND GOSSIP

MOST of you have gone to Sunday school, I guess. Some of you have gone to church, and some have read their Bibles faithfully. What magnificent lessons are to be found from religion. For instance, their is that story of Samson, the Hebrew Achilles, the Israelitish John L. Sullivan, who waded into the Philstines with the jawbone of a defunct jackass, and corded them up like leather sandwiches at a railroad lunch counter. Then the big fellow dallied with Delilah, and when he woke up he had a horse-clipper haircut, some nice iron jewelry and was short two eyes. Do you know that the American workingman reminds me of the gentleman who enlarged the lion's mouth and turned the king of beasts into a bee-gum? He starts in occasionally, armed with the jawbone of some demagogue ass, and creates widespread destruction. Then the boodle grabbers send a soft-voiced Delilah to him who lulls him to sleep, and instead of whooping through the country pulling up sub-cellars and turning artesian wells wrong side, he tramps patiently in the treadmill. A little while ago he wanted the earth, with a red fence around it; now he is content to make bricks without straw; cares not for the pop of the whip if the flesh pots arrive on time. But how long will this lethargy last? How long will the workman dine, Lazarus-like, on the crumbs from the rich man's table? Having found that neither rebellion nor submission betters his condition, will he not, like another blind and desperate Samson, lay hold of the very pillars of the temple and bring it down with a crash about his ears? It behooves our modern Samson to be aware of the jawbones of asses and the songs of siren Delilahs; it behooves employing capitalists not to trust too much to the blindness of ignorance, nor to put their trust in the manacles of the military.

We have all read of Joseph and Potiphar's wife. Joseph was the great Hebrew grain monopolist, and land grabber, of course—the fellow that unravelled old Pharaoh's nightmare. Now, I believe the Bible, in a general way, but I think that story of Joseph pulling his coat tails off to get away from Madam Potiphar just a little bit fishy. It rests altogether on ex parte evidence. Col. Potiphar had made Josey chief pie passer in his palace, then gone off somewhere, probably with the pagan priests to look for a holy bull calf, or to attend the funeral of a cross-eyed cat. Josey and Mrs. Potiphar were left to run the house, and the latter accused the former of being too fresh. Josey denied the soft impeachment and posed as a he-virgin who had resisted the song of the siren and fled from the face of the tempter. And for 3,000 years the world has accepted his story and insisted that Col. Potiphar had excellent grounds for divorce, but, groping in the blindness of paganism, could not see it. Maybe Josey's story is straight. The nature of man may have undergone a radical change in six-and-thirty years, or Mrs. Potiphar may have been passe, but the presumption is that the boy exaggerated the circumstance. You remember the story of Balaam and his ass, well that was the first, but by no means the last donkey gifted with the power of speech. The peculiarity of Balaam's burro was that he talked sense. It was the only donkey known to history that an angel ever succeeded in heading off. Balaam was a type of political demagogue and priestly adventurer very common at the present day. He was out for the stuff, and knew how to sell himself to the best advantage. The Israelites had just emigrated from the land of mummified cats and holy crocodiles, and were making the pagans of Asia Minor hard to catch. They had put a Kibosh on the Canaanites, walked on the collar of the Amorites, drove Og and all the little Oggies into the ground with a maul, and were grinding the snickersnee for the goozle of Moab, Balak, high muck-a-muck of the Moabites, realized that he was at the bottom of a 40-foot well with no ladder in sight. He was scared to death and afraid to run. Then, like the rest of us under similar conditions, he thought of the Lord. We always turn to the Almighty after all our friends have gone back on us. Balak felt that unless the Lord intervened in his behalf, the sons of Jacob would pass a decree changing his name to Dennis, so he bundled ambassadors off to Balaam with a hatful of shekels, asking him to come and curse Israel. He supposed that Balaam, like some of his sacerdotal successors, had the thunderbolts of the Omnipotent concealed about his person—that all he had to do was to turn 'em loose and Israel would wilt like a picnic dude in a thunder storm. Balaam said he would see about it. He knew how to play a sucker, and replied that the Powers above were not in a cursing humor. Then Balak bid higher, Balaam pretended to consent, but on the road his ass balked and Balaam made play for bigger boodle. I think the old duck, like many of the pagan priests, was a ventriloquist. He evidently got what he wanted, for he received permission to continue his journey, his burro quit blabbing and began to saw wood. But when Balaam saw the strength of Israel he realized that the jig was up. He was too smart to pray for rain when the wind was in the wrong quarter, too smooth to launch his thunderbolts at any army that could mop up the plain of Moab with Balak and his brethern, so he played for what spare cash was in sight and made a sneak.

The Steiner concert, last Monday evening, afforded another evidence of the rapid development of musical talent in Nelson. Of course, Mrs. Brougham was missed, but it must be said that there was not one number on the programme that did not possess more or less merit. Of an exquisite quality were the violin selections of Mrs. Bruce White. This lady

has technique, tone and everything demanded of an artist. I do not propose to enter into a lengthy criticism of the various numbers, for all were most appreciable, but I would be particularly derelict in my duty if I failed to specially mention Miss Carey This young lady is developing vocal talent of a rare order.

Vintner F. Cooper is conducting a series of lectures on phrenology at the Opera House. Mr. Cooper, although blind, possesses remarkable familiarity with his subject. It is an interesting study, and in its treatment by Mr. Cooper it loses none of its attractiveness. P. G.

The Red Rat's Daughter.

By GUY BOOTHBY. Author of "Dr. Nickola's Experiment." (Published by The Copp, Clark Co., Limited, Toronto. Price, paper, 75 cts. ; cloth, $1,25) For sale by the Canada Drug & Book Company, Nelson.

Mr. Boothby is by no means unknown in the world of fiction, and the esteem in which he is held by his fellow authors was well voiced by Mr. Rudyard Kipling recently, when he remarked, "Mr. Guy Boothby has come to great honors now. His name is large upon boardings, his books sell like hot cakes, and he keeps a level head through it all. I've met him several times in England, and he added to my already large respect for him."

"The Red Rat's Daughter" is probably the author's best piece of work. It is a most exciting tale of the endeavors of a young Englishman of means to rescue his Polish fiancee's father from political imprisonment on the Siberian Island of Saghalien. The love story of these two young people is a most romantic one, and the mystery running through the whole book is well contrived, and concludes with an unusually cleverly managed surprise.

Little Kips.

The explanation of the above abbreviation probably is that Gen. Roberts, the hero of the East Indian army, is affectionately called "Little Bobs" or "Bobs."

There's a little round-faced man,
Which is Kips,
Writes the finest stuff he can,
Our Kips,
Takes the cake for fancy prose,
Has the Muses by the nose,
Makes us all sit up in rows—
Don't yer, Kips?

An' 'e's travelled fur and far,
This 'ere Kips,
Seein' things just as they are,
Straight-tale Kips ;
If it's blue, or if it's brown,
Kiplin' kindly shoves it down
In a note book of his own—
Busy Kips.

O, 'e's eyes right up his coat,
Little Kips,
An' a syren in his throat,
Rudyard Kips ;
An' when that 'er syren vents,
All yer ear drums feels in rents,
An' the bloomin' continents
Says that's Kips.

What 'e don't know about life,
Mister Kips,
You can arst a pleeceman's wife—
—Can't ye, Kips ?
If the nation cheers and yells,
An' its buzzum kinder swells,
'E trots out "Recessionals,"
Signed "R. Kips."

'E went queer the other day,
Poor old Kips,
Cruisin' somewhere's New York way,
Our Kips.
Sez the Fates, 'Cum, Kiplin', sup
Of this 'ere unpleasant cup !"
An' he took it standin' up,
Little Kips !

Nay—we couldn't let 'im go,
Little Kips,
'Cos we found we loved 'im so,
Our Kips ;
'E has suffered grief and pain
'Nuff to turn a feller's brain ;
But 'e's gettin' well again—
Ain't yer, Kips?

So 'ere's to Kips Bahadur
Little Kips, Kips, Kips,
May 'e soon be on the larder,
Fightin' Kips, Kips, Kips,
This ain't no sort of ode,
But you've helped the white man's load
An' fer benefits bestowed,
Bless yer, Kips !

—*The Outlook.*

Early last Thursday morning the population of the greatest Empire the sun ever shone upon was increased by the arrival in Mr. Wm. A. Thurman's family of a son. Just now "Billy" is consulting with his friends as to a suitable name for so distinguished a person; and although a great many favor Roberts, Kitchener or Buller, there is quite a number who lean towards "William," including the father of the promising youth.

On Thursday evening the members of the Nelson Bar met in the offices of Messrs. Bowes & Wragge to drink the health of Mr. E. C. Wragge, the junior member of the firm, prior to his leaving with the Strathcona Horse for South Africa, and to wish him godspeed. Every member of the Bar was present, and Mr. Wragge's health was drunk with much enthusiasm. "The Soldiers of the Queen," "God Save the Queen" and other patriotic songs were sung, and finally, after "Auld Lang Syne," the Bar dissolved.

Corporation of the City of Nelson

TENDERS WANTED

Sealed proposals will be received by the Mayor and City Council of Nelson, up till noon on Monday, February 19th, 1900, for supplying a road-making plant, comprising a steam roller, machine drill, rock crusher, elevator and screens.

Specifications and conditions of tendering and contract may be seen on application at the office of the city engineer, city hall, Josephine street, Nelson.

Each tender must be accompanied by an accepted bank check or certificate of deposit, made payable to the Corporation of the City of Nelson, equal to 10 per cent. of the amount of the tender, as a security for the due fulfillment of the contract, which shall be forfeited if the party declines to enter into the contract when called upon to do so, or if he fails to complete the work contracted for. The checks of the unsuccessful tenderers will be returned to them upon the execution of the contract.

The lowest or any tender not necessarily accepted.

J. K. STRACHAN, City Clerk.

Nelson, B. C., February 13th, 1900.

George W. Stevens.

(Died at Ladysmith, Natal, Jan. 15, 1900.)

Somewhere on a Ladysmith hillock a body lies to-day,
A heart that felt, and a brain that thought—a young life thrown away;
A soldier's grave for the soldier brave while "taps" sounds loud and clear,
But what for him, intrepid, and risking all to tell
The world that waits and listens for news from the gates of hell?
No martial music sweeps his grave in ghastly fever's den,
Nor may his country's flag enshroud this hero of the pen,
So the blood and the passion of battle engulf good men and rare.
And draw to the sleep of their vortex deep the flowers of genius fair;
Here is a harvest gathered long, long before its day,
A future bright as a beacon light, quenched in the blood of the fray.
Perhaps 'tis true that destinies, fraught with grand things and great,
Will come when Afric's cannon cease to roar their song of hate.
But a few will mourn for one that's gone—his life work just begun,
With never a pen in his hand again when the sword's grim work is done.

Left Behind.

Yes, sir, he's my son, and I'm proud of the lad,
And I know that it's all for the best
He should chuck his employment and leave his old dad,
And shoulder his gun with the rest.

So I'm here at the depot, to wish him good-bye,
And I mean to be cheerful and bold,
But this plaguey chill wind brings the tears to my eye—
God forgive me, I'm lonely and old!

The Queen she has need of my boy, and you bet
That I won't ask the wherefore nor how,
For it's little I've given Her Majesty yet,
But I'll give her my everything now!

I shall miss him, (dear lad!) for I only have one;
But we've got to do all that we can;
And the God who, we're told, gave up His only son—
He will comfort a lonely old man.

They talk about gallantry shown in the field,
Oh, it's splendid, no doubt; but to me
There is something as fine in the pluck that's revealed
When the farewells are said on the quay.

Tho' the tears are close by we must smile at our loss;
While the boys grip our hands we declare
They are bound to bring back the Victoria Cross,—
God knows—we've our crosses to bear!

Ah, sweethearts, you're young! You can wait for the joy
Of your dear one's returning to see;
Yes, it's hard—but it's hardest to part with your boy,
When you're old and you're lonely like me.

I'm broke, sir, my landlord declares I must go;
Don't blame him, I can't pay the rent,
But I won't tell my boy; it would grieve him to know
That his dad wasn't worth a red cent.

And he's off to the war, for his country has need;
And I mean to be brave, if I can;
So I'll smile as I whisper, "Good-bye and God-speed,"—
And—God comfort a lonely old man.

CURRENT COMMENT

Special Legislation.

(Greenwood Miner).

Joe Martin was last fall found guilty of champerty. Champerty is a crime perpetrated by lawyers when they go "snooks" with their client on the general result. He has introduced a bill in the house at Victoria to enable a lawyer to commit champerty if he wants to—a good sample of special legislation in the interests of one man.

Humors of the War.

(Ottawa Citizen)

A correspondent of one of the London journals relates the following incident illustrative of the coolness of Britain's middies. It was well up on the firing line, at the Modder river fight under Methuen, the correspondent said to the sailor, when the shells were bursting all around them, not to mention the shower of bullets from the quick-firing guns of the Boers, that it was getting pretty hot there. "Hi, hi, sir; put you in mind of a blooming 'ail storm, it would, wouldn't it?"

Refused to take Him In

("Observer" in Kamloops Standard.)

I was thinking the other day, over a few of the political occurrences of the past five eventful years. It occurred to me then that it was a remarkable pity that the Conservative party did not receive Mr. Bostock to itself when in 1895 he hovered pendulous, like a golden russet apple, ready to fall into our mouths. There is such a thing as being too conservative, and to reject a man—if he is rich—just because he is a "Johnny-come-lately," strikes me as foolishness. Since the good old free-port and Cariboo days, no such soft mark in connection with a big bank account has struck this city as Mr. Hewitt Bostock. And we, like fools, rejected him, and now he is the headstone of the Liberal corner. I speak of the gentleman, be it understood, simply in regard to his public life. His private life is blameless—I do not think, indeed, that he knows enough to be otherwise. And its no business of mine, anyway. But with regard to his public life, naught of praise can be said. When in a state of activity, he made mischief; when in a state of quiescence, he stood like an Alderney cow, with distended udders, while smarter men milked him. And the end is not yet. We need a millionaire badly in our ranks, for our sinews of war are sorely slackened, and yet, when the Golden Calf is delivered into our hands, we wantonly destroy him.

Baden Powell is Sharp.

Colonel Baden Powell, the defender of Mafeking, has been called the Sherlock Holmes of the British army. In India he used to make deductions from every-day incidents a regular practice, in order that he might complete his training as a cavalry scout.

The following story is told of him. Riding one day across an open grass plain in Matabeleland, he suddenly noticed that the grass had been recently trodden down. Following up the track, he soon found that it was the "spoor" of several women and boys. A tell-tale leaf, which he saw lying a few yards off the track—whereas there were no trees for miles—convinced him that the party had come from a village some fifteen miles distant, where trees with leaves of this kind grew. The leaf was damp and smelt of native beer. That it was lying ten yards off the track showed to the military Sherlock Holmes that the wind had been blowing at the time it fell. Baden-Powell read from these signs that during the night a party of women had brought beer from the village fifteen miles distant, and had taken it to the enemy on the hills, arriving there about 6 o'clock. He further guessed that the men would drink the beer at once, and that by the time he could reach them they would be getting sleepy from it, and therefore give him a favourable chance of reconnoitering their position. He accordingly followed the women's tracks, found the enemy as he supposed, made his observations, and got away with valuable information, without any difficulty.—*London Daily Mail.*

New Tugela Bridge.

A world's record for bridge building (says the Birmingham Daily *Argus* in an interesting article) has been made by the Patent Shaft and Axle-tree Company, Limited, Wednesbury, in connection with the war in South Africa. As soon as it was ascertained that the Boers had destroyed the railway bridge across the Tugela, and thus prevented the passage of General Buller across that deep and rapid-flowing stream, the British and Natal Governments resolved to have another bridge built to replace the destroyed one. The Patent Shaft Company gave a promise to have the work executed, not from a stock design at hand, as the Americans would do, but to any design that the Government might decide upon, in the short space of six weeks. But they wished to do better still, and in that they have succeeded beyond their fondest expectations, for in three weeks, or half the time allowed under the contract, the bridge is ready. On the 21st December the order was received. Not a moment was lost, and within an hour or two the specifications were ready, and a horde of busy workmen set agoing upon the contract. The latter seemed to be imbued with a spirit of patriotism, and of their own accord worked as they had never done before, with the result that a considerable quantity of the material had not only been rolled, but was on the plaining machines ere five o'clock arrived. The bridge is 105ft. long and 16ft. 6in. wide, weighing some 750 tons. Once the Government inspector finished his survey on Monday, workmen proceeded to take down and pack the parts for the voyage, and the first of it will be on shipboard by Saturday, or in less than a month from the time the order was received. It is somewhat a coincidence that some of the men who took part in the early days of the work have since proceeded to join Buller's forces on the Tugela, and will be among those making use of the new bridge built in their home town of Wednesbury.

A Bishop's Boast.

An eccentric old teacher named Robert Williams, who died at a very advanced age the other day in Wales, was the man who enabled Dr. Thirlwall, the former famous bishop of St. David's to fulfill his boast that he would be able to preach a sermon in Welsh within three months of his consecration. The undertaking, which to most persons familiar with the difficulties of the language seemed impossible, was accomplished satisfactorily, and the bishop never used to tire of describing the peculiarities of his instructor. One of his greatest stumbling blocks was the rightful pronunciation of the "ll," and he would chuckle gleefully as he told how Williams directed him to "place the top of your right reverend tongue upon the roof of your episcopal mouth and hiss like a goose." The bishop, after sundry failures, succeeded in producing the required sibillation and in preaching in excellent Welch well within the allotted time.—*New York Commercial Advertiser.*

When First Under Fire.

I have seen it stated that most soldiers suffer from a feeling akin to fear on the eve of their first battle, but this is scarcely correct, remarked a sergeant in a line regiment to the writer. As a matter of fact, if a man is scared at all—and I think there are few that can truthfully say they have not been—it is after the fight has begun, not before.

It was so in my case. I was brave enough until the bullets began humming round my head, and then I got into a state of most pitiable "funk." If any of the others had started to run away just then, I should certainly have followed, and I shouldn't have been last in the race either, I can tell you. A soldier is one of a crowd, and he sticks to that crowd which ever way it goes. When a man has come safely out of two or three engagements he gains confidence and is able to control his emotions, facing the possibility of death bravely.

It is the old veterans who keep the new men to work. Mind, I do not wish for a moment to disparage the courage of our soldiers. Ninety-nine out of a hundred are brave men, but however brave a man may be, he will know fear in his first battle, and acting on a purely physical impulse, would run away but for the shame of the thing. One gets used even to seeing men killed, but to the novice it is a terrible ordeal to stay in a spot where comrades are dropping dead and wounded all round.

I shall never forget the first time I saw a man killed. It was in the Soudan, and we were charging the enemy at the double. As we went along the man on the right, who was a chum of mine, was relating the particulars of a practical joke played that morning on another man in the company. All at once, he said "Oh!" and stumbled over. He had been shot through the heart.

In the Heart of the Rock

AS they stopped at the edge of the cliff, Walter Cary exclaimed, softly: "By Jove, what a matchless view."

"Beautiful, beyond doubt, but what puzzles me is how life can be so deadly dull in such a paradise as this world." As Harvey Winthrop drawled out this reply he glanced languidly at Walter, whose face was radiant as he drank in the exceeding beauty of the scene. Harvey turned petulantly away.

"You fellows in love are too irritatingly content."

"You fellows whom Fortune has smiled upon are two irritatingly discontent," Walter replied.

"Bah! you are like all the rest of the world always harping on my fortune. What good is it anyway? It no longer even enables me to amuse myself. Indeed I believe I should quite enjoy a good lively 'struggle for existence.' The next most amusing thing I can think of is to be in love. By Jove, I am going to advertise in the 'Herald personals.'"

Walter looked up apprehensively, knowing Harvey would do it if he really felt like it. Harvey caught

City of Nelson Local Board of Health

VACCINATION NOTICE

Notice is hereby given that it is the duty of the parents of every child to cause such child within three months of its birth to be taken to some medical practitioner, duly appointed or authorized under the regulations of the provincial board of health, for the purpose of being vaccinated.

Notice is also given that from and after the fifteenth day of February instant, no child will be allowed to attend any public or private school in the city of Nelson, unless such child shall produce from the principal or teacher of the school a certificate showing that the child has been successfully vaccinated.

A physician will be in attendance at the public schools daily from 3 o'clock p. m. until 4 o'clock p. m., for the purpose of vaccinating children. Every child presenting itself for vaccination should be accompanied by one of its parents.

Children where parents are unable to pay the vaccination fee payable to the medical practitioner, will be vaccinated free of charge on application to the physicians attending at the public schools, or to Dr. Lallan, the city medical health officer. By order,

J. K. STRACHAN, Secretary.

Nelson, B. C., February 7th 1906.

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you get what are pure British Columbia fruit and sugar, and your money is left at home.

O'KELL & MORRIS'

Fruit Preserues

are absolutely the

PUREST AND BEST

P. BURNS & Co.

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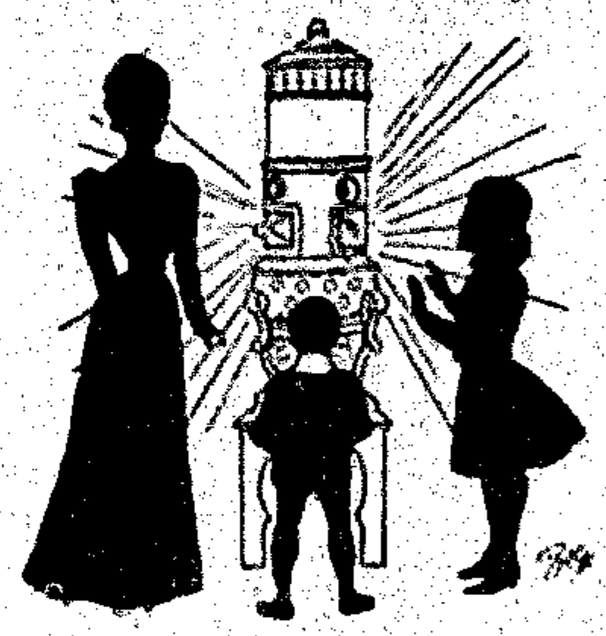

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We invite a comparison of prices.

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A new chemical composition flux, the only low-priced but highest-grade alloy. Superior to phosphorus tin and aluminum bronze. If the game is worth the powder, send for our new cut and a sample keg of 100 pounds for trial. Sent to any responsible brass foundry.

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Agents, Howard Station, St. Louis, Mo.

STAHLKNECHT Y CIA., Bankers, Durango, Mex., Exclusive Agents for Mexico.
THE NATIONAL ORE AND REDUCTION CO., Durango, Mex., Manufacturers.

PRICE 8 CENTS PER POUND

his glance and laughed, saying: "I am perfectly earnest about it. How would this sound—'Wanted —By a man of fortune, any woman who can compel his love?' I think I will sign it, too, to prove that it is genuine. Come on, old man, the mood is on me."

They started carefully down the steep sides of the rock-bound island, but had gone only a short distance when Harvey lost his footing; reaching out to save a fall he grasped a large boulder; to his surprise the top of the boulder moved a trifle.

"Hello, Walter," he called out, "here is something interesting. Look at that boulder. It looks as 'solid as a rock,' and yet I distinctly felt the top move when I fell against it, and not the faintest crack is visible. Not even the Japanese are such wonderful artificers as nature."

"It has been done by the action of the frost. Nothing has ever disturbed it since the invisible potent force rent it in twain. Probably we could never replace it were we once to disturb it."

"I mean to disturb it all the same," said Harvey.

Cautiously he pushed against it and found the crack to be about a foot from the top. Very carefully, so as to break no edges, and thus spoil the wonderful fit of the two pieces, he raised the top off. Then the two stood and looked at each other in dumb amazement. In the very middle of the rock, in a slight depression made by a few shales scaling off, lay a little golden heart, tied by a pink ribbon to a card.

"Some one has evidently been able to replace it with exactness, after having disturbed it," remarked Harvey.

With a feeling almost of awe he leaned forward and picked it up. With a smile and a half sigh, a flush mounting to his face, he looked at Walter and exclaimed: "May the gods be propitious! For here lies my fate."

Then, hesitatingly, and as though half afraid, he slowly read the name—"Miss Beatrice Lamont, 414 St. Clair place, St. Paul."

On the reverse side he read the following: "Who finds this may claim my heart. May the gods be propitious. Oct. 1, 1897."

Again they looked at each other in utter amazement, and Harvey gasped: "My very words. It must be fate." Then quite excitedly he exclaimed: "And, Walter, look at that date! One year ago today? This surely must be more than chance. I shall make it the quest of my life to find this daring, beautiful creature."

"We know that she is 'daring,' Sir Launcelot, but how do we know that she is beautiful?" asked Walter, quizzically.

"Oh, stop your grinning," replied Harvey; "of course she is beautiful. Do you think you have the call on the only beautiful girl in the world?" And

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FRED IRVINE & CO.,
36 Baker Street

Free Heming of Table Cloths, Sheet, Pillow Cases, Etc.

ANNUAL JANUARY SALE

Whitewear, Linens, Cottons, Etc.

COMMENCING MONDAY, JANUARY 21

Having received our complete stock of Ladies' and Children's Whitewear, Table Linens, Sheetings, Toweling, Carpets Floor Oil Cloths, etc., we are in a position to offer at extremely low prices these lines. No charge for Heming Table Cloths, Napkins, Sheets, Towels, Pillow Slips, etc., during the Sale.

Children's White Aprons, 40c up
Children's White Pinafores, 50 up
Children's Slips, Night Dresses Shirts, Drawers, etc., 50c up
Ladies' White Aprons, 25c up
Ladies' Corset Covers, 20c up
Ladies' Drawers, 25c pair

Ladies' Night Dresses, 50c up
Ladies' White Skirts, 50c up
Children's Corset Waists, 50c up
White Table Damask from 45c up
White Table Napkins from $1 doz
Red Table Damask from 35c up
Red Table Damask from $1 up

White Cotton Towels, 15c large size
White, plain and twilled Sheeting
White Circular Pillow Cotton
Linen Toweling from 5c up
Swiss, Nainsook and Lawn Embroideries from 2½c per yd up

FLOOR OIL CLOTHS from 35c yard up; CARPETS from 60c yard; odds, ends and remnants of DRESS GOODS, SILKS, RIBBON, LACES, EMBROIDERIES, CARPETS at less than half price. Ladies' D. & A. CORSETS (special) at 50c per pair.

WE INVITE INSPECTION OF QUALITY AND PRICES

Ladies' and Children's Woolen Vests and Drawers, Reduced Price

Fred Irvine & Co.,
NELSON, B. C.

All Corsets Sewed and Laid Free of Charge

then more good-naturedly, "But come, old fellow, you and I can't quarrel. And besides this is quite serious with me. I feel as though I were being led to my fate. Do you think we could start for St. Paul tonight?"

Two evenings later these same two men were dining together at a St. Paul hotel. Harvey was nervously rolling and unrolling the evening paper, as he sought in vain for an answer to Walter's last question. "Well, what is the next step in the program?"

"Confound the luck, Walter, can't you think of any one whom we know who would likely be able to give us an introduction?

"Can't thing of a soul. Suppose we take the night to think it over, and do nothing until the morning."

"Think it over! Haven't I been thinking about it, and nothing else, for two days and nights?" Harvey answered, and then opened his paper and tried to read. As he turned the first page his eye fell upon a large headline, he turned deathly pale, and silently handed the sheet to Walter, who read the following: "First Social Function of the Season. The Marriage of Miss Beatrice Lamont of St. Clair Place to Herbert Alling of San Francisco, on the evening of Oct. 6, an event which will bring many people back to town earlier than is their custom."

In his secret heart Walter felt an intense relief which he carefully refrained from allowing Harvey to see and merely said: "Well, I should say the game is up."

"The game is not up," Harvey replied, "but I must be alone to think it over. Can't say when I will be back, old man," and then he abruptly left the table.

Walter watched his white, set face as he walked away, wondering which wild plan he would evolve out of his bitter disappointment.

Several hours later Harvey returned, and when they were alone in their rooms he told Walter of all he had done.

"I think I walked for an hour without knowing where I was going or what I was doing. Never before have I been so bitter and angry and disappointed. I really felt as though I had been robbed of the woman of my choice. Of course, I realize how foolish and unreasonable I have been, and I am going to give the whole thing up, with the exception of sending as a wedding gift the heart I found, together with another I have just bought. Then we will await developments, and stay here until after the wedding anyway. And I mean to attend the church

JOHN MANDERSON

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Every Line Fresh.
Fruit in Season.

Express and Draying

Having purchased the express and draying business of J. W. Cowan, we are prepared to do all kinds of work in this line, and solicit the patronage of the people of Nelson. Orders left at D. McArthur & Co's store, northwest corner Baker and Ward streets, will receive prompt attention. Telephone 81.

GOMER DAVIS.

CERTIFICATE OF IMPROVEMENTS.

May and Jennie Mineral Claim, situate in the Nelson Mining Division of West Kootenay District.

Where located: On the easterly slope of Fortynine Creek, about five miles from its mouth.

Take notice that I, John McLatchie, P.L.S. of the City of Nelson, acting as agent for William A. Arnold, Free Miner's Certificate No. B 13,374, John Paterson, Free Miner's Certificate No. B 11,620, and John Campbell, Free Miner's Certificate No. B 12,351, intend, sixty days from the date hereof, to apply to the Mining Recorder for a certificate of improvements, for the purpose of obtaining a Crown Grant of the above claim.

And further take notice that action, under section 37, must be commenced before the issuance of such certificate of improvements.

Dated this 3d day of February, A. D., 1899.

JOHN McLATCHIE.

Osler & Gurd,

Mines and Real Estate

Baker Street,

...Over...
Bank of Halifax

Nelson, B. C.

JOHN McLATCHIE

Dominion and
Provincial
Land Surveyor,

Op. Custom House, Nelson B. C.

CLUB HOTEL

Corner Stanley and Silica Sts.

RATES: $1 per day and up.

Schooner Beer, 10 cents

E. J. Curran, Proprietor.

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Wall Paper

—AT—

Thomson's Book Store.

ceremony if I have to buy our way in."

He took from his pocket a small packet and handed it to Walter. It was an exquisitely wrought silver jewel casket, and in it lay the little golden heart, tied by the pink ribbon to the card, just as he had found it in the heart of the rock, and beside it another heart, larger and thickly studded with diamonds, tied by a similar ribbon to one of his own cards. On the reverse side he had written:

"I had come to claim the promise written here. Since I am too late, may I ask that you will accept this other heart as a wedding gift?"

Harvey watched eagerly for the expression on Walter's face as he looked at the gift and read the card. He hastened to explain:

"I am not sending it in a spirit of impertinence or to take advantage of her, but because it gives me a very definite pleasure to do so, and because I believe she will understand the spirit in which I send it, and that she will be glad to know the history of her buried treasure and to have it safe in her own possession once more. If you approve I will send it by messenger the first thing in the morning."

Walter smiled and nodded his approval.

"I scarcely think she could take offense; indeed, you have been quite discreet."

Late the next afternoon a messenger brought the following note to Harvey together with a card of invitation to the ceremony at the church. Much to Walter's secret amusement, Harvey flushed like a girl and his hands trembled as he opened the note and read:

"I fully recognize that my own daring and folly of a year ago have given you a claim upon me which it would be unfair to deny. As to the exquisite wedding gift you have sent me, in a way I feel that I have no right to accept it; and yet, in another way, I feel that I have still less right to refuse to accept it. Therefore I shall keep the gift, and, frankly, it gives me a very definite pleasure to do so."

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FRESH AND SALT MEATS

Camps supplied on shortest notice and lowest prices.

Mail orders receive careful attention.

Nothing but fresh and wholesome meats and supplies kept in stock.

E. C. TRAVES, Manager

CERTIFICATE OF IMPROVEMENTS.

Summit, Band M, Buckhorn and Little Fraction Mineral Claims, situate in the Nelson Mining Division of West Kootenay District.

Where located: On the north fork of Wild Horse Creek, near the headwaters thereof.

Take notice that I, John McLatchie, P.L.S., of the City of Nelson, acting as agent for the Summit Ymir Mining Company, Limited, Free Miners's Certificate No. B 20,605, intend, sixty days from the date hereof, to apply to the Mining Recorder for Certificates of Improvements, for the purpose of obtaining Crown Grants of the above claims.

And further take notice that action, under section 37, must be commenced before the issuance of such Certificate of Improvements.

Dated this eighteenth day of December, 1899.

JOHN McLATCHIE.

PATENAUDE BROTHERS

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Be Convinced.

Complete Stock of Stationery

ORDERS BY MAIL RECEIVE PROMPT ATTENTION.

VERNON STREET, NELSON, B. C.

As Harvey read this line he started and exclaimed: "My very words again ! I declare it is stranger than any fiction." The letter continued : "I fully appreciate the gentlemanliness which taught you to know the relief it would be to me to have the foolish, hidden thing restored to me, and I congratulate myself that the fruit of my folly fell into the hands of one bearing the honored name you bear, and with whom I may feel assured my folly is as safe as though still hidden in the heart of the rock."

Harvey exclaimed eagerly : "Did I not say that she would understand me? I tell you, Walter, old man, the fates are all wrong here; we two should have met and married."

Time dragged heavily for the ensuing two days, but at length the night of the wedding came. Harvey and Walter made a point of arriving early and secured end seats about half-way down the middle aisle.

As the solemn tones of the wedding march pealed forth and the stately procession came slowly up the aisle, Harvey Winthrop was strangely affected and a great feeling of desolation and conscious loss seemed to flood over him.

Alas, had Fate gone astray, and did the wrong man stand there at the altar awaiting this beutiful bride ?

About her neck she wore a wonderous string of pearls—the gift of her father; the first loop was close about her throat and from it hung a magnificant diamond pendant—the gift of the bridegroom ; the second loop fell below her waist and from it hung the diamond studded heart—the gift of the stranger, who felt that he should be her husband.

When the ceremony was finished and the bride, radiant and lovely, turned to come down the aisle, Harvey fixed his eyes in the profoundest scrutiny upon her face ; a whole lifetime of emotions seemed to be burning in his eyes, and so intense was his gaze that in a moment it drew her eyes to his. Instantly she recognized him and seemed powerless to withdraw her gaze from his. Her newly made husband felt her hand tremble on his arm, and those who were watching her saw her grow pale, and following the direction of her almost unconscious gaze saw a tall and handsome stranger, as pale as the bride herself, returning her gaze in the same rapt way.

Slowly down the aisle she came, and at every step the glittering diamond swung in and out, and in those few brief moments these two each read the very soul of the other, and both knew in their inmost hearts that fate had gone all astray and that the wrong man had stood there at the altar to claim this bride.

CANADIAN PACIFIC RY.

SINGLE FARE RETURN

—TO—

GRAND WINTER

CARNIVAL

ROSSLAND

15TH FEBRUARY

—TO—

FEBRUARY 17TH

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Revelstoke and South,
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TICKETS February 12th,
13th, 14th, 15th and
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return portion good
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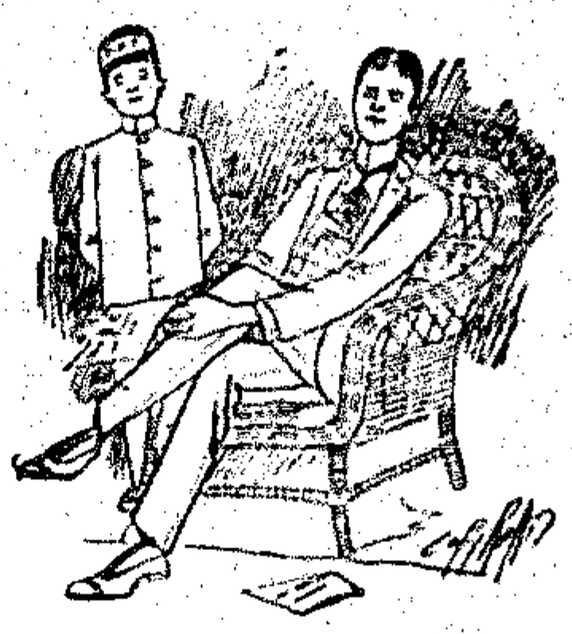
Satisfaction Guaranteed. Prices Reasonable



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Lath,
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Orders Promptly Filled and Satisfaction Given. Nelson Yard, Foot of Hendryx Street.

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With us, for now is the time
We have the largest supply of Dry Goods
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$6.75 PER TON,
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Special Quotations for Camps and Miners

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