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THE NELSON ECONOMIST.

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EDITORIAL COMMENT.

THE Legislature of British Columbia convened last Thursday. The Speech from the Throne is not an extraordinary document in any sense. It foreshadows very little that is new in the way of legislation, and much of that was suggested by Mr. Turner's government during the late campaign. There will be considerable legislation affecting the mining interests, but it would be premature at this time to enter into any lengthy discussion of the government's policy in this respect.

The most important matter before the House is the attempt of the present government to legislate themselves into a majority. Mr. Martin's bill to secure the seats of Mr. Deane and Mr. Prentice is well calculated to subvert the will of the people and bring justice into contempt. If it becomes law, we may as well abolish the courts of justice and refrain from voting. The *Colonist* puts the situation fairly when it states:

"Two members are interested in it. One of them is Mr. Deane, of North Yale, and the other Mr. Poentice, of East Lillooet. Their cases are somewhat dissimilar. Mr. Deane's election was petitioned against and a recount was demanded. The hearing of the case was set down for January 14, but on the application of Mr. Dean's counsel, was adjourned. Counsel for the petitioner strongly protested against the postponement, but it was granted. On top of this adjournment, which was for only a short time, comes a proposal further to adjourn the case until at least two weeks after the present session of the legislature has been prorogued. The validity of Mr. Prentice's election depends upon his qualification as a candidate. The adjournment in this case was due to the omission of a witness to attend in obedience to a subpoena, and he did not attend because he wanted the government's permission. It was postponed for only a short time. It is proposed to further postpone it by act of assembly until two weeks after the session, and to further declare that if it shall be ultimately determined that Mr. Prentice is not entitled to the seat, he shall incur no penalty by reason of his sitting in the house though disqulalified."

It can scarcely be conceived how any honest member of the Legislature can vote for Mr. Martin's bill. The far reaching consequences or such legislation should be well considered. It would lead to the establishment of a precedent, which if carried to its logical sequence could deprive any member of the legislature of his seat if Mr. Martin with a temporary majority at his back so willed it. If Mr. Martin had introduced a bill on the same lines dealing with future cases, it would have been shorn of many of its pernicious features, but his attempt to negative the prerogative of justice is quiet enough to earn the approbation of thugs and lawbreakers generally. If Mr. Deane was not elected according to the law and only an investigation in the courts of justice can properly determine the facts in the case, why should Joseph Martin or any other man presume to confer upon Mr. Deane the seat that did not honestly belong to him? Should it transpire that Mr. Dean was elected by fraud why should Joseph Martin and his temporary majority be permitted to condone that fraud? We have no means of knowing whether the seat honestly belongs to Mr. Deane or to the petitioner, but Mr. Turner and his followers were prepared to leave the settlement of the point to the courts of justice and to abide by the result. But not so with the Attorney-General. The courts must stand aside and await the pleasure of a government to which a most peculiar combination of circumstances has conspired to give a temporary majority! The same argument holds good in the case of Mr. Prentice. It is alleged he was not on any voters' list in the Province at the time of his election, thereby disqualifying him. In adopting legislation that will permit Mr. Prentice to occupy the seat without penalty in case of disqualification the government acknowledges its fear of the decision of the court. Mr. Prentice may be entitled to the seat, but if he is, surely it would be only decency and justice that the proper tribunal should confirm his right.

This, so far as the rights of the people are concerned, is not a question as to whether Mr. Martin or Mr. Turner holds a majority in the House. Hitherto, we have had confidence in our courts of justice, but if Mr. Martin is to be permitted to exploit his sharp practices and tamper with the law, that confidence will be shattered. It will be only a case of juggling with the law, and the judges must become the tools of designing men. Lawbreakers, if they be fortunate enough to have friends in places of power, can legislate themselves out of prison. What is good law today, will become quite the reverse tomorrow. Most people had imagined that retroactive legislation was a condition of the past. In their fancied security they seem to have reckoned without the present government of British Columbia. Truly, these be times that try men's souls.

THE election of Mr. Thos. Forster as Speaker is a worthy recognition of merit. THE ECONOMIST differs with Mr. Forster politically, but it confesses its admiration for a man whose motives have always borne the stamp of honesty of prrpose. Hon. Mr. Forster is respected by the leaders of both political parties.

THE citizens of Nelson are to be congratulated on the interest manifested in municipal politics this year. There are two tickets in the field, each composed of thoroughly representative business men. One ticket is lead by the present mayor, and the other by Mr. Neelands. Mr. Houston has occupied the office of Mayor since Nelson was incorporated. His administration of civic affairs has been marked with his strong personality, and that he has accomplished a great deal, THE ECONOMIST, although often opposed to him, is quite prepared to admit. No one has ever dared to question his patriotism to Nelson. Mr. Neelands is not so well known as Mayor Houston, but his friends claim he will conduct the affairs of his office creditably if elected mayor. While we are not convinced that he will secure the coveted prize, we do believe he will poll a large vote. On the municipal tickets there are five men who have served the city as aldermen. Their deeds speak for themselves. Messrs. Madden, Whalley, Fletcher, Hillyer, and Malone have contributed generously of their time in the interests of the city. The new men before the

people are Messrs. Thomson, Kirkpatrick, Beer, Wilson, Ward, McKillop and Macdonald. All are well known citizens and are more or less interested in the advancement of Nelson. Without deprecating the merits of any of these gentlemen, we would point out the special claims for consideration of at least two of these candidates. We refer to Mr. H. B. Thomson and Mr. John A. Kirkpatrick. Mr. Thomson has always shown himself an ardent champion of the interests of Nelson. He has practically staked his all on the place, and if it becomes the prosperous distributing centre we all hope it shall, much credit will be due Mr. Thomson for the faith that was in him, and his untiring zeal in promoting the interests of Nelson. He has no desire for office and it was only at the earnest solicitation of his friends that he consented to become a candidate. He is a worker, as his record at board of trade meetings clearly demonstrates. He should be elected. Much that has been said of Mr. Thomson holds good in the case of Mr. John A. Kirkpatrick. The latter gentleman is a most successful business man. Like Mr. Thomson, he is not thirsting for municipal honors, and only consented to run when it was represented to him that his candidature was the earnest desire of his friends. Mr. Kirkpatrick will bring to the council board business ability, and his election will be an assurance to the people that civic affairs will be conducted honestly and above board. We hope Mr. Kirkpatrick will be elected by so large a majority that he will be convinced that his fellow-citizens have absolute faith in his integrity. Of the other candidates much could be said in favor of each, but where all are so good, it would be superfluous to institute comparisons. The only thing THE ECONOMIST regrets is that conditions are such that all cannot be elected. A pleasing feature of the campaign is the frequent manifestations of good-will of the candidates and their friends towards each other, and the evident determination of all to work for the advancement of Nelson, the great commercial centre of the Kootenay. Let this spirit be maintained and the future greatness of Nelson is assured.

THE customs returns bear the strongest testimony to Vancouver's progress during the year 1898. The revenue reached $802,618 against $ 86,798 in 1897.

AN up-to-date sampler will be in operation at Roseberry during the latter end of February, which will be a source of great convenience to the miners in the Slocan.

AN American newspaper records that since Hon. Joseph Chamberlain has returned to the Old Land from his recent trip to the republic his manners and speech are much more refined. Still another suggests that Great Britain had better remodel the House of Lords on the same basis as the Senate. The next thing some paper will be claiming that Joseph Martin got his education in legislating majorities during his residence in the United States.

THE announcement that Trail has a brass band may retard settlement in that burg.

THE death of Mr. W. G. Neilson, M. P. P. for Northeast Kootenay, is a cause for much regret among the many friends of the deceased. Mr. Neilson was a gentleman of first-class business qualities, and exceedingly popular.

AMONG the grand aggregation of oratorical talent down at Victoria, Hon. Fred Hume reminds one of the boats on Arrowhead Lake—that is, he doesn't cut much ice these days.

THE new government insists on night sessions. Truly the wicked love darkness rather than light.

THE New York *Sun* believes that Canadians know more about the United States than Americans know about Canada. As a matter of fact the Americans are the most provincial people in the world. It is hardly likely that if you asked a New York man today who was the greatest statesman in America, he would know that it was our own Hewitt Bostock.

JOSEPH MARTIN is not the only politician who believes in arranging matters to suit himself. Quite recently Sir Wilfrid Laurier unfolded a scheme for reforming the Senate. It is pointed out by high constitutional and legal authorities that any such measure will require an Imperial Act to amend the British North America Act, and that in order to obtain this those seeking such an act will doubtless have to show exceedingly strong grounds for their application, as it is improbable such an important change in the constitution would be made except under the most grave circumstances.

A DISPATCH to the *Tribune* from Victoria announces a split in the Liberal ranks, and the name of Mr. Gordon Hunter, the Victoria barrister, is suggested in connection with the leadership of a reconstructed and regenerated Liberal party. This rumor of dissensions does not take anyone by surprise. The Vancouver *World*, the leader of one ring, has been giving unmistakable evidence of a desire to kick some of the present Liberal stars out of the firmament, and in a late issue suggests the wisdom of holding a convention at the Terminal City to discuss the whole situation. It appears our Liberal friends have grown thin on the low diet served out by Joseph Martin and the immortal Hewitt Bostock, and are determined to have something to say in future in regard to the distribution of the loaves and fishes. Apart from this view of the situation, there is a growing desire on the part of the Liberal to embellish their party with a little brains, and quite naturally they turn to Mr. Gordon Hunter to supply the much needed gray material. Mr. Hunter possesses many of the qualifications that are essential to successful leadership. Endowed with more than ordinary mental qualities, he can make a first-class speech or write an article that turns the flesh. He does not pick up acquaintances on a moment's notice, but once he makes a friend he never loses him. Generous to a fault, he never publishes his good deeds from the housetops. He believes in fighting in the open and to a finish. With such a leader, the Liberals of British Columbia might give the Conservatives of this Province a good run for their money. No other Liberal leader could.

THE announcement that William Harrington Ellis, the genial manager of the Victoria *Colonist*, is a candidate for alderman, will come in the nature of a surprise to his friends, who had no idea that Mr. Ellis had any desire to engage in a political life. Mr. Ellis has hitherto been held in high esteem by the citizens of Victoria, many of whom will regret his sudden determination to forsake the honest path of a private citizen for a road bestrewn with thorns and temptations.

THE *Monetary Times* says: "As a means of diverting trade from the United States to Great Britain the Canadian preferential tariff has proved an unqualified failure. The discrimination against the goods of the United States amounting to 25 per cent. has been followed by a remarkable increase in Canadian imports from that country. Rarely has there been more interesting statistics as to the effects of a tariff on trade than the figures of the treasury board of the United States recently made public."

A RECENTLY published statement of the trade between the United States and Japan shows that Japan is steadily increasing her purchased from the United States. Her importations of raw cotton from the United States in the first six months of 1898 were 12,732,065 yen ($6,340,567.87) in value against 3,811,828 yen ($1,898,280.34) in the corresponding months of the preceeding year. The total importation of cotton into Japan in the half year amounted to 27,702,963 yen ($14,721,275,87) in value, an increase of a little more than 4,000,000 yen over the corresponding months of 1897; while the increase from the United States alone was nearly 9,000,000 yen. American manufactures of iron and steel seem to be especially satisfactory to Japan, the increase in nearly all articles of this class being strongly marked. The finer grades of American manufacture also seem to be finding special favor among the Japanese, imports of American watches having increased from 95,511 yen ($47,564,-47) in the first half of last year to 165,690 yen ($82,513 62) in the first half of the present year, while typewriters, sewing machines and

other articles of this class are also steadily increasing in the number and value of those taken into Japan from the United States. Almost similar statements are made with regard to United States trade with China.

KITCHENER is an Oriental scholar of considerable repute. He wrote a book on Palestine and the synagogues of Galilee, in which there are many quotations from the Talmud and Rabbinical literature. "It is about the last book," says the *Jewish Times*, "one would expect a soldier to write."

THE London *Times* in a vigorous article, warns France not to press her pretensions at Shanghai, and says that if she does not heed the warning Great Britain will enforce her own legitimate claims against France, not heeding the Chinese government, which is merely a machine to register external pressure.

THE Winnipeg *Telegram* says Sir Wilfrid Laurier is kept busy giving certificates of character to his unpopular ministers. The other day he was obliged to give one to Mr. Sifton. Now Mr. Tarte has to be deodorized. Sir Wilfrid's certificates of character to these worthies are as valuable as would have been a testimonial by Mr. Fagin to the honesty of his young associates.

IN the *Miner* this morning a correspondent over the thinly disguised signature of "Pye O'Near," has a few words to say regarding the policy of THE ECONOMIST. We have not the time nor inclination to discuss any matter with a man who is either ashamed of his name, or too cowardly to print it when he makes an attack. No one knows better than "Pye O'Near" that the publisher of THE ECONOMIST to-day is no more responsible for the utterances of this paper six months ago than the publishers at that time were responsible for what this paper prints to-day. However, if "Pye O'Near" is desirous of engaging in a "personal" argument, let him give his name to the public and he shall be accommodated. Just be a man, and not always a sneak, if only for one minute.

WE are in receipt of a communication which contains a personal attack on Mr. Neelands, one of the candidates for mayor. The fact that our correspondent is afraid to sign his name convinces us that he is a liar, a sneak and a midnight assassin. We therefore politely decline to print the communication.

THERE was a "hot time" at the regular annual meeting of the South Kootenay Board of Trade last Monday night. The trouble arose over the neglect of the Dominion Government in supplying the Kootenay country with the necessary postal communication over the Crow's Nest Pass Railway. After discussing the wording of the message to the Postmaster General's department, it was moved by Mr. H. B. Thomson and seconded by Mr. Fred Irvine: "That the board views with great dissatisfaction the apparent negligence of the requirements of the Kootenay country by the post office authorities, more particularly the lack of east bound service over the Crow's Nest Pass railway from Nelson, which service has not yet been inaugurated, although the regular passenger trains have been running since Dec. 12. By the present methods of handling mail to East Kootenay points, the merchants of Nelson are suffering daily loss of business."

THE eye of J. M. Kellie seems to be growing dim gazing upon the sublime grandeur of the political iniquities of his leaders. Time there was when the eagle optic of the great Revelstoke statesmen could detect the ashes of a political crook in a whirlwind.

THE Ottawa *Citizen* says: "The Galician murderer, Czuby, who killed a father and his four children, was quite stolid under the charge when put on trial, and seemed to care not a jot about his victims. But when a leading witness said he was a liar the Galician got angry and told the whole story of his dreadful crime to disprove the allegation of trifling with the truth. Such are the peculiarities of "peculiar" people. There are goody-goody persons who will point with pride to this poor benighted Galician's love of truth, and ignore the fact that he committed a cunningly devised and brutal murder. So it is with some of the other species, besides the Galicians, whose importation is being countenanced because some accidental virtue is supposed to offset other traits that have rendered them nuisances to the not-over-fastidious Turks, Russians and Austrians."

IN another column will be found Mayor Houston's answer to a charge against him of having been guilty of discriminating in the purchase of lumber for the city against certain outside dealers. THE ECONOMIST has been accused of criticizing Mayor Houston unfairly in the past, and we now publish this letter to refute this charge, and at the same time afford the widest latitude for the discussion of questions affecting public interests. We would go further and say that to our mind Mr. Houston has decidedly the best of the discussion. In this race for municipal honors we play no favorites.

An Answer to a Charge.

To the People of Nelson:

The *Miner* this morning, charges that the best interests of the city have been sacrificed in the purchase of lumber for the water flume that is being constructed at the summit. The facts are: The council authorized the mayor to purchase the material needed. The flume will be 15,000 feet long and will require about 300,000 feet of lumber, of which 180,000 feet must be good, sound inch and a half and two inch plank, the remainder 2x4, 3x4, and 4x4 scantling. The Nelson Planing Mill offered to supply the rough lumber for $8 a thousand at the mill, and the plank for $10 a thousand. A rate of $15 a car was obtained from the Nelson & Fort Sheppard railway; hauling the lumber from the mill and loading it on cars would cost $1 a thousand. This would make the rough lumber, manufactured in Nelson by men who spend their earnings in Nelson, cost the city, delivered at Summit Siding, $10.50 per thousand feet, and the plank $12.50 per thousand feet. The manager of the mill claimed that a carload a day could be delivered, provided extreme cold weather did not set in. He was given an order for the rough lumber and part of the plank. After this order was given Frank Lavin of Salmo made an offer to supply 300,000 feet of lumber at Summit Siding for $9 50 per thousand. This mill is at Salmo. He claimed that his mill had a capacity of 20,000 feet a day, and that he could certainly ship three carloads every other day, as freight trains only ran every other day on the Nelson & Fort Sheppard railway. He was informed that part of the order had been placed, but that as the city was rushing the work, he could depend on getting the other part. He said all right. Shortly afterwards the engineer decided that the plank for the sides of the flume should be dressed on one side and edged. The amount of this kind of lumber required for the flume from the first creek to the summit was 49,500 feet. Mr. Lavin was immediately asked what he could furnish this lumber for, and he replied that he could not deliver it for less than $14 per thousand. He was offered $13 but would not take it. He was given the order at $14. He agreed to deliver the first carload within a week, and a carload every other day thereafter. The first carload was to have been delivered two weeks ago. Alfred Bunker of Nelson was sent to inspect the lumber before it was loaded on the cars. He returned the same day, and reported that not a board had been cut, and that the mill was out of repair, and when in repair it could not be depended on to cut more than 5,000 feet a day. Up to this date, Mr. Lavin has not informed the city that he is ready to deliver a board, let alone a carload. The charge that I am interested in the Nelson Planing mill is untrne. My only interest in it is the interest that every citizen of Nelson should have in local industries, that is, I give them patronage in preference to patronizin outside concerns. In this I differ from a great many of my opponents. They do not purchase any thing in Nelson that they can purchase cheaper anywhere else.

JOHN HOUSTON.

Nelson, January 10th, 1899.

Leaves from the Diary of Samuel Pepys

In the year 1598, Charles II. being King of England and Charles As King of that far away region, known as British Columbia, I, Samuel Pepys, am sent as ambassador to the court of the same Charles As, so that I may report to my master the beneficial results that accrue to those governments which rule by negativism. For verily is the treasury of my master at a low ebb, and the vital principle of negativism is never disburse, so that whatever cometh into the treasury, there stayeth. And we had heard from travellers that the advisers of Charles As had found the true application of this principle even so far as to refuse the honoring of the drafts made by their predecessors, which seemeth a very profitable policy to those who are in power, though apt to cause unseasonable loss to those who are governed. But my royal master, Charles II, being at a loss how to reward his favorites according to the promises made by him when in opposition must needs follow the example of those of his royal brethern who have made by study and necessity a success of such business, and therefore do I find myself in the city of Vancouver, which is indeed the second city in population and importance of the kingdom of Charles As. And here I stayed me many days, for it is indeed a proper city wherein he may well enjoy himself who having no family ties, has money to burn. For in the quaint language of this western people it is a "wide open" town, and gives many and diverse opportunities to those who wish to be separated from their money. And when I questioned mine host as to the manner of the laws that govern this western country, he answered me that the law applied only to Victoria and the rest of the province, but that Vancouver trusted in the bounty of Joseph. And I marvelled greatly thereat, for the bounty of Joseph is far reaching indeed. The churches are well filled upon the holy days and so are the collection plates, and at all times even upon those days the hostelries are crowded to overflowing, and in many hostelries are diverse kinds of games at which all kinds of money are lost and won through the live-long day. And I took a part in one of these games, at which four aces is a wonderfully taking hand, and there were pointed out to me taking part therein several persons influential in the kingdom. A renowned editor, and a legal luminary learned in the law sat opposite to one another, as was indeed very fitting both being politicians of great prominence, but of contrary opinions. And it is the custom of the former to announce his convictions through his editorial columns, whereas the latter talketh very often through his hat, but such is the custom of this peculiar kingdom, which ended in a very pleasant entertainment, though the legal luminary waxed somewhat wroth, and after losing six hundred ducats gave his finger for the same; which is also a peculiarity of this kingdom; but the banker seemed in no way disconcerted, whereat I marvelled greatly, and was the more impressed by the bounty of Joseph and its far-reaching influence. But after several hours play and losing many ducats, I arose from the table, and the banker asked me to call again, assuring me that I need never be afraid of visiting his gaming house, for that he had a very big "pull." And when I failed to understand his meaning and told him that I hoped to enjoy myself likewise in Victoria, he laughed me to scorn and assured me that in Victoria the laws are strictly enforced, because it is "on the wrong side of the fence." Whereat I marvelled more than ever, and continued my stay in Vancouver, enjoying myself immensely in this city under the patronage of Joseph, and will only journey to the capital when my funds have decreased to the limit necessary to defray my hostelry bill whilst there. *(To be Continued.)*

SAMMY PEPYS.

No Friend Like the Old Friend.

There is no friend like the old friend to make the
fond heart bleed
When he meets you with a supercilious air
And his glancing eye assures you that he knows
you're gone to seed
And 'tis no more use for him to treat you fair.
Oh, his fine affected tone
As he talks with you alone
And the patronizing cadence of his voice,
For the fool can scarce construe
The subjective strength in you
Or he would not so pretentiously rejoice.

There is no friend like the old friend to make the
fond heart sad
As he turns away his head to see you not,
Forgetting all the favors from your hands that he
has had—
'Tis so rich to cut you dead upon the spot.
Oh, his blank and stony glare,
Shot straight up into the air
And the dignified demeanor of his back!
Ah, fool, beyond the days
Of his hyprocritic praise,
Now dark Nemesis to call upon his track!

There is no friend like the old friend to make the
heart rejoice
When he grabs your toil-hard hand and hugs
it tight,
The old ring and the true ring in his well remembered voice,
While his eyes are filled with manifest delight,
For he greets you with a shout,
Simulation all left out,
A hearty friend, a life-long friend, pure gold,
And he holds you long and late
With a force as strong as fate—
The bond of faithful friendship grand and old.

There is no friend like the old friend to drive dull
care away,
To lift the laden breast and make it stout.
Like a burst of summer sunshine his presence glads
the day
And puts the devil's blue to utter rout,
For what's the odds to him
If your prospects yet are dim
And the binding of your vest is worn and
frayed?
Like a rock he stands by you
With a friendship warm and true
And a fasthful sense of honor unbetrayed.

Le Roi at a Premium.

In an article on the possible earnings of the Le Roi mine in British America under its new management and increased capitalization the London *Mining Journal* of December 10, says:

"The public, so far as they have had any chance to do so, have willingly subscribed the money invited by the prospectus of the Le Roi Gold Mining Company, and already the shares stand at a premium on the market. It is probable that the favor with which the new enterprise—or the old enterprise in its new form—has been received by the public is due to a solid confidence in the value of the mine. This confidence is, it may be admitted, well grounded. No one can estimate even approximately the value of the contents of the mine; but on any showing they must be very considerable. The dividends paid by the old company were more than gratifying, and though, owing to pending litigation, no dividends have for some time been declared, and no official statement has been made as to the profit earned per ton, it does not require any too large a measure of faith to suppose that the profit earned will continue to be considerable. But when we turn from the property itself, with its heavy output and its large reserves of low-grade ore, to the manner in which the company has been put on the market, it is impossible to view the enterprise with the same favor. There is no statement in the prospectus which can warrant the heavy capitalization which has been put upon the company, and the working capital of £50,000 seems a ridiculously small sum compared both with the magnitude of the undertaking and the amount—£1,000,000—which the British public have consented to subscribe for it. Time after time it has been pointed out that an inadequate working capital is the most serious possible drawback to the successful prosecution of any mining proposition, and how the modest margin of £50,000 can be expected to suffice for the demands of so large, and it may be conceded, promising a company does not appear. Mr. Rathbone, who speaks with an intimate knowledge of the Le Roi mine, is of the opinion that annual profits to the amount of £360,000 should be returned. A fairly good return this on the capitalization; but we shall be surprised if, under the new conditions, this, or anything like this sum, will be reached."

It is very true, as the *Mining Journal* says, that an inadequate working capital is the most serious possible drawback to the successful prosecution of any mining proposition. That is a fact of which we have some knowledge ourselves, right here in Southern California. But between an inadequate working capital, and an over-adequate capitalization there is a tremendous space, requiring the most marvellous management to successfully bridge. The average Britisher rarely grumbles so long as he is getting some moderate return on his investment, but with Le Roi capitalized at $5,000,000, the stockholders in that company will have reason to congratulate themselves if the future discloses no grounds for discontent.—*Los Angeles Mining Review.*

Books for Presentation. Thomson Stationery Co.Ltd,.

THOSE FAMILIAR TYPES.

Object lessons are not confined to the kindergarten alone. The adult is taught to associate certain types with certain characteristics, and so long has his mind been directed in these channels, so long has he trod the beaten way, that anything original would not only shock him, but would also give him a disagreeable sensation of being the victim of an iconoclastic liberty. From childhood he has been taught to regard certain things as the expression of certain ideas, and to assume one as necessary to the other as both the blades of a scissors to its utility.

To begin with the stage. The Irishman who treads the boards has been presented, since he became almost a necessity in farce, with kneebreeches, a cutaway coat, blackthorn stick, blue stockings and the "dhudeen" or short clay pipe. Give us an Irishman in any other costume on the stage and we should fail to recognize him. He might roll his "r's," dance a jig and twirl his "shillelagh," but the result would be unsatisfactory. We should have no sympathy with him, but regard him as some abnormal creation of the costumer's who was endeavoring to rob the dramatic author of his laurels by the presentation of such a monstrosity. We paid our money at the door to behold the Irishman of our youth, the being to whom custom had endeared us, and we object to being put off with any such impossible hodgepodge as the mirth-making Pat.

So with Nora or Kitty, his sweetheart. She must have short skirts and an apron. Blue stockings or green are likewise absolutely necessary to her make-up. She must rest her hands in the pockets of said apron, and keep looking perpetually roguish. She must ejaculate at intervals, "Arrah, be aisy, Pat," when the bold wooer endeavors to snatch a kiss from her ruby lips, and if she fails in any of these things we have no use for her. We cannot and will not have her walk upon the stage with the ordinary movement of a woman. She must skip, and stand on her toes, and the more she giggles the more we feel that we are getting our money's worth. These types have been given us as guiding-posts when we were in short trousers, and none other will do. Wisely, the stage manager recognizes this. He appreciates the fact that what has been must be, that old things are better than new, and that we go to the theater to be interested and amused, and not to witness the brain-distressing shattering of our ancient idols.

In the society drama our requirements are even more exacting. Anybody who sits down to write a letter on the stage, and consumes, say, about one-half the time it would take the ordinary penman to place the same number of words off the stage on paper, makes us nervous. Our type of the stage letter-writer is he who seizes the pen, plunges it into the ink bottle, and rushes is over the paper at lightning speed, affixing his signature with a dab, such as that with which Joe, the orang-outang, makes his autograph. Such is the teaching of the drama, and if there were nothing to be learned in this direction, Mr. Belasco, as well as scores of others, would find themselves out of a job.

Similarly when the footman comes in and presents a letter on a salver, it must be hurridly torn open, and after a few lines have been read, the receiver is compelled to hold it well up in sight in his left hand, and give it one or two smart slaps with his right. Were a man to do this off the stage he might reasonably be regarded as having wheels or the fumes of strong water in his head, but on the stage unless he complies with this stern law of the drama, he is neglecting a most important part of his duty as an actor. Asides must be given in a loud tone of voice, so the last row in the dress circle may hear them distinctly, while the person at whom they are directed is only four feet away. But the dramatic law ordains that the ear next the side must be deaf, else this necessary part of the dialogue should have to be abandoned altogether.

Nor is the novelist less controlled by this tyranny of types than the dramatist. The belated traveler halts for the night at a roadside inn. Not for his life will the story-teller give his reader any other type of landlord than a fat, sleek, rosy fellow, with a rubicund nose and a bald head. If he does he is taking a liberty, and we feel that he is not striving to please. We will not accept any lean, ill-favored person to do the honors of that inn, and furthermore we insist that the storm shall howl about it and that the sign shall creak. Again, we want a blazing fire in the hearth, and, if possible, crimson curtains to render the glow more impressive. We are used to comfortable inns of this sort in books, and no other house of entertainment will come up to our expectations. We are not so particular about the waiter, but we would much prefer a corpulent to a lean one. A neat housemaid is a bit of detail we affect, and by all means let us have a big bed chamber, and if there could be a ghost patrolling the corridors outside and groaning through the keys hole, so much the better. But we are not insistent on the ghost question if the other types are worked up to our standard.

In the matter of country squires we are rigid. We must have them bluff, in the first place, and hospitable and fond of sitting late and drinking deep after dinner. A gentle leaven of profanity must run through our squire's conversation. A country squire who didn't swear occosionally we should regard as a fake and a milksop. We have formed our ideal and we demand our rights. He must be given to tapping young girls' rosy cheeks and making broad jokes, and perpetrating blunders which bring blushes and "Oh, fies!" from the members of his family or his guests. We care not who does the blushing and the "Oh fieing," hut it is one of our vested rights and we will not be denied. If there be a governess in the family, she must be beautiful and neglected. The lady of the manor must sit upon her on all occasions, the cub of a son must fall in love with her, and the vixenish daughters must gibe at her for her poverty. That is the type of governess we have been reared to respect and sympathize with, so none other need apply. In the end she must make the grand match of the book, and snap from under the noses of the other girls the most eligible part in the entire combination. There must be wailing and gnashing of teeth and astonishment and indignation from all except the squire himself, who was ever the girl's friend; and our governess, now a lady of wealth and rank, forgives them all, is tapped on her rosy cheek by the good spuire, and possibly kissed, and goes off with her happy husband to her castle to set the pace for the entire country and marry off her poor relatives to the most desirable young men in the neighborhood, while the wicked vixens are mated with clowns and gamblers.

No one has ever dared to attempt to improve on the familiar type of circus clown. His grins, his baggy breeches, his thefts and failings about are as much the properties of the clown as the sawdust is of the ring. We should hoot, and very properly so, any deviation from this line of business, dear to us from our boyhood days. For the ring-master who did not from time to time crack his whip at the clown's legs we should have nothing but contempt. Imagine a clown getting on the horse's back and not falling off with a howl—he might as well go back to the dressing-room, put on his store clothes and look out for another place—or getting on the stool and shouting, "What will the little lady have next—hoops or banners?" or cracking a joke at some person in the audience, who, incensed at the liberty, dashes into the ring to thrash him, but proves to be another clown in disguise; or not referring in some way to his maiden aunt, or his grandmother; or not getting into his way of the ground and lofty tumblers. But such a state of affairs is impossible, and would be as dangerous to introduce as to omit the bonds and tambourine at a minstrel show.

The widest latitude is in the villain type. There are so many kinds of villains, and the field is so expansive that there is always room for a new type. Therefore in this regard our ideas are broad. We welcome the new villain to the old muster roll. We are critical of him it is true, but if he be of the right stamp we generally accord him a place among our types of first-class and familiar scoundrels.

It is believed that the Dominion Parliament will be called together this month, and that the session will be a short one.

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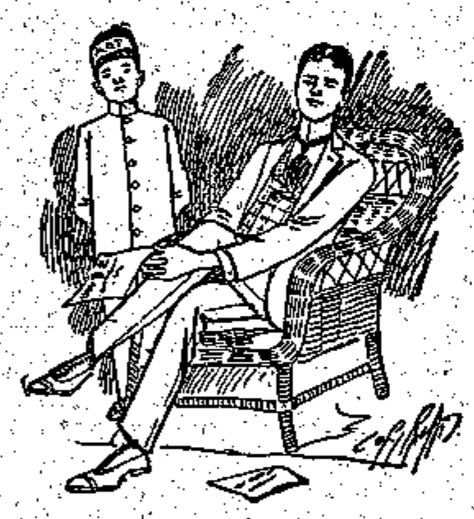

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Railway Notice

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 of 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.

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.

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LOCAL AND PROVINCIAL.

Greenwood has a moral reform wave.

Silverton shipped 60 carloads of ore last week.

Moyie City has every house in the place occupied.

A large quantity of ice has been cut by the local butchers.

The Comstock during the week added 11 men to its force.

The Slocan Star has laid off a number of men till next May.

In East Kootenay the North Star mine is working 35 men.

Jas. McGregor, provincial inspector of mines, is in the city.

Many bets have been made on the result of the municipal contest tomorrow.

The wholesale grocers will play the retailers a match of hockey at the Crystal rink tonight.

Ed C. Senkler has at last reached Dawson City and entered upon his duties as Gold Commissioner.

A big strike of copper ore is reported at Windermere on the Swansea.

The Cariboo Consolidated Mining and Milling Co. has declared a dividend of one per cent. on the last day of each month.

The new ore house, at the mouth of the No 2 tunnel, at the Emily Edith, is about completed and tracks have been laid into it.

Messrs. Hickey, Farrel and Chamberlin have purchased the Fontenoy claim in Camp McKinney. The price paid was $20,000.

The Women's Missionary Society of Nelson has elected the following officers: Mrs. J. Roderick Robertson, president; Mrs. C. Wilson, secretary; Mrs. M. DesBrisay, treasurer.

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Certificate of Improvements.

"Princess Ida" mineral claim, situate in the Nelson mining division of West Kootenay District.

Where located:—On Morning Mountain, near the head waters of Sandy Creek.

Take notice that I, John McLatchie, acting as agent for B. R. C. Walbey, Free Miner's Certificate No. 2657 A, William H Bambury, Free Miner's Certificate No. 2751 A, and Michael Egan, Free Miner's Certificate No. 2584 A, 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 first day of October, 1898.

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All work guaranteed.

ON THE BIRTHDAY OF DONIZETTI.

The Rome of Cæsar crowned with bays
The heroes who increased her might,
The poet for his stately lays,
The soldier victor in the fight.
Today it has no fair confetti
To grace the tomb of Donizetti.

The critics long have lost the ear
Which found Rossini charmed and sweet.
E'en Verdi, in his early sphere,
Is almost always judged effete,
And all the skill of Donizetti
Is voted crude and alphabetty.

For Wagner's noiseful rule has come
And waked the world with blaring brass.
The tuba, trombone, horn and drum
Have silenced silver strings, alas!
And all his strident strength makes petty
The dulcet airs of Donizetti.

The Venusberg and all the gods
Or Lohengrin are now a-tour,
And no one thinks of laying odds
On "Lucia di Lammermoor."
We're told it's foolish and duetty,
This masterpiece of Donizetti.

The very schoolboy whistles o'er
The intermezzo, note for note,
And Bizet's braggart toreador
Is daily heard from every throat,
But poor old Signor Donizetti
Is not piano-organetty.

'Tis ever thus. What prophet hath
The honor that is his by right?
The oak today, tomorrow's lath,
And day must always turn to night.
But shall the darkness dour and jetty
Blot out our dainty Donizetti?

—London Sketch.

Toys, Toys, Toys Thomson Stationery Co. Ltd.

WINTER.

Merry, though the moon shines pale
And the wind tossed branches wail.
Purest crystals float and fall.
There they sparkle,
Here they darkle,
On the pine and lonely wall.

Merry, though the stream is still
'Neath the cold and trackless hill.
There the realms of Hesper glow.
Twilight lingers.
Shining fingers
Gild the sleeping fields of snow.

—Genesee Richardson in Woman's Home Companion.

An attempt will be made to put a stop to Sunday work at the mines.

James W. Moffat has left for Toronto where he will remain until spring.

Mrs. Neil McLeod was buried yesterday, Rev. Mr. Frew conducted the services.

The Magnolia and Copperopolis, in Copper Camp, have been sold by George Riter to a syndicate represented by Brelich. Both properties have good ledges of high grade copper ore and the work of development has already commenced. The price paid is said to be $50,000.

A Big Project.

Egypt exemplified! This is a scheme which two gentlemen who left Vancouver Thursday for England have in view. They are Messrs. Park and Morrison and their mission to England is to interest capital in an undertaking to bring under cultivation some 7,000 acres of land near Kamloops, where they reside. The proposition is to irrigate this land as Wm Fortune has demonstrated that it is about as good as any which can be found on this mundane sphere. At the Chicago World's Fair Mr. Fortune captured many first prizes with his display. With irrigation, pears, peaches and even watermelons can be grown in the open. Artesian wells have proved a failure near Kamloops. It is proposed to irrigate this big stretch of land by means of natural gravitation, water being taken from Jameson creek. The fall is 164 feet to the flat. Ditches some twenty miles in extent will have to be built. In the dry season, that is from June to July, the creeks cannot be depended upon for water, so lakes will be tapped in order to secure an extra supply. It is anticipated that but little trouble will be experienced in getting the necessary capital.—*Province.*

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Time Table No. 81.

To take effect at 7 a. m. on Saturday, March 26, 1898. Trains run on Pacific Standard Time.

GOING NORTH—READ DOWN.

	Daily	Saturday & Sunday
Lv. Victoria for Nanaimo and Wellington	A.M. 9:00	P.M. 4.00
Ar. Nanaimo	12:20	7:16
Ar. Wellington	12:45	7:35

GOING SOUTH—READ UP.

	Daily	Saturday & Sunday
Arrive Victoria	A.M. 12:07	P.M. 8:00
Leave Nanaimo for Victoria	8:46	4:38
Leave Wellington for Victoria	8:25	4:25

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SHORT STORIES.

Whenever Admiral Boyle met Dean of Bristol, so the latter relates, this admiral of the old school would say: "Do you, sir, read the account of St. Paul's shipwreck?" "Yes, it is the appointed lesson." "Well, all I can say, as an old sailor, is that if any captain in Her Majesty's service handled his vessel as the captain of that ship did he would have been court-martialed next day and dismissed the service."

Dean Pigou says that many clergyman cannot trust themselves to repeat the most familiar prayers of the liturgy from memory, and he tells how Archdeacon Sinclair was much put out because he (Dean Pigou) sat directly behind him at a public meeting. The dean was puzzled, but understood all when the archdeacon removed his hat and knelt to pray. In the crown of his hat was printed in large type "Prevent, us, O Lord." etc.

Canon MacColl tells an amusing story in a letter to the *Times*. "A friend of mine," (says the Canon), "once shared the box-seat with the driver of the stage-coach in Yorkshire, and being a lover of horses, he talked with the coachman about his team, admiring one horse in particular. 'Ah,' said the coachman, 'but that 'oss ain't as good as he looks; he's a scientific horse!' exclaimed my friend. 'What on earth do you mean by that?' 'I means,' replied Jehu, 'a 'oss as thinks he knows a deal more nor he does.'"

There is a curious and well-authenticated story about a deceased peer which is worth repetition. When just of age he had the not uncommon mania of

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falling in love at the slightest provocation, and the less common habit of making offers of marriage, which, as long as he confined his addresses to ladies of his own rank, was of no consequence, as they were treated as jokes. But one day his fancy fell on a strapping dairymaid about twelve inches taller and six years older than himself, and it was shortly afterward reported to his mother, the Countess, that big Polly had showed a fellow-servant a written offer of marriage from the little lord. Immense excitement, at the end of which the confidential housekeeper was sent on a mission of inquiry, with full powers of compromise, to the strapping Cinderella of the dairy. The embassadress offered an excellent situation at great wages and a handsome present in hand if she would go to a distant estate and promise to have no more to say to her noble lover. The damsel accepted the offers without hesitation—indeed, with eagerness—answering: "Make your mind easy, Mrs. ——as I wouldn't marry the little cretur if every 'air on 'is 'ead was 'ung with diamonds. I'm keepin' company with a young man who stands six feet in 'is stocking soles and can jumpa gate without putting a finger on it."

"All right, my good Mary. I knew you were a good girl, and you had better start before his lordship comes back from London, and there's something to pay expenses," producing a nice new crackling Bank of England note for £50. "And now, Mary, you will give me up the lordship's letter?" "No, indeed, I shan't," was the answer. "My young man is ready to marry me as soon as I can get ready, but I shall keep this letter to show him if he's saucy that if I liked I might a' married a hearl."

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10-Cent Cigars All the leading brands of Foreign and Domestic Cigars. 18,000 Cigars to select from. Bargains in Pipes for Christmas

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THE ABBE'S DOG.

Abbe Sauteu was the cure of a sleepy little village at the extreme end of Provence—the Provence of the olden time when doubts had not yet crept in to corrupt the simple faith of the peasants The old priest lived happily among his parishioners, kindly souls all of them, and so obedient to the commandments of God and our holy mother church that their lives were a real benediction for their spiritual father. The good man had no need to touch them up every now and then with a rousing sermon, nor did he ask the aid of others more eloquent than himself to convert his flock. They were born, lived and died in the fold, and their pastor discharged his simple priestly duties and led in anticipation the life of the blessed.

The abbe adored nature, and every day you could have seen him strolling among the fields, reading his breviary, while from time to time he glanced at the gambols of Oremus, his little dog. They were as inseparable as St. Roch and his famous bowwow. Oremus enjoyed these strolls as much as his master, but in a different fashion. The priest's pleasure was purely contemplative, that of the doggie active.

Oremus firmly believed that God gave four legs to little dogs so that they could be twice as alert as their masters, who, poor creatures, had but two. So he raced over the fields, sometimes behind, sometimes ahead of the cure, jumping, making a corkscrew of his tail, snapping at the birds and giving himself up to all the pranks befitting the well bred dog of a priest.

Superfluous to add that Oremus understood absolutely all that his master said to him and that he could do everything but speak. As for tricks, our Oremus could have given points to the whole canine world. He danced on his hind legs and shook hands like a Christian, and his great feat was to refuse the most delicious chop, the juiciest morsel, if offered with the left hand.

You may well believe that this victory over the canine flesh was not gained without effort. The abbe and his dog had given much time and patience to the perfecting of this triumph, and evenings after the cure had dined alone the little dog was put through his paces, always ending the performance with the famous "chop act." Then the abbe, with tears in his eyes, would ask himself if the good God could have the heart to refuse a scrap of paradise to such a creature. Let us hasten to add that the worthy priest would have died before giving voice to such a sentiment—he, a son of the church.

But nothing is perfect in this world, and one day the sacred calm of Abiho was turned into confusion. Listen, and you will learn how. A young conscript, who had been absent seven years and who was supposed by the villagers to have been killed in the war, reappeared one fine morning and immediately took up his old life of farming. So far so good. But what a scandal arose, my friends, when it was known that Le Faiard absented himself from mass on Sunday, swore like a pirate at every word, and, more than all, ate meat on Friday!

Abbe Sauteu almost died of mortification. Night and day he racked his brain to find some means of bringing the apostate back to the faith of his childhood. As if by accident M. le Cure often strolled past the field where Le Faiard was working. Almost always he stopped to gossip with his black sheep, and very often the conversation turned on the all absorbing question. Le Faiard, for his part, was only too ready to argue the point. He was a pigheaded fellow, who liked to hear himself talk, and frequently it happened that our good abbe—who was by no means a well of learning—found himself floored by the arguments which his opponent had picked up in his military life and which he reeled off with a parrotlike volubility.

One day when Le Faiard had reduced his adversary to silence, he asked, as a finishing stroke:

"Anyway, father, do you take me for a saint?"

"Alas, far from it, my son."

"The devil fly away with me, then, if you don't demand more of me than a saint or even an apostle is capable of."

"Heaven forbid!" ejaculated the priest, falling innocently into the snare.

"Well, then, father," said Le Faiard, with a sly grin, "did St. Thomas believe on the faith of others? Didn't he require a miracle, and, trone-de-Dieu, what a miracle! Who can blame me for following St. Thomas' example—only I ask less than his saintship. Show me the least little miracle, I don't care how small, and I'll go to confession with all my heart."

Then seeing that the priest was dumfounded, he added: "Morbleu, father, won't you show me one? That ought not to feaze a friend of God's."

Then he walked away, in high glee, at the effect produced by his words.

"Work a miracle," said the priest to himself. "Impossible! And yet if God would help me"—

In truth God did help him, and one day in mid-Lent Father Sauteu left the house, escorted by his dog. All the way to Le Faiard's field he chuckled softly to himself.

"A miracle, indeed. You must have a miracle, must you, you rogue? Oremus, little villain, leave those birds alone. You have other things to do. A miracle! Yes, my fine fellow, you are going to have your miracle, and I'm going to have your soul!"

It was Friday. Le Faiard has just killed his pig, and would probably have a sausage for dinner.

The priest soon reached his destination.

"Good day, Le Faiard," said he, in a fatherly tone.

"Good day, father," replied the disciple of Voltaire.

With that they fell into a chat, interrupted from time to time by the yelps of Oremus, and punctured, so to speak, by the handfuls of seed that the young farmer scattered right and left as he walked along.

Dinner hour. The two men seated themselves on a little hillock, and Le Faiard pulled a sausage from his pocket, a superb sausage, red as a tomato, and with an odor to have made a saint's mouth water.

"Holy Virgin, Le Faiard, what a sin! On a Friday, in Lent too. Don't eat it, my son."

"Not eat it! That's good. The idea! I would eat it on Good Friday if I had it. Besides, haven't I seen with my own eyes bishops and archbishops, too, for that matter, in India, who always ate meat whether it was good or bad Friday."

"Your joking is ill timed. God is good, but he will not always have patience with you. Some day he will open your eyes by a miracle, but who can say if then the gate of mercy may not be closed for you."

"Father, miracles are always in season, but unfortunately the time for them has gone by. As for me, death of my life, I wouldn't ask better than to see what you threaten me with. Meanwhile the sausage claims my attention—and"— And the rascal took a great mouthful of his dinner.

Oremus had not taken his eyes from the sausage since its appearance on the scene. Every time Le Faiard took a bite the poor bowwow licked his chops and wagged his tail, which distinctly said in dog language:

"Oh, what an elegant sausage! How I should like some!"

"Watch my dog, you mocker," said the abbe. "See how he is devouring the sausage with his eyes. Well, when I say, 'It is Friday, Oremus,' he will not touch the piece that I am going to offer him. And he is only a dog."

Le Faiard was convulsed with laughter.

"Oh, father, that's too much! All the same, though, I would like to see your miracle—it would take me to mass—yes, and vespers too."

Taking a delicious morsel of the sausage, the abbe called, "Oremus!"

Oremus came like a streak.

"It is Friday, Oremus," went on the abbe, "but just see what I have for you," and he offered the tempting bit, which he held, be it understood, in his left hand.

Imagine, if you can, the astonishment of Le Faiard when he saw Oremus halt suddenly in front of his master, head lowered, tail between his legs and with the air of an actor who had forgotten his lines.

"Good doggie, Oremus, eat it!"

Sure of his success, the priest put the sausage under the dog's nose. Not a movement! Oremus' eyes were good. He saw that the sausage staid in the left hand, and after a few minutes he turned tail and retreated to the shade of a bush close by, where he sadly flung himself down and tried to forget his disappointment in a little nap.

During this scene Le Faiard had been petrified. With open mouth he watched the priest and his dog as a criminal watches his judge. When Oremus finally beat a retreat, Le Faiard roused himself and ejected the mouthful already half masticated.

"Father," he cried, "I have seen enough and too much. I am the most miserable sinner on earth, and it has taken a dog to convince me of it."

The following Sunday Le Faiard went to mass and vespers, and ever since that memorable day it is he who lights the candles and rings the bells in Abiho where the [illegible] now as formerly.—"L'Echo de la Semaine."

"See a Pin and Pick It Up."

It may be before long that our pins will have to be dipped in carbolic acid before being put on our bureaus. For pins have been proved to be a prolific source of danger in spreading contagious diseases. All kinds of germs, it is said, can be collected under the heads, and nurses who indulge the feminine habit of holding pins in their mouths lay themselves open to serious attack. The doctors who have warned the public say that many of the so called new pins are not new at all, but have been picked up in the streets and laid side by side with the others. The idea is not an altogether pleasant one, and is, moreover, one likely to increase the uneasiness of the overfastidious.

There are some women now who are so afraid of germs that they wash all their gold and silver pieces before handling them and who never allow a bank bill to go into their purses until it has been wrapped in some kind of disinfecting paper. They even require the shopgirls who hand them their change to wrap in paper first. What is to be done, if all this is so, with the popular superstitions about picking up all the pins that one sees and never passing a penny in the street?—Harper's Bazar.

The Mystery of Mysteries.

Providence moves in a mysterious way, but those who make a specialty of explaining these mysteries have never been able to account for the regularity with which twins and triplets come to the home of the man who earns a salary of $8 per week.—Washington Post.

Plans and Estimates.

Inquiring Son—Pop, is an architect an artist?

Pop (who has just had a new house built)—I guess so. They say artists are perfect children about money matters.—New York Weekly.

KOOTENAY LAKE SAW MILL

G. O. BUCHANAN, Proprietor.

Lumber, Lath, Shingles.

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

Sash & Doors Mouldings, Turned Work

JOHN RAE, AGENT.

West Kootenay Butcher Co

WHOLE SALE AND RETAIL DEALERS IN

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.

Job Printing while you Wait.

The Prudent Housewife Uses

GOLD DROP FLOUR

For Health and Happiness

WHEAT : MANNA

—FOR BREAKFAST.

Did Loti Tell the Truth?

"Can you or can you not trust novels for a true picture of life?" asked a gentleman who reads much. "Not long ago I read Pierre Loti's beautiful story based on personal adventures in the tropical island of Tahiti. The author was a naval officer on a French vessel and was stationed for many months at Tahiti, a bit of land lost in the vastness of the Pacific. While there he fell in love with a beautiful young native girl and married her according to the customs of Oceanica.

"His book deals with the idyllic days that he spent in her company; with her artless manners and strange, imaginative nature. But in this book he gave reason to believe that nearly all of the naval officers were enamored with the pretty native girls, and thereby hangs a tale. A few days ago I happened to meet an officer of a Danish ship, and he told me that Loti caused a great deal of annoyance to his married friends by his island stories.

"When they arrived in France, after the publication of the book, their wives asked them very awkward questions, and they were kept in a stew for many months. Whenever anything unpleasant happened, the girls of Tahiti would become the subject of a very animated conversation. As a result they were forced to tell their wives that Loti's book did not present a true picture of life in Tahiti. Now, did it or did it not?

Ingenuity of Boys.

In physics and natural history there are opportunities to direct and control the out of school activities of young people of which the enthusiastic teacher of science is not slow to avail himself, says D. S. Sanford in The Atlantic. One of the most astonishing facts of the time is the ingenuity of boys in constructing electrical apparatus, with but a few bits and out of the most meager materials. I know boys who have belt lines of electric tramways circulating in their garrets, and a boy who last year was the despair of his teachers won deserved recognition in the manual training exhibit as the clever inventor of a most ingenious electrical boat. An invitation to boys to bring to school products of their own ingenu-

...natural history specimens that they have collected, will result in an exhibition which in variety and quality will be a revelation to one who is not used to following them in these interests.

So general and so wholesome a tendency is too significant to be ignored, and yet one almost hesitates to meddle with it lest official recognition may rob it of its independence and spontaneity. With sympathy from the school, however, it may be directed and made more intelligent. Interest in nature, for instance, may help to fill profitably the long summer vacations.

The Milk In the Cocoanut.

Every boy knows the three eyes to be found in one end of a cocoanut, and many a boy has bored these eyes out, or one or two of them, with the small blade of a pocketknife so as to get at the milk in the cocoanut, which he has then drained out into a cup or drunk direct from the cocoanut itself. But there is a more fascinating way still of getting at the milk in the cocoanut.

By this other method the cocoanut is opened at the other end from the eyes. The cocoanut is struck all around gently and repeatedly with a hammer, or a stone will do, at a distance of about one-third of the way down from the top, about where the arctic circle would be on a globe.

A continual gentle tapping will finally crack the shell of the nut all around; not in a line exactly on the circle perhaps, but pretty near to it. Sometimes it cracks shell and meat of the nut, too, so that both can be lifted off together; sometimes it cracks out only a shell cap at the top, which is lifted off, and the cap of meat underneath is then cut out around with a knife.

And then there you are with the white lined cocoanut cup to drink from.

When Fitz-Hugh Lee Ran For Governor.

General Lee has been handicapped by a great name. It has stimulated his pride and ambition, but it has not inspired any vanity. When I asked him if this heritage had helped or hindered him, he said:

"It has been a heavy load. I have had the reputation of a lot of ancestors as well as my own to look after. Whatever good I have done has been credited to them, and whatever of evil has been charged to me and magnified, because people said they had a right to expect much better things of a man of my blood and breeding.

"When I was running for governor of Virginia, John Wise said that if my name had been Fitz-Hugh Smith I never would have secured the nomination. I replied that I had known a good many good men named Smith and would have been as proud of that name as of the one I wore. In that way I got the votes of all the Smiths in Virginia and a letter from a man who told me 'never to forget Captain John Smith, our first settler, who killed Pocahontas.'"—Chap Book.

Need of Covering During Sleep.

The reason it is necessary to be well covered while sleeping is that when the body lies down it is the intention of nature that it should rest, and the heart especially should be relieved of its regular work temporarily. So that organ makes ten strokes a minute less than when the body is in an upright posture. This means 600 strokes in 60 minutes. Therefore in the eight hours that a man usually spends in taking his night's rest the heart is saved nearly 5,000 strokes. As it pumps six ounces of blood with each stroke, it lifts 30,000 ounces less of blood in this night's session than it would during the day, when a man is usually in an upright position. Now, the body is dependent for its warmth on the vigor of the circulation, and as the blood flows so much more slowly through the veins when one is lying down the warmth lost in the reduced circulation must be supplied by extra coverings.—Milwaukee Wisconsin.

Boy Soldiers.

The best material of which to make fighting soldiers is found in boys from 16 to 21. This is the expression of old commanders. There were many captains in the civil war who were under 20 years of age. There were brigadier generals only 21 years old. General Grant was under 40 when he entered the war. Stonewall Jackson had won immortal fame at 38 and died at 39. General Sheridan was a general at 30. Fitz-Hugh Lee was a major general at 29. Alexander had conquered the world before he was 33. Napoleon became master of Egypt, crossed the Alps and fought the battle of Marengo at 30. Young men make the best soldiers. The civil war was fought by young men and boys.

Wouldn't Alter His Picture.

A friend of Arnold Bocklin relates that when that eminent artist was quite a young man he married a Roman girl, beautiful and accomplished, but as poor as the young artist. Their daily meal often consisted of a pot of beans. Yet the artist would not sacrifice his ideals for any sum of money. One time he painted a landscape for a wealthy German merchant, who, as the prospective owner of the picture, asked him to make certain changes in it. This the bean eating painter refused to do, though the price offered him for the altered picture was nearly $1,000.

Advertising in Germany.

German ways of advertising are considerably different from the pushing methods of the Americans. In the electric street cars in Leipsic what few advertising cards there are find a place on the ceiling instead of around and below it. In the theaters permanent signs appear above the stage setting. German ideas of the fitness of things are better than the Saxon's in this respect at least. Window displays are popular, and many of the windows of the large stores extend down to the floors of the basements.

Perhaps the chief mode of street or public advertisement in Leipsic is the use of a large number of circular columns, about 4 feet in diameter and 12 feet in height, which are stationed throughout the city in conspicuous places. On the cylindrical surfaces of these iron columns advertisements in great variety are displayed. The form and style used are modest and are usually only small paper placards, of a great variety of colors, announcing the name of the article, its merits and uses. Here also are posted the opera and theater programmes, in type not much larger than the ordinary newspaper size. These advertising posts correspond in a measure to the fence display advertising so much used in American cities, but are really not much more than public bulletin boards.—New York Press.

TURNER, BEETON & CO.,

Liquors
Wines
Cigars
Beer
Tobaccos
Carpets
Mattings

Dry Goods
Boots and Shoes
Tents
Cigarettes
Cement
Rugs
Curtains

Flour and Feed
Drill Steel
Ore Bags
Plaster
Fire Clay
Teas
Etc.

Victoria, B. C., Vancouver, B. C., and London, Eng.

KOOTENAY BRANCH
NELSON, B. C.

CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY
AND SOO LINE

Quick Time, Good Service, Fewest Changes, Lowest Rates,

Through tickets to and from all parts of Canada and the United States.
No customs difficulties with baggage.
Tourist cars pass Revelstoke daily to St. Paul, Mondays for Toronto, Thursdays for Montreal and Boston, Fridays for St. John, N. B.

Daily Train

To Rossland, Trail, Robson:

Daily — Daily
6:40 p.m. leaves — NELSON — arrives 10:30 p.m.

Kootenay Lake—Kaslo Route. Str. Kokanee
Ex. Sun. — Ex. Sun.
4 p. m. leaves — NELSON — arrives 7:11 a.m.

Kootenay River Route, Str. Moyie:
Mon Wed and Fri. — Tues. Thurs and Sat
8 a. m. leaves — NELSON — arrives 6:50 p. m.
Makes connection at Pilot Bay with str Kokanee in both directions. Steamers on their respective routes call at principal landings in both directions, and at other points when signalled.
Main line and intermediate points via Slocan City:

Daily — Daily
6.30 a.m. leaves — NELSON — arrives 8:30 p.m.

Ascertain rates and full information from nearest local agent, C. E. Beasley, City Ticket Agent, Nelson, B. C., or R. W. DREW, Agent, Nelson, B. C.

W. F. Anderson, Travelling Pass. Agent, Nelson, B.C.
E. J. Coyle, Dist. Pass. Agent Vancouver B.C.

Atlantic Steamship Tickets.

To and from European points via Canadian and American lines. Apply for sailing dates, rates, tickets and full information to any C. P. R. agent or

C. P. R. City Ticket Agent, Nelson.
W. STITT, Gen S. S. Agt., Winnipeg.

JOHN McLATCHIE

Dominion and Provincial Land Surveyor,

Opp. Custom House, Nelson, B. C.

ODDS AND ENDS

Ethel—Do you meet many people while wheeling? Tom—Oh, yes; I run across a friend occasionally.

Little Clarence—Pa, what do people feather their nests with? Mr. Callipers—Cash down is the thing I know of.

Mr. Jack—Isn't that skirt-dancer a peach? Mrs. Jack—I should say she was more like brown sugar: very sweet, but coarse; a little off color, and decidedly unrefined.

"Hullo, Impudence," said the turkey to the Cranberry. "Why do you call me that?" demanded the Cranberry, flushing up. "Because you are sauce," retorted the Turkey, and the Pumpkin Pie laughed so hard he broke his crust.

Papa—See the spider, my boy, spinning his web. Is it not wonderful? Do you reflect that, try as he may, no man could spin that web? Johnny—What of it? See me spin this top! Do you reflect that, try as he may, no spider could spin this top?

"Does the sense of responsibility ever weigh on you?" asked the bore; "do you ever pause to think that at your hands lies the entertainment of thousands?" "Well," said the comedian, "I know that in the drunken sense I am assuming a great load."

"You are an iceburg!" exclaimed her elderly but well-preserved adorer, pale with anger and mortification; "a dozen Cupids, with a hundred arrows each, could never find a vulnerable place in your flinty heart!" Not if they used an old *beau* to shoot with, Mr. Wellup," coldly replied the young and beautiful Miss Flyppe.

Parsons Produce Co.

BUTTER, EGGS, CHEESE, APPLES,
CURED MEATS, VEGETABLES.

WHOLESALE ONLY.

HEAD OFFICE---Winnipeg.
BRANCHES---Vancouver, Victoria, Nelson, Rossland, B. C., and Dawson City, N. W. T. Full Stock carried at Nelson

P. J. RUSSELL, Manager Nelson Branch

Hockey Sticks, Hockey Pucks, Toboggans, Coasters,

Office and Pocket Diaries, 1899

The Canada Drug and Book Co., L'td.

LAMPS

Banquet, Hanging, Hall and Glass Stand Lamps. Useful Christmas Gifts.

Goods and Prices Right.

Lawrence Hardware Co.'y

BAKER STREET, NELSON, B. C.

M. R. SMITH & CO.

(ESTABLISHED 1858.)

Manufacturers of

BISCUITS AND CONFECTIONERY

Write us for Prices, or CARLEY & PEEL, of Nelson.

VICTORIA AND VANCOUVER