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THE NELSON ECONOMIST.

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EDITORIAL COMMENT.

TO MORROW (January 5th) the Legislature of the Province of British Columbia convenes. It is not believed that the new government will be able to elect a speaker. It is not what they are going to do, but what they have already done, that interests the people most at this time. When four months ago, Lieut.-Governor McInnes rode rough shod over the constitution and deposed Hon. Mr. Turner, the affairs of this country were conducted in a thoroughly satisfactory manner. It is quite true that there were some who at that time were prone to criticize Mr. Turner and his colleagues, but a taste of Joe Martinism has taught the most rabid opponent of the former that the affairs of the country could have been conducted worse than they were when Mr. Turner was cast out and the country handed over to Joseph Martin and his hungry horde of office-seekers. So far as Kootenay is concerned there is just ground for complaint. No one goes so far as to accuse the present government of neglect, but the strongest champion of Mr. Martin will not deny that ignorance of prevailing conditions and requirements has marked every change in the existing order of affairs. Mining is our staple industry and the greatest revenue producer is the miner, yet we find the agricultural government of Mr. Martin, who would rather reign in hell than serve in heaven, actually tampering with the mineral regulations to the great disadvantage of the mining man. Take, for instance, the rescinding of the regulation in the mineral act made under section 161 whereby a miner whose license had expired should have the same antedated on payment of a small fee and supplying evidence that the renewal of his rights did not conflict with those of any other free miner. This was manifestly a fair provision, and was made for the protection of the miner. The very occupation of the prospector cuts him off from communication with the outside world. He is not afforded an opportunity of keeping posted on the changes in the mining regulations, and in many cases miners have returned from their season's work on their claims, to find that their whole time, through a lapse of a few days in their license, had been a dead loss. This is only one of the many instances of crass ignorance of which the present administration have been guilty. The tendency of the legislation of Mr. Turner's government was to encourage legitimate mining development, the aim of Joseph Martin is apparently to kill the goose that lays the golden eggs.

In discussing the conduct of the present government THE ECONOMIST has referred to Hon. Joseph Martin as the head and front of the whole offensive organization. Our reason for doing so must be quite obvious. The other members of the government have been content with the distinction and importance of having an honorable before their names. The real work of government has been entrusted to Mr. Martin. It is difficult to understand why a gentleman of Mr. Cotton's acknowledged ability should be content to play second fiddle to a man who has nothing but obstinacy and contumacy to recommend him to distinction. Some profess to believe that Mr. Cotton is only giving the self-constituted leader enough hemp to complete the process of self-strangulation. That may be the case, but the Minister of Finance should remember that the people will find it extremely difficult to disassociate, even a person of his ability and shrewdness, from the vices of his government.

Mr. Semlin is an amiable gentleman, whose genius lies more in the direction of conducting the affairs of ranch than those of a Province. Not but what Mr. Semlin with clean, healthy associates, would become a very useful member of a government. His greatest difficulty now lies in his inability to skake off the overshadowing presence of Hon. Joseph Martin. Mr. Semlin is a leader in name only. It does not appear to have occurred to Mr. Semlin that he keeps Mr. Martin in his cabinet at a sacrifice to his own self-respect.

The interior principles of weakness and decay are becoming more and more manifest as the day for the meeting of the Legislature approaches. The members thereof in their guilty consciences must feel that they are usurpers and that in common decency they should never have undertaken the task imposed upon them by Lieutonant-Governor McInnes, and which act will undoubtedly be investigated by the higher powers of the Dominion.

IN a late issue of London *Truth*, Henry Labouchere discusses the sentiment existing between England and France. Mr. Labouchere attended school both in France and England, and he feels free to confess that if English or French landscape is decorated with evidence of mutual love and affection, he never stumbled across any of the same while he was at school in England and France, Mr. Labouchere went first to a school in France, where the boys unanimously kicked him for being an Englishman, and returned to his native country to finish his education at a school where the boys with the same cheerful unanimity kicked him for being a Frenchman.

IT should shock that eminent evangelical lay preacher, Hon. Samuel Blake, of Toronto, to learn that his more distinguished brother, the Hon. Edward Blake, M. P., addressed a large meeting of Mr. Dillon's section of the Irish Nationalist party in the Scottish commercial metropolis on a recent Sunday.

THE electors of Cowichan turned down Mr. Semlin's typewriter, who had resigned his position to contest that constituency. Wonder if Mr. Semlin will be able now to turn swords into typewriters.

THE Toronto *Telegram* believes that Canada never had a better chance to give the American people practical proof that she is absolutely independent in spirit, if not in name, than through the Anglo-American conference. Quiet acceptance of a treaty which gives immense benefit to the United States and inconsequential gains to Canada would not be at all

likely to alter the conditions said to be responsible for this country's inability to secure fair play from the Republic. Open rejection of a treaty from which this country can expect little or nothing, in the face of Lord Herschell's desire for a treaty at any cost, will cause the American people to wake up to the fact that Canada, when her interests demand it, is big enough and sufficiently independent, to ignore, at once the scant favors of the United States and the approbation of Great Britain.

A BIOGARPHER in the St. John, N. B., *Sun* writes:

"The maritime provinces have contributed one or two governors to other provinces. The late lieut.-governor of British Columbia, His Honor Thomas Robert McInnes, M. D., was born at Lake Ainslie, N. S., in 1840. He took his medical degree at Rush Medical College, Chicago, in 1869. He enjoyed a lucrative practice at New Westminster, B. C., was mayor of the city 1876-8, represented that constituency in the House of Commons from 1878 to 1881, and in the latter year was called to the Senate. He was appointed lieutenant-governor of the province in November, 1897, but did not enjoy the distinction long, as he died the following year."

The biographer is in error. Lieutenant-Governor McInnes is not dead. It was the British constitution that died in 1898.

IF the following from the Victoria *Colonist* be true, Hon Joseph Martin has certainly demonstrated his desire to give British Columbia an ecomomical government. "There is a rumor that Mr. Joseph Martin, attorney-general of British Columbia, comes to Victoria occasionally, but he is so little in evidence in propria persona, that there has been some difficulty in obtaining confirmation of it. Inquiry has revealed that he does come here when his private business permits, and that during these brief visits, he snatches a few hours of "tired nature's sweet restorer, balmy sleep" in an apartment specially fitted up for that purpose in the parliament buildings. We draw attention to this not to suggest that there is any danger of Mr. Martin's snores, if he does snore, endangering the stability of the provincial structure nor to convey the impression that he is violating any principle of the British constitution by using a public room for a private chamber. It is a novelty in its way, but Mr. Martin has treated us to so many novelties that a little one like this will not excite more than passing comment. Our real reason for mentioning the matter is to draw the attention of the *Times* to it. Our contemporary will remember the indignation with which it scouted the idea, that a member of the civil service should be allowed to use electric light, paid for out of the treasury, in the nefarious occupation of making plans for his private use. If that was a misdemeanor, Mr. Martin's act is a crime. Here we have a man, in receipt of a handsome salary for devoting several days a month to the public business, using light paid for out of the treasury to see to go to bed by sleeping in a room warmed by fuel, paid for out of the treasury, occupying for his own private sleeping purposes a room in a building paid for out of the treasury and for the cost of which the tax payers of British Columbia are paying interest every year, having his bed made up by a janitor paid out of the treasury, and breathing atmosphere to which every man, woman and child in British Columbia has as much right as he has. The *Colonist* does not desire to be understood as raising any objection. The members of the government may sleep in their offices and eat their lunches down in the basement, if it suits their taste, and the *Colonist* will not complain. But it is clearly the duty of the *Times* to send out a clarion note of protest."

THE many friends in this city of "Ginger" Snooks, late candidate for municipal honors in Winnipeg, feel very depressed ever that gentleman's defeat. In fact there is some talk of getting up a popular subscription here to unearth the bribery that must have contributed to Mr. Snooks' overthrow.

The Sandon *Paystreak* is cultivating the unfortunate habit of asking too many questions. For instance our contemporary would like to know: "Why has the member for Yale-Kootenay in the Commons not made a public appearance in the Slocan for over two years? Why is he not more thoroughly in touch with the people he is supposed to represent? Why, if he represents this district, does he not make a study of the lead tariff, and not have to admit ignorance when approached on the subject?" Mr. Bostock is about the only man who can intelligently answer these questions.

SO FAR, it must be confessed by the most ardent admirers of Mr. Bostock's genius, that that gentleman has not done anything that would make it profitable for a chewing gum manufacturer to give the name of Bostock to any special brand as a business proposition.

AN Irish Catholic layman writes to the London *Daliy News* advocating the establishment of a Catholic University in Ireland. He cities in support of his scheme the example set in Canada.

THERE is some talk of getting up a municipal ticket that will sprinkle chloride of lime over the East End abominations.

DURING the Cowichan election very little was heard of the Provincial Secretary's speeches. No doubt he was holding himself in reserve for the meeting of the House, when, we understand, he will treat the assembled legislators to an intellectual and oratorical feast.

WHAT a pathetic picture it is to see the ancient and patriarchal David sitting at the feet of Joseph with the coat of many martins, imbibing worldly and political wisdom. Possibly Joseph watteth not that the Higgins raiment is now worn "lining outwards" and hath not remembered the words of the prophet: Behold there is much guile in his smile and birdlime in his whiskers.

MR. HUME, of the Martin-Semlim political combination, has purchased a house in Victoria from Mr. Hedley Chapman, of the Martin-Chapman divorce court combination. What funny people these Martins must be.

THE Kootenay Teachers' Institute must be congratulated on the success attending its convention held in Nelson. Interchange of ideas as to the best manner of carrying on school work is of great assistance in the advancement of education. To Col. Baker, late Minister of Education is due the credit of taking our provincial school system out of politics, and that it has resulted beneficially from an educational standpoint no one will doubt. British Columbia has made great strides in educational matters during the last decade.

IT seems strange that the regulation prohibiting a gold commissioner or a mining recorder from holding a free miner's license was not made to apply to a Minister of Mines. If the principal is a good one in the cases of gold commissioners and mining recorders, it should be equally meritorious if carried to the head of the mining department.

THE storm which is now raging in Victoria is but a gentle forerunner of the political cyclone that will will strike the capital Thursday.

THE *Colonist* says Neill of Alberni, will not take his seat and the *Times* says contra, and there you are.

UP to the hour of going to press Hon. Fred Hume's free miner's certificate had not been cancelled.

THE Stars and Stripes now fly over Havana, and the wandering mariner may now mistake the flag of the United States for the aurora borealis as he casts his glass in the direction of Castle Moro. It was once a war for humanity, but the raising of the Stars and Stripes on New Years Day would seem to indicate that there was an element of conquest in the late war.

WOULD some one please indicate where J. M. Kellie stands in all this talk of new political combinations?

WHAT explanation can Joseph Martin offer for the present disorganized state of the public service?

THE proceedings of a recent meeting of the Victoria police commissioners supply food for reflection. In years past the Victoria police commissioners have had the reputation of being men of the world—that is, men who

paid their bills and didn't hope to stem the tide of human nature by police proceedings. Latterly, however, a new man has supplanted one of the old commissioners. He is a good-living person—one Hezekiah Hall—and a law-giver of divine wisdom and deep, penetrating thought. Mr. Hall is circumspect in his behavior, and he is anxious to see his city a model of all that is virtuous and good. He has already waged a war on the gambling element and the police have been threatened with the wrath of Mr. Hall if they do not suppress gambling. Latterly Mr. Hall has taken up that most perplexing problem, the social evil question: He being a man absolutely pure and without sin,—the only one in fact since the days of the Divine Master on this earth—he feels that it is incumbent upon him to cast the first stone. At the meeting of the commissioners the other evening, Mr. Hall held up his hands in holy horror at the devices practised by these creatures to lure the youth of Victoria into dens of infamy and vice. The other commissioners were inclined to doubt Mr. Hall's charges, and stated that they had walked along the streets in which these women lived, and had passed through the fiery furnace unscathed. But it was different with the godly Mr. Hall. He had prowled around certain streets and beheld scenes of a most harrowing character. Yea, he had seen women on Chathan street in loose wrappers talking to men and beckoning to them. It was suggested that these women might have been talking to their husbands, but Mr. Hall knew better. It always appears to strange to the ordinary thinking man, why it is that good men like the new police commissioner of Victoria can ferret out evil and bad places, which men of the world fail to discover. Mr. Hall, it appears, has great genius in this direction.

As announced in these columns last week, Mr. George Neelands will offer himself as a candidate for mayor. Mr. Neelands' friends believe he will make a good run for the office, but do not feel altogether certain of his election. Already the nucleus of an organization, which has for its object the election of Mr. Neelands, has been started. On the other hand, the friends of the present mayor are canvassing. They feel confident that Mayor Houston will capture the coveted prize. They say that Mr. Houston has accomplished a great deal for Nelson with the funds at his disposal; that he has taken a keen interest in everything that had for its object the advancement of the city, and that the man who has worked such wonders should not be lightly cast aside. They point to the streets and sidewalks as evidence of their contentions. The Economist is convinced that this is a matter in which every man should judge for himself. If Mayor Houston has done all that his friends claim he has done, he should be elected, but if Mr. Neelands can, and the people are convinced will, do more his claims should at least be considered. Without favoring one side or the other, we may say that it is very probable Mr. Houston will serve another term. We gather that much from the friends of Mr. Neelands.

There are two new candidates in the field for aldermanic honors—Dr. G. B. Hall and Mr. Rex Macdonald. Both are well known citizens and if elected would no doubt work for the city's interests. It is understood that some of the old board will not offer again for election.

The petition in the case of Martin vs Deane has been adjourned until January 18, and will be tried at Kamloops before Mr. Justice Walkem. Mr. Gordon Hunter has charge of the case for Mr. Martin.

Encouraged by the success of Lieut Hobson on his kissing tour, that other great warrior, Col. Gregory, of Victoria, is now travelling through the east, with what success, if any, we have not heard.

According to reports from Victoria, D. W. Higgins will not consent to act again as speaker of the Legislature. It is understood the Hon. David has his tearful eye on a portfolio.

The dividends of the Bank of England are declared semi-annually at the rate of 5 per cent. per annum. As the paid-up capital is £14,533,000 the dividends amount to £727,650. The last semi-annually meeting was held last month when the net profits were reported at £731,219 and the usual dividend was declared free of all taxes. After deducting the dividend the amount of rest or reserve was £3,746,523, or about 25 per cent. of the capital. Many less pretentious banks throughout the world pay larger rates per annum, but English stock-holders are quite content with a 5 per cent. dividend, so long as it is reliable.

It will be nothing short of a public calamity if British Columbia is not represented at the Greater Britain Exhibition to be held in London the coming summer. It is most likely that every one of the other Provinces will have space, and in view of the figure which British Columbia cuts in the money world just now, she would look very foolish standing out in the cold. There never was a time when the Province stood a better chance of attracting investors than at the present time, with the British capitalist turning from both Australia and South Africa towards British Columbia. In fact, it strikes many that it would be suicidal for the present government to let the opportunity slip for the sake of a few dollars. And it is this fear that is likely to work the damage. It is essentially, in fact vitally important that not a moment should be lost, if anything like a creditable exhibit is to be got together. Kootenay's interests depend to a vast extent on this venture, and the boards of trade throughout the whole district should take this matter up at once, and urge upon whatever government may be in power the desirability of having an exhibit of the product of our mines at London, and the same to be placed in charge of some one who is acquainted with the history of mining development in this Province.

As an evidence of the ignorance prevailing in the Postmaster-General's department, it is pointed out that although the Crow's Nest Pass line has been opened for passenger service for some time past no arrangement has yet been made to secure an eastern mail service over that route. As a result the merchants of Nelson are put to reat inconvenience. It is a pity Mr. Bostock does not shed a few rays of intelligence on Postmaster-General Mulock.

The Nelson *Tribune* made its appearance as a daily last Tuesday. It maintains the same high standard in its enlarged sphere of operations that it did as a weekly publication. There is no change in its policy, but will continue to espouse the cause of the Conservative party. Both the Conservatives and Liberals are now represented with daily papers in Nelson.

Hon. A. S. Hardy, Premier and Attorney-General of Ontario has informed the divisional registrar at Brockville, that a marriage ceremony performed in Canada by a minister resident in the United States, is not legal. Two cases of marriage have come to light at Brockville, during the present year, both of which are illegal in the light of this opinion, and no doubt there are many others, throughout the Dominion, of a similar nature. The only way to overcome the difficulty is for the parties thus united to have the ceremony performed again, and by a clergyman resident in Canada.

The postage on domestic letters has been reduced from 3 to 2 cents. Mr. Mulock could not face parliment with such an anomaly in existence as a charge of 2 cents on a letter for points 10,000 miles away, while 3 cents had to be paid for carrying a letter 10 miles or less in Canada. The Conservative press generally have emphasized the inconsistency of the government's position, and Mr. Mulock had to succumb to the inevitable. The reduced rate went into effect on January 1, and applies to letters addressed to the United States equally as to Canada. The loss in revenue consequent upon the change will range from $400,000 to $500,000 for the half year to June 30 and for the next fiscal year cannot be less than $800,000. Mr. Mulock hopes, however, according to a dispatch, to secure some extra revenue by another shuffle of stamps. The 3-cent stamp is to die a natural death, and the color of the present two-cent stamp—not the "Vaster empire than has been" issue—is to be changed to red; so that stamp collectors may begin to put away the twos and threes.

FROM PRAIRIE TO PALACE.

Who I am, and where I came from, matters little just now for the purpose of my story, but I can say this much, that I am the son of one who at home in England was looked up to by thousands, who took a prominent part in the political turmoil of our great country, helped to mould the destiny of the nation and add pages to her history.

Why I left home can be told in a few words. Like many another who has reached this land of broad prairies and promises, I was sent out because I would not behave myself there, and in order to avoid further disgracing my family, my father called me into the library one afternoon, talked the matter over in his quiet business-like way and told me he would give me another opportunity, and that in Manitoba—over the sea—I would be cut adrift from my old associates, and could, if I tried, redeem my character and make a name in that new land for myself.

I did not care much at that time where I went. I was deeply involved in debt and my father's offer to arrange all my affairs had a good deal to do with shaping my course out to this country. I should have preferred Australia, a country I had read a lot about, and Charlie Melville, my college chum, had just returned from there and gave such glowing accounts of the game of every description, such suppers and theatre going, balls and parties to no end, that I should have gone there, had I had my choice, but the matter did not lie entirely in my own hands. My father, the Earl of K——— had, what I then thought, old fashioned notions of morality, and his ideas were entirely too tame for me. My two elder brothers were very different from myself, and led quiet, exemplary lives, while I on the contrary, gave full scope to my passions and full swing to my allowance, which I always spent and generally had pledged three or four quarters ahead. Things had been getting worse with me for a year previous to the time I open my story. I had been rushing headlong into dissipation, and about a week before my interview with my father, nad in order to raise funds to pay a gambling debt, put another name than my own at the bottom of a piece of paper.

The fraud was discovered sooner than I supposed it would be. I had all along thought that something would turn up that I could take up the paper before it became due, but I was down in my luck and the whole thing burst on my father like a thunderclap. Why I did it, I can only say that I was desperate with losses at the card table (I had been posted at my club some weeks before for cheating) and had recourse to regular gambling cribs, and it was while in one of these the paper was signed that brought me up short and that is why my lot came to be cast out in this country.

My father was very cool in his language, as he told me the disgrace I had been to our family, of the great social crime I had committed, and with a warning to look out for myself in the future, he placed a ticket for Winnipeg in my hand along with a letter of credit on the Bank of Montreal for two hundred pounds, and giving me two ten pound notes besides, bid me good-bye. I was not permitted to see any of the rest of the family, but was bundled into a cab, my luggage was sent on, the driver told to drop me at Euston Station, where I booked for Liverpool.

I arrived there on a Saturday and had a great blow-out all day Sunday.

The vessel, the Parisian of the Allen line, sailed on Monday, so sending my boxes on board I strolled along the dock for an hour or so, and feeling pretty well knocked up, I went on board, made friends with the steward and tumbled into my berth. There was not much occurred to interest me on the voyage. I was deathly sick all the way over and not until we were well up the Gulf, was I in any sort of shape to appear on deck. We reached Montreal on Wednesday morning and immediately started for Winnipeg via the C. P. R. The express made good time and in a little short of three days I found myself as far as my ticket would carry me.

When I got off at the depot in Winnipeg I was hailed by a number of hotel runners and sizing them up I spotted "Dick" of the Grand Union, to whom I gave my brasses and was driven to what is now known as "Old Man Gerrie's Boarding House."

Registering my name as John Cromby Waldyn, I shook hands with the genial bald-headed manager, who afterwards was introduced to me as "Sam" and immediately borrowing five bob (to be put down in the bill) we interviewed the bartender, who in spite of the arduous duties devolving upon him, struggled hard to keep up the good old Scotch name of Campbell.

We smiled as they termed it and repeated the operation again, when in walked a dapper-smooth-faced-rosy-cheekad-smiling-all-over-little-masher. I was introduced and found him to be Billy Cameron, one of the boys and a pleasant spoken, kind-hearted fellow. We became chums at once and during my stay in Winnipeg had many jolly evenings and nights together in his room at the back of the Union Bank. I also met Tom Greenway and Joe Martin, (beg pardon gentlemen you were only plain Tom and Joe then although you are honorables now) and I will always remember them as I first knew them.

Having cashed my letter of credit, I was induced by Mr. Eden, of the land department of the M. & N. W. Ry. to go out and look at land along that line. I had no idea of farming, nor intention to farm, but as I had a pass over the line I went.

At Portage la Prairie where I stopped for three days, I met several new arrivals like myself, and all apparently with as little desire or inclination to work as I had. I went up the line, stopping off at each station for the next train until I struck (to use an American word) a construction train at Birtle and went through to Langenburg. Here is where the luck seemed to strike me. I met here a detachment of the Northwest Mounted Police, and from the accounts they gave me of the duties they had to perform, I drove through to Regina. It took nearly four days, and I had all the driving I wanted for awhile. Here I made application to Col. Herchmer and was accepted, and after a couple of weeks in barracks was sent down along with three others to Moosomin. Here our duties were little else than whiskey detectives. We boarded all trains from the east and searched for liquor, and generally found enough to keep ourselves supplied, and most of the time had some to spare for those of our friends who stood in with us.

I had not been in Moosomin long before some Indians from Gamblers Reserve camped on the outskirts of the town. There was one bright, active young squaw, black-eyed, with jet black hair and teeth so pearly white, as would excite the envy of our Kensington girls at home.

Well, I married her. Yes, we stood up before the minister and were pronounced man and wife.

I thought I never should go back to England, and my faith in woman-kind not being very strong, I thought a squaw less like to deceive me than one of her fair skinned sisters. I bought my discharge from the police and moved my goods and chattels over to the Reserve. The Indians here I found to be an intelligent lot, a long way ahead of those on Pie-a-pots Reserve, a short distance from Regina. Many were as good farmers as the white settlers, and several families were exceptionally well educated. My wife had been to the missionary school at Qu'Appelle, and besides being able to speak and write English fluently, was a good French scholar. Well life was quiet with me here. I shot ducks and chickens, went out with several Indians to Lizard Point and got some large game, such as moose and an occasional bear. We trapped, hunted, fished, rode ponies, and I helped my dusky squaw with her bead work. Time rolled on and one fine morning my wife presented me with twins—a boy and a girl—fine, healthy, robust, children, a little dark I must admit but bearing something distinctly English in their faces. A few weeks after my babies were born, I received a cable from home, that my two brothers had died of fever, and father was very low and to come home at once.

I immediately started and roached home in time to receive my father's blessing and forgiveness, and to close his eyes.

Here I was now, Earl of K——— with a house in Kensington, a shooting box down in Devon, any quantity of bank and mining stock, besides the old castle in Lincolnshire, where for centuries our family had literarally reigned, and last but not least an Indian wife with two babies on an Indian Reserve in Manitoba.

I did not hesitate long about my duty. Once and only once the thought came over me. "They don't know your real name out there. They will never find you here. Forget them." But though "the mistakes of my life had been many" I was not going to add to them.

After the funeral, and plans for the future had been arranged, I came back to my wife

on the Reserve. Imagine her surprise when I told her she was the Countess of K——. She did not grasp my meaning at first, nor even yet does she realize what is in store for her. Her old father cried when we left and her mother wanted to keep our "papooses" as a sort of pledge I would some day bring her daughter back from over the "big water." We came in yesterday and are stopping at the Queen's, and leave to-night for old England. What a "furor" there will be in London when my squaw is presented in Buckingham Palace. Will she be? She has got to be! I came down to her level when I was poor, unknown and almost friendless, now she comes up to mine when I am wealthy, popular and surrounded with friends.

She is a good wife to me and I am not ashamed of her, and in a few days more, when I reach that land I left scarcely three years ago, almost an outlaw, when we reach there with all the joys and prospect of a happy life before us, what do we need more.

Will their refusal to recognize my wife, to give her the position in society my rank and great wealth entitle her to—cast a gloom over our lives? Hardly.

She will by her peculiar beauty create a sensation in London, and I know a set that will take her up and initiate her into all the mysteries of modern society, and next year when the twins are weaned, she will be presented at court, and I know, will not disgrace the honored title of Countess of K——.—*Canada Siftings.*

The New Government.

(To the Editor.)

SIR,—As the first session of the new government is approaching, the people of Kootenay naturally look forward with much interest to see what is going to be the result of a change of policy towards this section of country. The Nelson division has at last got a representation in the cabinet, and it will be interesting to note Mr. Hume's conduct during the coming session. Will he assert his independence and manhood and demand in no uncertain tones a fair proportion of expenditures in public works for the district, or is he going to knuckle under to Joe Martin, who, coming from an agricultural and mortgage-stricken district, knows as much about the needs of western mining camps as some of us do about deporting ourselves with wings and a harp?

The question arises, can a leopard change his spots? In other words, can the Hon. J. Fred Hume put his foot down in such a manner as to assure "Joe" he means business? The Hon. Fred need have no fear if he will only harden his heart, stiffen his backbone and demand Kootenay's rights and get them; he will then have the men of this section at his back, which speaks volumes, as anyone familiar with the character of we westerners knows our independence and determination, and hatred of a truckling spirit in anyone—particularly our public men.

Hume and others freely criticized the Turner government—on their policy of development—now these same critics have a chance to show what they are made of, and let us hope when the show-down comes we will not have a continuation of the miserable, cheese-paring, small-potato policy that has been our lot to observe since the Semlin-Martin combination got to work.

By way of warning to Mr. Hume: he should thoroughly understand the people of this section are in such a humor just now that any further "monkeying" will be liable to make us upset the band wagon the first opportunity we get.

Yours truly, HIU CUMTUX.

Stands Scotland Where She Did?

"Should auld acquaintance be forgot?"
"No, Donald, not by me;
An' sae when fifty years are past
You've ventured o'er the sea.
We baith were young the day I sailed,
An' now we baith are gray,
Stands Scotland where she did, dear lad?
For I've been lang away."

Our gude auld Mither Scotland stands
Upon a rock sae sure,
She willna lose her footing, Tam,
While Caith and Truth endure.
She keeps her Sabbaths as of auld—
There is no better way;
Auld Scotland stands just where she did
Upon the Sabbath day.

The glow o' time an' tender love,
Wives crowned wi' motherhood,
Still keep the key o' noble hearts
As wives an' mithers should.
The hoary head is honored still,
Bairns do as they are bid,
Auld Scotland stands upon her hearths,
Just where she ever did.

An' in her schools an' markets yet
Her cannie lads hae sense
To haud the grip o' solid things,
An' scorn a puir pretense,
They wander east, they wander west,
Through rich and bonnie lands,
But just where Scotland ever stood,
In Scotchmen's hearts she stands.

An' yet, Tam, lad, my tears downfa',
An' my auld heart is sair,
For on the Highland hills you'll see
The plaided Gael nae mair.
The tartan an' the philabeg,
The clansman and the chief,
The verra Gaelic speech has gave
As gaes the autumn leaf.

An' English lords an' stranger folk,
Ken every Highland glen,
An' Scottish lairds are lairds o' sheep
That aince were lairds o' men.
While the brave lads whose slogan was
On every hill—"Claymore!"
Now fight, as they alone can fight,
On many a foreign shore.

Oh, lad, be glad the fight is o'er
On our dear native hills,
For wrong shall dread that cry—"Claymore!"
Where'er its warning thrills.
Better the sheep on highland hills,
The strath wi' barley sowed,
An' God help Scotland, when its best
To tak' the onward road.

Then here's her health, my brither Scot,
An' gie me your right hand;
An' as she's stood in a' that's good
So may auld Scotland stand.
But if to tak' the onward step
Her sense o' right approves,
Then help her, lad, wi' heart an' soul,
An' thank God that she moves!

LOCAL AND PROVINCIAL.

James Neelands is ill with typhoid fever.

S. J. Mighton has given up his cigar store in the Postoffice.

The boat from Revelstoke did not reach Robson last night.

Walter Askew has returned from a visit to relatives on the coast.

There were twenty school teachers in the city this week attending the Institute.

The duty collected at the Nelson custom office in December amounted to $13,493 30.

The children of the Methodist church will hold a Christmas tree entertainment to-morrow night.

The match between Nelson and Rossland New Year's Day was won by the latter team on its merits. The team play of Rossland was excellent.

George Patridge has refused to accept the challenge of Joe Fitzgerald, of Tacoma, for a contest for points. Mr. Partridge says he is not in the business for money.

During the past year there were registered at Nelson Registry office 78 births, 185 marriages and 155 deaths. The Nelson office includes the Trail Creek, Slocan and Nelson division.

Chas. Donagh will as soon as the skating season closes, transform his rink into a place of entertainment. A new floor will be placed in the building and a stage big enough to accommodate the largest attractions on the road. Mr. Donagh has arranged to play nearly all the attractions on the Spokane circuit.

Mr. P. J. Russell will leave for Winnipeg this evening to make arrangements for the erection of a large warehouse for the Parsons Produce Co., the pioneer wholesale house of the Kootenay. The business here under Mr. Russell's direction has increased to that extent as to make enlarged quarters a necessity.

The smoking concert under the auspices of the Nelson fire brigade last Friday night was a grand success. There were solos and instrumental music by Messrs. Winter, Baker, Irving and Caldwell, and recitations by others. The feature of the evening was the performance on the slack-wire by the renowned Joseph Downs, and which brought forth rapturous applause. The sparring between Messrs. Jeffs and Thompson was clever, and the same should be said of the 3-round contest between Messrs Partridge and Chambers.

Purses and Wallets, Choice Goods, Silver Mounted, at Thomson Stationery Co., Ltd.

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The Prudent Housewife Uses

GOLD DROP FLOUR

For Health and Happiness

WHEAT MANNA

—FOR BREAKFAST.

REVERIES OF A BACHELOR.

There was nothing remarkable about its appearance. It was just a pretty diary bound in red morocco, that any girl with good taste might present to some one in whom she was interested. On the fly leaf, in a pretty feminine hand, was written: "From Jess to Jack."

That was all; but it made all the difference in the world to the handsome young fellow who was fingering it with a half-tender, half-amused smile on his face.

"Dear Jess, I wonder how long the thinks I shall keep this up. But I really, must make some use of it; so, for a starter I'll—

"Let me see:

"January 1, 1897. That's all right, but what shall I write about? Let me—that'll do splendidly. It's from her, and it shall be about her. Here goes:

"'Don't seem to be progressing with Jess. She's always sweet and kind to me—but that is all. Wonder if she really cares for me? I know but too well that the old folks favor that confounded cad Lorimer, who has more money than friends, and less brains than either. She always calls me "Mr. Trevor," and yet she, on this very book, writes "From Jess to Jack." Women are curious creatures; yes and sweet, too—some of them.'

'Ta-ta, diary, until tomorrow night."

And until the following night there it lay on the little oak desk beside the glass-mounted photograph of a face one would look at twice. It was not a beautiful face. There was a suggestion of snub about the nose that, nevertheless, was dainty. The chin would not have pleased all sculptors. The lips—well, they were decidedly kissable; but the eyes, ah! they were, after all, what made the picture interesting. They were great tender eyes, whose long lashes that must have been dark, could not rob them of their soulfulness. They were eyes that could love and be loved.

And their owner's name was Jess.

The diary was not neglected the next night. And as Jack picked it up he kissed it, and the picture too, and—

"Ah, dear! is it hope? Do you know your heart? I fear it may be only kindness. But if—Pshaw! why the deuce am I getting morbid? I have gay news for you, you little red-headed rascal, and gayly I'll write.

"'January 2, 1897.—I'm an idiot. I must be. This evening, in desperation, I asked Jess to marry me. I must have done it in a brutally unsuitor-like manner. But—well, I was desperate and the pretty little dove only said, "Don't ask me now, Jack. Wait a little." And that's why I am an idiot, for I suppose I should feel as gay as a lark at not being turned dowd completely. But I feel that I shall never get her. I wish I were rich like that fellow Lorimer, who watches me like a mouse. Gad! how I hate him; and I don't think Jess likes him, for I thought she shivered when he took her hand tonight. But, by heaven! he'll not get her without a struggle, if he were rich as Crœsus.'

"I'm getting tired. Good-bye, diary, until—when, I wonder?"

And as he closed the book his eyes met those other eyes, and he picked up the picture and pressed passionate kisses against the cold surface. And when he turned out the gas those eyes seemed to look up at him with a human tenderness.

And he dreamed of Jess.

One, two, three days passed by, and still the diary lay there undisturbed. On the evening of the fourth dav it was opened wearily. Jack Trevor was not given to sighs, but he did catch himself sighing then.

"Come here, you little bundle of paper. I started you well, didn't I? but I'm neglecting you now, eh? Heigh-ho! You're being better treated than I, at any rate. Where was I, anyway? Oh, yes, January 2. Great Scott! Missed three days! What's the difference, bookie? I havn't good news for you. If you want it, here it is:

"'January 6.—Something's the matter with Jess. I called last evening, and the girl hardly more than shook hands with me. But her voice had the same dear old ring to it! But she acted offish, as if she didn't know whether to speak to me or not. When I left I took her hand and asked her if anything was the matter—if I couldn't do something, anything, to help her and prove my love. And she looked at me for a moment, and then, if she didn't turn on her heel and disappear through the library door like a flash! But I could have sworn that there were tears in her eyes when she looked at me. I'm tired, and just a bit lonely tonight. I wonder if I shall always be lonely?

"'P. S.—I forgot. I hear that the old man dropped a wad on Union Pacific today. They say he was hit hard. I'm sorry, though I don't like him."

Again the eyes in the picture seemed to look straight at him and to grow sad and troubled. But he did not notice this. But, then, he did not understand.

A whole week passed. Then the book was opened again. Jack looked haggard, but still there was a hopeful look in his eyes.

"Oh, no, I haven't forgotten you. But, bless your soul! I've been stirring since I shook hands with you last. Come, I'll tell you about it.

"'Jan. 13.—I was an idiot; Jess is an angel; the old man is a fool; and Lorimer is the devil I thought him. I—the old—Je—Where am I? The old man failed. U. P. completely swamped him. Went around to see Jess the same day I heard it. Offered my hand again to her and my everything to the old man to help him out. She did look lovely with tears in her sweet eyes, when she thanked me and said that it was not a matter of a few thousands, but of hundreds of thousands, and that as for her hand—what did she say? My old head is full of wheels. Oh, yes, Lorimer had asked her for her hand that very morning. He had told the old man that he would advance to him the entire amount necessary to float him—under certain conditions. The old skinflint favors Lorimer now more than ever. There was a scene between Jess and me. For the first time she said she loved me, and I kissed her, just once, but I shall treasure that kiss as a miser does his gold And then she pushed me away gently and said. 'Don't Jack. They may not belong to you. If duty compels me, perhaps I—but, oh, God, I hope not!—perhaps I must marry him.' She was obdurate—no, sweetly firm in her devotion to her father. It all rested with him. But surely he'll not let her do it. He has a heart. So had I; but she has it now. I'll see him tomorrow. If I win, I'll come and tell you all about it tomorrow. If I lose—"'

And even then he did not see the eyes in the picture gaze at him with ineffable tenderness, but they were sadder than ever, and they looked weary, too.

* * * * * *

This is the last entry made in the book.

"January 14th—Good-bye, dear diary."

Again he looked at the picture. This time he saw. But only despair was written there. And as he put the book in place, his elbow touched the little easel and the picture dropped to the floor and broke into a thousand pieces.

And he said, simply: "How like it was to a heart!"

And then he put out the gas.

THE ADAPTOR.

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The Cheapest Place to Buy Christmas Cards, Art Calendars,

TOYS

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Wagon work and Blacksmithing in all its Branches.

Nelson Blacksmith Co.

H. A. PROSSER, Manager. Lake St., Opp. Court House. NELSON, B. C.

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.

JOHN MCLATCHIE, P. L. S.

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Tinsmithing Plumbing AND Heating

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All work guaranteed.

CANADIAN NEWS.

Some of Hon. William Mulock's English critics do not admire the taste of the motto in front of the new Imperial postage stamp.

The appointment of Geo. H. Henshaw, jr., as collector of customs at St. Hyacinthe. Que., is said to give satisfaction to both political parties.

Major Pinault, deputy minister of militia, will be banquetted by the officers of the Quebec military district at the Garrison club January 14th.

Canada is expected to supply the liquor in which the United States and Great Britain will go on idly drinking to each other's jolly good health.

The department of marine has agreed to take over and maintain the tide gauges at Baynes' Sound, B. C., erected by H. M. Survey ship Egeria.

Farmers in the Province of Manitoba have been backward in delivering grain lately. Prices ranging from 45c to 48c do not seem to draw the attention of wheat holders marketward. A material rise in the price is anticipated in the course of a month or two.

Michigan mills this season cut 239 million feet of Canadian logs. During the present winter 150 million feet of logs will be cut in the Georgian Bay district for Michigan millowners, who declare they will test the constitutionality of any embargo by the provincial government.

An invitation to the province of Quebec to be represented at an exhibition in Houfleur, France next August, has been declined on account of the participation of both the dominion and the province in the Paris exhibition of 1900. The commissioner of colonization will, however, contribute to the Honfleur exhibition a collectfon of Canadian literature.

Diaries and Calendars. Thomson Stationery o., Ltd.

MEN AND WOMEN.

Princess Louise has made considerable progress with the model of the statue of the Queen for the west porch of Manchester Cathedral.

Miss Swanhilde Bulan, an English worker in the branches of the woman movement, rode on the engine of an express train from London to Cromer and back, and told an interviewer that it was "simply sweet."

The Countess of Dysart has placed her residence near St. Neot's at the disposal of the Factory Girls' Holiday Fund, for a period of four months, and parties of thirty girls will be sent down periodically.

The Countess of Warwick contemplates forming settlements of women in different parts of England for the cultivation of the land, and thus enable them to add to their incomes by the sale of fruit, flowers, vegetables, poultry, eggs, and honey, the produce of their gardens and poultry runs.

The Duke of Cambridge, who recently attended the opening of the electric railway which crosses under the Thames river, in England, said that he was present when William IV opened London bridge at which time the way to the city was by barge, and that if he had prophesied this later wonderful achievement he would have been considered fit for a lunatic asylum.

Hon. Arthur Stanley, fourth son of the Earl of Derby, who has many warm friends in Quebec, has just been elected a member of the House of Commons for the Ormskirt divison of Southwest Lancashire. Mr. Stanley's brotner, Edward Viscount Stanley, is also an M. P. Victor, the sailor who a few months ago married a British Columbia young lady, seems to have no political aspirations.

The late Empress of Austria completed her will less than three months ago. It opens with the sentence, "One never knows what may happen." She owned the finest collection of jewels in Europe. A large proportion of the collection, valued at £600,000 is to be sold, and the proceeds applied to religious and charitable purposes. The Emperor of Austria has bought the bed and furniture of the room in which the Empress died. He has instituted a special Order to commemorate the late Empress.

Kipling got his queer first name for sentimental reasons. His father, when designer of decorations for a potter's firm at Burslem, England, attended a picnic near the village of Rudyard, not far from the pottery works. There he met and fell in love with Mary D. McDonald, the daughter of a clergyman, whom he shortly married. Their first-born arrived while the couple were in Bombay, whither Kipling had gone to direct the art schools of the Madras presidency. In memory of the place where they first met, the parents decided to call their boy Rudyard Kipling.

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

Books for Presentation. Thomson Stationery Co.Ltd,

SHORT STORIES.

During the reign of Charles the Second one Signor Leti proposed to write a history of the court. "You will give offense," urged his friends. "Were I as wise as Solomon," said Leti, "I could not avoid that." "Then be as wise," rejoined the king, who was present, "and write proverbs, not history."

Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes once made an address in his native town to a medical association. The president of the association was the son of a man who had been the druggist of the village when Dr. Holmes had studied medicine there. "It is a good to look at this young man," said the genial autocrat, "and trace his father's liniments in his face."

A Scotchmen once hired himself to a Cheshire farmer. At breakfast one of the famous cheeses of the country was set before him. His master left the Scot at table, and later, when he appeared for work, said to him: "Sandy, you take a long time to your breakfast." "Troth, master," replied the Scot, "a cheese o' that size is nae so soon eaten as ye may think."

On one occasion Gordon told Cecil Rhodes the story of the offer of a roomful of gold which had been made to him by the Chinese Government after he had subdued the Tai-Ping rebellion. "What did you do?" said Rhodes. "Refused it of course," said Gordon; "what would you have done?" "I would have taken it," said Rhodes, and as many more roomfuls as they would give me. It is no use for us to have big ideas if we have not got the money to carry them out."

The proudest moment of Nelson's life is said to have been when he received the swords of the officers of the *San Josef*. Nelson's ship, which was the smallest of her class in the service at the time, was dismasted, and upwards of eighty of the crew killed and wounded, Nelson himself being wounded. The *Culloden*, command by Nelson's friend, Captain Trowbridge, who followed Nelson's lead in the breach of orders which resulted in this famous capture, lost even more heavily. For this breach of discipline, Jervis did not mention Nelson's name in dispatches; but when one of his captains pointed out the disobedience to orders, he promptly said: "When you commit a like offense I'll forgive you."

In order to boom business, an enterprising grocer on a certain day advertised several thousand five-cent loaves of bread for sale at one cent each. His rival was in despair until a brilliant idea came into his head. He hired a small army of boys and girls to buy up all the loaves at a cent each. At two o'clock grocer No. 1 had sold all his bread, and those who came later denounced him as a fraud who had fooled them with a lying advertisement. Meanwhile the foxy grocer around the corner, with more than a thousand one-cent loaves stacked up on his kitchen floor, put out a big sign: "Fresh Bread—A Five-Cent Loaf for Two Cents. We Never Advertise What We Have Not Got." He thus not only discomfitted his rival and turned the tide in his own favor, but made a profit on the bread as well.

EMPRESS COFFEE.

Once Tried no Family will Use any Other.

Satisfaction Guaranteed by the

BRITISH COLUMBIA FRUIT CANNING & COFFEE CO.

CARLEY & PEEL, Nelson, B. C., Agents for the Kootenay. Vancouver, B.C.

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.

DRAKE, JACKSON & HELMCKEN.
Solicitors for the Depositors.

Railway Notice

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

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

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

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

DRAKE, JACKSON & HELMCKEN,
Solicitors for Depositors.

STOVES For Cold Weather At Low Prices.

NELSON HARDWARE CO.

COMMANDING ATTENTION is simply a matter of being well dressed.

Those who wear garments cut and tailored by us will receive all the attention a well dressed man deserves.

Our winter suits of Harris Homespuns are marvels of good quality, good style and good workmaship. The value is great.

FRED. J. SQUIRE, Baker St, Nelson.

Wines AND Liquors

We are direct Importers and Wholesale Dealers in

WINES, LIQUORS, HAVANA CIGARS, ETC.

All the leading brands always in stock.

PITHER & LEISER,

YATES STREET, VICTORIA, B.C.

ROBT. WARD & CO. Ltd

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Goods and Merchandise of every description Insured against loss by Fire. Marine risks covered.

Life, Accident and Boiler Insurance in the best offices. Klondike Risks accepted. Miners' Outfits Insured.

Loans and Mortgages Negotiated. Estates Managed and Rents Collected. Debentures bought and sold.

GENERAL - FINANCIAL - AGENTS.

TRAGEDIES IN TRUNKS.

Over a century ago—in February, 1777—a little old man of peaceful demeanor, wearing, according to the fashion of the day, a violet coat and knee breeches, and carrying a respectable gold-headed cane, was seen walking in the neighborhood of the Hotel de Ville, in Paris, apparently looking up at the houses in quest of some particular sign or number.

He stopped at last before a printed advertisement intimating that there was a cellar to let on the premises. He interviewed the proprietor, a woman, settled the terms of the rent, demanded immediate possession and the following morning, having previously stated that he required the cellar to store some Spanish wine, he returned, followed by a truck on which stood a cask and a big box in a linen wrapper. These goods he had carried into the cellar, which he locked and took away the key. Shortly after it was rumored that a certain Dame de La Motte, the widow of a former employe in the stables of the queen, had disappeared. When last seen this lady occupied rooms in the house of a respectable grocer, to whom she just sold a property she possessed in the country. This grocer, called Desrues, was quite unexpectedly accused by one of his creditors of being the same man who had hired a cellar near the Hotel de Ville; that he had dropped into it a huge trunk and never gone near the place again. These facts were substantiated by the proprietress of the cellar and seemed to justify the public prosecutor in ordering the premises to be searched. The police found the box half hidden in the darkest portion of the cellar, and on being forced open it contained the unclothed body of a woman whose head had been wrapped in oilcloth. Mme. de La Motte was indentified by her earrings. Desrues had poisoned her in order to avoid paying the purchase money. He made a full confession and was racked on the Place de Greve.

In 1808 a butcher of Melun called Lespinois lured a man to whom he owed money into a remote, solitary spot, and, having him fairly in his power, bled him as he was wont to bleed his oxen, and packed him in the sort of case in which he forwarded goods to Paris, labeling it "salt meat." The officers of the octroi, however, detected something unusual, and inquiries led to the discovery of the murderer, who was condemned and hanged.

It was in a trunk of English manufacture that in 1817 the body of a wealthy banker of Marseilles was found. He had left the city for a journey, credited with having on him a large sum of money, in the company of two foreigners who were never heard of or seen since, and if guilty of the murder they escaped punishment.

In 1833 the authorities of Lille were informed that a woman named Klootz, the wife of a journeyman, was missing. The husband's domicile was searched. During the proceedings he remained quietly seated on a corded box smoking a pipe, and on being interrogated on what could have happened to his wife, he repeated slowly and placidly that surely she could not be very far. He spoke the truth so far that she was at the time reposing in the trunk—a remarkably small one—which he used as a seat. During the trial he was asked how he had managed to squeeze the body of a well-developed woman into so small a compass, and, without losing his phlegmatic placidity, he retorted: "Monsieur le president, there were six inches of room to spare." The now common practice of finding extenuating circumstances for the most atrocious crimes was just finding favor with court and jury, so that Klootz was merely sentenced to penal servitude for life.

In 1842 a large crowd had gathered in the yards of the messageries' office of Orleans to witness the procureur du-roi, seconded by a commissary and several policeman, inspect the luggage stored in a large shed on the declarations made by a certain Benard, landlord of the Hotel de l'Europe in the town. As the men were overhauling a large trunk he exclaimed that it was the one! The lock was torn open and the interior revealed a hideously mutilated body wrapped in many folds of linen. Benard and many others identified it as the corpse of a porter of the bank, who had been sent the day before to receive several important sums in the city. He had not returned in the evening, and, as he was known to have formed some undesirable acquaintances, although strictly honest himself, suspicions were directed specially to one of these, the agent of an insurance company, who had been seen to enter with the porter into a room of the Hotel de l'Europe, and had apparently determined to possess himself of the man's case and money bag.

In the struggle he had killed him and finding a trunk in the hall had appropriated it, hidden the body inside, and had had it conveyed to the luggage office of the Messageries labeled for Toulouse. He himself gave all these particulars at the trial, and, as the papers relating his execution expressed it, "met his fate with the fortitude and resignation of a true Christian!"

Not very many years later the employes of the station of Dornach, near Mulhause, casually remarked to each other that a certain box "left to be called for" schwitize roth (sweated red) and called the attention of the stationmaster to this extraordinary peculiarity. He had the box examined by the police, who discovered the head and bust of a woman whose legs were found some days later on the bank of the Rhine. As the victim was not identified, and as it was not possible to bring home the crime to the woman who was suspected of having been seen late one night in the company of a stranger to the locality, this murder swelled the list of the unpunished assassinations.

There is certainly a greater carelessness and recklessness in the criminals of to-day than in those of the past, and they more frequently themselves give the clew to the murders they have committed, possibly because a century ago they knew that their inevitable fate, if convicted, was the scaffold, or, even worse, the torture and the rack, while now they reckon, with almost equal certainly, on those habitually invoked "extenuating circumstances" which virtually have done away with the capital punishment still existing in the code of criminal legislation.

WHEN you buy OKELL & MORRIS' Preserves you get what are pure British Columbia fruit and sugar, and your money is left at home.

O'KELL & MORRIS' Fruit Preserves Are absolutely the PUREST AND BEST.

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TEAS AND COFFEES:
Blue Ribbon, Salada and Lipton's Teas. Blue Ribbon Coffee.
ALL BRANDS AND BLENDS

RECEIVED The Largest Supply of Horse Blankets Ever Brought into the Kootenay. Every one High Grade Article. Inspection invited.
THEO. MADSON OPPOSITE P. O. NELSON, B. C.

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 bnt fresh and wholesome meats and supplies kept in stock.
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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
NELSON CIGAR CO.
OPPOSITE J. DOVER'S.

LOCKED OUT.

This is not a tale involving labor omplications, except in one sense. hat is, she represented capital and abor and he labored to get her. The osult, however, was perfect harmony etween capital and labor. They had een indulging in an idle flirtation just vithout the walls of the town. At ny rate it seemed a flirtation on her art. Capital was coy and arrogant. but labor was dead in earnest. He roposed in the most approved and omantic fashion, but capital had istened to so many similar propositions for arbitration that it fought shy. Capital was extremely beautiful, with oft mocking eyes and a wealth of goldn hair. In very decisive tones, she bsolutely refused to accept the agreeent. "And now that we have settled his matter let us return to town," she id. "It is growing late and mamma ill worry."

He had not a word to say and they traced their steps toward town. Vith some bitterness he recalled her ncouraging glances. They reached he great gates and to their surprise and them locked. "I did not know was so late," she said. "The watchan has locked us out." The town ate was remotely situated, and, alough they lifted up their voices, here was no response. He critically amined the massive gate. She gave cry of despair and then turned to her mpanion. "Mr. Brown you got me to this and now you must get me t. You must unlock that gate somew."

"Well," he returned, "there is no oubt that we are locked out. Let us e if we cannot arbitrate the matter. once worked in a safe factory and ink that I could open that gate with ttle trouble."

"Then do so. Do so at once."

"There are some conditions to settle rst. You must agree to marry me. on have flirted with me most outgeously, haven't you?"

"Ye-es. But any girl has a right to that."

"I disagree with you. No girl has a ght to rend a manly heart."

"Pooh! You mean to say your heart rent?"

"No doubt of it. Is it unreasonable? Vho can look upon your beautiful eyes nd forget their sweet love light? Vho can gaze upon your face and not herish it always as a sad memory? Vho can have listened to the music of our voice and not long to hear its elody forever? Do I make myself early understand?"

"You do. You argue well."

"Say, oh say, you will be mine, and will burglarize the gate. Otherwise ou will be forced to remain without the starlight."

"That is your ultimatum?" she said.

"It is."

She thought for a moment, and then ted her lips to his. "Well, I'll bitrate," she said. He kissed her, nd then found a rusty nail and went work on the lock. In a few moents the gate swung open and they ntered. Then he said: "I have ken an unfair advantage. I merely ished to teach you a lesson. I will leas you from your promise."

She looked at him shyly. "But I don't want to be released. I merely wished to hold off, womanlike. Your arbitrating, dear, only hastened events, for I had decided in my own mind to marry you a month ago."

Then the moon went behind a cloud.

Mrs. Jobber—"Too bad the new cook spoiled the steak; she is so young and inexperienced. Won't you be satisfied with a kiss instead, dear?" Mr. Jobber—"All right; call her in."

A painful awakening: "Algernon, dear, how much did you pay the preacher who married us? I want to enter it as the first item in our family expense book." "Great Scott, Esmeralda! I supposed your father had settled that!"

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Ar. Wellington	12:45	7:35

GOING SOUTH—READ UP.

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Leave Nanaimo for Victoria	8:46	4:38
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MINING NOTES.

Over 1000 tons of ore were shipped from Silverton during the last year.

During the past year there were 1505 mineral claims recorded at the record office in Nelson.

The Reco will only be mined in a limited way until it is put in a perfect state of development.

Work is soon to be resumed on the Monte Cristo, according to recent reliable reports from Toronto.

The first of this year War Eagle shares were 90 cents. Six months ago they were $2.90 and to day $3.05.

The Last Chance aerial gravity tramway, which was commenced in September last is now completed.

The Mascot's new electric plant has all been put up now and everything is in first class shape. Work will be pushed now in both tunnel and cross-cut, and the Mascot will soon be heard from again as an ore producer.

John F. McIntosh, collector of customs for the port of Kaslo, gives the tonnage of the minerals exported through the port of Kaslo and its outports as 32,038 tons, the customs valuation of which was $2,550,669.

During the year 1898, there passed through this port 29,341 tons of ore and 2477 tons of matte of a total value of $3,585,486. The returns up to May 1st, included the ores of Rossland Kaslo and Nakusp, since which time these places have been chief ports, and there has been a consequent falling off in the Nelson returns.

Some Treasury Girl Widows.

Lots of treasury girls at Washington are widows, hundreds of them are old maids and several thousand are sweet, marriageable girls, with pretty faces, good hearts and a high grade of culture and education. Many of them have had governors and generals for their fathers, not a few are the widows of noted soldiers and statesmen, and all are far above the average of their sex the United States over. Many have traveled widely. — Philadelphia Times.

Blackheads are difficult to get rid of, once they appear. They are caused by the clogging of the pores of the skin by dust or foreign matter. Alcohol, 90 per cent, applied by means of a piece of chamois skin will give tone to the skin and remove unsuspected dust and dirt, at the same time stimulating the small glands and removing by constant use the blackheads.

After exposure to a harsh or chilling wind it is well before retiring to rub a quantity of fresh cream on the face, removing after five or ten minutes, to be applied again, followed by a generous puffing of rice powder. Remove in the morning by lait virginal and tepid water.

Women have the reputation of being sympathetic, but if a lecturer of their own sex is to be believed they are far less responsive than men, and an audience composed entirely of women is regarded as much more formidable than a mixed one.

Photography, which was taken up as a means of amusement by many women, has developed into a lucrative means of livelihood for the sex, and many of the most successful studios are now owned and run exclusively by women.

The Longest Love Letter.

Perhaps the longest love letter in the world is one written by a certain courtier in the time of Queen Elizabeth to his ladylove on the return from the armada campaign. It occupied 400 sheets of crabbed writing, the number of words being something like 40,000.

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ODDS AND ENDS.

"Sawyer seems to think a good deal of himself." "I should say so; he has had Moorish curves cut in his doorway so he can get his head in and out."

Kind old lady—"To what do you attribute your uncontrollable appetite for strong drink? Is it hereditary?" Weary Walker—"No, mum; it's thirst."

Little man (golf enthusiast)—"Why don't you play golf?" Big man (blase)—"Why, because I object to chasing a quinine pill around a cow-pasture."

She—"I think you had better send up another rat trap, John." He—"But I bought one only the other day." She—"I know, but there is a rat in that one."

"Belinda, how do you treat a stupid man who admires you?" "Really, I don't know; when a man admires me I never do myself the injustice to consider him stupid."

"Why don't that European war you've been predicting right along come off, Mr. Sportly?" inquired his wife. "I suppose the kinetoscope people are not ready."

"Mrs. Saver must feel that she was very extravagant in buying that new gown." "What makes you think so?" "She's begun to argue that it will be the cheapest in the end."

"I hear that Judge Blucketts is studying mind-reading," said the lean lawyer. "If he gets proficient," said the fat lawyer, "he'll arrest the whole town for contempt of court."

"You say you have brought me here to propose to me, but why do you want to go through it so deliberately?" "Well, you see, I've got a friend in the kinetoscope line over there behind that tree, and I promised him to make the movements slow and distinct. Now, all ready!"

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