THE NELSON ECONOMIST

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

THE political problem does not appear to be any nearer solution than it was a week ago. The residents of British Columbia are now feasting their eyes on the spectacle of a political party divided against itself. While there existed a belief in the minds of many that the members of the Provincial cabinet were not above reproach, no one seemed to suspect that they were quite so lost to decency and integrity as the exchange of courtesies between Martin, Semlin and Cotton would seem to indicate. Truly, when rogues fall out honest men get their dues. It is not probable that when Joe Martin swoops down on some other unsuspecting people he will use Mr. Semlin's demand for his resignation as a letter of recommendation. Martin's elucidation of the mystery surrounding Mr. Semlin's withdrawal from the Lands and Works department is not of the character that will inspire unlimited confidence in the Premier's executive ability, and the Attorney-General's charges against the Minister of Finance naturally recalls the methods by which Mr. Cotton once upon a time "financed" a time-kiln for an absent friend.

There is one very interesting feature in the controversy, and that is the surveillance each member of the cabinet kept over the others. Each seemed to expect sooner or later a resort to the weapons used by the Billinsgate fishwife, and was determined to be ready when the right time came. Martin had no faith in Semlin or Cotton and the latter evidently had little belief in the integrity of the Attorney-General. They seemed able to successfully guage the inclination of the other, and that keen sense of honor which is said to prevail among thieves was conspicuous by its absence in the relations existing between this trio of statesmen. When Cotton slipped in his figures Mr. Mephistopholes Martin smiled and gleefully rubbed his hands; when poor, incapable Mr. Semlin, acknowledged the Lands and Works job was beyond his capacity the Attorney-General made a note of it with a view to future reference; when Joe played truant with his department to consort with the sharks and sporting fraternity, Messrs. Cotton and Semlin retired to the basement of the Parliament buildings and marked their colleague down "absent" in the time books; and so on. When the rupture came each was prepared to expose the delinquencies of the other with an accuracy as to detail that was truly refreshing. Dense as is Mr. Semlin, he knew that sooner or later Joe Martin would repeat his Manitoba record; he knew that if there were men in this world more intractable and uglier than the Lord intended they should be, Joe Martin, the political Wandering Jew, was one of them and Mr. Semlin determined to be ready.

The only new development in the political situation is the announcement that a convention of the supporters of the government is called for July 26th in the city of Victoria. It is then hoped to decide who is the real leader of the party. In the meantime, Mr. Semlin declares he has the confidence of his party, while Martin is just as emphatic in claiming that the Government supporters pin their faith to him. It is believed that Martin will be completely submerged when this convention meets. So far as is known, only three of the Government supporters have openly expressed a preference for the carpet-bagger, while the circumstance that Semlin made such a peremptory demand on the Attorney-General for his resignation induces the belief that he was inspired in his action by the well-founded belief that he had the confidence of his party. Time will tell.

Quite naturally the constitutional phase of the question is giving rise to considerable discussion at the present time. What the Lieutenant-Governor will do under circumstances seems to agtitate the minds of the people. Some profess to believe that His Honor will accept the decision of Mr. Semlin as final, while others believe, no doubt taking into deliberation his somewhat unusual action in dismissing the Turner Ministry, that Lieutenant Governor McInnes will only take such steps as will result in bringing him the most notoriety. There are also some who believe that His Honor will take into account the peculiar qualifications of his son, W. W. B. Mr. Innes for a cabinet position. For our own part, we have a strong conviction that whatever course the Lieutenant-Governor takes it will be decidedly novel, and will not be strongly flavored with that regard for constitutional tradition that is generally regarded the inheritance of all well-meaning British subjects. The unlikely will surely eventuate.

In the meantime all sorts of rumors are afloat. It is said Mr. Semlin is looking forward to a coalition government, and that his pet scheme is to take either Mr. Eberts or Mr. Helmcken into the Government. The suspicion that Sir Hibbert Tupper may abandon Dominion politics and enter the Provincial Cabinet is lacking in the essential qualification of probability. Through processes with which it is idle to encumber this article, Messrs. Semlin and Cotton have made it impossible to secure that following which would be essential to the taking of office by Sir Hibbert Tupper. What should be done but will not transpire would be the dismissal of the Semlin Ministry, and in the absence of Mr. Turner Mr. Eberts should be called upon to form a new government. Mr. Eberts could form a strong cabinet, and if it is decided to keep aloof from Dominion party issues the strongest men on both sides should be taken into the Cabinet. Liberals like Mr. Gordon Hunter would be a distinct gain to the Province at large.

While the political witches down at the coast are dancing around the caldron and chanting their "double, double, toil and trouble," the distressing silence of Hon. J. Fred Hume is ominous and mystifying. If Mr. Hume has contributed anything to the edifying discussion of matters political in general and mental and moral delinquencies in particular that is now taking place, he has so far succeeded in obscuring the same from the never-sleeping eye of the newspaper scavenger. This oppressive si-

lence by some is regarded as a most distinctive symbol of statecraft. Mr. Hume is altogether too astute a politician too permit himself to be dragged into a controversy that can only result in political obliteration to the participants We can readily comprehend the motive that prompts the Minister of Mines to create the impression that he intends to abandon politics at the earliest convenient season. It is a sentiment worthy the great Cicero, but will the people of British Columbia consent to the retirement of this modern tribune? Perish the thought? Mr. Hume is a man of retiring disposition albeit a great statesman. While like Nestor, he has distinguished himself by eloquence, wisdom and prudence, and again like the hero of the Trojan war he now hopes to spend his declining years in peace and tranquility, it is doubtful if this great mining Province will consent to Mr. Hume's proposed withdrawal from public life. Indeed, we have not so many great statesmen that we can afford to lose the greatest of them all. Perhaps at no time has this gentleman given stronger evidence of those great and transcendant qualities that constitute statesmanship than during the present crisis. This is contending a great deal, for Mr. Hume's wisdom is proverbial. His administration of the mining department has been marked with a firmness and decision that can only be compared to Lord Salisbury's African policy. Without desiring to institute invidious comparisons we are disposed to voice the sentiment that Salisbury might have failed in conducting the British Columbia mining department where Mr. Hume succeeded. An unprejudiced contemplation of the beauties of the eight-hour law afford startling and emphatic proof of this contention. With the announcement of Mr. Hume's proposed retirement, however, comes the thinly-veiled hint that the Lieutenant-Governor may call upon "Kootenay's Joy and Deliverer" to form a Government, or take over the whole works at an upset price.

Should, peradventure, the worst happen and British Columbia be confronted with the ruin and disaster that would inevitably follow the withdrawal of Hon. J. Fred Hume from public life, we have still the comforting hope that Mr. W. A. Jowett might be prevailed upon to reconsider his refusal to engage in party warfare and take up the battle for our rights and liberties just where Mr. Hume left off. So far Mr. Jowett has been content with the emoluments incident to the publication of a great newspaper. Now it transpires that the great journalist has become ambitious, and it is hinted that if Marc Antony Martin should some dark night stumble across Mr. Jowett on the Lupercal and thrice offer him a kingly crown he would not thrice refuse. While THE ECONOMIST has never for any prolonged period at a time been on the same side of politics as Mr. Jowett, it feels constrained to remark that should he consent to make the sacrifice which active participation in politics would necessarily entail his election would be the merest formality.

IT seems to be the policy of the Liberal Government to make Canada an insecure field for investment On this point the Montreal *Star* says: "What Canada needs more than anything else is outside capital and especially British capital to develop the great natural resoures of the country. Anything that makes British capitalists suspicious of Canada investments is most injurious to all Canadian enterprises. Can anyone who has read the correspondence between Hon. Mr. Blair and Hon. J. B. Roche, of the Northern Commercial Telegraph Company, doubt that the action of the Government regarding the telegraph line to the Yukon is likely to make it more difficult to secure British capital for Canadian undertakings? The British capitalists who proposed to build a telegraph line to the Yukon not only received a charter for the purpose from Parliament, but were directly encouraged by the Government to go on with the enterprise. Yet without notifying them in anyway, the Government decided to build the line itself. The company had wire manufactured for the line and was arranging for vigorous prosecution of construction work before anything was known about the Government's decision. They had practically been assured by Mr. Blair in a letter to Mr Roche, written in October, 1898, that provided they could show in the spring that they were not unduly delaying the work of construction they would have no opposition. The spring at Ottawa does not begin before April and in Klondike it is later. On the 15th of March the company shipped the wire from Liverpool to Vancouver. Arguments may be advanced in favour of Government ownership of telegraph lines, although our Government has shown no desire to build them in other sections of the country, but nothing can be said in favour of the method of dealing with these British capitalists. Men who have lost many thousands of dollars through a Government breach of faith are not likely to remain quiet about it. Already British financial papers are commenting upon the unfairness of the Governments action and a lack of confidence in Canadian investments is thus created which may affect the value of all Canadian securities. It will be very bad for Canada if an impression is created in British financial circles that the only way to get fair play from the Canadian Government is to subscribe generously to the Liberal campaign fund."

THE announcement that Mars is inhabitod, opens up vast possibilities for Joe Martin in the way of political adventure.

A CORRESPONDENT of an English paper points out the great injury that may be done to Canadian interests by the poverty of the Dominion exhibit at the Earl's Court exhibition. There is practically nothing displayed that will enlighten visitors as to the resources of the Dominion. The government of British Columbia was invited to take advantage of this exhibition, but the time of the members of the Cabinet was so much occupied in watching each other that attention to matters of this character was simply out of the question.

IF anyone is curious as to the effect of the eight-hour law on British Columbia mining development a perusal of the London financial papers will allay that curiosity. The English financial papers are in most part controlled by South African mining investors, and it stands to reason that our defects are made the most of in that quarter. Anything that has a tendency to weaken confidence in British Columbia investments is paraded before the British public with assiduous persistency. Just now British capitalists, always sensitive, are being warned against British Columbia investments, and all because an asinine government has imperilled British Columbia mining interests by indulging in uncalled for legislation.

THE *Colonist* contributes the following to the political discussion: "We do not pretend to see the immediate outcome of the existing political situation. It possesses too many unique features to permit any one to apply to it rules that have been followed in other cases. Serious charges are preferred by Mr. Semlin against the Attorney-General. A very serious charge is preferred by Mr. Martin against Mr. Cotton. He also alleges that Mr. Semlin has been found utterly incompetent in two departments. Dr. McKechnie has expressed his doubt as to the propriety of Mr. Semlin's action. It is hard to say what

course the Lieutenant-Governor will feel called upon to take, under these circumstances. We therefore regard the next development as problematical. But whatever may happen when his Honor returns, and however the executive council may be constituted during the next few months, it is very evident that we have come to a turning-point in the political history of the province. The time is at hand when the whole people of British Columbia will insist upon being considered in the formation of a ministry. The time is near at hand when the people will insist upon having men in power who will give the province progressive and enlightened administration, in keeping with its imperial potentialities. In saying this we desire to reflect upon no one who has heretofore held the reins of power. The political slate is to be wiped clean, and the new British Columbia will demand an administration truly representative of all its interests. To hasten such a time should be the object of every public patriotic citizen."

WE have received and invitation from the Victoria Lawn Tennis club to attend the annual tournament and championship of British Columbia, commencing July 31st. Not being a lawn tennis player, we have handed the invitation to John Houston, who is a devotee of that game, and who will doubtless avail himself of this opportunity of winning hours on the tennis court.

TO-DAY is the anniversary of the Battle of the Boyne and followers of William of "glorious, pious and immortal memory" to the inspiring music of fife and drum, marched along the streets, in commemoration of the event.

THE *Medical Record* says that a society for combating tuberculosis has been organized in Chicago. It is to be known as the Illinois Society for the Prevention of Tuberculosis, and its membership will include all physicians, health officers, veterinarians, and others interested in the extermination of tuberculosis.

THE *Irish Standard*, of Minneapolis, one of the best posted papers in the United States, has the following to say of the treatment of U. S. soldiers in the Philippines: "Not until the American volunteers in the Philippines reach home and are free from military restraint will the citizens of this republic learn the ill-usage and brutality to which they have been subjected by General Otis and his under-strappers. The plutocratic papers of this country have ceased publishing the letters of the soldiers when they contain any information that may prove damaging to the occupant of the White House, who is solely responsible for the war against liberty and humanity in the Far East. The recipients of the letters are also careful to conceal what the writers say in order to save them from the wrath of the commanding officers. One young soldier, Hugh McCoshan, of Marinette, Wis., who is serving in one of the Dakota regiments, informs a friend that he would face a court-martial willingly for his censure of the military authorities who have compelled sick men to fight when they should have been in the hospitals."

THE Ottawa *Citizen* of a recent date says: "The Grits will not sacrifice W. T. R. Preston on the altar of public indignation, round-robin or no round-robin. The man with more than his share of the alphabet in his name could unmake governments too easily to risk that. How manful it would be if Preston came right out and told all he knows about 'the machine,' that dear instrument of rascality whose culminating masterpiece in West Elgin was the securing of 'a triumphant endorsement of the Hardy administration' at a moment when it needed that endorsement, or rather to have the public's opinion of its policy stifled, worse than any administration needed it in this country before. No wonder Preston felt proud of 'the machine.' No wonder he desired to hug that well lubricated engine of organized political prostitution. It had done him proud. And just think of the gratitude that must have welled up in the hearts of Hardy and colleagues and which found vent in the telegraphic congratulation of the chief organizer and manipulator. It would be base ingratitude to sacrifice Preston under the circumstances, even if it was not so extremely dangerous."

THE New Westminister *Sun* notes as an example of the hurried manner in which Joe Martin railroaded legislation through the House at the last session, that the challenged voter is made to swear that the returning officer is of the full age of twenty-one years which, if such officer be a youthful looking man, places a doubt in the voter's mind sufficient to prevent him legally swearing, and leave him in a position to refuse to take the oath, with thoughts not altogether angelic toward the Man from Manitoba who had buncoed him out of his vote.

A KASLO woman who said her grass was getting too long, went into a hardware store to buy a sickle, she said she a guessed she'd take one o' them fin de siecles they talk so much about, if the merchant had one of that style.

THE Supreme Court of Massachusetts has decided that a man is justified in stopping a dog fight, and if he gets bitten while doing it, the master of the dog is liable for damages. Still the Court connot deny that a man who is juiceless enough to stop a dog fight ought to get bitten.

"A MAN of no Importance" is the name of a popular play that is about to be revived. It is understood that Hon. J. Fred Hume holds all rights to the title.

THE *Boundary Creek Times* was at one time a devoted follower of Joseph Martin, but in the light of recent events has experienced a change of heart. The *Times* now confesses that Cabinet dissensions and administrative incompetency are having their blighting effects upon the affairs of the province. But the *Times* finds more particular fault in the brand of administration of the attorney-general's department supplied by Martin. It refers to the negligent manner in which the police department is conducted, and gives as an instance of the incompetency of the present government, the appalling indifference of the attorney-general to the arrest and conviction of lawbreakers. Here are the the remarks of the paper referred to: "For years Southern Yale was free from crime because F. S. Hussey, the superintendent of provincial police, was allowed a free hand in the work of guarding the interests of the general public against the depredations of lawless and vicious men who infested the country bordering on the international boundary line. Joseph Martin from Manitoba, knew more about running a provincial police force than did Fred Hussey, who spent years in the mining sections of the province, and who was thoroughly acquainted with existing conditions and the

requirements to meet these conditions. Martin took charge of the department himself. He dismissed officers where they were needed and retained them where they were not needed. He made it impossible and unprofitable for police officers to keep horses; so that when it was necessary to do police duty they were forced to go on foot or borrow their neighbors'. He did everything possible to disorganize and demoralize the department. The result was obvious. A stage carrying Her Majesty's mails is held up in the public highways. The robbers deliberately cut open the sack on the road side and after securing what they could, went their way without interruption. No special effort has been made to secure their capture, simply because no policemen are available to undertake the duty." This is only one complaint. From every district in the Province comes the information, that life and property are jeopardized through lack of intelligent and efficient police protection. While Mr. Hussey had absolute control, thugs and thieves knew that British Columbia was an unhealthy spot in which to carry on their operations. Lawlessness came simultaneously with Martin's control of the Attorney-General's department. But what can be expected from a man who made such a disgraceful exhibition of himself at a public banquet?

IN one of the coast cities, a lady stepped in front of a bicycle the other day and was killed. They are using bicycles in war tactics in Europe also.

A BAPTIST church in a small town near Montreal has been damaged by fire. We merely mention this incident as affording one of the very rare instances on record of fire winning a triumphant victory over water.

Seeing the Mummies.

The British museum is open on Sundays from 2.30 to 7 o'clock, and it is not open in vain. Consequently more than a thousand people went there in one day. On Whitsunday the attendance was 1,785, and on the Sunday before 1,256. "About 1,300 on an average," said the attendant, adding: "The Sunday opening is as great a success as the evening on week-days was a failure." He took that failure to heart, and measured it in money. "On some evening so few persons came that it would have been a saving to give them five shillings each to keep away."

Yesterday's attendance (writes a correspondent) included many children. Most of them were well-dressed with clean faces. But a few urchins from the slums had plucked up courage to enter. I came across two diminutive, dilapidated figures gazing up at the cast of the colossal head of Rameses II. "That 'ere come from a furrin' country,', said one of the boys. "Corse it did," replied the other; "we don't make our tombstones so bloomin' big." As usual the galleries containing the mummies were very popular. "Great Scott!" a mechanic exclaimed, "so this cove was alive 1,500 years before Christ." "What?" one of his companions asked; and, when the amazing statement was repeated, he quietly remarked: "Well, I don't believe it—that's all."

Audible comment was rare; for the most part the people stood speechless in the presence of the dead. But two women were very outspoken. One said: "Well, it is, of course, a matter of taste, but I shouldn't care for this," and she pointed to the mortal remains of a priest of the Thebes temple of Amen-Ra. Her friend did not quite understand. "I suppose not," she said; "besides, there wouldn't be room for it in your parlor, unless you move the sofa upstairs." "Have that thing in the house!" exclaimed the woman who had first spoken, "why, I shouldn't sleep a wink all night. I meant that I shoudln't like to be done like that—to be made into a mummy, you know." "Of course you wouldn't—not while you're alive." "Nor when I'm dead, either." "Why not?" "Why fancy being kept all that time, and then, perhaps, a million years afterward a lot of people you didn't know'd be staring at you under a glass case. "Oh; I call it horrid!" "Well," said the other woman, "I'm sure nobody would take the trouble to mummy me," and they passed out of hearing.

British "Society."

The London *Times*, discussing the Derby from a society to a popular event, has this to say of the change in British society itself:

Its (Derby day's) decline, no doubt, has been, roughly speaking, coincident with the transformation which during the same period London 'society' itself has gradually undergone. With the growth of wealth and luxury, proceeding step by step with the advance of democratic ideas, 'society' in the old, exclusive sense of the word, society, as it has been understood in this country for centuries, and as it is understood in certain continental nations, ceased to exist. It perished not of inanition, as might have happened in less opulent and independent communities, but of hypertrophy. That is to say, it became too large to exist as a single group of individuals 'led' by a still smaller knot of persons of recognized social rank and authority, whose tacit approval and acceptance of any new candidate for entrance into the sacred circle was necessary to his or her admission. The day has gone by when lady patronesses of Almack's could rebuke the Duke of Wellington's presumption in assuming that his world wide fame and immortal services entitled him to present himself without having gone through the preliminary formalities necessary to qualify for the privilege. Excluded persons of less importance than the Iron Duke would have formed too numerous a body to submit humbly to their exclusion. It became impossible any longer to retain the institution under the control of an aristocratic clique, and 'society' broke up into 'sets' and coteries, never again to be reunited into an organic whole."

Felt Sorry for Him.

A certain eminent London physician has a telephone in his bedroom. One night quite recently the bell rang, waking both him and his wife from a deep sleep. At once the medico went to the phone and over the wire came the command "Please come at once to Leicester Square—Lady Brown is very ill." With an imprecation, he handed the phone to his wife. "For heaven's sake," he said, "say I'm out of town." She complied obediently. Next morning the medico called at the Brown mansion and expressed his deep regret to Lord Brown that he had been absent when called. "But you really were not home?" inquired his Lordship anxiously. "Of course not," unblushingly replied the physician, "Then, my dear doctor," said Lord Brown earnestly, "I must sympathize with you in your terrible misfortune, for I distinctly heard a man's voice in your bedroom talking to your wife!"

Miller's Diorama will be seen at the Opera House Friday and Saturday evenings.

The engagement of "The Ten Nights in a Bar-room Co." was not a successful one. It would have pleased the audience had the death scenes been even more realistic.

VENTS AND GOSSIP

Money-lenders are found in all communities. They are apparently a necessary evil. What is known as the laboring-class is the greatest sufferer from the money-lending evil. Once a poor man gets into the grip of the Shylock he is in nine cases out of ten a gone goose. The ordinary man of toil is not a financier, so when he seeks out the money-lender as a relief from a temporary financial difficulty, he is at a great disadvantage. He is pressed by his grocer, and he visits the obliging money-lender. He may effect a short loan, at an outrageous monthly rate of interest, pledging his deeds as collateral. A seeming way of doing this is presented by some announcements he reads of straight loans made without publicity, or delay. Just the thing, he imagines, and at once applies. Innocently he lays bare his affairs and all the details connected with his case. More than one of these cases have come under my notice lately, but a prudent desire to carefully investigate the business methods of these people prevented an earlier mention of a system which has little of honesty and none of honor in it. In fact, many of these money-lenders neither in their individual appearance nor in their surroundings are likely to impress one with their financial strength, and yet they have the effrontery to advertise they have money to lend. They get information which they use to their own advantage, and if they have money to lend they charge exorbitant rates of interest and arrange it in such an unsuspicious way as to literally blindfold their victim.

The question whether or not a chaperon is a necessity of our present day civilization is receiving considerable attention both in England and Canada. A lady, who signs herself "Amber," seeks to enlighten us on the subject. She believes that "if a girl is brought up right, she needs no chaperon to protect her. Her own dainty discrimination, her own sweet sense of *savoir faire* will carry her the wide world over as the May morning carries a bird through its azure air, or as June carries a rose in its bright bosom. I do not mean to say that the pure woman are not sometimes molested through no fault of their own. But such cases are rare. They form exceptions to the broad and general rule. If a woman is forced to be on the street late at night she need fear little or no annoyance? If she goes quickly on her way without side glances of distrust and fear. Very few men will speak to a woman who seems unalarmed and thoroughly about her business. I read in a paper not long ago of a woman who was waiting at the street corner for a delayed car. A stranger who stood behind her remarked casually: "This is pretty tough, waiting so long in the cold.' The woman appealed to a policeman for protection from insult. That was fully as bad as the cause of the shrieking maid in the fable. Any woman who would be such a fool as to deem herself insulted because a fellow wayfarer sought to condole with her on mutual hardships ought to be finally insulted with a shotgun. Such a half wit would serve her day and generation better dead than living. What are we anyway, that we should stand aloof from one another? A company of raw recruits under marching orders to the grave; a flock of sheep travelling together in a common fold; a flight of birds winging their way through mingled sun and shade from the north to the south land. Why should we hesitate, then, to give greeting one to another as we journey on? The world would be an infinitely sweeter place to tarry in if we moved in touch with one another and cast ceremony to the winds where it belongs. I have seen but few people carry hauteur and unnecessary reserve gracefully, and they were wax figures in the museum."

The following story is told of a certain judge, who is a gentleman of the old school, and always making fine speeches to women. On one occasion, he was taken to task by a lady who thought he did not recognize her. "Ah, Your Lordship," she said, "I am afraid you don't remember me. I met you two years ago." "Remember you, madam!" was his quick reply, with one of his courtly bows, "Why, I've been trying ever since to forget you." And she laughingly exclaimed, "Oh, go away, you dear, delightful old humbug."

Mr. Robt. Ward, a director of the Hall Mines and for many years one of the leading wholesale merchants of British Columbia, is again in Nelson. Mr. Ward is now located in London, where he keeps the resources of British Columbia constantly before the British investor.

Many papers in the country take it for granted that Hon. J. Fred Hume is a staunch Liberal in Dominion politics. Will Mr. Hume publicly deny that he voted for Mr. J. A. Mara last general election, when the latter ran against Mr. Hewitt Bostock?

It is now nearly two years since the South Kootenay Board of Trade was organized. The idea of the founders was to effect an organization that would confine itself exclusively to the discussion of matters affecting the industrial and mercantile interests of the district. In this direction it has accomplished a great deal, but if it is to maintain the motive of its founding it will have to eschew politics in future. I care not which side introduces politics the result is equally calamitous.

It is pleasing to observe that renewed interest is being taken in the South Kootenay Rifles. Above all the cities in British Columbia Nelson should possess that spirit essential to the organization and maintenance of a military corps. P. G.

The Lyceum Co. will return to the Opera House for one night, Thursday, when "Othello" will be produced.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Dover have moved into their handsome residence on Silica street.

Mr. and Mrs. Hedley will return to Nelson next Sunday.

Colonel Topping, of Trail, has has been appointed fish commissioner for the Columbia and Kootenay basin.

Owing to certain additions of new machinery the smelter will not start up to-morrow.

A RACE WITH DEATH.

"Well, Kent, I guess we can spare you for a couple of weeks, if you would like to take a vacation," said the general manager of the C., D. and P. railroad.

Kent Ballard was the night telegraph operator for the C., D. & P. road, in the big terminal station at Chicago. He was 18 years old, and as bright, capable and faithful an employe as the company had in their entire system. As the general manager came and leaned over the window shelf of the telegraph office, with his pleasant announcement, Kent looked up gladly and gratefully.

"I would like a little outing, sir," he said, "if it is perfectly convenient. It's been pretty steady work the past year; and I must confess that I am a bit tired. When can you spare me, sir?"

"Day after to-morrow, if you wish. We will have a man at our disposal then, and can put him at your work for a couple of weeks. Have you any idea what you would like to do; or where you would like to go—any vacation plan in which I could be of assistance to you?"

Kent hesitated a moment. "I have had a plan in my mind for some time, sir," he said, at length; "but I hardly dare to mention it, even now. It would be asking a great favor of the road."

"Out with it my boy!" cried the general manager. "If it dosen't involve us too deeply in financial imbarrassment"—and he laughed good-humoredly—"I can promise you it will be granted."

"I wanted to make a trip over the road in a locomotive," said Kent. "I should like to go clear to the Pacific coast, if there is time. If I should venture to ask you for permission to go out and back with the engineer of one of the overland expresses"—

"Why, of course you can, my boy!" exclaimed the general manager. "Say no more about it. Make all your preparations and come to my office to-morrow for your pass and written permit, in case anybody should dispute your right of way. I will speak to Mr. Faley, the engineer of the mid-week overland, and he will be ready for you on Thursday's out-bound-trip."

"Thank you sir—ever so much!" cried Kent. "It will be a great pleasure to me, and I shall never forget your kindness."

Kent Ballard told his mother, next morning, that his pet vacation project was to be realized. "I've always longed to cross the Rockies and see the Pacific," he said; "and now, if you can spare me for a couple of weeks, mother, I am off. Fred and George will take good care of you. They have had their vacations already, you know."

On Wednesday Kent went up to the general manager's office and got his pass and went. "I have also reserved section 12 in the sleeper for you, said the manager. You will want a good comfortable bed at night, you know. Here is your ticket. And as for your meals, get them in the buffet-car regularly. The steward understands."

"Oh, sir! you are too kind!" cried Kent.

"No, I am not!" laughed the manager. "A man can't be too kind—it's impossible. You must remember, too, that you have served us faithfully in a difficult and responsible position for three years. You deserve a favor now and then, according to my way of looking at things. Well, good-bye to you, and a pleasant trip!"

The mid-week overland express pulled out at 10 o'clock on Thursday morning with Kent Ballard in the cab of the big mogul locomotive. "Our first run will be express for 50 miles," said Mr. Faley, the engineer, "and you will have a good chance to see how No. 312 behaves."

It was a trip full of profit and delight to the young telegraph operator. He was fond of all kinds of machinery, and the mechanism of the engine proved a most fascinating study, as they whirled along over the rails. Then the ever-changing scenery; the bustling cities and towns along the routes; the big rivers over which they steamed on spider-web steel bridges; the wide, level prairies, across which they raced at whirlwind speed, occassionally sighting a herd of deer or frightening up a flock of prairie chickens—all these things made an endless programme of interest and pleasure for Kent Ballard. Then what a thrill passed through him, when at last they came in sight of the towering Rockies, with their terraced foothills, like nature's doorstep to the threshold of the mighty range.

So far the overland express had whirled on its long western trip, without slightest adventure. There had not even been an hour's delay. The train was sharp on time, and, if everything went well, its journey would be completed in 12 hours. They had now reached the ascending grades over the foothills, and were slowly crawling upward toward the pass, between the great snow capped peaks, through which they were to gain the Pacific slope. The scenery was indescribably grand, and Kent's eyes never wearied of feasting upon it. "Oh, if mother could only see these grand mountains!" he thought. "And if I ever get promoted to a good salary she shall."

Nine hours passed, and at length the great engine, with and almost human sigh of relief, stopped, panting, on a side track at the Summit Station of the "divide." A train of flat-cars, loaded with stone, and drawn by two locomotives, was slowly puffing up the western grade. The express had to wait on the siding until this freight train should pass and leave the main track clear. While they were waiting, Kent Billard left the engine, and took his seat on the rear platform of the last car, where he could look back at the grand snow capped mountains they had just passed.

The heavy freight train struggled up the grade, until it had passed the lower end of the siding, and then stopped at the water tank on the main track. A few minutes later the express pulled out, and the switchman again set the main track open. Kent remained on the rear platform of the train, looking back at the mountains. Presently he saw the freight train e deavored to start up again. The engines backed a trifle, and then, as the car brakes were released, went forward with a jerk.

Kent Ballard suddenly jumped to his feet. What could it mean?—the freight train seemed to be backing down the heavy grade after the express, instead of going straight ahead. But no! the engines and the main part of the train were going the other way. Then the startling truth flashed upon the young man. The jerking start of the heavy engines had broken the train in two, and the rear part of it, without a brakeman aboard, was running wild down the steep grade after the express.

What was to be done? Fortunately, Kent Ballard was not one to be easily confused in an emergency. He was noted for always "having his wits about him." Plainly, the first thing to do was to warn the engineer of the express. But this must be done without alarming the passengers and throwing them into a panic. Some persons would have been just foolish enough, on making the discovery which Kent had, to run back through the train crying: "Get ready to jump for your lives! There's a runaway freight train on the track behind us. But Kent did not even hurry through the cars, on his way forward to the engine, least he should thereby excite the suspicions of the passengers. Even the brakemen did not suspect any danger from his actions as he passed through the train. But as soon as he reached the baggage car, where the conductor was sitting, he motioned the latter to follow him. Rushing to the forward platform he climbed on top of the tender and shouted:

"Faley!"

The engineer did not hear him at first.

"Faley!"

The man turned quickly.

"Crowd on steam! That freight train has broken in two and is chasing us down the grade!"

"Good God!" exclaimed the conducter, who had followed Kent out on the platform of the baggage car. "Let

hes out, Faley! I will go back and signal you from the rear car."

The conductor disappeared, and Kent crawled over the tender into the cab. Faley had already "let her out" as much as he dared on so steep a grade. Presently, however, came the clear signal of the conductor's bell—"More steam!" Faley's hand was on the throttle; but he hesitated. "It's worse to jump the rails than to get overhauled on the track," he muttered. "But here goes. I'm in this cab to obey orders." He threw the throttle wide open, and the great engine rocked and plunged at more terrific speed down the sharp incline. "Those stone cars must be terribly heavy," exclaimed Kent.

"Yes; how many of them broke loose—do you know?" asked Faley.

"Not exactly," replied Kent, "but I should say four or five."

"Enough to smash the whole express to bits!" muttered the engineer. "It's curious how much faster a loaded freight car can travel on a down grade than a locomotive, even. Seems to get a greater momentum. Good heavens! he wants more steam!"

The conductor's bell clamored its signal twice. Faley threw the throttle wide open. "There," he exclaimed; "if that doesn't save us, it will smash us!"

Kent Ballard had been thinking very hard for a few minutes. A project was forming itself in his mind. Suddenly he grasped the engineer by the sleeve and asked, eagerly:

"How far ahead is the next station?"

"About five miles."

"Siding there?"

"Yes."

"Telegraph operator?"

"Yes."

"Good! I have a plan. Let me work the whistle. I'll signal them! What is the station?"

"Mineville."

Kent Ballard grasped the whistle cord. In sounds corresponding to those of the Morse code, when ticked out by the instrument, he signaled—

"Mineville! station!"

After a few seconds' pause, he repeated the call. "How far are we from the station now?" he asked.

"Between three and four miles," answered the engineer. "You can calculate a little more than a mile to the minute."

Kent repeated the call once more, and allowed a pause of 10 seconds. Then he telegraphed, by sounds:

"Open the siding, quick!"

Then a pause of 10 seconds, and again:

"Open the siding!"

The station was now in sight. Men were running to and fro in front of it.

"I've telegraphed them to open the siding!" shouted Kent in Faley's ear; for the train was roaring and thundering on at terrific speed.

"And sure enough, they've done!" exclaimed Faley, shutting off steam and setting the air brakes. "The signal says 'siding open.' "You've either killed us or cured us—depends on how close the freight cars are.

It was a minute of terrible suspense. The express, its speed slackened just in time by the powerful air brakes, glided into the siding. Would there be time to throw open the main track again, before the runaway freight cars came on?

"Jump!—we've done everything we can," cried Farley to Kent and the fireman, as the express stopped on the siding. Even as they jumped, there was a roar like thunder peal on the right side of the engine, and a dark shadow passed with the swiftness of lighting

It was the runaway freight cars, thundering by on the main track. The station master had thrown open the switch rod and closed the siding, just in time.

The Whiskers and the Wind.

Clarence Wells has wondrous whiskers,
  Which he cultivated duly;
Long and flossy, sleek and glossy,
  They were hirsute marvels, truly!
With pomatum and cosmetics
  Clarence was attentive to 'em—
Yet all vainly, for profanely
  Did the wind go blowing through 'em.

Though their shape was all the fashion,
  And their texture soft and wavy;
Though their color was no duller
  Than the pink of roast beef gravy;
Though the poets sung their glory
  And the damsels loved to woo 'em,
Still the gusty gales and lusty
  Kept adversely whisking through 'em.

Clarence Wells at last surrendered
  To fate's fitful draughty phases,
And, one day, sir, with a razor
  Off he swiped those crinose daisies!
Fortune favored him divested
  Of his whiskers pink and flowing—
With no furry freaks to worry,
  All at one the wind stopped blowing.

A Miniature.

Yes, he was a seaman true,
With his coat of British blue,
  And his buttons bright as gold.
And he worshipped at the shrine
Of a great-great aunt of mine,
  As become a sailor bold.

And he pleaded not in vain,
For she gave him love again;
  And thought that through her life
Her strength and stay should be
This hero of the sea,
  Who wooed her for his life.

But he—his grave is deep;
The Baltic billows sweep
  And surge above his breast;
And she—when gray and old,
In quiet English mold
  They laid her to her rest.

O, yes, a simple tale
For you who love of frail
  And faulty vows to sing;
And it happened long ago,
But hearts were hearts, you know,
  When George the Third was King.

The most continental region on the globe—farthest removed from an ocean—lies in Central Asia, south of Tsian Shan. It lies below the level of the ocean, and the Russian Government has established a meteorological station there.

From all recent accounts Atlin has been very much over-boomed, and instead of being a Tom Tiddlers' ground for poor men, the press correspondents now tell us that all previous reports regarding the shallowness of the diggings were incorrect, that it is necessary to sink deep shafts to get to bed-rock on most of the creeks, and that from all appearances hydraulicing will prove the only profitable method of mining in this territory. All of which may or not may not be true; but as this information has no more authorative or scientific source than the other, said to be reliable, wise men will be content to await further developments.—*Mining Record.*

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HERE AND THERE.

An Ingenious Dodge.

A certain young soldier officer—ever jealous for his corps—being on camp duty one evening, determined that the guilt should no longer be saddled on the soldier alone, to the exculpation of the greater offender. With this praiseworthy intention he secreted himself near the tents of the sailors. Presently he saw approaching a fine cock followed by a party of hens, picking up the grain scattered by a bluejacket, who, distributed a more than usually liberal supply close around the base of one of the tents, disappeared within. Not long after, the chanticleer, discovering his extra allowance, loudly called his wives and family about him, and they were soon lost to all but the enjoyment of so unwonted a treat.

At that moment the flap of the tent was cautiously raised, and three bronzed arms were instantly shot out and as quickly withdrawn, each hand grasping by the legs one of the fowls. Amid the crackling and screaming of the hens could be heard a hasty scuffling within the tent as the young subaltern quickly advanced, now assured of the success of his enterprise.

What was his astonishment when, on putting his head inside, he found one bluejacket seated upon some mealie-bags in the center, calmly smoking his pipe and busy sewing, while three other forms lay stretched and—loudly snoring on the ground! Rousing them up, the young officer taxed the lot with looting. This, of course, the men strenuously denied, one and all, and upon the officer declaring he should report the matter to headquarters, would take no refusal but that the tent should then an there be searched. Despite remonstrances they set to work, and in a very short time every single thing was out on the grass, as they themselves stood to attention, stripped to the waist.

Howbeit, there was roast fowl for dinner in that tent that evening; and this is how it was done. A fairly large round of turf had been neatly removed from the center of the tent-covered ground, and a sufficiently large hole dug, and the earth disposed of. The birds on being captured were given an instantaneous wring of the neck, thrown pell-mell into this hole, the turf lid carefully replaced and straightway covered with the mealie-bags, on which our stolid friend the bluejacket than sat himself down, sewing and smoking.

Disraeli's Only Laugh.

Disraeli, it is said, laughed only once in the house of commons. The incident is described in Sir John Mowbray's Seventy Years at Westminister, published in Blackwood's Magazine for February. Mr. Gladstone had

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made an impassioned speech in favor of the union of Wallachia and Moldavia. Mr. Disraeli, speaking in opposition, pointed out that the result would be the extinction of the independence of these people, and the only thing left would be the remorse "which would be painted with admirable eloquence by the rhetorician of the day."

In reply, Mr. Gladstone said that he would not be guilty of the affected modesty of pretending to be ignorant that that designation, "the rhetorician of the day," was intended for himself. Mr. Disraeli interrupted him with the remark: "I beg your pardon, I really did not mean that." Disraeli sat down with a satisfied smile that told of his enjoyment.

Mr. Gladstone's face expressed amazement and indignation. His opponent had placed him in the mortifying position of applying a remark to himself which had no personal reference, therefore Gladstone's wrath and Disraeli's smile. The Liberal leader proceeded with his speech and condemned the "sesquipedalian words and inflated language" of the leader of the Conservatives.

In those days, when Dasraeli, as the leader of the Conservatives, was "educating his party," and Mr. Gladstone was leading the Liberals, a story was told which indicated the Tory estimate of both men. A conversation took place between Mr. Davenport, the beau ideal of the Tory country gentleman, and Mr. Potter, a Liberal member of the house, with respect to the merits of their respective leaders. It was cut short by Devenport saying:

"Your leader is a dangerous lunatic; mine only an unscrupulous rogue."

It was an open secret to the men who followed Disraeli most obediently while he led the house of commons, says *Spectator*, "that in politics he no more regarded morality than he would have recognized it in a game of chess. He entered public life determined to win, but as to how he won he did not care one brass farthing."

Incense and Brimstone.

Father Stanton, the London ritualist, was once taken to task by a visitor to St. Albans, Holborn, who had witnessed the burning of incense for the first time in an Established church. He explained his repugnance "I feel very sorry for you, my friend," the father said in tones of deep grief. The visitor, very naturally, asked why. "There are only two odors in the next world," he replied—"incense and brimstone—and you will have to choose between them."

Just Like Lewis.

A young man wrote a letter to the editor of *The Morning Telegraph* asking him for an easy berth. He replied as follows:

"You cannot be an editor, do not try the law, let alone all ships, shops and merchandise, abhor politics, don't practice medicine, be not a farmer or a mechanic, neither be a soldier nor a sailor. Don't work, don't study, don't think. None of these are easy. Oh, son, you have come into a hard world. I know only of one easy place, and that is the grave."

Another Nose For Coquelin.

According to the gossip of Paris, Coquelin is now train for the role of Napoleon in the play, "Plus que Reine," which will shortly be brought out at the Porte Saint-Martin. After the reincarnation of "Cyrano de Bergerac," the great actor aspires to that of Napoleon I. But the nose presents a great difficulty. Cyrano de Bergerac's nose was long and deformed and the way Coquelin managed to produce it is well known. But the nose of the Emperor was aquiline, of a purely antique beauty, and just how Coquelin will manage to put it before the footlights is a puzzle. Naturally, he has the nose of his tribe, well turned up, and possessing the energetic nostrils of an orator. The trumpet-shaped nose might do very well for an ordinary warrior, but not for a Napoleon. So Coquelin will be obliged to stick his facial appendix into a false affair that will give him the profile of the great French Caesar—a delicate and difficult piece of work which the artist will doubtless bring to perfection. After having sought in vain through all Paris for an actor with a head that resembled more or less that of Napoleon, Coquelin determined at last to usurp the throne and become the Emperor himself.

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CERTIFICATE OF IMPROVEMENTS.

Invincible, Royal Arthur, Bellerophon, Elk Trumpet, Willie, Florence G. and Gerald F. Fraction Mineral Claims, situate in the Nelson Mining Division of West Kootenay District.

Where Located: On Eagle Creek and near the headwaters thereof.

Take notice that I, John McLatchie, free miner's certificate No. 2,078A for myself and as agent for Solomon Johns, free miner's certificate No. 2,348A and William George Robinson, free miner's certificate No. 13,584A, intend, sixty days from the date hereof, to apply to the mining recorder for a certificate of improvements, for the purpose of obtaining Crown Grants of the above claims. And further take notice that action, under section 37, must be commenced before the issuance of such certificate of improvements.

JOHN McLATCHIE, P. L. S.

Dated this 20th day of April, 1899.

CERTIFICATE OF IMPROVEMENTS.

Greenhorn Fraction Mineral Claim, situate in the Nelson Mining Division of West Kootenay District.

Where located: On east side of Eagle Creek, between the Poorman, White and Granite Mineral Claims.

Take notice that, I, John McLatchie, Free Miner's Certificate No. B 11,101, acting as agent for E. O. Nelson, Free Miner's Certificate No. B 11,277 and J. P. Swedberg, Free Miner's Certificate No. B 11,243, 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 30th day of May, 1899.

JOHN McLATCHIE.

THE Nelson Board of Trade held a "political" meeting Monday evening.

The promoters of the gas and coke works want a site near the Hall mines smelter.

Premier Semlin will call a convention of government supporters July 26th at Victoria.

T. Leo Peel, of Carley & Peel, will leave to-night for an extended visit to England and France.

Orangemen from the leading towns in the interior celebrated the anniversary of the Boyne to-day at Nelson.

The Nelson Saw and Planing Mills, Limited, have been awarded the contract for building the land registry office.

CERTIFICATE OF IMPROVEMENTS.

Star Mineral Claim, situate in the Nelson Mining Division of West Kootenay District.

Where Located: Between Sandy and Eagle Creeks, about 2½ miles south-east of the Poorman mineral claim.

Take notice that I, John McLatchie, free miner's certificate No. B 11,326, acting as agent for Oscar Johnson, Free Miner's Certificate No. 21,712 A, Mike Johnson, Free Miner's Certificate No. 23,241 A, and John Blomberg, free miner's certificate No. 21,791A, 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.

JOHN McLATCHIE, P. L. S.

Dated this 30th day of June, 1899.

CERTIFICATE OF IMPROVEMENTS.

Onix, Humboldt, C. & K., Josie and Freemont Mineral claims, situate in the Nelson Mining Division of West Kootenay District.

Where located: On south bank of Kootenay River and on the East side of Eagle Creek.

Take notice that I, Robert Scott Lennie, as agent for the Golden Five Mines, Limited, (non personal liability), of Nelson, B. C., free miner's certificate No. B 11,617, 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 8th day of July, 1899.

NOTICE.

Notice is hereby given that 30 days from the 23rd day of June 1899, the Head Offices of the Old Dominion Mining and Development Company, Limited Liability, will be changed from Rossland, B. C., to Nelson, B. C.

Dated at Nelson, B. C., this 14th day of June, 1899.

The Nelson lacrosse club will visit the coast in September and will cross sticks with teams at Victoria, Vancouver, New Westminister, and Nanaimo.

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.

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Jones—It's very amusing to see those women across the street looking at the bonnets in that window.

Brown—Amusing? Why, that's my wife and daughter.

This magazine article, said Mr. Northside, says that the kangaroos of Australia are being rapidly exterminated.

So those animals are on their last legs literally as well as figuratively, added Mr. Northside.

After a seclusion of several years the hermit returned to the haunts of men.

"Has there been a trust organized yet," he asked, "to control the output and regulate the price of the air we breathe?"

"Not yet," they told him.

"Then I have come back, peradventure, a few years too soon," he said.

And he plunged into the heart of the wilderness again.

Comes a cry across the threshold,
Sounding shrilly on the ears,
Such a cry as in its echoes
Wakens all the woes of years;
Grating harshly on the hearer,
Promptly deeds he'll live to rue—
Comes once more that fiendish question;
"Is it hot enough for you?"
Flies a man straight through the threshold,
Through the hall and down the stairs,
What if fate is in his transit,
No one knows—and no one cares.
He's the fool who asked the question,
Hark the fiendish, ghoulish glee
Of the man who fired him, saying:
"Yes, it's hot enough for me!"

NOTICE.

Notice is hereby given that I, W. G. Robinson, intend to apply to the Board of Licensing Commissioners of the City of Nelson at their next sitting thirty days after date for a transfer from me to Solomon Johns, Nelson, B. C., of the license held by me for the sale of liquors by retail at the Royal Hotel, situated on lots 3 and 4, Block 29, Nelson, B. C.

Dated this 9th day of June, 1899.

W. G. ROBINSON.

WADDS BROS.,
Photographers
VANCOUVER and NELSON
Near Phair Hotel, Victoria Street Nelson.

CERTIFICATE OF IMPROVEMENTS.

Imperial Mineral Claim, situate in the Nelson Mining Division of West Kootenay District. Where located: On east side of Eagle Creek, about two and a-half miles southeast of Podrman Mineral Claim.

Take notice that I, John McLatchie, Free Miner's Certificate No. B 11,326 acting as agent for J. P. Swedberg, Free Miner's Certificate No. B. 11,218 and J. W. Johnson, Free Miner's Certificate No. 21,785 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 twelfth day of June, 1899.

JOHN MCLATCHIE.

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