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THE NELSON ECONOMIST.

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EDITORIAL COMMENT.

"THE old guard dies, but does not surrender." These words were said to have been uttered in a moment of enthusiasm by Napoleon at Waterloo. Whether or not Napoleon ever said so, matters very little now; but it pleased the French to record the self-flattering words in prose and rhyme, in paintings, engravings and sculptures, and in all manner of ways. We borrow the expression merely to reflect the municipal situation at the present time in Nelson. The old combinations were shattered to pieces last Thursday, but they have not yet surrendered. There were many things about the old council to be admired, and the fact that those presenting themselves for re-election polled very respectable votes, although not elected, demonstrated that their services were appreciated in certain quarters. There were many issues at stake in the recent contest, and strange to say the one that appears to have been the greatest factor in reversing the old order of things was the granting of a saloon license. THE ECONOMIST suspected there was an element of moral reform in the movement; and the fact that all the lawyers and saloon keepers on both tickets were turned down affords testimony that the ratepayers had a vague suspicion that they were placing the city on a new basis. But subsequent developments lend color to the suspicion that the great issue before the people was whether a certain saloon license should be given to Abraham Johnson or Bob Lemon. We were in a haze of doubt as to which side had really won, until the Salvation Army band, on the evening of the election, dropped into Mr. Johnson's place of business and struck up a half-dozen or so soul-stirring tunes. But it must not be imagined for a moment that the religious element was all on the side of Abe Johnson. A certain prominent member of the Methodist church very early in the contest gave unmistakable evidence that he had espoused the cause of Bob Lemon. Just how the other religious denominations divided we are not in a position to state, but it appears from the result of the poll that Abe Johnson had a slight majority on his side. At the hour of writing he holds his liscense. As we said before THE ECONOMIST was only enlightened as to the gravity of the issues at stake, on the evening of the election. No doubt others were in equally as benighted a state, and voted as their convictions dictated.

The old council had their faults, but naturally those members of the old body who were defeated feel a little disconsolate The new council will be fortunate if when their term of office expires they have given as little cause for just complaint as the old one. They have undertaken a difficult task, and it will be strange if they do not make some errors in its performance. Every man on the board is interested in the advancement of Nelson, so it is reasonable to conclude that all will work for the general welfare of the city. The task of Mayor Neelands is perhaps the greatest. He has stepped into the shoes of a man, who, no matter what his sins of omission or commission may have been, can never be accused of lacking in patriotism to Nelson. The new incumbent of the office stands well with his fellow-citizens and all look forward to an honest administration of the affairs pertaining to his office. Charles Hillyer was the only member of the old board re-elected. He should feel flattered at the confidence his fellow-citizens have again reposed in him. On the new board are Mr. Beer, who is largely interested in the city; Mr. Thomson, who stands in the very front rank of our business men; Mr. Kirkpatrick, an energetic young merchant; Mr. Fletcher a large holder of real estate; and Mr. McKillop, a man well qualified for the office of alderman. There is not a negative man in the whole combination, and the city should be ruled with wisdom the coming year.

As illustrating the desire of Manitobans, wherever their lot may be cast, to advance the interests of their place of abode, it may be mentioned that nearly every applicant for positions under the new council were from recent residents of the great Northwest. This speaks volumes for the patriotism of Manitobans and their manifestations of sublime self-abnegation should not go unrewarded.

THE new council is to be commended in its policy of affording additional fire protection to the city. As was pointed out, adequate fire protection reduces insurance, a consummation most devoutly to be wished.

THE greater portion of the time of the first meeting of the new council was taken up by the efforts of the board to reconcile Ald. Hillyer to the new condition of affairs, with what success the future can only determine.

THE moral reform wave does not appear to have submerged the sinners of Victoria. On the contrary, the moral reform candidate was deluged by the votes of the men who believe Victoria is quite Puritanical enough already.

AN unpleasant feature of the dissensions which have arisen over the granting of a certain saloon license in this city, is the fact that one of the commissioners is interested—indeed part owner—in one of the buildings in which it is proposed to conduct a saloon. It may be that this fact cuts no figure with License Commissioner Turner, and that, as alleged in his behalf, he would not permit a saloon in his premises, but he may experience some difficulty in convincing the people that he is not prejudiced in favor of Mr. Lemon on this account. The public are not charitable in matters of this kind, and while THE ECONOMIST accepts Mr. Turner's protestations of disinterested motives in the granting of this license, as being honest, this paper repeats again that the affair has a bad look about it. We understand the building in which it is proposed to conduct the saloon was sublet by the present lessee, but whether there is a provision in the lease prohibiting its use for other purposes than that for which it was originally leased, we do not know. Such a provision would go a long way towards relieving Mr. Turner of the impution of benefitting by this license, and we sincerely trust that such may

be the case. He has not, in the past, been l oked upon as a person who would unduly interest himself in the saloon trade. On the contrary, he has been regarded as a good-living man, who discouraged the liquor traffic in any form. We mention these matters in justice to Mr. Turner.

THE political situation in British Columbia at the pr sent time may be said to be without parallel in the history of this or any other Province. No sooner has the government legislated a majority for itself than it is discovered that the Independence Act of Parliament has been violated by several members. For this reason many members—"too numerous toe mention," as they say in the bills of auction sales—have handed in their resignations, and, it is said, "there are others." Just where it will all end, no one pretends to say, but a new election seems to be the only solution of the problem. Whether or not a general election will take place, it is quite likely Mr. Hume, if the dispatchers express the true state of affairs, will have to resign. In that event an election will take place almost at once. The opponents in Nelson of the Martin adminstration are quite ready for such a contest. It will not require a very strong man to beat Mr. Hume this time—not that Mr. Hume is any the less popular as a citizen, but the people have lost all confidence in the government of which he is a member.

The moment, it appears to us, has arrived when those who are strongly opposed to the policy of the present gov rnment must look to what the future promises and decide upon a definite line of action. By those who are opposed to the policy of the present government, we mean that great portion of the inhabitants of this Province who followed Mr. Turner to his defeat, and also a very large proportion of those who voted against, Mr. Turner as a protest against an unpopular member of his cabinet, but who, disgusted by the high-handed proceedings of Joseph Martin, bitterly regret that they were foolish enough to jump from the frying-pan into the fire. A large element demanded a change, and without indicating the methods by which the desired end was obtained, we may simply say they got it. Those same people are now clamoring for another change, and if another election took place tomorrow, undoubtedly the present administration would be overwhelmed by the ballots of an outraged people.

Under these circumstances, the followers of Mr. Turner in the House should at once begin the work of organization. Are they now ready for the battle? Or do they hope to get into power on account of the weakness of their adversaries? It is quite true the Conservatives have expressed a determination to fight the next provincial battle on party lines, but are they ready? Some months ago, the Conservatives of British Columbia—THE ECONOMIST among the rest—boasted of what was being done in the way of organization, but what have they to show for it to-day? It is not certain that the Conservatives as a party could hold their own in British Columbia now. The simple fact that Mr. Bostock could not be elected in his constituency does not prove that some other Liberal could not win the prize. The fact of the matter is, there is not that enthusiasm that we were led to believe would be manifested in organization.

It is therefore the duty of Mr. urner and his followers to come together and tell the people what his policy will be in the future. If it is believed the old leaders w e not the choice of the people why not select others. Mr. Turner may be said to have been a popular leader, but in all candor it must be confessed that he sacrificed himself through weakness in his advisory board. THE ECONOMIST is not throwing stones at any member of the old government, nor do we deem it our special obligation to indicate just where that weakness existed. We are free to conTs, t there was one member of that old Cabinet that practically negatived all the virtues of the government. There should be no trouble in organizing at the present time. There is first class material behind Mr. Turner in the House, and he should have no difficulty in making selections.

We have not the slightest doubt that Mr. Joseph Martin is now making prepartions for another election. Already, in his own mind, he has mapped out his plan of action. His officers may include Messrs. Semlin and Cotton, but it is more than likely he will sacrifice one or both for men more in sympathy with his peculiar methods. Mr. Martin is never caught napping, and he must be met with men equally as ready to grasp the advantages of the situation. Now is the accepted time, now is the day of salvation.

WHEN the future historian of British Columbia comes to the name of Alexander Henderson, of New Westminster, he will pause for a time and then obliterate it. Mr. Henderson can claim the distinction of having created a new code for the conduct of public men. He ran as an independent supporter of the Turner administration, and as such he was supported by the followers of Mr. Turner in New Westminster. Now he buds forth as a full-fledged supporter of the Joseph Martin administration. This paper cannot be accused of ever having been friendly to Mr. Martin, but we entertain too high an opinion of the attorney-general to believe for one moment that he views the political somersault of his supporter with anything but contempt. During the recent campaign Mr. Henderson wrote several letters that would read well in print to-day. Oh, for a Cicero to flagellate this Cateline!

On the subject of Mr. Henderson's sudden change of heart the Vancouver *World*, in a recent issue, has the following: "There is over in New Westminster the utmost indignation concerning the path which their representative in the Legislative Assembly has chosen—for reasons best known to himself—to follow. Alexander Henderson never could have been elected if the supporters of the then Government party had not by their influence and means fought his battles against the strongest man who could have been put in the field against him. Indeed there was grave doubt that he could be returned and it was only through the superhuman efforts of the followers of Premier Turner—including the papers friendly to that honorable gentleman's cause—that he succeeded in winning the most significant struggle of the campaign. On the night of triumph he and Mr. Richard McBride—who ran as a straight Government candidate in Dewdney—spoke from the same carriage in the streets of New Westminster exulting over the victory that had been won. His opponent, a good friend of the present Administration, was a subject for derision and hurrahs for the victor were mingled with groans for the disenthroned king of the Royal City. In the office of the *Columbian* hatred of Mr. Henderson was accentuated by the vitriol that poured through its pages day after day, and when a paper in this city claimed him for the opposition of that time he indignantly denied it. A change has come o'er the spirit of Alex. Henderson's political dreams. What has caused it? Yesterday he and Mr. J. C. Brown, the defeated, were passengers for Victoria, to all intents and purposes soldiers in the same army. The latter was honest and manly, he fought the fair fight and nobody has anything to say against him. Mr. Henderson did the snake act, pursued a tortuous course, and his first vote in the Legislature was given for a Bill that will go down into the statute books as the most scandalous that ever was originated in the Parliament of a British possession. What will be the end of Mr. Alexander Henderson? What is the end of all traitors? He will go down to ignoble defeat. He has dug his own political grave. If he were to run in New Westminister to-morrow he would not get 200 votes. He knows that himself. But there is still time for him to repent and try to live up to that high standard of public morality which is expected from those who represent the people. Who would want to be in Alex. Henderson's shoes? There was a Judas among the apostles and we all know his fate. History repeats itself."

'RAS. WIMAN tells the public that Canada will never be annexed to the United States. In the language of the reporter this is no scoop. Canadians knew all about it many years ago.

THE Kaslo Comique is defunct and the ladies of that city no longer wear veils to hide their blushes.

'TIS better to be born lucky than rich. The Province of British Columbia conferre

upon Joseph Martin the title of Attorney-General, and now cometh Gold Commissioner Turner declaring the said Joseph to be an eminent legal authority. The next thing somebody will be claiming that Walter C. Nichols, of the Vancouver *Province*, is an "eminent journalist."

SOME months ago—to be absolutely correct, October 4th, 1898—THE ECONOMIST gave publicity to a rumor to the effect that Hon. J. M. Kellie had about decided to enter society at the capital, and that in order to make his *debut* more conspicious and imposing the same gentleman had hinted that when the proper time had arrived, not only would he abandon the hand-me-downs, so popular in and around Revelstoke, but he would array himself in tailor made clothes, and on state occasions appear in a full dress suit. THE ECONOMIST made the announcement with a full realization of its far-reaching consequences and import to the country at large and the Province of British Columbia in particular. At the same time this paper harbored a lingering hope that the statement was nothing more than a rumor, probably started by some busy body with the intention of discrediting Mr. Kellie with his constituents. We say THE ECONOMIST was actuated by sincere friendship towards Mr. Kellie in publishing the statement always believing that at the proper time the Revelstoke statesmen would come boldly forward and face his traducers. Contrary to expectations, Mr. Kellie has not done so, but, we regret to say, has furnished the most incontrovertible evidence himself that he contemplated a change from his primitive style of wearing apparel, for he has appeared on the streets of Victoria with a bran new silk tile. This information is supplied by the following pathetic announcement in the society column of the Victoria *Times:*

"Mr. J. M. Kellie, has donned a fashionable silk hat, and 'thereby hangs a tale.'"

Aye, truly a tale—A harrowing tale, my masters, one that will bring sorrow to every fireside in Kootenay. J. M. Kellie has long been regarded as the most striking figure of this wild and woolly west. As was fit and proper he eschewed the frills and furbelows of more populous and fashionable centers, but pinned his faith to the loose-fitting and less expensive garments to be found on the shelves of the general stores in Revelstoke. And herein was one of the many attributes of greatness of the Kootenay statesmen. His mackinaw coat and pantaloons stood for democracy in dress while the soft hat that obscured Pothole's dome of thought was a chaste testimonial of the great statesman's contempt for the nude in art or nature.

But the worst has come to pass. This rugged example of primitive democracy has succumbed to the allurements and unreasonable demands of society, and now, we are sorry to confess, he may be seen daily on the streets of Victoria with a silk hat, and, we doubt not, decked out in purple and fine linen to match. We have not heard that Mr. Kellie has cast aside his brogans and encased his pedal extremities in tan shoes, but the distance from silk hats to Russian tans is not great when one starts on the down grade, and doubtless these latter will come as a natural sequence. Indeed, it is suspected that the Kootenay Beau Brummell has a pair of these vain things in his bedroom at the present time, and is only waiting for a change in the weather to draw them forth from their hiding place.

The effect of the downfall of Pothole Kellie upon the county at large need not be dwelt upon in detail at this time. It will be apparent to every intelligent citizen on reflection. In the popular fancy this most striking figure has combined in his personality the ruggedness of Cincinnatus and the austerity of St. Simeon Stylites. Indeed, on the whole, he has presented a more striking aspect than either of those illustrious characters of antiquity, for while Cincinnatus abjured headgear altogether, J. M. Kellie wore a felt hat. But the difference is so trifling as not to be worth mentioning. And Stylites, who lived thirty years on a pillar, didn't really need a mackinaw suit, on account of the mildness of the Syrian climate.

There is no good reason to doubt that the Revelstoke statesman would have gone thundering down the ages as St. Kellie, had he not in an evil moment, succumbed to the allurements of a silk hat, a tailor-made suit of clothes and tan shoes. Up to the hour when it was announced that J. M. Kellie had really donned a silk hat, the Kootenay country had felt a certain sense of security which it can feel no longer. The feeling was generally prevalent that though the capital might be a seething maelstrom of iniquity (see recent editorials in Victoria *Times* and Police Magistrates Hall's address to the Police Commissioners); though members of the legislature sold cartridges in violation of the independence act of Parliament; though a certain member of the Government could not find a hotel commodious enough for a sleeping room; there was still left to us the simplicity of J. M. Kellie. Is it any wonder therefore, that our faith in human nature and in the destiny of the Province has been rudely shattered by the sad though brief announcement in the society columns of the Victoria *Times?* There is not one rift of hope in the clouds of impending gloom and doom.

THE Vancouver *Province* says there is always room in the grave-yard for newspapers. The funereal jokes of the *Province* affords the most striking illustration of the foregoing fact.

IT is often said that shoemakers' sons wear the worst boots and that the offspring of preachers are the most incorrigible. There seems to be something in the latter proposition at least. Quite recently in the prisoners' dock in an eastern city there were three offenders, all sons of preachers. It may be interesting to remark that Woods, who was executed in Nelson last year, was the youngest son of a preacher who once lived near Galt, Ont. Woods (that was not his right name) acquired considerable celebrity as a burglar in the large Eastern cities, and another brother was not less noted as a safe-cracker.

THE Toronto *Telegram* is of the opinion that Canada would sooner help the Senate to reform the deals of Sir Wilfrid Laurier's Government than help Sir Wilfrid Laurier to reform the make-up of the Senate.

THE electors of Nelson did not want saloon-keepers, but they compromised on Beer.

A CORRESPONDENT writes: "If THE ECONOMIST does not change its policy on * * * * * *, I shall be compelled to withdraw my advertisement." Our correspondent should order his advertisement out at once, for the reason that THE ECONOMIST is not changing its policy this year, and in future we will deem it our duty to see that this man pays double rates and in advance.

THE indiscriminate manner in which some British Columbia politicians are throwing bouquets at the laboringman, induces the belief that the labor vote is expected to count in future. The horny-handed son of toil is ever the dupe of designing men.

The year 1898 was one of prosperity all over the world, and particularly so in Canada. The bank clearing returns for the eleven months ending November show a total of $1,266,668,334, an increase of 205,538,065 or 19 per cent. over the previous year. Notwithstanding the rate war which prevailed the traffic returns on the railways also show a large increase. The gross earnings of the Canadian Pacific for the eleven months, ending November, were $23,467,860, an increase of $1,741,068, compared with the same period last year, but the net earnings were $54,061 less. The gross earnings of the Grand Trunk for the ten months were $19,775,021, compared with $19,183,269 the corresponding period 1897. The shipping trade of the port of Montreal is another evidence of the expansion of trade, 516 ocean steamers, with an aggregate tonnage of 1,212,746, having entered the port against 479 vessels, with a tonnage of 1,054,225, in 1897. In coastwise steamers an increase is also shown, there being 330 vessels with a tonnage of 345,000, against 300 in 1897 with a tonnage of 317,000. The number of failures in 1898 was 1,427, a decrease of 520, and in the amount of liabilities 36.33 per cent. over 1897. Ontario had the largest wheat crop in its history—32,032,498 bushels. That of Manitoba was 25,000,000 bushels and in addition it produced 17,000,000 bushels of oats and $500,000 worth of butter

and cheese. Beef cattle to the number of 12,525 were exported.

NEXT month the Conference will actually assemble which is to discuss the Czar's disarmament proposal. In the meantime, all the great nations of the earth are making extraordinary expenditures for ships and war material generally.

THE new envelope with the two cent stamp embossed upon it has been withdrawn. The printing bureau had printed the stamp in purple, and as the Berne postal regulation requires that domestic stamps should be red, the embossed stamp must conform to this color.

THE Toronto *Telegram* points out one disadvantage of the proposed reciprocal relations between Canada and the United States. Any measure of reciprocity would mean the shipment to England of United States products as Canadian products. Canada is developing rhe individuality of her own propucts in the English market. Under any scheme of reciprocity the advantage of this individuality would be lost to Canada. United States products and Canadian products would go together to the English market, and the inferiority of American food stuffs would affect the demand which is now justified by the superiority of Canada's farm products. It is not impossible that the loss to the farmers of the whole country through any measure of reciprocity which tended to assimilate Canadian and English farm products in the English market would far more then outweigh the advantage which reciprocity would bring to any part of Canada.

A TORONTO paper observes that though confidence in Kootenay mines has been a plant of slow growth in London, it has proved a hardy one. Two big and promising companies were floated there last year, and Kootenay shares have been rising in London. It is expected that the year 1899 will be a bright one in the history of gold and silver mining in Southern British Columbia.

THE removal of Sheriff Redgrave from the office he filled so long, will be a source of complaint among old-timers. No man in this country has had so many adventures by land and sea as the sheriff.

SO SUCCESSFUL was the last visit of Dan Godfrey's famous military band to this country that he has determined to make another trip. He will sail from London about the middle of next month for the United States, beginning his American tour at Washington. He will later on visit Eastern Canada, and possibly may come through to British Columbia.

THE Rome correspondent of the London *Daily Telegraph* says: "Archbishop Ireland is coming to Rome to explain his conduct during the American-Hispano war. The influence he was supposed to possess with President McKinley led the Vatican to take certain steps which proved abortive, to the great chagrin of the Pope."

SOME complaints have reached us as to the general conduct of the Kootenay Lake General Hospital. It appears that the arrangements as they now exist might be changed with advantage to the public. Reorganization seems necessary.

THE Ottawa *Citizen* believes that Lord Curzon's aspiration to see twenty-five thousand miles of railway open in India before the termination of his Viceroyalty will not be difficult of attainment. Accoring to the last Administration Report on Indian Railways, the mileage of open line on the 31st March last was 21,156 miles. By the close of the financial year the number will approach, if not pass, 22,000. B that time the lines sanctioned, and actually under construction, will be about 4,300 miles. So that Lord Curzon has not at all been ambitious in his railway project.

THE changes in the Senate proposed by Sir Wilfrid Laurier are being severely criticized by the leading public men of the country. Prof. Goldwin Smith says that in this matter we are not our own masters. Canada may in extent of territory and in hope, be a great nation, but her political position at present is that of a dependency of Great Britain. Her constitution is fixed by an act of the Imperial Parliament, which only the same authority can repeat or amend. In the Imperial Parliament the Conservatives have and are likely to retain, a large majority, and it is not probable that they would consent to the ambition of the Canadian Senate, or to any very democratic innovation. They would be backed in resistence by the large party of Conservatives here.

DR. WALKEM in his paper, writes: "We have lived to admire the eloquence of Mr. Kellie in its splendid dawn, and in its meridian, when he was wont to rise amidst the breathless expectation of the Assembly, and to sit down amidst reiterant bursts of applause." So have we all; Doctor; so have we all.

THE newspapers are full of stories concerning Sir Henry Hawkins, the celebrated judge, who was recently raised to the peerage. Here are three of them: Sir Henry was once presiding over a long, tedious, and uninteresting trial, and was listening, apparently with great attention, to a very long-winded speech from a learned counsel. After a while he made a pencil memorandum, folded it, and sent it by the usher to the Q. C. in question, who, unfolding the paper, found these words:—"Patience competition. Gold medal, Sir Henry Hawkins; honorable mention, Job." Mr. Justice Hawkins once had to sentence an old swindler, and gave him seven years. "Oh, my lord," whined the man, "I'll never live half the time." The judge took another look at him, and answered, "I don't think it is at all desirable that you should." On another occasion, the usual formality was gone through of asking a prisoner who had been found guilty if he had anything to say. Striking a theatrical posture, and with his right hand in the air, the man exclaimed "May the Almighty strike me dead if I don't speak the truth. I am innocent of this crime." Judge Hawkins said nothing for about a minute. Then, after glancing at the clock, he observed, in his most impressive tones: "Since the Almighty has not thought fit to intervene I will now proceed to pass sentence.

THE new city council will not inaugurate the spoils system. All fair-minded citizens will endorse the evident determination of the city fathers to deal impartially with the merchants and tradesmen of the city.

D. R. YOUNG, whose fame as a poet extends wherever the English language is spoken, has removed his interesting publication, the *Mining Standard*, to Rossland. Nelson can ill afford to lose a poet at this time, especially one of Mr. Young's transcendant talent.

WILLIAM CULLIN, SR., one of the best known printers in Canada, died at his home in Victoria, last week, at the advanced age of 73 years. For sixty years he had been engaged in the printing trade in one capacity or another, and during that time handled the manuscript of some of the greatest men of the empire. In the latter part of the first quarter of the present century he was employed in a printing office in Dublin, Ire., and came in confact with many of the leaders of the Irish movement of that time. He knew Dan O'Connell personally, and related with pleasure many incidents in the life of the great Liberator. Deceased came to Canada while yet a young man, and saw "Muddy York" grow to a large commercial center. He took a great interest in organized labor, and was one of the oldest members of the Typographical Union in Canada. He was held in high esteem by the members of that organization, and respected by his neighbors for his sterling qualities and upright life.

MR. C. DELL-SMITH, will take up his residence in Rossland, where he goes as editor of the *Mining Standard*. Mr. Smith is an able, forcible writer, and under his guidance the *Standard* should become a source of great benefit to the mining interests of British Columbia.

IT is rather strange that in discussing the proposed alien legislation of the British Columbia government, the American newspapers never refer to the fact that there are similar laws against aliens in the United States, and rigidly enforced.

Leaves from the Diary of Samuel Pepys

(Continued.)

But it happened that one day, turning over the official organ, which is known as "the voice of Joseph," I read a notice therein signed by the Lord High Executioner of this strange land, calling upon the advisers of Charles As to meet in solemn conclave without delay. And in the city of Vancouver, in those public hostelries where the followers of Joseph most do congregate to discuss politics before the bar straightway following upon the appearance of this notice there becometh a very popular ditty entitled, "Oh, he won't do a thing to them," which is very like in tune and intent to the late lamented Colonel Oliver Cromwell's little chant at the sacking of Drogheda. And when I questioned those followers of Joseph as to what the other advisers of Charles As would undertake, they replied that the latter in the language of Joseph's lambs were "dubs," which meaneth in the political language of this most interesting kingdom that they do not count, not being entitled to any opinions of their own under an act passed by Joseph during his late term as adviser to the "Sleepy Are." Yet when I questioned much as to who and what was the "Sleepy Are," I was amazed to discover that Joseph was bound to them to do their bidding, and that moreover this city of Vancouver is their private property to be done with as it pleaseth them. And that moreover the chief aim of the bounty of Joseph is to hand over to the "Sleepy Are" that country which is called Kootenay and which lieth to the East, and that moreover the "Sleepy Are" hoped by the aid of Joseph finally to acquire in fee simple the whole of the northern hemisphere save only the seat of Sifton, which Joseph coveteth not, and many more little things in regard to the assessment of "Sleepy Are" property, which will make pleasant reading in the future pages of my diary. For though Joseph is very cunning, Charles As is not, and the latter sometimes putteth into writing what Joseph will only whisper, but of this more anon. For methinks I have other urgent reasons wherefore I shall journey to the capital city of Victoria without delay. I have there to deliver letters to that eminent divine ride-a-bicycle-in-praise-of-the Lord-Plotten from his cousin in London, regarding the disposal of certain mining stock which the latter holdeth in his possession, having purchased the same from and by the advice of that good man, when he journeyed through the Eastern countries collecting subscriptions for the Tabernacles of those who can be saved only by total immersion. And his cousin who also belongeth to the same army of the Lord is a mild mannered man and hath great faith in his pastors, and he taketh their word on a "good thing." But from a certain worldly wise man, who, being a broker and dealer in stocks in this city of Vancouver has of course given up all hope of salvation, as the same is donied to those who are tainted with the spirit of gambling. I received but little consolation, for when I related to him the circumstances of the case, he told me that the eminent divine had "given it to the Eastern suckers in the neck," which is a metaphor beyond my understanding and taken from the Bible, and therefore will be easily explained by the eloquent divine. So having discounted a sight draft on the Duke of Buckingham, which was kindly endorsed by my friend, the faro banker who won my ducats, and which the latter will assuredly have to meet, I commence my journey to Victoria with the fall of the night.

Letters of Honor.

The Duke of Buckingham and Chandos, at the time Secretary of State, shortly after Confederation addressed the following despatch to the Governor-General, Lord Monck. No essential change has since been made with reference to the matter: "In consequence of the Confederatfon of the British Province some revision of the former usages there about titles has become necessary, and I have the honor to inform you that Her Majesty has been pleased to approve of the adoption of the following regulations:

1. The Governor-General of Canada to be styled "His Excellency.'
2. The Lieutenant-Governor of the Province to be styled "His Honour."
3. The Privy Councillors of Canada to be styled "Honourable" and for life.
4. Senators of Canada are to be styled "Honourable," but only during office, and the title not to be continued afterwards.
5. Executive Councillors of the provinces to be styled "Honourable," but only while in office, and the title not to be continued afterwards.
6. Legislative Councillors in the provinces not in future to have that title, but gentlemen who were legislative councillors at the time of Union (1st July, 1861) to retain their titles of "Honourable" for life.
7. The President of the Legislative Council in the Province to be styled "Honourable" during office.
8. The Speaker of the House of Assembly in the province to be styled "Honourable" during office.

The belief is current in the east, that James J. Hill, president of the Great Northern Railroad, realizing the importance of the Oriental trade, has in contemplation the establishing of a line of modern, up-to-date steamships across the Pacific, and that a capital of $12,000,000 will be subscribed for the purpose he has in view.

Nelson would be a fitting name for a new warship. It would perpetuate the name of Britain's greatest naval commander, and at the same time be a delicate recognition of the commercial supremacy of the coming city of the great Canadian west.

LOCAL AND PROVINCIAL.

Ald. Thomson is making a tour of East Kootenay.

Mr. and Mrs. DesBrisay are going to the coast for a visit.

Miss Terry, the elocutionist, has taken up her residence in Rossland.

Edward Mallendaine, resident engineer of the Nelson & Bedlington road, at Creston, is at the Phair.

Hamilton Byers, the hardware merchant, will leave for Nova Scotia next Friday to visit his mother, who is ill.

A. E. Storey, jailer, has been dismissed, and succeeded by ex-Mounted Policeman Jarvis. Mr. Storey was a capable officer.

A dancing club has been organized in Nelson. The name of the club is the "Ivy" and the following gentlemen are the committee: Messrs. W. Gardiner, H. Bradley, E. B. Irving and P. E. Beckett.

The *Globe*, the new Victoria daily, will make its appearance about February 1st. If there is one thing in the world Victoria needs more than another at the present time it is a half-dozen or so daily newspapers.

The annual meeting of the Hospital Ladies Aid Society was held in the school-room of the Presbyterian Church on Monday afternoon at 3 o'clock. The following officers were elected for the ensuing year: President, Mrs. C. E. Miller; vice-president, Mrs. R. W. Day; secretary, Miss E. Wickham; treasurer, Mrs. Dow; buying committee, Mrs. Painter and Mrs. Goepel.

The Nelson Public Library Association held its regular monthly meeting last evening, the following members being present: Mrs. J. Roderick Robertson, president, in the chair, Mrs. McCulloch, secretary, Mrs. Day, Mrs. Arthur, Mrs. Stocks, Mrs. Miller and Messrs. J. Roderick Roderick Robertson, Geo. Kydd, E. A. Crease, G. V. Holt, Dr. Hall and Librarian Harrison. Only routine business was transacted.

The management of the Crystal Skating Rink are sparing no effort to make their place popular. The Masquerade carnival last Monday evening was a great success, a large crowd being present. The prize winners were: Miss McMillan, Zenobia, the captive Queen of Palmyra; Miss Harvey, dressed as a Turkish lady, received the prize for the most graceful skater; Mr. Coxhead, won the prize for the best dressed gentleman, and Joe Curran for the best character costume. In the two mile race Tom Cowan was winner. It is proposed to give another masquerade at an early date.

OLD NEWGATE.

The Famous Building to be Shortly Destroyed and Replaced by a Modern Structure.

Newgate, London's ancient prison, as historic as the Bastile, is about to be destroyed to make way for modern improvements. It has not been used since December 31, 1881, except for the detention of prisoners awaiting trial or execution, but now it is to be entirely removed.

How old it is no one knows. It was used as a prison in 1188, for it is so named in the records of those times. It probably antedates that period by several hundred years, but there is good reason to believe that it has lived for a thousand years, while hundreds of thousands of prisoners have been executed there. During this time it has been rebuilt often and continued additions have been made. In recent time it was rebuilt after a fire in 1556 and again about 1630. Destroyed in the great fire that followed the terrible plague of 1665, it was again rebuilt and there have been so many restorations since that it has been practically entirely renewed several times—in the same way that the man who breaks first the blade and then the handle of his knife has the same knife after frequent renewals.

The mere catalogue of the criminals who have been executed at Newgate would fill a volume the size of an unabridged dictionary. Thousands of famous malefactors have been executed there. Aside from those like Captain Macheath, Dick Turpin and Jack Sheppard, criminals but not popular heroes, others have been confined there who are not remembered for their crimes alone. These include William Penn, the founder of Pennsylvania; Sir Robert Wright, the Lord Chief Justice who tried the seven Bishops; Defoe, the author of "Robinson Crusoe," and Ellwood, Milton's friend.

Newgate's old walls could tell a story of many horrors enacted beneath them. The end of Newgate marks a reformatory change in the methods of treatment of the condemned. Yet it is only in 1868, thirty years ago, that the hideous journey to Tyburn was abolished and an execution ceased to be a public holiday.

Executions were fewer in number in the latter days. This is not wholly due to the improvements in the morals of mankind, for in the olden times the theft of a loaf of bread or the snaring of a hare on a game preserve was punished with death. Historians say that during the reign of Henry VIII. 72,000 executions took place. Sir Thomas Moore, in his "Utopia," declares that twenty thieves might be seen hanging from a single gibbet, and hangings were almost a daily occurrence.

Conviction of criminals was easy in those days. Torture was used to induce the prisoners to confess, and it was the especial delight of Henry VIII. to apply torture to those who differed from him in religious belief. Wilkes and Defoe were among those who stood in the Newgate pillory. Little more than a hundred years ago women were publicly whipped at the whipping post or at any cart's tail. The fierce statutes of Henry VIII. and Elizabeth made no distinction of sex, and their ferocious provisions that offenders "should be stripped naked from the middle upwards and whipped till the body should be bloody" long continued in force. Men with their wives and children were flogged publicly and sometimes by order of the clergy who believed it was for their moral good.

As late as 1723 torture was used at Newgate. Stringing up by the thumbs which survived long after in the army, was quite a usual proceeding. More terrible was the press. An accused person who persistently remained mute was solemnly warned three times of the penalty for obstinacy and given a few hours for consideration. If the prisoner remained contumacious the following sentence was passed upon him or her:

"That you be taken back to the prison whence you came to a low dungeon which no light can enter, that you be laid on your bare back on the bare floor, with a cloth around your loins, but elsewhere naked; that there be set upon your body a weight of iron as great as you can bare—and greater; that you have no sustenance, save upon the first day three morsels of the coarest bread, on the second day three drafts of stagnant water from the pool nearest the prison door, on the third day again three morsels of bread, and such water alternately from day to day until you die."

Pepys, who supplies the lack of modern newspapers in that day, gives a detailed account of the way in which the extreme penalty of the law was carried out in 1662. It was the execution of John Turner. Turner was drawn in a cart from Newgate at 11 in the morning. Standing in the cart, he gave the crowd an address of great length, lasting over an hour. Then he prayed for an hour more aloud and distributed his money among the mob, which fought for it both as charity and as souvenirs. At last he directed the executioner to take the halter off his shoulders and afterwards, taking it in his hands, he kissed it and put it on his neck himself; then he had fitted the cap and put it on. The executioner fastened the noose, and he kissed his hand to a pretty woman who smiled at him as he was hanged. Pepys says there were 12,000 or 14,000 people in the street watching the affair.

An execution was always the occasion of festivity in latter days when they became less common. The Governor of Newgate would give a breakfast to twelve or fourteen persons of quality," his daughter or wife doing the honors. Then all would adjourn to witness the affair. People of fashion would pay as much as £5 for a good vantage point in a window opposite, and would spend the night there to see the affair. The common people would begin to fill the streets in front of the prison sometimes twenty-four hours before the event, that they might have a good sight. Fathers would take their whole families to see the hanging, and that was only a hundred years ago.

When the time came for the affair dense crowds thronged the approaches to Newgate. It was a ribald, reckless, brutal mob, violently combative, fighting for the foremost places, fiercely aggressive and distinctly abusive. Spectators often had their limbs broken and their teeth knocked out. Barriers could not restrain the crowd, and were often borne down and trampled under foot. All along the route taken by the procession people vented their feelings upon the doomed convicts, cheering a popular criminal to the echo and railing at or hurling things at those they hated or despised. Often there would be fights between the partisans and despisers of the criminal. At the moment of execution the mob would surge around the cart, some pelting the condemned with missiles, sometimes even when he was at prayer. Barbara Specer was beaten down by a stone while on her knees. When Jack Sheppard was executed he was made a hero, and his body was seized after the hanging by the mob and passed around from hand to hand. There was a serious riot, and it was nearly 24 hours before the corpse could be recovered for burial.

Perhaps the most awful catastrophe at an execution was at that of Hollway, a murderer, in 1807. There was 40,000 people present. The pressure was so frightful that many would have willingly escaped from the crowd, but their attempts only increased the general confusion. Griffiths describes the affair. Soon women began to scream with terror, some especially of low stature found it difficult to remain standing, and several, although held up for some time by the men nearest them, presently fell and were trampled to death. Cries of murder were now raised and added to the horror of the scene. Panic became general. More women, children and many men were borne down to perish beneath the feet of the rest.

In this convulsive struggle for bare existence, people fought fiercely with one another and the weakest—of course the women—went under. One cartload of spectators having broken down, some of its occupants fell off the vehicle and were instantly trampled to death. This went on for more than an hour, until the malefactor was cut down and the gallows removed. Then the mob began to thin and the streets were cleared by the police. The catastrophe exceeded the worst anticipations. Nearly 100 dead and dying lay about, and after all had been removed—the bodies for indentification, the wounded to hospitals—a carload of shoes, hats and wearing apparel was picked up. St Bartholomew's Hospital was converted into a temporary morgue.

Public executions were not held after 1868. Then came a reform. The prison was used merely for executions by order of Sir William Harcourt. Gradually Newgate fell into disuse. The memories clustering about it were not savory. They reminded the Britons of the brutality of their ancestors, and, indeed, themselves in their youth. With the change in public sentiment in matters of prison reform the prison became less in use and now the order has gone forth that it shall be destroyed after having for perhaps a thousand years been the scene of executions.

The Prudent Housewife Uses

GOLD DROP FLOUR

For Health and Happiness

WHEAT ▪ MANNA

—FOR BREAKFAST.

The new library is being well patronized.

John Elliott, barrister, has gone down to Victoria.

A large staff of men are now engaged on the new theatre building.

P. Lamont made a trip through the Slocan this week.

Rev. Robt. Frew has returned from Ymir, where he organized a Presbyterian congregation.

Mrs. A. McKenzie is visiting Halyoon Hot Springs.

One of the most prominent claims on the Galena farm, just below Silverton, the Noonday, has been leased by its owners, with the privilege of a bond. The owners are C. McNicholl, T. Duffy, G. Spencer and V. C. Rackliff, and they have disposed of the property to J. M. Benedum and Stewart Bros. The lessees secure the claim to Sept. 1, giving the owners 15 per cent. of the ore shipped. On that date, by the payment of a certain sum, they secure a bond for $35,000. The Noonday has a fine ledge 20 feet in width, showing considerable galena. It has had a great deal of surface work done, mainly exploiting for the vein, which is now traced in place. The Noonday adjoins the Currie group, or Galena Mines.—*Ledge.*

SPEAKING THE SHIPS.

Untraveled dweller by the haven side,
I saw the great ships come, sojourn a day,
Then set their eager sails, their anchor weigh
And give themselves to rocking wind and tide.
I spake them not, nor they to me replied
Of where their void and lonely journey lay.
Now, since my lips have tasted midsea spray,
In common speech I hail those wanderers wide.
To this, "Proud Scotia gave thy ribs to thee!"
To this, "Thy masts have known the Apennines!"
Or, "Tagus empties where thy frame was planned!"
Or, "Say, thou gallant one, if true it be,
Thou hither camst with hoard of Levant wines
And dulcet fruits from many a sun loved land!"

—Edith M. Thomas in Century.

Books for Presentation. Thomson Stationery Co.,Ltd.

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WHAT'S IN A NAME?

It is not what's in the name but what's in the store to which

We wish to Direct Your Attention.

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Largest Tent and Awning FActory in British Columbia

Boots, Shoes and Rubber Goods and general stock of Miners' Supplies. Opp. Postoffice.

NOTICE.

NOTICE is hereby given that I have deposited in the office of the Registrar-General of Titles, Victoria, plans showing a proposed dock or wharf and warehouse and approaches thereto and site to float a boom over the West Arm of Kootenay Lake in front of lot (or block) 62a, in the city of Nelson, and the location of the same, together with a description of the proposed sites, and I have deposited a duplicate of each in the office of the Honourable the Minister of Public Works, at the City of Ottawa, Ontario.

Notice is further given that after the expiration of one month from this date I will apply to His Excellency the Governor-General-in-Council for approval of such plans and description and of the works therein referred to.

Dated at Nelson the 11th day of January, 1899

WILLIAM R. MACLEAN.

Before buying a Piano OR Organ

Go to Painton's, the

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Special attention given to crown and bridge work and the painless extraction of teeth by oral anesthetics.

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All work guaranteed.

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Time Table No. 81.

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

GOING NORTH—READ DOWN.

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

GOING SOUTH—READ UP.

	Daily	Saturday & Sunday
Arrive Victoria	A.M. 12:07	P.M. 8:00
Leave Nanaimo for Victoria	8:40	4:38
Leave Wellington for Victoria	8:25	4:25

For rates and information apply at the Company's offices.

A. DUNSMUIR, President.

H. K. PRIOR, General Fr't and Pass. Ag't.

LOS ANGELES

Mining Review

THE GREAT MINING JOURNAL OF THE GREAT SOUTHWEST.

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SHORT STORIES.

The right and wrong of the question of the nude in art were never more forcibly put than by Dr. Samuel Johnson a hundred years ago. "Sir," said the pestering James Boswell to him, "do you consider Mr. Opie's naked Venus indecent?" "No, sir," thundered the stu dy old moralist, "but your question is!"

Dumas *fils* tells of a double-action joke which he played on Meissonier, who was a botanist in his hours of leisure. The famous dramatist sent him a paper containing the dried roe of a herring, telling him tl a: it was the seed of a very rare plant. "How are the seeds coming on?" he asked the great painter the next time he saw him. "Oh, beautifully; I have planted them in a circle." And he took the astonished joker to a corner of the garden where the heads of young herrings were just peeping up.

Baron Rothschild one day entered an old curiosity shop to buy some paintings. The dealer brought out his rare old pictures, dusted them, and set them in the best light. "Look at this Rembrandt; quiet authentic, Mr. le Baron." "Authentic, you say? You have got there a Raphael of the first style, which is a good deal more authentic." "Oh! oh!" said the dealer; "why, you are a connoisseur, M. le Baron." "I?" observed Rothschild, with a sigh; "if I had gone into the old curiosity business, I should have a fortune."

"Pat" Alexander, to whom "Shirley" makes reference in his memoirs, on one occasion met Dr. William Chambers on the North Bridge, Edinburgh, and asked him,

Sirdar, now finally known as

CRESTON

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THE CITY OF KISMET.

Situated in the West Kootenay Valley, on the Crow's Nest Pass Railway, also on the Nelson and Bedlington Railway, now being constructed.

Its Resources are Diversified

It is only 7 miles from the International Boundary, and is the Centre of the Goat Mountain Mining District, the richest in West Kootenay. Here is also a vast tract of farming land, adapted for the cultivation of Fruit, Grain and Vegetables.

Lots now for Sale

Further particulars apply to

Geo. McFarland, Agent, Nelson,

or Creston Townsite Co., at Creston, B. C.

excitedly: "Have you found her?" "Found whom?" "That woman you were advertising for." "Woman! I haven't been advertising for any woman." "Oh, yes; here it is," and from his waistcoat pocket he extracted a soiled advertisement clipped out of the Scotsman. The doctor took it and read; "Wanted a woman to clean chambers." When he looked for Alexander, that gentleman had disappeared—wisely perhaps.

At Ottford, in Kent, there was formerly a palace of the Archbishops of Canterbury; Wolsey is said to have held his court there. It was but a small place and is now a farm-house, picture-que enough, and olden, but exhibiting no special signs of prosperity. The other day, however, this little incident happened: The farmer sent for a carpenter to do some odd jobs about the house, and, among other things, to mend the knocker. The man took it off and said, after a close examination of it: "Do you know what this knocker is made of?" "Why, brass, I suppose." "No; it is pure gold." And it was. Think of the years that that rich prize has hung at the mercy of every tramp! A parallel case is that of the great globes on the pillars of the Summer Palace gates at Peking, which "the Barbarians," both French and English, concluded to be of some base metal, and left them untouched. And they, to, were solid gold.

When Eugene Field was city editor of the Kansas City *Times*, he found great amusement in annoying one of the characters employed on the paper. Ferguson was one the "make-ups" on the paper and in Wyandotte, where he resided, just over the line from Kansas City, he was the leader of a local temperance society. For over a year, Field, on coming down to the paper to go to work, would write a personal concerning Ferguson. Generally it ran like this: "Mr. John Ferguson, the well-known 'make-up' of the *Times* composing- room, appeared for work yesterday evening in his usual beastly state of intoxication." This entertaining bit Field would send down in some bundle of copy, and the others of the composing-room would set it up and say nothing. Poor Ferguson knew that this awful personal was in their midst, and every night would go carefully over every galley for the purpose of locating and killing it. It gave him vast trouble. Every now and then Field would not write his personal about Ferguson, and then the bedeviled Ferguson was worse off than ever. As long as he could not find it, it might still be there. Now and then it escaped his eagle eye and was printed. On such occasions Ferguson's burdens were beyond the power of even a Christain spirit to bear.

P. BURNS & Co.

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL

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

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If You are Buying a Piano

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It is the best in Canada.

Art & Music Co., Baker St.

EMPRESS COFFEE.

Once Tried no Family will Use any Other.

Satisfaction Guaranteed by the

BRITISH COLUMBIA FRUIT CANNING & COFFEE CO.

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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.

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is simply a matter of being well dressed.

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

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Wagon work and Blacksmithing in all its Branches.

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(ESTABLISHED 1858.)

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BISCUITS AND CONFECTIONERY

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

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 179¼ 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 Depositers.

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 188.7th mile, deposited 23rd August, 1898, No. 565 B.

Dated the 5th day of December, 1898.

DRAKE, JACKSON & HELMCKEN.
Solicitors for the Depositors.

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.

Kipling at School.

Michael Gifford White in a very intesesting sketch in the *St. James's Budget*, writes of Mr. Kipling's school days at the United Service College. As the sketch is marked "Copyright in America" we may presume that it is reserved for publication in one of the magazines but we give one passage from it to show its quality, and that of Mr. Kipling as a boy.

At the United Service College the custom prevailed, as in most English "public schools," of placing a great part of the out-of-class discipline in the hands of head boys, who are called prefects or monitors. In particular these head boys are responsible for the maintenance of order in the large dormitories or sleeping rooms—one perfect having charge of perhaps a dozen or fifteen boys. Now it happened that the prefect of the dormitory in which Rudyard Kipling slept was a great admirer of the thousand-and-one stories of the "Arabian Nights," and conceived the idea that it would conduce to his early repose if he compelled each of the boys in his room to tell stories in turn. The idea was at once put into practice, and the boys told such stories of sport, love, and adventure as the fertility of their brains brought forth; but it became quickly apparent that Kipling so far surpassed the others in that talent that the prefect insisted upon his telling stories out of his turn, of which the result would be generally somewhat as follows:

The light having been extinguished, the voice of the prefect would be heard: "Now then, Gigs, a yarn." "Gigs" was an abbreviation for gig-lamps—a nick-name conferred upon Kipling by his school-fellows on account of the extra large spectacles he wore.

There would come no response from the bed in the corner.

"Gigs! You hear; a yarn." Still no answer.

"Look here, Gigs, if you don't wake up I'll——"

An expostulating voice from underneath the clothing: "Oh, what is it?"

"A yarn, a yarn."

Protestingly: "But, I say, it's not my turn."

Dictatorially: "I don't care if it isn't. A yarn." After which there would perhaps follow a pause of five minutes, when the voice of the prefect would be heard again: "All right, Gigs, you brute," im-

mediately succeeded by the crash of a boot in the neighborhood of Kipling's bed, to be followed by the muffled sound of a piece of soap striking the clothes.

"I say," from Kipling, by this time wide awake. "What is it?"

"A yarn, a yarn."

"I don't know any."

From the prefect: "Oh! yes, I do, but anyway, I'll give you a skeleton. Once upon a time there was a man who went to sea, killed the captain, turned pirate, got wrecked on an island, where he fought a battle against a lot of savages, married the chief's daughter, died, and lived happily ever afterwards. Now go on."

With a grunt of dissatisfaction Kipling would thereupon begin; shortly, however, making the prefect the villain of the story, and placing him in such absurd situations that the whole dormitory would be shouting with laughter, and the noise of creaking shoes upon the stairs would come as a warning that the house-master was on his way to see into the nocturnal disturbance.

A Friendly Hint.

Mr. Garraway stood up as young Mrs. Bradshaw rose from her seat at the dinner table. It had been rather a quiet dinner, and he had had to do nearly all the talking. Bradshaw opened the door, and Mr. Garraway noticed that each avoided looking at the other. Ernest Bradshaw closed the door and came back to the table. He cracked a walnut, and on opening it threw it into the fire.

"Bad?" said Mr. Garraway. He was starting a cigar and he had refilled his glass. He was perfectly at home with the Bradshaws.

"Yes," said young Mr. Bradshaw violently. "Of course it's bad. Worst of it is that you never know until you try."

Mr. Garraway owed his success as a solicitor mainly to knowing exactly when not to do the wrong thing. Young Bradshaw lighted a cigar and after a few puffs let it go out. Then he stood up with his back to the fire—it was his fire—and looked at Garraway.

"I want to ask you something, Garraway. Do you ever have people coming to you to draw up deeds of separation?"

"Oh, yes; pretty often."

"Well, would you mind being of some use to me—and to Ellen?"

"Why, certainly. I've known you both—Mrs. Bradshaw especially—for a long time. But you two don't want to be separated? Why, man alive, you haven't been married a year!"

"Garraway, look here. We have had a row, a dispute, or whatever you like to call it."

"What I should call it," said Garraway, rising and speaking with some asperity, "would be a little disagreement between two excellent young people who ought to know better."

"Nevertheless, my dear Garraway"—the young husband's lips quivered—"nevertheless we have agreed to part."

On the piano in the drawing room upstairs a few chords were struck and the clear voice of Mrs. Bradshaw rang out. Garraway, getting on in the thirties, and sober man of law, found the hand that held his cigar shaking for a moment.

"You see," said Bradshaw; "perfectly jolly over it."

There was a sudden stop and a crash on the piano, as though the player could keep it up no longer.

"Look here, Bradshaw"—Mr. Garraway passed his hand carefully over his smooth, spare hair—"look here. Call at my place at 11 tomorrow morning, and I'll do what is wanted."

"Thank you, Garraway."

"Shall we go up stairs? I must arrange with her."

The demure, precise little clock on the mantelpiece in Mr. Garraway's chambers struck 11 o'clock. A small boy entered with a card.

"Thank you, Judd. Show the lady in, Mr. Gibson."

Mr. Gibson withdrew his work to the outer office, stepping aside at the door to permit a slim, girlish figure to enter.

"How do you do, Mr. Garraway? I'm not late, am I? I did not know the place, and I had a little difficulty. I presume you are aware of the nature of my errand?" said the visitor.

"We often have little difficulties in the law, Mrs. Bradshaw. If everything worked smoothly, we would starve. I had no chance of speaking to you last night," said Mr. Garraway, "excepting to ask you to call, but I had a brief conversation with Bradshaw, and he assured me that you had quite made up your mind about the matter."

"He is, in this particular instance, quite right." She put her lips together and looked as determined as she could.

"And so I am to draw up the deed of separation?"

"If you please."

"It's rather rough on me," went on Mr. Garraway, with an effort at humor. "Why, it seems only yesterday that I was his best man, and you and he went away to Neuchatel, and we cheered you as you left Victoria station. Do you remember?"

"Would you mind telling me, please, when the document can be drawn?"

"And do you remember your first dinner after your return, and how jolly we all were? Why, you were as comfortable as anything until a week or so ago—weren't you?"

"What I propose to do," said the stern young lady, with just the suspicion of a catch in her voice, "is to go abroad with my aunt for a year or two and leave the house just as it stands for Ernest to live in. He can get a housekeeper, you see, and"—

"By Jove!" cried Mr. Garraway "That's not a bad idea!"

"You think—you think it will work all right, Mr. Garraway?"

"Oh, I think so! I'll tell you why. Of course you want Ernest to be comfortable, don't you?"

There was a softening of her eyes.

"Oh, yes! It is only our one great quarrel of last week that is parting us, and"—

"I know; I know. Now, look here, Mrs. Bradshaw. I wouldn't take so much trouble if I were only your lawyer, but I'm your friend as well, am I not?"

"Dear Mr. Garraway, we two have always been good friends."

"Well, will you allow me, then, as an old friend, to give you a little advice? I should advise you to make up this difference of opinion with Ernest. I'm told—of course I'm only a bachelor—but I'm told that all young couples have their quarrels to begin with, and they do say—here again I speak of course, as a mere bachelor—that the making up is always the most delightful part of it."

"Mr. Garraway, I thought you would argue in that way, and it is very good of you, but my mind was made up before I came here, and nothing that you can say will alter it. A woman must judge for herself in these matters."

"Quite so. I think that to a certain extent you are right, and if it is useless to say anything after your present resolution, why"—

"You may be sure of that," said young Mrs. Bradshaw confidently. "Ernest must put up with the consequences. And you will see to the drawing up of the deed?"

"It shall be put in hand at once."

"I should like to leave London this day week if possible."

"I dare say," said Mr. Garraway, with great amiability, "that that can be managed."

"There is only the question of a housekeeper. Somebody must be there to look after the servants."

"It is there I think I can be of some assistance to Ernest." Mr. Garraway spoke with genial assurance. "It so happens that a client of mine is looking for precisely a situation of this kind."

"How extremely fortunate!"

"She is a good manager, she's a widow, and she has had charge of a house similar to yours."

"That's capital. As I say, I shouldn't like the house to go to rack and ruin. When could this old lady come, do you think?"

"This—who?"

"This old lady. The widow. When could she come?"

"Oh, but"—Mr. Garraway smiled pleasantly—"you are laboring under a slight mistake, Mrs. Bradshaw. The lady is not old."

"Oh! She is not young, I suppose?"

"Well, as a matter of fact, she is rather young. By the bye, I ought to have her portrait here somewhere."

It had cost Mr. Garraway a shilling, this cabinet portrait, in a shop in the Strand that morning. The shopman couldn't tell him who it was, didn't know her from Adam, he said, but she was an exceedingly pretty girl in demure black, and the wily Mr. Garraway was content.

"Surely, surely, Mr. Garraway," gasped young Mrs. Bradshaw as she gazed at the portrait, "this is not the kind of person for a housekeeper."

"Oh, yes," said Mr. Garraway airily. "She'll do all right. Bradshaw would like her very much, I'm sure, after she had been in the house a week or two. I'm told she is a capital manager."

The bunch of scented narcissus at the lady's bodice was bobbing up and down as she continued to look at the photograph.

"You see, the great thing is to get some one who would make poor Bradshaw comfortable and not compel him to be always at the club."

She put the photograph down on the table.

"This lady," said young Mrs. Bradshaw definitely, "shall never come into my house."

"No," agreed Mr. Garraway sweetly. "Of course it would be in Ernest's house. I am sure that on my recommendation"—

"Do you mean to say, Mr. Garraway, that you would recommend a person like this for such a position?" Mrs. Bradshaw had risen from her chair and spoke indignantly.

"Now, Mrs. Bradshaw, pardon me. I can't allow you to speak ill of a client of mine. I have every reason to believe that she is a well bred young lady and comes from one of the best families. I have no doubt in my own mind that she will make my friend Bradshaw, whom I look upon as one of the best fellows in the world, very comfortable indeed."

There was a rap at the door, and the smart boy entered with a card.

"Show him in, Judd."

Mr. Garraway went toward the door to receive the newcomer, not before, however, he had seen a handkerchief go to the eyes of his young visitor.

"Bradshaw," he whispered at the door, "listen to me, man. Your wife's in there crying. Go and kiss her and make it up."

And bundling the worried young Bradshaw into the room in the most unprofessional manner Mr. Garraway went and spoke in the outer office with Gibson.

"I shan't be back for an hour, Gibson. Tell that lady and gentleman so if they ask for me. I'm going down to see counsel in the temple."

It was an hour and a half later that Mr. Garraway sauntered back. The small Judd followed him into his room and put some more coal on the fire.

"Mr. and Mrs. Bradshaw gone, Judd?" demanded Mr. Garraway.

Master Judd said, "Yessir."

"What the deuce are you grinning about, Judd?"

The excellent Judd said it was nothing special. Being pressed, however, Master Judd confessed that, entering the room about 20 minutes after his master had left, he saw the gent and the lady kissing each other "like 1 o'clock and as 'appy as"—

"Judd!" said Mr. Garraway severely, "I am surprised at you. I am surprised that a man, just now perhaps of tender years, but one who is possibly destined for the highest honors, should be guilty of the highest impropriety—and gross unprofessional impropriety, sir—of noticing a matter of this kind. I'm surprised at you, perfectly surprised at you. Would you like very much to go to the theater tonight, you young scoundrel?"

Master Judd, with some emphasis, said, "Rather!"

"Then here's half a crown for you. Now be off. I'm rather behind with my work today."

Friendship For Friends.

The dogs of Constantinople are the scavengers of the city. For this reason, as well as from innate humanity, the Turks are tolerant of them, although visitors to the city find them unmanageable. As a proof of their intelligence and recognition of friends Major Johnson relates this experience of his own:

One evening I was walking with an English officer, when a dog came up and licked his hand. He told me to notice that she would follow us to the boundary of her district, as he had once petted her and she had never forgotten it. Exactly as he had said, she followed us a little way and stopped short in the middle of the street. She wagged her tail and looked wistfully after us, but did not stir when we called her.

A few nights afterward, returning alone to my hotel, I passed the same spot, when I suddenly felt a cold nose put into my hand and a tongue licking my palm. I looked down and saw the same dog. She had recognized me as having been with her friend, the officer, and as before, she followed me to the boundary of her district.

A Siamese Punishment.

Another "decree of expulsion" has been issued by the king of Siam, this time against one of his own officials, Chow Pligh Rax, minister plenipotentiary, general adviser, etc., in which it said that "he shall be publicly stripped of his Siamese honors," that he shall then have his head shaved for the better preservation of his health, and "that he shall be, after the expiration of seven days, made to cut grass for the royal elephants for the res. of his natural life."—Advocate of India (Bombay).

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ODDS AND ENDS

"Those old Greeks seem to have had a god for almost everything. I wonder they did not have a god for prize-fighting." "They did. His name was Eolus."

She—"If you had never met me, would you have loved some other girl as much as you do me?" He—"My darling, if I had never met you, I believe I should have committed suicide."

"Stammering is an awful affliction," remarked the young woman. "Still, it has its advantages," said the society young man; a "fellow doesn't need more than two or three ideas to keep him talking a whole evening."

"Don't you sometimes make a mistake and lynch the wrong man?" asked the visitor from the East. "We did once," replied the native; "but we offered to do the quare thing by the widder.' "How was that?" "We told her she could take the pick of the crowd for her second husband."

The barber-shop porter was manipulating the whisk-broom after the manner of his kind, and after many flourishes and extravagant gyrations, bowed the customer out. There was a look of triumph on the face of the latter as he said to himself, glancing at his overcoat: "He never touched me."

"This, ladies and gentlemen," said the dime-museum orator, leading his auditors over to the next platform, "is the armless wonder, Signor Basil Bagstock, who was not only born without arms, but is also deaf and dumb. The great grief of his life, ladies and gentlemen, is that he can neither say anything nor can he saw wood."

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