THE NELSONECONOMIST

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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.

ON Saturday, July 1, Canada, the brightest jewel in Victoria's diadem, will have passed the thirty-second milestone along the path of national progress. It would be a matter of interest to know if the expectations of the founders of Confederation have been fulfilled. While the young Dominion was not built with swords and guns, nevertheless the gathering together of a few straggling alien systems of administration and welding them together in one grand self-governing Dominion was a test of statesmanship. The task seems easy enough now, but the herculean work of overcoming prejudices and getting the various provinces to change their fiscal systems and obliterate their autonomy appeared at one time almost insurmountable obstacles in the way of Confederation.

There is some dispute as to the identity of the originator of the proposal for confederation, but by common consent the late lamented Right Honorable Sir John Macdonald was the father of the scheme, although it was nobly championed by the late George Brown. Undoubtedly it was designed as a peaceful solution of the perplexing problems that menaced the British North American provinces in their disintegrated condition, and, as one gentleman stated the case in 1865, the proposal for the federation of the provinces contained the best features of all the suggestions that had been made up to that time for the settlement of the then existing troubles. "And the whole feeling in my mind now," continued this speaker, "is one of joy and thankfulness that there were found men of position and influence in Canada who, at a moment of serious crisis, had nerve and patriotism enough to cast aside political partisanship, to banish personal considerations and unite for the accomplishment of a measure so fraught with advantage to their common country." Thus Canadians of the present day may learn that no matter how easy the Confederation of the Provinces may seem to have been, it was only brought about after great difficulty. It was nurtured by men of broad minds and large hearts—men who were ready to obliterate the rancor of party warfare and unite for the common weal of their country.

Moreover, it matters little who first originated the scheme; the greater credit is due to the man who carried it to success, the man whose patience, whose gentleness of temper and firmness of purpose bridged the gulf; whose transcendant genius moulded the new nation—and that man was Sir John Macdonald.

The Dominion of Canada is to all intents and purposes a new nation. We work in harmony with the motherland, but we make our own laws. With the consent and encouragement of Great Britain, we are shaping our own destiny, and while we cherish an imperishable love for our sovereign, we do not lose sight of the fact that we are building a nation on the North American continent that must uphold not only its own honor but reflect credit on the great race to which we owe our origin.

We read occasionally in some of the American newspapers that Canada is now ripening and will soon be ready to fall into the lap of our neighbors over the border. Never was a more erroneous impression conceived than that Canada is looking for a closer alliance with the United States. Canadians are desirous of living on good terms with their neighbors, but they are not disposed to sacrifice their dignity to perpetuate that good feeling. Our traditions and our laws are British and that they will remain so is the intention and aspiration of our people. Canadian feeling finds its fullest expression in the words of our national poet:

In Autumn times our emblem dear
Dons its tints of crimson hue
Our blood would dye it deeper red,
Shed, dear Canada, for you!
Ere sacred rights our fathers won
To foemen we deliver,
We'll fighting die, our battle cry:
"The maple leaf forever!"

THE recent banquet to ex-Governor McIntosh at Rossland was the scene of probably one of the most disgraceful exhibitions that has ever been witnessed at a social gathering in Canada. It is generally understood that in paying a public tribute to a worthy citizen politics should be eliminated, but there is evidently one man in British Columbia who holds a different opinion, and who does not feel constrained to adopt the ethics by which gentlemen are usually ruled. It is scarcely necessary remark that this illustrious individual is Fighting Joe Martin, whose claim for distinction as a pugilist is based on the fact that he has been the subject of more condign punishment than any other pugilist who ever wore the belt. Indeed, Martin occupies the somewhat anomalous position of being a prize pug who never won a battle. Martin's violation of the ethics is the more aggravating from the fact that nothing was said

which would offer an excuse for the eruption; on the contrary all the speeches were of that broad-minded character which is characteristic of the utterances of public men in Canada.

It appears that Hon. T. Mayne Daly, in the course of his reply to the toast of "The Parliament of Canada" referred to the pleasure it gave him to contemplate that he had occupied a seat in the Dominion House of Commons with such men as Sir John Macdonald, Hon. Edward Blake and others. There certainly was nothing in this remark to which exception might be taken, but evidently Martin felt aggrieved that Mr. Daly did not place him in company with such distinguished Canadians.

When the fighting man's turn came to respond to the toast, "The Parliament of Canada" instead of dealing with matters pertinent to the subject, he entered into a lengthy exhortation of the Pilgrim Fathers and the men who participated in the War of Independence. Notwithstanding the fact that his remarks were rambling and irrelevant he was accorded a good hearing. Finally, after wearying his listeners with his drivel he was called to order, and then his malignant spirit asserted itself. In effect he said: "I represent a majority of votes of British Columbia, and I will make it my business to wire instructions that not one dollar of public money will be spent on Rossland Court House." After making other unintelligible remarks, in which occurred such elegant expressions as "white-shirted hoboes," etc., he left the banquet hall. He was followed by James Martin, M. P. P. who remonstrated with the belligerent puglist for having been guilty of such unseemly conduct in the presence of gentlemen. He has asked to retract and apologize, but has refused to do either, and to another gentleman present he used very improper language. This gentleman requested the remarks to be withdrawn, and meeting with a refusal he administered a slap to the fighting man. Joe made some show to sustain his reputation as a fighter, but thought better of it, and got behind the Chief of Police, who protected him from further humilation. Mr. McIntosh and Mr. Daly interceded on behalf of the unfortunate man, and eventually he re-entered the banquet hall, and in his effort to take back what he said, he made matters worse in language to the the effect: "I want to say a word to you black-coated gentlemen. The appropriation for the court house will be spent, but you black-coated gentlemen can all go to the d———." We do not attempt to do full justice to Martin's remarks, but we are creditably informed that they were in perfect harmony with those elegant figures of speech for which he has become so famous and which he has endeavored to incorporate into the English language that it may become more expressive and emphatic. But his offending did not end at the foregoing. During the progress of an eloquent address by Mr. D. M. Eberts, which being cheered to the echo naturally aroused the envy of Martin, he intruded his Semitic jaw through the door and indulged in coarse interruptions. Generally speaking he made an ass of himself.

And this is the man who holds the office of attorney-general in the Province of British Columbia! Not satisfied with assuming the responsibilities of the whole government, he comes forward and aggravates the people by insults. He holds a power sufficient to preserve or oppress the Province which is unfortunate enough to be his abode at the present time, and this power he threatens to use to oppress. How long will the people permit the perpetuation of this malevolent oppression? Do Messrs. Cotton and Semlin endorse the disgraceful conduct of their ill-conditioned colleague? His sins must no longer be covered up. Concealment will only nourish and increase the mischief this man seems bound to inflict on a self-respecting and virtuous people.

THE *lawn* tennis match next Saturday will afford the local grass widows an excellent opportunity for an outing.

THE editor of the Vernon *News* has been travelling through the Kootenay, and as a result of what he has seen and heard with regard to the enforcement of the eight hour law makes the following observations; "Mines, which a few days ago were the scene of humming activity, are now closed down indefinitely, and, in many cases, are suffering serious damage from filling with water. The railroad hands stand idle, there being no more ore to haul. The merchants wear gloomy faces, and are hastening to cancel all orders for goods, wondering in the meantime, how they are to meet their obligations for their heavy stocks already under their roof. In the region adjacent to Sandon, where some 800 miners were busily employed, hardly a man can to-day be found wielding a pick or striking a drill. The revenue of the province is also suffering in a direct and palpable measure, as, of course, the tax upon the output of the mines is no longer an available asset. Nor is this all. Worse remains to be told. The position of the province as regards its status in the money markets of Great Britain has suddenly stepped back to a point infinitely below that occupied before a perverse spirit induced our Provincial rulers to inflict upon us this night-mare of a law. This too, comes at a time, when hope buoyed up every investor and prospector in the country. Never had affairs looked so cheerful as this spring. English capital, which had long held aloof had at last been won to a recognition of the profitable opportunities offered by the mines of the Slocan. Several deals of more than ordinary magnitude were on the verge of consummation. Then came the idiotic action of the government, and then the crash. No men in the world have a greater fear of labor difficulties, than the capitalists of Great Britain. So frequently have they run up against disaster from this source, that they now sniff it from afar, and as soon as a

hint of it arises, bang go the bolts over their money-bags. They may be wrong in their premises, but it is not surprising that they should enquire where this sort of a thing is likely to stop. A government that would give reins to such erratic and uncalled-for flights into the region of speculative legislation at their first session, may be expected to continue in wild attempts to popularize themselves with the element guided by the red mouthed agitator, until a halt becomes impossible. At any rate they have no intention of jeopardizing their capital in country where such unrest prevails."

TWO LOCAL musicians were conversing the other day. Said one to the other: "Do you know the 'Barber of Seville?'" "No," replied the other; "I always shave myself."

THE Dean of Hereford advocates Sunday cycling because he likes to see the "publicans enjoying the fresh air and the country on their cycles on the Sabbath day instead of being compelled to remain in the atmosphere of the public house;" whereupon a British cycling paper says the good Dean doesn't know what he is talking about, adding that "the average publican prefers a good trotter, and in a dogcart, with the 'missus' bedecked in much ribbon of violent hues, and with a fat cigar between his teeth Boniface can be met by the score on main roads leading out of towns. He goes the pace, too, and has many dustups with the cyclist whose lot the Dean seems to think he envies." All of which goes to show how good men occasionally go wrong.

A LONDON scientist says the canary birds are laden with consumption germs which float through he rooms of a house; also, that when a woman allows the bird to pick bits of food from her lips she runs a great risk, as the bill is the principal breeding place of the germs. No matter what precautions may be taken against consumption we are sure to catch it sooner or later if scientists continue their discoveries in the direction of tracing it to new sources. The only wonder is that any of us are living no /.

THE following tribute to the distinguished ability of the late Sir John Macdonald as a party leader, is from the pen of Prof. Goldwin Smith: "The Chinese worship their ancestors, Oratorical and floral cult of departed leaders is becoming the religion of party. Disraeli's saint's day is celebrated by wearing the yellow primrose; Gladstone's by wearing the spotless lily; to Sir John Macdonald is dedicated the blushing rose. Assuredly, if ever there was a man whose memory deserved party adoration, it was Sir John Macdonald, than whom a more consummate leader of party never lived. This was his real gift; and if there is any flower symbolical of astute management, its blossoms may well be heaped upon his tomb. To compare him to Dasraeli is a mistake. There may be a slight likeness between the two faces, as there sometimes is between the Highland features and the Hebrew. Disraeli was above all things imaginative. He was a man of phrases and epigrams. The lawyer in whose office he was for a time said that he would have been supreme as a writer of advertisements. Macdonald was nothing of the kind; he was an intensely practical and wonderfully skilful manipulator of men. He knew all their weaknesses and how to play upon them all. He could adapt himself to all varieties of character; to the refined he could be refined; with the unrefined he was equally at home. He was good-tempered personally winning, and, when his character had mellowed, seldom bitter or discourteous towards political opponents. He might keep a fierce dog, but he did not himself bark or bite.

THE crusade against kissing is dying a natural death. When young people feel like indulging in such luxuries, it is not the fear of disease contamination that will restrain them.

THE project to erect a statue of Colonel By, the founded of Bytown, takes shape slowly, but the monument will surely be raised in the sweet by-and-bye.

THE Atlin *Claim* had the following editorial in in its issue of the 3rd inst.: "It does not seem possible that the Government of this Province can understand or appreciate the situation at present existing in this district. Even the stupidest or most boorish Government that ever was could not have it in its mind wilfully to allow conditions to exist from day to day, from week to week, and from month to month in Atlin district without doing the first thing to improve matters. The mining industry of the district is practically paralyzed because of the supineness of the authorities at Victoria and the delays of the law. Moons ago, during the session of the Legislature, provision was made for a judicial investigation and decision of disputes; still no functionary of the law has arrived for that purpose, and no information is vouchsafed as to when he will arrive. The delay is shameful—it is criminal. It is mulcting the people of the district thousands of dollars a day for the mere cost of living alone, to say nothing of the loss of time and other expenditures. Yet, meantime, we see the officials of the Government thoroughout the district displaying marvelous—we might almost say merciless—activity in the collection of revenues. On this point the officials here have been instructed from Victoria in terms evidently that could not possibly be misunderstood. The pound of flesh is being exacted with a sanguinary ferocity that seems unappeasable. A poor devil of a prospector, with a claim out on the creek 'tied up' by disputes for which the bungling of previous officials of this same Government are responsible, having eaten himself out of grub during the long wait for the arrival of the judical commissoner, goes out into the bush and cuts a cord of wood. He attempts to sell it in town that he may get money to

buy food. Instantly he is set upon by the officials of the Government to pay a logger's license of $10 or a stumpage on what he has cut. Having no money, he is debarred of the opportunity of getting any. Unhappy man! He might better be an inhabitant of the debtors' ward in Fleet-street prison, for there at least, he would be secured of a covering for his head. Another unfortunate, having sold his tent to 'raise the wind,' sets himself to get out some spruce poles to put up a shack—the inevitable Government official instantly appears on the scene demanding the Government royalty. You are lingering about the town waiting for the judge to turn up, and to satisfy the cravings of hunger you slip out in the morning and shoot a duck—heavy fines and probably imprisonment follow with a swiftness and certainly that is astounding. All this sort of thing we regard as a species of petty oppression and extortion, wholly out of keeping with the spirit that should actuate the governing powers in a mining camp such as this is. The Government seems to have the idea that its chief function is the collection of revenues. It is the motto of the Government office here never to refuse money, and so any number of records will be cheerfully taken for the same piece of placer ground, without any question at all as to whether it has been staked and recorded previously. Our Gold Commissoner regards it as his duty to do this, though he knows that it is only a further aggravation of the entanglements that already exist."

THE $1500 appropriation for a school building at Greenwood has not yet been spent, which is a source of disappointment and wrath to the people of that progressive city.

WINNIPEG will spend $300,000 this year on city works, as follows: Pavements, $138,541; sidewalks, $8,568; sewers, $58,817.

THE man who was described as having "lost his head" at a recent banquet, replied, "not so, but something must have happened, for my head was double its size next morning."

THE veteran comedian, Harry Lindley and his company will play a farewell engagement in Nelson There are many Canadians in Nelson whose first glimpse of the drama was afforded by this well-known comedian, and it is a noteworthy circumstance that every one of them measure their histrionic ideals by the work of Lindley. Without one exception, he is the most popular actor in Canada.

THE New York *Tribune* does not think that the suggestion that the dispute between Great Britain and the Transvaal Republic should be settled by asking the President of the United States to arbitrate is likely to be acceptable to either party. In the first place, it points out that Great Britain is opposed to any arbitration in this case on the ground that a suzerain power cannot admit arbitration between itself and a vassal state any more than a sovereign could admit arbitration between himself and a subject. The *Tribune* thinks that this position is perfectly soun for to admit arbitration would be to renounce its suzerainty and to recognize the vassal as an equal. In the second place, it thinks American arbitration would not suit President Kruger because the American residents in the Transvaal have always acted in unison with the British. The American colonists in the Transvaal, it says, are probably the most feared and hated of all Uitlanders. They took a leading part in the Jameson business, and in the agitation that lead up to it, and they are at present conspicuous among the Uitlanders for their outspoken and aggressive resistance to the tyranny of the Kruger oligarchy. "The United States is probably the last country in the world the Pretoria Government would regard as a proper umpire," says the *Tribune*.

IT is now proposed to build a tunnel between England and Ireland. It will be twenty-five miles long, under eighty five fathoms of water, and the estimated cost is $60,000,000 Lord Beresford, Lord Wolseley and Lord Rosebery are in favor of the scheme. It will be probably used for military purposes, though it is said that the object is to make the two countries united.

THE recent neglect of the bank of England to protect its gold reserve has made a deep and unfavorable impression in London, and is evoking an unusual amount of hostile banking criticism. Many of the directors themselves are said to be greatly dissatisfied with the recent management, during which the bank concentrated its whole attention on increasing its purely banking business, neglecting its duties as the holder of the country's ultimate banking reserve. The *Statist*, in a strong article on the subject this week says: "England is absolutely dependent on the amount of gold held by the bank, which is over 11,000,000 less than the amount held by the associated banks of New York. The total stock of gold in the bank is a little over 30,000,000 while the Bank of Russia holds 100,000,000." The *Statist* also declares the country ought not again be exposed to the danger and humiliation it "had to face during the Baring crisis through the bank's neglect of its duty."

ACCORDING to an exchange a New York physician has a new cure for appendicitis. A woman 20 years old suffering from a severe attack, one of a succession of recurrences of the disease, was the patient operated on. Other physicians had advised the use of the knife to extirpate the offending appendix. Dr. Helmer, however, had a theory of treatment by muscular manipulation, and it appears to have proved successful. The report says: The treatment of Dr. Helmer was said to be instantaneous in its effects, and so simple and harmless in its application that

some physicians are inclined to wonder why it was not discovered and made use of before. To one looking on the operation seems only to apply one hand to the point midway between the top of the right leg and a point above the stomach; then bend up the right leg of the patient at the knee joint and give the leg a slight twist by means of a quick motion, repeated two or three times, and the operation is ended, the appendix having been relieved of its obstruction by muscular actions.

NELSON was honored yesterday for the first time in her history with a visit from a Press Association. It was a pity the arrangements were such that our visitors only had a couple of hours in Nelson—not long enough for the citizens to make the visit interesting or memorable. We suppose the principal objects of these excursions of "public opinion moulders" is to enlarge their sphere of observation and gain new food for thought. Not much in this direction can be accomplished in a flying visit, such as is being made the Western Press Association. However, the Mayor and Aldermen Fletcher, together with private citizens, did what they could to make the visit of the pen-wielders a pleasant one.

TOO MUCH praise cannot be given our distinguished fellow-citizen, W. A. Jowett, for the manner in which he conducted the reception arrangements for the visiting pressmen. Mr. Jowett's long connection with the Press inspires within him a brotherly interest in the journalistic profession and it is not at all surprising that he should have made the visit of his brethren from the land of No. 1 Hard a specially memorable occasion by gracing it with his presence. The visitors were specially demonstrative in their expressions of gratitud for the privilege of meeting Mr. Jowett, and the demand, particularly among the ladies, for his autograph was even more general than during the visit of Earl Aberdeen. On this occasion, Mr. Jowett was very affable, but the moment the visitors departed, he relapsed into his wonted exclusiveness, a characteristic of great men since the days of Caesar. As the boat pulled out from the wharf, three cheers were given for Mr. Jowett and then the Queen.

THE Vancouver *World* has a letter from ex-Alderman Shaw, written from Atlin, in which he says there are hundreds of idle men there, because of the manner in which the government has managed affairs.

IN connection with the celebration of June 30 and Dominion Day, a very popular intertainment is provided by the Friendly Societies of Nelson. This is a series of dances in Fraternity Hall, Odd Fellows Block, and should meet with very great encouragement. The ladies also have heartily entered into the arrangement and will provide refreshments of an exceptionally delicate kind. The managers of these dances have been fortunate enough to secure Herr Steiner's orchestra. This fact of itself is sufficient to insure thorough enjoyment to the visitors. There will be six instruments, violin, cello, bass violin, cornet, trombone and piano. The decorations in the hall will be of a peculiarly unique character.

AT last the police have moved in the matter of ridding the city of a class of men whose presence is obnoxious to good citizens. Creatures who live on the shame of fallen women are a nuisance that should be abated. Drive the vampires into the lake.

THE arrangements for the forthcoming celebration are being carried on in such a way as to ensure an enjoyable and successful observation of Canada's natal day. Every one seems determined to make this a notable event in the history of celebrations in British Columbia. The number of visitors will probably reach six or seven thousand, and the hotels are increasing their accommodation, so that there need be no fear on the score of securing comfort and convenience.

THE Trail Creek *News* believes that when metallurgical skill shall have achieved success in the treatment of the low grade ores for Kootenay, the rapid and almost phenomenal development of this section during the past decade will be as nothing, compared with its future.

IT is feared that the arrival of Dreyfus in Paris may lead to serious consequences politically.

THE Australasian colonies will soon have a Dominion Day of their own.

Size of Golf Balls.

The Marquis of Lorne told a good golfing story at the dinner of the Wembley club. The Queen, he said, once induced Count Schouvaloff, the Russian embassador, to try a game of golf at Balmoral. The Russian did try, but after innumerable misses he turned round to one of the bystanders and said:

"Ach, monsieur, it would be a very nice game if the ball was ten times larger. Now let us go home."

But what he said in Russian to himself is not recorded.

If Parliament stays in session much longer the western members will be eligible to join the Oldest Inhabitants' Club, and read papers about Early Days in Ottawa.—*Toronto Telegram.*

Sir Wilfrid Laurier's unwillingness to redress all the wrongs under which the country suffers perhaps arises from a dread fear that at the end of his five-year term there will be nothing left for the Liberal outfit to do.

HOW HE LOST HER.

"Ever go to St. John, New Brunswick?" asked the captain of the tramp steamer over at Roberts' stores. "No? Then go just as soon as you can. I've been in every port on the western ocean and a good many other oceans, but the rosiest cheeks and bluest eyes and the sweetest dispositions that ever I fell foul of are right there on the banks of the bay of Fundy.

"You see, I was mate of the bark Croesus, carrying deals from St. John to Greenock. I made the acquaintance of this lassie the first time in port and was clean gone daft, I say, over her, and for that matter she had a soft spot in her heart for me, as I have reason to believe. And so every night I used to take leave and go ashore for two or three hours, maybe more, to see her till one night the captain, who had been ashore to see his sweetheart, happened to come on board before I did and found no one on deck but the watchman and no one in the cabin at all. So being a fair-minded man as well as one who wanted to keep the ship in order, he agreed to stay on board one night and me the next, turn about, only I was to have the first night on board, because he had a very particular engagement with his sweetheart the next night.

"It seemed like hard luck to stay at all, but I managed to send word to my girl that I couldn't come and turned in early to make the time pass quickly. I was soon asleep, but about 10 o'clock came the watchman and knocked on my door.

"'There's two runners in the forecastle trying to steal the crew,' he said. Meantime he had called his son, who was watching on a bark at the wharf just astern of us named the Loller, and the son and I hid behind the long boat just abaft the foremast, while the old man went to warn the runners to leave the ship.

"They were willing enough to leave by that time, for they had one of our best men all coaxed up to go, and up they came, one of them carrying the sailor's bag, while Jack himself had his arms full of dunnage, and away the three went along the deck toward the rail.

"With that the son who was with me slips around the foremast and up behind them and welts the sailor over the head. Down goes Jack in a heap, and then father and son climbs on one of the runners and downs him.

"At that the other runner has a mind to help his mate, but he sees me coming, with a big iron belaying pin in hand. That was enough for him, and away he run aft, but that belaying pin caught him fair in the back and bowled him ever across the main hatch as neat as a pin in a bowling alley.

"Then I mounted him and began hammering in his countenance with my fist. He made bold to fight back for a minute, and I was about to reach for the belaying pin to sooth him with it, when up went his legs in the air, and he quawked like a woman. The ship's dog, a savage brute, had heard the commotion, and coming up the gangway companion way had nipped him in the thigh till the blood flew.

"Well, now, for a few minutes, we all had a lot of fun with these two runners, and then I took them aft and locked them in a cabin closet till the captain came. The captain brought them into the saloon and stood them under the lamp. One had his nose all over to one side and a piece of scalp hanging down over his forehead so the hair and blood hid his eyes altogether. The other—that was my man—had both eyes swelled shut and his lips both split in front, while he walked with a terrible limp in the left leg where the dog had been chawing him.

"'You've got enough this time,' said the captain. 'You'd better hunt a doctor.'

"Next night it was my turn to go ashore. I found my sweet waiting for me, and a more affectionate little darling than she was that time no one ever saw. I think we must have spooned and held hands for an hour or so, and then she said to me:

"'Bill, what ship do you belong to?'

"Somehow that question sent a shiver along my backbone, because it made me remember all about the licking the two runners had got the night before, and I was now in Califat, where the runners all stand together. However, I made bold to lie about it promptly and says:

"'I'm mate of the Loller. Why do you ask?'

"'And do you really and truly love me Bill?' she said, so that I couldn't help saying I did, and I did too.

"'I knew it, Bill,' she says, 'and you'll do what I want you to. You're the bulliest sailor that comes into this port, and you can lick anything. Last night my brother, what's a runner for Spud Murphy, and another one was down on the Croesus looking for a couple of sailors to go on a deep sea voyage, with two months' advance. They got one man and the promise of another when, as they were leaving her, the mate and two more jumped on them shameful, and then that mate set his big dog on my brother, and it bit a whole mouthful out of his leg. Oh, it was shameful. He can't walk a step. But the other one can, and he'll be here in half an hour. He'll go down to the Croesus with you and pick a fight with the mate, and I want you to go along and take a hand in. Will you do it, Bill? I'll just go with you first to show you my brother, and then you won't need any more coaxing.'

"She was reaching for her hat on the bedpost when I stopped her.

"'Wait a bit,' said I. 'That mate's on shore. He told me where he was going, and if you want to see some fun that's worth while you get your friends and that other runner here, and I'll be back in 15 minutes.'

"Then I kissed her and took a sneak. Ah, she had the rosiest cheeks and bluest eyes and the sweetest disposition I ever saw; but, matie, I never went back to see her. She lived in Califat, up on the hill, toward the bay, and they all stand together up there."

Gen. Luna, who has been Aguinaldo's chief military aide during the insurrection, is a newspaper man.

A CANADIAN CELEBRITY.

This picture of Goldwin Smith in his Toronto home is given by Frank Geigh in the Book Buyer:

It is and ideal home—ideal for a man of letters who lives his best hours in his "temple of peace." Though situated in the heart of the city—and within sight and sound of some of its business thoroughfares—it is doubtful if the disturbtng clang of the trolley bell, or the discordant traffic of a paved street, ever penetrates the sanctuary of books hidden away in The Grange. The old house, with its park-like lawn, its queenly elms, its fenced-off paddock, is a bit of old England in new Canada. One leaves the rush of the world bshind as the picturesque lodge is passed, and the graveled walk is followed under the spreading trees that leads to the ivy-covered residence. It's age stands confessed in the figures "1817" carved over the portal, making it one of the oldest and best-preserved early century houses in this city of homes. The fact that bricks for its construction were made in Canada, instead of being imported from England, was regarded at the time as worthy of mention. Equally conspicuous in interest is the historic incident of the black bear which, in the days when Toronto was known as 'Muddy York" and lived up to its reputation, ventured into the grounds of The Grange in search of adventure. Bruin found it, for a pair of horses with the suggestive names of Bonaparte and Jefferson, spying the shaggy intruder, ceased their pasturing long enough to attack the animal with their front feet, and to such effect that he never lived to see his forest haunts again.

The house presents the same stately, porticoed front as when the tragedy of bruin took place hard by, and the same lion-headed brass knocker on the massive door still awakens the echoes, as it has done for hundreds of other callers in other years.

The work shop of The Grange is the library, where, like Milton at Cambridge, the ers-while Oxford Don lives laborious days without necessarily scorning all delights. He is as devoted to his books and his pen as when in the prime of life he was one of England's most vigorous pamphleteers and controversialists. Until recently the professor was an early riser, accomplishing two or three hours of work before joining the family at breakfast, resuming his labors until two in the afternoon, then, eschewing further toil for the rest of the day, and never encroaching upon the evenings. He has always been a methodical worker, and in the preparation of copy for the printers, or the revision of proofs, his exactitude and legibility are evident Regularity of habits has ever been a feature of his daily life, and, though he has reached the age of seventy-six, his general health is excellent. He still spends the forenoons at his desk, where he is ably assisted by Mr. T. Arnold Haultain, whose contributions to the British reviews have won him favorable notice.

Seated in a capacious armchair before the cheerful fireplace, the professor is a charming talker, especially on literary themes. Balzac and Thackeray are among his favorite authors, as well as Scott, Jane Austen, and, in lesser degree, George Eliot. He values Dickens for his striking pictures of the lower strata of English life of a quarter of a century or more ago. Modern biography he is inclined to criticise on the ground of undue amplification, resulting sometimes in dull and tiresome books. Asked regarding the present day trend of fiction, the occupant of The Grange replied that he did not find the new novels at all equal to the old masters of fiction—"but perhaps that is a tendency of old age," he added in an aside. "The truth is, I read comparatively few novels. I like Conan Doyle very much for light reading, but I am not enthusiastic over Kipling." As a reader, however, he is most catholic in his tastes and generous in his criticisms.

A writer in Toronto *Saturday Night* thinks it will be a great pity if the Lakes of Killarney are permitted to pass into the hands of a United States millionaire who. it is said, is about to buy the Muckross estate. County Kerry is poor enough, and the village of Killarney is said to be the poorest on earth, but if the lakes are so guarded as to prevent the continual inflow of visitors who go up thorough the Gap of Dunloe and along the Lakes, two remunerative employments of the people, those of begging from, and guiding, strangers, will be gone. "Years ago," says the writer referred to, "when I first visited Ireland I described the beauties and the miseries of Killarney, and pointed out the great injustice of permitting the lands to remain in deer parks, when from four to eight pounds an acre was the price asked for small holdings upon which the people could raise potatoes. For many years the Herberts of Muck oss have been almost as poor as the peasantry, their holdings having been mortgaged, and the one who was heir of the family at that time was working in New York at twelve or fifteen dollars a week. Should the lands be sold it will not be the fault of the Herberts, but it will reflect upon both the people of Ireland and of Great Britain generally. These lakes of marvelous beauty, and the mountains that surround them, have for centuries been peopled by legend, song and story, with spirits which are almost sacred to Irishmen the world over. If a Yankee speculator should get hold of the territory, which is insignificant as an agricultural estate, no doubt fences and gates would be erected and the House and the White Horse of the O'Donohue would only be seen at so many shillings a peep. The price offered cannot be large, and it will be indeed strange if for so insignificant an amount this greatest attraction of the south of Ireland is not preserved as a place free to all."

General Lew Wallace is something of an Orientalist, and is just now improving himself in the language of modern Persia.

THE MAPLE LEAF FOREVER.

(By Alex. Muir, B. A.)

In days of yore the hero Wolfe
Britain's glory did maintain;
And planted firm old England's flag
On Canada's fair domain;
Here may it wave, our boast, our pride,
And joined in love together,
The thistle, shamrock, rose entwine
The maple leaf forever.

CHORUS—

The maple leaf, our emblem dear,
The maple leaf forever;
God save our Queen and heaven bless
The maple leaf forever!

On many a hard-fought battle-field
Our brave fathers, side by side,
For freedom, home and loved ones dear,
Firmly stood and nobly died;
And those dear rights which they maintained
We swear to yield them never!
We'll rally round the Union Jack
The maple leaf forever!

CHORUS—

In Autumn times our emblem dear
Dons its tints of crimson hue
Our blood would die it deeper red,
Shed, dear Canada, for you!
Ere sacred rights our fathers won
To foemen we deliver,
We'll fighting die, our battle-cry:
"The maple forever!"

CHORUS—

God bless our loved Canadian homes,
Our Dominion's vast domain;
May plenty ever be our lot,
And peace hold an endless reign;
Our union, bound by ties of love
That discord cannot sever,
And flourish green o'er Freedom's home
The maple leaf forever!

CHORUS—

On Merry England's far-famed land
May kind heaven sweetly smile;
God bless old Scotland ever more,
And Ireland's emerald isle!
Then swell the song, both loud and long,
Till rocks and forests quiver;
God save our Queen and heaven bless
The maple leaf forever!

CHORUS—

HERE AND THERE.

When a Man is Drunk.

Just before his recent illness, Rudyard Kipling was at the Century Club when a group of men were discussing the exact location of the boundary between sobriety and inebriation. One of them asked the Anglo-Indian when he should say a man was drunk. According to the story, Kipling replied: "I should say that a man is drunk when he sits on the kerb outside his club and cries because he isn't at home."

London Money-lenders.

At the Thames Police Court, London, the other day, one Henry Chesterton was charged with assaulting a Mrs. Norah Stanton, a money-lender. The case is instructive as showing how the poor are robbed and in this case observe, robbed by one of their own class. Norah Stanton had lent Chesteron's wife ten shillings, at the modest rate of one penny in the shilling per week. Chesterton got drunk, and struck Mrs. Norah, hence the charge. Here is an extract from the report of the case: —Mr. Young (who defended)—"You are a money-lender?" Prosecutrix—"No, I am a money loser. I lend money and can't get it back." Mr. Young—"What interest do you charge?"—"A penny in the shilling per week." Mr. Young—"Do you know that is 430 per cent. per annum?"—"It may be, but my neighbors are very glad to borrow the money. I charge them a penny in the shilling, for it is my living. But what is the use of that, for when I lend money I can't get it back?" The magistrate said: "That seems to be a more stringent remedy than the new Act; but however extortionate or obnoxious money-lenders or their trade may be, the remedy is not to personally assault them; defendant is sentenced to twenty-one days' hard labor."

Verbal Infelicities.

A Baboo—the title given to a Hindu gentleman who writes and speaks English—once addressed Lord Dufferin, the Viceroy of India, as "Your Enormity," instead of "Your Excellency." Wishing to express his gratitude to the viceroy, who had been a wise and kind ruler, the baboo ended his address with this benediction: "You have been very good to us, and may Almi hty God give you tit for tat." His lordship, knowing that the baboo was wrestling with a language whose idioms and phrases trip even those to "the manner born," ignored the verbal infelicity which changed the intended benediction into an imprecation.

The baboo did not blunder as drolly as Lord Radstock, an English lay-preacher, once did. At the French Exhibition in Paris, his lordship, while preaching to an assembly of Frenchman in their native tongue, implored them to come and drink of the "eau de vie" (brandy).

The English gentleman from whose "Collections and Recollections" we have copied these verbal infelicities, gives many samples of what Punch labels "Things one would rather have left unsaid."

An Oxford alderman, replying to the toast of his health, said he always tried to administer justice without swerving to "partiality on the one hand or to impartiality on the other." That man must have been a kinsman of the moralist who announced that he always tried to tread "the narrow path which lay between right and wrong."

Dean Burgon, well known for his hostile criticism of the Revised Version of the Bible, once preached a sermon on the merits of the Anglican theologians, in which he extolled Jeremy Taylor, the author of Holy Living and Holy Dying, and Bishop Bull, who wrote the Defence of the Nicene Faith. Waxing fervent, the dean tumbled into this verbal infelicity: "May

CRESTON.

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GEO. McFARLAND, AGENT, NELSON.

I live the life of a Taylor, and die the death of a bull." The eloquent Doctor Liddon, in a debate in Convocation at Oxford, referring to a concession made by the opposite side, said, "It is proverbially ungracious to look a gift horse in the face." "Mouth, sir, mouth," roared the undergraduates in the gallery; but Doctor Liddon went on with his speech, not seeing that the proverb, as he had quoted it, was without meaning.

Why the Paper Died.

This is a French story—of Louis Blanc, who, as the world knows, was the most uncompromising man in the world and the most conscientious. He spent about half his life in prison because be would say what he thought was right, regardless of consequences to himself. In one of the brief intervals when he was out of prison, and when his popularity ran high, a paper, l'Homme Libre, was started for him. He was made the sole responsible head of it. One day he took the paper up as soon as it was out, and his eye happened to fall on a conspicuous advertisement, which read thus:

"The best pills are X——'s pills."

Blanc called his secretaire de la redaction, who was as near to being a business manager as the paper had, showed him the "ad." and said to him:

"Don't you think we are taking a good deal on ourselves in making that statement?"

"Why, what do you mean, sir?" the man asked puzzled.

"How do you know that X——'s pills are better than anybody's else's pills?" demanded Blanc.

"Have you taken them all?"

"No, sir."

"Then what justification have we in attempting to guarantee the superiority of one kind of pills?"

"But it's an advertisement, and all papers do the same."

"What all papers do is no guide to us. Let us make no statement that we are not perfectly sure of. Let this statement not appear again!"

The advertisement did not appear again—nor for that matter did any advertisement appear very long in the paper. Conducted on so careful a basis l'Homme Libre proved too bright and good for human nature's daily food. But it died a beautiful death.

Riley's Favorites.

Riley, the Hoosier poet, thinks Blackmore's "Lorna Doone" the greatest novel ever written. He can't read Scott, but is fond of Dickens, "I don't like Robert Louis Stevenson," he says, "I love him." Mr. Riley thinks there is as much pleasure in crying over a bit of pure pathos as there is in laughing at a piece of wit. Writing pathetic poems never makes him sad. Joseph Jefferson is Riley's favorite actor, though Sol Smith Russell ranks close to him. Mr. Riley never misses an opportunity of hearing either of them.

Idleness is only the refuge of weak minds and the holiday of fools.—*Chesterfield.*

P. BURNS & Co.

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL

Meat Merchants

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E. C TRAVES, Manager.

..Humphreys & Pittock..

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Sash & Doors Mouldings, Turned Work-

JOHN RAE, AGENT.

VENTS AND OSSIP

It is impossible to conceive where women get the notion that it is proper or that it appears elegant to do part of their dressing on the street. I have seen scores of them put on their gloves, and fuss with them until they are almost apoplectic; they delight to arrange their hats and chiffons in public, and do those small things that appear innocent but attract much attention. The best woman is one that is dressed and walks with that ease that bespeaks culture, taste and refinement. A lady will never put her gloves on in public. Some women do. Your servant might, a lady should not; but some females will because they cannot discriminate.

The toothpick habit has come to town, and it is worse than the gum chewing disease. There is one place to use a tooth pick, and that is not in public. Decency forbids the jabbing of a piece of wood into a row of jagged teeth that look bad when the mouth is opened. It seems, if you watch people, that the vulgarisms of nature crop out no matter the place or condition. It is well to be natural, but for goodness sake hide some of the idiosyncracies from public gaze.

Funny isn't it that as a rule when a man gets money his head swells, and when a woman becomes conscious of an improvement in her financial standing, she thinks she is just the cream of the earth? This is a proposition that was propounded to me the other day by an intimate friend who was telling me in confidence about a friend of his who was once so popular, but is now getting "stuck-up" and proud. My dear readers, there is nothing new under the sun, and if you ever come across a case of this kind, just remember that breeding will tell and without breeding those who have the most money become the biggest prigs.

Kickers, like corn, are grown in

all communities, so that they have come to be looked upon as something of a necessary evil. Take my friend, John Houston, who when there is nothing special to kick at, will kick on general principles. Then, there is the editor of the *Miner*, who kicks because the secretary of the Board of Trade does not supply that paper with a fresh local column every morning. Lawyer-Journalist Brougham kicks because anglers will insist on catching big fish without his specially prepared fly; Joe Martin kicked because Hon. D. M. Eberts received a greater reception at the Rossland banquet than the "Manitoba statesman;" W. A. Macdonald kicks because the Conservative party has not recognized his transcendant genius as a politican and a leader; Jim Neelands kicks because the lacrosse men refuse to yield up more than half the receipts of the grand stand to the baseball club; Ald. Beer kicks at the Finance committee; Phair kicks because his hotel is crowded; Charles St. Barbe kicks for no other reason than it is right and proper for every Englishman to grumble; fishermen kick because they rarely ever catch fish; clergyman kick because there are Sunday morning newspapers; the publishers kick because the merchants do not do more advertising; the merchants kick on account of lack of customers; the customers kick because the merchants do not advertise so that the public may know where to buy goods; the lawyers kick because there is not more litigation; the litigants kick because a lawsuit is a most expensive luxury; the doctors kick at the good health of the town; the patients kick against doctor's fees. This, however, would be a dull world without the kicker and grumbler; he is a change, if not a novelty, and is often the cause of making us think that things might be a great deal worse than they are.

P. G.

NOTICE.

Notice is hereby given that the Head Office of the Broken Hill Mining and Development Company, Limited Liability, will at the expiration of thirty days from the 15th of June, 1899, be changed from Nelson, B. C. to Ymir, B. C.

Dated at Nelson, B. C., this 9th day of June, 1899

THEO. MADSON

Largest Tent and Awning Factory in British Columbia

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

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

FRED. J. SQUIRE, Baker St, Nelson.

Before Buying Elsewhere

Come in and inspect our stock of Carvers, Spoons, Cutlery and House Furnishings.

VANCOUVER HARDWARE COMPANY, Ld

Importers of Heavy and Shelf Hardware,

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. 18,584A, 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.

NOTICE.

After the expiration of thirty days from the date hereof we intend to apply to the Chief Commissioner of Lands and Works at Victoria, British Columbia, for a lease for twenty-one years for the purpose of quarrying lime stone for sale and disposal over the following lands, situated on the east bank of Lower Arrow Lake, about six miles north of Deer Park on said Lake and about six hundred yards due east from the shore of said Lake, comprised within the following boundaries: Commencing at a post inscribed "Initial post, W. A. Galliher, Frank Seidel and Allan Forrester's N. W. corner, planted and located June 2nd, 1899," thence due south twenty chains, thence due east and at right angles twenty chains, thence due north and parallel to the southern boundary twenty chains, thence due west twenty chains to the point of commencement, containing eighty acres more or less.

Dated June 2nd, 1899.

W. A. GALLIHER,
FRANK SEIDEL,
ALLAN FORRESTER.

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 L. 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.

JOHN McLATCHIE

Dominion and Provincial Land Surveyor,

Opp. Custom House, Nelson, B. C

CLUB HOTEL

Corner Stanley and Silica Streets

RATES: $1 per day and up.

Schooner Beer, 10 cents

E. J. Curran, Proprietor.

"Doctor," said he, "I'm a victim of insomnia. I can't sleep if there's the least noise—such as a cat on the back fence, for instance."

"This powder will be effective," replied the physician, after compounding a prescription.

"When do I take it, doctor?"

"You don't take it. Give it to the cat in a little milk."

"When Bilfork went West he told me that as soon as he had settled down and pulled himself together he would write to me, but I have never heard from him."

"Bilford was blown up in an explosion of dy amite three months ago. He may have settled down, but I don't believe he has pulled himself together yet."

Mrs. Chinner. Ernestine, my darling, do you expect Constant tonight?"

Ernestine. Of coure, mamma. Why do you inquire?

Mrs. Chinner. If he asks you to marry him tell him to come and speak to me.

Ernestine. And if he doesn't ask me?—

Mrs. Chinner. Tell him I am coming to speak to him.

Bobby—Mamma, Uncle Will says that firecrackers were invented by the Cninese ages ago.

Mamma—Yes, dear, I believe so.

Bobby—Well, how did they know we were going to have a First of July?

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 Poorman 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. 11,243 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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AND

Heating

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