THE NELSON ECONOMIST.

VOL. III NELSON B. C. WEDNESDAY MARCH [illegible]

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NELSON ECONOMIST

VOL. III. NELSON, B. C., WEDNESDAY, MARCH 6, 1900. NO. 34

THE NELSON ECONOMIST is issued every Wednesday at the City of Nelson, B. C., by D. M. Carley. Subscription: $1.00 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.

Pay! Pay! Pay!

NOTICE.—There are several hundred readers of THE ECONOMIST behind in their subscriptions. No doubt this is attributable to neglect and all that will be required to ensure a hasty response is this gentle reminder.

SOME aspiring comic opera author would find rich material for a plot on which to exercise his genius in the scenes which were presented in the Local Legislature last week. Gilbert and Sullivan never conceived anything half so diverting as the spectacular exit of the thirty-five members of the Local Legislature when the Lieutenant-Governor, decked out in all the toggery of his office, with speech in hand, made his entrance. The denizens of the gallery evidently believed they had the worth of their money, for they cheered as the gallery does almost invariably when pleased with the ballet divertissement, or a cake-walk; and here it might be pointed out that one who participated in the proceedings, and enacted the role of the Great Presence, has much in his stride to remind one of a champion cake-walker.

But the residents of British Columbia, if one may conclude from the ominous murmurings heard along the streets, and wherever men do congregate, do not incline to take the humorous view of the performance. Quite the reverse; they feel that matters in this Province have reached that pass when the voice of the people is no longer potent and the people's will is contemptuously ignored. "The pernicious hand of despotism, which alone can make a whole people desperate," has manifested its presence in the loyal Province of British Columbia, and now that the struggle between the people and despotism has been precipitated, it does not demand unusual depth of wisdom or political sagacity to predict the end. "The voice of the people is the voice of God."

The present conflict between the people and despotism presents a series of problems that will be difficult of solution. Assuming that the next election is fought out on Federal party lines and that thirty Conservatives and eight Liberals are elected, or vice versa, what guarantee have the contestants that the chosen leader of the victorious party will be entrusted with the formation of a Government? In 1898, the Lieutenant-Governor dismissed a Government without knowing officially anything of its strength; in fact, while contests for two seats were still pending, and called upon a gentleman who had been overwhelmingly defeated at the polls to form a Government. After Mr. Beaven had acknowledged his inability to accomplish the task, His Honor then called in a gentleman who was fortunate enough to have won a seat. Now he dismisses a Government and calls upon a member—absolutely without a following and who has been declared by all parties to be a political impossibility—who proceeds to call in a couple of lawyers, one of whom was defeated at the last election, and they undertake to carry on the affairs of the country without leave or license from the people. What a farce! But it demonstrates the seriousness of the situation. It proves that our Parliamentary system is lamentably weak in spots. It also reveals the fact that there are individuals in high positions in this Province vain enough to imagine they possess more wisdom than the combined intelligence of the whole electorate of British Columbia.

Perhaps Sir Hibbert Tupper put the situation in its strongest light in his address to the Young Men's Liberal-Conservative Club at Vancouver, last Friday night. According to the report in the *Province*, he reminded his hearers that this Province was on "the eve of an imperial conflict; they had on hand a contest for the great principles of responsible representative government. If the Province was now in the position of a laughing-stock in the eyes of all the provinces and indeed of all the colonies, it was because we were under the domination of a man who resorted to very similar methods to those of Oom Paul, whom he seemed desirous of rivalling. The Liberal-Conservative party was not desirous of weakening the respect due to the representative of the Crown, but students of the B. N. A. Act and of constitutional government would readily apprehend the great difference between the Queen and those holding office representing her. To the latter was always accorded the respect due the office. Still when such representatives forfeit all right to respect, when they transgress the constitution, they can and will be punished. So in British Columbia at the present time, when a man holding the high office of representative of the Crown becomes despotic or idiotic, it was not possible for the people to be quiet and to be told that he is hedged round with a dignity that is beyond criticism. Times have changed. There is no dignity that will protect

or permit the Lieutenant-Governor of this Province to insult the representatives of the people or the people themselves through them. We are men and there is no duty more important at the present crises than to show the world that when held in contempt by a man who has forgotten, if he ever knew, the traditions of his office, we are prepared to resent and rebuke, and constitutionally to drive him from office at once and forever. There are many things to be considered. It was evident a desperate game was being played at Victoria and the chief actors were Lieutenant-Governor McInnes and Joseph Martin. The latter had reached a position when he was powerless for good or evil in the affairs of the country until the former had deliberately chosen to link fortunes with him. The reason for this bold and dangerous game, and for the extraordinary conduct of the Lieutenant-Governor, was not far to seek."

From a Conservative point of view, speaking now from its influence on Federal issues, the situation is not wholly without consolation. Lieutenant-Governor McInnes received his appointment from a Liberal Government, and that party must now assume all responsibility for his official acts. If he had been the greatest enemy Sir Wilfrid Laurier had in British Columbia, he could not have accomplished more in the way of bringing discredit on the Liberal party in this Province. No Liberal candidate can go upon the platform and conscientiously defend, or even condone, this latest official act of the Lieutenant-Governor; and that is why so many Liberals throughout the Province are so emphatic in their condemnation of his intolerable conduct.

Sir Wilfrid, however, appears to have found a way out of the dilemma. In the House, yesterday, he intimated that the Lieut.-Governor had acted within his authority, but whether he acted wisely or not was the question. "It will be the duty of the Lieut.-Governor to promptly dissolve the Legislature, summon the electors to the polls and submit to them with as little delay as possible, the questions which have been raised. If the people returned a majority against the Martin Government it will have been obvious that the Lieut.-Governor had taken a very serious risk. At the present time the remedy was in the hands of the Province of British Columbia." There is not much consolation in these remarks for the Lieutenant-Governor or Mr. Martin.

THE Semlinites are now taking copious draughts of the medicine administered to Mr. Turner and his followers twenty months ago by Lieut.-Governor McInnes. His Honor gives big doses, too.

IN the two months which the Legislature sat nothing in the shape of legislation was passed. What do we send men to the Legislature for anyway?

IF anything further is required to indicate the substantial hold that Canada has secured upon the trade of Great Britain in natural products it is supplied by the cable order recived last week from the Imperial war office, requesting the agricultural department to arrange for a supply of 3,000 tons of hay per month for shipment to South Africa as long as the war lasts.

THE Greenwood *Times* says, without hesitation, that no man in Canada has done more to fasten odium on the Liberal party than Joseph Martin.

WE need more workers and less talkers in our legislative halls. Legislatures were created for the people, and not for flatulent politicians.

IT is understood that Joe Martin and his sparring partner will make a tour of the country, beginning at an early date.

IN drumming up material for a Cabinet Joseph Martin should not overlook the special qualifications of Mr. Piet Cronje for the job. What a team Cronje and Martin would make.

SEEING that we are not making much of a success of conducting our own legislative affairs, how would it do to let the job out to some self-respecting Eastern Province—or even the Northwest Territories?

THE dismissal of the Semlin Government, has given the *Colonist* an excellent opportunity for making a few timely remarks on the "constitutional" phase of the question.

LADYSMITH has been relieved and the Empire went wild with the news. This result, of course, had to be reached sooner or later, but bearing in mind previous failures, the people restrained their impulses until it was fully accomplished, when they gave themselves up to a day of rejoicing and thanksgiving. It was a difficult task that General Buller was given to accomplish, but now that he has succeeded, he is entitled to the credit. The strategy of Lords Roberts and Kitchener may have contributed, in some degree, to the final result, but to Buller must be awarded due credit for his bulldog tenacity, in the face of the greatest natural difficulties and adverse criticism at home and abroad. With the surrender of Cronje and the relief of Ladysmith, the end of the bloody struggle should be in sight. It is probable that there may be more fighting at Bloemfontein and Pretoria, but the backbone of the war is undoubtedly broken. With the large force at Lord Roberts' command he should be able to invest any position taken by the Boers and force them to capitulate, even if he should not wish to attempt to carry their position by direct assault. Mafeking has not yet been relieved, but that will inevitably come in due time. Too much credit cannot be given General White and his brave garrison for their stubborn resistance. Every man was a hero, and of all those who have done their duty in this campaign, none have made a greater name than those who composed the Ladysmith garrison. And Britons

are now guessing what the next move will be. Lord Roberts has in the past told but little of what he intended doing, and it is probable that the first the outside world will know of his movements will be the notification of what has been accomplished. One more decisive blow and the Boers, having demonstrated to the world their quality, may be able to see their way clear toward the initiation of negotiations that will bring the war to a close.

THE Lieut.-Governor in his repeated onslaughts on the "constitution" has torn it to that extent that some people believe it would be better to buy a new one altogether than patch the old one up.

THE funeral of the British Empire, so long predicted by foreign powers, has been indefinitely postponed.

IT was hard pounding, and in spite of the cost General Buller was able to pound hardest and longlongest. In British operations around Ladysmith the total losses reached almost half the force sent out to rescue. The record is a dis nal one, but that is war.

THE Toronto *Telegram* (Conservative) has the following; "It is to be hoped that Lieutenant-Governor McInnes of British Columbia will make no move that can give his enemies a chance to shout that he is trying to clear the way for the promotion to Cabinet rank of his son, W. W. B. McInnes, M. P. for Nanaimo. There is not a man in the British Columbia delegation at Ottawa who has shown any approach to the ability displayed by Mr. McInnes. British Columbia would be fortunate if that Province were ruled by men like W. W. McInnes, and it will be a misfortune if he should enter provincial politics under circumstances which might expose him to the taunt that he owes his promotion to the official influence of his father."

THERE have been many things said by British Columbia newspapers during the last two years that the editors might now wish had been left unsaid. Even THE ECONOMIST is not disposed to maintain that Mr. Cotton is w l out virtue or merit, and after all Mr. Semlin may not be half as black as he has been painted. Indeed, they may be both honorable men. Of course this opinion is given off-hand, and is subject to revision.

THE new registry office has been handed over to the Provincial Government. It cost $12,000.

ELIAS ROGERS has been appointed managing director of the C. N. C. Co., vice Robert Jaffray, who remains first vice-president.

THE Grit press appears to have discovered that several French Canadian conservatives ardently supported the sending of contingents to South Africa. The question, however, is not whether this citizen o r that holds certain views concerning the matter, but whether an influence inimical to the best interests of the Empire is to be paramount in the councils of Canada.

IN its issue of August 18th, 1897, THE ECONOMIST published the following: "We observe with some degree of alarm that the Hon. Joseph Martin will transfer his political operations from the Province of Manitoba to British Columbia. Mr. Martin is a man without whom this Province could struggle along very well. He is a disturbing element no matter where his lot is cast, and if Manitoba desired to mark her friendship for British Columbia, she should have sent us a blizzard and kept Martin at home. We would suggest that immediate steps be taken to bind Martin over to keep the peace while in this Province." It surely is permissable for this paper now to say, "I told you so."

THE *Irish Standard*, of Minneapolis, says "the Fenians—the men of Irish descent—will cross the border and raise the stars and stripes over the Queen's Dominion." Well, not if the Rocky Mountain Rangers happen to be present.

THE *Spokesman-Review* contains the following: "What troops are those?" asked Cronje, as he rubbed his eyes in the gray dawn and peered at the entrenchments only 80 yards away. "They are Canadians," said a subaltern, "and they rushed that position just before daylight." "Send out a flag of truce," replied the ga lant Cronje, "it's all off with us now."

THE *Province* says: "The great majority of Liberals will agree with the view that Mr. Martin can advance no valid claim to Liberal snpport in any capacity. If the Liberals of British Columbia wanted a Provincial Government representative of their party the new premier would be the last man they would call upon to form one."

THE latest dinner-table decorations in England are, of course, of a military nature, and scarlet is largely used. Strips of the bright cloth used for soldiers' coats are laid down upon the table, and silver baskets filled with variegated holly and scarlet tulips are placed in between these. A novelty is a khaki tablecloth, on which scarlet silk is puffed, and the flowers are tulips and hyacinths, planted in high scarlet military boots. A pretty idea is a table centre of pale heliotrope panne, with silver vases dotted about filled with variegated foliage and Parma violets.

THERE seems to be a growing sentiment with men of all shades of politics, in view of the unseemly scramble for position and power, now witnessed at the coast, for the Kootenays to unite in sending a solid delegation of sound business men, pledged to fight for the interests of the Kootenays, to the Legislature.

EVENTS AND GOSSIP

THE selection by Mr. Joseph Martin of two members of the legal profession to assist him in conducting the affairs of the country, will result in arousing indignation against the man who has presumed to run this Province by lawyers for lawyers. It is desirable that the legal profession should be represented in the House, but it seems like casting a reflection on the intelligence of members of other professions and those engaged in the various other avocations, that they are not represented in a Government that is supposed to legislate honestly and intelligently for all classes. There are many able lawyers in British Columbia, but again there are others in that profession in this Province who are chiefly noted for their self-conceit and monumental ignorance. They know very little law, and are too thick-headed, or shallow, to grasp the significance of the great questions that are agitating the minds of the thinking men of to-day. Egotism seems to be the predominating characteristic of too many of "my learned friends." The other evening I listened while a lawyer delivered a nine-minute address. During that short space he succeeded in dragging in the personal pronoun "I" twenty-three times, or on an average of about once in every twenty-four seconds. There are honest lawyers and modest lawyers, and many of them, but they will admit that in no other walk of life are so many rank frauds to be found as in the legal profession.

Last week the humble architect of this column had a word of criticism of a recent amateur performance. It is contended by some that greater latitude should be permitted amateurs than professionals, and no doubt there is justice in this contention. Professionals live by the disposal of their talents just as the merchant does by selling his wares, and it is maintained that neither has a right to misrepresent the quality of his commodity. THE ECONOMIST, so far as the writer is aware, has not made a practice of unduly extolling the genius of the professional or the quality of the goods which the merchant offers to his customers. This species of dangerous flattery is left to papers which have so far failed to establish credit with the public. There are many amateurs whose performances are more acceptable than those of some professionals, notably in the cases of individual members of the Nelson Minstrels, and on these occasions this paper accords due credit; but again there are altogether too many amateurs absolutely barren of talent, who on every conceivable occasion, force themselves on the public, and so often too under the guise of contributors towards charity. (Charity covers multitudes of sins.) In the cases of the latter, the writer does not feel himself bound to lie in order to mantle their naked imbecility. In this connection, it is pleasing to note that many letters have been received from leading citizens of Rossland thanking me for my outspoken remarks with regard to the performance given by the Rossland minstrels in Nelson.

The interested spectator must be deeply impressed with the marked improvement noticeable in the drills of the Nelson Rifle Company. To take thirty or forty raw recruits and in a few months succeed in drilling them to the degree of perfection reached by the rifle company is no easy task, and it speaks volumes for the persistency of Lieut. Beer that he has accomplished so much in so short a space of time.

It was rumored in Ashcroft last week that Hon. Charles Semlin was about to retire from political life, and immediately a petition was circulated asking Mr. Dennis Murphy, barrister, of Ashcroft, to contest West Yale in opposition to the Martin Government. This is a move in the right direction. What is wanted in this Province at the present time is more lawyers in public life. It is to be hoped, after much persuasion, Mr. Murphy granted the prayer of the petitioners.

In 1898, when Lieut.-Governor McInnes dismissed the Turner Ministry, Mr. W. W. B. McInnes was at Nanaimo. Immediately on hearing of the appointment of Mr. Beaven he started for Victoria. When he reached the capital he was met by a friend, who asked: "What do you think of the mix-up, Billy?" "Really," he said, "it was as much of a surprise to me as anyone," then after a moment's reflection, he smiled and added: "And the people will still persist in saying that there is no humor in a Scotchman." (referring to the action of his father calling on Mr. Beaven to form a Government). There should be no longer any doubt on that score. Indeed, measured by his recent displays of wit, His Honor might be regarded as having honestly earned the title of professional humorist.

The force of habit is strong with some people. *Current Literature*, in a recent number, gives a story which Baron Dowse, the celebrated Irish judge, once told in that exaggerated "brogue" which he loved to employ. "I was down in Cork last month holding assizes. On the first day, when the jury came in, the officer of the court said: 'Gintlemin av the jury, ye'll take your accustomed places, if ye plaze.' And may I never laugh," said the Baron, "if they didn't all walk into the dock."

Here is an old story of an Irish court. Mr. Curran, the renowned Irish lawyer, on one occasion, was trying a case before Lord Avonmore and a stupid Dublin jury, by whom his best flights of eloquence and wit were wholly unappreciated. Addressing them, with a side glance at the judge, he stated that Hesiod,

a famous Greek historian, had exactly expressed his views, and quoted two lines of Latin! "Why, Mr. Curran," said the judge, "Hesiod was a poet, not an historian, and the lines you quote are not Greek, but Latin; they occur in Juvenal." Curran contended that they were Greek, and the dispute grew warm. At last, Curran said, "Well, my lord, I see we must disagree. If it were a matter of law, I should bow to your lordship's opinion, but it is one of fact, and rests with the jury to decide. Let us send it up as collateral issue to the jury, and I'll be bound that they will *—find it Greek!*"

The Nelson Minstrels are making preparations for their tour of the Slocan next week. They will appear at New Denver, Sandon and Kaslo. This organization in many respects is equal to a professional company, and in some regards better, for it contains a greater number of good voices than are usually found with the travelling company. The specialties also are away above the average. I bespeak generous patronage for the Nelson Minstrels. P. G.

There is much extravagant booming of the Howe Sound copper properties, which were recently acquired by a syndicate organized by Mr. H. C. Walters of Spokane. So far as can be ascertained by impartial experts, there seem to be very extensive deposits on the claims of low-grade copper. This will need to be most skilfully and economically worked and concentrated on the spot and very large expenditures indeed will also be necessary for aerial tramways and other plant. Then it is thought, on the strength of present indications, that sufficient profitable results should accrue. But, as already stated, large actual capitalization, representing money laid out; and most careful working are absolutely necessary conditions to success. The value of the Howe Sound ore is not sufficiently high to permit of a margin for waste, extravagance or inefficiency.—*Mining Record.*

Dr. Rose will be identified with Dr. Hall in the latter's practice in future.

The *Eagle* is the name of a new paper published at Ferguson, B. C. It is a bright, newsy sheet, and should be well patronized.

A small force of men is being kept at work on the Hunter mine, pending the restarting of operations on a large scale by the new company.

Kirkpatrick & Wilson, grocers, have purchased the southwest corner of Baker and Ward streets, and will proceed at once with the erection of a brick block, to cost at least $35,000.

The William Hamilton Manufacturing Co., Peterborough, will make Nelson their district headquarters.

Kitty Neil.

Ah, sweet Kitty Neil! rise up from your wheel;
  Your neat little foot will be weary from spinning;
Come, trip down with me to the sycamore tree—
  Half the parish is there and the dance is beginning.
The sun is gone down, but the full harvest moon
  Shines sweetly and cool on the dew-whitened valley,
While all the air rings with the soft, loving things
  Which little bird sings in the green shaded alley.

With a blush and a smile, Kitty rose up; the while
  He eye on the glass, she wound her hair, glancing.
'Tis hard to refuse when a young lover sues,
  So she couldn't but choose to go off to the dancing.
And now on the green glad groups are seen,
  Each gay-hearted lad with the lass of his choosing;
  And Pat, without fail, leads out sweet Kitty Neil—
  Somehow, when he asked, she ne'er thought of refusing.

Now Felix Magee puts his pipe to his knee,
  And, with flourish so free, sets each couple in motion;
With a cheer and a bound, the boys patter the ground—
  The maids move around just like swans on the ocean:
Cheeks bright as the rose—feet light as the doe's—
  Now coyly retiring, now boldly advancing;
Search the world all round, from the sky to the ground,
  No such sight sight can be found as an Irish lass dancing!

Sweet Kate! who could view your bright eyes of deep blue
  Beaming humidly through their dark lashes so mildly—
Your fair-turned arm, heaving breast, rounded form—
  Nor feel his heart warm, and his pulses throb wildly?
Poor Pat feels his heart, as he gazes, depart,
  Subdued by the smart of such painful yet sweet love;
The sight leaves his eye as he cries with a sigh,
  "Dance light, for my heart it lies under your feet, love!"

—*John Francis Waller, LL.D.*

The Passing Century Mysteries.

The nineteenth century will leave behind a great legacy of mysteries which it could not solve, and which probably will remain mysteries to the end of time. The most notable of these is to be recalled in detail in the April *Ladies' Home Journal* in an article on "The Mysteries of the Century." Each one set the whole world agog with excitement and speculation in its day, but has faded almost completely from the mind of the public.

Moody's Remarkable Life.

We have received a book of much importance at the present time, from the Poole Publishing Company, Toronto, "The Life of D. L. Moody." The book is attractive, and is well printed on good white paper. Thirty-three pages of illustrations embellish its pages, covering the outstanding features in Mr. Moody's career, home life and religious experience. Its circulation will probably be very large, as Mr. Moody had a powerful influence in Canada, was known here quite as well as across the line, and his was a potent name in thousands of Christian households. The book is published at 25 cents in heavy paper cover, or 50 cents bound in cloth, is for sale at all book stores or will be sent postpaid by the publishers on receipt of price. Everyone will want to read the story of the life-work of this remarkable man. Poole Publishing Company, Toronto, publishers; for sale by Canada Drug and Book Co., Nelson.

Current Comment

The Career of Lord Roberts.

(Review of Reviews.)

Lord Roberts is a soldier as Brindley was a maker of canals When Brindley was asked what rivers were made for he replied: "To feed canals." So politicians, statesmen, and sovereigns, the migration of races, the development of military ambitions—all these turbid forces which govern the destinies of peoples appear to the soldier, whether he is in cocked-hat or in the plain regimentals of the rank and file, as important chiefly in so far as they culminate in fighting. It is his business, and like the apostle he says: "This one thing I do." This conception of energy and supreme devotion to professional duty may not impress us as representing the highest type of human evolution, but it is certainly quite different from the point of view of ordinary citizens—so different that in reading Lord Roberts' story we are continually reminded that he is practically a denizen of another world. We do not feel this in relation to many soldiers. General Gordon, for instance, although a brilliant officer, devoted to the army, never sank the man in the soldier, but remained philanthropist, statesman, humorist, and religious genius beneath his regimentals. It would be unkind to say that Lord Roberts is a soldier and nothing else, but he is certainly saturated through and through with the atmosphere of the camp. He has breathed it all his life. It is his world. He is even more of a Tommy Atkins than Tommy Atkins himself, who is of short service, whereas Lord Roberts has put in nearly fifty years of service in the army.

A Timely Caution.

(Ottawa Citizen.)

That stage in the progress of events in the Transvaal war has been reached when it is necessary to caution the public against circulating unfounded reports of war news. The imagination is now heated and it is very easy to originate, in whole or part, a story that may occasion great anxiety and pain to those who have friends at the front. The *Globe* with much force says: "While discussing this subject we may, perhaps, add a word in depreciation of the practice of starting baseless and cruel street rumors regarding alleged cables from the front reporting additional losses, and deaths from wounds, fever, etc. Those who thoughtlessly start such idle gossip are responsible for much pain and anguish of mind to the thousands amongst us who have relatives and friends on the field of battle, and the public mind is unnecessarily agitated."

Party Lines.

(Greenwood Miner.)

The revelations of the past few days at Victoria, of political intrigue and scramble for office on both sides, has been a shock to the public of the interior. The situation has opened the eyes of the people to the absurdity and anomaly of the game of personal politics, and they are rapidly coming round to straight party lines. It is safe to say that four-fifths of the Liberals and Conservatives will now favor tying up to a party with a definite policy and a recognized leader, instead of choosing a side in such a medley as at present exists It is the only way out of a dilemma, the like of which has never been witnessed in this country. Both Federal parties should call conventions and decide at once.

Who Has Insulted the Lieutenant-Governor?

(Kamloops Standard.)

On Tuesday last at the instance of an official in the service of the Government, Mr. C. Wentworth Sarel was committed for trial on a charge of publishing a libel against the Lieut.-Governor. Two hours afterward the Government who had instructed the aforesaid official introduced a motion censuring the aforesaid Lieut.-Governor. Without condoning or approving of "Observer's" letter referring to the Lieut.-Governor, we cannot help pointing out that one is simply a caricature of the personal appearance of Mr. McInnes, while the other is a direct accusation of improper conduct, the absurdity of which was demonstrated in debate, for when any member imputed motives to the said lofty official, he was promptly called to order. Capt. Irving, however, stuck to his guns and kept on referring to His Honor in terms that if even hinted at by the *Standard* would be liable to cause the imprisonment of the whole staff.

Keen Resentment.

(Inland Sentinel.)

The light in which the Legislature regard the action of the Lieut.-Governor in entrusting the formation of a new cabinet to Jos. Martin, was exemplified in a striking manner in the House yesterday. It is no trivial matter that would so influence so intelligent and loyal a gathering as to lead to their giving expression to their disapproval of the Lieut.-Governor's course by deliberately leaving the legislative hall on the appearance of His Honor therein. So open and marked a rebuff is without parallel in the annals of any British Parliament. Keen indeed must have been the resentment felt when both political parties sunk all differences and united in so unmistakably showing how deeply indignant they were at the affront put upon them.

The Career of Joseph.

(Toronto Telegram.)

Judged by the standards of men who regard salary and public office as the grand prizes of politics, the career of Joseph Martin has been a failure. Judged by its public influence and by his own personal desire for excitement the career of Joseph has been a dazzling success. There has not been a dull minute

in Mr. Martin's public life. The average politician deems it a great honor to serve in one government for twenty years. In that historic period Joseph Martin has served in the Greenway and Semlin Governments and contributed to the defeat of the Norquay Government, the Tupper Government, the Greenway Government, and now the Semlin Government.

Clearing the Air.

(The Province.)

Premier Martin has given the names of his selected colleagues and announced his policy. As was generally expected, he has been unable to draw to his side a man of any weight or prominence in provincial politics. The composition of the new Cabinet is in fact a matter of indifference to the public, inasmuch as any Cabinet with Mr. Martin at its head would have been dismissed as an impossibility. Whatever chances that gentleman might have had as a political leader have been entirely removed through the people's acquaintance with his methods. While the general tendency is to censure Lieutenant-Governor McInnes for having landed the Province in this somewhat ridiculous situation, it may be well to look further and see whether he is not actually doing the public a service by clearing the political atmosphere of at least one obnoxious element. To thrust Mr. Martin into the foremost place means his most effectual suppression and the removal of his power to do further injury. More than that, the opportunity is given to the people to renovate their political house and place the administration of their affairs on a proper footing. Thus while holding to the opinion that the views of the legislative assembly should have been left to control the situation, it seems to *The Province* that the course taken by the Lieutenant-Governor may in the end have a good effect. If personal and national considerations can only be sunk in the desire to further the public interest, order and good government will shortly come out of the present crisis.

The Scene in the House.

(News-Advertiser.)

Yesterday's scene of uproar in the Provincial Legislature was with its accompanying affront to the Lieutenant-Governor unprecedented, as far as we are aware, in either British or British Colonial Parliamentary annals. It is highly regrettable, yet we cannot but perceive that the extraordinarily irregular official action of the Lieutenant-Governor has raised general public feeling to such a high pitch of justified indignation as to render even responsible representatives of the people, regardless for a time of all considerations; precedent or official status. His Honor the Lieutenant-Governor has chosen to act distinctly contrary to the all but unanimous opinion of the elected representatives of the people of British Columbia of both Provincial parties, without having for justification any evidence that the present Provincial Legislature has, as a body, forfeited the confidence of the people. He has moreover—following this time for the worse a bad precedent of his own—called upon a Provincial member to form a new Ministry, who has neither the slightest mandate from the people nor any following worth mentioning even amongst politicians, and who is evidently as a result almost at his wits' end to get together a "scratch" quartette of Ministers for a brief term of official life, certain to be cut short ruthlessly at the almost immediate opportunity of condemnation which must be afforded by an indignant electorate.

Closing Scenes in the House.

(Victoria Times)

The imposing pageant advanced at slow march up the centre aisle toward the throne, and His Honer slowly mounted the steps It was noticed that between him and Mr. Speaker Forster not a movement of any kind in salutation was made. The two men simply looked straight at each other, then, the sergeant at-arms having removed the mace, Mr. Speaker slowly turned away on the left side to the floor of the House, His Honor immediately taking the chair. The officers grouped themselves on the steps and on the dais beside His Honor. All this took only a few moments to do, but while this was going on on the platform every member of the House had left the floor, going out by the doors nearest their own seats, and when His Honor looked up after sitting down it was to behold the strangest spectacle that ever greeted the eye of a representative of Queen Victoria, or any other British monarch. Not a soul was to be seen on the floor of the House from the foot of the throne to the north door, where an old man, apparently wandered for the time being, stood peering into the hall, funnily undecided whether to enter and take a seat or not. From the gallaries burst a storm of derisive laughter, calls and rappings. The officers of the escort looked much embarrassed. His Honor was visibly whitened and appeared for the moment nonplussed. He coughed slightly, put out his hand toward his private secretary, withdrew it and pulled down the peak of his cocked hat; then pressed his spectacles more closely to his eyes. Then he took from the secretary's hands the copy of the speech. It was upside down, so he turned it round and coughed again. The uproar in the gallaries continued; the naval and military officers fidgeted a little and looked somewhat uncomfortable and much surprised. It was painful to observe the nervousness of His Honor, who pressed his hands together in evident agitation, and for the time being seemed not to know what to do. Mr. Joseph Martin stook near the clerk's desk as impassive as a statue; he showed signs of neither agitation nor anger. His was, perhaps, the only countenance in the whole assemblage that was absolutely immobile.

Read Out of the Party.

(Greenwood Times.)

Neither Lieut.-Governor McInnes nor Joseph Martin nor there followers are representatives of the Liberal party.

In the Glow of the Flames

I KNEW Harold Vincent Richards pretty well for two years—ever since he had been married, in fact—and considered him a rising fellow in the literary world. He hadn't done anything very great, but his work was distinctly promising, and his name was gradually making itself known. Unluckily he had married the wrong girl. He stayed at home all day working, and quarters are rather close in a flat.

But my friend wasn't like some men—he didn't whine and cry; he made the best of it. It was not bad temper. It was jealousy—bitter, mean, incessant jealousy—that grudged him even his literary fame. Lola Richards was one of these little, pale, blue-eyed women, with a spiteful tongue and narrow heart, who have ruined the career of many a sensitive man. She hated to hear her husband's praises sounded in her ears.

One afternoon Lola was scolding Richards because some women, who had happened to call the day before, had gushed and told her how fortunate she was to be the wife of such a rising genius. Her face was crimson with anger, and her voice was very shrill as she mimicked her callers.

"'Dear Mrs. Richards! How proud you must be of your clever husband! He's quite a genius! How I

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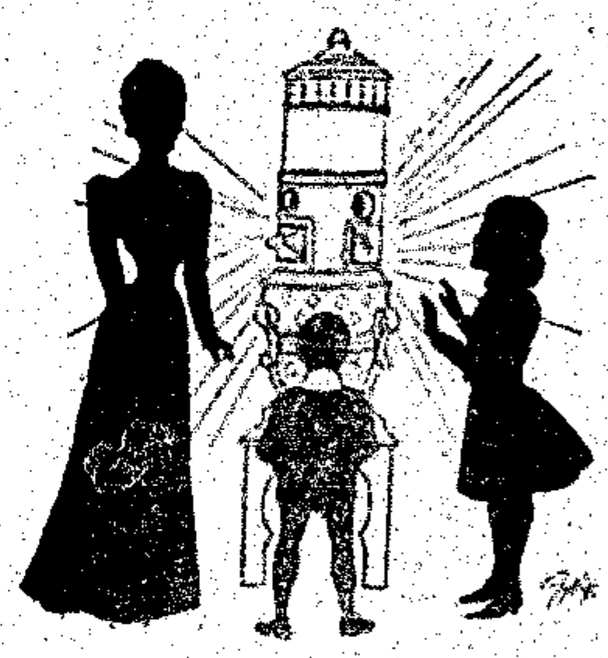

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envy you living with the man who can write such exquisite stories!'"

Then she stamped her foot, and turned savagely on Richards.

"Clever! Exquisite! A genius! I never saw any genius in your silly tales. Silly and sloppy, I call them. I wish to goodness I'd married Bert Carroll instead of you. At any rate people wouldn't have praised him up in order to run me down. I know what they mean. Of course I'm stupid, and brainless and silly—not good enough for you to wipe your boots on—"

And then Richards did the most sensible thing possible. He walked out of the dining-room and locked himself up in his study. Lola, on seeing the lines of his mouth more firmly set then usual, and guessing nothing of the tempest that surged in his mind, immediately went off into a violent fit of hysterics, and called the sympathetic hired girl to witness that "Mr. Richards was a perfect brute."

Harold's den wasn't much of a "study;" merely a smoke-begrimed den furnished with a second-hand bureau, two or three chairs, and some shelves of books. Lola called it "Harold's sulking-room," but I knew that it was the only haven of refuge Richards could find in his own house.

"A man must follow his own fate," Richards said, as he sat down wearily at the bureau, and looked at the sheets of paper littered over his desk. "I'm not the only fool who has found marriage a failure; and, after all, I've got a brain as well as a heart. I'll give myself up to work, and waste no time in morbid self-pity. That's a form of cowardice that leads to the cutting of one's throat; and if I've exhausted the possibilities of marriage I'll be hanged if I've exhausted the possibilities of life."

He smiled grimly, and taking from one of the pigeon-holes a note book laid it on his desk, and began to read its contents. From that day Richards progressed swiftly through the book that was to make his name. This was his masterpiece, wherein he would show his best of brain and heart; and, as the weeks rolled on and the novel neared its end, he realized his work was good, and in that knowledge could afford to live, and did live, without love and sympathy.

In truth, he needed every support that work could give a man. Lola's conduct grew daily more shrewish and violent, and her tongue less fastidious in its choice of words.

"So you've taken to locking yourself up in your sulking-room," she cried one day, when Richards had perforce been compelled to answer her heavy banging on his study door. "It's a nice thing when a husband comes to lock himself up from his wife! I suppose my society's not good enough for such a clever man as Harold Vinton Richards!"

He saw that she was in one of her paroxysms of rage, and he resolved to control his own feelings.

"I wanted to finish some work," he said calmly,

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looking at the floor littered with loose sheets of paper. "And this room is hardly fit for a lady's society. You see I have scarcely a chair that is unoccupied with books."

"Yes, it's a horrid hole," said his wife, curtly; "But you men who write are more like pigs then human beings. Just look at the dust on that desk; it's shameful. And Sarah says you won't let her touch your papers. I'm ashamed of having such a dirty hole in my house; I'll come and dust it myself to-morrow."

At these words Richards lost his philosophical self-control.

"I must ask you not to touch the papers on my desk," he said, hastily. "I allow Sarah to brush and dust everything in the room but my desk, and that I attend to myself."

"Of course, you fly at my throat when I offer to do anything for you," said Lola, angrily, letting her hand fall on the desk and crumpling several of the loose sheets together. "I can't speak to you but what I do wrong. That comes of marrying a genius! You're enough to make any woman want to drown herself!"

"I beg your pardon if I spoke hastily," said Richards, ruefully contemplating the sheets of paper which she was fast crumbling into balls; "but I've nearly finished my book, and these sheets of paper are rather valuable."

Lola threw the balls on the table.

"And this book is to make you famous?" she asked, with bitter contempt. "I suppose, when it's published everyone will come and envy me because I'm the wife of the genius, Harold Vinton Richards."

Her scornful emphasis only brought a smile to Richards' face.

"I don't know about that," he said good-temperedly, "but it's the best work I've done yet. And if it's successful I shall be able to buy that diamond bangle you said you wanted the other day."

But even the reference to the diamond bangle failed to move Lola.

"How long will it take you to finish it?" she asked slowly, looking down at the untidy desk.

"I hope to finish it by next week," said Richards triumphantly. "I've allowed Lorrimer, the *Review* man, to see some parts of it, and he's expressed a very favorable opinion and thinks it's bound to be a success."

Lola's eyes narrowed at the corners.

"Lorrimer's a fool," she said angrily. "I wonder you swallow all that fat, hulking fellow tells you. I know I should be ashamed of myself if I were as greedy for a bit of praise as some men I know."

It was one cold afternoon, ten days later, that

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May and Jennie Mineral Claim, situate in the Nelson Mining Division of West Kootenay District.

Where located: On the easterly slope of Fortynine Creek, about five miles from its mouth.

Take notice that I, John McLatchie, P.L.S of the City of Nelson, acting as agent for William A. Arnold, Free Miner's Certificate No. B 13,373, John Paterson, Free Miner's Certificate No. B 11,620, and John Campbell, Free Miner's Certificate No. B 12,151, 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 3d day of February, A. D., 1908.

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Richards stood outside the front door of his apartments in the act of inserting his latch-key, smiling at some pleasing reminiscences of his recent talk with his publisher.

Suddenly a wild, terrified cry broke from inside, followed by scream after scream, reiterated with such intensity of anguish that Richards himself caught the infection of terror, and fumbled with trembling hands at the latch-key.

At last he managed to open the door and run into the hall. A fearful sight met his eye. From his study door flew something—an object enveloped in writhing flames; and from it there came piercing, agonized shrieks. As the draught from the open door blew fiercely down the hall the flames reached higher and higher round their living prey, until Richards' sickened gaze saw nothing but a brilliant ball of fire.

God! it was Lola. Mad with torture, the flaming figure rushed towards him and threw out its arms in agony. He caught it in a tight embrace, and with all his strength hurled himself and the shrieking figure on the carpeted floor and rolled over and over until at last the flames were beaten out and he knew the fire was conquered.

Three hours later the doctor went down softly into the street. He had used all his skill to bring life back to the disfigured body that now lay motionless on the bed. It was all in vain. Lola's injuries were beyond all help, and she lived only three hours after Richards had carried her upstairs.

Her husband had never left her side, and, though badly burned about the hands and face, had scarcely realized his own injuries. As he looked at that cruelly disfigured face, now swathed and hidden in bandages, a rush of tears blinded his eyes, and he knew that all past differences were swept away, and that his wife would live henceforth in his memory only as the woman he had once loved with all his

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Summit, Band M, Buckhorn and Little Fraction Mineral Claims, situate in the Nelson Mining Division of West Kootenay District.

Where located: On the north fork of Wild Horse Creek, near the headwaters thereof.

Take notice that I, John McLatchie, P.L.S., of the City of Nelson, acting as agent for the Summit Ymir Mining Company, Limited, Free Miners's Certificate No. B 26,005, intend, sixty days from the date hereof, to apply to the Mining Recorder for Certificates 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.

Dated this eighteenth day of December, 1899.

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heart. Before life flickered out in that suffering body, Lola opened her eyes once more and met her husband's gaze fixed with intense pity and love upon her face. To Richards it seemed that she pleaded dumbly for forgiveness; but even as he looked the lids closed again, and in a few moments Lola's soul slipped into the great silence.

When all was over Richards stooped and kissed the pale, cold lips. As he bent down the remembrance of some words he had written only that morning came back to him, and he stood for a moment in deep silence.

"Death is the atonement for all injuries; it is the sponge that erases the remembrance of all transgressions."

Later in the evening he went into the study. As he entered the room a shudder ran through his body; he remembered the figure of flame that had leaped into his arms a few hours ago, and his heart was torn at the thought of Lola's sufferings.

As yet it was a mystery how she had caught fire. Presumably she had been warming herself in the study, and her thin grenadine dinner dress had swept too near the flames. A few dull red embers still burned in the grate. He lit the lamp and sat down mechanically to his desk.

"Thank heaven for work!" he said, with a deep sigh. "At least I can forget for a time"——

He opened the deep drawer wherein his pile of manuscripts had lain ready for the printer's hand. One or two omissions could easily be rectified now, and the work would soothe his weary heart and brain. But—the drawer stood empty. Hastily he pulled out its counterpart. No; that, too, held nothing. With feverish hands he rummaged each pigeonhole, turned everything out of his bureau, sought on the chairs, the tables. The manuscripts had disappeared!

He ran to the fireplace. His eyes fell on some charred ashes in the fender. FLORENCE SMITH.

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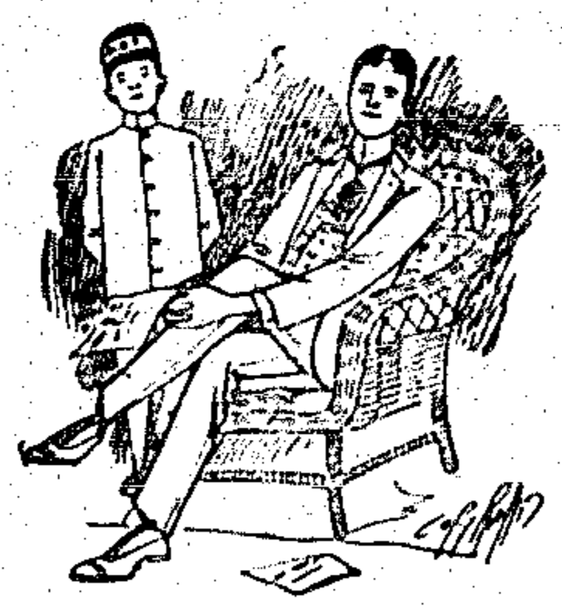

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