THE NELSON ECONOMIST.

With which is incorporated THE NATION, of Victoria, B. C.

VOL. II. NELSON, B. C., WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 9, 1898. NO. 18.

THE NELSON ECONOMIST.

Issued every Wednesday at the city of Nelson, B. C.

D. M. CARLEY.....PUBLISHER

SUBSCRIPTION RATES:

One Year to Canada and United States.....$2.00
If paid in advance.....1.50
One Year to Great Britain.....2.50
If paid in advance.....2 00

Remit by Express, Money Order, Draft, P. O. Order, or Registered Letter.

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EDITORIAL COMMENT.

THE British Columbia Legislature has been summoned to meet on January 5th. Then the relative strength of the two parties will be tested. In the meantime, it might be opportune to glance over the record of the Martin party since its accession to power last August. We call it the Martin party advisedly, and we apologize to Mr. Semlin for being compelled to ignore his presence as an important factor in the make-up of the Martin administration. When Joseph Martin, by the grace of Lieut-Governor McInnes, succeeded to power, the Province of British Columbia was at the zenith of its prosperity, and its affairs were being administered by careful and competent officers. The Province, from its peculiar situation demanded liberal expenditures of money, and these expenditures were not being carried on with a niggardly hand, but rather in a way that would convince the intending settler and prospective investor that our leading men had faith in British Columbia, and were determined to afford ample facilitus for the new comers. In doing so, all that was asked was that those who would reap the benefit would share the burden. That foreign investors had faith in the late administration, the advantageous terms on which money could be secured in the financial markets of the world afforded the strongest possible testimony. The Turner Government realized the importance of legitimate development, and were prepared to pledge the credit of the Province to the end that progress might be assisted and encouraged. This was the condition of affairs when Lieut-Governor McInnes lightly brushed aside the constitution and thrust us into the rapacious jaws of Joseph Martin, whom the residents of a neighboring Province had turned down, as something unholy and unclean. The policy of the old Government was Progress, and now let us see what the policy of the new government may lead to. No sooner had Joseph Martin succeeded to power than a reign of false economy began. Tried and faithful servants of the late government were discharged to the detriment of public service, and the spoils system in all its iniquity, was inaugurated. Here it may be remarked that at least ninety-five per cent. of the victims of Joseph Martin's wrath were Conservatives, and Liberals were and are being called upon to fill their places. This was the first step in the direction of the economy promised us by the late opposition. Scarcely one appointment so far made in the Kootenays has met with the approval of the electors.

However, it is the "economy" being practised by the Martin government that meets with the most general disapproval. British Columbia, at the present stage of development, should not be permitted to falter and fall by the wayside, and this will be just its position if this reign of "economy" of the Martin brand continues. The late government in fostering many of the struggling industries of this Province, were enabled to approach the money markets of the world as a going concern, but now matters are changed. The present administration is advertising to the world its lack of faith in the undeveloped resources of the Province, by absolutely refusing to give assistance to the much needed development of the country. When the rude awakening comes, the men who, to hoodwink the electorate are now pursuing their work of ruin, will find that the financiers have taken them at their own value, and having sniffed the obnoxious political odor attaching to Joseph Martin will refuse to advance money where there are no assets and no security. It now seems as if history were repeating itself in the case of British Columbia. Years ago the Hon. Robert Beaven inaugurated a reign of economy, with the result that stagnation prevailed throughout the length and breadth of the Province. It only took a short time to demonstrate the fallacy of such a policy, and today there is not one in British Columbia save possibly the Lieut-Governor, so poor as to reverence Robert Beaven. If the future be only a continuation of the past, we can imagine the inglorious end of Hon. Joseph Martin. In the meantime, God help the country.

THE London *Speaker* thus describes the attitude of France on the Fashoda incident: "While we are thus to mark time and await Major Marchand's pleasure the French press is engaged in a very characteristic manœuvre. It s—with the exception of certain journals of no weight or repute—scrupulously courteous in its references to this country, and is especially complimentary to the Sirdar. But it assumes two things. The first is that Major Marchand's position on the Nile is a *fait accompli* which we are bound to accept, and which practically stands on the same footing as the Anglo-Egyptian occupation of Omdurman; and the second is that any attempt on our part to expedite Major Marchand's departure from Fashoda would be a direct and grave outrage upon the rights of France. Under all the honeyed phrases and courtesy of the leading French newspapers these two assumptions lurk in unmistakable form. Grotesque as the reasoning on which they are founded may be, it is clear that they have been carefully formulated, not merely for home consumption, but for presentation to the English Foreign Office, in the hope that Downing Street will consent to treat the question of the Nile in the way in which it recently treated the question of West Africa."

THE Nelson *Miner* objects to Attorney-General Martin appearing as Crown Prosecutor. We rather imagine that it is only by this means Mr. Martin could expect to get before the courts.

A GRANDSON of Sir Allen Napier McNab, who was Premier of Canada half a century ago, died a few weeks ago in Guy's Hospital, London. For the last five years of his life he lived by billiard-marking and odd jobs. He was first cousin to a peer, was well-born, well-educated, and well-started in life, but he didn't "get on." His name was Henry William McNab Davenport.

COMMENTING on the failure of the fishers and canners to find a common meeting place in the matter of the fishery regulations, the Westminister *Columbian* says: "While so much attention has been devoted by both

canners and fishermen to the question of the regulations governing the salmon fishing in the Fraser river and its estuary, concerning which substantial agreement appears, after all is said and done, to be well nigh hopeless, it may be fairly questioned if both are not overlooking a more vitally important matter —namely, the urgent necessity for taking united action in bringing pressure to bear upon the federal authorities to have a stop put if possible, by international agreement, to trap fishing on both sides of the boundary line; for the experience of at least a few seasons has given ample ground for the fear that, if trap fishing is not abolished, there will, before very long, be no salmon fishing on the Fraser or in the gulf worth regulating. This is a matter of the most vital concern to fisherman and canners on both sides of the line, if they will but view it from the broad and far-sighted standpoint, instead of the narrow and short-sighted one. The future of the industry, in fact, depends upon the right and speedy settlement of this serious question."

VICTORIA and Vancouver amateurs are up in arms at a recent edict issued by Manager Jamieson of the Victoria and Vancouver opera houses. For some years Victoria has been scourged with amateur performances, and it must come in the nature of a special intervention of Providence to the citizens that Manager Jamieson has denied the use of his theatres to amateurs. Citizens, who could ill afford the expenditure, were forced to purchase tickets for these performances, and the intimidation did not stop there, for they were practically forced to attend these entertainments or suffer a boycott on thier business. But a Nemesis in the person of Manager Jamison was on the track of the amateurs, and the citizens will now obtain happy relief from being pestered into buying tickets in order that they might be obliged to witness how successful their neighbors' children can make idiots of themselves. These amateur entertainments have been the ruin of professional performances in Victoria, and Manager Jamieson in a long letter to the papers announces that neither one of his houses will be rented to amateurs during the regular theatrical season. The following extract from Mr. Jamieson's letter explains the matter more fully: "The fact is that from now until the end of February there is only one single week in which I have not got from one to three attractions booked for both houses, and I am conducting correspondence now which will most probably result in my booking that week as well, and I am also conducting correspondence which will undoubtedly fill up what little vacant time I have left in the months of March, April and May. If I allow the use of the houses in either city to these entertainments, I do it with the knowledge that it is at the expense of the business of the regular attractions immediately preceeding or following them. They have the greatest cause of complaint, and do complain most bitterly at my aducing them to visit these towns by making representations of possible good business, and then ruining their business and causing them heavy loss by allowing a heavy amateur production the use of the houses just before or just after their date, the result being the same in either case."

This should satisfy the citizens, who have been compelled to yield for amateurs in the past, but it does not meet with the approval of the amateurs. One, emboldened no doubt with past successes in the matter of intimidation, writes to the papers calling upon all amateurs to boycott the regular theatrical performances. It appears to us that there should be some effort made to accommodate the author of that letter with a cell in the Provincial penitentiary. Mr. Jamieson is generally regarded as the most successful manager on the Pacific coast. He guarantees to Victoria and Vancouver every first-class combination that visits the coast, and in refusing to permit intimidation by amateurs he has earned the good-will of all who are interested in the promotion of the drama in British Columbia.

A PECULIAR libel case has just been before the Ottawa court. Last March, the Ottawa *Citizen* reported that Eva Gourdeau, a domestic, had been arrested for theft. In Ottawa there resides another Eva Gourdeau, who is not a domestic, and who did not perpetrate a theft, and was therefore not arrested. The father of the latter young lady read the headlines in the paper which announced the arrest of Eva Gourdeau, and without reading the article proper, called upon the *Citizen* for an apology. That paper explained that the Eva Gourdeau arrested was not Eva Gourdeau, the society young lady, but this explanation failed to appease the irate father, and proceedings for libel were instituted at once. On the witness stand the father swore to some things as a positive fact, which, it appears to us, he could not possibly know. How could he swear that there was only one Gourdeau family in Canada? There may be a dozen Gourdeau families right here in British Columbia, who do not feel that they are under any special obligation to report the matter to Mr. Gourdeau at Ottawa. A verdict however was returned for the *Citizen*, and Mr. Gourdeau was ordered to pay both his own and the defendant's costs. Newspapers as a general thing are only interested in publishing the news, and if they were compelled to trace the genealogical tree of every one arrested, we imagine that the reporters would never complain of time hanging heavily upon their hands.

The Hamilton *Spectator* says that inasmuch as newspaper people are averse to winning libel suits, which cannot be won without some cost, we may expect to see paragraphs of this sort in careful newspaper:

Mary Jane Johnston, who resides at 231 Jemper street, where she occupies the second room from the first landing on the right, who has reddish hair inclined to be wavy, a freckled face and blue eyes, with a speck of gold between two of her upper front teeth; whose father's name was Thomas Johnston and whose mother's maiden name was Sophia Smith; who speaks with a slight lisp, and wears a strawberry mark on her left forearm, and is inclined to run her left foot over to the outside: and who has no relatives in this country, was arrested last night on suspicion of highway robbery.

Or this:

Jeremiah Judson, arresterd last evening for carrying a jag, is not the Jeremiah Judson who takes up the collection in the North Methodist church, and is president of the country prohibition association: but an entirely different man.

Or this:

Peregrine McGillicuddy, of Paris, Ontario, arrested last evening on suspicion of having a stolen ton of coal concealed on his person, is not Tobias O'Shaughnessy, of Toronto.

THE reporters of the local papers, and other press representatives at Ottawa, were not invited to be present at the farewell banquet given to the Governor-General on the 1st inst.

MR. D. J. BEATON, late editor of the Winnipeg *Free Press*, is in the city. It is understood that Mr. Beaton has secured control of a Nelson newspaper and will take up his residence here. THE ECONOMIST welcomes Mr. Beaton to British Columbia.

THE Queen has again taken a stand against divorce. An English paper says: "The Queen intimates the pronouncement on the part of prelates might have been in stronger terms, as she is totally averse to divorce under any circumstances. She is willing to admit that in no institution are there more people wronged than in marriage, nevertheless, her belief is that an infinitely more satisfactory state would arise were marriage made indissolvable, both by church and state. The Queen adds that she has no objection to a judical separation, her strong disapproval of divorce being due to the liberty which it imparts to divorced people to marry again, and to the re-marriage of divorced people, no matter what the grounds of divorce, she is unalterably and most strongly opposed." This is the first official expression Her Majesty has given to her views on the subject.

MR. GEORGE W. STEEVENS, of the London Daily *Mail*, has an article in his paper concerning Sir Herbert Kitchener, from which the following is an extract: "His officers and men are wheels in the machine; he feeds them enough to make them efficient, and works them as mercilessly as he works himself. He will have no married officers in his army; marriage interferes with work. Any officer who breaks down with the climate goes on sick leave once; next time he goes, and the Egyptain army bears him on its strength

MINES AND INVESTORS.

The wonderful strike made in the Republic mine, has overshadowed for the present, every other stock in the market, and the immediate effect has been to create an intensely bull movement in all the stocks of the Republic camp. Of the stock of the Republic mine itself, no reliable quotation can be obtained, for there is absolutely none for sale, and this, in itself, is one of the most satisfactory evidences that can be furnished that the strike is really as good as it is claimed to be. Were it otherwise, the public would be given the opportunity of acquiring all the stock in this mine that they could absorb, at just a fraction less than market quotations, for at least one of the owners chiefly interested, is noted for his happy faculty of taking fortune at the flood. As a speculation, and not as an investment, any of the other standard Republic Camp stocks, are at present prices, well worth taking a flier in, but speculators should be satisfied if they secure a fair profit, and must not wait till the property in which they dabble, turns out a second Republic.

Rossland stocks have generally showed a decline, and as previously predicted, the market is very weak, with every prospect of a further decline. In the Slocan things are beginning to move as the snow season approaches. The Slocan Star is at the present time in better shape, perhaps, than at any time in its history. Its deeper workings have proved the continuity of its ore body, with an unexpected, but very much desired increase in values. Of the Payne, its monthly showing, proves it to be the richest mine in Canada, and as it is owned by a close corporation, who are not at all likely to distribute any portion of their good thing, among the investing public, it is useless to refer to it, except as a shining example of the marvelous richness of the Slocan division. The Ruth, continues on the even tenor of its way, shipping 450 tons per month of thirty days, neither more nor less, and it, too, like the Slocan Star, has a larger amount of ore in sight, than for some time past. The Queen Bess and Idaho are in excellent shape, and the last strike in the latter property has done much to lessen the disappointment which fell to the management, when it dawned upon them that they were losing a large percentage of their values in concentration. The Last Chance mine, on the Noble Five mountains, is a wonder. Although at present not shipping any considerable quantity, just enough to pay running expenses and development work, it will, when the tramway is completed, be a constant shipper of at least 600 tons per month, and the high value of its ore will make it a formidable rival in reputation to the Payne mine. The Treasure Vault, Sovereign, Ivanhoe, R. E. Lee, Ajax and Noble Five are being rapidly and systematically developed, and many good judges are predicting that the last four named properties will furnish between them the most productive silver-lead mines in the world. The great depth at which the ore will be struck in these properties under the present plan of development, will, if the predictions of geologists prove correct, that values and quantities will be found to improve with depth, place them in the position of enormous shippers for an indefinite period, and such a consummation, means to the Slocan district an era of unexampled prosperity. On the Reco, the management intend to push work on the Texas lead, by continuing their tunnel until it touches the Deadman ground. This lead, though small, has proved very rich, and will in the future, undoubtedly prove of immense value to the Reco property, as after traversing the Deadman claim for about 800 feet, it continues through the whole length of the Reco ground. Taking one consideration with another, prospects of solid prosperity around Sandon look decidedly promising.

Mining Notes.

(New Denver Ledge.)

Hugh Sutherland has added more men to the force at the evening Star and Columbia.

A force of men are developing the Black Cock, on the North fork of Carpenter creek, for Major Furlong. Winter quarters are being erected.

E. Shannon states that he has 10 inches of galena on his property on Silver mountain, below the California. He has the ledge exposed in four or five openings.

R. I. Kirkwook and Frank Wells were in town this week purchasing supplies for the winter for work on the Malan and Ohio claims, on Ten Mile. They have put up commodious quarters and will make shippers of the claims before spring.

The Enterprise, on Ten Mile, will soon have a large force of men working again. The long upraise between the No. 2 and No. 3 tunnels was finished a fortnight ago, and as soon as the one now raising to the No. 4 is completed, the force of men will be increased. A tunnel is being driven in from the surface to catch the raise, and this has to go but a few feet further. The property will then be in grand shape.

The total shipments of ore from the Bosum mine up to date have been 11 car loads, or 220 tons. Six shipments were made in August and September and five in October. The mine will do much better this month. Two carloads are already out or on the way to the wharf. The property continues to developed in a promising manner.

(Ymir Miner.)

At the Salmo mine a gang of 25 men are busy at work, which will be kept up all the winter, and they have ample supplies on hand.

At the Yellowstone mine there are 16 men employed, and they have laid in a stock of five months' supplies. Work will be continued throughout the winter.

The mine owners, prospectors and contributors to the building of the wagon road up Wild Horse creek are deserving of all praise. Those who did not give money have put in their time. Within a week from date it will be open as far as the Blackcock mine.

The following new locations have been recently made: Gold Crown—Frank Briton, W. C. Forrester, between Bear and Wild Horse creeks, adjoining Dundee; Great Western—John W. Falls, about a mile from Ymir, adjoining the Great Northern; Emerald—William Baker, about four miles from Ymir, on Salmon river.

Work has been resumed on the Blackcock. On Monday last eight pack horses were busy taking up supplies for the outfit. Winter quarters are being erected for the accommodation of 20 miners. The operations are under the direction of F. J. Davey, M. E. It is expected that by the middle of December the Blackcock will be shipping ore.

(Silvertonian.)

Several miners have been temporarily laid off at the Comstock mines, as the management does not wish to have too much ore broke before the concentrator is in running order.

Development work at the Noble Five mine at Cody is going steadily on and the mine is reported as looking fine. Three air drills are kept at work and the tunnels are each being driven ahead at the rate of six feet a day.

A contract has been let to A. Trebilcock of Sandon to run 200 feet of tunnel at the Canadian Group. The lower tunnel is now in a distance of 400 feet and this additional 200 feet is to be added to it. Mr. Trebilcock was the foreman at the Canadian group at the time of the last shutdown.

The work being done at the Emily Edith mine is showing that property to be one of the biggest concentrating propositions in the Slocan region. Considerable clean ore is encountered, but the management is pushing development, and not at present trying to separate it from the concentrating ore, as a concentrator will eventually be erected and it then can be handled much cheaper than attempting to sort it at present by hand.

Inopportune Deaths.

Julius Cæsar was assassinated when he had almost completed the task of consolidating the administration and dominion of the Roman empire, and his death opened the way to that despotism and corruption which ultimately undid his work. Henry of Navarre was killed when he had almost healed the differences between Catholic and Protestant France, but Europe, and William the Silent also fell when he was on the point of uniting the Netherland provinces into a compact barrier against the encroachments of Spain.

In English history Lord Clive died at the moment when he was the one man who could have saved the American colonies and kept the Anglo-Saxon race united, but there is the case of Mirabeau. He was literally the one man in France who could have averted the horrors of the revolution, saved and reformed the monarchy and so spared Europe the murderous career of Napoleon and all the devastation it brought. If he had lived ten or even five years longer, the history not only of France, but of Europe and the world, would have been different. It is in fact sufficient to say that he would have made both Robespierre and Napoleon imposible.

LOCAL AND PROVINCIAL.

J. W. Leathorn, Montreal, is in the city.

The Imperial bank is now open for business.

Sandon people have ordered John Clinaman to leave.

Work has been started on Allen Bros'. new opera house.

Goldie Wilson, of Victoria, is here on a business trip.

Mr. and Mrs. R. Lennie have returned from their bridal tour.

Several Nelson Masons will visit Corinthian lodge, Rossland, tomorrow.

Geo. C. Shaw, commission merchant, Victoria, was in the city this week.

Mr. Fred Irvine is rapidly recovering from his recent attack of typhoid fever.

James Houston was married to Clara Redel at the Club Hotel, Tuesday evening.

November 24 has been proclaimed a day for general Thanksgiving throughout Canada.

The first consignment of Crows Nest coal is expected to arrive by barge this evening from Kuskonook.

The Nelson Hockey club will hold a meeting November 10, to make preparations for the coming season.

Mrs. P. E. Wilson gave birth to a daughter last Monday, which accounts for the broad smile on Mr. Wilson's face these days.

During the month of October 2215 tons of ore were smelted at the Hall mines smelter, containing approximately 48 tons copper and 33,400 ozs silver.

A meeting was held yesterday in the board of trade rooms to discuss the advisability of establishing a public library in Nelson. A committee of ladies consisting of Mesdames Roderick, Robertson, Goepel, Arthur, Day Taylor and McCullock were present. The following gentlemen were also present: Mayor Houston, Judge Forin, Dr. Hall and Messrs. Bowes, Kydd, Crease and J. A. Turner. It was decided that the membership fee should be fixed at $10 per year, $5 for six months and $2 50 for three months. The city will be canvassed for subscriptions. The funds now available are $300 promised by the city and $150 more which may be counted on from other quarters.

The Theatre.

The Bittner company have played to good houses since the opening night, which is a strong testimonial as to their efficiency. In fact this organizatio seems to be capable of producing almost anything. Last night a most successful production of "Michael Strogoff" was given. The title role was taken by Mr. Waldron, and he gave an admirable rendition of the part. Miss Choate was also most effective. The other members of the company were well up in their parts. Tonight "Master and Man" will be given." Thursday and Friday nights will be for the Good Templars and the fire brigade. Saturday night will conclude the engagement.

The R. E. French company will begin a week's engagement at the rink next Monday night. Mr. French has long been identified with theatrical ventures on the coast and is regarded a very clever actor. His company includes many well known to fame. The following is the repertoire: "Hands Across the Sea," "Dad's Girl," "The Danites," "Ticket-of-Leave Man," "A Wife's Stratagem" and "A Fair Rebel."

A Mint For British Columbia.

At the meeting of Canadian bankers held in Toronto a few days ago, the president, Mr. D. R. Wilkie, and others discussed a number of most important Canadian questions, among them the establishment of gold coinage and the present educational system.

Rumors About Le Roi Deal.

There is an abundance of rumors at Rossland regarding the Le Roi deal, but none of them can be authenticated. One of these reports is to the effect that the British America Corporation has deposited the full purchase price of the shares of the Turner faction at the rate of $8.25 per share in the Old National bank at Spokane subject to Senator Turner's acceptance. But this cannot be confirmed, and may only the gossip of the street. Governor Mackintosh is in Vancouver.

Matrimonial.

A very pretty wedding took place last evening at the residence of Mr. Alexander Ross, Menzies street, when Mr. Stanley Humphreys and Miss Jane Ross were made man and wife, Rev. A. B. Winchester performing the ceremony. The room was a mass of chrysanthuem blooms and a magnificent bell of flowers canopied the young couple. Miss Elizabeth Ross and Miss Beatrice Humphreys were the bridesmaids and Mr James Ross acted as groomsman. At the conclusion of the ceremony the wedding march was played by Miss E. V. Humphreys. The costumes and ornaments of the bride and her maids were all charming, the bride's gold locket and chain set in pearls, and the diamond rings of the maids being the gifts of the groom. Mr. Humphreys is a son of the late Hon. T. B. Humphreys and Mrs. Humphreys is a daughter of Mr. Ross, late of the 93rd Hi hlanders and commissariat and transport corps. The newly-married couple left for the mainland this morning enroute for Nelson, where Mr. Humphreys is in business. —*Victoria Times.*

The Pretty Girl Milking Her Cow.

(Colleen Dhas Cruidthe-na-mo.)

The dewdrops were gray on the clover,
  The gray mists of night were withdrawn,
The blackbird sang clear from the clover,
  The hills wore the rose of the dawn.
But sweeter than blackbirds and thrushes
  Her song, whom the graces endow,
And pinker than dawn her soft blushes—
  The pretty girl milking her cow.

She sang, and the milk sweet and scented,
  Spurted white as the breast of my dear.
She sang, and the cow, grown contented,
  Gave over her kicking to hear.
Oh, wildest of little black Kerries,
  You will come at her call, I know how,
Since my heart at her voice leaps and scurries—
  The pretty girl milking her cow.

As she sang I drew nearer each minute,
  A captive in love's rosy chain,
And my heart every second was in it,
  Grew fuller of joy and of pain
Till I cried out behind her: My storeen,
  Pray guess who is holding you now!
And I felt the heart beats of my Noreen,
  The pretty girl milking her cow.

I kissed her sweet eyelids to blind her,
  I kissed her gold head like the silk,
The cow—who was going to bind her—
  With one kick kicked over the milk,
And then, growing bolder and bolder,
  I kissed from the chin to the brow,
She was mine ere the day was much older,
  The pretty girl milking her cow.

—*Pall Mall Gazette.*

For Napoleon's Sake.

Some people are very fond of telling a story that has a catch in it, and so taking their listeners in. Here is a sample of what I mean.

Once, when in Paris, Napolian paid a visit to a hospital for old soldiers. Among the inmates was an old man who had lost an arm. The emperor asked him:

"Where did you lose your arm?"

"At Austerlitz, sire."

"Then no doubt, you curse the emperor and your country for your fate?"

"On the contrary," said the veteran, "for the emperor and my country I would sacrifice my other arm."

"I can hardly believe it," said the emperor.

The soldier immediately drew a saber from its sheath and lopped off the other arm.

"A most sublime act of self-sacrifice," said the old lady who had been listening to the yarn, totally forgetting the impossibility of a one-armed man cutting off his remaining arm.

The Crows Nest Pass Coal Co. is only awaiting the completion of the railway to bring its coal to market. It is probable that running arrangements will soon be made and Mr. Charles St. Barbe, the local agent, is booking orders for the coal in large numbers. As will be seen by an advertisement in another column this is the cheapest coal that ever has been or is likely to be offered in this market.

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E. Shannon state that he has 10 inches of galena on his property on Silver mountain, below the California. He has the ledge exposed in four or five openings.

R. I. Kirkwook and Frank Wells were in town this week purchasing supplies for the winter for work on the Malan and Ohio claims, on Ten Mile. They have put up commodious quarters and will make shippers of the claims before spring.

The Enterprise, on Ten Mile, will soon have a large force of men working again. The long upraise between the No. 2 and No. 3 tunnels was finished a fortnight ago, and as soon as the one now raising to the No. 4 is completed, the force of men will be increased. A tunnel is being driven in from the surface to catch the raise, and this has to go but a few feet further. The property will then be in grand shape.

The total shipments of ore from the Bosum mine up to date have been 11 car loads, or 220 tons. Six shipments were made in August and September and five in October. The mine will do much better this month. Two carloads are already out or on the way to the wharf. The property continues to developed in a promising manner.

(Ymir Miner.)

At the Salmo mine a gang of 25 men are busy at work, which will be kept up all the winter, and they have ample supplies on hand.

At the Yellowstone mine there are 16 men employed, and they have laid in a stock of five months' supplies. Work will be continued throughout the winter.

The mine owners, prospectors and contributors to the building of the wagon road up Wild Horse creek are deserving of all praise. Those who did not give money have put in their time. Within a week from date it will be open as far as the Blackcock mine.

The following new locations have been recently made: Gold Crown—Frank Briton, W. C. Forrester, between Bear and Wild Horse creeks, adjoining Dundee; Great Western—John W. Falls, about a mile from Ymir, adjoining the Great Northern; Emerald—William Baker, about four miles from Ymir, on Salmon river.

Work has been resumed on the Blackcock. On Monday last eight pack horses were busy taking up supplies for the outfit. Winter quarters are being erected for the accommodation of 20 miners. The operations are under the direction of F. J. Davey, M. E. It is expected that by the middle of December the Blackcock will be shipping ore.

(Silvertonian.)

Several miners have been temporarily laid off at the Comstock mines, as the management does not wish to have too much ore broke before the concentrator is in running order.

Development work at the Noble Five mine at Cody is going steadily on and the mine is reported as looking fine. Three air drills are kept at work and the tunnels are each being driven ahead at the rate of six feet a day.

A contract has been let to A. Trebilcock of Sandon to run 200 feet of tunnel at the Canadian Group. The lower tunnel is now in a distance of 400 feet and this additional 200 feet is to be added to it. Mr. Trebilcock was the foreman at the Canadian group at the time of the last shutdown.

The work being done at the Emily Edith mine is showing that property to be one of the biggest concentrating propositions in the Slocan region. Considerable clean ore is encountered, but the management is pushing development, and not at present trying to separate it from the concentrating ore, as a concentrator will eventually be erected and it then can be handled much cheaper than attempting to sort it at present by hand.

Inopportune Deaths.

Julius Cæsar was assassinated when he had almost completed the task of consolidating the administration and dominion of the Roman empire; and his death opened the way to that despotism and corruption which ultimately undid his work. Henry of Navarre was killed when he had almost healed the differences between Catholic and Protestant France, but Europe, and William the Silent also fell when he was on the point of uniting the Netherland provinces into a compact barrier against the encroachments of Spain.

In English history Lord Clive died at the moment when he was the one man who could have saved the American colonies and kept the Anglo-Saxon race united, but there is the case of Mirabeau. He was literally the one man in France who could have averted the horrors of the revolution, saved and reformed the monarchy and so spared Europe the murderous career of Napoleon and all the devastation it brought. If he had lived ten or even five years longer, the history not only of France, but of Europe and the world, would have been different. It is in fact sufficient to say that he would have made both Robespierre and Napoleon imposible.

LOCAL AND PROVINCIAL.

J. W. Leathorn, Montreal, is in the city.

The Imperial bank is now open for business.

Sandon people have ordered John Clinaman to leave.

Work has been started on Allen Bros'. new opera house.

Goldie Wilson, of Victoria, is here on a business trip.

Mr. and Mrs. R. Lennie have returned from their bridal tour.

Several Nelson Masons will visit Corinthian lodge, Rossland, tomorrow.

Geo. C. Shaw, commission merchant, Victoria, was in the city this week.

Mr. Fred Irvine is rapidly recovering from his recent attack of typhoid fever.

James Houston was married to Clara Redel at the Club Hotel, Tuesday evening.

November 24 has been proclaimed a day for general Thanksgiving throughout Canada.

The first consignment of Crows Nest coal is expected to arrive by barge this evening from Kuskonook.

The Nelson Hockey club will hold a meeting November 10, to make preparations for the coming season.

Mrs. P. E. Wilson gave birth to a daughter last Monday, which accounts for the broad smile on Mr. Wilson's face these days.

During the month of October 2245 tons of ore were smelted at the Hall mines smelter, containing approximately 48 tons copper and 33,400 ozs silver.

A meeting was held yesterday in the board of trade rooms to discuss the advisability of establishing a public library in Nelson. A committee of ladies consisting of Mesdames Roderick, Robertson, Goepel, Arthur, Day Taylor and McCullock were present. The following gentlemen were also present: Mayor Houston, Judge Forin, Dr. Hall and Messrs. Bowes, Kydd, Crease and J. A. Turner. It was decided that the membership fee should be fixed at $10 per year, $5 for six months and $2 50 for three months. The city will be canvassed for subscriptions. The funds now available are $300 promised by the city and $150 more which may be counted on from other quarters.

The Theatre.

The Bittner company have played to good houses since the opening night, which is a strong testimonial as to their efficiency. In fact this organization seems to be capable of producing almost anything. Last night a most successful production of "Michael Strogoff" was given. The title role was taken by Mr. Waldron, and he gave an admirable rendition of the part. Miss Choate was also most effective. The other members of the company were well up in their parts. Tonight "Master and Man" will be given." Thursday and Friday nights will be for the Good Templars and the fire brigade. Saturday night will conclude the engagement.

The R. E. French company will begin a week's engagement at the rink next Monday night. Mr. French has long been identified with theatrical ventures on the coast and is regarded a very clever actor. His company includes many well known to fame. The following is the repertoire: "Hands Across the Sea," "Dad's Girl," "The Danites," "Ticket-of-Leave Man," "A Wife's Stratagem" and "A Fair Rebel."

A Mint For British Columbia.

At the meeting of Canadian bankers held in Toronto a few days ago, the president, Mr. D. R. Wilkie, and others discussed a number of most important Canadian questions, among them the establishment of gold coinage and the present educational system.

Rumors About Le Roi Deal.

There is an abundance of rumors at Rossland regarding the Le Roi deal, but none of them can be authenticated. One of these reports is to the effect that the British America Corporation has deposited the full purchase price of the shares of the Turner faction at the rate of $8.25 per share in the Old National bank at Spokane subject to Senator Turner's acceptance. But this cannot be confirmed, and may only the gossip of the street. Governor Mackintosh is in Vancouver.

Matrimonial.

A very pretty wedding took place last evening at the residence of Mr. Alexander Ross, Menzies street, when Mr. Stanley Humphreys and Miss Jane Ross were made man and wife, Rev. A. B. Winchester performing the ceremony. The room was a mass of chrysanthuem blooms and a magnificent bell of flowers canopied the young couple. Miss Elizabeth Ross and Miss Beatrice Humphreys were the bridesmaids and Mr James Ross acted as groomsman. At the conclusion of the ceremony the wedding march was played by Miss E. V. Humphreys. The costumes and ornaments of the bride and her maids were all charming, the bride's gold locket and chain set in pearls, and the diamond rings of the maids being the gifts of the groom. Mr. Humphreys is a son of the late Hon. T. B. Humphreys and Mrs. Humphreys is a daughter of Mr. Ross, late of the 93rd Highlanders and commissariat and transport corps. The newly-married couple left for the mainland this morning enroute for Nelson, where Mr. Humphreys is in business. —*Victoria Times.*

The Pretty Girl Milking Her Cow.

(Colleen Dhas Cruidthe-na-mo.)

The dewdrops were gray on the clover,
  The gray mists of night were withdrawn,
The blackbird sang clear from the clover,
  The hills wore the rose of the dawn.
But sweeter than blackbirds and thrushes
  Her song, whom the graces endow,
And pinker than dawn her soft blushes—
  The pretty girl milking her cow.

She sang, and the milk sweet and scented,
  Spurted white as the breast of my dear.
She sang, and the cow, grown contented,
  Gave over her kicking to hear.
Oh, wildest of little black Kerries,
  You will come at her call, I know how,
Since my heart at her voice leaps and scurries—
  The pretty girl milking her cow.

As she sang I drew nearer each minute,
  A captive in love's rosy chain,
And my heart every second was in it,
  Grew fuller of joy and of pain
Till I cried out behind her: My storeen,
  Pray guess who is holding you now!
And I felt the heart beats of my Noreen,
  The pretty girl milking her cow.

I kissed her sweet eyelids to blind her,
  I kissed her gold head like the silk,
The cow—who was going to bind her—
  With one kick kicked over the milk,
And then, growing bolder and bolder,
  I kissed from the chin to the brow,
She was mine ere the day was much older,
  The pretty girl milking her cow.

—*Pall Mall Gazette.*

For Napoleon's Sake.

Some people are very fond of telling a story that has a catch in it, and so taking their listeners in. Here is a sample of what I mean.

Once, when in Paris, Napolian paid a visit to a hospital for old soldiers. Among the inmates was an old man who had lost an arm. The emperor asked him:

"Where did you lose your arm?"

"At Austerlitz, sire."

"Then no doubt, you curse the emperor and your country for your fate?"

"On the contrary," said the veteran, "for the emperor and my country I would sacrifice my other arm."

"I can hardly believe it," said the emperor.

The soldier immediately drew a saber from its sheath and lopped off the other arm.

"A most sublime act of self-sacrifice," said the old lady who had been listening to the yarn, totally forgetting the impossibility of a one-armed man cutting off his remaining arm.

The Crows Nest Pass Coal Co. is only awaiting the completion of the railway to bring its coal to market. It is probable that running arrangements will soon be made and Mr. Charles St. Barbe, the local agent, is booking orders for the coal in large numbers. As will be seen by an advertisement in another column this is the cheapest coal that ever has been or is likely to be offered in this market.

LAMPS

Banquet, Hanging, Hall and Glass Stand Lamps. Useful Christmas Gifts.

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There was much excitement among Skagway and Atlin lake people who heard of the discovery, as it proved that the riches of that region were known long ago, but up to the time Mr. Tugnot left all efforts to find the cabin had been without result.

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A quiet wedding was solemnized last evening at 38 Argyle street, the residence of the bride's father, by Rev. Dr. Du Val, the contracting parties being Mr. Lester V. Norman, of the Great West Life Insurance company, and Miss Elizabeth Esplin, daughter of Mr. Chas. Esplin, of this city. The bride was supported by her sister, Miss Jessie Esplin, while Mr. S. Woodcombe, of the Union Bank, performed similar duties for the groom. The bride and groom have taken up their residence at 579 William street, where they will be at home to their many friends.—*Manitoba Free Press.*

The bride has many friends in British Columbia, with whom THE ECONOMIST joins in wishing Mr. and Mrs. Norman a happy and prosperous journey through life.

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"The fairest of women!"

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Her dearest woman friend, her manager, a newspaper writer of some note, a fellow artiste, them an on whose advances she then seemed to smile, her former music teacher, two or three others of the company, ten in all, sat at the table. They had eaten and drunk, discussing eagerly and excitedly the triumph of the present, the promise of the future. She was not only admired, she was loved. Half-wearily at last she listened, leaning back in her chair, playing idly with her bonbons. The merry, enthusiastic friends were engrossed by thoughts of the future; her heart turned to thoughts of the past. Their lavish attentions palled on her; one gentle service from such as he—

"A penny for your thoughts, lovely dreamer," cried someone lightly.

She raised her eyes slowly.

"They are worth more than that to me—less to you."

"Let us be the judges. You pique our curiosity," said the manager.

"I'll wager, since they are yours, they are as dear to us as to you," declared her lover gallantly.

A quick change, characteristic of the woman, came over her demeanor. She sat up bright and erect.

"I'll put that to the test. No. you may not hold my hand. My thoughts are of the past, and I decline to be recalled to the present."

There was a quietly amused laugh from the newspaper man.

She turned to him with a pretty frown.

"I am not jesting. Do you not sometimes want to get away from all this, and the life it stands for—the gaslight and this hot-scented air and the empty glasses? What is so hatefully suggestive of dead hopes, dead desires, dead aspirations as an empty campagne glass, a few drops, dull and yellow, like old age, at the bottom? Ah, well, let us think of youth, and sweet smelling woods, and sparkling spring water.

"Twenty years ago I was a little country lassie, going to a little, old-fashioned school, and dreamingly sentimental even then. The big girls talked of beaux, I wanted one, too. It never dawned on me that I must be wooed. I sallied forth as wooer. I weighed the merits of various small boys, and finally decided on a pretty, grey-eyed lad of my own age. I wrote him a note as a beginning, signing myself 'Your own dear little girl.' Don't laugh. Never again can I write a note like that, and not be misunderstood. You say he was but a small child. I am sure if I wrote to him so now, his beautiful spirit is such that he would not misunderstand. But, alas, I am no longer a trusting little maid!

"No, he did not write notes to me, but he brought me heaps of flowers, and quaint, wooden toys that he made all his dear little self. He was all devotion, and I happy in my queenship. One day a little girl, whom he had known before my reign began, returned from a journey, and he gave her a huge bouquet. I was jealous and indignant, frowned at him, smiled on some one else, and my baby love story ended.

"Not forever, though. He went to a big boy's school, and I studied at home, but after a time we met in the High school. Our desks adjoined, we studied together, our heads almost touched as we bent over the same book of reference. I generally led my class, but, when he bested me I was glad. After school hours, we wandered away over the hills, searching for flowers—we were studying botany and learning something else. He was shyly happy with me. I think I loved him. I rejoiced in his grave sweetness, his intellectual strength so rapidely developing! he was charmed by my vivacious prettiness and dawning woman's wit.

"Two years of this life, and I left the village for this city, where I had been born. I met himonly once again. He had just entered the university. Our conversation was strained. Both remembered the boy-and-girl love and, knowing it past, stood awkwardly on the edge of the gulf widening between us.

"In a box among my treasures is a tiny bunch of faded wild flowers pinned on a sheet of paper bearing his name and a date. He gave them to me after one of our walks—he did not say a word, but his soul was in his eyes, and then and there, in my heart, I called him my knight, as true and brave and good as any of the olden time."

"Have you followed his career?" asked the newspaper man in an odd voice.

"Ah, have I not?" Is not his success more grateful to me than my own?"

"Undoubtedly this pearl of great price rejoices in yours also," sneered the man who was her lover.

"He, the Puritan! On the contrary, he undoubtely believes me utterly lost, who sings on the stage for a living."

"You belittle your calling, b does not," said the newspaper ma

"You know him!" exclaime the prima donna, with the eage ness of a child, her eyes shinin her lips parted.

"Yes, we have talked of you t gether. I have already heard h version of the little romance."

She sank back with a sig h head drooping. She wished know so much, she could ask notl ing.

"He has no changed," added th writer, and the air of saying th last word of a used-up topic, b glancing keenly at the singer.

"You will probaby again essa a little note. His purity of so will understand." The man wh had believed himself her love arose, forgetting etiquette in h irritation and chagrin. "I almo believe I shall," returned the prin donna, a flame leaping into h eyes.

She stood up, and the compa prepared to depart. The new paper man put her silken clos over her shoulders, and escort her to her carriage.

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"I'll wager, since they are yours, they are as dear to us as to you," declared her lover gallantly.

A quick change, characteristic of the woman, came over her demeanor. She sat up bright and erect.

"I'll put that to the test. No, you may not hold my hand. My thoughts are of the past, and I decline to be recalled to the present."

There was a quietly amused laugh from the newspaper man.

She turned to him with a pretty frown.

"I am not jesting. Do you not sometimes want to get away from all this, and the life it stands for—the gaslight and this hot-scented air and the empty glasses? What is so hatefully suggestive of dead hopes, dead desires, dead aspirations as an empty campagne glass, a few drops, dull and yellow, like old age, at the bottom? Ah, well, let us think of youth, and sweet smelling woods, and sparkling spring water.

"Twenty years ago I was a little country lassie, going to a little, old-fashioned school, and dreamingly sentimental even then. The big girls talked of beaux, I wanted one, too. It never dawned on me that I must be wooed. I sallied forth as wooer. I weighed the merits of various small boys, and finally decided on a pretty, grey-eyed lad of my own age. I wrote him a note as a beginning, signing myself 'Your own dear little girl.' Don't laugh. Never again can I write a note like that, and not be misunderstood. You say he was but a small child. I am sure if I wrote to him so now, his beautiful spirit is such that he would not misunderstand. But, alas, I am no longer a trusting little maid!

"No, he did not write notes to me, but he brought me heaps of flowers, and quaint, wooden toys that he made all his dear little self. He was all devotion, and I happy in my queenship. One day a little girl, whom he had known before my reign began, returned from a journey, and he gave her a huge bouquet. I was jealous and indignant, frowned at him, smiled on some one else, and my baby love story ended.

"Not forever, though. He went to a big boy's school, and I studied at home, but after a time we met in the High school. Our desks adjoined, we studied together, our heads almost touched as we bent over the same book of reference. I generally led my class, but, when he bested me I was glad. After school hours, we wandered away over the hills, searching for flowers—we were studying botany and learning something else. He was shyly happy with me. I think I loved him. I rejoiced in his grave sweetness, his intellectual strength so rapidely developing: he was charmed by my vivacious prettiness and dawning woman's wit.

"Two years of this life, and I left the village for this city, where I had been born. I met himonly once again. He had just entered the university. Our conversation was strained. Both remembered the boy-and-girl love and, knowing it past, stood awkwardly on the edge of the gulf widening between us.

"In a box among my treasures is a tiny bunch of faded wild flowers pinned on a sheet of paper bearing his name and a date. He gave them to me after one of our walks—he did not say a word, but his soul was in his eyes, and then and there, in my heart, I called him my knight, as true and brave and good as any of the olden time."

"Have you followed his career?" asked the newspaper man in an odd voice.

"Ah, have I not?". Is not his success more grateful to me than my own?"

"Undoubtedly this pearl of great price rejoices in yours also," sneered the man who was her lover.

"He, the Puritan! On the contrary, he undoubtely believes me utterly lost, who sings on the stage for a living."

"You belittle your calling, does not," said the newspaper ma

"You know him!" exclaim the prima donna, with the eage ness of a child, her eyes shinir her lips parted.

"Yes, we have talked of you t gether. I have already heard h version of the little romance."

She sank back with a sig, h head drooping. She wished know so much, she could ask not ing.

"He has no changed," added t writer, and the air of saying t last word of a used-up topic, b glancing keenly at the singer.

"You will probaby again essa a little note. His purity of so will understand." The man w had believed himself her love arose, forgetting etiquette in h irritation and chagrin. "I almo believe I shall," returned the prin donna, a flame leaping into h eyes.

She stood up, and the compar prepared to depart. The new paper man put her silken cloa over her shoulders, and escorte her to her carriage.

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SHORT STORIES.

The Archbishop of Canterbury is singular among the roll of English Primates for his hatred of pomp and decoration. Once when the guest of a country clergyman he was much annoyed by the display of silver candlesticks in his room. After his lordship's departure these silver candlesticks were nowhere to be seen. The distressed clergyman at once wrote to the bishop, as he then was, telling him of his loss, and adding, "Can you tell us what has happened?" The reply came by wire: "Poor, but honest; look in the chest of drawers."

An old Irish laborer walked into the luxurious studio of William Keith, the artist, a few days ago, and asked for money to obtain a meal. He explained that he had just been discharged from the country hospital and was to weak to work. Mr. Keith gave him a quarter, and he departed. One of four young ladies, art students, who were present, said: "Mr. Keith, can't we hire that old man and sketch him?" Keith ran out and caught him, and said: "If you can't work and want to make a dollar, come back to my rooms. The young ladies want to paint you." The Irishman hesitated, so Keith remarked: "It won't take long, and it's an easy way to make a dollar." "Oi know that," was the reply: "but Oi was a-wunderin' how th' divil Oi'd git th' paint off afterward."

Archbishop Tait's coachman was a very original character. One day a clergyman, who called at the palace, asked him whether he still had as much to do as ever. The answer was sublime. "There's always a goodish bit doing, sir; but it has been a trifle easier since we took young Party into the business," The Right Rev. Edward Parry had recently been appointed Bishop Suffragan of Dover.

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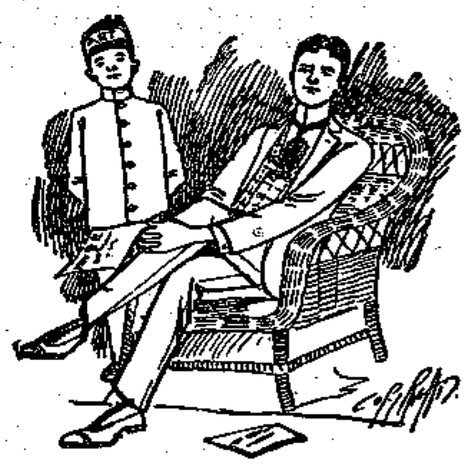

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ODDS AND ENDS.

"Are you acquainted with any society people?" "Oh, yes, I know a thing or two."

"If you kiss me again I will call mamma." "Well, I don't mind; she is still a young looking woman."

Mamma—"I wish you could get George a nice situation." Papa—"I'm afraid I can't suit George. He wants a place in which time will hang heavily on his hands."

Daughter—"George says he fears he can't support me in the style I'm accustomed to." The father—"Marry him, anyhow. I can't keep it up much longer myself."

"I should like to go to my mother-in-law's funeral this afternoon, sir," said the book-keeper to the "old man." "So should I," replied the proprietor, as he turned to his desk again.

"I shall hold him in sweet remembrance," said the potentate of Bwkplo. He could hardly have done otherwise. Even at home the young missionary had been spoken of as one of excellent taste.

"Well," said the absent-minded and new arrival in Hades, as he mopped his perspiring brow, "there's something to be thankful for down here, anyway. Folks won't always be yelling at me to shut the door."

George—"You do not call on Miss Rosebud now?" Jack—"No, I got disgusted. She has such a coarse laugh." George—"I never noticed that." Jack—"You would if you'd been within hearing when I proposed to her."

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