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

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.

AS WE ANTICIPATED, the Conservative Convention heeded not the advice of the Grits, who are masquerading in Tory habiliments but proceeded in a manly, straightforward way to outline a policy distinctly Conservative and in accord with the time-honored traditions of the party. While there are many who will not agree with everything laid down in the platform adopted, all must admit that the convention boldly asserted its position, and did not falter when called upon to deal with the difficult problems which are puzzling the various sections of the Province, and the Dominion as well. In this respect the Conservatives differ from the Liberals. The latter adjust their platforms to catch votes, never intending to carry out a promise made to the people. Four years ago, every Liberal of prominence in Canada preached free trade, but to-day these same Liberals have been metamorphosed into protectionists of a most pronounced type. The Liberal Government was elected on a free trade platform, but where stands it now? It is engaged in carrying out the policy inaugurated by the Conservative party, and incidentally providing offices for a ravenous horde of office-seekers. Every office and job in the gift of the Government is now held by Grits. The principle that a public office is a public trust has been completely disregarded, and the spoils system with all its vicious and unpatriotic features inaugurated. The loudest free trade howlers got the best offices, regardless of qualification, as instanced by the appointments in British Columbia.

Those portions of the platform which concern British Columbia most particularly are as follows:

“That in the opinion of this convention it is desirable that the Liberal-Conservative party should as a party take part in provincial elections for the purpose of ensuring the government and legislation of

this province on Liberal-Conservative principles, and in order to carry this into effect at the next general election for the province that candidates be invited to stand for such constituencies as are likely to return Liberal-Conservative members pledged primarily to support a Liberal-Conservative government as distinguished from a government composed of Liberals or partly of Liberal-Conservatives and partly of Liberals.”

For the purpose of enforcing the cardinal principles of the Liberal-Conservative party in the local government of British Columbia, we have the honor to recommend the affirmation and approval of the foregoing outline thereof so far as applicable to local affairs, and in addition, to pledge this convention, and the members of the Liberal-Conservative party who support it, to the following programme for the province of British Columbia:

That true to the maxim of our party: “By the party, with the party, but for the country,” the interests of British Columbia shall be paramount, regardless of the political complexion of the federal cabinet. It is proposed:

To revise the voters' lists.

To actively aid in the construction of trails throughout the undeveloped portion of the province, and the building of provincial trunk roads of public necessity.

To provide for the official inspection of elevators and hoisting gear.

To improve the administration of justice and secure the speedy disposition of legal disputes.

To provide an efficient system for the settlement of disputes between capital and labor.

To adopt the principle of the government ownership of railways, in so far as the circumstances of the province will admit, and the adoption of the principle that no bonus should be granted to any railway company which does not give the government of the province the control of rates over lines bonused, together with the option of purchase.

To assume control and administration of fisheries within the boundaries of the province.

To organize and reform the system of provincial aid to medical men and hospitals in outlying parts of the province.

To actively assist by state aid in the development of the agricultural resources of the province.

To make the London agency of British Columbia effective in proclaiming the natural wealth of the province and as a place for profitable investment of capital.

In the interests of labor the Liberal-Conservative party sympathizes with and endorses the principle of the “Eight hour law.”

To actively support the advancement of the mining interests of British Columbia.

To aid in the immigration of domestic servants.

To provide an improved system of education.

We have not the space to discuss the different planks of the platform. As we said before, it deals with every matter affecting the welfare of this Pro-

vince. The portion of it that will most interest British Columbians is the reaffirmation of the principle that the time has now arrived when Federal party lines should be introduced. In some quarters, this will arouse antagonism, for there are those who believe that the interests of corporations should be paramount.

ALD. HILLYER has introduced his by-law providing for a music hall. Last week the "moral reformers", headed by that shining light in their ranks, ex-Mayor Houston, objected to the music hall proposal on the grounds that the place might degenerate into a dive variety hall. Now that Ald. Hillyer, in his by-law, has shown that his proposal is to establish a music hall that must be conducted on respectable lines, the *Tribune*, with a groan, asserts that on account of the hard and fast rules laid down no one will engage in the undertaking, or if any one would, the enterprise would be a failure. Just how this would affect the *Tribune* is not apparent to the ordinary observer, nor are we prepared to accept that paper as an authority when it says that, "a music hall, if conducted on respectable lines, would be a non-paying enterprise in a town the size of Nelson." If an amusement provider sees fit to take the risk of such an enterprise, whose affair is it—the man who engages in the undertaking, or that of the *Tribune*? If reports be true, in two or three places in Nelson at the present time a "show" is being given that would bring a blush of shame to the cheeks of even the frequenters of "dive" music halls. The owners do not pay a license and do not charge an admission fee. Why does Moral Reformer Houston swallow this form of entertainment and groan when the establishment of a respectable music hall is suggested? The object of Ald. Hillyer's by-law is to secure a permanent place of amusement that will elevate the masses, and if any experienced manager is prepared to fulfill the requirements of that by-law, he simply takes his chances of success, as does any other man of business.

THE New York *World* has telegraphed to the president the names of some prominent people it has secured petitioning him to offer Great Britain their good offices in the settlement of the Transvaal trouble. Putting aside the impertinence of the yellow newspaper, what an absurdity is here proposed. What a shriek the *World* would have sent forth if, during the war with Spain, Great Britain had proposed to the United States that she would help to settle questions that were purely between Spain and the United States.

THE most striking evidence of the popularity and comprehensive character of the Conservative platform is supplied by the antagonism of the Nelson *Tribune*.

DR. NIKOLA'S EXPERIMENT. By Guy Boothby, author of "A Bid for Fortune," "Dr. Nikola," etc., with illustrations. Paper, 50 cents; Cloth

\$1.00. Published by The Copp, Clark Company, Limited. For sale by Canada Drug and Book Company, Nelson.

To prolong human life indefinitely has been the dream of physicians and scientists in all ages, and this is the "Experiment" on which Mr. Boothby has based a most exciting tale. Dr. Nikola, as those who made his acquaintance in an earlier story know, is a modern wizard with an air of mystery about him which is almost uncanny, and an old deserted house on a lonely, rocky part of the English coast, and approachable only from the sea, makes an appropriate laboratory. Dr. Nikola has, after a series of adventures described in the author's preceding story, been successful in stealing the secret of life from a Thibetan order of monks. But although he managed to escape from the country, he is still followed by a mysterious Celestial with half an ear missing, who has a faculty for appearing in the most unexpected places, and disappearing again in an equally unaccountable manner. To obtain the best results, the account of "Dr. Nikola's Experiment" should be read on a dark, windy night, after the rest of the household have retired.

WHAT is needed in this city is a gymnasium in which candidates for the Aldermanic board can undergo a course of training.

JUST what benefit will result to Canada from Sir Wilfrid Laurier's visit to Chicago is not apparent at the present writing.

THE *Tribune* says: "Even David Mark Carley is ashamed" of the Conservative platform. The *Tribune* is not much of a mind reader.

The Venezuela arbitration commission has made its award and it must come upon Venezuela, now in revolutionary turmoil, as in the nature of a dull and sickening thud, for Great Britain walks away with some 600,000 square miles to Venezuela's 100,000 of the territory in dispute. To cap the climax, Venezuela's part is marsh land. It will be a pretty hard struggle for Venezuela to look pleasant under the circumstances.

IN connection with the announcement that Peter Jackson, the well-known pugilist, is lying at death's door, it is pleasing to contemplate the fact that Ald. Beer is enjoying comparatively good health.

NELSON is the wholesale centre of the Kootenay, in proof whereof behold the loaded freight trains every day bound for outside points.

CONSERVATIVES everywhere should prepare for a campaign. Notwithstanding the attempts of Ministers to sneer at an early election, all the signs point in that direction. Disintegration has set in and the days of the Liberal party appear to be

numbered. It is stated that twenty Liberal papers in the Dominion have come out squarely in denunciation of the Government.

AN expedition, headed by a well-known local archæologist, is being organized to make excavations on Vernon street in the hope of discovering the rails of the Nelson tramway.

THE Wellington *Enterprise* is engaged on a biography of F. Carter-Cotton, Finance Minister of British Columbia. Much of the material for the work has been supplied by the Denver (Col.) *Times-Sun*.

"SILVERLY Slocan Soundly Sleeping," should surely see such slothful somnolence slowly saps strength.

THE new cable for the Hall Mines tramway will weigh about 35 tons and be nine miles long.

THE Spokane exhibition is a failure. There is not a single attraction worth mentioning, if one may except the sublime spectacle of the urbane and gentlemanly Mr. Jowett making himself accessible to visitors and banquet committees.

IN the absence of vaudeville and other popular forms of entertainment, it is pleasing to note that Mr. Hewitt Bostock, M. P., will deliver one of his famous speeches in Nelson next Saturday evening. It is a genuine treat to listen to Mr. Bostock, but it is wonderful how many people there are in this world who are prepared to forego the pleasure.

THE Ottawa *Citizen* says: "After all our protestations of imperial loyalty, our parliamentary resolutions on the Transvaal question and singing of

God Save the Queen, the government crawls into its shell and refuses to do anything. Later on Canada may be shamed into doing something, but at present—no. Instead of seizing upon the opportunity to cement the bonds of imperial unity, Canada is going to make a laughing stock of herself before her sister colonies and the empire. Our contribution to the imperial burden will continue to be credited as parchment resolutions, loyal vocalism and windy protestations. Well, the people elect the government."

THE return of Mr. Tarte adds a spice of interest to political affairs in Canada. Notice the freshness with which the Minister of Public Works expresses his views on the exposure of bribery in North Waterloo; "It is most wrong to buy votes when they are not required." The criticism saves Mr. Tarte. His share of the Paie des Chaleurs plunder was probably used in part for the purchase of votes. But then he needed them. The trouble in the Waterloo case was that the premier of Ontario thought that the purchased vote was required to save the government. Mr. Hardy was probably right in that opinion, in which case Mr. Tarte's objection falls to the ground.

DURING the month of September at the Hall Mines Smelter 5,142 tons Silver King ore were smelted, containing approximately 119 tons of copper and 80,000 ounces silver. In lead smelting, 116 tons of Silver King ore and 836 tons of purchased ores were smelted; 170 tons of silver-lead bullion were produced, containing approximately 165 tons of lead, 23,820 ounces of silver and 948 ounces of gold.

THE Government has proclaimed October 19 a day of general thanksgiving throughout the Dominion. Coming so early, the wholesale men will be unable to supply the demand for poultry.

ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA

I am dying, Egypt, dying!
Ebbs the crimson life tide fast,
And the dark Plutonian shadows
Gather on the evening blast.
Let thine arm, O queen, support me;
Hush thy sobs and bow thine ear,
Harken to the great heart secrets
Thou and thou alone must hear.

Though my scarred veteran legions
Rear their eagles high no more,
And my wrecked and scattered galleys
Strewn dark Actium's fatal shore;
Though no glittering guards surround me
Prompt to do their master's will
I must perish like a Roman—
Die the great Triumvir still!

Let not Cæsar's servile minions
Mock the lion thus laid low;
'Twas no foeman's arm that felled him;
'Twas his own that dealt the blow—
His, who, pillowed on thy bosom
Turned aside from glory's ray—
His, who drunk with thy caresses,
Madly threw a world away.

Should a base plebeian rabble
Dare assail my fame in Rome,
Where my noble spouse, Octavia,
Weeps within her widowed home.
Seek her! Say the gods have told me—
Altars, augurs, circling wings—
That her blood with mine commingled,
Yet shall mount the throne of kings!

As for thee star-eyed Egyptian!
Glorious sorceress of the Nile!
Light the path to Stygian horrors
With the splendors of thy smile,
Give the Cæsar crowns and riches,
Let his brow the laurel twine;
I can scorn the senate's triumphs,
Triumphing in love like thine.

I am dying, Egypt, dying!
Hark! the insulting foeman's cry;
They are coming! quick, my falchion!
Let me front them ere I die,
Ah! no more amid the battle
Shall my heart exulting swell;
Isis and Osiris guard thee—
Cleopatra—Rome—farewell.

—W. H. Lytle.

EVENTS AND GOSSIP

A PARTY of five or six were sitting in the Hume hotel the other evening, relating strange experiences and adventures which had come under their personal observation. "I remember," said one, "of a peculiar thing that happened some years ago in Winnipeg. A policeman was walking the street one cold morning when he observed a man trying to lift on his back the carcass of a sheep that was hanging in front of a butcher shop. The fellow looked as if he might have been one of the employees, so when he said to the officer: "Bobby, give us a lift with this sheep, will you?" the officer obligingly complied with what seemed a very reasonable request, and the fellow started off down town. A few hours later a telephone message was received at the police station to the effect that the carcass of a sheep had been stolen from the front of the shop of a well known butcher, and all at once it dawned upon the policeman that the man he had assisted with the sheep in the morning was the thief."

One good story invariably leads to another. One of the party in the early days had been a sojourner in Grand Forks, Dak., then a town of three or four hundred inhabitants. "One night in the winter of 18—," he began, "two farmers from Elk River came into town with wood, which they sold to one of the merchants. After receiving the money therefor, they proceeded to conform to the customs of the territory at that time, by getting gloriously drunk. While in this intoxicated condition, the two farmers got into a row with the townspeople, and in due course of time were landed in the lock-up, which was a small shack, twelve-by-twelve, with slight iron bars over the window. Shortly after being locked up, the two farmers fell asleep, and did not waken until well on towards morning. The events of the previous evening had been forgotten, but after groping around in the dark for a few minutes, the truth dawned upon them that they were in a house of detention. It always happens when a man sobers up, his first thought is of home, at least this is the case with a man who only indulges in periodical exhilarations. Now they wanted to go home, but the first thing was to get out of the lock-up. This was an easy enough matter, for the bars in the window soon gave away before the powerful arms of the two farmers. Now when they had secured their liberty they became curious as to their resting-place, and they proceeded to investigate. All at once the thought occurred to one of the farmers that the building they had just vacated would make a good cow stable, and as he was in need of something of that sort, he decided with the assistance of his companion to place the Grand Forks gaol on his sleigh and take it home to his farm on Elk River. His companion fell in with the idea at once, and within a few hours the Grand Forks lock-up had been torn from its moorings, and on its way to Elk River, where for

several years it was used to shelter the farmer's only cow. Next morning the citizens were surprised when they learned that their gaol had been stolen during the night, but as it had about outlived its usefulness, no attempt was ever made to have it returned. In a short time a larger and safer house of detention was erected, and no one has tried to carry it off."

"That reminds me of a peculiar thing that happened in one of the new towns in British Columbia, a few years ago," remarked one of those present. "There was one gaol in the town, occupied by one prisoner, with one policeman to guard the institution. The policeman had other duties to perform besides that of guarding the prisoner. Very often he had to leave and remain away for an hour or so, and during his absence the prisoner was locked up. Some distance from the gaol there was a Government office, and, as very often happens, the chief of the Government staff had business with the police officer. This chief had a key to the gaol, and one day he walked in and inquired of the prisoner where the policeman was. The prisoner said he did not know, but supposed he was up town. It was an urgent matter and the Government official was anxious to consult with the policeman at once, so he requested the prisoner to go up town and search for the police officer. This the prisoner did, and in a short time returned to the gaol with the turnkey. This is probably the only case on record, at least it is the only one I ever heard of, where a prisoner was engaged in a search for his keeper. But strange things happen in this great and glorious West."

The conversation then turned upon the recent yacht race. It was remarked how little interest was being taken in this international event and it was suggested that the cause for this was the unpopularity of Sir Thomas Lipton with the masses in the Old Country and the impression prevailed that the race was merely an advertising scheme. "Sir Thomas Lipton," said one, "has made all his money by paying small wages and there are many in the Old Country who would be pleased to see his boat defeated. The boat was christened the Shamrock merely to give it respectability. Moreover, yachting is not as popular as it used to be, and the same may be said of boating events of every description. It is quite different now from the days when Ned Hanlan was champion oarsman of the world. Everyone was interested in the victories of the young Canadian. I remember in 1879, the year in which he became champion of the world, he rowed in London with the famous Australian and won what might be called a comparatively easy race. Previous to this race the Americans had claimed Hanlan as an American and backed him as such in London, but Hanlan, who is a very patriotic Canadian, announced that he would row only as a Canadian. I was living in the city

of Winnipeg at that time and the E. A. McDowell Theatrical Company were playing a lengthy engagement at the City Hall. They had exhausted their repertoire of stock plays and in response to the general demand of the citizens had sent East for the libretto of "Pinafore," just then out, and with their dramatic company, produced the opera as best they could with their actors. Joe Banks was the comedian of the company, and a good one he was. He sang the part of Sir Joseph Porter as I have never heard it rendered since. The hall was crowded that night, and just before the curtain went down on the last act, Joe stepped forward on the stage and announced that the telegrams had just brought the news that Edward Hanlan was champion oarsman of the world. He then retired a few steps, lifted his three-cornered hat and sang a parody on "The Englishman" thus:

'Here's three cheers for young Ned Hanlan,
The young Canad-i-an;
He might have been a Prussian, he might have been a
Russian,
Or an Amer-i-can;
But in spite of all temptations to belong to other nations,
He remains a Canad-i-an' he remains a Canad-i-an.'

The effect was almost instantaneous. The chorus was taken up by the audience and some half a dozen times Banks was cheered and compelled to repeat over and over his impromptu verse."

"I saw a strange thing the other day," said one of the party. "It was a love letter written 100 years ago. Some months ago a gentleman in Nelson married a young lady from the East. A few weeks subsequent to their marriage the young woman told her husband of a letter which had been preserved in her family for years. It was a love epistle from a gentleman to a maternal ancestor of hers and was signed by the same name as that of her husband. This letter had been in the family in the Old Country for years, and in the early part of the present century had been brought to America by her grandmother. The curiosity of the young husband was aroused and he prevailed upon his wife to send East for the letter. It reached here a few weeks ago and an investigation proved that the letter was written by his great-great-grandfather to the great-great-grandmother of his wife. For some reason the two had become estranged, the paternal ancestor of the gentleman marrying some other lady and the maternal ancestor of the wife marrying some other gentleman and migrating to the colonies. Both the gentleman and his wife referred to were born many hundreds of miles apart in Canada, and this incident is only another of those every-day happenings which goes to show that truth is stranger than fiction."

The conversation then turned on the ups and downs of life. "Did it ever occur to you," said one of the party, who was a newspaper man, "the number of Englishmen there have been in the colonies, who, after struggling hard for years against adverse fate, all at once drop into affluence and wealth by the

death of some rich relative in the Old Country? I sometimes strikes me that nearly every Englishman in Canada must have rich relatives in England. The other day I read of a Kamloops printer, who has worked hard for years in British Columbia to support his wife and children, and without the slightest notice he became heir to £10,000. A few years ago I was conducting a newspaper in Los Angeles. One afternoon an elderly Englishman, shabbily-dressed, dropped into my office and asked for work as a canvasser, and said he had some experience in that line. As the conversation drifted from one subject to another, I learned that he had accompanied Cecil Rhodes to South Africa and shared the tent of the great statesman before that gentleman had started to chisel his name high up in the rock of fame. He related many interesting stories of his adventures in Africa, and told me how he afterwards reached California with the hope of making a fortune, but everything seemed to turn against him, until at last he was forced to act as a servant in the family of one of the wealthy mining kings. His associates had become those not usually sought by a refined man. I told him that he might go on and work as canvasser, but I found out very soon that he was not a success in that direction. He worked on a commission for several months, but did not amass a fortune. I sold out my Los Angeles publication and went down to San Diego and became connected with one of the daily papers there. I was there only a short time when my old friend, the Englishman, dropped in on me and in response to an inquiry told me that he had heard I was in San Diego and had walked the whole way down in the hope that I would be able to secure for him some kind of employment. I helped him in every way I could and he remained in San Diego for nearly a year, being engaged in one kind of work or another, sometimes as bill-poster and principally distributing bills for patent medicine men. One day I met him on the street, and in the course of a conversation he remarked that he had received notice of the death of a relative in England, who had probably bequeathed him some money. I had forgotten all about the matter until the evening of my departure from San Diego, a few weeks later. I went down early to the steamship office to procure my ticket and was conversing with a friend in the outer office, when who should drop in but my old acquaintance, the Englishman. I saw him ask the agent for a ticket, and in paying for the same he drew forth a roll of bills representing several thousand dollars. He did not see me, but as he purchased a ticket for Los Angeles I knew I would meet him a few hours later on the boat. His clothes were just as shabby as ever, so I concluded he must have received the money only an hour or so previously. This was about four o'clock in the afternoon and at half-past five I went aboard the boat. A few minutes later along came the Englishman, dressed in an ill-fitting but expensive ready-made suit of clothing, two men following him carrying a large portmanteau. He came aboard the boat, and I soon had time to interrogate him as to where he secured the money. He informed me that the Bank of Commerce had that

day received instructions by cable to place to his credit £500—the first quarterly installment of an annual inheritance of £1,000 left him by his father. I was somewhat curious as to what a man who had lived so long in poverty would first purchase on suddenly dropping into wealth, and I was soon enlightened on this point, for he took me into his cabin and opened his portmanteau. After purchasing the portmanteau, he went straight to a liquor store and ordered it stocked with the best wines and liquors procurable. Then he bought a ready made suit of clothes. When we reached Los Angeles the next day he requested me to dine with him at the Van Nuys Hotel. He ordered a dinner which must have cost \$10 or \$12, and as he did so I noticed a smile on the face of one of the waiters. When dinner was over he paid the bill and there was a couple of dollars in change, which he handed over as a tip to the waiter. When we left the hotel, where he had secured a large suite of rooms, he asked me if I had noticed that the waiter appeared to recognize him. I said I had, and he told me the waiter had formerly roomed with him, 'but, my dear boy,' he continued, 'I cannot afford to recognize waiters now.' Before I left him that day to come North I asked him what he intended to do with his quarterly allowance. He said he would engage in mining on a large scale, and would also make proper provision for the Church. Indeed, his last remark was characteristic of the man. He said, 'now that I have become suddenly wealthy I suppose all the churches will be following me around for contributions, but I assure you I will not give a d—cent except to my own Church,' which, by the way, was the Episcopal Church. I left Los Angeles that afternoon, but I occasionally hear from my old friend. In fact, in his last letter he told me that he is likely to make a visit to British Columbia at any time. The point of my story is merely to show that the impoverished Englishman of to-day may become the bloated and wealthy aristocrat of to-morrow."

Our theatre-goers are sadly in need of a reminder upon one of those points of lesser morals otherwise known as manners. I refer to the practice so much indulged in by women, and to some extent by the other half of humanity, of beginning to don wraps and headgear before the performance is ended. Certainly the few seconds of time gained in this way are not of much moment to the audience; it cannot be possible that they are *all* in frantic haste to get home. The rustle and stir produced are annoying to those who like to enjoy the finale of a play or an opera and I should think would be distracting to the stage people. I believe that it is merely a symptom of the great *American* malady, *rush*, and it certainly evinces none of that repose which should mark the caste of Vere de Vere.

Speaking of stage morality, I was forcibly struck with the circumstance that during the engagement of the French Theatrical organization here, the lead-

ing man, Mr. R. E. French, never made use of one profane word on the stage. This gentleman is a capable actor, and is able to distinguish between profanity, obscenity and humor. There is nothing really humorous in profanity on the stage, but a large proportion of every audience applaud when they hear an actor taking liberties with his lines in the way of introducing strong words. That is why actors swear. If no one applauded they would eschew profanity and vulgarity.

By the way, the custom of bringing children to the theatre is growing in Nelson. One evening last week a little girl was permitted to run up and down the aisle during the performance, to the great annoyance of many people who had paid money to witness uninterrupted a performance of "Damon and Pythias." One of the best scenes was completely spoiled. The mother evidently did not want to be bothered with the child, but she did not consult other people's pleasure. It speaks well for the self-restraint of the audience that the mother and child were permitted to live, under the circumstances.

There is nothing new under the sun—not even a minstrel show. Yet men who never before entered the Nelson Opera House went there Tuesday night to hear Gorton's minstrels. The house was crowded with an audience that laughed heartily as each old joke was repeated. One old gentleman—nearly eighty years of age—laughed till the tears ran down his cheeks. He said it was like meeting friends of sixty years ago, to hear the funny jokes of the end men. It brought back the days of his youth, when the future seemed pregnant with fortune and success. The jokes had been dressed up a little, it is true, but even in their new clothing, they could not disguise themselves, and when recognized were given a hearty welcome.

With pardonable pride, the Nelson *Miner* claims that it was through the instrumentality of its special number Gorton's minstrels were induced to come to Nelson. Yet some profess to see no great advantage to a city in special editions.

Is it dishonest to smuggle? Some women do not appear to think so. Just now there are a great number of Nelsonites visiting the Spokane exhibition and I am informed that several ladies have been heavy purchasers of dry goods, without any corresponding increase in the Dominion treasury. Why is it that a woman, who would scorn to steal, will not suffer the slightest twinge of conscience at smuggling?

Some enterprising philologist should prepare a new vocabulary by which bellicose aldermen might express their opinion of each other. The Century Dictionary is altogether too impoverished for the requirements of the Nelson Aldermanic Board.

P. G.

HERE AND THERE

A Wise Woman.

A very clever woman—clever, because she knew how to hold her tongue—was once heard telling a friend, in confidence, when asked why she had not taken part in a conversation of the previous evening, in which nearly everyone had joined, that she kept quiet because she was ignorant of the subject under discussion. "Whenever I am not thoroughly informed on a subject, and feel incapable of talking intelligently, why, I just hold my tongue. I believe I have the reputation of being a good talker, but if I talked about what I did not understand I should soon lose it." "But then one appears so stupid to sit still and say nothing when everyone else is talking," was the reply. "I do not mind that in the least," she answered: "I am willing to run the risk." This establishes an excellent precedent in the art of conversation. If one finds oneself suddenly, and without warning, surrounded by a lot of people "who know it all," it is far better to keep silent than to launch forth into the discussion of an unexplored subject.

Artificial Oysters.

A gentleman who has just returned from Paris says that the most wonderful thing he saw while in that city was artificial oysters. Not mock oysters—meat done up in a patty—but a bivalve to be served raw. In looks they appear to be genuine American oysters, but when one is eaten the difference it is at once perceptible. The usual price paid for them is three cents each, or 30 cents per dozen. At cheap restaurants they may be two cents each, but are apt not to be fresh at that price. When brought on the half shell they look as nice as any oyster, and one who is not a judge of oysters would eat them without question. The only genuine thing about them is the shells. The manufacturers buy second-hand shells at a small cost and fasten the spurious oysters in place with paste. Only half a shell is used. In that shape they are packed in tiers and displayed in windows. Others to be served without shells are put up in jars of 25 to 100. The imitations are consumed in such quantities that dealers urge keepers of hotels and restaurants to destroy their shells and even pay cooks and waiters liberally to pound them in pieces.

Telegraphic Long Messages.

The whole of the New Testament, as revised, was telegraphed from New York to the Chicago *Tribune* to be set up as news for their issue of the 22nd of May, 1882. Sixteen of the twenty pages of that day's issue of the *Tribune* were filled by this telegram alone. This is the longest newspaper message ever sent over a telegraph wire. A detailed report of the trial of the murderer Deeming, in Australia, consisted of 4,000 words, and the cable was simply blocked to all other news for over twenty hours—

the cost of the message being about £1,600. In 1893, a message of 1,800 words was dispatched to the Argentine Republic. In 1890, a telegram 131 lines long, calculated at eight words to the line, was sent from Buenos Ayres to the *Times*, London, and another of 231 lines. In December, 1887, Swinburne's tragedy, "Lochrine," was telegraphed from London to the New York *Times*, occupying five hours.

A Tantalizing Fashion

"She's the most tantalizing girl I know," he said bitterly. "She wears the prettiest little old-fashioned sun-bonnet you ever saw. When she goes for a stroll in the woods, she always asks a fellow to tie the bonnet under her chin. Of course, to permit him to do that she has to tilt her head back a little, and then, when she looks most inviting——"

"Well?"

"Well, he discovers that he can't possibly get his own face into the opening in the bonnet."

Wanted no Fooling.

A good story is brought from the west by a traveler who claims to have been an eye witness of the occurrence.

A cow boy and a Brule Sioux squaw had decided that matrimony would fill their cup of bliss and therefore started for the nearest mission to be "buckled." They stated their case to an Anglican minister who agreed to seal the contract and ranged the contractors up before him.

He began the usual service and had proceeded as far as—"Do you take this woman——?" when the prospective bridegroom suddenly thrust a revolver into his face and demanded:

"Say, mister, be you foolin'?"

"No, no, not at all," protested the astonished divine.

"Well, we haint neither, so don't you be askin' any fool questions, but get onto your job," was the response.

It is needless to say that the subsequent proceedings were marked by their brevity.

Very Smart.

The witness was a stupid-looking Swede.

The cross-examining attorney was a smart young man, whose object was to disconcert the witness and discredit his testimony.

"What did you say your name was?" was the first question.

"Yahn"—very deliberately—"Peterson."

"John Peterson, eh? Old man Peter's son, I suppose. Now, Peterson, answer this question carefully. Are you a married man?"

"Ah tank so. Ah was married."

"So you think because you got married that you

are a married man, do you? That's funny. Now tell the gentlemen of this exceptionally intelligent jury whom you married."

"Who ah married? Ah married that woman."

"See here, sir, don't you know any better than to trifle with this court? What do you mean, sir? You married a woman? Of course you married a woman; did you ever hear of any one marrying a man?"

"Yas. Mah sister did."

Dreyfus's Coffin.

Dreyfus's coffin was specially made at about the time of the Zola trial. To enable the wooden shell to resist ants, etc., it was steeped in tar and creosote. The lining was of zinc, and the lids were panes of glass, through which the face of the dead could be seen, so that the Meline Government might prove that he was really dead.

The Newest Belt Clasps.

The latest belt clasps are the tiniest affairs imaginable, according to The Jeweler's Circular. This is due to the new fashion in dress, in which the princess effect prevails, and the belt when any is used, is the merest thread. The designs of these clasps are indeed exquisite. Two diminutive daisies with dia-

mond centers represent one of them. Another consists of two very small hearts, paved with pearls, and a third shows coiled serpents beautifully jeweled with red and green stones. Spinels, olivines, pearls and diamonds are favorite stones for the enrichment of gold clasps, which come in both solid and open work styles.

Opals For Good Luck.

The opal is no longer considered of evil omen by those who are the best informed. It has become popular to believe that instead of ill luck the opal carries with it the best of luck and happiness in its highest form. Indeed, it is now considered the token of mutual love, burning brightly in all the colors of the rainbow. It is the gift of lover to sweetheart, the symbol of an eternal devotion, and of so devoted a character as to show itself in constant and fiery flashes of beautiful color.

To emphasize this romantic idea the opal is now cut in the form of a heart, and the sentiment of a heart on fire with love is one which appeals to all lovers. This heart, when small enough, is set in a ring, but Australian opals have recently been imported of sufficient size to permit of their being used in a simple gold frame as a pendant for the lorgnette chain. These opal hearts are also used for the centres of brooches.

THE CANADIAN SONG SPARROW

—The Late Sir James Edgar.

From the leafy maple ridges,
From the thickets of the cedar,
From the alders by the rivers;
From the bending willow branches,
From the hollows and the hillsides,
Through the lone Canadian Forest,
Comes the melancholy music,
Oft repeated,—never changing,—
"All-is-vanity-vanity-vanity."

Where the farmer ploughs his furrow,
Sowing seed with hope of harvest,
In the orchard, white with blossoms,
In the early field of clover,
Comes the little brown-clad singer,
Fitting in and out of bushes,
Hiding well behind the fences,
Piping forth his song of sadness,—
"Poor-hu-manity-manity-manity."

IN THE COUNTY COURT OF KOOTENAY.
Held at Nelson.

Between:—
W. G. Robinson, of Nelson, B. C., Hotelkeeper,
Plaintiff,

and
W. J. T. Watson and J. P. Kennedy, of Spokane, Wash. (formerly of Nelson, B. C.), Defendants.

In Chambers, His Honor Judge Forin, Saturday, the 26th day of August, 1899.

Upon the application of the Plaintiff and upon reading the affidavit of P. E. Wilson, sworn therein,

1. I do order that service upon the Defendants of the summons, plaint and writ of attachment in this action by publishing this order, with the notice hereon endorsed, once a week for five weeks succeeding the 26th day of August, 1899, in a newspaper published at Nelson, B. C., be deemed good and sufficient service of said summons, plaint and writ of attachment, and that the Defendants do appear thereto on or before the 15th day of October, 1899.

2. And I do further order that the costs of this application be costs in the cause.

J. A. FORIN, J.

NOTICE.

This action is brought to recover \$301.40, being the amount owing by Defendants to Plaintiff, as follows:

Three promissory notes, dated 22nd November, 1898, for \$30.00, \$100.00 and \$100.00, respectively, made by Defendants in Plaintiff's favor and payable 30, 60 and 90 days after date, respectively.....	\$280.00
To interest thereon.....	1.40
To money paid at Defendants' request.....	20.00
	\$301.40

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NEW YORK SUNDAY WORLD
VANCOUVER NEWS-ADVERTISER
WINNIPEG TRIBUNE
WINNIPEG TELEGRAM
TORONTO GLOBE
AND OTHER PERIODICALS.

THE WOMAN WHO WRITES ADVICE

(A Kipling Parody)

A woman there was, and she wrote for the press,
(As you or I might do),
She told how to cut and fit a dress,
And how to stew many a savory mess ;
But she never had done it herself, I guess,
(Which none of her readers knew).

O, the hour we spent, and the flour we spent,
And the sugar we wasted like sand,
At the hest of a woman who never had cooked,
(And now we know that she never could cook)
And did not understand.

A woman there was, and she wrote right fair,
(As you and I might do),
How, out of a barrel to make a chair,
To be covered with chintz and stuffed with hair,
'Twould adorn any parlour and give it an air!
(And we thought the tale was true),

O the days we worked and the ways we worked
To hammer and saw and hack,
In making a chair in which no one would sit,
A chair in which no one could possibly sit,
Without a crick in his back.

A woman there was, and she had her fun,
(Better than you and I) ;
She wrote out receipts, and never tried one,
She wrote about children—of course she had none—
She told us to do what she never had done
(And never intended to try).

And it isn't to toil and it isn't to spoil
That brims the cup of disgrace—
It's to follow a woman who didn't know beans
(A woman who never had cooked any beans),
But wrote and was paid to fill space.

A SURPRISE INDEED.

We notice in the *Family Herald and Weekly Star* this week, that the publishers of that great paper are this season giving all subscribers, new and renewal, no less than two beautiful pictures, instead of one. The pictures represent "War" and "Peace" They are the famous battle picture, "Alama," in colours, and a sweetly pretty picture entitled "Pussy Wil-lows." To think of such an offer makes one wonder how it can be done. The "*Family Herald and Weekly Star*" contains 24 pages, 192 columns every issue, equal to a book of 384 pages each week. The great paper of Canada and two beautiful pictures all for one dollar ! How is it possible. It is the talk of the whole country.

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MY BARGAIN

WHEN Martyn and I took a Welsh tour last summer I hadn't the smallest intention in the world of making any purchases; but it is wonderful how the best intentions go for naught when a pair of bright eyes and a bit of black oak are weighed in the opposite balance.

It was one sultry evening that our wanderings had brought us—tired, dusty and thirsty—to a little vilage in the vale of Clwyd. There was not an inn, which was a severe disappointment.

"I'm not going any further without something to eat and drink," said Martyn, decisively. "We'll knock up the people at this farm and ask them to get us something."

In response to our knock the door was opened by a young girl. Martyn explained our position—I couldn't; for the girl's wonderful beauty had taken my breath away. I have felt very angry with her since, but still I cannot deny that she was the most lovely woman I ever saw.

I followed on Martyn's heels, little dreaming that there was another surprise in store for me. I am a keen lover of beauty both in nature and in art. Antique furniture is my particular weakness, and black oak is my pet infatuation.

I shall never forget my first impression of that kitchen. Everything that the room contained was

of oak, blackened by age; there were chairs that a London dealer would have asked a fabulous price for; there was a dower chest beneath the window; but that which attracted my whole attention was the huge old dresser that stood against the wall facing the window.

While I feasted my eyes upon it, a soft voice whispered in my ear:

"You like these things?"

"Like them?" I repeated. "I love them!"

"And so do I. I don't know what I shall do when they are gone!"

"Gone!" I repeated. "Why should they go?"

"Everything must go," said the girl sadly. "We are so poor, and—"

Here she broke down utterly and hurried from the room.

"What do you think of it?" I asked Martyn, nodding my head in the direction of the dresser. "Isn't it magnificent?"

"Glorious!" assented Martyn. "She is the sort of girl—"

"I was speaking of the dresser," I said irately.

"Well," he replied, "every one to his taste. Yes, it certainly is a fine piece of furniture. I don't think I ever saw a finer."

At that moment the girl entered. She seemed to

CERTIFICATE OF IMPROVEMENTS.

"Ida D" Mineral Claim, situate in the Nelson Mining Division of West Kootenay District.

Where located: On North Fork of Salmon River, adjoining the "Second Relief" Mineral Claim.

Take notice that I, John A. Coryell, Provincial Land Surveyor, as agent for Reginald K. Neil, Free Miner's Certificate No. B 11,676, and Joseph E. Read, Free Miner's Certificate No. 19,088 A, intend, sixty days from the date hereof, to apply to the Mining Recorder for a Certificate of Improvements, for the purpose of obtaining a Crown Grant of the above claim.

And further take notice that action, under section 37, must be commenced before the issuance of such Certificate of Improvements Dated this 10th day of August, 1899.

JOHN A. CORYELL.

CERTIFICATE OF IMPROVEMENTS.

Bird's Eye, Inverness and Princeton Fraction mineral claims, situate in the Nelson Mining Division of West Kootenay District.

Where located: On Morning Mountain.

Take notice that I, John McLatchie, of the city of Nelson, acting as agent for Angus G. Shaw, free miner's certificate No. 21,847 A, J. A. McRae, free miner's certificate No. 21,638 A, A. E. Crossett, free miner's certificate No. B 11,487, and David Lusk, free miner's certificate No. B 11,663, intend, sixty days from the date hereof, to apply to the Mining Recorder for a Certificate of Improvements, for the purpose of obtaining Crown Grants of the above claims. And further take notice that action, under section 37, must be commenced before the issuance of such Certificate of Improvements.

Dated this 22nd day of July, 1899.

JOHN McLATCHIE.

CERTIFICATE OF IMPROVEMENTS.

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

Where located: About five miles west from Nelson, near Eagle Creek.

Take notice that I, Arthur S. Farwell, agent for George A. Kirk, Free Miner's Certificate No. 88,385, 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 15th day of August, 1899.

23-8-99. A. S. FARWELL.

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divine the subject of our conversation, for she advanced toward the old dresser sadly and laid her white hand upon it.

"I should like to feel that some one had these things who appreciates them," she said.

"But must they be sold?" I asked.

"The farm is mortgaged and they are going to foreclose. Dad is ill, and everything has gone wrong. But I suppose I ought not to grumble, they have given us good notice; but, still, we are \$400 short, and so we shall have to be sold up."

"I will give you \$400 for this alone!" I cried.

"Bravo?" muttered Martyn, who was evidently much touched by the girl's distress.

She didn't attempt to thank me; she just laid her head on the oaken dresser and sobbed. Then Martyn and I crept out to smoke our pipes in the garden.

Martyn and I stayed three days at the little farmhouse. We were introduced to the bedridden old father, who thanked me for my liberality with tears in his eyes.

On the third day the money that I had sent for arrived, and I paid it over to the girl; and if ever I saw gratitude depicted on a human being's face, I saw it then.

Martyn was right when he predicted trouble and expense. In round figures it cost me \$50 by the

time I got the dresser up to my chambers in Westminster; and then I found that Martyn was right again; for when I got the dresser in, everything else had to come out, including myself.

I took larger rooms, at an increased rental, just for the sake of having that dresser near me; then, when I got all my possessions together again, and displayed to their best advantage, I invited my old friend Hartley, who is the finest judge of antiques that I know, to come and dine.

Hartley examined the dresser attentively for a few moments. "It is very nice!" he said rubbing his chin.

"Nice! It is beautiful!"

"O, well, beautiful if you like! They do get them up marvelously well!"

"What?" I gasped weakly.

"My dear fellow," said Hartley, "you never bought that for genuine, did you? They sell them, I believe, for \$60 apiece. They manage that fine old color with spirits of ammonia. It's really very clever, and the effect is not half bad."

I sold the dresser for \$30. I am back in my old chambers again. The other evening Martyn stalked into my rooms. It was the first time that he and I had met since our Welsh tour, which I had cut short

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CERTIFICATE OF IMPROVEMENTS.

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

Where Located: On the Hall Mines Wagon Road, 1 1/2 miles south of Nelson.

Take notice that I, John McLatchie, acting as agent for E. W. Cleverley, Free Miner's Certificate No. 21,781 A, E. J. Moore, Free Miner's Certificate No. 21,782 A, and Peter Morgan, Free Miner's Certificate No. 21,783 A, intend, sixty days from the date hereof, to apply to the Mining Recorder for a Certificate of Improvements, for the purpose of obtaining a Crown Grant of the above claim.

And further take notice that action, under section 37, must be commenced before the issuance of such certificate of improvements. Dated this 16th day of September, 1899.

JOHN McLATCHIE.

CERTIFICATE OF IMPROVEMENTS.

The Delight, Woodstock, Calgary and Atlantic Mineral Claims, situate in the Nelson Mining Division of West Kootenay District.

Where located: On Foed Mountain, about one mile west of "Silver King" Mineral Claim.

Take notice that I, John McLatchie, P.L.S., of the City of Nelson, acting as agent for the Delight Gold Mining Company, Limited, Free Miners' Certificate No. B 26,687, intend, sixty days from the date hereof, to apply to the Mining Recorder for a Certificate of Improvements, for the purpose of obtaining Crown Grants of the above claims.

And further take notice that action, under section 37, must be commenced before the issuance of such Certificate of Improvements. Dated this sixteenth day of August, 1899.

JOHN McLATCHIE.

CERTIFICATE OF IMPROVEMENTS.

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

Where located: On the south side of Red Mountain on Hall Creek.

Take notice that I, John McLatchie, P.L.S., of Nelson, B. C., acting as agent for G. A. Kirk, Free Miner's Certificate No. 88,385, 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 twenty-third day of August, 1899.

JOHN McLATCHIE.

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GOMER DAVIS.

CERTIFICATE OF IMPROVEMENTS.

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

Where located: On westerly slope of and near the headwaters of Rover Creek.

Take notice that I, John McLatchie, P.L.S., of the City of Nelson, acting as agent for Robert Rennie, Free Miner's Certificate No. B 11,534, Benjamin F. Buller, Free Miner's Certificate No. 21,610 A, Olive B. Jones, Free Miner's Certificate No. 21,819 A, and Thomas E. Jones, Free Miner's Certificate No. 21,818 A, intend, sixty days from the date hereof, to apply to the Mining Recorder for a certificate of improvements, for the purpose of obtaining a Crown Grant of the above claim.

And further take notice that action, under section 37, must be commenced before the issuance of such certificate of improvements. Dated this second day of October, 1899.

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on purpose to bring that wretched dresser home.

"So it's gone!" he remarked gloomily, as he gazed around the room.

"My dear, fellow!" I cried, "it was a fraud and a sham." He said huskily, "You remember that girl—but of course you do. I couldn't get her face out of my memory. I went down there at Christmas. I walked 10 miles through the snow to get there. I knocked at the door just as we did, and she opened it. She didn't recognize me, for I had grown a beard, and for some reason I didn't tell her at first who I was. I simply asked her if she could provide me with a meal.

"She led me into the kitchen. Tom, that kitchen was just as we saw it when we first entered it together. There stood the dresser in its old place.

I couldn't understand it at first, but I did soon afterward, for before I had been in the place half an

hour she had told me the same old story; how they were going to be sold up because the mortgage had been foreclosed and how they would have no bed to lie upon, and how she hoped that some one would buy the dresser who would appreciate it—and finally seeing I didn't rise to the bait; she offered me the dresser for \$200.

"I refused the offer and came back to London. Tuesday I went to the people in Tottenham Court road and asked them if they had customers in the Vale Clwyd named Lawyn. The manager referred to books and told me that they had, and that they bought a good many imitation antiques. Last year, for instance, he said, they had four carved dressers, two gate-legged tables, a grand-fathers' clock— But I didn't wait to hear the rest, Tom. I tell you it hit me pretty hard, old man."—*London Evening News.*

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