NELSON ECONOMIST

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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.

OWING to the absence of Ald. Beer the music hall by-law was laid over till the next meeting of the council. The opponents of the music hall will present a petition against the by-law, while those who are in favor of it will present a petition endorsing the general principles of the by-law. We rather imagine the discussion of the subject and the circulation of the petitions have developed a few facts that the general public have overlooked, and that is, Nelson is badly in need of some place where young men and visitors to the city may pass away an hour or so in harmless amusement. THE ECONOMIST has long held this view, and for that reason has advocated the establishment of a music hall, shorn of those disgraceful features that are so often to be found in the variety hall dive in the mining camps. A variety hall without police surveillance and permitted to be conducted on the lines of those dens of iniquity which disgraced Kaslo, Sandon and other towns, would not be any better than houses of prostitution, and must not be permitted. The by-law is very emphatic on this point, and certainly the citizens of Nelson will not permit any such festering evil to exist here. The respectably conducted music hall seemed to us the only solution of the problem, and for this reason we have advocated it.

As we have said, those who circulated the petition against the music hall by-law have found out that Nelson is in need of some place that will minimize the evils of a vice that is spreading to an alarming extent. How do they propose to countact this evil? Where are young men without homes to spend the evening? If it were not for the the fact that those same young men are thrown on their own resources to select entertainment, how long would these dens of iniquity flourish on the principal street of Nelson? Those women have grown rich on the money of the young men who have been driven to their houses because of lack of something to divert interest in other directions.

THE ECONOMIST would prefer a high-class vaudeville house, in which liquor would not be sold, to a music hall. But such a venture could only be made a success by popular subscription, as no manager who knew his business would undertake an enterprise of that character without some reasonable assurance of success. A vaudeville manager who would engage cheap artists without knowing something about their special ability to attract audiences would make an ignominious failure of the venture. The successful conduct of a vaudeville house demands exceptional qualifications and judgment in certain lines. Before any manager would consider a venture of this character in a city of the population of Nelson he would require a guarantee of at least $300 per week.

Every resident of Nelson has unlimited faith in the future of the city. But to reach the limit of our aspirations the city must be made attractive for all classes. Already the citizens have established the nucleus of a library. Much of the credit of this undertaking must be given to the ladies who have worked unceasingly to provide Nelson with a library that has already done an incalculable amount of good. But there are many whose tastes do not incline in the direction of reading books, and many more who like to sandwich their reading with music and light entertainment, and there are yet hundreds who do not care for fiction or history. This latter class, if properly looked after might develop into good citizens. Just now they spend the earlier part of their evenings around the saloons, and later on in an intoxicated condition parade the streets making night hideous with their howls of profanity and obscenity, terrorizing women and corrupting young children. A great many of them sooner or later reach the brothels and there contract associations that mean ruin to reputation and health. Will no one stretch forth a hand to save these wrecks of humanity? They are not regarded as desirable visitors to the homes of our citizens and the Nelson Club has not yet signified its willingness to accept them as members. Where must they go—to the saloon and the brothel. Then there is no deliverance. Have those who are circulating the petition against the music hall taken the future of this class into consideration. If so, what are they prepared to offer that will assist in making them good citizens. In the name of all that is virtuous and pure in humanity, speak now. Is our

much-boasted Christian charity a myth? Evasion of the question means contributing towards and complicity in the crime.

We believe the people who are moving in the matter of a music hall are actuated by the highest and purest motives—that of reclaiming the victims who are gradually descending the social scale. They are prepared to entertain any proposal calculated to make men better and warn those who are already hovering around the brink of the danger. A gymnasium will not fill the bill. The majority of men who labor physically for a living do not require a gymnasium to develop their muscle. What they do want, and their desire in the respect of signing a petition in favor of a music hall almost approaches a demand, is a place where they can sit down and smoke nnd commune with their friends without sacrificing their manhood. Again we ask the opponents of the music hall what have they to offer as a substitute? Now is the accepted time to speak for salvation.

THE Government of the Dominion of Canada has had a striking illustration of the colonial spirit in the almost instantaneous response of 42,000 volunteers from Canada to the call of duty. The loyalty of Canadians can no longer be called into question. As Sir Hibbert Tupper put it, when addressing the volunteers in Nelson Monday evening, it is the full force and meaning of the refrain of the poet, "Hands around." We are especially proud of the young men in Kootenay who offered to make sacrifices for the Empire. We are sure those chosen will give a good account of themselves, but we are not sure that the selections will give satisfaction. As we understand it, the call was to show the world that Canadians were one in spirit with the Motherland. Already it had been demonstrated on many a well-fought battlefield that the British people were loyal to the flag, and it seems to many that the choice, (out of all proportion to the number volunteering) of so many Old Countrymen did not convey the lesson that was intended to be taught. Of the four taken from Nelson, only one was a Canadian born. Three were Scotchmen by birth, and we are certatn they will fight with all the heroic determination that has made Scotia's sons under arms a foe to be feared. No better men could have been chosen, and no one finds fault on that score; but suppose one of the three chosen should accomplish an act of heroism worthy of special mention, would he be given credit for it as a Scotchman or as a Canadian? Again, when these men come in contact with a British officer, which is more than likely to occur, for the Brltish officer is more affable with a colonial private than he is with one of his own men, what will be the officer's surprise to hear what he supposed to be a Canadian responding to a question with the rich accent of Old Scotland? The same may be said of Englishmen and Irishmen chosen, and we are convinced that British officers will not regard it altogether as a mark of Canadian sentiment and loyalty when we send to South Africa the same class of men they could have secured at home. This has happened before, and undoubtedly will happen again. We do not wish to be understood as reflecting on anyone in this matter. Here in Canada every British subject is regarded a Canadian and given every hereditary privilege of the "native born." That shows we are Britains first and Canadians afterwards. Our objection is that the selection of Old Countrymen to uphold the military spirit and credit of Canada does not fulfill the spirit and intention of the undertaking to send Canadian volunteers to the defence of the Empire. We are proud of the spirit that animated the Scotchmen who have gone to the front, but we may be pardoned for remarking we would be prouder still if they were Canadians.

Another topic for discussion in connection with the dispatch of colonial volunteers to South Africa. is the suggestion to have a Canadian regiment officered by Canadians. We sincerely hope such a thing will not be attempted. Canadians know practically nothing of war. They never heard the sound of bullets in earnest, and they know little, if anything, of regular army discipline. Were we to learn that a Canadian regiment officered by Canadians was engaged in action we would have some fears as to the result. A soldier may be ever so brave and capable of the greatest deeds of daring, but the first roar of the cannon, if he has never been in action before, unnerves him, and perhaps precipitate a stampede. Fifty per cent. of the British army are accustomed to the barking of an enemy's guns, and at least seventy-five per cent. of the officers have seen more or less active service. The guns of the enemy is inspiriting music to their finely-attuned warrior ears. The proportion of fatalities among British officers is far greater than that of the men. They expose themselves recklessly to the bullets of the enemy, for the more perilous the chance taken the greater the reward. They know how to die. What we hope will be done is that the colonial volunteers will be attached to British regiments—at least during the early stages of the campaign. Let the Canadian officers and men once smell powder and stand the first shock, and for many reasons they should be superior to the soldier of any country in the world. They are the material out of which great soldiers are made, but they are not yet soldiers. Again, one volunteer is worth ten pressed men.

THE magnanimity of the Liberal party of the Dominion of Canada was perhaps never more forcibly illustrated than on the occasion of the call for officers and men for service in South Africa. Of the officers selected to accompany the contingent, considerably over half are Conservatives. This may be taken either as an evidence of faith in the superior military qualities of Conservative officers, or as a desire on the part of Liberal officers to seek the greater security to life and limb afforded by remaining at home. When the Liberal party wants soldiers, it seeks them in the Conservative ranks, but when it wants political office seekers, it never goes outside the ranks of its own party. But there are good soldiers among the

Liberals, and we have a few of these right here in British Columbia.

IN commenting on the disgraceful condition of the Court House at Nelson, THE ECONOMIST only voiced the opinion of the public and of every jugde who has been so unfortunate as to be called upon to preside at the court. It was not, as the *Tribune* suggests, a desire to take a fling at the Semlin Government. That aggregation has so many sins to answer for already, that we did not consider another charge of wilful neglect would make much difference. The judges on the British Columbla bench cannot be accused of hostility to Mr. Semlin, yet they have declared the Nelson Court House to be the foulest place of the kind in the Province, The *Tribune* is altogether too sensitive about matters affecting the Semlin administration.

THE visit of President Shaughnessy and other C. P. R. officials to Nelson this week has decided the question as to this city becoming a divisional point. Mr. Shaughnessy has stated that Nelson would be made a divisional point, and more than that he has announced that the company will begin at once to make certain rearrangements in the C. P. R. yard, whic will embrace extensive improvements along the waterfront, including a station, workshops, etc. This will mean the permanent employment here of a small army of workmen and a consequent heavy payroll. Of course Nelson will be asked to make some concessions in the way of tax exemptions, and no doubt our citizens will deal liberally with the company. No obstacle should be thrown in the way of the C. P. R's policy to assist in making Nelson a great distributing centre.

THERE are other filthy spots in Nelson besides the Court House. Take the streets, for instance. There is scarcely a street in the city at the present time that is not covered a foot thick with mud. The majority of the crossings are almost impassable, and heavy rains will always produce the same results until the City Council devises a system of permanent street improvements. Patching up streets has resulted in failure in every other city in the world. Why should we expect it to work differently here?

WE do not want to seem like asking too much, but we do hope that the Dublin Fusileers will leave a Boer or so for the Rocky Mountain Rangers.

IN the din and shout of battle these days, we do not hear that sole embodiment of the Imperial idea, Sir Wilfrid Laurier, calling on his patriotic French-Canadian soldiers to follow him to the fight.

CAPT. HODGINS is a fine type of the colonial soldier, and while he may not have the largest command that will reach South Africa, he can point to Messrs. Dickson, Patterson and Lee with a considerable degree of pride. That they may all distinguish themselves in the present conflict is the earnest wish of every citizen of Nelson.

THERE was afloat last evening a rumor that the mine-owners and miners had held a consultation and settled their differences. Investigation disclosed that there was no truth in the rumor and that no meeting had taken place. There is a feeling, however, in certain quarters that an effort will be made on behalf of one party to the dispute to effect a reconciliation, but on what basis no one is yet prepared to say.

AS AN entertainer, no Canadian has been longer before the public than Mr. J. W. Bengough, the cartoonist, who will shortly be seen at the Nelson Opera House. All the public men of Canada have been at one time or another caricatured by Mr. Bengaugh, and although on occasion severe enough, he never left a sting. An enjoyable evening with Canada's famous cartoonist may be spent.

PERHAPS it may be out of place to drag the fair name of woman into our present controversy with Oom Paul, but we cannot refrain from remarking that the printed pictures of Mrs. Oom Paul do not convey any striking evidences of beauty on the part of that lady.

THE ECONOMIST would be specially remiss in its duty were it to neglect extending congratulations to the Smelter band on having added "Rule Britannia" to its repertoire of popular marches.

THE Ottawa *Citizen* is strongly of the opinion that the Transvaal has some outside backing, or it would not be so Transvaliant.

THINGS appear to be coming Kruger's way these days.

THE Shamrock lost in New York, but the Dublin Fusileers sustained the glory of Old Ireland in the Transvaal.

IT is expected that Hon. J. H. Turner, ex-Premier of British Columbia, will arrive in Victoria early next week.

WITH so many Conservatives fighting in South Africa, now would be a good time for Laurier to bring on a general election.

NELSON is rapidly developing into a wholesale center. Our wholesale merchants can fill orders for every branch of trade. Even in jewellery we can sell most advantageously to the trade. Mr. Jacob Dover is now making a tour of the Boundary country with a line of samples not exceeded in quality and variety by the representatives of Eastern jewellery houses, and the prices are all right, too.

EVENTS AND GOSSIP

I RECEIVED the following letter last Saturday:

UNION CLUB, VICTORIA, B. C., OCTOBER 19th.

DEAR SIR:—Apropos of the item in Events and Gossip, Oct. 11th, reprisoner being sent after his keeper; there is a story told of a small country town in the Province of Quebec, where the prisoners used to roam around the town, returning for meals and lock-up. One of these turned up late on several occasions. His keeper treated him to the sharp reprimand that unless he came in on time he would lock him out. Yours truly,

FRED J. CLAXTON.

I was conversing with a bank clerk the other day, and in the course of the conversation he remarked about the popular notion that men who occupied such positions as his had the very "softest snaps" of any class of working people alive, and said that such opinions were entirely erroneous. It was true that dry goods store and grocery clerks and workshop employees labor more hours a day than bank clerks, but their labors were nothing like as confining, nerve destroying and perplexing. There could be, in his opinion, no harder work in the world than keeping one's eyes glued on a page full of figures all day, figures which represented nothing but mathematical sums of which the solution was never reached. The monotony and dreariness of it was something appalling, and especially so on those days which come to every one when, though not sick, the mind and brain refuse to work with alacrity and precision. It was maddening, dull, ambition-destroying, and altogether undesirable employment. This is a view which is entirely contrary to the general opinion, but it only goes to prove the well-known fact that each man believes the one particular vocation which he pursues is beyond cavil, the hardest and most disagreeable of all which life offers.

A prominent feature of the mercantile reports is the announcements from the different districts regarding strikes. I have given the relationship between capital and labor considerable thought, and I am convinced that one of the greatest mistakes made by workingmen when airing their often supposed grievances against capital is that it is the least of the forces against which labor has to contend. The truth is that there are forces far more powerful than capital that take advantage of labor; forces that at the same time take advantage of capital—the forces of intellect and will. If all capital, all money, all wealth, so called, should be utterly destroyed at one fell blow, what would be the result? Simply that the industrial society would reorganize itself on much the same lines and give its highest rewards, as usual, to men of the highest ability, and the lowest to those, as in the past, who could contribute nothing but muscular force to the creation of new capital. Indefatigable resolution and hard self-denial would slowly, perhaps, but surely, make the conquering force of will a social power. Capital is created by this genius for accumulation, and no laws or institutions that have ever been created by man have availed against it. The man who lives for the future will survive and flourish from a pecuniary standpoint; the man who lives only for the present will surely perish. Ninety-nine per cent of the intellect, will and muscle that enter the world possess no other capital. Wherever you find capital there you will find the greatest number desiring to use capital, and wherever capital finds most employment there you will find labor. Labor cannot be taxed to destruction nor to point when it ceases to be productive, but capital is frequently forced to risk utter destruction and annihilation in order to be productive. If there were a better understanding between labor and capital, strikes would not be so numerous. Too often capitalists take it for granted that governments should be run altogether in their interests, and labor has no rights that capital is bound to respect. That is a tyranny of capital. When labor undertakes to dictate to capital how it should be distributed and without taking into consideration the safety and profits of the venture, then we have a tyranny of labor.

Several recent sensational murders are affording texts for sermons in Canadian and United States papers. It is pointed out that many of the most atrocious murders of recent years have been committed by church members—good living young men, who read good books, and in such cases the victims have nearly all been young women. Commenting on the salutary influence of the Church in its general workings one paper qualifies this much of an admission by alleging that religion provides a cloak for scoundrels who masquerade as godly men that they may serve their own evil ends. The term "man of the world," continues the same publication, usually carries with it the thought that a man has had his experiences in life and knows thoroughly good from bad through having had ample association with both. To the unworldly the term implies that his associations outside the pale of conventionality have been numerous. This man does not pretend to be good in its narrow acceptation. He knows that the ages of public consent have made the laws of personal conduct in man much less rigid than with women. He is rarely a seducer, and his general respect for women is of the highest order. His intrigues are upon the basis that "woman leads and man follows." He is quite willing to follow, but is equally willing to stop the moment a word or a look from her implies that the affair must go no further. Women frequently engage in affairs that are unconventional through vanity, love of admiration, or pure mischievousness, and know that they can be as safe as they wish to be

with a man of the world. Worldly women will trust themselves or their daughters with this man much more quickly than with the man whose pretentions of goodness are too great. They know that in the indulgence of the baser passions the man of the world looks to those already unfortunate and does not seek victims, and the willing can hardly be called victims. Churches are cursed by a few such scoundrels as Durant, who, a few years ago, murdered Blanche Lamont and Minnie Williams in Emmanuel Baptist Church, San Francisco. He had been proven an insulter of women upon all possible occasions, using the church for opportunity and cover. One such wolf under the lamp's wool of the church is worse than a whole pack of howling vampires in their own guise after one poor lamb. Another notable instance was the case of Rev. J. W. Reams, the Methodist clergyman of Merced, Cal., who, a few years ago, seduced Lucy Rucker, a young girl of his congregation, eloping with her to Victoria. Congregations cannot watch too closely for the evidence of the Durant and Reams types in their midst. Mothers cannot be too careful about the company their daughters keep. Young women away from home who wish to be good, should never forgive the first improper advance—to pardon is to encourage. It seems a hard thing to say, and there are notable exceptions, but be careful how far you trust the young man of apparent unusual goodness.

Miss LaDell, the elocutionist, gave one of her unique entertainments at the Nelson Opera House, last Monday evening. In several of the scenes the audience was deeply moved; indeed so great was the nervous strain that many left the house before the entertainment was half over.

The French Company will play a return engagement of three nights at the Nelson Opera House, beginning Thursday evening, with "Young Mrs. Winthrop." The company was here a few weeks ago, and no doubt they will receive a hearty welcome on their return.

A few years ago a capitalist made a proposal to buy out the stock and good-will of the Royal Baking Powder Company, New York City. An appointment was made and the capitalist was informed that it would take several million dollars to buy out the firm. He asked to be shown the stock, and was surprised to find only a few thousand dollars worth of goods on hand. He regarded it as rather a strange matter that the assets of the firm should be valued at several millions when the stock only represented a few thousand dollars. He was shown the books of the firm and he found that practically all the assests of the firm were the vast sums of money paid out for judicious advertising. From this it may be reasoned that one firm in this world at least has found it to be profitable to advertise. The other day, in conversation with one of the leading merchants of Nelson, I learned that his firm had spent a fabulous sum in the use of printers' ink, and I inferred from what the gentleman told me that he had no reason to regret his investment. The young man who runs the establishment is a firm believer in the merit of heralding forth the virtues of his wares, and he does so with the consciousness of a person who has something to offer to the people. I asked a canvasser the other day who were the most liberal advertisers, and his answer was brief—"Successful men." He told me that he never called on a man who knew nothing about business to solicit an advertisement—for the very good reason that he would not get it. "There are altogether too many firms in business," he said. "Men get tired of tilling the soil and they go into business. They know nothing whatever about keeping stock, and less about the methods pursued by men who conduct large houses. These men never advertise, and I regard it as so much waste time in calling on them for an advertisement. The men who advertise are those who have a good thing and are not afraid to court investigation." A large percentage of the millionaires of Great Britian, Canada and the United States are, or were at one time, liberal patrons of the columns of the press. Sir Thomas Lipton is one of the most conspicuous instances.

There have been many humorous stories told of the experiences of Englishmen in the Northwest, but the following, I think, is something new. A few years ago a young Englishman took up a ranch in the Territories and stocked it well with horses and cows. The first winter, on the advice of a neighbor, he bought a lot of bran for his cattle. It cost a great deal, and the young rancher determined he would not pay out so much money the following winter. So, when the spring came he plowed twenty acres of his ranch and *sowed bran.*

Away down in the bottom of nearly every heart, no matter be the possessor rich or poor, there is a warm spot for the scenes and conditions of youthful days. I read a little incident in a paper the other day of a director of a large corporation who was in the habit of prowling around his office, which emphasizes the statement with which the paragraph begins. One morning he happened to come across the dinner pail of the office boy. His curiosity led him to take off the cover. A slice of home-made bread, two doughnuts, and a piece of apple-pie tempted the millionaire's appetite. He became a boy again, and the dinner pail seemed to be the same one he carried sixty years ago. Just then the office boy came in and surprised the old man eating the pie—he had finished the bread and the doughnuts. "That's my dinner your eating?" said the boy. "Yes, sonny, suspect it may be, but it's a first rate one, for all that. I've not eaten so good a one for sixty years." "There," he added, as he finished the pie, "take that and go out and buy yourself a

dinner: but you wont get so good a one," and he handed the boy a five dollar bill. For days after the old man kept referring to the first-class dinner he had eaten from the boy's pail.

Among the prominent visitors to Nelson this week are Sir Charles Hibbert Tupper and Mr. Charles Wilson. Sir Hibbert is attending to his court business, and incidentally, no doubt, glancing over the political field. His appearance on the platform on the occasion of his short address to the volunteers, brought forth a spontaneous outburst of Tory applause.

Mr. Charles Wilson or "Charlie" Wilson, as his friends call him, is in the public eye at the present time. His name has been suggested as leader of the new Provincial Conservative party, and as such his movements are watched with much interest by local Conservatives.

The fire department was called out Monday evening, and the mud impeded progress to the extent that the hook and ladder truck might easily have been mistaken for the principal vehicle in a funeral procession.

The Tramway Company will have the power on before the cars arrive from Peterboro.

Good strikes are reported from several mining districts in the interior.

An eminent archæologist has been delving on Baker street and come across several steel rails running parallel with each. Antiquarians are of the opinion that the rails of the Nelson Tramway Company have at last been unearthed.

Canadians were specially pleased to learn that General Ynle with a handful of men had performed a brilliant strategetical movement. The general is a native of Canada.

The state department is evidently not disposed to consider the Alaskan boundary claims of the Canadian Government, as outlined by Sir Louis Davis. They say Sir Louis Davis proposal is nothing more or less than a summary of the claims heretofore preferred.

It is with pleasure I observe that John Houston has been enrolled as a member of the Nelson Curling Club. When John's Scotch blood gets up, he will wield "the stanes" with devastating precision.

Previous to her departure for a six months' visit to California, Mrs. Brougham, assisted by other local talent, will give a farewell concert at the Nelson Opera House. During her residence in this city, Mrs. Brougham has done much to elevate music. She has ever been ready to respond when called upon to sing for charitable purposes, and it is with no desire to reflect on other vocalists in the city when I say many a musical event would have fallen very flat had it not been for the presence of this lady. The citizens of Nelson will leave themselves open to the charge of ingratitude if they fail to accord Mrs. Brougham a perfect ovation on the occasion of her farewell concert. It will be many months before we hear her splendidly trained voice again, so let us all unite in making the forthcoming concert a success.

It is noted at Victoria that the best marksmen of Fifth regiment did not enlist for service in South Africa. Good marksmen are most wanted in the present conflict. P. G.

TO A SKELETON.

Behold this ruin! "Twas a skull
Once of ethereal spirit full.
This narrow cell was Life's retreat,
This space was Thought's mysterious seat.
What beauteous visions filled the spot,
What dreams of pleasure long forgot?
Nor hope, nor joy, nor love, nor fear,
Have left one trace of record here.

Beneath the moldering canopy
Once shone the bright and busy eye,
But start not at the dismal void—
If social love that eye employed,
If with no lawless fire it gleamed,
But through the dews of kindness beamed,
That eye should be forever bright
When stars and sun are sunk in night.

Within this hollow cavern hung
The ready, swift, and tuneful tongue;
If Falsehood's honey it disdained,
And when it could not praise was chained;
If bold in Virtue's cause it spoke—
Yet gentle concord never broke—
This silent tongue shall plead for thee
When time unveils Eternity!

Say, did these fingers delve the mine?
Or with the envied rubies shine?
To hew the rock or wear the gem
Can little now avail to them.
But if the page of Truth they sought,
Or comfort to the mourner brought,
These hands a richer meed shall claim
Than all that wait on Wealth and Fame.

Avails it whether bare or shod
These feet the paths of duty trod?
If from Affliction's humble shed;
If Grandeur's guilty bribe they spurned,
And home to Virtue's cot returned—
These feet with angel wings shall vie,
And tread the palace of the sky!

Anonymous.

The Ancient Order of Hibernians of St. John, N. B., has repudiated the action of the Montreal division in passing a resolution of sympathy with the Boers.

The Winnipeg contingent for the Transvaal left on Tuesday for Quebec. They were given a hearty send-off.

A Red Cross Society has been formed at Ottawa.

HERE AND THERE

The Pleasant Sensations of Hanging.

Early in the century a man came back from the grave. His name was Hugh Raymond, and he was hanged for crime. By some rare chance his neck was unbroken by the drop, and the vital spark was not extinct when friends bore the body away and succeeded in bringing him back to life.

The message that Raymond brought back was surprising. He said that the real punishment of a man who is hanged is not physical pain, but the terror of approaching death. Hanging itself was merely "the languorous going to sleep of a drowsy man, wherein were mingled sensations as in moments of strange bodily ecstasy." The fact that Raymond's account of his hanging eliminates the element of pain makes it probable that he was telling the truth. If he had felt any p in at all, he would have been inclined to exaggerate it.

From Raymond's case physicians have generally concluded that hanging in itself does not cause pain. It is the fear of being hanged that hurts. The convulsions of the body so often noticed are purely muscular, not the writhings of a man in agony.

Love-Making On Board Ship.

Once a captain of a famous Cunard ship plying between Liverpool and New York became known as "Calico Hains," because of his fondness for fair ladies who might take passage with him. But that was nothing. A whole steamship line—the great Peninsular and Oriental—is being roundly denounced because its officers are such unmitigated flirts. The company has been obliged to make new rules regulating the conduct of junior officers towards passengers.

A sad case is reported from Melbourne. A man out there sent money to his sweetheart in England to come over and become his wife. Two days after landing she married an officer of the ship that carried her to Australia. Then the disappointed man sent for his sister to be his housekeeper. She came, but was soon married to another brass-buttoned lover.

The doctor is usually the worst flirt on board ship. He's apt to be a young fellow, just out of the medical school, and his duties place him at one upon confidential terms with ladies who have headaches. It is generally understood that the ship's doctor can cut out even the "old man," the captain.

A Production In the Case.

An Indian Judge, when just appointed to his position was not very well acquainted with Hindustani. He was trying a case in which a Hindoo was charged with stealing a "nilghai," or blue bull. The Judge had not the slightest idea what a "nilghai" was, but it would not do to betray his ignorance to the natives, so he said, "Bring forward the stolen property!" The Court was held in an upper room, so the usher stood aghast at the order.

"Please, you Lordship, it's downstairs," he stammered.

"Then bring it up instantly," sternly ordered the Judge. The usher departed, and a moment later—a pounding and bumping, mingled with earnest exhortations, was heard on the staircase; the door was pushed open, and the panting official appeared, dragging in a native blue bull. His Lordship was dumfounded, but speedily recovered his composure, and observed, with judicial wisdom, "It is always best, when possible, for the Judge to personally view the stolen property. Usher, you may remove the—ah—stolen property."

How An Elephant Saved a Battle.

There is a beautiful story of an old elephant engaged in a battle on the plains of India. He was a standard-bearer, and carried on his huge back the Royal ensign, the rallying-point of the Poona host, At the beginning of the fight he lost his master. The "mahout," or driver, had just given the word halt, when he received a fatal wound, and fell to the ground, where he lay under a heap of slain. The obedient elephant stood still while the battle closed around him and the standard he carried. He never stirred a foot, refusing to advance or retire, as the conflict became hotter and fiercer, until the Mahrattas, seeing the standard still flying steedily in its place, refused to believe that they were being beaten, and rallied again and again round the colors. And all this while, amid the din of battle the patient animal stood straining its ears to catch the sound of that voice it would never hear again. At length the tide of conquest left the field deserted. The Mahrattas swept on its pursuit of the flying foe but the elephant, like a rock, stood there, with the dead and dying around, and the ensign waving in its place. For three days and nights it remained where its master had given the command to halt. No bribe or threat could move it. They then sent to a village, one hundred miles away, and brought the mahout's little son. The noble hero seemed then to remember how the driver had sometimes given his authority to the little child, and immediately, with all the shattered trappings clinging as he went, paced quietly and slowly away.

A Hero Of Waterloo.

The Duke of Wellington was once asked who, in his opinion, was the bravest man at Waterloo.

"I can't tell you that," he said, "but I can tell you of one than whom I am sure there was no braver,"

The following is the story put in the words of the writer :—

"There was a private in the artillery. A farmhouse with an orchard, surrounded by a thick hedge,

formed a most important point in the British position, and was ordered to be held against the enemy at any sacrifice. The hottest of the battle raged around the point, but the English behaved well, and beat back the French again and again.

"At last the powder and ball were found to be running short: at the same time the hedges surrounding the orchard took fire. In the meantime a messenger had been sent to the rear for more powder and ball, and in a short time two loaded wagons came galloping down to the farmhouse, the gallant defenders of which were keeping up a scanty fire through the flames which surrounded the post. The driver of the first wagon spurred his horses towards the burning heap, but the flames rose fiercely round and caught the powder, which exploded, sending rider, horses, and waggon in fragments into the open air. For one instant the driver of the second waggon paused, appalled by his comrade's fate; the next, observing that the flames, beaten back for a moment by the explosion, afforded him one desperate chance, he sent his horses at the smouldering breach, and, amid the cheers of the garrison, landed his cargo safely within. Behind him the flames closed up and raged more fiercely than ever. This private never lived to receive the reward which his act merited, but later in the engagement he was killed, dying with the consciousness that he had saved the day."

Absent-Minded Men.

When a boy, Coleridge, walking along a London street, swinging his arms, accidentally struck his hand against a man's pocket, and was promptly collared for a shocking young pickpocket. Bursting into tears, he blubbered:—"I—I'm no thief, sir. I was playing I was Leander swimming the Hellespont." You know the rest—how the gentleman apologised and helped the lad to get books and learning.

Horace Greeley was very absent-minded. It is told of him that when he was at dinner one day a plate of cheese was passed by the servant. Instead of taking one piece he took the plate in his left hand and ate piece by piece, talking between bites about tho Brook Farm experiment until the last bite disappeared.

The Rev. Mr. Swinton, of Oxford, was once called upon to preach to three men condemned to be hanged on the following Friday. He used for the purpose a

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CERTIFICATE OF IMPROVEMENTS.

Ash, Lady Aberdeen, Lily Fraction, Minto Fraction and Haddo Fraction Mineral Claims, situate in the Nelson Mining Division of West Kootenay District.

Where located: On Morning Mountain.

Take notice that I, John McLatchie, P.L.S., of Nelson, acting as agent for Herbert T. Wilson, Free Miner's Certificate No 21,969 A, David T. Mowat, Free Miner's Certificate No. 21,718 A, and Malcolm Heddle, Free Miner's Certificate No B 11,611, intend, sixty days from the date hereof, to apply to the Mining Recorder for Certificates of Improvements, for the purpose of obtaining Crown Grants of the above claims.

And further take notice that action, under section 37, must be commenced before the issuance of such Certificate of Improvements.

Dated this 14th day of October, A. D. 1899.

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sermon on repentance which he had onced preached. It closed with the words :—"We shall resume the consideration of this topic on next Lord's Day."

One day the poet Shelley and his friend Trelawney were leaving the house of the former in Leghorn when they stepped over a fat fair baby in the doorway. "Whose child is that?" asked Trelawney. "Don't know," replied Shelley. Mrs. Shelley had come to see the two set out. "That's too bad not to know your own child," she said. "Why, you goose, that's Percy."

King Soloman a Pessimist and an Egotist.

And yet this King (Solomon) with his magnificence and unrivaled power, this shrewd judge, this skillful statesman, this scholar with his wide culture became a pessimist, and stands forth one of the saddest figures in all the history of melancholy. But if we analyze his misery we find that he was a pessimist, not because men are disciplined by conflict and trouble, but because he was a confirmed egotist. Had men used printing presses in those far-off days the first letter to be exhausted in setting up Solomon's copy would have been the capita letter "I" "I" builded me houses, "I" got me soldiers, "I" wrote proverbs, "I" had man servants, "I" had maid servants. Through insatiable egotism Solomon lifted up this "I" as a columnar hitching post, and asked all creation to stand around and admire him. But simplicity is to a great man what sweetness is to a rose. A bloated and overwrought egotism makes happiness impossible.

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THE FETE OF ST. CYPRIAN

MARCEL DUPRAT had come to see his cousin Miette—more than cousin, he said, for she was to marry him—and in the large dining room at the farmhouse, where the kettle sang over the alcohol lamp, he was seated at a white table, with a bottle of wine and a glass before him. He drank a little from time to time as he watched Miette going and coming, busy with household cares.

Out of doors, in the deep, blue sky of Provence, the June sun blazed down upon the olive trees, the wheat and the rose-covered walks, while in the distance, across the fields, flowed the river, which in turn fertilizes and ravages the surrounding country, the rapid and majestic Rhone.

Marcel was a tall, well-built, good-looking fellow, and the only time he came near losing his self-confidence was when he was with Miette. With his forehead wrinkled, his cane tracing figures on the floor, he said, timidly: "Yes, Miette, I have come to see when you are going to decide. Here it is summer and we are not married yet, and you know you promised——"

Miette, without pausing in her occupation, replied: "That concerns my mother and father. Ask them."

"You know very well, Miette; that is not true. Your mother and father want you to do as you please. It all depends on you, and you alone."

Miette laughed aloud and, leaving her work, planted herself before the young man, crossing her arms with a resolute air.

"Well, if it depends on me, as you say, do you want to know when I will marry you, Marcel?"

"Yes, when?"

"When you stop drinking!" and she returned to her work.

"Oh! that—you always say the same thing."

"Because there is always the same thing to say."

"Miette, I assure you, all last week I drank nothing but water."

"But you made up for it on Sunday."

"Who told you that?"

"What is the difference, as long as I know!"

"Well I remember that I did drink a little, but that is your fault, too—you worry me so."

"How?"

"Marry me and you will see that I'll stop."

"I prefer to marry you after you have stopped."

"You will discover some day that you have been unjust to me."

"We shall see on St. Cyprian's day."

This was a day celebrated by the country people in honor of their patron saint.

"Let us see if, on the day of the fete, you can go all day without drinking."

"And if I do, will you marry me?"

Perhaps."

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. Neill, 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.

"East End," "Sunnyside" and "Badger" Mineral Claims, situate in the Nelson Mining Division of West Kootenay District.

Where located: On Toad Mountain, east of and near the "Grizzly Bear" Claim.

Take notice that I, A. S. Farwell, agent for E. J. Palmer, No. 19,949 A, as to two-thirds, and J. H. Wright, No. 23,012 A, as to one-third undivided interest in said claims, intend, sixty days from the date hereof, to apply to the Mining Recorder for Certificates of Improvements, for the purpose of obtaining Crown Grants of the above claims.

And further take notice that action, under section 37, must be commenced before the issuance of such Certificates of Improvements.

Dated this 16th day of October, 1899.

26-10-99 A. S. FARWELL.

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, agen for George A. Kirk, Free Miner's Certificat, 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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"Well, good-by," said he, a little encouraged, going toward the door.

"Let me advise you not to be so friendly with Cassoulet," said Miette.

"Why, he is my very best friend," replied Marcel, as he left, whistling ostentatiously, but carrying a heavy heart.

The poor boy loved Miette more than all the world and would have sacrificed his life for her gladly, but some way he had not succeeded in giving up wine, in spite of his many good resolutions. It was so strange that it was so easy to take just one glass, that one followed another more easily still.

As he walked along the road he thought of his fine acres of land, of his pretty home, where he had lived alone since the death of his parents, and reflected how little he cared to work them for himself alone. The thought of Miette there keeping the house for him made him renew his vows to win her by not touching another drop of wine.

These vows he would undoubtedly have kept had it not been for his friend Cassoulet, who was anxious to supplant him in the affections of Miette. Seeing him determined not to drink, Cassoulet would begin to sing the praises of Miette, and then impress upon Marcel that she cared more for the young men of the town than for a simple farmer like himself, and that she meant some day to throw him over and marry one of them. Finally Marcel's jealously would become aroused and he would drink to quench its fire. Of this Miette was always certain to hear, for Cassoulet looked out for that.

She was very gay and pretty on the day of the fete, as she stepped from the carriage, with her parents, on the bank of the Rhone opposite the place where the celebration was to take place. Marcel was waiting there for her, accompanied by his inseparable friend, Cassoulet. They crossed the river in a boat and found upon reaching the other side that the great crowd of people assembled for miles around, were already eating luncheon under the shade of the big trees.

As soon as lunch was over the dancing began. A large platform had been built and covered with an awning and at one end sat a provincial orchestra, composed of two violins, a flute and a harp.

Marcel danced many times with Miette, who smiled sweetly upon him. He was radiant with joy, forgetting the suspicions aroused by Cassoulet, and seemed nearer than ever before to the realization of his desire. At luncheon he had refused anything to drink, and now he promised to do so not only all day, but all his life. He was rewarded by a look of tenderness that made his happiness still deeper.

Those who were not dancing sat at little tables under the trees, and when not with Miette, Marcel wa

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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, 1½ miles south of Nelson.

Take notice that I, John McLatchie, acting as agent for E. W. Cleversley, Free Miner's Certificate No. 21,781 A, E. J. Moore, Free Miner's Certificate No. 21,782 A, and Peter Meegan, 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 Toad 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's 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. 88,885, 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. Butler, Free Miner's Certificate No. 21,610 A, Olive B. Jones, Free Miner's Certificate No. 21 819 A, and Thomas R. 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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here with the inevitable Cassoulet, who did not fail to call his attention to the young men from the town who talked and danced with Miette.

"See," he said, "how gracious and animated she is when she talks, and how she smiles at them!"

It did not take long to light the fires of jealousy in the lover, who thought he could see that her smiles were not for him alone. No, she was a coquette; she did not love him; she never had loved him. He was all for going to her at once and reproaching her publicly, but his friend dissuaded him, and they retired instead to a neighboring inn, where Cassoulet offered him the consolation of a bottle of wine.

Here they remained until Marcel became decidedly muddled, and it was time to return to the others, who were making preparations to go home. He and Miette, with several others, crossed the river, very wide and deep at this point, in the same bo t, and Miette perceived, with a pain in her heart, her lover's condition. She was silent, and sad. When the boat reached the middle of the stream, Miette dropped her handkerchief into the watter. Reaching quickly and instinctively for it, she lost her balance, and the next instant had disappeared in the waves.

A cry of horror arose from the boat, but before all had realized what had happened, Marcel, his faculties completely restored by the shock, had stripped off his coat and leaped into the water. After what seemed an eternity he reappeared with the girl in his arms. She was put into the boat, and before she reached the opposite side had recovered consciousness.

Marcel drove home and remained until she was able to see him, later in the evening. Then, in mutual explanations, both learned of Cassoulet's teachery.

What took place between those two men was never known; Cassoulet left the vicinity the next day and was never heard of again, and several weeks later Marcel and Miette were married.

On the wedding day, Marcel repeated his vow never to drink again; and this time he has kept it.—*From the French.*

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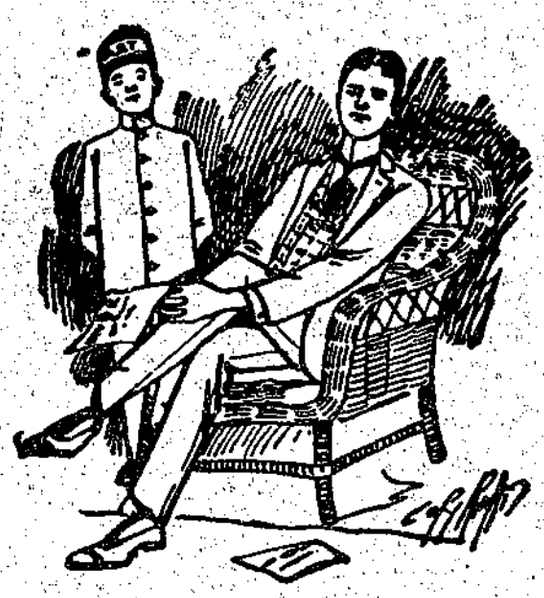

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