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THE NELSON ECONOMIST IS ISSUED EVERY WEDNESDAY. SUBSCRIPTION: \$2.00 PER ANNUM; IF PAID IN ADVANCE, \$1.50. CORRESPONDENCE 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.

SOCIAL conditions in the United States do not appear to be far advanced since the days when they fought duels to avenge some fancied insult. The only difference is that duels were generally regarded as affairs of honor and were always conducted on some well defined rules, which gave each man a chance for his life. In the United States they have somewhat improved on this method. If a man has a dispute with another he turns himself into a traveling arsenal and goes out in search of his enemy, determined to shoot him on sight. The shooting of Meredith by Considine at Seattle the other day was an instance of this. Meredith had threatened to shoot Considine on sight, and carried a gun with which to carry his threat into execution. Considine was aware of Meredith's intentions, and also prepared himself to shoot on sight. Seattle is not a very large place, so it was not miraculous that these two bloodthirsty men should meet within a short space of time from the hour in which the threat was made. When they did meet the trouble began, with the result that one man was killed. The most peculiar thing about the Considine-Meredith duel was that many friends of both men were aware of the threats that had been made, and did not take any steps to prevent the trouble. To many it would seem as if the persons who were aware of the intentions of Considine and Meredith towards each other were to all intents and purposes accomplices in the commission of the crime. In any event, society must be in a wretched state where such things are permissible. Possibly the strict enforcement of the laws would revolutionize this deplorable state of society.

THE following from the Vancouver *World* should interest members of the church of England throughout the diocese of Kootenay: "Reports from Eastern towns have told us of the great progress made by the Methodists and Presbyterians in collecting money for their churches. From Toronto we heard the other day that the million dollar fund has more than been raised, while at the Presbyterian Assembly at Ottawa it was announced that the people of that persuasion has responded liberally to the call for

funds. Now it remains for the Church of England to emulate the Nonconformists. That is to place the new diocese of Kootenay on a good basis at the start off. We are told that the Synod of Kootenay means if possible, to raise its Episcopal endowment fund of \$40,000 in three years, and meanwhile also, if this can be arranged, obtain a sufficient living stipend for a Bishop by means of aid from the Canadian Board of Domestic and Foreign Missions. It was resolved by the Synod that a house to house canvass be made as soon as practicable in every parish and mission of the diocese for the Bishopric Endowment Fund, subscriptions to extend, if needed, over three years. The Executive Committee was further instructed to draw up a memorial to the Canadian Church Board of Domestic and Foreign Missions on the lines of the recommendation laid down in the report subject, however, to their having first secured the approval of the Executive of the Diocese of New Westminster. A resolution was also adopted carrying out the suggestion of the Executive with respect to inquiring into the plan of utilizing the policy of life assurance, such as is successfully worked out in the United States, with a view to adopting this plan towards the endowment of the See."

THERE is a general belief that before another celebration in Nelson the public spirited citizens of the place should form a company for the purpose of making a race track. Horse races are the greatest attraction to outsiders. Besides with a good race track, it would be possible to hold a race meeting every autumn, which would be an additional attraction to tourists who delight in spending a week or two in the mountains during the fall months.

A GREAT howl is going up from the papers throughout the Province against the manner in which government advertising is being distributed. It appears the Government has persistently selected for patronage the papers opposed to it and neglected those publications which have been its consistent supporters. The following from the *Kootenaiian* will perhaps more fully express the situation:

"The *Kootenaiian* has always supported the Turner-Dunsmuir party, not because we discerned in its ranks any heaven inspired statesmen, but because, such as it was, it defended the people from the ascendancy of men whose ascendancy meant a blight and a hoodoo to the Province. It is true that we have occasionally assailed individuals, who are now prominent supporters of the Dunsmuir government. But this should not have been stored up against us, because we did not know that these gentlemen were, or ever would be supporters of any Government having these men at its head. We thought they

were the most bitter opponents of such a regime, and we gathered that impression from their words spoken and printed. We have ordered a few cuts of the Royal Arms and we trust, now that attention has been called to the subject, to see them occasionally displayed in the columns of the *Kootenaiian*."

We believe this is a very narrow view to take of the situation. There is not a paper in this Province that could not with one day's exertion secure twice as much advertising from business houses as it receives from the Government in a year. As regards the present Government neglecting its friends, we suppose it has a right to choose its own company. We rather regard it as an evidence of the government's liberality that two-thirds of the papers in British Columbia enjoying patronage are the most pronounced enemies of the government, and that, with one or two exceptions, the offices have been conferred on those who were, a few months ago, and presumably are still, secretly plotting to overthrow the 'Turner Eberts gang,' as they delighted to call it. A government that can turn its other cheek to the enemy, and at the same time ignore its friends, is entitled to the support of all honest men.

MUNICIPAL ownership is the great question of the day. The principal is endorsed by political economists and statesmen, yet occasionally we run across some one who fails to see in the municipal ownership of utilities the virtues claimed for it by its champions. For instance, a writer in the *London Times* believes that the backwardness in electrical development in England is due to municipal ownership. The *Toronto World* takes exception to this contention, declaring that in the matter of telephone service the British post office department was compelled to go into the business because private ownership had failed. Now the people have a much better and cheaper telephone service. The *World* declares that a grievous mistake was made when the Ontario government gave a private corporation the right to develop electrical power at Niagara Falls. That decision by the government delayed the development for ten years, and when the power is available it will have to pay dividends to several stock-watered corporations. The *World* fears that the effect of the Niagara Falls development will be a consolidation of all the electric and gas interests of Toronto, and that rates will not be determined by cost but by what the people will stand. The *World* also cites the case of Philadelphia. A company was given a charter to build a railway through the principal streets of that city. The necessary legislation had first been secured. Before Mayor Ashbridge had signed the ordinances John Wanamaker offered to pay \$2,500,000 for the franchises that were about to be given away to the gang for nothing, and deposited \$250,000 in bank as a guaranty of good faith. At the same time, he expressed the opinion that the franchises were worth much more, and said that he would prefer to have them put up at public auction. Ashbridge ignored his offer, and signed the ordinances. It is said that

the company received an offer of \$5,000,000 for the franchises stolen from the people of Philadelphia, and that they preferred to keep their plunder. Basing its judgment on this and similar occurrences, the *World* arrives at the following conclusion:

"Private ownership of public franchises is responsible for the bigger part of the corruption that prevails in the legislative and municipal councils. Private ownership is responsible for much of the disgrace that attaches to municipal politics. The schemers and franchise-grabbers are interested in securing immoral and unfaithful representatives in municipal councils and legislatures. Private ownership is the diseased spot in municipal government in Canada and the United States."

COLLINS, whose sentence has just been commuted to imprisonment for life, is something of a philosopher as well as a genius. Since his incarceration in the Nelson gaol he has been the least concerned person in the institution as to his fate. He has amused himself painting pictures and playing on the banjo and guitar. He became popular with all the inmates of that institution, as well as the officers of the gaol. With his paint brush he transferred the guards' room into a perfect palace.

THE *Toronto Saturday Night* has the following with regard to what is likely to be a burning question in Canada before long:

"Newfoundland, though it can be reached in less than half a week from Toronto, and by its situation on the map is naturally a portion of Canada, is but little known either here or elsewhere except as a disturber of the peace. Though it is not a portion of Canada and is a section of the British Empire, it has really disturbed the Dominion less than the great realm of which it is a part. Everyone who has had to do with the diplomacy of Great Britain, from the junior clerks to the most distinguished diplomatist, thinks and speaks of Newfoundland when anything is said about the troubles which annoy the Foreign Office. In every settlement which Great Britain has had to make with France for many years, the French shore difficulty in Newfoundland has cropped up. Every Canadian visitor to a foreign country who has had contact with the British consulates or legations must recall the fact that almost the first question asked by anyone connected with these departments has been with regard to Newfoundland. In Canada the geography and condition of this large island which lies at our door are imperfectly understood, and its trouble with regard to rights which were given the French fishermen on its shores has no interest to the average elector. Probably a half a dozen times in the last twelve or fourteen years I have had occasion to refer to the subject, and the mere mention of Newfoundland has always been caused by some ill-advised outcry for the incorporation, regardless of details, of the island into the Dominion. Recently the matter has been re-opened, and it seems, to me, in a most unfortunate way. The Conservative papers have been occasionally

criticizing Sir Wilfrid Laurier and the Canadian members of the International Commission which has to do with the settlement of troubles between the United States and Canada, for not bringing Newfoundland into the Dominion and "rounding up Confederation." The immediate occasion of these criticisms is the re-opening of the Bond-Blaine treaty affair, which arranged for a reciprocity between the island and the United States to the disadvantage of Canada. Great Britain prevented this treaty becoming operative by a temporary arrangement with the United States, but now the Island is clamoring for the advantages which the treaty might give it. Inconsiderate writers say that an immediate settlement of the matter could be arrived at by an earnest Government, provided Newfoundland would consent, by its admission into Canadian Confederation, to lose its identity. If such writers would only consider that Newfoundland is a diplomatic question which Great Britain has been unable to arrange after something approaching a century, they would not be so anxious to make a cause of disturbance in our politics. Unfortunately for us, the question which for many years has been in dispute concerns France, and we have had enough French questions to make our politics a highly seasoned-dish. Certainly we do not need nor desire another French question, nor are we willing to be placed in the situation of having our interests traded off as they have been in a diplomatic way in the past, in order to settle an old row between the two mother countries concerned. No matter how much damage the ratification of the Bond-Blaine treaty might cause the Maritime Provinces, it would be cheaper to undergo the embarrassment than to undertake the care of an unfortunate and dissatisfied province such as Newfoundland has been and no doubt will be. It is sparsely populated, has extraordinary undeveloped resources, and an aptitude for engaging in political broils such as even the people of Canada could hardly outdo. A political crisis in Newfoundland is a chronic condition. If the French rights on Newfoundland's shores were either properly defined or disposed of, then Canadians could welcome this great Island into the confederation of provinces. Until then we can very well find outlets for our energies in developing what we already possess."

THROUGHOUT the celebration our friends from Rossland were conspicuous by their absence.

THE attendance at the lacrosse match yesterday proves that Canada's national game still maintains its hold on the hearts of the people.

THOSE persons who never tire of urging "economy" as the all-sufficient remedy for poverty (in order that the rich may wax fat off the privations of the poor) should lose no time in promoting the "People's Christian Family" movement which Rev. Dr. Samuel A. Templeton is running in New York and Brooklyn, of which "Sophie," the "Sanctified Scrub

Woman of Manhattan," is a brilliant exemplar. She says that when she had a difficult job of scrubbing or washing to do she called on the Lord to help her and He always responded, and through knowing the Bible by heart she could exist on 15 cents a week, and when suffering from hunger the Bible appeased her appetite. If working people generally were built that way, what surpassing additional opportunities would be open to the landlords, the trusts and the tax-eaters, of securing, in addition to present gains, the difference between 15 cents a week and present current living expenses! Just think of the economy of supplying Bibles, that would cost say 50 cents and securing servants to work for an additional 15 cents!

IF the most popular man in Nelson were left to a vote of the children of Nelson, Charlie Waterman would probably win that distinction. Mr. Waterman devoted his whole time to the amusement of the youngsters, and his competitions were so arranged that every competitor won a prize. All the boys and girls had to do was to run and they got the money.

THE *Lardeau Eagle* holds pronounced views against Englishmen. This is scarcely the way to treat a class of men who have brought millions of dollars into British Columbia, the greater portion of which has been employed in developing the resources of the Province. We hope it may develop that the editor of the *Lardeau Eagle* is not a British subject. Surely a patriotic Canadian would not be guilty of such base ingratitude.

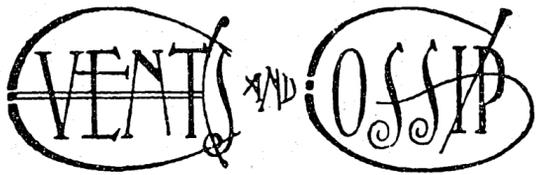
IT must be conceded that the man who selected the weather for the Dominion Day celebration knew just exactly what the people wanted.

THE two daily papers should be congratulated for the lack of acrimony in their editorial columns during the celebration. It may be unnecessary to remark that both papers ceased publication for the day.

THE French Chamber of Deputies will issue regulations to control the speed of automobiles, and henceforth no race will be authorized at a speed exceeding that used in normal traffic.

A MONTREAL dispatch says that Hugh Sutherland, manager of the Dominion Copper Company, had arrived there and stated that a contract had been awarded for the erection of a hundred ton smelter in the Boundary district. The location will be decided upon next week. It must be ready for operation in October. The *Greenwood Times* says the dispatch misquotes Mr. Sutherland since the Dominion Copper company's smelter will have at least 1,000 tons capacity and it would be impossible to have it in operation within the time stated. A meeting of the directors of the Dominion Copper Company will be held shortly in Toronto when the plans of the company will be decided upon.

CAMILLE URSO and her concert company will be at the Nelson Opera House June 9th.



ONE of the acts which stamps a person as underbred or even vulgar is the munching of fruit or confections in public. The uneducated class are never happy unless they are eating, and many people who know better yield to the temptation only too often of burying their teeth in juicy fruit, when the act is disgusting to people who are forced to witness it. The juice from the fruit trickles down upon the clothing and besmears their hands and face. Then a handkerchief is used in lieu of a napkin and finger bowl to aid the reformatory process with the result of leaving the face streaked and making the handkerchief unfit for sight. The whole performance is enough to make the person eternally forfeit the regard of a friend. Is this severe? Not a bit of it.

"I know there are plenty of people of refinement traveling all the time," said a woman to me, "but some way I never meet them when I am travelling. There are always these objectionable people who must eat all the time." Everybody knows this is true. Did you ever get on a train that had been out a few hours on the road that wasn't littered from end to end with orange peeling, peanut shells, apple cores and other disgusting remnants of the feast. Why can't these travelers be made to flock in a car by themselves where they can feast their eyes as well as tickle their palates, and not make other people participate mentally in the affair?

It is nothing but an animal instinct which makes us eat at all, and though we are unfortunately obliged to respect the animal of our nature, we don't need to make it more important than our mind and soul. We don't need to let the servant dictate the order of our lives. This servant must be properly and kindly cared for, if we would get the work from him which we need, and we must do all in our power to refine the servant. But when the servant rules, the house is unfit to live in. How beautifully Lowell speaks of the proper spirit in which to partake of food. He says that the master and servant should sit down to the board together, as in an Arab tent. There should be a good view from the windows for the food of the soul, there should be bright and sparkling conversation for the satisfaction of the intelligence, and there should be light and wholesome food for the body. All this is worded very much better by the great critic and poet, but the substance is the same.

When the table is laid and everything is in keeping with decency and refinement, then is the only proper time to eat. Of course there are times when ceremony is necessarily dispensed with, but dinner is ever so much better when the family takes a little care to dress for it and when there are flowers in the vases.

We have not learned yet as we should that dining may be made ennobling or degrading. In the first place, upon the quality of the food depends the character of many moral acts of the future, and upon the nicety with which we handle our fork often hinges our own self-respect. When dinner is served and all has been done to make it wholesome and pleasing, it is nothing but degrading to gloat over it.

You never can tell whether a man is a gentleman

or not until you have dined with him, and even then, dining alone with him, is not a fair test, as self possession with any person is an easy accomplishment. You may have liked him ever so much, he may even have convinced you that he came of noble lineage, and still when the fatal accessories of knife and fork are given him to demonstrate further his gentle breeding, he is confused, or betrayed by over confidence. What difference does it make whether he eats pastry with a spoon or fork, or whether he smears a piece of bread with butter and breaks off a crescent with his teeth? He is no more a gentleman you know then, than he would be if he dropped his h's or g's. The word nice has been somewhat perverted from its true meaning, but one can easily see how it followed that those who displayed a nice discernment in little things came to be called nice people, which adjective left the impression of pleasantness.

I have time and again pointed out that the stringency of money matters just at present would be very much relieved if those who owe small accounts would pay them, and pay the large ones if possible. But the paying of small ones even would make a great difference in the business of the city, and its favorable effect would be decidedly noticeable. Many think that because money is "close" they should hoard their money, so that they may have the means to meet any little expenses they may incur in the future. This hoarding idea is a wrong one, especially at this time, and every one who has a cent to spare, and is owing accounts, should liquidate them immediately and thus help those who have helped them. There is plenty of money in the country to do business, but it is out of circulation. Banks dare not loan what they have for fear deposits may be called for at any time and find them unprepared; and their hoarding and hoarding by private individuals for want of confidence, is what makes the so-called hard times. In view of these things it is almost imperative that the small creditors put in circulation what they can by paying what they owe.

It very often occurs that young men engaged in the newspaper business boast of their "taughtness," and utter indifference to pay their indebtedness. I heard a young man connected with one of the daily papers remarking that "newspaper men never pay their debts." There is nothing more reprehensible on the part of newspaper writers than the frivolity and self-depreciation they show when referring to their individual responsibility. There is no reason why a newspaper man should not be as honest as other men; nor is there any reason why his credit should not be as good as that of a man in any business with similar income. So far as income goes the average newspaper man to-day is very well paid, in comparison with men in other occupations, for his ability, his services and his independence. I mean by that latter word, that no class of worker has the freedom in his work, the independence from minute control of conduct that the newspaper writer (whether editor or reporter) enjoys. There is a deplorable fashion among newspaper men of poking fun at themselves in print. They are quick enough to resent anything of the sort from a layman, but they themselves encourage it and weaken respect felt for them by continually libeling themselves.

Sir Henry Irving once made the statement that in his opinion Shylock was the only gentleman in *The Merchant of Venice*. Here is a rather striking

elaboration of that view from a New York paper's critique of Nat Goodwin and Maxine Elliott's production of the play: "Dear, lovely and lovable Jessica! who forsakes her friendless, wretched father in the hour of his desolation; who, with a beautiful appreciation of poetic justice and the requirements of the dramatist, reviles him to his enemies, though she has known from him only paternal affection and ceaseless care; sweet, gentle, honest-hearted Jessica, who clears the family vault of ducats and plate in order to pay the honeymoon expenses of her noble Lorenzo and furnish pocket money to his hangers-on! Nice girl, Jessica! And, by the way what a precious crew of maquereaux Shakespeare has drawn in this group of bounders, who, from first to last of the play, are scheming to get hold of women with money! The whole lot of them together couldn't raise in three months the three thousand ducats that Antonio borrowed from Shylock to enable Bassanio to 'make his play' for Portia. And, in the end, they took advantage of a legal quibble to welch the debt. Portia's father, who probably had full knowledge of his child, evidently put so little faith in her wisdom and acumen that he preferred to trust the selection of her husband to chance rather than to her own prudence or fancy. To cite the Trial Scene as evidence of Portia's profound intellectuality is nonsense; the serious part of that achievement was the work of her learned cousin, Bellario; the rest is theatrical trick. In the legal tilt with Shylock she gets the best of the argument simply by the grace of the dramatist; Shakespeare makes her a gift of it; she is not entitled to it by any valid process of reasoning or by any sound system of legal interpretation. Portia is a smart-spoken, vivacious lady, with a pretty tenderness for those who happen to catch her fancy. For the gallant gentlemen who came from far lands, across sea and plain, to make trial of her hand through the hazard of the caskets, she has only sneers and gibes. The mercy and charity of which she prates so prettily she reserves for her particular friends. The penetrative wisdom and consummate intelligence that gushing commentators pretend to find in her idlest sallies of banter and badinage are largely figments of tradition."

Nelson again covered herself with glory in respect of the celebration. While there may be some room for criticism in the matter of conduct of some of the minor details, on the whole it must be confessed that the committee are entitled to a great deal of credit for the generally successful results of their work. Perhaps the most noteworthy feature of the celebration was the illumination of Baker street. Apart from the beauty of this scene, it must be said that the lights gave the street a strictly metropolitan aspect. The water carnival was also a feature that came in for favorable comment. Of course the window decorations also brought forth many expressions of praise from the visitors. Taking it all in all the celebration was a success in every respect, but I cannot help thinking that the committee next year would do well to strike out on new lines in the matter of celebrating Dominion Day, providing a suitable place for horse racing, for instance.

If you were to ask twenty people what one thing of the whole celebration attracted them most, it is quite probable nineteen would say the lacrosse match. In the language of the streets, it was a game for your life, and it came near being a Waterloo for Nelson. The Medicine Hat team played modern lacrosse, and that is the game that usually wins these days. I am not going on record as saying

that the Nelson boys did not play a little bit of lacrosse on their own account, but they were lamentably lax in the matter of passing. Perhaps it was lack of confidence in their own team, but they will be wise if to-day they adopt new tactics and let the ball go the second it touches their sticks. The game this afternoon should be a whirlwind. I was nearly forgetting to say that the game was a draw, four goals for Medicine Hat and four for Nelson.

P. G.

THE CRISIS.

By Winston Churchill, author of "Richard Carvel," Paper, 75c.; Cloth, \$1.25. The Copp, Clark Company, Limited, Publishers, Toronto. For sale by the Canada Drug and Book Co., Limited, Nelson.

When we have read a book which charmed us, and charmed thousands besides us, as did "Richard Carvel," it is with a feeling of hesitation, almost of fear, that we approach a new book by the same author. We dread a disappointment.

But "The Crisis" has come; "The Crisis" has been read, and "The Crisis" has stood the severe test of following a book so marvellously popular as "Richard Carvel."

This new novel strikes us spell-bound. It is wonderful—more perfect than "Richard Carvel." Winston Churchill is a literary aristocrat. In his work we find no sickly melodrama of unlawful loves or morbid scenes, borrowed from tragedy; but throughout, the story is wholesome and sweet. There is a little sadness, a little villainy, but only enough to make the end seem better and happier by the contrast.

Virginia Carvel, the heroine, is a charming girl—not perfect, a bit wilful, a bit faulty; but all the more lovable for that perhaps, because we feel she is not then unattainable. She was tall, graceful and altogether beautiful; and when Stephen Brice (an important figure in the story) first saw her, it was at a slave auction.

She wore a long Talma of crimson cashmere, and her face was in that most seductive of frames, a scoop bonnet of dark green velvet. For a fleeting second her eyes met his, and then her lashes fell. But he was aware, when he had turned away, that she was looking at him again. He grew uneasy. He wondered whether appearance betrayed his purpose, or made a question of his sanity.

"Sanity! Yes, probably he was insane from her point of view. A sudden anger shook him that she should be there calmly watching such a scene.

But she was; for she usually did what she wanted. Virginia—her mother being dead—was idolized by her father, a very excellent gentleman, Colonel Carvel; and she ruled that southern household with an invisible though undeniable sceptre.

Nor was her sway confined to the Carvel house, but followed her as closely as a shadow, wherever she went.

"Bless her pretty face," cried Captain Brent, an old friend of the Colonel. "Here's a long life to Miss Virginia Carvel and may she rule forever!"

And she did rule forever in her own world, all save one. One subject baffled her—a man with a stern face, with features sharply marked, and a most determined chin.

The will to conquer was there. Yet justice was in the mouth, and greatness of heart. Conscience was graven on the broad forehead. The eyes were the blue gray of the flint, kindly, yet imperishable.

He did conquer, after a splendid struggle.

So the Queen—Virginia—took the crown from her head, and with her own hands placed it above the brow of the only man in the world to whom she had to give allegiance.

What Might Have Been.

SATURDAY afternoon, and the great publishing house was almost deserted. In one of the offices a man and a woman were at work—the former busily writing, and the latter reading wearily through a slowly-diminishing pile of MSS.

The woman sighed. The man looked up at her.

"Tired, Miss King?"

"Tired! That does not expressed it, and it does seem that I am accomplishing very little today."

"Can I be of assistance? I am almost through."

"We'll, there is one thing I would like to have you do when you can spare time. I have two stories here on which I would like to have your opinion."

"You think they are good?"

"Yes, but I should like to know whether your judgment agrees with mine. 'This 'Reason and Romance' I think shows decided genius, and this 'For Auld Lang Syne' seems to me to be rather a clever little story, but as it is written by a very dear friend of mine, perhaps I am partial. Will you give me your unbiased opinion?"

He crossed the room and took the MSS. from her hand. A few moments later she closed her desk and put on her hat.

"I am going home," she said, as she paused at the door. "If Mrs. White should come in, would you mind telling her to telephone me from here?"

"It will be a pleasure, Miss King."

When she had gone he laid down his pen, put away his papers in a methodical way, lighted a cigar and settled himself comfortably back in his chair. The first story he took up was "Reason and Romance." It was short, and he read it through quickly.

"Umph! Well, yes, I suppose there is genius in it," he mused, "but it certainly wants cultivation."

He picked up the other, and at first glanced over it somewhat carelessly, then suddenly a few lines brought back his wandering thoughts. He turned the pages to look at the author's name.

"Lillian Watson!" he said, thoughtfully. "Well this is a coincidence!"

He read a few pages further.

"It is surely more than a coincidence, because no one but Bessie could have written this, no matter what the signature. Why, I remember this scene, as if it were yesterday. We were only children then, to be sure, but there are things one never forgets, and she has remembered our very words."

Once more he turned to the sheets in his hand, but soon they were laid on the desk, and he sat with his forehead resting on his palm, and his deep, gray eyes looked wearily back through years.

How vividly the little story brought it all back to him—the two childish playmates of long ago; the scraps they fell into and out together, the boy and girl who were schoolmates and shared each other's sorrows and joys and were loyal comrades; then the realization that this youthful companionship had developed into the passionate love of man and woman, and the deep happiness this awakening had brought to both of them. How well he remembered his ardent wooing and her sweet surrender.

Then the gray eyes grew troubled as he thought of the "little rift within the lute" and the final quarrel and parting brought about a woman's pride and a man's stubbornness.

That was five years ago, but it seemed as if he had just awakened from a long dream. He had tried so hard to forget, and until today almost had convinced himself that he was succeeding, but somehow all the old hopes crowded into his heart and he

realized that they were mastering him in spite of himself.

"I can not forget!" he said. "I must see her again, and win her forgiveness. She can not have forgotten the old days, or she would not have written this."

There came to him a great longing to hear her voice, to feel her hand, soft and cool, on his forehead, as she used to lay it long ago, when he was tired or discouraged and came to her for sympathy.

He was roused from his reverie by the entrance of the office boy, bearing a card.

"Lady for Miss King, sir!"

"Bring her in here," he said, without glancing at the card which the boy laid on his desk. He took it for granted that the lady was Mrs. White.

Was it Fate? Was it Chance? Who knows?

In a moment he heard the office boy return, and he could hear the faint rustle of a woman's skirt.

The shadows had gathered in the office, and the light was somewhat dim. He looked up and saw her, standing there in the doorway, in her simple white dress and blue ribbons, the sweet, girlish face, just a trifle more serious, perhaps, than of old, but otherwise unchanged.

He jumped to his feet and came forward, but his back was to the light, and she did not have a good view of his face.

"Has Miss King gone?" she asked in a low voice, and the old tones thrilled his very soul.

Without answering her question, he held out both hands.

"Bess!"

For a moment the woman's self-possession left her; her lips were colorless, and the roses in her cheeks turned from red to white. That deep, strong voice then had power to move her after five long years. It was only for a moment, however. She recovered, and held out her hand.

"Why Bert," she said, and her voice was almost natural, "this is a pleasant surprise."

Her tone of simple friendliness staggered him, for he had been quick to note the effect his greeting had on her, but she continued:

"When did you come East?"

"Six months ago. But tell me about yourself. Are you living in New York?"

"Oh, no! I am only visiting here. My home is still in Omaha, and I am going back tomorrow. I have been here three whole weeks, and I shall be so glad to get back."

"Is she perfectly indifferent?" he asked himself, "or how can she be so matter-of-fact, after all that has passed between us?"

Once he had held her in his arms, kissed her forehead and her lips, and now he did not dare to even touch her hand. Could he let her go like this?

"Do you know," he commenced, desperately, "I have been thinking of you all afternoon?"

"Of me?" she questioned, in a surprised tone.

"Yes I have been reading your story, and—" He came closer to her, and his gray eyes searched hers in silence. How well she remembered that look—the same look that in the old days had seemed to read her very soul. His eyes told her now, as they did then, all that he would say—much that was otherwise inexpressible, and her face flushed crimson. He had been reading her story into which she had put so much of the long-ago—their long-ago. What had it told him?

"What do you think of it?" she asked, as carelessly as she could. "Harry makes fun of my

writing, and says it is——”

“Harry!” he interrupted, his face paling.

“Yes, my husband. You remember Harry Rogers?”

And then he showed of what he was made. “Yes,” he answered quietly, “but I did not know you were married.”

“Why, I have been married for three years. If you ever come to Omaha, you will come and see us, won't you? Harry would be glad to renew old associations, and I want you to see my little boy. We call him——” The sweet voice trembled and hesitated ever so slightly, and then she went on with a brave little smile: “We call him—Bert!” The last word was said almost in a whisper, and just for one instant her little gloved hand rested on his, and he noticed that her lips trembled. He looked earnestly into the blue eyes.

“I shall try to come some time,” he said gently, as he held her hand for a moment at parting. “Good-by, God bless and keep you—little woman.” The old name slipped from his lips almost unawares.

She smiled and went out in the gathering dusk.

“I have been dreaming,” he said to himself an hour later, as he rose with a shiver, and brushed his hand quickly across his eyes. “I have been dreaming, and this is the awakening. She called her baby Bert. I wonder—in, well, women are queer!” But there was a look of weary longing in the gray eyes, as he mingled with the hurrying crowds on Broadway.

A week later a woman knelt by a tiny cot, and stroked a baby's golden curls. “Bert! Bert!” she whispered. “God bless you, dear, and make you as happy as you deserve.” Something glistened on the baby's cheek. Could it have been a tear? Perhaps she prayed for her boy, and perhaps—yes, women are queer.

A Dead Queen's Coronation.

How strange, after all, is truth! The old proverb has been made emphatic again and again by pages from history, and the ghastly tale of Inez de Castro and her crowning is not the least remarkable.

She was the second wife of the Prince Pedro of Portugal, who fell in love with her rare beauty, and secretly made her his own.

Great joy was theirs, but when the king had news of their marriage, he grew exceedingly angry. Nor did time soften his rage for he feared that his older grand-children might be thrust from the throne by those of Inez de Castro.

But nothing disturbed the love of the young couple until one dark day, when Don Pedro came home from the hunt, he found his wife a bleeding corpse—slain by the creatures of Alphonso, the king.

Bitter was the Prince's pain, and fierce his rage against his father, but the queen mother of the Bishop of Braga kept him from doing violence. A few years later, Alphonso died, and Pedro grasped the sceptre.

Then did his wrath burst out anew, and he caught two of his wife's assassins, and after they received fearful torture, their living hearts were torn from them, their bodies burned, their ashes scattered to the winds.

Then did King Pedro take from the tomb the body of Inez, and he placed it on a magnificent throne. With a crown on her grinning skull and a sceptre in her bony hand, she sat in royal robes to receive the homage of a queen. All the dignitaries of the kingdom came in greatest state to kiss the hem of her gorgeous robe, and she was honored as the

wife of a king.

After that she was borne by twenty black mules to Alcobaca, sixty miles away and the whole court followed in solemn grandeur.

At last she was laid to rest and a superb monument was set up to mark the tomb of the Queen Inez, consort of Pedro, “the Just.”

Once in the great series of political debates between Stephen A. Douglas and Abraham Lincoln in 1858, Douglas sneeringly referred to the fact that he had seen Lincoln as a young man retailing whiskey. “Yes,” replied Lincoln, “it is true that the first time I saw Judge Douglas I was selling whiskey by the drink. I was on the inside of the bar and the judge on the outside. I busy selling, he busy buying. Douglas never again referred to “Abe's” humble beginnings.

When Dr. Cosmo Gordon Lang, the new bishop-suffragan of Stepney, was at Portsea, he had the largest parish in England, and was assisted by no less than twelve curates. It is said that, when dining with Queen Victoria at Osborne, Her Majesty asked if it was true that he had so large a number of helpers, and on being assured that it was so, she asked whether it would not be wise to discharge three curates and marry. But the vicar had evidently turned the matter over in his mind, and replied: “Well, madam, if I disagree with my curates we can part; but if I were to disagree with my wife, it might end in my having to leave my parish.”

Two Yankees in Venice spent their first evening loafing round the lagoons in a gondola—it being moonlight, of course, and all the rest of the sentimental, charming things it is always in Venice. “Here comes a gondola,” stage-whispered one “American” to the other, “that probably contains a pair of lovers. See how absorbed those two dim figures evidently are in each other; the gondolier, other gondola, the moonlight, and the place—to all of it they are oblivious. Oh, what a spot for sentiment; the air is full of it!” And as the two gondolas glided past each other the listeners heard the unmistakable accents of a fellow-countryman: “I'll see your three and raise you five.”

Sir Walter Besant is said to have once settled a disputed cab fare in a novel manner. He drove from Piccadilly to some place in the suburbs outside the radius. On getting down he tendered to the driver three shillings and sixpence, which was a little over the proper fare. The man, however, wanted five shillings. Besant refused.

“I'd like to fight you for it,” said the driver.

“The very thing,” said Besant, who had never in his life put on a boxing glove and was almost as ignorant as Pickwick even of the fighting attitude.

“The very thing! Capital! We'll have the fight in the back garden. My brother will look on, hold the stakes and see fair!”

The cabman got down slowly, as if he did not care about it after all. He followed into the garden, where there was a lovely bit of green turf. Besant placed the five shillings in his friend's hands, took off his coat and waistcoat and rolled up his sleeves—all with an air of cheerful alacrity.

“Now, my friend,” said he, “I am ready as soon as you are.” His anxiety was great, but it decreased as he watched the cabman's face express successfully all the emotions of bounce, surprise, doubt, hesitation and abject cowardice.

“No, no,” he said at last. “Gimme the three and six. I know your tricks, both of you. I've been done this way before.”

Slocan Drill : The Arlington shipped out 40 tons of ore during the week, raising its total to 1765 tons. Two tons was also sent out by the Phoenix. This was in the nature of a test and was divided between the Trail and Nelson smelters. Some time ago it sent a carload to Northport. For the division the shipments amount for the year to 2215 tons.

Last year the exports from this division amounted to 2847 tons, made up from from 10 properties. Following is the list of shipments this year to date :

Arlington.....	1765
Enterprise.....	220
Two Friends.....	40
Black Prince.....	100
Bondholder.....	23
Chapleau.....	15
Speculator.....	10
Phoenix.....	22
V. & M.....	20
	2215

It was reported from London that the Le Roi No. 2 company, working a large group of mines at Rosland, had paid its first dividend of \$144,000. That would be on the basis of five shillings a share*, which is five per cent on the capital. The company is incorporated for £600,000, in £5 shares. The news is announced in the last number of the *Engineering & Mining Journal* of New York. Benard MacDonald, general manager of the company, said: "I had not received news of the dividend, but I have no reason to doubt the truth of the statement. If the *Engineering & Mining Journal* says that the dividend has been declared, it no doubt has information direct from headquarters. The company is ample in shape to have paid a dividend. We have been getting fine ore in the lower levels at a depth of 500 feet. Our best ore has been coming from the Annie, which lies west of the Le Roi. We have been working 135 men, and have been shipping 150 tons of ore a day. It has been of good grade."

The mining situation in the Lardeau this week gives nothing of particular note to record. Assessment and development work is being steadily pushed along; more pack horses are leaving town with supplies than usual, and each day the town is becoming apparently quieter, as the men drift out into the hills to work or prospect. A small strike was made last Saturday in the Union Jack crosscut; work is being pushed along slowly on all the old reliables; a street rumor is in circulation that the Nettie L. has been sold to an old country company at

a big figure, but lacks verification at this writing; a good showing has been found on the Alpine group on Silver Cup hill; Vincent Lade has taken up men to work on the famous Triune: the Lade and Gunn brothers have gone to work on their big gold property, the Lade group; the Metropolitan and Sunset forces are pegging away: A. J. Gordon has commenced his contract on the Comstock group; and dozens and dozens of claim owners are doing assessment and prospect work here and there throughout the camp.—
Lardeau Eagle.

The work of enlarging the Granby smelter is fairly forging ahead and the buildings will be completed within a few weeks.

The Western Copper Company, operating the Grey Hound property, in Deadwood camp, says the *Grand Forks Gazette*, was reorganized at Greenwood this week and arrangements to resume operations on the mine immediately were made.

Crown grants have been issued for the Minnetonka, Red Cap and U. P. mineral claims, located on the North Fork of Murphy Creek.

Notice to Delinquent Co-Owner.

To Ira Petty, or to any person or persons to whom he may have transferred his interest in the Montana mineral claim, situated about three miles north from Creston, and recorded in the Recorder's Office for the Goat River Mining Division of West Kootenay District:

You are hereby notified that we have expended one thousand dollars in labour and improvements in order to hold said mineral claim under the provisions of the Mineral Act, and if within ninety days from the date of this notice you fail or refuse to contribute your proportion of such expenditure together with all cost of advertising, your interest in said claim will become the property of the subscribers, under section 4 of an Act entitled An Act to Amend the Mineral Act, 1900.

Dated this 14th day of May, 1901.
JOHN F. WILSON,
JENNIE E. SPAULDING,
By her attorney in fact,
SAMUEL LOVATT.

15-5-01

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.

In the matter of the Estate of Kenneth Cannell, late of the City of Nelson, Province of British Columbia, stone mason, deceased.

Notice is hereby given, pursuant to the "Trustees and Executors Act" of the Revised Statutes of the Province of British Columbia, 1897, Chapter 187, that all creditors and others having claims against the estate of the said Kenneth Cannell, who died on or about the 18th day of October, 1900, are required, on or before the 1st day of July, 1901, to send by post prepaid or deliver to Messrs Taylor & Hannington, of the City of Nelson aforesaid, Solicitors for Barbara Cannell, the administratrix of the personal estate of the said deceased, their Christian and surnames, addresses and descriptions, the full particulars of their claims, the statement of their accounts and the nature of the securities, if any, held by them.

And further take notice that after such last mentioned date the said administratrix will proceed to distribute the assets of the deceased among the parties entitled thereto, having regard only to the claims which she shall then have notice, and the said administratrix will not be liable for the said assets or any part thereof to any person or persons of whose claims notice shall not have been received by her at the time of such distribution.

Dated the 24th day of April 1901.
TAYLOR & HANNINGTON,
Solicitors for Barbara Cannell, administratrix of Kenneth Cannell, deceased.

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