THE NELSON ECONOMIST

VOL. V. NELSON, B. C., SATURDAY, JUNE 14, 1902. NO. 48

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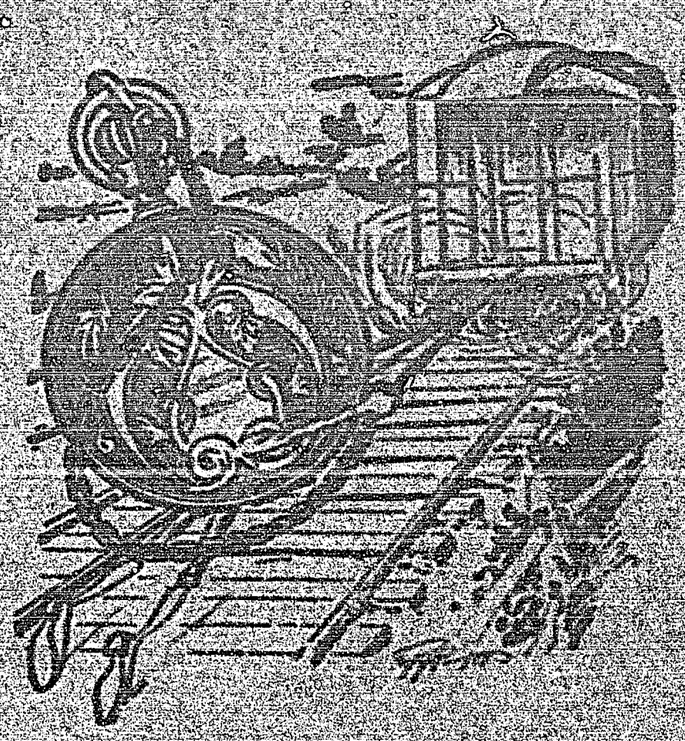

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Notice To Delinquent Co-Owners

To L. F. Murray and Thomas Burns or to any persons or person to whom they may have transferred their interests in the "Elk Chief" Mineral Claim situate about eleven miles up East Side of Wild Horse Creek, and the "Knoxman" Mineral Claim situate about ½ mile east of Wild Horse Creek and twelve miles from Nelson and Fort Shepherd Railways both in the Nelson Mining Division, District of West Kootenay.

You and each of you are hereby notified that I have expended upon the above mentioned mineral claims in order to hold said mineral claims under the provisions of the Mineral Act, and if within ninety days of the date of this notice you fail or refuse to contribute your portion of such expenditure together with all costs of advertising your interest in the said claims will become the property of the subscriber under Section four of an Act entitled "An Act To Amend The Mineral Act, 1900."

H. Greenwood.

Dated this twelfth day of April, 1902.

Notice To Delinquent Co-Owners.

To [illegible] or to any person to whom he may have transferred his interest in the "J. M." and the "Annie Maud" Mineral Claims, situate on the North Fork of Wild Horse Creek in the Nelson Mining Division of West Kootenay.

You are hereby notified that I have expended $100.00 in labour and improvements upon the above mentioned mineral claims under the provisions of the Mineral Act, and if within 90 days from the date of this notice, you fail or refuse to contribute your proportion of such amount, which is now due together with all costs of advertising your interests in the said claims will become the property of the undersigned, under Section 4 of the "Mineral Act Amendment Act 1900."

Dated at Nelson, B. C., this 4th day of April 1902.

D. McARTHUR.

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NELSON ECONOMIST

VOL. V. NELSON, B. C., SATURDAY, JUNE 14, 1902. NO. 48

THE NELSON ECONOMIST IS ISSUED EVERY SATURDAY. 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.

NOW that the war is ended, the British people are beginning to calculate the exact benefits which are to result frem the conquest of the Transvaal Republic. Hitherto the British people have refrained from counting their chickens before they were hatched, but with the termination of the war, plans for the administration of affairs in South Africa are now being freely discussed It is pointed out that the ordinary citizen but dimly realizes the fact that the main result of the Boer war will be the acquisition by Britain of territories that fifty years hence will be acknowledged as among the richest in the world. Lord Milner has ventured a prophesy, which, even if it be half fulfilled, will really startle the world. He believes that twenty-five years from now Johannesberg will be one of the largest cities under the British flag. Lord Milner bases his prophesy on the immense mineral wealth in the neighborhood of that city. As it is more than probable that Lord Milner will play the most important role in this new drama of empire-building, more than ordinary dependence may be placed upon his deliverances. Our two new colonies in South Africa have a joint area of something like one hundred and sixty-seven thousand square miles, and before the war their white population was reckoned at about three hundred and twenty-three thousand. Besides, there is Rhodesia to be taken into account, to say nothing of Cape Colony and Natal, which are not exactly overcrowded. In addition, it must be remembered that a large proportion of the Boer population will be permanently displaced as a result of the war. Consequently there is no doubt as to the amount of room available in South Africa for the surplus population of Great Britain, and the questions remaining to be dealt with are those of the conditions under which these territories will be colonized. An interesting meeting in connection with the Kensington branch of the Women's Liberal Unionist Association discussed these questions quite recently. The Duke of Argyll mentioned that ten thousand acres in the Transvaal had been placed at his disposal, and stated that he had already communicated with Dr. Barnardo, whose "waifs and strays" have hitherto been settled in Canada. Dr. Sauer spoke of the need of five thousand families, and Mr. Arnold-Foster dwelt upon the advantages the British people will enjoy in the new possessions of the Empire. The climate is excellent, and while the mineral development must always contain the element of a gamble, there are practically unlimited opportunities in the way of pasture and agriculture. Much will have to be set right as regards sanitation and the like, and the various unhealthy and immoral habits of the Boer must yield before a cleaner and purer British administration. But employment of all sorts at good wages ought to be available soon, and private enterprise under State supervision should speedily transform the face of these wasted lands and afford a happy subsistence to the large numbers of the surplus British population.

SINCE the restoration of the tram service, the cars have been well patronized. The citizens are well disposed towards the tram company, and rejoice that it has been enabled to resume operations. Concealed somewhere around the person of every citizen there is more or less civic pride, and it gratifies his vanity to be able to inform "the stranger within our gates" that we have in our city all the modern conveniences, including an up-to-date electric railway.

PREMIER DUNSMUIR evaded the farewell requests of certain of his followers by secretly taking his departure in one of his own boats, instead of getting out on schedule time.

THERE should be no longer any misgivings as to the success of the Coronation festivities. For some time it was feared that Premier Dunsmuir would be unable to reach London in time to lend his picturesque presence to the gorgeous pageant, but that unhappy possibility has bee finally disposed of by the great statesman himself making the necessary "proper arrangements" to permit his departure. No doubt this information will be quite as gratifying to King Edward as to the people of the Province which Jamie rules. It should be pleasing also to the Colonial Premiers who were so desirous of acquainting themselves with the method by which Premier Dunsmuir was enabled to resurrect a defunct Government and galvanize it into life These means may not be within the reach of the other Premiers, but that may be set down as their misfortune, rather than the inefficacy of the method. Mr. R. E. Gosnell, the historian of British Columbia, accompanies the Pre-

mier, and, it is understood, will write a book with the somewhat significant title: "People Who Met James and Crowned Heads He Snubbed." The receipts from this book will be devoted towards building a court-house in Nelson, all of which, if true, will be pleasing intelligence.

CAPT. MORRISON, editor of the Ottawa *Citizen*, has left for the Coronation. It is Captain Morrison's intention to attend the sessions of the Colonial conference, and there study the doings of a congress that is bound to have a great influence on the future of the Empire. He will give his impressions of that body in a series of letters to his paper.

THE more the methods by which Ross carried Ontario are investigated the more it becomes apparent that the Premier was not indissolubly wedded to his prohibition idol. At one polling place in East Nipissing there was a keg of whiskey in charge of one of the Government candidates' supporters. Whiskey and money are said to have done the work and won a brief victory in that constituency.

WE have received a communication from a gentleman in the old country soliciting information as to the best mining investment in British Columbia. We know of several very promising properties, but as to the best we would not like to venture an offhand opinion.

ANOTHER American heiress has paid the penalty of a marriage with a European nobleman. This time it is the Prince of Monaco who has discarded his American wife, a daughter of Michael Heine, the New Orleans banker.

ALL we want in this Province now is a volcano to fill our cup of sorrow to the brim.

THERE is some question to the real leader of the Government in the absence of Premier Dunsmuir. Some insist that it is Joseph Martin, while just as many pin their faith to the statesmanlike genius of Rod Tolmie.

WHEN Premier Dunsmuir starts into address the House next year with the words: "Me and Salisbury," etc., etc., we can just imagine the look of triumph that will illumine the physiognomy of the erudite and far-seeing member for Nelson district.

THE Ymir *Mirror* has hit upon a new plan to add to its already large circulation. It is offering as an inducement to new subscribers a cabinet-sized picture of the staff of that paper. It is gathered from the picture that the *Mirror* has about as large a staff as the New York *World*. Amongst others, we recognize a life-like presentment of its genial managing editor, Mr. C. Dell-Smith, also that of Billy Armstrong, the sporting editor. The *Mirror* is to be congratulated on this renewed manifestation of journalistic enterprise, and that the editor will reap a compensating harvest is the sincere hope of his many friends in Nelson.

MISS HALE, the female candidate, got 81 votes in North Toronto. She also got a chance to tell her opponents just what she thought of them.

WE have peace in South Africa, but Dick McBride still continues to discharge his pom-pom guns in the ranks of the Government's increasing majority.

AS SUNG BY PREMIER DUNSMUIR.

See-saw, see-saw, now I'm up, then down;
See-saw, see-saw, now I'm off to London town.

LORD CHAMBERLAIN.—Your Majesty, a breezy looking gentleman, with pistols and bowie-knife, and who calls himself Jim Dunsmuir, demands admittance to your royal presence.

KING EDWARD.—For the Lord's sake, send for Lord Kitchener at once and have the man surrounded.

ONE of the Victoria papers prints a picture of Bob Green. We hope Bob is not as black as he's painted.

DUET BY THE MEMBER FOR NELSON DISTRICT AND JAMIE DUNSMUIR.

Johnny—When ye gang awa', Jamie,
Far across the sea, laddie,
When ye gang to London town,
What will ye send to me, Jamie?

Jamie—I'll send you a marble heart, Johnny,
The finest in the London mart, laddie,
For you to wear, how you will swear
When you get that marble heart, Johnny.

THE *News* is now printed in the old *Tribune* office, a thing never dreamt of in the philosophy of the manager of the latter paper.

WHATEVER may be discussed at the Imperial conference, of one thing we may all feel assured, and that is the voice of British Columbia's Premier will rent fissures in the heavens demanding the exclusion of his lifelong enemy, the "heathen Chinee."

SIR CHARLES TUPPER, BART., who is now in London, naturally takes a deep interest in the forthcoming Imperial conference. During the course of an interview last week, Sir Charles said he had never been an advocate of any hard-and-fast scheme of Imperial defence in the past and he saw no reason now to change his views. The colonies might always be depended upon to come to the support of the British Government and British arms whenever aid was necessary. While saying this, however, he considered it quite practicable to give greater prominence and form to the defence of the Empire in connection

with a reciprocal trade arrangement. Both parties in Canada were united on this matter. Sir Charles has no doubt that at the coming conference colonial produce will be exempted from the corn and flour taxes. If this is done, there will be an inrush of thousands of agricultural settlers into Manitoba and the Northwest Territories, and at an early date, under such preferential trade arrangements, Canada could supply Great Britain with the whole of the breadstuffs she required from abroad. Questioned as to the possibility of the colonies being represented in the Imperial Parliament, Sir Charles said many proposals had been from time to time put forward by public men in England, Canada, Australia and South Africa, but on examination all the schemes were found to be absolutely impracticable.

With a black rule border as a distinguishing mark, one might readily tell what paragraphs in the Victoria *Colonist* were intended to be funeral notes and those printed for the purpose of creating a hearty laugh.

It is now said that Col. Prior made the worst kind of a mistake when he championed the cause of the Dunsmuir Government in the recent Victoria election.

ONTARIO has been gerrymandered by the Liberals so that it has gone Liberal in the Provincial elections, but the Dunsmuir Goverment, even if it tried, could never gerrymander British Columbia so that it would go Dunsmuir.

THE greater portion of the supply of Union Jacks for the Coronation have been imported from Germany, and some of the British loyalists profess to be annoyed about it. It does seem strange that Great Britain for her emblem has to go to Germany.

IMPERIAL unity took a great stride forward when Canadians proved the metal they were made of at Paardeberg.

SOMEONE has invented air pastiles, which contain the purest and best air to be had in the most favored localities. All you have to do now when you want a change of air is to send round to the grocer or chemist for a few pastiles and break them in your dining-room. After a few breaths you feel as much refreshed as though you had spent a fortnight at the seaside. This should obviate the annual trip of the editor of the New Denver *Ledge* to the orange groves of California.

RICE, the surviving member of the gang of burglars who came to Toronto to murder and pillage, will suffer death on the scaffold. In sentencing him, the judge warned him not to look for clemency, but the condemned man gave no sign that he cared for the fate that awaited him. As a matter of fact, while the sentence was being pronounced upon him, Rice was the least concerned man in the court-room. He is a man of far more than average education, but he preferred to live the life of a desperado, rather than that of the good citizen, for which his splendid ability fitted him. It is strange that education with some men should be only regarded as a qualification to better fit them to prey upon society.

WE read a great deal about the rush of settlers to Alberta, but very little is said or written concerning the large number of Aloerta farmers who are hunting up locations in British Columbia. They want climate as well as land.

NELSON can boast of having the biggest and best retail stores in British Columbia. In dry goods there is Fred Irvine & Co., in jewellery the strictly up-to-date establishment of Jacob Dover, in groceries Wm. Hunter & Co., in books, drugs, etc., the Canada Drug & Book Co. and F. W. Teetzel & Co., and in clothing Jas.. A. Gilker & Co., besides a dozen or so in other lines, all with stocks equal if not superior to any in the Province.

THE Progressive Party men are holding meetings throughout the Province for organization purposes. They evidently intend to give the Conservatives and Liberals a good run for their money.

THERE will be an appeal against Judge Wilkinson in the Lennox recount. Exception is taken to eight of the ballots allowed. One of these, it is said, was marked with a circle, and another with a cross and a circle around it.

IT is announced that the Boers are cheerfully accepting the situation. It is not shown how the Boers could philosophically do anything else under the circumstances.

LORD KELVIN estimates the age of the earth at 24,000,000 years. This effectually disposes of the theory that Adam and Eve were among the first families.

THE *Daily News* is to be congratulated on its marked improvement, both in its mechanical and news features.

WHEN Col. Arthur Lynch made up his mind to participate in the coronation festivities, he should not have overlooked the fact that the Government, even in its happiest mood, is prepared to extend the hospitality of the King's prisons to rebels.

JUST why King Edward undertook a rehearsal of the Coronation ceremonies previous to the arrival of Premier Dunsmuir is not apparent, and, to say the least of it, demands an immediate explanation.

VENT AND GOSSIP

PARIS is again coming into prominence as the center of suicidal mania. So many suicides and so many crimes are at present startling the French metropolis that sociologists are looking for the cause, and believe that they have found it in the gloomy dramatic productions which Brieux and his followers have managed to keep on the boards of the theatres. Suicide and crime are the whole theme of their obnoxious school of playrights who never seem to be inspired by a noble thought or a healthful sentiment. Public opinion has been slowly aroused to the pernicious influence of Brieux's plays, and the other night during the course of the production of his newest piece, "Petite Amie," at the Comedie Francais—in which the hero, instead of going to work to support the woman he loves, flings himself into the river with her, because her father refuses to support them—a man got up and loudly denounced the play as immoral and refused to be quieted until he was arrested. This morbid set of writers has captured certain theatres and the youth of France is growing more and more vicious in consequence. Every young person now thinks he has a right to commit suicide when anything goes wrong, while to kill anyone who stands in the way is beginning to be a sort of creed. A prominent American critic has just written to the French press that he considers the type of play now in vogue in Paris so low in standard that if taken across the frontier in any direction it would be hissed, and wisely suggests that a new element be introduced among playwriters.

The announcement, if true, that Lord Roberts will retire as Commander-in-Chief of the forces after the coronation ceremonies, will not increase confidence in the efficacy of the British army. Rather will it have an exactly opposite effect. It will also create the impression that the British people are about as unstable in the worship of their idols as the Paris mob. Lord Roberts, suffering with the pangs of appalling domestic bereavement, broke the backbone of the uprising in the Transvaal, and no matter who may claim credit for the last chapter in the history of the war, it was Lord Roberts who wrote success to British arms. But he did even more than this. He discovered the weak points in the British army and prepared an elaborate scheme to strengthen and make whole the weak links in the chain. For this he deserved every honor that could be bestowed upon him. Undoubtedly the British people regarded his services at their true value, for he was constituted Commander-in-Chief of the forces. Now, it is said, that since his return from South Africa, eighteen months ago, Lord Roberts' tenure of office has been an unhappy and thankless task throughout. None of his wishes in the matter of military policy has been complied with, and excepting for his immediate staff of subordinates, he has not succeeded either in placing his men in important executive posts or in removing the Generals who opposed his administration. His committees scheme of reform of military education amounts to his last official act and fall as lifeless as his previous efforts. It is further suggested that Lord Roberts' successor will be the Duke of Connaught, which will be accepted as due notice that brains will not be regarded as an essential qualification for promotion in the army.

The Clara Mathes company will commence a week's engagement at the Nelson Opera House on the evening of June 23rd. The company has been reorganized since it was here last, and is now well up in a repertoire of modern plays.

The lacrosse match between the Conservatives and the Liberals at the recreation grounds last Saturday did not turn out as the Conservatives hoped and thought it would. It is alleged on seemingly incontrovertible testimony that the Liberals indulged in their time-honored practice of ringing-in, and instead of playing the team first accepted, several young men were induced to personate at the last hour. Be that as it may, the Liberals developed unexpected strength as the game progressed, and fought with the determination of men who are ever in the race for the spoils of office. Besides, it became manifest during the early stages of the match that there were a few old-time players in the game. This was notably the case as regards Ed. Ferguson, who played the game in a manner to entitle him to a place on the Westminster team. There was little of the rancor usual in political contests, and the Conservatives, when the match was over, admitted that they had been done to a hard-boiled finish. As a result of the match, the Fernie relief fund was increased by the amount of $104.

There is some dissatisfaction among Nelson merchants over the proposal to observe Coronation Day as a public holiday, and without yielding to any man in my loyalty to the King and British institutions, I must say that I agree with those who are of the opinion that this public holiday business is becoming just a trifle monotonous. No one will contend that a certain amount of recreation is not a good thing in its proper time and place, but why business men should be upon called to violate their obligations to their customers and creditors simply because the King has selected a certain day to have a crown placed upon his head, is a little beyond my comprehension. It would be just as reasonable to ask the good citizens of London town to close up their places of business every first of July, and celebrate that event sacred and dear to the heart of every true Canadian—the anniversary of our national birth. I do not go so far as to say that we should not mark the occasion with any ostentation at all, but I rather surmise that when His Majesty beholds James Dunsmuir with a three-cocked hat he will be

...British Columbia has contributed more ... to the picturesqueness of the Corona... Apart from this, let us all make up ... make a success of the smoking concert ... proposed to hold in Nelson on the even... Coronation Day.

...Nelson man revels in the prospect of ... Already there is some discussion as to ... candidates for mayor next year. The ... Jacob Dover, Hugh Cameron and Fred ... most frequently mentioned in this con... but it is understood that in the event of Mr. ... ring for the exalted office, Messrs. Cameron ... would immediately withdraw and ac... at the council board as aldermen. Of ... that is providing" Mr. Dover commits him... certain extent" to a strictly up-to-date pol... is always "in order." Under the new ar... it is hinted that Jim Neelands is pulling ... made collector of the dog tax (vice Bill ... resigned, retaining rank,) an appointment. ... no confidence in admitting, that would ... with the emphatic approbation of the vast ma... of our citizens.

The Conservatives of Kingston decorated the grave ... John A. Macdonald on the occasion of the an... ary of his death. A son of Kingston, it was ... that his friends should remember the illus... deceased statesman and bow their heads in ... around his grave.

"Nell Gwynne" has been selected as the opening ... for the Clara Mathes engagement.

Much regret is expressed at the mishap to Mr. J. ... Campbell at Phoenix yesterday. It is hoped that ... accident may not prove serious.

Moral delinquents are hereby notified that in fu... ture the police court will be held in the city hall building.

What constitutes an honest man? This question was discussed at length the other day by the Baker Street Debating Society. It was contended by one member that only honest men should be supported for positions of emolument and trust, while another member expressed the belief that it is beyond the limit of human ingenuity to positively locate an honest man. The argument became somewhat heated, and in order that the public may have the benefit of the discussion, I herewith give a few of the points advanced in support of the latter contention. It was maintained, and I am bound to admit with a certain degree of reason, that the great majority of men are honestly inclined up to a certain point, but as the object to be obtained enhances in value, the percentage of honest men proportionatoly diminishes. In other words, some men are more honestly inclined than others, but the great majority of men resort to dishonest practices, when the object to be obtained sufficiently gratifies their selfish instincts. Selfishness, in nearly every instance, is the primary cause of dishonesty, but it often happens that men who are without an atom of selfishness in their composition are great rogues. In their case it may be either hereditary dishonesty or indolence. It is not always lust for material gain that arouses the latent dishonest spark in man; the gluttonous desire for official preferment and advancement is quite as likely to turn a comparatively speaking honest man from the narrow path of rectitude as the thirst for gold. By the way, how many men can truthfully say to themselves: "I am an absolutely honest man." Perhaps the law does more to keep men honest than does the inward monitor; but there is even often occasion to question the motives of the men who make laws for the preservation of society and the well-being of the community. As one of the debaters sententiously remarked—"that is providing to a certain extent."

The Watkin-Mills concert, given at the Nelson Opera House Thursday evening, under the auspices of the Ladies' Aid of the Methodist Church, was an artistic and financial success. Mr. Mills has a magnificent voice, and his selections were so pleasing and so well rendered that repeated encores had to be responded to. Mr. Eduard Parlovitz is a pianist of unusual ability. Mr. Owen Smily's sketches were very amusing and much appreciated by the audience. Altogether this was the most delightful entertainment of the kind ever presented in the Nelson Opera House.

Billy Thurman has moved into a house-boat across the lake, and will spend the summer in training his voice in anticipation of an engagement in grand opera next season.

Blanche Warren, who was recently asphyxiated by escaping gas in San Francisco, was a former resident of Victoria, where she had a large circle of friends who will regret her untimely death.

The House spent the week in wrangling over a lot of railway bills. There will be no adjournment for a week or two.

The bottle seldom does one harm
Till he takes out the cork;
The tongue to evil never runs
Till one begins to talk.

The copper property in which H. B. Thomson, Percy Criddle and Rod Tolmie are interested is said to be one of the richest mining properties yet discovered in British Columbia. There will be no difficulty in enlisting the necessary capital to carry on the work.

A Highwayman's Juliet.

THE house in question was what Peter the Scholar (who corrects my proof sheets) call one of the rusinurby sort—the front facing a street and the back looking over a turfed garden, with a lime tree or two, a laburnum, and a lawn tennis court marked out, its white lines plain to see in the starlight. At the end of the garden a door, painted dark green, led into a narrow lane between high walls, where, if two persons met, one had to turn sideways to let the other pass. The entrance to this lane was cut in two by a wooden post about the height of your hip, and just beyond this, in the highroad, George was waiting for us with the dogcart.

We had picked the usual time—the dinner hour. It had just turned dark, and the church clock, two streets away, was chiming the quarter after 8 when Peter and I let ourselves in by the green door I spoke of and felt along the wall for the gardener's ladder that we knew was hanging there. A simpler job there never was. The bedroom window on the first floor stood right open to the night air, and inside was a faint candlelight flickering, just as a careless maid will leave it after her mistress has gone down to dinner. To be sure there was a chance of her coming back to put it out, but we could hear her voice going in the servant's hall as we lifted the ladder and rested it against the sill.

"She's good for half an hour yet," Peter whispered, holding the ladder while I began to climb; "but if I hear her voice stop I'll give the signal to be cautious."

I went up softly, pushed my head gently above the level of the sill and looked in.

It was a roomy place, with a great half tester bed, hung with curtains, standing out from the wall on my right. The curtains were of chintz, a dark background, with flaming red poppies sprawling over it, and the farther curtain hid the dressing table and the candles upon it and the jewel case that I confidently hoped to stand upon it also. A bright Brussels carpet covered the floor, and the wall paper, I remember—though, for the life of me, I can not tell why—was a pale gray ground, worked up to imitate watered silk, with springs of gilt honeysuckle upon it.

I looked around and listened for half a minute. The house was still as death up here—not a sound in the room or in the passages beyond. With a nod to Peter to hold the ladder firm I lifted one leg over the sill, then the other, dropped my feet carefully upon the thick carpet and went quickly around the bed to the dressing table.

But at the corner, and as soon as ever I saw around the chintz curtain, my knees gave way, and I put out a hand toward the bedpost.

Before the dressing table, and in front of the big glass in which she could see my white face, was an old lady seated.

She wore a blaze of jewels and a low gown, out of which rose the scraggiest neck and shoulders I have looked on. Her hair was thick with black dye and fastened with a diamond star. Between the two candles the powder showed on her cheek bones like flour on a miller's coat. Chin on hand she was gazing steadily in the mirror before her, and, even in my fright, I had time to note that a glass of sherry and a plate of rice and curry stood at her elbow among the rouge pots and powder puffs.

While I stood stock still and pretty well scared out of my wits she rose, still staring at my image in the glass, folded her hands modestly over her bosom and spoke in a deep tragical voice:

"The prince!"

Then facing sharply around, she held out her thin arms.

"You have come at last?"

There was not much to say to this except that I had. So I confessed it. Even with the candles behind her I could see her eyes glowing like a dog's, and an uglier poor creature this world could scarcely show.

"Is the ladder set against the window?"

"Since you seem to know, ma'am," said I, "it is."

"Ah, Romeo! Your cheeks are ruddy—your poppies are too red."

"Then I'm glad my color's come back; for, to tell the truth, you did give me a turn just at first. You were looking out for me no doubt"—

"My prince!" She stretched out her arms again, and, being pretty well at my wits' end, I let her embrace me. "It has been so long," she said—"oh, the weary while! And they ill treat me. Where have you been all this tedious time?"

I was not going to answer that, you may be sure. By this time I had recovered myself sufficiently to guess what was near the truth. This was a mad aunt of the family below, and that the game was in my hands if I played with decent care. So I met her question with another.

"Look here," I said, "I'm running a considerable risk in braving these persecutors of your'n. Hadn't we better elope at once?"

"I am ready."

"And the jewels? You won't leave them to your enemies, I suppose."

She turned to the dressing table, lifted her jewel case and put it into my hands.

"I am ready," she repeated. "Let us be quick and stealthy as death."

She followed me to the window and, looking out, drew back.

"What horrible, black depths!"

"It's as easy," said I, "as pie. You could do it on your head. Look here!" I climbed out first and helped her, setting her feet on the rungs. We went down in silence, I choking all the way at the sight of Peter below, who was looking with his mouth open and his lips too weak to meet the curses and wonderment that rose up from the depths of him. When I touched turf and handed him the

...ulders, he took it like a man in ...ance.

...ll put the ladder back in its ...ce and stole over the turf to- ...ther. But outside the garden ...or Peter could stand no more of

"I've a firearm in my pocket," ...spered he, pulling up, "and I'm going to fire it off to relieve my ...elings if you don't explain here ...d now. Who, in pity's name, ...s she?"

"You mug! She's the original Sleeping Beauty. I'm eloping with her, and you've got her jewels."

"Pardon me, Jem," he says in his gentlemanly way, "if I don't ...ee see. Are you taking her off ...o melt her or to marry her? For ...ow to get rid of her else"—

The poor old creature had halted, ...ve paces ahead of us and ...aited while we whispered, with the moonlight that slanted down into the lane whitening her bare ...eck and flashing on her jewels.

"One moment," I said and stepped forward to her; "you had better take off those ornaments here, my dear, and give them to my servant to take care of. There's a carriage waiting for us at the ...nd of the lane, and when he has stowed them under the seat we can climb in and drive off"

"To the end of the world—to the very rim of it, my hero."

She pulled the gems from her ...ars, hair and bosom and handed them to Peter, who received them with a bow. Next she searched in her pocket and drew out a tiny key. Peter unlocked the case, and, having stowed the diamonds inside, locked it again, handed back the key, touched his hat and walked off toward the dogcart.

"My dearest lady," I began, as ...con as we were alone between the high walls, "if the devotion of a life"—

Her bare arm crept into mine. "There is but a little time left for us in which to be happy. Year after year I have marked off the almanac; day by day I have watched the dial. I saw my sisters married, and my sisters' daughters, and still I waited. Each had a man to love her and tend her, but none had such a man as I would have chosen. They were none like you, my prince."

"No, I dare say not."

"Oh, but my heart is not so cold. Take my hand—it is firm and strong; touch my lips—they are burning"—

A low whistle sounded at the top of the lane. As I took her hands I pushed her back, and, turning, ran for my life I suppose that as I ran I counted forty before her scream came, and then the sound of her feet pattering after me.

She must have run like a demon, for I was less than ten yards ahead when Peter caught my wrist and pulled me up to the back seat of the dogcart. And before George could set the horse going her hand clutched at the flap on which my feet rested. It missed its grasp and she never got near enough again But for half a minute I looked into that horrible face following us and working with silent rage, and for half a mile at least I heard the patter of her feet in the darkness behind. Indeed, I can hear it now.—*Arthur T. Quiller-Couch.*

"Speaking of boastfulness born of pride in home," says Hamilton W. Mabie, "I was once in a smoking compartment with a man from New York, another from Chicago, and another from New Jersey. The New Yorker was boasting of the Empire State Express, which he said went so fast that the telegraph poles slipped past seemingly as close together as the teeth in a fine comb. 'That's nothing,' said the man from Chicago. 'There is a train from my city to Milwaukee. Nothing like it. I started to cross a bridge on the road and heard the train coming. Having great presence of mind, I made a leap in the air and the train was gone when came I down.' 'That's a fast train,' said the New Jersey citizen. 'The Jersey Central flier is equally fast, but makes better time, because it starts fasts. My wife was on the platform to bid me good-by in Jersey City. I opened the window to kiss her, and by the good name of the land of mosquitoes I kissed a strange woman standing on the platform at Newark.'"

SHORT STORIES

In order to show the feeling of insecurity of the Czar of all the Russias amongst his subjects, Prince Bismarck related the following anecdote of the Emperor Nicholas. The court physician had prescribed massage for some ailment of the Czar, who, however, was unable to find a single person in his entourage to whom he cared to entrust the task. At his wit's end, he at last applied to Frederick William IV. for a few non-commissioned officers of the Prussian Guard; these were sent, and returned to Berlin after the completion of the rubbing "cure" heavily laden with presents. "So long as I can look my Russians in the face everything is well," Nicholas is reported to have said, "but I will not risk letting them work away at my back."

J. Pierpont Morgan is the hero of an anecdote repeated at a recent meeting in the headquarters of the Steel Trust, and if not apocryphal, illustrates a bent of humor hitherto unsuspected in the banker. While in London he visited the Bank of England with a large currency note for which he wished to obtain gold. The teller examined the note and handed it back. "You have not endorsed it," he said, glad of an opportunity to occupy an attitude. "Is this not payable on demand?" asked Mr. Morgan, simulating surprise. "Yes, if endorsed"—haughtily. The magnate frowned, "I am very careful whose notes I endorse," said he, with mock severity. "Do you challenge the Bank of England?" gasped the clerk, gazing at the visitor as upon a blasphemer. "If you are solvent, why do you want my name on your paper?" The glare of suspicion which accompanied the words was too much for the clerk; he stared speechlessly. "Very well," continued the magnate with vigor. "We will let it ge to protest." The petrified clerk looked mad about it, but could offer nothing in reply except a mumbled and ridiculous assurance that the bank was not in distress. Then Mr. Morgan smiled and endorsed the note.

Daniel O'Connell, the Irish agitator, once complained in the house of commons of a report of a speech in a London newspaper which, he said, put into his mouth opinions he had never expressed. He vowed that if the editor did not apologize he would move that he be brought to the bar for a breach of privilege.

Next day the reporter of the speech waited upon O'Connell and gave a most remarkable explanation. He stated that during his walk from the house to his office in Fleet street the rain streamed into his pockets and obliterated the notes of his speech.

"I accept the explanation," said O'Connell, good humoredly, "but let me say that it must have been an extraordinary shower of rain, for it not only washed out of your notebook the speech I delivered, but washed in another of an entirely different character."

A clever answer in court was that given to the late Chief Justice Coleridge of England years ago, when he was defending a lady who had become a Sister of Mercy and was expelled from the convent for refusing to obey the rules. She had brought an action for expulsion and libel. In the course of the trial Coleridge assumed that breaches of discipline are trivial, contemptible, and should never be noticed. "What has Miss Sawin done?" he asked Mrs. Kennedy, a mistress of novices. "Well," said the lady, "she has, for example, eaten strawberries." "Eaten strawberries? What harm is there in that?" "It was forbidden, sir," said Mrs. Kennedy. "But, Mrs. Kennedy, what trouble was likely to come from eating strawberries?" "Well, sir," said Mrs. Kennedy, "you might as well ask what trouble was likely to come from eating an apple; and yet we know what trouble did come from it."

Medals are being distributed to some 500 members of the North-west Mounted Police, who were in the west at the time of the Riel rebellion.

Western members of the coronation corps were given a warm welcome at Montreal.

There is to be an improved international ferry service between Fort Erie and Buffalo.

Customs revenue for May for the Dominion totalled $2,776,990, an increase of $350,475 over May last year.

MORTGAGE SALE.

Under and by virtue of the powers contained in a certain mortgage, which will be produced at the time of the sale, there will be offered for sale by public auction by Newling & Company, auctioneers, at their office on Kootenay street, at Nelson, B. C., on Thursday, the 26th day of June, 1902, at the hour of eleven o'clock in the forenoon, the following property: All and singular that certain parcel or tract of land and premises, situate, lying and being in the City of Nelson, and being composed of Lot six (6), Block eighteen (18), subdivision of lot ninety-five (95), Group one (1), West Kootenay District of British Columbia.

On the property is a six-room dwelling-house with other improvements.

For terms and conditions of sale, apply to the auctioneers.

DOMINION PERMANENT LOAN COMPANY,
Mortgagees.

Dated June 12th, 1902.

"Companies' Act, 1897," and Amending Acts.

Notice is hereby given that Samuel S. Fowler, Gentleman, of Nelson, B. C., has been appointed the attorney for the "Yuair Gold Mines, Limited", and "The Enterprise (British Columbia) Mines, Limited," in place of the late James R. Robertson, and also attorney for "The Whitewater Mines, Limited", in place of George Alexander of Kaslo, B. C.

Notice is also given that the said Samuel S. Fowler and John Fraser, of Nelson, B. C., have been appointed attorneys for "The London and British Columbia Gold Fields, Limited", in place of James R. Robertson.

Dated this 8th day of April, 1902.

S. Y. WOOTTON,
Registrar of Joint Stock Companies.

CERTIFICATE OF IMPROVEMENTS.

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

Where located: On Toad Mountain, about half a mile west of the Silver King Mine.

Take notice that I, John McLatchie, of the City of Nelson, acting as agent for Percy Chapman, Free Miner's Certificate No. B 50,515, Duncan McArthur, Free Miner's Certificate, No. B 50,312, Ignatius G. Nelson, Free Miner's Certificate No. B 50,961, and Colbourne D. Jarvis, Free Miner's Certificate No. B 49,955, 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 17th day of May, A. D. 1902.

JOHN MCLATCHIE, P. L. S.

CERTIFICATE OF IMPROVEMENTS.

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

Where located: on Toad Mountain, about half a mile west of the Silver King Mine.

Take notice that I, John McLatchie, of the City of Nelson, acting as agent for A. Macdonald, Free Miner's Certificate No. B 50,813, 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 17th day of May, A. D. 1902.

JOHN MCLATCHIE, P.L.S.

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