THE NELSON ECONOMIST.

NELSON, B. C., SATURDAY, JUNE 7, 1902

VOL. V. NO. 47

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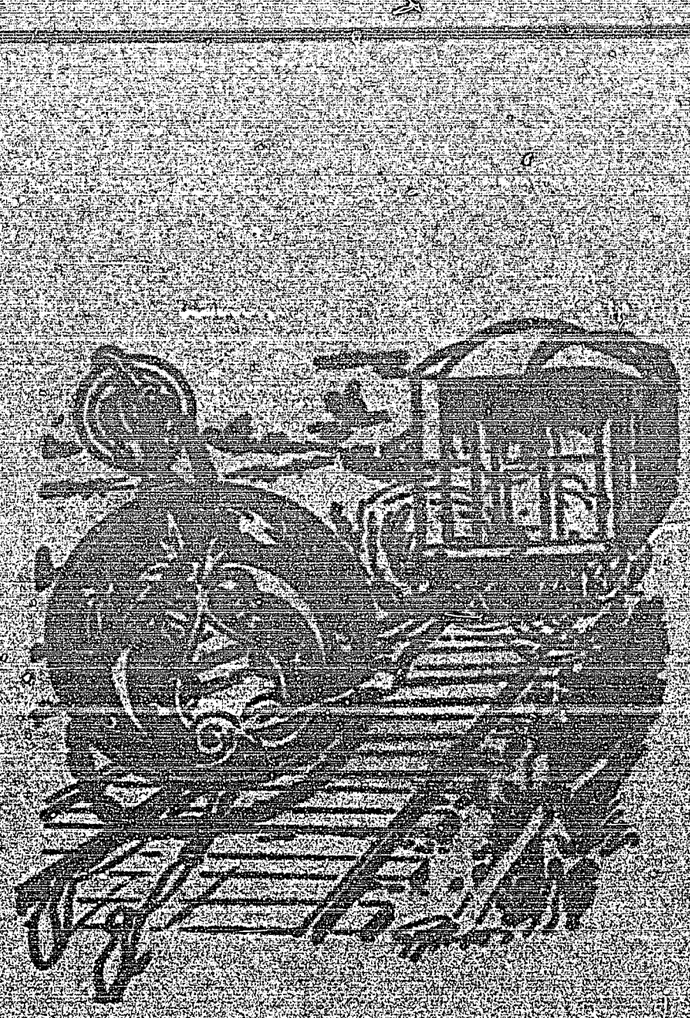

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NELSON, B. C.

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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 "Big Chief" Mineral Claim situate about eleven miles up East Side of Wild Horse Creek, and the "Poor man" Mineral Claim situate on the west side of Wild Horse Creek and twelve miles from Nelson and Fort Shepherd Railway path in the Nelson Mining Division, District of [illegible]

You and each of you are hereby notified that I have expended two hundred dollars in labour and improvements 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 undersigned, under section 4 of an Act entitled "An Act To Amend the Mineral Act, 1900."

Dated this [illegible] day of April, 1902.

M. [illegible]

To R. J. Hitchcock or to any person to whom he may have transferred his interest in the "R. J. H." and the "Annie Mary" Mineral Claims, situate on the north side of Wild Horse Creek in the Nelson Mining Division of West Kootenay.

You are hereby notified that I have expended $100 in labour and improvements upon the above mentioned mineral claims, under the provisions of the Mineral Act, and unless you contribute your proportion of such expenditure together with all costs of advertising, in and to the said claims will become the property of the undersigned, under section 4 of an Act entitled "An Act to Amend the Mineral Act Amendment Act, 1900."

Dated at Nelson, B. C., this [illegible] day of April, 1902.

D. McArthur

HORN BLATCHE

MATCHLESS PERFECTION

[illegible]

NELSON ECONOMIST

VOL. V NELSON, B. C., SATURDAY, JUNE 7, 1902. NO. 47

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.

THE signing of the peace terms was hailed with delight throughout the King's dominions. No British subject will attempt to disguise the fact that the war lasted longer than anyone believed it would. For thirty-four months, a mere handful of men held the most powerful army in the world at bay, and fully justified the prediction of the President of the Transvaal Republic that the struggle would be one that would stagger humanity. No matter how much we affected to scoff at the words of Paul Kruger at the time, we must now confess that the old man knew whereof he spoke. The cost of the war has been great to the Empire, but Great Britain has shown that where there is a principle at stake there must be no hesitation as regards the matter of cost. In our jubilation over the victory, we must be magnanimous, and not forget that the untutored Boer is something of a warrior himself.

THE result of the Ontario elections is not so favorable to the Liberals as the first returns seemed to indicate. At best there cannot be more than a majority of four, and it may be that on the recount even this majority will be turned into a minority. Added to this one of the recently elected Liberal members—Mr. Munroe, of North Renfrew—has died since the election. Mr. Munroe was the only man who could carry North Renfrew against Peter White, and his large majority was simply atribute to his popularity. The result of the elections has also demonstrated that the Conservatives are stronger in the cities than in the country. This is accounted for by the fact that the labor unions to almost a man voted for the Conservative candidates. This is interesting if for no other reason than showing the trend of opinion amongst organized labor in the east. For several years organized labor has shown a disposition to divide its forces, but now it seems to have returned unconditionally to the Conservative fold. So far as the popular vote is concerned, the returns show it to be overwhelmingly in the majority with the Conservatives. Thus, although Mr. Ross may have a majority of the members, he is in a decided minority so far as the popular vote is concerned.

HERE is the way the Toronto *Telegram* (Independent) sizes up the situation in Ontario. The article appeared the day after the elections: "The result of the election does not leave Hon. G. W. Ross in good fighting position. The inefficiency of his associates in the Government was proved by the fact that the Liberal campaign was one man's fight. And Hon. G. W. Ross with all the odds in his favor failed to overwhelm J. P. Whitney with all the odds against him. The referendum farce will be played to a climax before the bye-elections can take place. The voting must add to the number of embittered and disappointed temperance Liberals who made the party feel the weight of their displeasure yesterday. Hon. G. W. Ross had every reason to know that his Government is a load to carry. He was barely able to save it from defeat. He could not save it from discredit. The weakness of the Government as revealed at the polls yesterday is a sign of decay. Never in the history of the politics of Ontario was a Government as weak or an Opposition as strong as the parties led by Hon. G. W. Ross and J. P. Whitney are to-day. The country and the closely divided Legislature form the arena in which a weak and discredited Government must now wrestle out its troubles with an Opposition which may have learned to be bold and which has reason to be hopeful."

THE Fort Steele *Prospector* says: "Hydraulic, or placer mining in Southeast Kootenay, does not seem to attract the attention which it deserves considering the large areas of auriferous gravel banks which are known to exist on many of the streams flowing through this district, and which have been proved to contain gold in paying quantities. It seems strange that owners of placer ground should make little or no effort towards opeing up and developing this source of wealth and profit. With the exception of four companies on Wild Horse creek, two on Perry creek, there is little being done in this branch of the mining industry."

IT now begins to look as if Premier Dunsmuir would get to the coronation after all. The leader of the Opposition consented to cease talking against time, providing the government would bring down its railway bill. This the Premier agreed to, and so we may expect prorogation within a day or so, after which Premier Dunsmuir will proceed to London to enliven the coronation proceedings with his delight-

ful presence. We feel like congratulating King Edward on this happy termination of the disgraceful exhibitions that have taken place in the British Columbia Legislature during the past three or four months, and we certainly would regard it as a matter for general rejoicing if every member of the Legislature would follow the Premier to London, and remain away altogether.

THE Toronto *Telegram*, previous to the Ontario election, had the following editorial, which tells a condition of affairs that has been only too apparent in Canada for years: "The electors in every Ontario constituency are honest and unpurchaseable to the extent of at least ninety five per cent. The pity of it is that on the whole the incorruptible ninety-five per cent. is unchanging in its division upon party lines. The result is that the remnant of five per cent. which is corrupt or changeable is the real king maker in almost every Ontario constituency. The honest Liberal arises in his might— he might just as well stay in bed all day—and marches proudly to the polls to vote Liberal, as his father voted before him. The honest Conservative gets up in the strength of his integrity—and he might just as well stay in bed—and marches to the polls to vote Tory as his father voted before him. The "doubtful voter stays in bed until he knows why he is getting up, and he goes to the polls to vote according to the terms he can get for the delivery of his vote on a spot cash basis. And it is the doubtful voter who changes the result in every changeable constituency, and who makes and unmakes governments. It is a paradox but yet a truth that the great cause of corruption is the fact that ninety-five per cent of the voters in every constituency are incorruptible. These ninety-five per cent. of honest men, Liberal and Conservative in almost equal numbers, kill each others' votes and thus simplify the work of buying up a constituency. If all the etectors in any constituency were purchaseable the elections would be purified by the inability of either party to command enough money to go round. Corruption is encouraged by the fact that few voters are corrupt and that a party can buy a constitueney by buying up these few voters. Friends and fellow-countrymen divide themselves into two hostile Grit and Tory camps and go on for generation after generation killing each others votes. Thus they enable the machine to control the constituency by spending enough money to buy up the five per cent. of "floaters" who will vote either way if they get a sufficient inducement. If all the voters were corrupt elections would be purified by the imposibility of bribing everybody. If none of the voters were corrupt no party would be able to use money to the disadvantage of another party. The party system employs honest Liberals and honest Conservatives in the unprofitable exercise of killing each others votes. The politicians realize that the vast majority of electors vote for party names, which merely signify the same appetite for office. They realize that this majority is so unchangeable in its preference for one party or the other that it can neither be reached by argument nor boodle. The best people in the country destroy their political influence by their divisions, and put virtually all electoral power in the hands of voters whose preferences can be changed by their own prejudices or other people's money."

THE order issued by the British army authorities that in all coming wars and other manoeuvres of such officers as are mounted shall not carry swords. Instead, they shall carry carbins, which are useful in actual warfare, whereas the sword is, and long has been, of no possible use except to dismounted officers in the melée that follows a charge with fixed bayonets—a charge such as will never again be made unless the armies of the world resume the use of the old-fashioned, short-range firearms, which enabled the enemy to get within bayonet range before they could all be killed or wounded. Even in the United States civil war, when bayonet charges were frequent, there were comparatively few infantry officers, no matter how brave, that ever had occasion to use the sword in battle, for the revolver was more effective for attack and self-protection. As to that, there were many effective cavalry regiments in which not one man in a hundred had ever used his sabre for the purpose for which it was designed. But what is to be of the "pride, pomp and circumstance of glorious war" if armies are to be divested of everything that is showy? Brilliant uniforms are no longer worn in the field, even by soldiers on general camp duty; line-officers' sashes have disappeared and epaulettes are seldom seen except on the shoulders of militia officers. In the South African war the British officers even covered or discolored their buttons, and carried and used rifles, so that the Boers might not distinguish them from their men, yet they fought no less bravely nor were the less obeyed and respected by Tommy Atkins. Gayly-colored braid and cord is still worn by army musicians, but in action these useful persons are generally kept in the rear of the fighting line, where they are inconspicuous. The "soul-stirring drum" is held in light esteem by military economists, for the bugle is quite competent to take its place without neglect of the bugle's own special duties. Many experienced soldiers believe that even regimental colors will never again be taken into action, for despite their sentimental significance and their service as a rallying point they are the favorite targets of the enemy's best marksmen, and so increase the change of a regimental line being broken at its centre. They also lessen the fighting force of an army, for each color-bearer is a carefully selected man, and deserving of a better use than to be specially shot at while never being permitted to shoot. But, if all that is visibly attractive is to be banished from armies, what will be the effect upon the classes from which recruits are obtained? Probably fewer men will enlist through love of display, but this will mean fewer light-headed youths to desert at the first opportunity. Modern armies have become so frightfully costly that they cannot afford to accept any human material of doubtful quality, nor to maintain any old-time custom that can lessen their effectiveness.

THE MAN FROM GLENGARRY.

Everyone is interested in "The Man From Glengarry" and its gifted author, Ralph Connor, or more properly speaking, Rev. Chas. Gordon, who spent his early days at St. Elmo, Glengarry county. In a reading recently given in Winnipeg he further describes some of the characters well known to the older portion of the people in Kenyon township and the Indian lands.

The Winnipeg Daily *Tribune* thus reports his reading:

There was not a person present at the St. Andrew's church last evening to hear Rev. C. W. Gordon's chapter from the boyhood days of "The Man From Glengarry," who will not in future be a devoted reader of his works. Mr. Gordon is a born author. Last evening he held his audience young and old. They were laughing, sober, moved to tears, alternately. And often apparently "all for nothing" so far as the description of the ordinary individual would be concerned. And yet in the little story of Hughie Murray and his confidence in his mother and the beautiful character of that mother, which is seen through the boy, though scarcely hinted at the the confidence reposed in her boy and the noble character of Ranald Macdonald are bits of human nature which we very often see, but which it requires the hand of a master to paint.

In the reward given, the first scene portrayed is the old Glengarry school-house, a log building "with the plaster which had the curious habit of falling out during the summer months no one knew how; somehow the holes always appeared on the boys' side, and these were found most useful, for looking out of the window was forbidden. The teacher, "Archibald Munro, a born commander, the only master who had been able to control the stubborn tempers of the young giants who attended the schools during the summer months, without an appeal to the trustees, was also described, together with the way in which he had conquered and reduced to reason big Bob Fraser, the bully of the school. Then Hughie Murray, the minister's boy, appears on the scene, and his remarkable gifts in spelling were referred to. A spelling match in the schoolhouse was described in so natural a light that the audience, under the charm of the gifted portrayer, almost imagined themselves silent spectators. There were two sides with captains, and these captains gave out words, back and forward, to be spelled. The opening was with words of the A B C denomination such as "ox" "in," etc. The audience was convulsed when little Johnny Aird spelled "is" "in." Many similar amusing details ended disastrously to Hughie Murray's side. His captain, Thos. Finch, was caught on the word "heifer" which the opposing captain pronounced "hypher." Hughie Murray quickly noticed the deception and gave the correct spelling. But it was too late. Before Thomas Finch could speak further, the decision was given against him and the vanquished captain only admitted his defeat with a grumbling complaint.

The noted author then went on to paint a boyish romp through the woods. He vividly portrayed a character named Allan Garrach, the official dog killer and the terror of children. It was generally believed by the chidren that he ate the dogs he killed. If a mother wished to bring her child to submiesion, all that it was necessary for her to say was "Allan Garrach will catch you," and on his approach the boys would shout "He's coming," "he's coming."

The boys when safely out of his reach would shout defiantly at him, but he would often pull out his long knife and follow them, filling their young hearts with terror. But he was only a casual introduction, and soon he disappears from the scene. The boys are on their way for a swim. A beautiful portrait of the scenes through which they pass, such as will ever remain green on their memories is given. Then the river in which the "Deephole" located is reached. This "Deephole" is a dangerous spot which all the boys know of, and which they all avoid. The boys divest themselves of their clothing and plunged into the waters. The scene is so naturally described. They come out and play leap frog, tag and various games. It was at tag that Hughie came to grief. He was teasing Thomas Finch about the spelling match victory, when Finch tripped him into the dreaded "Deephole." A tale of the heroic conduct of Ranald Macdonald follows. Ranald was up in a tree overhanging the river, when, seeing Hughie's danger he sprang to his rescue. Hughie had been sucked under the water for a time and was in a semiunconscious state. He was nearing toward the wood jam, where the rushing waters would suck him under to certain death. How Hughie was saved by the young hero who risked his life in the successful attempt was described with the gifted author's art while the audance breathed slowly. Then wet and pale the two chums proceeded on their homeward way, and their conversation was given. Hughie confided everything in his mother, but Ranald considered it most injudicious for him to say anything about his narrow escape from death. When Hughie asked him to go home and have tea with him, he shook his head dubiously. But Hughie fully recognized the great service his chum had rendered him, and woe persistent in his appeal. Finally after swearing all the boyish vows on the category, Ranald was induced to go home and take tea with his friend.

When they reached Hughie's home his mother was on the lookout for him, and with boyish impulse he rushed into her arms, saying, "Oh, mamma." The mother naturally recognized that something unusual had happened.

"You are very wet," she said.

"Yes," said Ranald.

"We have been running very fast."

Then little Hughie added, "You must not ask me, mamma, what has happened, for we don't want to frighten you."

"Did you promise not to tell?" said the mother.

"Yes I did," was the reply.

"Then you must keey your promise."

And this was his first secret from his mother.

But it was not a secret long. Ranald in his endeavours to minimize the matter in his boyish way broke the ice, and soon between them she had learned the full facts of the case, in which Ranald appeared the hero. The friendship which had been strong between the boys was now more firmly cemented.

VENT AND OSSIP

THE regatta to be held here on the 25th and 26th of next month should, if nothing more, direct the attention of the outside world to the great advantages possessed by Nelson from an aquatic and tourist point of view. No doubt this meeting will attract a large number here, so it will be seen that this will be a splendid opportunity to make ourselves better known. The meeting in Nelson should also encourage aquatic sports at home, something also to be desired, In connection with the regatta there will also be several other sporting events, such as lacrosse, baseball, rock-drilling contest, etc. Everything possible should be done to make the event a great success.

Some one has been inquiring as to what it is boys and girls read nowadays, and the warden of St. Andrew's college, Bradford, answering for his own boys, says the younger boys read Ballantyne and Henty; those of the middle form, Weyman and Kipling; while the oldest boys concern themselves with Emerson and Carlyle. As to board schools, two boys only at St. Austell have read Scott and Dickens during the last year, while Burton-on-Trent has neglected both these authors; but at Gloucester, where Scott is "very low down in popular favor." Dickens is first favorite The girls of Plumstead find Soott and Dickens alike " too long and too dry."

A good story is told concerning the Duke of Cambridge, who some years ago called upon a London photographer for the purpose of having his portrait taken. Rumor has it that the operator, instead of being awed by such condescension on the part of a near relative of our late Queen, treated the old Duke with an air of familiarity which more surprised than piqued the ex-Commander-in-Chief. He qnietly submitted to be posed, and obediently followed the instructions of the photographer, until that creature seeing the Duke was wearing his hat, quietly removed the headgear and absent-mindedly put it on his own head. This was too much for the aged Duke, who, jumping up from his seat, shouted: "This is coming it a bit to strong, sir," and walked out of the studio.

When passing Cherbourg, en route from South Africa to London, Mr. Rhodes observed several vessels of the French Channel Squadron drawn up in line to salute the ex-Empress Eugenie's yacht. The Frenchmen, who were spread out on the yards of their vessels, shouted, "Vive l'Imperatrice!" and the captain of the vessel on which Mr Rhodes was a passenger wishing to show his respect to the Empress, got his men ready to salute, but in the short time at his disposal he could not school his crew to repeat the French words. "Tell them to say 'Beef, lemons, and cheese," suggested Mr. Rhodes playfully, and, to his utter amazement, the yacht was greeted with a deafening yell of "Beef, lemons, and cheese!" It entirely drowned the voices of the French sailors, and the ex-Empress is said to have expressed great pleasure at the compliment afterwards.

The Montreal *Herald* publishes a portrait and the following sketch of the member for Yale-Cariboo: " Yale and Cariboo are represented in the Canadian Commons by a Canadian, an Ontario man of Irish parentage. Mr. William Alfred Galliher is one of the most popular members of the House. He was educated in the Walkerton public and high schools, and the Collegiate Institute of Collingwood. Afterward he was admitted to the practice of law in Manitoba, British Columbia, and the North-West Territories. He offered for his present constituency as the Liberal candidate at the general election of 1900, and was elected by a large majority."

The workmen digging the foundations for the enlargement of a religious building in Turin discovered, at the depth of about six meters below the soil, a number of articles of great archaeological interest. The most important is a hollow bronze head, life size, and a masterpiece of art, in excellent preservation. The hair, the ears, and the eyes show traces of gilding. It is supposed, from comparison with other heads of the same period, to represent Tiberius.

Watkin-Miller, in company with Owen Smily, will be heard at the Nelson Opera House next Thursday evening.

" All woodsmen know," says Paul Martin, "that pine needles grow in pairs in the same sheath and that when placed side by side the sharp pointed ends are exactly opposite. Fasten these two needles together by a thread quite near the pointed end, and you will have a pen with two sharp nibs, ready to write whatever you please. As a pen holder insert the pen into a hollow twig, letting the points stick out about a centimeter (half inch). Dip your pen into an inkstand, letting it remain for a short time in the ink. The ink will rise by capillarity in the tube formed by the junction of the two needles and will form a reserve of liquid sufficient for the writing of twenty lines. The pen is fine, simple and antirusting."

Among country theatrical companies superstitions are more varied and extended than among metropolitan ones and are of course more blindly and religiously adhered to. If on entering a town where the next " stand" is to be made a graveyard is visible on the right side of the railway track, the country manager's heart swells with bright anticipations. But if, on the contrary, the tombstones loom up on the left of the road he becomes de-

pressed, as he takes the fact as a warning that his "business" will be small during his engagement in that place. Such a manager will be apt to give some man or boy a free pass to the theater on a first night, as he would fear a run of ill luck in case a woman should chance to enter the house before a member of the opposite sex had found his way within.

The Economist has received from The Copp, Clark, Company, Limited, Toronto, Harry B. Vogel's latest novel, "Gentleman Garnet, A Tale of Old Tasmania," published by The Macmillan Company, London. The story opens up in the penal settlement of Van Dieman's Land, in the year 1838, and vividly depicts the intense cruelty displayed by the overseers towards the prisoners. The experiences and adventures of three escaped convicts, Gentleman Garnet, Teddy Adair, a young Irish surgeon, and Wingy Nolans, a London cockney dwarf, who, by force of circumstances were compelled to turn bush-rangers, and their final escape from the island, are told in quite a thrilling manner, and, of course a love romance is woven in after the approved fashion. The latter part of the story is perhaps a little weak in plot, but altogether this book will be found very interesting reading matter. On sale at the Canada Drug and Book Store, Nelson.

For the first time in the history of the national game, so far as The Economist is aware, two teams will meet and discuss the merits of lacrosse on strictly political lines. Encouraged by success in the political field, the Liberals of Nelson have for some moons back harbored the suspicion that they could play the national game equally as well as the political game. This belief the Conservatives do not share, and consequently they will meet their political antagonists in battle array on the recreation grounds just as the hands of the clock point to 3:30 to-day. The match will be conducted on strictly party lines, the Liberals choosing as their captain Frank Tamblyn, and the Conservatives that old-time political war-horse, John Edward Annable. A returning officer and two scrutineers have been appointed to see that even-handed justice is dealt out to both sides. The Liberals are already incubating a few schemes for the undoing of their opponents, and no confidence is violated in saying that the Conservatives are not slothful in this respect either. It is hinted that the Liberals may congregate in great numbers at the grounds with the hope of awing their antagonists, and it is therefore desirable that every Tory who has the interests of his party at heart should foregather on that occasion, if for no other reason than to see that their champions are not mobbed. The receipts of the game are to be used for an object which both good Conservatives and good Liberals will endorse, viz, the relief of the families deprived of their breadwinners by the Fernie explosion. The following are the teams, so far as reported: Liberals—F. A. Tamblyn, J. H. Wallace, J. A. Turner, G. A. B. Hall, W. W. Beer, E. C. Arthur, J. A, Gibson, J. F. Hume, E. Ferguson, R. Williams, W. A. Jowett, A. Carrie and Captain Gore. Conservative— J. E. Annable, Geo. Hunter, J. F. Weir, H. R. Cameron, T. Lillie, Dr. Quinlan, John Toye, George Steele, J. G. Wilson, W. P. Tierney, J. W. Holmes, William Ball and A. Ferland. Players must be over forty years of age, and never worked at lacrosse as a means of making a living.

In the Ontario legislature there are 10 newspaper men, 15 lawyers, 13 doctors, 1 mechanical engineer, 2 undertakers, 1 land surveyor, 13 merchants, 1 valuator, 1 broker, 1 township clerk. 15 farmers, 1 auctioneer, 2 tanners, 4 lumbermen, 3 contractors, 4 manufacturers.

The last issue of the Victoria *Colonist* contains a lengthy article on the new copper discoveries in the vicinity of Sooke lake, an industry in which Messrs. H. B. Thomson, R. F. Tolmie, and P. Criddle, formerly of Nelson, are interested. A party consisting of Hon. James Dunsmuir, Mr. Hayward, M. P. P., A. Lindsay, Mr. Dickie, M. P. P., and the three gentlemen named, recently visited these properties, and inspected the work that has been going on there for three months or so. During the development work at least four hundred tons of high grade ore has been mined. One shaft was started, but when down about fifteen feet it had to be abandoned for the present, owing to the inflow of water. The shaft at the bottom showed six feet wide of solid copper ore, of which an average assay gave over sixteen per cent on copper, apart from gold and silver values. Several cuts have been make to show the continuity of the ore body, and this has been done for 1,000 feet or more, and there is not much doubt that after further development work has been done, another large and valuable deposit of copper ore will be added to the already proved mineral wealth of Vancouver Island. The citizens of Nelson will be pleased to hear of the good fortune of Messrs. Thomson, Tolmie and Criddle.

The loyal citizens of Nelson will celebrate Coronation Day with a smoker in the Opera House in the evening and an immense bonfire on the summit of Granite Mountain.

No date has yet been fixed for the appearance of the Clara Mathes company at the Opera House.

Lovers of good clean sport should attend the lacrosse match this afternoon.

In many quarters there is a feeling that some kind of a celebration should be held here on Dominion Day.

The Reformation of Two.

"I am awake," said the lady.

The burglar wheeled around and confronted the gaze of unfrightened eyes. Then his hand went to his hip pocket.

"Are you a coward as well as a thief?" she asked, scornfully. He dropped his hand to his side, and stood undecided.

"Put them back?" She pointed an imperious finger at the dressing table.

Out of a capacious pocket the burglar drew a rope of pearls, and threw it down amid the confusion of brushes and combs and powder puffs and laces and ribbons.

As he did so he caught sight of a card on top of the jewel case. "To my bride-to-be" was written on it, above the name of a well-known man of millions—an old man.

"Is that all?" asked the lady. She sat up on the couch. Her pale blue gown fell about her in straight folds, the red-gold braids of her hair touched the floor. A photograph slid from her lap and lay face upward on the rug—a photograph worn with much handling.

The burglar reached inside his coat, and fished out a strip of blue ribbon on which glittered five diamond butterflies.

The lady drew a long breath. "Oh, those!" she said, and snatched them from him, eagerly.

"Is there nothing else?" she again demanded.

"That's all," repeated the burglar.

But the lady continued her search. Presently she turned around and faced him.

"Where is the ring?" she questioned, sharply.

The burglar was embarrassed. "Oh, that," he said, nervously, "that cheap little thing?"

"It's worth more to me than all the rest!" she cried, and the pearls dropped at her feet, unheeded, as she crossed the room and came to where he stood on the hearth rug.

"Give it to me!"

He opened his hand, and it lay in the palm—a little thin gold ring, set with a half-dozen cheap blue stones.

She took it from him, and slipped it on her finger, where it fitted tightly.

Then she sank into a deep chair, and motioned him to another. He seated himself on the extreme edge and looked at her uncomfortably.

"Why did you keep that ring, when there were others more valuable?"

"I wanted to give it away," he blurted out. "I didn't think you would hunt for it—it was so cheap!"

"To a girl?" she asked, softly.

He nodded, and then they both looked into the fire.

"You love her?" said the lady, at last.

His face blazed. "Yes," he answered, stoutly.

"Does she know that you are a thief?" Her clear eyes were searching.

He moved restlessly, and his face hardened.

"Yes," he said again.

"And yet she loves you?"

Another nod, as a frown settled darkly over his visage.

Into her eyes there came a look of contempt.

"She must be a strange woman," she said, coldly.

"To love a thief?" There was danger in the controlled voice and danger in his somber eyes. "And yet men have loved you!"

Her eyes looked straight into his, surprised, wrathful.

"What do you mean?" she demanded.

He laughed, recklessly.

"What do you give for those?" His arm swept out toward the jewel covered table. "When I steal your pearls and diamonds I get something for nothing. When you take them from that old man, what do you give him in return?

"How dare you! How dare you!" she cried. She sprang to her feet and paced the room.

Her foot touched the photograph, and she picked it up.

"I can't be poor!" She spoke to the burglar, but her eyes appealed to the face in the picture—the face of a young man.

"Neither can I," said the burglar; "we are two of a kind."

The lady drew herself up with dignity.

"You forget yourself."

The burglar laughed, insolently. "I forget nothing."

"But I would rather die than be poor." Again she appealed to the picture.

Then she tossed it on the couch and went swiftly to the dressing table. She threw the rope of pearls over her head, and the long strands fell down over her blue gown. Then she pinned the butterflies in her hair, coronet fashion, and turned to the burglar.

"See," she cried, "they make me a queen!"

The burglar's breath was quickened at her wonderful fairness. "You don't need them," he said, hoarsely, and the words seemed forced from him. Then he pointed to the picture on the couch. "He don't think you do, does he?"

Her face was white, and her eyes glowed. "No," she said, "no! But I can't marry him and be poor."

"No, you can't," said the burglar; "so you will marry the old man, and give him nothing. You do it for money, I do it for money. What's the difference?"

She slipped down on the rug in front of the fire. The light flashed on the diamonds and brought out all the beauty of her splendid hair. "There is no difference," she murmured, wearily.

For a long time she looked into the fire, while the burglar moved restlessly on the edge of his chair.

When she turned her face to him at last it was transformed. Out of the ashes of the queen's pride had risen the soul of a loving woman. She took off the pearls and diamonds, and, last of all, she

took off the little blue ring. She looked at it for a moment, then handed it to the burglar.

"Take it to her," she said. "It was given to me by one who will be glad—oh, so glad— to give me another when I tell him of this night and of you. And when you give it to her," she went on, whimsically, "tell her it comes from a reformed thief."

The burglar got on his feet. "You look like her," he said, awkwardly. "That's why I have acted like such a fool."

She rose and stood beside him. "Let us reform together," she entreated.

He turned away, but she stretched out her white hand and laid it on his brown one. "Will you tell her that we reformed together?" she insisted.

"Yes," he said, and his voice had the ring of firm resolve.

He went to the window, and pushed open the shutter.

"Did you come that way?" asked the lady.

"Yes," he said.

"See, it is almost day," and she pointed to a strip of light in the east. As he swung himself over the sill, she reached down and slipped something into his pocket. "Begin with that," she urged, as he would have given it back; "at least, it is mine, and I'll divide. The jewels must go back to-day."

As he slid down softly into the darkness, she leaned far out. "'Two of a kind, my comrade,'" she whispered. Then she laughed, and her voice had in it the joyous freshness of morning as she cried, gently, "Goodbye."

A Miners' Banquet.

At the annual dinner on April 30 in London of the Institute of Mining and Metallurgy, a full account of which is printed in the *Mining Journal* of London in its issue of May 3, Mr. John Hays Hammond, in replying to the toast of "Our Members Abroad," said:

"I regret very much that Mr. Lock, who was to have replied to this toast, has missed this most enjoyable evening, and that he is unable to respond to this toast which I am called upon to reply to on rather short notice. I regret, for your sakes, that you could not have him here to speak, and without knowing my capabilities of oratory you have taken me on trust. But it would be ungracious in me not to endeavor to reciprocate the confidence by making a few remarks. It gives me an opportunity of refuting many mis-statements which have been attributed to me by the press. Among yourselves it seems to be almost superfluous to have to say that I was not a party to a reported interview which has very much agitated my friend, Mr. Rathbone, to the purport that England had gone to war with the Transvaal to seize the mines of that country, inasmuch as I have given three years of my time to represent to the American public the true issues involved; and therefore it seems to me almost unnecessary to say that it is an absolute falsehood. It seems almost equally unnecessary for me to state that the invidious comparisons that I am alleged to have made as to English mining engineers is an absolute lie. I have employed English engineers wherever I had an opportunity, and there are many present here to-night who have worked for me, and with me, and for whom I have worked. That in itself is, I think, pretty good evidence that the alleged statement of any invidious comparison on my part was an unqualified falsehood. As I am called upon, I believe, to speak of the condition of the mining industry abroad, I may say that in America there has been a great revulsion of feeling. Formerly, I remember, when we endeavored to obtain capital for a mining enterprise it was necessary to go in a roundabout way to reach the capitalists. The capitalist was absolutely afraid to meet the mining engineer. You see the revulsion of feeling even in this country, when we have distinguished capitalists like Mr. Wernher present. I do not think that Mr. Wernher shows any great temerity on his part to introduce himself to the mining engineer. He does show great discretion in selecting Mr. Jennings and other very capable and honorable men to look into things before investing his money. Now, gentlemen, the influence of the firm of Wernher, Beit & Co. in its executive capacity has done much to rehabilitate the strong position of mining engineers in America, and to-day the very men who mistrusted mining engineers because they felt that they were hazarding their reputation, now go in for holding mining shares. To-day there is not the slightest difficulty in raising money in America, and indeed it has come to the pass that every reputable family must own mining stock—the children even cry for it. (Laughter.) Under Wernher, Beit & Co. my friends Mr. Phillips and Mr. Taylor, who are here with us, Mr. Frecheville and other gentlemen of that high standing have taught Americans that mining can be carried on honestly and profitably, and to day you will find America not only interested in developing the mines of their own country, but actually investing money in South Africa. Gentlemen, the high esteem of your society in America to-day, I may tell you without any flattery, is beyond your conception. I can assure you that we engineers of the American Institute of Mining Engineers recognize the very great and important work in the way of technical contributions by this society. There is no rivalry, as has been suggested. We mining engineers are cosmopolitan. We are all going in to make money for the capitalists first, and I am sorry to say secondly for ourselves. If I had my way I would put it that we should be partners of the capitalists. That is where we make a mistake.

"Mr. Julius Wernher: Quite right.

"Mr. John Hays Hammond: After many years working for capitalists. I have caught on to the idea that I should become a partner of the capitalists, and I advise the rest of you to do the same. I thank you for your very cordial reception, and I wish to promise you, on behalf of your members abroad, a most cordial welcome and a most sincere co-operation in your endeavor to build up this very important society." (Applause.)

SHORT STORIES

President Roosevelt is beginning to chafe under the burdens put upon him by the persistence of office-seekers. A friend said to him recently: "You don't get much time for hunting now?" "No," said the Pre-ident; "the fact is, I am a sort of gamekeeper now, watching the government preserves while hoards of poachers are trying to break in and bag the offices. Or maybe I am only a buffer," he added, a trifle wearily; "every day senators and congressmen send men to me whom they can't land in office, and whom they know I can't appoint, and I am expected to save the politicians the trouble of turning them down."

As a young man Paul Kruger was regarded as an authority on psalm singing, and the farmers used to come to him to learn the keynote for starting the psalms at the next Sunday's service. Kruger, even in those days, was no believer in the policy of giving anything away—not even a note of music—so he had a uniform charge of a double handful of dried peaches for his instruction. Even the fact that the work was in the service of religion did not deter him from resorting to strategy, for he made a point of giving each applicant a different note. The result when the pious Doppers attempted to raise their voices in sacred harmony next Sunday may be imagined. The result was that each man concluded he had lost the key, and had to return for a further lesson. "I nearly bankrupted them of their dried peaches," said the president.

Among the inumerable traditions and stories that cluster around the old Parliament House in Edinburgh there is one of Jeffrey and Cockburn that shows in an amusing manner their individual ways of drawing upon a case where the mental calibre of one of the parties had to be ascertained, and an old countryman was put upon the witness-stand. Miss Lanedale cites the anecdote in her recent work, "Scotland, Historic and Romantic."

Jeffroy began: "Is the defendant in your opinion perfectly sane?"

The man gazed at him in bewilder ment, and made no reply.

"Do you think the defendant capable of managing his own affairs?"

Still greater bewilderment on the part of the witness.

"I ask you," said Jeffrey, speaking with great pa ticularity, "do you consider the man perfectly rational?"

The man glowered with amazement, scratched his head, and remained speechless.

"Let me tackle him," said Cockburn, and then adopting his broadest Scotch. "Hae ye your mull wi' ye?" said he.

"Ou, ay," answered the witness, and reached out his snuff box.

"Noo, hoo lang hat ye kent John Sampson?" asked Cockburn, gracefully taking a pinch.

"Ever since he was that height," came the answer, readily enough.

'An' dae ye think noo, atween you and me," said the advocate insinuatingly, that there's onything intill the creature?"

"I wad na lippen (trust) him wi' a calf," was the instant and satisfying rejoinder.

'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 "Ymir 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. B50,845, Duncan McArthur, Free Miner's Certificate, No. B50,412, Ignatius G. Nelson, Free Miner's Certificate No. B50,951, and Colbourne D. Jarvis, Free Miner's Certificate No. B50,936, 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 50,843, 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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