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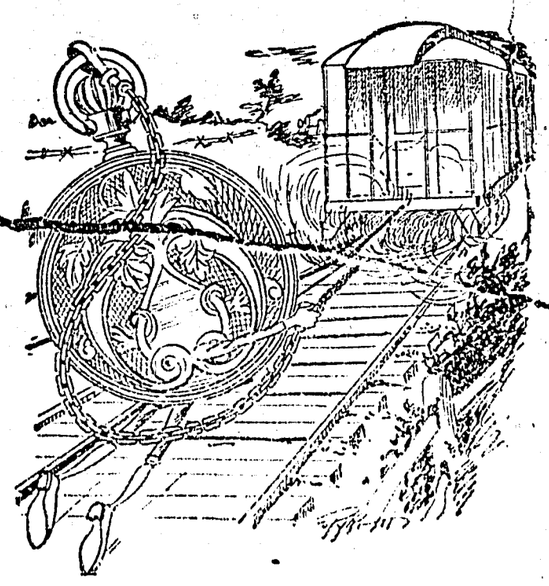
THE NELSON ECONOMIST.

VOL. VI. NELSON, B. C., SATURDAY, JANUARY 3, 1903. NO. 25

ESTABLISHED 1890 **Jacob Dover, "The Jeweler."** ESTABLISHED 1890



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Jacob Dover, "The Jeweler."

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THE NELSON ECONOMIST

VOL. VI. NELSON, B. C., SATURDAY, JANUARY 3, 1903. NO. 25

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.

EDITORIAL COMMENT.

AFTER nearly sixty years the question of free trade or protection is again becoming a living issue in Britain. Let it be remembered that the great D'Israeli, while he bowed to the verdict of an overwhelming majority, recorded his protest against the sacrifice of the English farmer.

The glowing prophesies of the free trade advocates have failed of fulfillment more signally than any other political prophesies of the century. According to them, a few years would see a prosperous and contented Britain, a shining example to all other peoples of the earth who would hasten by the same path to the same goal; there would then be a world of peace, prosperity and happiness.

What has been the result? Britain is still first in spite of free trade, but protection of the most rigorous type has created two very formidable rivals in Germany and the United States. Agriculture in Britain has certainly decayed, a vast majority of the people are town-dwellers, and the country depends upon foreign supplies for the necessaries of life. Whatever compensatory advantages may be adduced, it is certain that the race of town-dwellers deteriorates physically; the open air life and habits of violent exercise characteristic of our race may retard the decline, but we have had some saddening examples of the unfitness and helplessness of the product of England's large towns in the strictures of Lord Kitchener on some of the recruits sent to him. The farmer class is disappearing and unless some steps be taken to restore it, the type will soon be extinct. To theorists it may seem to be for the general advantage of the world that each industry should be developed only in the most suitable places, and Britain's geographical position has marked her out as the exchange office of the world. But the national idea is not yet extinct, and it may be that some Britons survive who are not content to sink into a race of counting-house clerks. Money power is a valuable resource to a nation no doubt, but it is too dearly bought when it entails a loss of virility in the men.

The re-opening of the question of corn-laws in Britain will undoubtedly affect all other countries. The most interesting phase of it to us is its probable effect upon Canada. The cry for "Free Trade as they have it in England" has not been heard since it served its purpose six years ago, but Liberal journalists still supply a lack of material by an essay on the theoretical advantages of universal free trade. We are not concerned with this: universal free trade is not a living issue in any country, but it must be plain to all who study reports of commerce and industry on this continent that for Canada, free trade would be economic suicide. Apologists for Sir Wilfred Laurier assert that he has become convinced in the last six years that protection is the correct policy for Canada and that he will be guided by public opinion of which he is the best interpreter and which he now perceives to be overwhelmingly against free trade. This is probably a correct statement of the government's position, and, while it is not common honesty, it is practical politics in Canada, and is not likely to alienate any of the voters who have already swallowed the performance of the Joint High Commission, on whose success Sir Wilfrid had so often staked his political life.

Conservatives are true enough to their political principles to prefer being defeated by dishonest tactics to having the country's interests shattered by the fulfillment of their opponents' pledges even though the attempt to fulfill them would probably result in a Liberal rout.

VERY soon Nelson will elect a muncipal council for 1903. Is there anything for them to do? Is there any reason why sane men are required? We should say decidedly "Yes" to both questions. The functions of civic government of which the council is the legislative body may be summed up in the expression, efficient and economic administration. Upon the proper performance of the public duties controlled by the council depends the desirability of the city as a place of residence.

Are such duties properly performed now? Well, hardly. One has only to take a walk any place in the city, Baker street will do, about 10 o'clock in the evening to observe whether the streets, for instance, are satisfactory. His way is lighted by apologies for electric lights which give less light than one good sulphur match, the sidewalks are a succession of elevations and depressions that seem specially designed to represent in miniature the picturesque ranges and valleys of Kootenay. Off Baker street matters are just a shade worse; the cleaned patches of sidewalk are so rare and unexpected that they increase rather than diminish the danger to pedestrians. We understand that property-owners are required by law to keep the sidewalks clean in front of their property. Yes, and saloons are required by law to be closed at certain times, and the two laws are enforced with equal vigor and vigilance. It is hardly an exaggeration to say that the streets of Nelson these winter nights would disgrace a mountain mining camp, and this is the Queen City of the Kootenays. It would be discourteous here to overlook among the contributory agencies to this blissful state, the heroic labors of that fearful and wonderful device, the corporation snow-plough. Where the snow-plough has "cleaned" the side-walks, prudent pedestrians will take the middle of the road.

Before leaving the attractive subject of streets, it may not be impertinent to inquire if non-resident property-owners are exempted from their duties in this respect? Surely, people who are holding city property waiting for a profit from rising prices can have no grievance if they are taxed for the performance of this duty. Or are the times so prosperous that no man can be found to do this work? Are there no unemployed men in Nelson who are able and willing to work?

The care of the streets is the first and most pressing need, but there are many others. A by-law has been passed authorizing an issue of debentures for the purpose of securing an efficient light and power plant. This is a serious undertaking and requires business-like treatment by the incoming council. We would gently recommend the council to remember that the object of this step is to improve Nelson, not to spite a rival power company, as some of the promoters conceive. Nelson has been too long divided into factions whose chief object has been to score a victory over the enemy, the city's interest in the meantime being left to take care of itself.

The control of the council over the public schools is not direct, but is yet considerable. The Board of Trustees are to be congratulated upon the achievement at their schools. Both the High School and the Public School took first rank in the Province in percentage of successful candidates upon the total available. Both schools are insufficiently officered and the reason in each case is the timidity of the board about asking for an increased grant from the city council. The efficiency of the schools has already attracted pupils from half-a-dozen other Kootenay towns and it will be very regrettable if short-sighted economy prevents Nelson from retaining her position at the head of the schools of the province.

For all these reasons, it is greatly to be desired that sane and capable men should be elected to the council and board of trustees. Economy is required, parsimony will be disastrous.

VENTS AND GOSSIP

THERE is a vicious tendency, becoming alarmingly prevalent in Nelson, to which public attteution should be called in the hope of stemming the rising tide ere it is too late. I refer to the pernicious regard for law which exists in the community, and which is becoming a source of danger to the welfare of the city. Certain citizens, with reckless disregard for the lives and limbs of pedestrians, have been lately obeying the snow-cleaning by-law, with the result that accident insurance premiums have risen to a ruinous height and cautious persons are walking in the road. Cannot pressure of public opinion be brought to bear upon such persons to induce them to abstain from this morbid compliance with the law? I was much gratified lately to observe that when the Citizens' League unblushingly published their intention to advocate the enforcement of certain existing laws relating to public morals, the public-spirited member of the Legislature led the outcry of indignation against such an outrage. Still, that such a league could be formed only shows to what extent the pernicious and demoralizing tendency I speak of may go.

An exchange vouches for the following as being an absolute cure for obesity: The diet should consist of one pound of cooked fish and one pound of lean meat daily, distributed into various meals, three or four, according to the taste of the patient. A pint of hot water sipped at intervals, as warm as can be comfortably drunk, should be taken every two hours. No bread, vegetables, milk or other articles are allowed. At the end of four months, two small slices of bread and butter and a cup of tea with milk and sugar may be added at breakfast and supper. It is useless to attempt this regimen without the hearty co-operation of the patient, its rationale being that the patient really lives on his own fat. If you profer the extraordinary discomforts of this treatment to those attendant upon carrying a few extra pounds of flesh, you will be duly rewarded.

The presumption of Chris Foley in seeking the labor nomination against that horny-handed son of toil, Dr. McInnes, is to be severely condemned.

A correspondent writes that the term "gallery gods" arose as follows: The Drury Lane Theatre, London, many years ago had its ceiling painted to represent a blue sky with clouds, among which were clouds flying in every direction. The ceiling extended over the gallery and consequently the occupants of the higher seats were said to be "among the gods," while later the term "gallery gods" was applied to those occupying the highest tier in the theatres.

The maid was fair;
The maid was slim;
Had golden hair,
Was neat and trim.
The maid had eyes
Of rainbow's tints;
The maid was wise,
Fit for a prince.
The maid was cut,
In width and length,
Like Venus, but
She had more strength.
The maid was good,
(She went to church,)
As others should
If praise they search.
The maid was young,
As you might see;
The birds have sung
So on the tree.
The maid could fish,
High tide or low;
And make a dish
Of them you know.
The maid could dance,
The maid could sing;
Could stalk and prance
Like anything.
The maid could write,
(Love poems, too,)
And then recite
Their lines to you.
The maid could drive,
And stake her teens,
You'd be alive
For other scenes.
The maid could light
A cigarette,
Or fly a kite
(Come wind or wet.)
The maid could run,
Could swim or row,
And didn't shun
The undertow.
The maid could play
"Spring games of bliss,"
From meek croquet
To lawn-tennis.
The maid could—stop!
The page is torn;
I've reached the top,
I'm weary worn.
Let Count de Bright
Fill up the gap;
Let monsieur write
'Bout this mishap.

P. S.—By C. de B.

Mon fren eze righd,—
She'd every charm,
But—vell I cite
Zes, but's no harm.
Ze maid was von,
And quite secure
Mais—zare, I've done—
Ze maid was—poor.

The subject of sanitation is becoming more and more a matter of interest and study and rightly so. The insidious character of bad air, noxious gases, and impure infection, especially in the crowded towns and cities, where the sewerage is likely to be imperfect, causes not only the medical profession, but the people generally, to demand that municipalities and owners of buildings should adopt the best known expedients for remedying the situation. More stringent laws are yearly being enacted for this purpose and the leading plumbers are in active sympathy with the movement. The trouble is that plumbers do not show their faith or sympathy with their works. Bad plumbing is the cause of a great deal of sickness and many deaths.

All the stores were closed on New Year's Day. The soft weather interfered somewhat with the customary winter sports. The Nelson City Band serenaded Judge Forin and other prominent citizens in the afternoon.

"Since none of us can possibly escape death it is somewhat consoling to be assured that in the great majority of cases it is almost painless and in a great majority of cases a positively pleasurable sensation," remarked a gentleman the other day. "I am not particularly anxious to try it, but I have been told by an eminent physician that the sensation of dying is similar to that of the dreaming morphine eater, who gradually passes off into a semiconscious state, whore everything seems like floating visions of bliss. The body and nerves are numb, and the excited, overwrought brain becomes quiet. The imagination plays fancifully with blissful pictures, and the whole condition of the nervous system is one of pleasurable exaltation. Nature supplies her own anæsthetic before the last moment arrives. Before the death rattle is heard a smile often parts the lips, and the wavering mind frequently causes the tongue to utter words which are full of pleasure and joy.

The recent snowslide at the Molly Gibson mine again directs attention to the extra-hazardous occupation of mining. No matter what precautions may be taken, the ever-recurring disaster proves that in mining especially it is always the unexpected that happens. In the case of the Molly Gibson mine, the management believed they had built the houses in a place where there would be nothing to fear from snowslides, yet in the present instance the snow sought a new channel and death claimed its victims notwithstanding all the precautions that had been taken. In those countries in Europe where snowslides occur with alarming frequency, thick walls have been built along the mountain sides, so that the force of the slide is broken before it reaches the inhabitants below and the valley beneath. It has been suggested that those interested in mining in this Province should

consider the wisdom of erecting similar barriers against the fatal snowslide.

In enumerating those beautiful qualities of mind and heart that have won for Ald. John A. Irving the well-merited distinction of being one of the brainiest men in the world—if not the brainiest—some fault has been found with this paper that particular stress was not laid on one special qualification of this truly great man. While it is admitted that the worthy alderman from the east ward has delved deeply and assidiously in the mines of literature and art and made many and various peregrinations in the field of science, he has yet won renown in a far different sphere. Indeed, many go so far as to say that Mr. Irving could abandon both those subjects and still put forward a strong claim to the title of a great humorist. This is a sweeping contention, but before dealing with it at length THE ECONOMIST craves a moment to explain what may seem an intentional slight. This paper has long been aware of the fact that Ald. Irving had concealed about his person the germs of a humorist, but space did not permit a lengthy reference to such an exhaustive subject. The dignity and gravity with which John Irving wore the cap and bells was intended to be dealt with in a separate chapter; the ground could not be covered in the contracted space allotted an average newspaper article. For some reason unknown to the general public, but which may be justly attributed to modesty, Mr. Irving has been seemingly content with the rewards which come from the disposal of hen fruit and other vulgar articles of commerce, but the latent talent was there, and like the volcano was ready to spit lava in due season. That time came last Saturday, when Mr. Irving for the time being gave over the edifying occupation of drawing the attention of the public to the special qualities of his codfish, etc., and in his advertising space in the *Tribune*, of this city, announced that he extended the compliments of the holy season to one and all, even to Nelson's only poet, the publisher of THE ECONOMIST, or words to that effect. At first sight this might seem like a reflection on long-haired poets in general and the sweet singer of THE ECONOMIST in particular. Nothing could be further from the mark. Mr. John A. Irving goes into ecstasies over poetry, particularly blank verse. As a matter of fact, his intimate friends know that this highly polished gentleman has consumed many measures of midnight oil poring over the lines of Hamlet's address to the skull of the jester: "Alas, poor Yorick! I knew him Horatio: a fellow of infinite jest, of most excellent fancy." This, it is submitted, is the strongest possible evidence that Mr. Irving's advertisement was one of those delightful jokes which one day must bring him fame and renown. And different from the average humorist who expects pay for his mirthful conceits, Ald. Irving pays for the publication of his jokes regular advertising rates. This shows the independence of the great man. It is idle to contend, as some of his enemies are doing, that the inspiration of this joke came from the fountain of all good, namely, the distorted intellect of the editor of the *Tribune*. In order that this joke may not be made the subject of another cryptogram, as was done in the case of another famous author, William Shakespere, THE ECONOMIST wishes to make it a matter of record now, henceforth and forevermore that the joke belongs to Mr. Irving. And rightly so. Didn't he pay for it? Here, THE ECONOMIST is willing to rest its case, and in doing so, it believes it has established beyond all doubt that as a humorist Ald. John A. Irving has chiselled his fame in material more enduring than marble. Future ages will laugh at the merry jest of the versatile genius who could weigh out a pound of sugar with one hand and at the same time off his own bat write a highly edifying joke with the other.

Last year 640,000 gallons of various kinds of Australian wines were imported into the United Kingdom.

One hundred thousand tons of rock were displaced by a recent big blast at the Goodwick pier works.

The *News* of Thursday was a most creditable holiday number. It contained a vast amount of interesting information, and not the least was the interview with the leading bank managers of the city. It is gratifying to note that these gentlemen without one single exception speak hopefully of the future of the interior. They are in the best position to judge in matters of this kind, and when they express the belief that we are on the eve of good times, there is good ground for taking hope as to the future.

The municipal contest is beginning to assume shape. Dr. Rose has announced himself as a candidate for mayor, and this afternoon it was believed that his opponent would be the present occupant of the chair, Mr. Frank Fletcher. For aldermen many names are mentioned, and it is quite likely that within twenty-four hours there will be a big field to select from. This is going to be an important year in the history of Nelson, and it is desirable that good business men should be chosen, irrespective of clique or class.

The first night of the New Year was celebrated in Nelson by the presentation of Pinero's four-act comedy, "Dandy Dick," by the Dramatic Society. There was a good house and on the whole the play was a success. Newspaper criticism of a play is primarily for the protection and benefit of the public, but when the players are local amateurs any intelligent criticism should be of benefit to them also. There is probably nothing more irritating to a serious amateur than the praise, "good for amateurs." Acting is an art and there can be but one standard of judgment for professional and amateur. Judged by this standard Nelson has something to be proud of. As the dignified but unfortunate Dean, Mr. C. B. Winter was nearly faultless, and the same might be said of Mrs. Davis as "George Tid," the Dean's sister and the "Queen of the Turf." Mrs. Davys as "Hannah Topping" and Mr. Blakemore as "Blore," the butler, played their subordinate parts admirably, though Mr. Blakemore found some difficulty adapting his figure to that of an elderly servitor. Mr. Eden surprised his friends; he forgot his lines occasionally, but he certainly caught the spirit of his role, and succeeded in looking the sporting baronet. Mr. Newling as the constable bulked too largely in his scenes. It seems to require some special faculty to accept one's part as subordinate; everyone cannot be the "leading lady." Mr. Bell as the stable boy had little to do, fortunately. Miss Betty Johnstone made a creditable theatrical debut and gave promise of some dramatic talent. Mrs. Clements who took Miss Manhart's place at short notice probably did as well as could be hoped for under the circumstances; it is hard to appear at ease when listening constantly for the prompter. Mr. Ward and Mr. Reilly took the parts of cavalry officers, who are courting the Dean's daughters. The parts should contribute greatly to the humor of the play; both were painful in the extreme. It would be unkind to themselves and the public to encourage the gentlemen or either of them with the idea of ever being able to act. The entr'acte performances, Mr. Hedley's violin solo, and Mr. Lochore's song, were a delight to lovers of music. Both were enthusiastically encored.

The *Tribune* suspects THE ECONOMIST is in the confidence of the Prior Government. This paper is not seeking the confidence of anyone, but aims simply to be honest and straightforward with all men, something the *Tribune* could not be. Just now the editor of that paper, after sucking the lemon dry, is abusing the Prior Government on the street corners and in the columns of his paper. If he thought it could pull through another session he would laud it to the skies. In this respect, at least, the *Tribune* editor cannot be regarded an anarchist. He supports governments until they are just about to fall. Then he sidesteps to get out of the way of the wreck.

The late Sir Frederick Abel was the inventor of the smokeless explosive known as cordite, adopted by the British Government.

To reach America in three days with about a third of the usual coal consumption, is the dream of Mr. John Wills, who has just patented a novel engine for marine propulsion.

The people of Great Britain consume less tobacco per head than those of any other civilized country—only twenty-three ounces to the inhabitant.

RACE EOR A PRETTY BRIDE.

"HIGH old times were they," said the old engineer. "Give me the good old days when we had wood-burnin' engines, easy schedules, with long stops, and no telegraph to bother us. We could run pretty much to suit ourselves then, and it goes without sayin' we had lots of enjoyment. Take for instance, the fun Jim Larking and me had one night, about fifteen years ago. You see Jim and I were both courtin' the same girl, both bein' engineers on the Wilmington, Columbia & Augusta road, between Columbia and Charlotte. Ever been down there? Well even yet the road ain't quite as good as it might be, but in those days it was a sight worse. The tracks were laid with the old time U rails on ties five foot apart and spliced with fish plate. When the wheels struck one end of the rails the other end tilted up, and I tell you it made a nervous man seasick the first time he travelled over that line. We had no telegraph wire, so we could do pretty much as we pleased around Columbia, the superintendant bein' located at Charlotte. Many a time we used to get an engine after dark and take a ride for fun. The only trouble was that, as the engines were old and rickety they couldn't stand much. They were wood burners, and nowadays would look top heavy with their little boilers and big stacks. When one of them got a good move on after dark, I tell you it looked like a runnin' display of fireworks, the stack throwin' out sparks and chunks of blazin' wood like a volcano. Old man Smith, that's Mollie's father, didn't like me near as well as he did Jim, but seein' Mollie preferred me, I wasn' carin' much about her father's opinion. It was no use for us to get spliced in Columbia, for everyone knew that her father had issued an order to her not to be seen with me; so the only thing for us to do was to watch our chance and go off to some place along the line. I thought it over for several days, and got the whole thing in shape. I told Mollie to come down to the roundhouse about seven o'clock one night and I would give her a little ride on my engine. She afraid? Well I guess you don't know her. Why, she had run the machine herself many a time. I had given the hint to Jack, my fireman, and he was on hand when I I backed out on the main track, leavin' Jim's engine in the roundhouse. Mollie was watin', and she jumped on the tank like an engineer's sweetheart ought to do. Just as we were pullin' out Jim came round the corner. His eyes opened I tell you. 'Where you goin' Bill ?' he shouted. 'Just out for a little ride,' I remarked. coolly puttin' Mollie up on the box in front of me so I had to put my arms around her to reach the levers, I saw Jim gasp and start on a run toward Mollie's house, where he knew her father was In two minutes we were spining in three hummin', and in five minutes we were tearin' through the valley like a cyclone. It was a pitch dark night and not a thing could be seen ahead. 'There they come,' yelled Jack before we had gone ten miles. Lookin' back we saw a shower of sparks just visible above the tree tops. We concluded at once that that was Jim and Mollie's father, and that we would have to do some pretty tall travellin' to avoid capture. Mind you, Jim carried a gun. The engines were pretty well matched, but, of course, I was somewhat nervous. Just ahead was a heavy grade five miles long, and I knew it would be a tough pull to get over it, but once on the other side of the hill our chance for gettin' away would be good. 'Do your best Jack to keep up steam,' I yelled across to the fireman. Mollie was restin' in my arms as quietly as if she had been sittin' on the hair-cloth sofa in her parlor, her lips half open and the wind blowin' her hair in my face All of a sudden we heard a whistle right behind us. I jumped with dismay and looked back. There was Jim less than half a mile away, comin' like a house afire. Mollie looked, too, then her eyes fell on Jack, whose wood was gettin' low and who had rolled a barrel out from the back part of the tank and was tryin' to bust the head in. She slid out of my arms, and holdin' the levers, got down beside the fireman. The first I knew of it, was when I saw her fishing out big fat hams from the barrel and passing them to Jack, who was feedin' the furnace with 'em. Didn't stop to ask any questions. 'Bully for you, Jack,' I yelled, as the steam guage jumped up again. Well, that did the business. We reached the top of the grade without Jim gaining another inch, and then we began to slide downward. Great Jupiter, how we did drop down that hill ! The noise was terrific and the old machine rocked like a cradle. Lookin' back, I saw Mollie standing on the back holdin' on by the brake, her dress flutterin,' her hair blowin,' and her eyes shinin' like stars. I'll never forget that sight. I knew that as soon as Jim reached the top of the hill he'd be after us at high speed, and I began to fear we couldn't keep ahead this time, but all at once a thought struck me. I shut off steam and yelled to Jack to put on the hand brakes. He jumped to the wheel, Mollie helpin' him. and in a few minutes we had nearly stopped. We shut off all lights and waited. In a minute or two we heard a faint rumble, which changed to a roar, then we could distinguish the clickity click of wheels passin' over the ends of rails, the rattle of machinery and the hissin' of steam, while the puffin' of the exhaust was so rapid as to blend into hollow thunder. A whirlwind of sparks became visible, and then with a hop-skip, and a jump Jim's engine passed us like a streak of runaway lightnin',' the occupants never dreamin' we were in the sidin.' We hunted up the nearest preacher and got married; me, with my face all black and grimy, and Mollie without any hat, for the wind had blown it away. Jack was witness and I let him kiss the bride, for I thought he deserved it. We got back to Columbia about midnight and next mornin' I took out the express as if nothing had happened. What became of Jim? Why, the fool actually run ahead all night, till he reached Charlotte next mornin'. He was the worst surprised man in the state when he found we had given him the slip. Then the superintendant wanted to know what he meant by takin' out his new engine without orders, and the end of it all was that Jim not only lost his girl, but was discharged as well."

SHORT STORIES

A St. Louis humorist declares that a young lady applicant for a school was asked the question : "What is your position upon whipping children ?" and her reply was : "My usual position is on a chair, with the child held firmly across my knees, face downward." Needless to say, she got the school.

In England where legislation is concerned with laundries, a female inspector, after much argument, persuaded the head of a small establishment to show her over the premises. The superintendent threw open the door of the steaming kitchen in which there were some half-dozen washerwomen bending over tubs. "Ladies," she said, in a dramatic voice, "a woman from the government to see you!"

The Archbishop of Canterbury, who had a red nose, paid a visit to the village school, and, after telling the scholars that everyone possessed a besetting sin, astonished his youthful hearers by continuing, "And even Archbishops!" "I wonder who can guess what the Archbishop's besetting sin is?" asked his grace. One little lad timidly held up his hand, and on being invited to give an answer said, "Drunkenness!" What the archbishop thought or said at this amusing reply is not recorded, but as everyone knows Dr. Temple was a most ardent teetotaler.

Janet had moulded the domestic affairs of a Boston family for so many years that the news of her intended marriage had much the effect of an earthquake. "Have you and David been engaged long ?" ventured the mistress of the household.

"One week when next Sabbath comes," stated Janet, briefly.

"And—and had you any thought of marrying before that?" asked her mistress.

"Times I had and times I had not," said the imperturbable Janet, "as any person will. But a month ago when I gave David a wee bit of the cake I'd been making, and he said to me, 'Janet, have ye the recipe firm in your mind, lass, so you could make it if Mrs. Mann's book would be far from your reach ?' I knew well the time was drawing short.

"And when," said Janet, closing her eyes at the recollection, "I said, 'David, lad, the recipe is copied in a little book of my own,' and I saw the glint in his eye, I reckoned 'twould be within the month he'd ask me."

Humane Merchants.

According to a writer in Harper's Weekly, the Consumers' league of New York rates as fair dry goods houses those in which equal work gets equal pay, irrespective of the sex of the worker; in which adults get at least $6 a week, paid weekly; in which fines go into a fund for employees' benefit, and in which cash girls get at least $2 a week. The hours of a fair house are from 8 to 6, with three-quarters of an hour for lunch and one-half holiday a week for two months in summer. Fair houses also comply with sanitary laws, provide seats for saleswomen—as required by law—use employees humanely.

An Electric Scarfpin.

Perhaps the smallest electric motor in the world is in the scarfpin of D. Goodwin of McKinney, Tex. He is a skilled watchmaker and recently he constructed the motor, which is so small that a 10 cent piece will cover it. It weighs only nine-one-hundredths of an ounce. The front of the moter is of highly polished gold and the commutator and segments are of the same metal. Mr. Goodwin wears the curiosity in his necktie, and it makes a very attractive decoration, the nature of which can only be discovered by close inspection. —Chicago Record.

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25 Cents pays for three months' membership. Each member receives the official club organ every month, including 6 pieces of high-class vocal and instrumental new music each month, 18 pieces in all; also a Certificate of Membership which gives the privilege of Club Room in New York City, and of buying literature, music or musical instruments of any description at wholesale prices, saving you from 20% to 60% on your purchases. Don't fail to join at once. You will get much more than your money's worth. MUTUAL LITERARY-MUSIC CLUB, Dept. , 150 Nassau St., N.Y.

CERTIFICATE OF THE REGISTRATION OF AN EXTRA-PROVINCIAL COMPANY.

"COMPANIES ACT, 1897."

I HEREBY CERTIFY that the "International Harvester Company of America" has this day been registered as an Extra-Provincial Company under the "Companies Act, 1897," to carry out or effect all or any of the objects of the Company to which the legislative authority of the Legislature of British Columbia extends.

The head office of the Company is situate in the City of Milwaukee, State of Wisconsin, U. S. A.

The amount of the capital of the Company is $1,000,000, divided into 10,000 shares of $100 each.

The head office of the Company in this Province is situate in the City of Nelson, and Robert W. Hannington, Barrister, &c., whose address is Nelson aforesaid, is the attorney of the Company (not empowered to issue or transfer stock).

The Company is limited.

Given under my hand and seal of office at Victoria, Province of British Columbia, this 17th day of November, one thousand nine hundred and two.

[L.S.] S. Y. WOOTTON,
Registrar of Joint Stock Companies.

The following are the objects for which the Company is established:—

To manufacture, sell and deal in harvesting machines, tools and implements of all kinds, including harvesters, binders, reapers, mowers, rakes, headers and shredders; agricultural machinery, tools and implements of all kinds; binder twine; and all repair parts and other devices, materials and articles used, or intended for use, in connection with any kind of harvesting or agricultural machines, tools or implements;

To engage in the manufacture or production of, and to deal in any materials or products which may be used in, or in connection with, the manufacture of harvesting or agricultural machines, tools and implements;

To apply for, obtain, register, lease or otherwise acquire, and to hold, use, own, operate, sell assign or otherwise dispose of, any trade marks, trade names, patents, inventions, improvements and processes used in connection with or secured under, letters patent of the United States or of other countries or otherwise.

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We are offering at lowest prices the best grades of Ceylon, India, China and Japan Teas.

Our Best Mocha and Java Coffee per pound	$ 40
Mocha and Java Blend, 3 pounds	1 00
Choice Blend Coffee, 4 pounds	1 00
Special Blend Coffee, 6 pounds	1 00
Rio Blend Coffee, 6 pounds	1 00
Special Blend Ceylon Tea, per pound	50

A TRIAL ORDER SOLICITED.

KOOTENAY COFFEE CO.

Telephone 177.
P. O. Box 182.

WEST BAKER STREET, NELSON

CERTIFICATE OF IMPROVEMENTS.

"Iron Cap" and "Grey Eagle" Mineral Claims, situate in the Nelson Mining Division of West Kootenay District.

Where located: On the west slope of Sandy Creek, about four miles from Nelson.

Take notice that I, Francis J. O'Reilly, of Nelson, B. C., as agent for C. Sweeny, Free Miner's certificate No. B71,212, intend sixty days from the date hereof, to apply to the Mining Recorder for certificates of improvements, for the purpose of obtaining Crown grants of the above claims.

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

Dated this 22nd day of October, 1902.

FRANCIS J. O'REILLY.

CERTIFICATE OF IMPROVEMENTS.

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

Where located: On east slope of 49 Creek.

Take notice that I, F. C. Green, acting as agent for Aaron H. Kelly, Free Miner's Certificate No. B51,231, 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 fourteenth day of November, 1902

F. C. GREEN,
Nelson, B. C.

CERTIFICATE OF IMPROVEMENTS.

G. West (Fractional) Mineral Claim, situate in the Nelson Mining Division of West Kootenay District.

Where located: On Toad Mountain.

Take notice that I, F. C. Green, acting as agent for Aaron H. Kelly, Free Miner's Certificate No. B 51,231, 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 fourteenth day of November, 1902

F. C GREEN,
Nelson, B. C.

Notice To Delinquent Co-Owners

To Thomas Bennett, Albert Bennett, Maggie Louise Fennell, George A. Hunter, James Bourke, and every other persons or persons having or claiming any interest in the "Galena" Mineral Claim situate about six miles north of Salmon Siding and two miles west of the Nelson and Fort Sheppard Railway, in the Nelson Mining Division, District of West Kootenay.

You and each of you are hereby notified that I have expended one hundred dollars in order to hold the above mentioned mineral claim under the provisions of the Mineral Act, and amendments thereto, and if within ninety days from 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 said claim will become the property of the subscriber under Section four of an Act entitled "An Act To Amend The Mineral Act, 1900."

J. M. McLAREN,
By his Attorney, R. M. Macdonald.

Dated this 6th day of December, 1902.

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Also a full line of Sponges and Bath Gloves at

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JOHN McLATCHIE

Dominion and Provincial Land Surveyor

On Customs House, Nelson, B.C.

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BAKER STREET, NELSON, B. C

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Leave Nelson 5 a. m.,

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Arrive St. Paul 2nd day 6:40 p. m.
Arrive Chicago 3rd day 9:30 a.m.
Arrive Toronto 4th day 2:45 p.m.
Arrive Montreal 4th day 6:40 p.m.
Arrive New York 5th day 8.55 a. m

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The splendidly equipped tourist cars of this company leave for the East as follows:

From Dunmore Junction daily for St Paul.
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Further information as to why the C. P. R. is the most desirable route across the continent will be cheerfully furnished on application to

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