THE ECONOMIST.

VOLUME VII. NELSON, B. C., SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 14, 1903. NUMBER 18

News of the Mines

BOUNDARY MINING NOTES.

Phoenix Pioneer.

The Granby smelter treated 38,367 tons of ore in October.

This week the Athelstan-Jackpot ore shipments take quite a jump.

It is said that there is likely to be a reorganization at the Boundary Falls smelter shortly.

It is reported that the Goldfinch, in Skylark camp, is looking better than ever with development.

The Mother Lode has a private system of eight telephones, connecting different parts of the works.

At the Winnipeg the compressor has been set on its bed, and the connections are being made. Next week it will be in operation.

In October the Granby mines shipped 39,398 tons of ore; the Mother Lode sent out 12,665 tons and the Snowshoe sent out 9,480 tons.

Since the general close of the mines in and around Butte, Montana, not a few of the miners have been coming into the Boundary to secure work.

The new castings for the cylinders for the two 30 drill air compressors for the Granby mines to take the place of those that exploded in August, arrived this week, and are being placed in position as rapidly as possible.

Smith Curtis, manager of the Oro Denoro, has been at the mine again this week. Everything about the property is going along smoothly, and the shipments are soon to be at the rate of 200 tons daily, now that the air compressor is in good shape.

The final payment on the Elkhorn, adjoining the Providence, is to be made next month, and will be made, like the payments on the Providence were, out of profits from the ore shipped. This is one of the high grade mines of the Boundary, the ore running over $100 per ton, and Phil McDonald and James Sutherland, who have the bond, evidently have a splenpid property

Several small properties in the Boundary have recently had development work started on them. Dr. Averill and associates are working on the Engle, and he is also working on the Minnie, in Summit camp, near the Emma. Chas. Simpson is working the Iron Chief, adjoining the Betts and Hesperus group. W. T. Smith has started work on the Emma fraction, in Summit camp. J. K. Fraser is working the Evening Star in Wellington camp, and G. W. Rumberger is developing the King in the same camp.

YMIR MINING NOTES.

Ymir Mirror.

It is reported in town to-day that they have struck the main lead on the Atlin and that a big body of rich ore is revealed.

Supt. White, has resigned as superintendent of the Broken Hill Mining Co. operating the famous Wilcox mine. He intends to take a well deserved vacation, but expects to return to camp in the spring. His many friends will regret even the temporary absence of genial Phil.

Another pack train went up to the Hunter V. this morning carrying tramway material. This tram will run from the property of the Standard Development Syndicate to the Nelson and Fort Sheppard tracks below town. It will be 1200 feet in length and will be supported by 22 towers. The Hunter V. property is considered one of the "large things" of the Kootenay. There is a mountain of lime that carries values from 28 to 32 ounces of silver and from $3 to $4 in gold. The ore will be handled by the Northport and Nelson smelters. At the terminal an 18-car spur is being put in.

SLOCAN MINING NOTES.

Slocan Drill.

Six men are employed at the Black Prince.

During October the Idaho shipped 328 tons of ore.

The Monitor shipped 63 tons of ore during last month.

The force at the Ivanhoe is to be increased to 80 men.

More men have been added to the force at the American Boy.

Some excellent ore is being taken out of the Bell by the lessees.

The force on the Wakefield mine was this week reduced to 16 men.

Work is expected to be resumed at the Howard Fraction at an early date.

Sandon mines last week shipped 200 tons of ore, 98 of which came from the Ruth.

The construction of the new mess house at the Enterprise is pretty well under way.

Two men were put on last week to improve the trail to the Black Prince for rawhiding.

Last week the Slocan ore shipments approximated 500 tons, making about 13,000 tons for the year.

As a result of the first 20 days' run of the stamp mill at the Eva mine, at Camborne, 395 ounces of gold was obtained.

A big strike of ore is reported from the Ivanhoe, twelve feet of the shipping article having been encountered in the No. 9 tunnel. It has created a big stir in the camp.

Kaslo Kootenaian.

The lessees of the Black Prince have two carloads of ore ready to snip.

The Payne electric zinc separator is complete and commenced operations Friday.

Day and night shifts are being employed at the Ivanhoe concentrator.

The Rambler has struck a large body of ore 800 feet perpendicularly from the apex of the vein.

John Foster and J. Cory have taken a lease and bond on the Cinderella group, near Three Forks.

The recent strike at the Last Chance is holding out well and shows every evidence of being a large chute.

James Rutherford, manager of the Lardeau Valley Mines, left Kaslo Monday for Alberta to examine some coal fields for an English syndicate.

The Ruth has over 300 tons of zinc on hand which they are waiting the opportunity to ship.

The McAllister group on the north fork of Carpenter creek is making preperations to ship. The property is owned by Wm. Hunter and Geo. Fairbairn.

Will English is in town from Woodberry. He reports good progress being made with the work on the Baltimore group, which he is working. It is expected that the lead will be cut within the next sixty feet. Assays of the ore taken out run upwards of 300 ounces.

Joseph Ryan, who has been here lately in the interests of representatives of capital who proposed erecting lead smelting and refining works, here has wired the Kootenaian that negotiations have been completed and that the erection of such works is now assured. This is good news and Mr. Ryan should be congratulated on his success.

EVENTS AND GOSSIP

A few days ago Hon. D. W. Higgins announced that his best story would appear in the Colonist of the 8th inst. Mr. Higgins kept his word, for of all the interesting stories yet written by this gentleman, undoubtedly "Caledonia H. Collins" is the best. Like so many of Mr. Higgins' stories, the one appearing last Sunday deals with events in the early history of Yale, once a great mining camp. Many who have witnessed the production of "The Danites," written also by a Canadian, have often wondered how "Billy Piper" succeeded in keeping the secret which was only discovered under the most unexpected circumstances, yet Mr. Higgins shows how easy such a thing can be, in the story of "Caledonia H. Collins." This is the story of a woman who came from California to Yale disguised as a man in search of her husband. The secret of her sex was preserved until one morning the young wife gave birth to a baby. The story of how the event was received by the residents of the mining town is most interestingly told by Mr. Higgins.

A strange thing has happened in connection with the retaining wall for the new James Bay bridge at Victoria. The expensive stone wall has bulged out fully seven inches. A month ago this bulging process was first noticed and since that time the masonry has sagged another inch. Moreover, the wall was tied to the James Bay bridge by long bolts and there is now visible a distinct curve in the train tracks across the bridge. By way of giving support 300 piles are now being driven, but it is a bad place to fill in; forty feet of mud underlying the four feet of clay forming the bottom of the bay. The Victoria papers have been keeping the matter very quiet, but now that the secret has become public property, both the Colonist and Times are telling what the council thinks about it. Several private meetings of the city council were held to especially consider the matter, and at these meetings a number of the aldermen indulged in remarks the reverse of complimentary of the manner in which the job was handled. Though the reporters were excluded from these private sessions, they were nevertheless in possession of information about all that occurred and could at any time have given an accurate account of the proceedings. The work was under the supervision of City Engineer Topp, and while it is admitted that he has met with a great mishap in his career, there is no disposition to condemn that official. That the wall has shown glaring evidence of weakness is not disputed for a moment; and the interesting point in the situation seems to be the necessity of suggesting a remedy. The Colonist learns that some of the most competent experts say that the intrinsic strength of the wall was weak in the first place; that the inevitable has occurred. It is believed that the loss to the city will amount to about $50,000.

The resignation of George Anthony Walkem as Supreme Court Judge of British Columbia has been accepted, and he is now on the superannuated list. Judge Walkem rendered long and faithful services to the province of British Columbia. Since his arrival in the province in the early sixties he has been prominently identified with our public affairs, and can truthfully be said to have earned a well-merited rest. In securing for British Columbia many valuable concessions in connection with the entrance of this province into the Dominion confederation, Mr. Walkem rendered a service to this province which should have been recognized in some more lasting manner than it has been so far. It has been the custom in this province to recognize long and faithful service. This has not been done in the case of Judge Walkem. Knighthood should have come to him in connection with his superannuation.

The Clara Mathes company begins a week's engagement at the Nelson Opera House next Monday evening in "The Resurrection." This company has been considerably strengthened since its appearance here a few months ago. Several of the old favorites remain, but there have been a few additions to the organization. Miss Mathes has added a number of new pieces to her repertoire, perhaps the most notable being the one in which she appears on the opening night. The company will tour California for the winter months.

The citizens of Rossland are getting ready for the municipal campaign. Over there a number of citizens have banded themselves together as reformers of city methods, and have placed as the chief plank in their platform the abolition of the salaries of the mayor and aldermen. The principal reason given for the proposed retrenchment is the depleted condition of the municipal treasury and the absolute necessity for a curtailment of expenditure. Of course the citizens of Rossland know their own business best, but it does seem as if the proposal to cut off the mayor's salary was retrenchment in the wrong direction. The mayor of every city is at more or less expense in the discharge of the duties of his office, and it is scarcely fair that he should be asked to stand the whole of this expense. In Nelson it is doubtful if the mayor saves one dollar out of his salary; besides he contributes a great deal of his time to the city in the way of carrying on civic business. With the aldermen it is somewhat different. While they also have to sacrifice a great deal of their time. yet they have nothing like the number of calls made upon their resources that falls to the lot of the mayor. Retrenchment may be necessary in Rossland, even to the extent of cutting off the mayor's salary, but we hope no one will entertain a like suggestion in Nelson for some years to come.

The death of Miss Ivy Johnstone, eldest daughter of Mr. George Johnstone, has been the cause of universal sorrow in Nelson. The deceased young lady enjoyed the friendship of every citizen of Nelson, the large number who attended her funeral being the strongest possible testimony of the esteem in which she was held. Her death coming so unexpectedly rendered the shock so much greater. Gifted with splendid qualities of both mind and heart, she was a universal favorite everywhere, and her family have the sympathy of the entire community in their bereavement.

Col. John Egan, the vetern newspaper man, who spent some months in Nelson as editor of the Miner, is again back in the city. The Col. is taking the place of one of the News staff on that paper and will be with us for a few weeks.

The Victoria Times is going to make a specialty of reporting the proceedings of the forthcoming session of the Legislature, and as everyone is interested in anything that will take place in the House in November, it would be well to subscribe for the Times, which, by the way is one of the best daily papers in Western Canada.

Messrs. Hooper & O'Brien have rented the old postoffice building and are fiting it up as a vaudeville place of amusement. It is the intention to make this a little family theatre in which women and children can spend an hour or so any afternoon. The performances will be continuous, lasting an hour each, from half-past two in the afternoon until half-past ten at night. This is something that has been long needed in Nelson, and it is to be hoped that the promoters will meet with the success their enterprise deserves.

With a great number of repertoire companies hovering around, it will be quite possible to secure many attractions for the Opera House.

Local and Provincial

Another effort will be made to form a Pioneers' society in Nelson.

A. J. Marks, Nelson's only weather prophet, predicts an open winter.

Dr. Hall and several friends have been hunting this week in Alberta.

The high wind of to-day caused some damage by blowing down trees and outbuildings.

Mr. W. de V. le Maistre has decided to relinquish his law business at Revelstoke and will remove to Edmonton about the beginning of next month.

The Cosgrove company will appear at the Nelson Opera House on the evening of Thursday, November 26, under the auspices of the Nelson City Band.

Patenaude Bros.' store has been enlarged, and is now one of the finest jewellery establishments in British Columbia. The work done in the manufacturing department of this firm is noted throughout the province.

The Rev. Canon Beanlands, rector of the cathedral parish, Victoria has received a year's leave of absence from the Bishop. He left last Saturday for England, accompanied by his children. Bishop Perrin, with Archdeacon Scriven and Rev. W. B. Allen will take charge of the parish in the Canon's absence.

The Victoria papers state that the Hon Mr. Tatlow has explained that the 5-cent per head bounty offered on dead Vancouver crows was made by him in the capacity of Park Commissioner, and not as Provincial Treasurer. There will thus be no call in respect of dead crows upon the depleted resources of British Columbia, but only a moderate levy upon the civic funds of prospering Vancouver.

The Victoria exhibition was this year—taking all things into account—successfully managed. The receipts came to $12,324 and the outlay but slightly exceeded this amount, the net deficit being only $363.47, which there should be little difficulty in meeting. This is a vastly better result than that of last year and it is hoped that the next exhibition will show an actual surplus of receipts.

As owing to the demoralization of the market in the North-West, consequent upon the delivery of American lumber there at sacrifice prices, the demand for the product of British Columbia mills has been suddenly reduced very considerably, the Nanaimo saw mill will only work this winter when sufficient local orders are in hand to justify getting steam up. Another shutdown has taken place, the duration of which will depend upon how fast the orders come in.

Rev. C. H. M. Sutherland, pastor of the Mount Pleasant Methodist Church, Vancouver, has received an invitation from the Methodist congregation at Revelstoke to be pastor of that church next year. Mr. Sutherland's term at Mount Pleasant, already one year more than the time usually allotted to clergymen of his church, will end next June. The annual conference has the power of officially stationing the ministers, but the requests of individual congregations weigh largely in the choice made.

The hotels have been crowded with commercial travellers all week.

A. C. Flumerfelt, of the Granby smelter, was in Nelson yesterday.

Harry Wright, M. L. A. for Ymir, has returned from his trip to the coast.

Nelson curlers have reorganized for the season, and promise good sport when they get the ice.

The Nelson Trades and Labor Council will hold a smoking concert at the Opera House this evening.

Miss McMicking has returned to the coast after several months' visit with her sister, Mrs. Robt. Renwick.

Charlie Ink and Doc Boyd have disposed of their interest in the Manhattan and taken over the Nelson House.

Campbell Sweeney, of the Bank of Montreal, has just returned to the coast from a trip through the Kootenays. He reports a revival in business everywhere he visited, particularly in Nelson.

It is understood that L. P. Duff, K. C., will certainly be appointed to the vacant Judgeship caused by the retirement of Hon. Mr. Justice Walkem. The appointment will be a popular one in the interior.

The danger of coasting was fully exemplified this morning, when a boy came down Observatory street on his sled and ran into the street car. He struck the truck of the car and had his foot badly jammed. It would be well for the council to prohibit coasting excepting on certain streets.

The house occupied by William Davis, on Kootenay street caught fire this morning and was completely destroyed, together with a large quantity of valuable furniture. The fire caught from the furnace in the basement and gained considerable headway before it was noticed. The loss will amount to about $2,000, and is said to be insured for that amount.

Dr. Hall proposes at the next meeting of the Victoria School Board to move the abolition of the limit of $1,200 a year in regard to the salaries of High School assistant teachers. The doctor holds that the limit is too low and may work disadvantageously to the public interest in the case of specially capable teachers having other opportunities of scholastic employment.

The Kootenaian says that J. H. Gray-C. E., who has been locating the line of the monorailway up the Duncan river to the West Fork, has been completed the field work and has succeeded in getting a splendid grade with but two crossings of the Duncan and following the west side of the river for the greater part of its length. It will take some time to complete the plans and estimates and Mr. Gray says that the actual construction will begin as soon as the office work is completed. The whole of the distance between Howser lake and the West Fork of the Duncan has been definitely located and the general contour of the country is admirably adapted for the building and operating of the line proposed. Mr. Gray had an exceptionally good force of men employed on the survey and the work progressed most favorably, consuming much less time than had been anticipated.

The Economist

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Address all communications, "Publisher of THE NELSON ECONOMIST, Nelson, B. C."

EDITORIAL COMMENT.

The citizens of Nelson should not permit the agitation for the sawmill proposal to die out. Every industry that comes to Nelson adds to the prosperity of the city.

There is something in what the eastern banker says with regard to the political situation of British Columbia. This is not the time to strive for party advantage, but rather to get a stable Government.

The latest parlor game is called "hocker-ball," and is said to have ping-pong beaten in a walk. It is table hockey and should be popular with spectators, as they can watch the game without freezing their feet.

The Similkameen people are grumbling because of lack of transportation facilities. It seems strange that a district so rich as the Similkameen should so long remain without the needed railroad facilities to make a prosperous district.

A statement which Mr. Chamberlain quotes from Sir H. Campbell-Bunnerban is rather startling when repeated in this country. This is that three out of every seven working men in Great Britain now of the age of twenty-five will at sixty-five be dependent upon poor law relief.

It must be satisfactory to the champions of the Kootenay to realize that at no time in the history of the interior has business been so encouraging as at the present time. Especially is this the case in Nelson, where the merchants report an unusually large volume of business.

Hon. Mr. Foster, speaking at a political meeting in England the other day, was enthusiastically cheered when he remarked that Canada had given England the preference treating her better than foreign countries do. Let England give the colonies a preference and treat them better than she treats foreigners.

Vancouver Liberals generally, according to the Province, believe that Mr. Charles Wilson should not be opposed. There are some, however, who think otherwise, and as a result Capt. Duff-Stuart will oppose Mr. Wilson in the election which takes place next Wednesday. Undoubtedly Mr. Wilson will be returned by a large majority.

The Local House meets on the 26th, and then it will be known whether or not Mr. McBride will be able to carry on his Government. There is an impression that he will be able to do so, notwithstanding the fact that one man elected to support him has registered a solemn oath that he will do everything he can to down Richard McBride and his Government. Mr. McBride is credited with possessing a keen insight into human nature, and it is believed he understands just how to handle men like Mr. Houston. In any event, the members of his Government only laugh at the thunders of the member for Nelson city. In Nelson it is predicted that John Houston will be one of the most subservient followers of Hon. Richard McBride. His course in the House will be watched with interest.

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Press Comment

Slocan Drill.

It is cheering to read of the greatly improved outlook in the outside mining camps, particularly in Rossland and the Boundary. The Slocan has a day coming for her, too.

Ottawa Citizen.

It may not be generally known that "Jedge" Turner of boundary commission fame was one of the original owners of the mining claims that were unloaded on the British syndicate with which the late Lord Dufferin got so unfortunately mixed up.

Kootenay Mail.

The hospital staff at Revelstoke is earning a high reputation for the splendid success attending its administration and surgical operations. The medical staff have had to deal recently with several most intricate cases, the results of which have been much more successful than they themselves had dared to hope for.

Phoenix Pioneer.

John Houston seemed to be permeated with the idea that he was the whole thing when he reached the coast. Undoubtedly Mr. Houston would have made a good cabinet officer, but the powers that be did not agree with him. Therefore, like the little girl, John proceeds to take his doll and wend his way homewards. Now he breathes dire vengence on those who were the cause of his not being accepted for the portfolio. Suppose every member elected by the Conservatives did the same thing, as every one has just as much right to do as John Houston. It would be a nice state of affairs. Mr. Houston made his own bed, and must now lie on it.

St. John (N. B.) Sun.

The complimentary dinner to be given this evening to the Chief Justice of New Brunswick is not a mere perfunctory recognition of an aniversary in the professional career of a man in a high position. Those who take part will not do so wholly as a tribute to Judge Tuck's ability, attainments and success at the bar or on the bench, much as these might merit such recognition. It is safe to say in advance that the event will assume a more distinctly personal character. We may expect that the guest of the evening, who might indeed be feted as a brilliant lawyer and as a capable and just judge will on this occasion be cherished rather as a friend and a comrade, whose warm heart, genial disposition, hearty manner, and kindly human qualities qualify him for long and constant friendships. Dignity, austerity, severity of demeanor are suitable to the position of a judge, but these official virtues are not alone a guarantee of true respect. Much less can they win affection. The Chief Justice knows when to represent the majesty of the law and when to represent his own kindly and hearty individuality. In both and in all capacities he is honored to-day, and the citizens of St. John will join the gentlemen of the bar in wishing for him many more anniversaries of his admission to the profession in which he has labored so successfully. There are lawyers in this province, some in active practice, some in retirement, enjoying the proceeds of their professional work, who are by several years seniors of Chief Justice Tuck.

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Strictly in Advance

Waneda.

By Flora MacDonald.

WAS she an Indian girl, with a trace of Italian or Spanish blood, or was she the daughter of an East Indian pundit, who had come to this country to teach Christians a better philosophy and had fallen in love with some squaw?

No matter. Waneda had the soul stuff of centuries behind those wonderful black eyes, and all the gloss and brilliancy and heat and cold of sunbeams and moon glints in the bundles of wavy black hair.

Where had she picked up the band of jingly coins which she wore on her head?

No one ever saw Waneda without her coins.

Then the short skirt, with that broad band of Mexican embroidery in Persian colorings. What a mixture of designs and shades, put together with a bold recklessness, and yet never an inharmonious note in her whole costume!

Beautiful, wonderful, inspiring Waneda—dreaming dreams or building castles or—remembering—for, after all, are the dreams of our imagination only memories, or perhaps prophecies?

And what shall we say of him, of the first and only man who had ever quickened the pulse or dyed the dusky cheek of Waneda?

He was from a far-off city, had bid a wife and daughter an affectionate good bye but a week before. He was civilized and scholarly, cold and calculating.

Even the laurel wreath which had rested lightly on his brow for almost a score of years had only convinced him that he was endowed with an intellect and wise enough to make use of it. He possibly knew that it was an advantage to be over six feet high, of magnificent physique and handsome face, but a student clever enough to see so much beyond that what he had accomplished did not appear much to him or make him conscious of his greatness.

He had wandered some five or six miles from the small Mexican town, and sat down on a fallen palmetto tree at the edge of a grove.

What difference where Waneda came from or who she was?

"Why, my beautiful princess, have the gods sent you to break the monotony of the dullest day of all my life?"

The lips smiled, the bright eyes flashed.

"Yes, I have come and you have come. A better seat is just inside the grove."

Without a word, he followed her and when they were seated:

"Tell me," she said, "why you came."

"I came to see you." And it did not sound like a lie.

"Tell me what I shall call you."

He laughed, and thought of Shakespeare's rose. Then he thought of his own important name, that looked so well in print, and then he told another lie that sounded like the truth.

"My name, dear girl, is Bill. Just call me Bill. And what shall I call you?"

"I am Waneda, and I do wish you had a nicer name than Bill. It sounds so hard, and one has it quick."

"Quite true, Waneda. Yours is a name one can linger over, and, having finished saying it, repeat it over to listen again to its music—Waneda."

"If you are rested, we will walk."

"Just as you wish, little princess. Now tell me where you got your name, Waneda."

"I never got it; it was always mine. I grew up with me, and you were always mine, but you have been such a long time coming."

She placed her little, dark hand in his and silently they walked for many minutes.

What had he found? Was it possible that a little, dark, weird thing, however beautiful, could actually affect him?

Why, he was wise, and had such keen analytical ability. He had reasoned out this thing called love long ago. Yes, of course he loved his wife and daughter but after all it was just one of the phases that went to make up the drama of life. Now—now as he walked he seemed to be intensely alive—fear—wonder—but sublime ecstasy.

"Do you know, Waneda, that you have intoxicated me? Let us go back and sit down, that I may look into your beautiful eyes. And so you have been waiting for me, dear one. Now that I have come are you glad?"

Tears came into the wondrous dark eyes. She cuddled up close to his arm and leaned against him. A tired sigh blended with the words "So glad." He put his arm about the little crouching figure.

The sun had almost faded from the sky, and far above it the thin little new crescent could be seen in silvery paleness.

Her wavy black hair scintillated in the dying light. With his free hand he brushed it back from her forehead and lovingly stroked stray bunches of it. The only sound to break the stillness was when one coin jingled its metallic edge against another.

He wished that time had stopped and this could be the eternal now of life. This must be what sages thought of when they spoke of heaven.

Quick as lightning's flash, Waneda leaped from his arms, jumped upon the fallen tree and threw her arms about his neck.

"Now I must go, but you will come again to-morrow. Yes, each to-morrow you will come, and each night you will stay later, for the moon will grow. Then when it is round and full and all the stars are twinkling and laughing, then we will be married, you and I."

A little brown hand was on each side of the handsome, intellectual face. A moment she looked in his eyes. Her lips met his. He was about to clasp her in his arms, but she made a dart and disappeared among the tall palmettos.

"Well, I'll be blowed!" came the unromantic remark. He called himself a few fools, took off his hat, and started back to the clearance. Having crossed the railroad track on his way with Waneda, he decided to follow it back to town.

A train passed him when part way there. He was never more grateful for any happening in his life. The fiery headlight, the rumble and roar of the engine, all suited his mood. He could have yelled with delight, sworn with madness, cursed with disappointment and when the sound of the train had died away in the distance he was beginning to analyze.

Back to himself!

How delightful it had all been, but what did it mean? How foolish! Simply a pleasant adventure with a mighty pretty girl—true, a queer, wonderful little thing—and different.

When he reached his hotel, being thirsty after his long tramp, he drank a glass of ale and retired.

No—not to sleep. Waneda had in one short hour become part of his very life. Of course he'd never see her again—madness to dream of it. And was he such a fool as to fall in love even with a weird, wondrous creature who talked so wildly about having waited for him?

Morning came, and he wandered aimlessly about the town. Would the afternoon never come?

Long before the sun began to fade, "Bill" (and, of course, his name was not Bill) was on his way to the grove.

He wandered about for some time and then, not seeing Waneda, drifted in to their seat on the fallen palmetto tree.

The moon became visible. He was becoming impatient, anxious, almost fearful, when a light step and the jingle of coins told him he had not waited in vain. He sprang to his feet, and, like something wild, she leaped into his arms. He kissed her passionately and then, putting her at arms' length, said: "Waneda, who are you, and what has thrown you across my path? I fear for what will come of it."

"Who am I? Just Waneda. You see me—what I am. Now, you are hard and cold. Surely you love me?"

"Yes; 'tis easy enough to love you, but——"

He said no more.

She was looking at him with those wondrous eyes, that seemed to know and live worlds of thought and reason.

He sat down and took the brown little thing in his arms.

She chatted away about birds and flowers, daylight and dawn-time and black nights, when so much more could be seen. Occasionally a little brown arm would slide about his neck. He thought of a diamond ring belonging to his daughter, that she had given him to have cleaned. He had neglected giving it back to her, and now took the tiny leather case from his pocket, opened it and handed it to Waneda.

The fading light reflected back the rainbow glints from the precious gem.

Waneda gave a cry of delight. "I will place it on your finger, small, wild girl."

She was about to allow him when suddenly she objected.

"No, loved one; not to-night. The moon must be full, and we must say the words."

"You are talking of the marriage, dear, but this is not a wedding-ring. This is just to show you that I love you."

He slipped it on her finger and with pardonable pride watched her admire the seven-hued lights that caught the pretty stone.

She laughed a happy laugh. "This is the ring I have dreamed about."

She jumped upon the log, put her arms about his neck, kissed him quickly, violently, and disappeared as on the night before.

This time he said, "The devil!" But never in all his calm, reasonable life had such a cyclone of emotions surged through his being.

This night he slept, but only to dream of Waneda.

Night after night he was by the fallen palmetto, and as the moon grew large he was allowed to stay later.

She seemed so at his mercy, but her very confidence in him was her guardian angel. He had given up reasoning. He simply lived—satisfied to hold her hand if so she willed. Sometimes she would climb up and sit on his broad shoulder and he would make a footstool of his hands for her dainty little feet.

"Soon, dear heart, the moon will be full, and then we will be married."

"Who will marry us, Waneda?"

"Why, we will say the words and the Great God will hear, and the moon and the stars will be witnesses. Thus it will be written with our thoughts on the face of the heavens, man and wife."

"Then, Waneda, what will we do?"

"It will be nearly midnight, and we will walk up the track to the little station and you will take me away on the twelve o'clock train with you, and we will always be together."

As the night of the full moon approached he began again to analyze. Yes, he would marry her. If only the Great God were a witness, he could not be arrested for bigamy. He had a month's more holidays, and then he could explain how he would have to leave her for a time, but would come again. Yes, it was worth the risk—a month of love with her.

The night before the wedding came.

What a night! The great, full moon flooding the earth with her soft mellow light!

How brilliant and beautiful Waneda looked! How delightfully entertaining she was! And how he adored her!

Willingly would he have sacrificed all he owned, or all the world owed him of honor or of fame for her.

As she kissed him good-night she whispered:

"I will come early to-morrow night, dear heart. And you can tell me all you would have me be to be worthy of the Words you will say. I will have to give up my coins and wear different frocks. But on moonlight nights I will put on my short dress and my jingling coins, and we'll live over again these glorious nights."

"Yes, Waneda, we'll live over again these wonderful nights."

He took her in his arms.

"Good God! 'tis hard to part!"

"But just till to-morrow night. Then we will part no more." And she went.

Long he sat, with his head in his hands. What had he reasoned out? He took out his watch. Just a half hour to midnight. He was ghastly pale, as with clenched fists he flew towards the track, but did not go toward the town. Hurriedly he rushed in the opposite direction to the little flag-station, explained that the midnight train must be stopped, telegraphed where to have his baggage sent, bought a ticket, boarded the midnight train—and, as he thought, saved Waneda.

The moon was full. Silver lights gleamed and glinted, reflected from leaf or bush or log. Myriad stars, dimmed slightly by the brilliant moonlight, twinkled and sparkled in "that inverted bowl we call the sky."

Waneda was first at the palmetto log. "He is late to-night, but I have been impatient."

Minutes passed—long anxious minutes.

The night so beautiful, but waiting so weary.

Not a sound. What could have kept him?

An hour dragged slowly along. Was this a longer night than ever night had been before?

Ten o'clock and hope had changed to doubts and fears. Had all the universe stopped still?

The eager face so bright, so full of hope and faithful trust, was now so pale and pained.

Eleven o'clock! Hope gone; wild, fearful eyes, and then the thought, the knowledge—he will not come!

The small hands clenched, the teeth set firm. Agony and despair! And nearly twelve o'clock!

A faint sound of the whistle of the midnight train leaving the town.

Waneda walked towards the track. On, on—swifter, ever swifter the roaring engine came. The head-light looked like the eye of some evil monster. Dashing, crashing, rumbling, the midnight train passed on—on to where he had gone.

Waneda had said the words to the Great God and the full moon and the stars were the silent witnesses.

The Symphony.

Carry me home to the pine-woods
Give me to rest by the sea;
Leave me alone with the lulling tone
Of the south wind's phantasy.

For I am weary of discord.
Sick of the clash of this strife,
Sick of the bane of this prelude of pain,
And I yearn for the Symphony—Life.
—Robert Haven Schauffler in "Scribner's."

A Swimming-School for Horses.

Horses are "enlisted" in British cavalry regiments on reaching their third year, but it is generally two years more before they are taken for their first swimming lesson. This branch of their education receives a good deal of attention at the Aldershot training camp, writes W. G. Fitzgerald in the "Royal Magazine." The veterinary officer and riding-master of the regiment supervise the work, and only experienced men are allowed to assist.

The great thing is not to force or alarm the horse during his training, but rather to lead him by easy stages to enter the water quickly, fearlessly and as noiselessly as possible. If terrified at the start, the horse would be likely to fight shy of deep water ever after. So on the first day the man who has charge of the horse walks his pupil about on the edge of the water, just permitting him to wet his hoofs and fetlocks. The next day the horse is introduced a little farther into the water, perhaps up to his body, and allowed to splash round as he pleases. In this way the horse is gradually taken farther and farther in, until at length he loses his footing and starts swimming quite naturally, the man in charge swimming by his side to give him greater confidence.

Then the horse is taught to swim in company with others, beside a boat, by way of training him to cross rivers with his regiment en masse. The horses are divested of all saddlery but head collar and head ropes. The men of each troop get into a boat, and by means of the head ropes bring their horses into the water alongside. Then the boat is hauled across the river by a rope manned from the opposite side, and the horses necessarily follow.

At times the horses are exercised in bearing their riders across on their backs. The horse wears only the head collar and bridoon, and the rider strips himself, and throws his legs up along the horse's flanks so as not to impede the animal's movements. As the horse naturally swims very low in the water the rider's weight pushes him down until only his head is above the surface. But the animal soon gets over the uneasiness this causes him at first. Then the horse's tuition is complete, and he is classed in his regiment as "proficient." He has, in fact, passed his "exam" as much as any cadet at Sandhurst.

A Noble Renunciation.

She turned from him with a great sob her convulsed frame shaken by irrepressible emotion.

"It—it is terrible, terrible, Frederick," she faltered. "My father, who but yesterday was a multi-millionaire, is to-day a broken, a penniless, a dishonored bankrupt!"

"As bad as that?" he whispered, half incredulously.

She lifted her tear-stained eyes to his and mutely bowed her head.

"Surely there may be—there must be," he went on in strained, hoarse accents "there will be something saved from the wreck?"

"Nothing!" she repeated in a dull hopeless monotone. "He is irretrievably ruined. All, all is lost."

For a few moments blank silence reigned.

"Gertrude," he at length said, and as he spoke the look of indecision gradually faded from his brow, while a fuller volume of sound inflated his trembling voice, "do not say all is lost. Has he not you, his only child, left to him? Yes, my precious, my only love! Your duty is clear and unmistakable. Your whole life must be devoted, aye, sacrificed if necessary to the author of your being: the father who in the time of his wealth and power denied you nothing, who surrounded you with every luxury money could purchase and made your life a gem-bespangled dream of flowers. Yes, Gertrude, we must part, and for ever! I give you back your freedom now—at once! Heart-broken, crushed and wretched as it leaves me, I yet consent to carry this great grief with me to the grave; for what are my petty claims compared to his lifelong ones? Nay!"—seeing she was about to speak—"do not unman me; do not praise me for my nobility of soul; think of me simply as part of your sacrifice at the holy shrine of filial duty! Farewell!"

And ere her blurred vision grew clear he was out in the street—running rapidly over in his mind the names of other heiresses he knew, and the likelihood of any one of them consenting to heal his seared and broken heart with the golden salve of matrimony.—"Ally Sloper's Half-Holiday."

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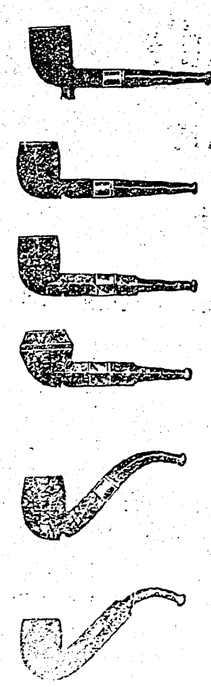
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If I Die Shall I Live Again?

"No, and I Don't Want To," answers Frederic Harrison.

Aroused by Mr. Myer's remarkable book on the survival of human personality after death, the Positivists or freethinkers of England are giving vent to their ridicule and contempt, and the chief of them, the eminent critic, Frederic Harrison, in the "Nineteenth Century" gives a brilliant description of his dream of the future life. He tells how he dreamed, and having cast aside his mortal body, passed into the Infinite, where, in his dream, he seemed to revel in the tornadoes of astral volcanoes, and to find rest in icy regions where the very ether had frozen into a liquid:—

"One seemed? who seemed? who felt? who saw? who passed? What, or who, was I? Individuality, personality, subjectivity, had slipped off as easily as the dried husk they were now laying out for burial. How childish, how brutish, how selfish did it seem now to conceive of any me! There was an end of Me, with its outlook of blind kitten or wriggling earth-worm. Should it be rather We—was I now a Gas, a Force, an Emanation? Should it be rather They?—was I an indefinite unit of a limitless Power extended in Space, and contemporaneous with all Time? The pettiness, the feebleness, the squalor of the sense of being Me was too evident. A more glorious We took the place of Me: and We in turn became They; and They in a flash became All.

"What a miserable insect should I have been in this immeasurable Universe if, by miracle hardly conceivable of Omnipotence, the individual Me had survived! Personality was all very well in the muddy speck men call Earth; dust to dust, ashes to ashes. But in the blaze of an Infinite Universe, scintillating in its every atom with unquenchable light, throbbing not with momentary sensations, but with ideas, ideas intercommunicable from one point in the boundless All to every other point, without need of language, and without effort, act, or delay—to drag up into this Immensity the soiled rags of 'human personality'—'twould be better to be the parasite of the anopheles gnat, spreading death and disease in its passion for blood. When the entire Universe is continuously and eternally apparent as a whole; when all its infinite and interminable ideas are simultaneously cognizable throughout its limitless field; when Motion is extinct, by reason that everything is everywhere, and Sound is swallowed up in one endless circumambient Harmony, then, as surely, there is no place left for Sight, Hearing, Speech or Thought. The wretched makeshifts of human sensation are as meaningless and sterile as the eyes of a mole. In this new world the craving for Personality is seen to be a sordid lust of the flesh.

"The transition from the dusty, cribbed and fetid prison of the Body to the radiant immensity of the Universe, wherein all the uses of bodily sense, and all the notions of terrestrial mind are meaningless and void, was a change so sudden and tremendous that it could not become familiar at first. Remnants of ideas and instincts belonging to the old world of sense still lingered in the new world of transcendence. On earth one had played with conundrums of a geometry of four dimensions. The new world presented dimensions at once infinite in number, at once infinite and infinitesimal in quantity; rather it had no dimensions at all; for everything was everything else; and also was nothing. And so, too, in the world numeration was infinite—all numbers were at once infinity and zero. Two plus two now added up x millions raised to the nth power, and instantaneously flashed back into minus 0. Had shame been possible in the world of the Absolute, it would have been fit to mark this absurd attempt to count—this survival of gross materialism from the world of Relation and Matter.

"The dregs of consciousness, of some flickering sensation of an individual Me would now and then break out, like a forgotten weed in a well-tended garden. I tried to think of myself as Me. . . . Such petty egoisms belong only to a world of limitations, of parts, of relations, of organisms. They drop off like dead leaves in winter in a world of infinites, of absolutes, a world which knows neither structures, nor parts, nor limits, nor substances, nor organs.

"Once, whilst the sound of human voices had hardly faded from my memory, I essayed to communicate some vague idea to the world around me. The stupidity of such a wish, its wild absurdity and gross animalism, was beamed forth in the myriad flashes of a circumambient Lightning. Millions after millions of electric welkins pulsated across the Heaven, amidst the joyous peal of infinite Thunder clapping. They had recognized my wish before it had been expressed; nay, before it had been formed. They were Me; I was They; We were It. The All now absorbed the Many; it had engulfed all individual entities, so that personality had ceased to have existence or meaning."

The Automobile and The Cart Horse.

A swift Automobile once swept proudly past a Tired Cart Horse.

"Hello, Old Stick-in-the-Mud!" it called, tauntingly. "Back to the Boneyard, you Dead One!" So saying, it disappeared in a Cloud of Steam.

A little farther down the Pike, the Tired Cart Horse came upon the Swift Automobile, now Busted.

"Aha!" said the Steed, with a Horse Laugh, "who is Stick-in-the-Mud now? You are indeed far from your Happy Home."

While the Cart Horse was thinking up other Biting Sarcasms of this Nature, they hitched him up to the Damaged Vehicle, and he was compelled to yank it laboriously to the stable, fourteen miles away on an Up Grade.

This fable teaches us that it is Wrong to gloat over the Downfall of our Enemies, until we are sure they can no longer injure us.—Ex.

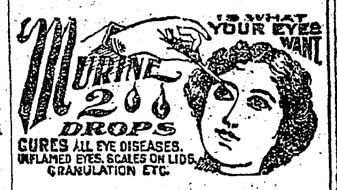
The Unweaker Vessel.

"You are accused of mashing women," said the stranger.

"I know it," replied the street car conductor. "But 'tain't the women that gits mashed, so much as 'tis the small kids and old men, I s'pose on account of the women mostly wearin' corsets."

Eyeache and Headache.

Eyestrain causes both. Drugs relieve only temporarily. Properly adjusted glasses remove the cause and effect a permanent cure. Satisfaction guaranteed.



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"Punch's" Interview with H. G. Wells.

Some member of "Punch," with a turn for genial fooling, writes a "Sketchy Interview" with H. G. Wells, the pseudo-scientific writer, in which he says:

"On our pressing the electric button, the door was opened by a well-trained Martian, who, in answer to our question, hooted politely that Mr. Wells was out on his aeroplane, superintending the flying drill of the Sandgate Highlanders, and was for the time being an invisible man, but that he was expected in any moment. While he was speaking a whirring noise was heard overhead, and Mr. Wells swooped to earth. Divesting himself of his celluloid cloak, studded with plasmon buttons, Mr. Wells, on demanding and receiving our assurance that we belonged to the middle classes, ushered us into his sanctum. We experienced considerable difficulty in keeping our feet, owing to the curvature of the floor—Mr. Wells adopts this system to prevent the collection of dust—but finally succeeded in anchoring ourselves to a selenite paperweight, while our host settled himself comfortably in the cushioned seats of his time machine and began to talk."

True Love.

An American lady has risen to defend the national dignity by asserting that her countrywomen do not marry European noblemen for their titles alone. It seems that the European is more skilled in the art of making love, and the titles become only one of the many attractions that endear him to the wealthy heiress. There is probably a good deal to be said in favor of this point. In a land where a man's social status is almost entirely governed by his bank account, the universal grab for dollars occupies all the available leisure of the average Yankee, and he hasn't the time to waste on a mere girl who may refuse him after two or three months' courting, and a sacrifice of precious moments that might have been used in besting a brother man out of a quarter's salary.

Can it Be?

The two Russian belles are discussing their mutual friends.

"And there is Rosiekoff Dimitriskewatchiskebooliskevitch," says the first girl. "I think she is such a sweet thing! And don't you think her name is beautiful?"

"Oh, yes," concedes the second. "But I have heard—now don't you whisper this to a soul—I have heard that her name isn't all her own."

"Mercy! What do you mean?"

"It is hinted that she wears an artificial skevitch."

Kind fates preserve us! If the ladies in other parts of the world begin amplifying their names as they do their hair, we never shall know whether a lady is really possessed of the aristocratic cognomen engraved upon her cards, or is simply a plain Smith, Jones or Brown.

Meant for a Compliment.

Immigrants, the workers in the social settlements say, so often wish to adapt themselves as fast as possible in ways and speech to their new environment that they sometimes acquire the language, as it were, wrong side foremost, getting a vivid and modern assortment of slang before they can use even ordinary words correctly.

A young woman who has taught a class of little foreign-born girls, and who happens to be in appearance peculiarly small, dainty and elegant, had the pleasure recently of overhearing two of her pupils speaking of her, says the "Youth's Companion."

"She is a bully lady!" said the first with enthusiasm. "She is great!"

"Oh, yes," assented the other, "she is great, she is gran', she is immense! An' he hat she was wear! It is a most stylish corker."

Another woman had a more startling experience. She is plump and pleasing to look at, just right in the eyes of her friends, but in her own a little too near the point where one ceases to say plump and begins to use a less agreeable word; and that she may some day slip over the line of division between the two is her secret and haunting fear. As a charity-worker and in pure neighborly kindness, she has made many friends among the foreign-born residents of her city. One of them, a voluble, warm-hearted woman of middle age, whose vocabulary is innocent of more than one pronoun, and all but the most direct and obvious adjectives, once met her unexpectedly in the street after a vacation from which the settlement-worker had returned rosy, sunburned, vigorous, and carrying an extra pound or two which she preferred not to remember.

Her friend rushed up to her beaming with welcome, seized her in an enveloping embrace, and then, wishing to express a polite appreciation of her blooming appearance, exclaimed loudly in a voice of rapture:—

"Gosh! Ain't he fat!"

Notice

Notice is hereby given that 30 days after date I intend to apply to the Chief Commissioner of Lands and Works for a special license to cut and carry away timber from the following described lands situate on Boundary Creek about seven miles from the Kootenay River in West Kootenay District: Commencing at a post on the north side of Boundary Creek marked "A. J. McGuire's" N. E. corner post, thence south 80 chains, thence west 80 chains, thence north 80 chains, thence east 80 chains to the place of commencement.

A. J. McGUIRE.

Creston, B. C., Aug. 17th, 1903.

Notice

Notice is hereby given that 30 days after date I intend to apply to the Chief Commissioner of Lands and Works for a special license to cut and carry away timber from the following described lands, situate on Boundary Creek, and about nine miles from Kootenay River in the West Kootenay District: Commencing at a post on the north side of Boundary Creek marked "E. Mallandaine, Jr.'s" N. W. corner, thence south 40 chains, thence east 160 chains, thence north 40 chains, thence west 160 chains to place of commencement.

E. MALLANDAINE, JR.

Creston, B.C., August 17th, 1903.

Notice

Notice is hereby given that 30 days after date I intend to apply to the Chief Commissioner of Lands and Works for a special license to cut and carry away timber from the following described lands, situate on Boundary Creek, about nine miles west from the Kootenay River, in the West Kootenay District. Commencing at a post on the north side of Boundary Creek, marked "F. G. Little's" N. E. corner post, thence south 40 chains, thence west 160 chains, thence north 40 chains, thence east to place of commencement 160 chains.

F. G. LITTLE.

Creston, B. C., August 17th, 1903.

Notice

Notice is hereby given that 30 days after date I intend to apply to the Chief Commissioner of Lands and Works for a special license to cut and carry away timber from the following described lands situate on Russell Creek, about ½ mile from the town of Kitchener in West Kootenay District. Commencing at a post marked George a Hunt's northwest corner, thence 160 chains south, thence 40 chains east, thence 160 chains north, thence 160 chains west to place of commencement.

GEO. A. HUNT.

Dated Nov. 7th, 1903.

Land Application

Sixty days after date, I intend to apply to the Chief Commissioner of Lands and Works for the following land:—Commencing at post at the north-west corner of lot 835, G1 Kootenay District, thence due west 40 chains, thence south 40 chains, thence east 40 chains, thence north along west boundary of lot 835 G1, to point of commencement, containing 160 acres.

Nelson, 25th July, 1903. M. E. FLETCHER.

CERTIFICATE OF IMPROVEMENTS

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

Where located: On Rest Creek, a tributary of the North Fork of Salmon River.

Take notice that I, John McLatchie, acting as agent for James Barnet MacLaren, Free Miner's Certificate No. B71,703, and Edmund D. Sewell, Free Miner's Certificate No. B71,704, 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 27th day of July, A. D. 1903.

JOHN McLATCHIE.

Certificate of Improvements.

Archer, Gipsy and Nelson Star Mineral Claims, situate in the Nelson Mining Division of West Kootenay district.

Where located: Seven miles west of Nelson, half-mile north of railway track.

Take notice that I, Charles W. Busk, acting as agent for Arthur Powys, Free Miner's Certificate No. B 58,174, 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 12th September, 1903.

CHAS. W. BUSK.

Certificate of Improvements.

Republic and Republic Fraction Mineral Claims, situate in the Nelson Mining Division of West Kootenay District.

Where located: Between 49 and Eagle Creeks.

Take notice that I, Charles W. Busk, acting as agent for Arthur Powys, Free Miner's Certificate No. B 58,174, 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 12th September, 1903.

CHAS. W. BUSK.

Scriblets—I've got a winner this time. Friend—New historical novel? Scriblets—No; it's a book of excuses for borrowing money. They're all catalogued. Five for every day in the year.—Chicago "Daily News."

Larry—Phwat are yez doin' wid thim dog-biscuit, Pat? Pat—Sure, the doctor said I needed more animal food.—Philadelphia "Record."

Fred Irvine & Co.

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Staple and Fancy Dry Goods, Millinery, Hose, Men's Furnishings

New Fall Goods Just Arrived

100 Pieces of Fancy Flannelettes, suitable for Ladies' Shirt and Blouse Waists, Wrappers and Children's Dresses, worth 20c. Sale price, 12½c. New White and Grey Saxony Wool Blankets, all sizes and qualities. New Wool Comforters and Eider Down Quilts. New Table Covers, Portierres and Curtains, new Table Linens, Towels and Sheetings, new Laces, Ribbons, Gloves and Dress Trimmings.

Bargains in Rugs, Art Squares, Oilcloths, Linoleums, Lace Curtains

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$7.50 PER TON, DELIVERED

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To Alaska, Japan, China, Hawaii, Australia

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Dominion and Provincial Land Surveyor

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CERTIFICATE OF IMPROVEMENTS.

Royal Seal and Royal Charter Mineral Claims, situate in the Nelson Mining Division of West Kootenay District.

Where located: Between 49 and Eagle Creeks.

Take notice that I, Robert Scott Lennie, acting as agent for M. S. Davys, Free Miner's Certificate No. B66,352, and Alfred Bunker, Free Miner's Certificate No. B80,764, 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 18th August, 1903.

R. S. LENNIE

H. & M. BIRD,

We beg to announce that we have been appointed agents for the Canadian Pacific Railway Co.'s town lots in Nelson and lands in West Kootenay.

Baker Street, Nelson, B. C.

Nelson Economist,

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(Formerly Clarke House)

The best $1 per day house in Nelson.

None but white help employed. The bar the best.

G. W. Bartlett, Prop

A. Gee

Merchant Tailor,

Tremont Blk. Baker St, East

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Latest designs and best quality

CERTIFICATE OF IMPROVEMENTS.

Emerald No. 2 Mineral Claim, situate in the Nelson Mining Division of West Kootenay District.

Where located: At the summit at the head of 49 and Summit Creeks, adjoining the Shandon Mineral claim.

Take notice that I, Reginald M. Macdonald, Free Miner's certificate No. B58,405, 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 July, A.D. 1903.

R. M. MACDONALD.