NELSON ECONOMIST

OL. IV. NELSON, B. C., WEDNESDAY, MAY 22, 1901. NO. 45

THE NELSON ECONOMIST IS ISSUED EVERY WEDNESDAY. SUBSCRIPTION: $2.00 PER ANNUM; IF PAID IN ADVANCE, $1.50. CORRESPONDENCE OF GENERAL INTEREST RESPECTFULLY SOLICITED. ONLY ARTICLES OF MERIT WILL BE ADVERTISED IN THESE COLUMNS, AND THE INTERESTS OF READERS WILL BE CAREFULLY GUARDED AGAINST IRRESPONSIBLE PERSONS AND WORTHLESS ARTICLES.

THE visit of Hon. J. H. Turner to the Kootenay at this time is in the nature of a tour of investigation. Mr. Turner will leave for London the latter part of next month, and will at once proceed to open the office of agent-general for British Columbia. It is his desire to secure all the information he can with regard to the Province, which will enable him to fulfill the object of his appointment. It is, therefore, desirable that Mr. Turner should be placed in possession of all available information with regard to the resources of the Province, so that intending investors and settlers may reap the benefit of this knowledge.

LIEUT. MORRISON, recently returned from South Africa, has the following in the Ottawa *Citizen* with regard to the headgear adopted for the Canadian militia: "The militia of Canada will go into the camp in June, usually one of the hottest months of the year. The commanding officers of corps have at present a choice of head dress for their men consisting of the helmet and the forage cap. If ingenuity had been exercised to invent an unsuitable style of headgear for the climate and work nothing could be desired that more thoroughly fills that requirement than the helmet. It is so heavy, ill-fitting and brain-wracking that the men volunteer to parade in forage caps in the hottest sun rather than wear it. The forage cap covers about one-third of the man's head, so that if he runs a chance of heat apoplexy from carrying the helmet, he risks straight sunstroke, not to mention the suffering endured from agonizing sun-blisters on the scalp and forehead, by substituting the forage cap. Luckily forces are at work to relieve the suffering of the unfortunate soldier. The lesson of the benefit and comfort of a light, suitable head dress has been learned in South Africa, and will no doubt be acted on in Canada. Already the D O. C. of No. 1 district has sanctioned the wearing of straw hats in camp. But why should not the militia department issue a head dress that would be both useful and ornamental? Among the varied styles worn by imperial and colonial troops in South Africa there was one style of felt hat unique in shape which was worn by the mounted corps of Canada and came to be recognized as the Canadian head dress, that is the flat-rimmed Stetson or "pony" hat. It combined admirable utility with a certain trim, business-like air that made it a favorite with the men. Certain types of officers preferred an imitation of the yeomanry hat, a soft felt turned up at the side and ornamented with feathers and various trinkets, but the Canadian soldier preferred his own pony hat and bitterly resented the change. If a head dress is to be selected that combines the advantages of meeting service conditions, being smart in appearance and distinctively Canadian the pony hat fills the bill. It is cheaper than the helmet and will probably last longer.

CANADA'S revenue is increasing, but the Toronto *Empire* fears not fast enough to satisfy the ever-increasing wants of Mackenzie & Mann.

WITHIN the past few days there has been a remarkable revival in business in Nelson. It cannot be denied that the determination of the Government to subsidize a refinery in British Columbia may have had much to do with this desirable change. The people see that it will be only a matter of time when they will be able to strike off the shackles that made them the slaves of the American Smelter Trust. With a refinery comes a new lease of life to the mining industry of British Columbia.

THE ECONOMIST has refrained from taking part in the discussion now going on between the two daily newspapers as regards the advisability of making Thursday afternoon a half holiday, believing that the matter can after all be settled more satisfactorily by those directly interested. However, we believe that as the requirements of the situation really demand a half-holiday, four or five hours Saturday afternoon would be more beneficial to all concerned. On that day the schools are all closed, in the afternoon the banks suspend business, and many of the citizens really abandon work after one o'clock on Saturday. With the stores closed this would make the holiday almost universal, whereas now less than fifty men are thrown on their own resources for amusement. In Australia Saturday afternoon is observed as a universal holiday, and, coming nearer home, in the city of Victoria during the summer months Saturday afternoon is given over to pastimes, in which the citizens are either participators or interested spectators. This would satisfactorily settle the Sunday baseball games, for then people would be enabled to gratify their desire for athletic sports without encroaching upon the

Lord's day. Let us try Saturday afternoon for two weeks, and we are satisfied it will prove mutually beneficial and generally satisfactory.

SPEAKING of the determination of the Government to bonus a refinery in British Columbia, the Victoria *Colonist* says: The Dominion government has agreed to give a bounty on lead refined in Canada of $5 a ton, the amount not to exceed $100,000 in any one year. This will provide a bonus for 20,000 tons. With the data at present at our command, we are not able to express any definite view as to the sufficiency of this aid to develop lead refinery in Canada, but we hope it will have that effect. It is a move in the right direction, and will meet with very cordial approval throughout this province."

THE growing tendency on the part of cigarette smokers to substitute Egyptian tobacco for the American variety has had a great effect upon the retail trade. Domestic cigarettes are now purchased largely by persons who cannot afford the luxury of the imported article. The best brands of imported cigarettes sell at 40 cents a box, which is four cents apiece. These are made in Egypt, and some idea of the great demand for them can be gained from the fact that one factory in Cairo turns out 2,000,000 cigarettes a day. These are principally sold throughout European countries. The cheaper grades—those that sell at retail for 15 and 20 cents a box—are made in this country. There are several factories in the United States where they are turned out by hand, according to the Egyptain custom. The tobacco is imported in bulk, and consequently the duty is not so great as upon the finished product."

IN a recent issue of the Boston *Transcript* the operation of the Tree Warden law is described at some length, and it is held to have been already abundantly demonstrated that the roadside shade tree is one of the most valuable of assets for any community—an opinion that will no doubt be shared by all who have occasion to do much travelling along the country highroads. Commenting on this the Vancouver *Province* points out that under the Massachusetts law every town elects a warden annually, to superintend treeplanting. No money is required from the public treasury, but the towns appropriate sums varying from $100 to $1,000 for the wardens use. Great improvement, under intelligent direction, can be made with such sums as $100 to $200. The warden is empowered not only to plant such trees as may be needed, but to mark all trees at present along the road; and it is made a misdemeanor to cut down or mutilate a tree so marked. There is a suggestion in this for British Columbia. While it will be admitted that in the case of many new roads in this heavily timbered province it would be a work of supererrogation to plant shade trees, it will also be admitted that in the laying out of such roads, if an intelligent discrimination be exercised in leaving standing the trees of the most beauty of form, and best adapted to shade as well as beautify and bind the road, a marvelous improvement over present conditions would result. All that is necessary to make the roadside shade trees a feature of the highways (and cinder paths to be) of British Columbia is a little intelligent work in the direction of selection on the part of some official with the power of the Massachusetts tree warden, and legislation to protect properly marked shade trees so left, from the ravages of vandal hands.

EVERY Canadian will approve of the sentiment which inspired the following from the Rossland *Miner*: "King Edward the VII. has given a fresh and striking illustration of his graciousness and tact by decreeing that his birthday shall be celebrated on May 24th instead of November 9th. This will be most welcome news to all dwellers in the Empire, to whom the birthday of the venerated Queen has become a day of days. The King has no doubt noted with feelings of pleasure the preparations made in Canada and other colonies to perpetuate the holiday as a becoming tribute to the memory of a loved and revered sovereign and as a signal mark of imperial progress. It was eminently characteristic that he should approve the movement and give it his substantial assistance by merging his own birthday celebration in that of this peculiarly Imperial anniversary—as fixed by common consent. His action is in particular a compliment to the colonies, and as such will be warmly appreciated by them."

THE Sydney *(C. B.) Record*, published in a great industrial centre, has the following remarks with regard to recent conflicts between capital and labor: "Labor strikes are reported daily from all parts of the United States and hardly less frequent from Great Britain and other European countries. These disagreements between employer and employee are usually found to accompany prosperous times. The workman no doubt feels that his employer must be making large profits and considers himself entitled to share more fully in the general prosperity. Very little excuse is therefore needed for the bringing about of a strike when the men's demands are not met in a friendly spirit. It is evident that labor through its unions is more and more acquiring the ascendancy in the industrial world. The victory of the strikers over the powerful United States Steel Corporation (the Morgan trust) must have caused great elation among the unions and thus helped to spread the present strike epidemic. Just as democracy has gained the ascendancy over older firms of political control, so will labor inevitably gain the victory in its conflicts with capital. It is gradually finding out its power and with increasing knowledge and unity on the part of the laboring classes the issue of the battle cannot be doubtful. Whether labor having all power in its own hands will derive benefit from the change is a matter of doubt. Probably like the change to democracy, it will have its

drawbacks but on the whole will be an improvement. In the matter of labor disputes, Cape Breton is just now distinguishing herself and stands as an example to other communities. Taking advantage of a wise act passed by the Legislature, labor and capital have here been settling their differences by means of arbitration. The loyal acceptance by the Dominion Coal Company's employees of the adverse decision of the arbitrators, which while regarded as a foregone conclusion is none the less a matter for congratulation and reflects high honor on the miners. Their action has immeasurably helped on the cause of arbitration. And it may be the company's turn next to accept a verdict against it. Just now a second cause for arbitration has arisen—that involving the N. S Steel Co. and its employees. Which ever side looses it will find a precedent in the case of the Dominion Coal Co. Had that precedent been other than it was, arbitration would undoubtedly have received a set back as a method of settling labor dispites."

NELSON is not only the wholesale centre of the Kootenays, but already it can boast of considerable progress along the lines of a manufacturing centre. A refinery would be an anxiliary to many industries now unprofitable and impossible.

THE many friends of Rev. Mr. Frew will be pleased to learn that his health is improving.

THE banks will be closed on Friday and Saturday in accordance with the proclamation of the lieutenant-governor.

IF the number of ex-prize fighters who are now preaching the gospel continues to augment, there is some danger that the manly art of self-defense may fall into innocuous deseutude.

THE Cardiff *Western Mail* says that when the religious features of the English census are revealed it will be found that Ireland is maintaining its reputation for wit. In describing their form of religion, as the result of a good-humored suggestion, Roman Catholics all over the island entered themselves as "idolators." The description is, of course, the result of the discussion which is engaging the country on the language of the coronation oath, which treats of certain rites as idolatrous.

The standard miner's inch of water in California, as fixed by an act of the legislature recently adjourned, is equal to one and a half cubic feet of water per minute measured through any aperture orifice. The Pelton Water Wheel Company was the first to adopt that standard before the law was enacted. The old standard was the amount of water which would flow through an opening one inch square under a four-in. pressure. The miner's inch has been measured in different ways by various companies in the state, and the object of the law is to make a uniform standard as recognized by engineers in measuring power for mining and electric purposes.

IN reply to the question, was Pope Pius IX. ever a Mason ? the New York *Sun* says : He never was a Mason. A person with a name much like his was initiated a Mason in Mexico, about the time that Father Mastai-Ferretti (later Pius IX.) was in South America ; the slight coincidence has been used as the basis for the story that he was a Mason.

THE two daily papers have at last found something upon which they can unite in common cause, and that is the desirability of a refinery in Nelson. The citizens of Nelson will join the papers in this view of the case, and the only pity is that we are not taking time by the forelock and getting the matter in shape before some less favored locality steps in ahead of us. It might be well to call a public meeting to discuss this matter.

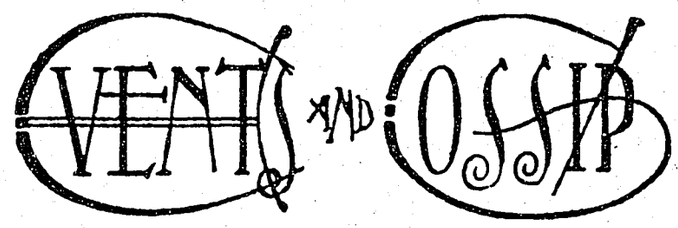
ON account of Victoria Day coming on Friday, the Thursday half-holiday will not be observed tomorrow.

THE committee in charge of the Dominion Day celebration report satisfactory progress, and from present appearances the celebration this year will surpass all former undertakings in this direction. It seems to be the opinion of all interested in this event that an effort should be made to inject some new features into this year's celebration. Just what novelties would likely prove to be drawing cards have not yet been determined upon.

THE "teloptoscope," for which patents are now pending, will, it is said, make it possible to transmit pictures in color by wire, all the tints being properly reproduced. If it is desired to photograph the view reproduced, all that is necessary is the placing of a dry plate on the receiver. By this means photographs may be taken of objects in any part of the world.

THE Cranbrook *Herald* believes that too much gambling in wild-cats, too much manipulating of stocks, too heavy capitalization of mining companies and two much trust control of the lead product is playing sad havoc with many mining sections today.

MIXED metaphors are always amusing, and a contemporary has presented us with some good examples this week. "You are," said a late lord mayor of Dublin, in opposing a municipal scheme, "standing on the edge of a precipice that will be a weight on your necks all the rest of your days." And this, attributed to an English clergyman : "The young men of England are the backbone and bring it to the front." A member of parliament was responsible for the following : "Even if you carried these peddling little reforms it would only be like a flea bite in the ocean."



MISFORTUNES never come single. Never was this aphorism more strikingly illustrated than in the recent mishaps of my friend, Joseph Daly Downes, artist, tight-rope walker and all-round athlete Some weeks ago, it will be remembered, Joe undertook the task of preserving peace at the point of the revolver, for which he was condemned to undergo a period of solitude in one of King Edward's prisons. As it was understood the state would provide clothing in addition to its other hospitable contributions towards Joe's comfort, he decided to leave his wardrobe at his summer chateau on the banks of the lake. The other evening, during the absence of the servants, an uninvited guest called at Mr. Downes' residence and carried off six suits of clothes, dress suit included. However, it is not believed that this will result in the cancellation of any of the social gatherings at which Mr. Downes was expected to appear this autumn, although it may detract somewhat from the picturesqueness of Joe's daily appearance in his promenades on the Baker street boulevard.

Bill Herring, the dog tax collector is now on the war-path for vagrant canines. Bill wants it fully understood that it is not his intention to impound stray dogs. He simply intends to find out the name of the person who owns the dog and have him fined in addition to the tax imposed. Owners of stray dogs will be consulting their own interests by giving heed to this warning or they will be summoned to appear in the police court.

Commenting on some remarks that recently appeared in this column, a lady correspondent writes : "I would remark that I have had unusual opportunities of studying the male sex, and I say without fear of successful contradiction that the entire system of man in general is permeated with avarice ; his sordid soul is bounded on the north, east, south and west by the magnetic touch of gold. There may be exceptions, but the number, I apprehend, is only sufficient to prove the rule. And now let us examine money as a source of evil. A writer somewhere says that it buys what we eat and drink, satisfies justice and heals wounded honor. But it does more. Indeed, nearly everything, excepting a woman's confidence, and I know of a case in this city where even that, resolves itself into money or its equivalent. The child craves for dimes and the man for dollars. The carpenter shoves his plane, the blacksmith swings his hammer, the miner raises his pick, the lawyer pleads his case, the judge administers the law, and the the minister prays—for money. But, you say, these are the necessary adjuncts of civilization. Just follow me a little further. Does our boasted civilization demand that the lazy, bloated saloon-keeper should sell his soul-destroying fluids—for money ? Is it necessary to an advanced condition of civilization that men should turn their houses into brothels—for money ? I could go on for weeks and then not enumerate half of the evils for which money is directly responsible, and yet I am told that my sex is a greater source of evil. It is a fact that money commands the respect of gaping crowds, while obsequious man bows beneath its evil influence. Why ? Because it enables its possessors to be wrongfully oppressive to the poor and deserving. It brings many cares, but all men are seemingly ready to carry and increase them. Money stands at the brink of eternity but cannot obtrude its evil shadow beyond. Men write libels, their theme being woman—for money ; but thank God, with all its power, it cannot purchase the love or even respect of my oppressed sex. I confess, with shame, that there are a few exceptions to this rule. There are wives who will endure faithless or neglectful husbands until the erring ones die, and then weep bitterly over the loss of worthlessness. By some strange perversion such women think far more of such a husband than they do of their own comfort. Such a woman is beneath contempt. The ideal existence of woman is admittedly to become the wife of a true man, but it is only one in five thousand who ever attains her ideal. The rest do not become partners with equal rights and privileges, but rather take the place of something—a little higher, 'tis true, than a beast of burden—which serves the convenience of man. They exist, but man should remember that woman demands something more than an existence. She does not want to feel every day that she is nothing more than an automatonand more, it hurts her to be told by an unfeeling husband that she is 'the principal cause of masculine divergence from the straight line.' No, thank you, I would rather live single until I become a shrivelled up hag than marry such a man."

No greater tribute to the popularity of Queen Victoria could be paid than the determination of the British people everywhere to perpetuate her memory by the observance of the anniversary of her birthday. The cities which by custom extending over sixty years have donned holiday garb on that occasion will this year celebrate on even a greater scale than formerly the birthday of the most popular sovereign the world ever saw. It is not likely that in this generation at least the twenty-fourth of May will ever be regarded other than as our greatest nationalholiday.

Quite recently there have been several cases of suicide chronicled in the daily papers, and as usual verdicts of self-destruction while temporarily insane have been rendered by coroners' juries. Now, I believe that it is a great error to regard all persons who die by their own hands as insane. The paralysis of the instinct of self preservation may result from severe mental and bodily suffering, and the deliberation and seeming sanity of the suicide's preparation for death, the calmness of his last words, would often seem to forbid the theory of insanity. The hopeless consumptive, the victim of cancer, not seldom commits suicide to secure that sudden stop to suffering that we call humanity when extended to a wretched brute. Suicide is rare among savage brutes, probably because they are so occupied with purely material matters that they have no time for spiritual agony or severe mental strain, or a costly round of various vices. During the Middle Ages, there were not many conspicuous instances of suicide. Out-door life and an intensely practical life was the rule of men of sensibility outside of convent walls, and suicide was not common until the eighteenth century when men of sedentary lives began to multiply. It is a fact worthy of note that according to recent statistics probably more physicians than any other class of men die by their own hands, lawyers coming next, and the liberal profession on the whole furnishing about one-fifth of all cases. Various causes have been suggested to account for this seemingly abnormal development of the suicidal tendency

among doctors, some ascribing it to over-crowding and the struggle for sufficient work to maintain life in such a way as to make life inviting, while others, with probably more reason, seek the explanation in their greater tendency to fall victims to opium, chloral, cocaine and other drug habits. Since suicide increases with education and civilization, it might be demonstrated that physicians advance more rapidly in those directions than do others, and simply show their superority by keeping at the head of the suicidal list. It has been written that the suicide is one of the three things—a great philosopher, a crazy man, or a coward.

A policeman who cannot recognize eminent respectability when he comes in contact with it in the broad open light of the day on the public thoroughfare, is, I submit, utterly unfitted for his duty. Now, there is Jack Gibson, than whom there is no higher type of the Chesterfieldian gentleman in Nelson. Mr. Gibson is an old resident of this city, and has for many years enjoyed the friendship and association of such eminently respectable gentlemen as John Houston and myself. The other evening Mr. Gibson was standing on the corner discussing with a friend Sir Wilfred Laurier's edict against the bagpipes when a burly policeman approached him and requested him to "move on" in about the same tones as would be used in making a similar request on a thug. Mr. Gibson's friends are righteously indignant that a descendant of Scottish kings should be subjected to such treatment by a plebeian policeman, and they propose to invoke the whole powers of the Liberal party at Ottawa to secure ample redress for their grievance.

Last week THE ECONOMIST had something to say concerning Miss Bertha Runkle's novel, "The Helmet of Navarre." "I find the following interesting account of this young lady's early life in an American paper. Miss Runkle is one of the literary personages of the day. The fact that she has scored a genuine success at the age of twenty-two is something worthy of more than ordinary comment. Only the girl's intimate friends believed in her youth, because her story showed such maturity of treatment and scholarship. The reading public laughed and said: "Wait until she comes into the public eye; then we shall see she is a much older woman."

Miss Runkle came into the public eye in the early part of April by reading a paper on Romanticism before the Contemporary Club, of Philadelphia.

She has been brought up in a bookish atmosphere. Her mother, Mrs. Runkle, has been, for many years, on the staff of one of the magazines, and has supported the family—giving the boy a Harvard education and training the girl at home. Or, rather, that was her plan, but Miss Runkle defeated part of it.

She is devoted to her brother, and when he went to Harvard the two entered into a close alliance. It resulted in Miss Runkle's graduating from Harvard without a degree.

Her brother kept in touch with her every day and coached her all summer. Each morning she would receive the lectures as taken down by him. She had a duplicate of every book he had. She studied as many hours a day as he did. She mailed him every night the result of her work and he gave her the added benefit of his examinations. She went through each examination with him and passed without condition. During their senior year she studied harder than the young man himself, and the excitement in the Runkle household at the time of the final examination was intense.

Literary men and Harvard men were as interested in this unique way of Miss Runkle's going through Harvard as she and her mother were. The brother had aroused all the interest and enthusiasm of the Harvard professors, and when the final day came Miss Bertha Runkle's papers were examined and it was found that she had passed with flying colors. She virtually won the Harvard degree.

At every moment of the human life the air which we breathe goes coursing through the most delicate and sensitive of the wonderfully constructed organs of the human system to purify and reinvigorate the vital currents of life. But what if the purifier shall itself be unclean and laden with the seeds of pollution, asks an authority? Having once done its work and come forth tainted and foul, what if it shall again and again be called to perform the task for which it is no longer fitted? The natural and inevitable deduction is not far to reach. The blood is no longer purified, but it goes coursing through the body, the source of disease and corruption instead of being the fountain of pure, perfect healthfulness. Other organs by sympathy or by direct contagion become affected. The imagination is too often influenced as well, anticipation conjures up dire evils, and the sufferer, who is now in such earnest flies from one "blood purifier" or "tonic" to another, gaining perhaps temporary and questionable relief at the expense of a system loaded with poisonous and harmful drugs, whose reaction may be expected at any time and in almost any horrible form.

The concert given by Mr. Gavin Spence and Miss Flora Macdonald, under the auspices of the St. Andrews's Society, at the opera house, Monday evening, was really a most enjoyable entertainment. Mr. Spence is an inimitable story teller and kept the audience in continual roars of laughter. Miss Macdonald sings well and dances gracefully.

P. G.

An old farmer in Scotland once went to have a troublesome tooth extracted. Said the dentist, after looking at the offending molar: "It is a very ugly one. I would advise you to have it out by the painless system. It is only a shilling extra." He showed the farmer the apparatus for administering gas, remarking that it would cause him to fall asleep for a minute, and before he awoke the tooth would be out. After a slight resistance the sufferer consented, proceeding to open his purse. "Oh, never mind paying just now!" said the dentist, kindly. "Hoots!" answered the cautious old Scot, "a wasn't thinking o' that; but if A'm ga-en ta sleep A' thocht A' wad like ta count ma silver fust."

Queen Elizabeth's bag of documents at the rolls office, London, the opening of which is so greatly to be desired, reminds a correspondent of a story of Thomas Carlyle. During the early part of his literary activity he received a letter from an old lady in a remote part of Cornwall, saying that she had found among the papers of her family a mass of documents and letters dealing with life at the court of the Virgin Queen, and suggesting that they might be worth his attention. Carlyle took the next coach for the West. On arriving at the lady's house, he learned from her that upon a further examination she had found the papers of such an improper character that she had felt it her duty to burn the lot. Carlyle was probably a most unpleasant fellow-passenger on the return journey.

The Romance of John Malcolmson.

THE sound of voices in the office of the City Editor aroused a languid curiosity in the reporters' room of the Tolchester *Courier*.

"Old Stiffy," commented one of the staff; "wonder what's brought him out of his den ?"

"Local end to some damned telegraph story," replied another. "Thank the Lord I've got another column of this stuff to get off, and they want it for one of the earlier pages."

"If there's one thing I hate," a tall, good-looking young fellow was beginning, when the voice of the City Editor interrupted him.

"Mr. Malcolmson," the voice said, and the tall young man, with a look of disgust, removed his legs from the table on which they were resting and passed out.

"Here is a despatch which Mr. Stilferson has just received," the City Editor said, when John Malcolmson entered the room. "Go up to the house and find out what you can about the man. You had better take the despatch with you to show to his wife."

Malcolmson ran his eye hurriedly over the typewritten paper which the other handed to him. It related in terse language the discovery of the body of a man, badly mutilated, lying on the railway track at a point some fifty miles distant. "From letters found in the pockets," the despatch read, "it appears that the remains are those of William Alderson of 431 President street, Tolchester, where his wife resides. He is unknown to anyone in this locality."

"Rather a beastly job," Malcolmson suggested, tentatively, as he glanced from the despatch to the impassive face of the City Editor "I mean having to break the news to the woman."

"When you have been a little longer in this business," the other replied cooly, "you will know, Mr. Malcolmson, that there are no beastly jobs, as you call them, to a good reporter." He resumed the work in which he had been interrupted, and Malcolmson, with a slight shrug of his shoulders, returned to the reporters' room, where he held forth in subdued tones to a very unappreciative audience.

John Malcolmson was a young man of a somewhat nervous temperament, and it was with considerable trepidation that he rang the bell at 431 President street and asked to see Mrs. Alderson, adding that he had something of great importance to communicate. He was shown into a dingy little parlor, and as he sat waiting for the bereaved wife to make her appearance his distaste for the task before him increased. He pictured the woman as elderly and commonplace, and with a set of nerves which would set her swooning into his arms when his story had been told. It was too bad that he should have been assigned to this sort of thing instead of a middle-aged family man like Peters, who would have known what to do under such circumstances.

The sound of a footstep outside sent his heart into his mouth, and he rose clumsily as Mrs. Alderson entered. He fairly gasped with astonishment. This is not what he had expected to see, this vigorous young creature who stood facing him. She was dressed in a loose garment of rich wine-colored stuff, which seemed to accentuate the creamy pallor of her skin and the lustre of her blue-black hair. Her age could not have been more than eighteen, but Malcolmson was impressed by the extraordinary air of strength which pervaded her whole personality. Every movement showed the perfect mechanical structure of her body, and the deep gray eyes, broad forehead and firm scarlet lips were eloquent of steady, inflexible purpose.

"You have brought some news of my husband?" Her voice was deep and low, and she regarded the young man with a gaze that wofully disconcerted him. He fumbled nervously with the despatch which he held in his hand.

"Is it contained in that paper," she asked? You had better let me see it."

She took it from his unresisting hand and glanced through it, while Malcolmson braced himself for the scene which he expected to ensue. He watched her anxiously. There was a slight indrawing of the breath, a momentary contraction of the eyes, but when she handed him back the paper she was as composed as ever.

"I have not the least doubt that it is my husband," she said. "I suppose you are from the '*Courier*,' as I see this message is addressed to the paper. I do not think that there is much to tell. In fact," and she laughed scornfully, "I do not think that Mr. Alderson's death is worth mention by any decent paper; however, if you have your note book I will tell you something about him."

"Thank you," Malcolmson said, when a few particulars had been jotted down, "and now I suppose I need not detain you." He was a little bewildered, a little shocked, and yet conscious that this girl fascinated him as no other woman had ever done.

"You are surprised," Mrs. Alderson said, as he rose, "at what you consider my heartlessness. No; do not protest; it is very natural. There is no reason why I should justify myself to you, and yet I should not like you to go away thinking hard things of me." Her deep eyes looked into his, and the young man felt a thrill pass through him.

"What I have already told you was for your paper; what I am going to tell you now is for yourself. First, look at this." She rolled the loose sleeve of her wrapper past her elbow, and on the ivory skin of her arm Malcolmson saw several dull bruises.

"There are more on my shoulders," she said, "written there by my husband's stick."

Malcolmson ground his teeth. He had never in his short reportorial experience been brought into personal contact with domestic tragedy, and it revolted him. He thought of that mutilated figure lying many miles away in the country police station, with unutterable loathing.

"That man married me when little more than a child," the girl continued. "I had some money but he has spent nearly all. My married life has been a long torture; can you blame me if I am rejoiced that it is ended? I do not think," and there was a slight tremor of the lips and a moisture in the gray eyes, "that there is a more friendless woman in Tolchester to-night."

John Malcolmson was deeply touched, and he bent low over the hand which the girl held out to him.

"If you would let me," he said, in a voice that was not quite steady, "I would gladly be a friend to you."

"I should welcome the friendship of any kind, true man," Mrs. Alderson replied, "and I think that you are both, but I have had little experience of those virtues."

"And I may see you again ?"

"I shall look for your coming."

John Malcolmson raised the hand which he held to his lips. "Until the time comes," he said, "I shall think of nothing else."

* * *

Six weeks later John Malcolmson, alone in the reporter's room, sat at an open window and from its lofty elevation looked over the city. His eyes sought the quarter where lived the woman who had promised to be his wife, Lina Alderson. His mind ran back over his brief courtship. Was there ever tenderness or love to be compared to that which this ordinarily self-contained girl had lavished on his unworthy self? He recalled how, only the previous evening, she had said, "Jack, you are a part of my heart; if anything should come between us I should die or kill myself; I could not bear it."

He was aroused from his reverie by a tap on the door, and, turning, saw that his visitor was Lina Alderson herself. He started and was about to utter a cry of surprise and pleasure, when he checked himself. She was not alone. Close behind her came a man, at the sight of whom his heart seemed to stand still. He had seen a picture of that bloated face on the night when he had first made Lina's acquaintance.

"Mr. Malcolmson—" It was Lina's voice which roused him from a fit of mental catalepsy, "this is my husband. He has insisted on coming here to thank you for the trouble you took on my behalf when he was supposed to be killed."

It was Lina's voice, but how changed—hard, cold and expressionless. He looked into her face, saw the agony in her eyes, and almost forgot his own, in his pity for her.

The man advanced with outstretched hand, which Malcolmson ignored.

"It was real kind of you, Mr. Malcolmson," he said, "to take all that trouble for Lina, but you buried the wrong man. You see I was on a big drunk—get that way sometimes—and some son of a gun swiped my pocket-book. Didn't do him much good, though, except to get him a decent funeral, ha, ha! Then, when I got out of the drunk, I was down with pneumonia, a hundred miles from here, and only got out of hospital a couple of days ago. Never heard that I'd been planted by proxy till I got home, or I'd have sent word; but Lina knows me well enough by this time, and never expects to see me till I turn up. You seem kind of knocked out."

"It—it is rather startling," Malcolmson replied. He was struggling to get his thoughts into some kind of order.

"Nice lookout you have here." Mr. Alderson pushed past him, as he stood in the window, and seated himself carelessly on the sill. "Wouldn't care to take a tumble, though," he added, as he leaned out and looked down.

Malcolmson glanced at the lightly balanced figure, and a horrible temptation assailed him. One touch, and the barrier to his happiness would be removed forever. His eye fell on Lina, who stood within arms length of her husband, and he saw by the tiger look in her eyes that the same thought possessed her. Dizzy, as from the effects of a blow, he put his hand before his face; the next moment he sprang forward with a shout, and seized the man by the coat. He was just in time. He had seen the magnificent figure of the girl crouch like a cat preparing to spring, the sudden thrust of the strong arm, and, as the wife fell fainting to the floor, he fought desperately to drag back to life the husband whom she had tried to murder.

It was a hard struggle; his own nerves were shattered, and the man who dangled yelling from the window, frightened out of his life, was utterly helpless; but fortunately Malcolmson was of an athletic build, and a minute later a dishevelled, whimpering bundle of clothing was drawn back to safety.

"My God," cried the rescued one, as soon as he could articulate, "how did it happen?"

"Mrs. Alderson fainted," the young man replied, "and fell against you. Get up, man, and don't lie blubbering there; you are safe enough now." He bent over the prostrate figure of the girl.

"She is coming to herself," he said. "Go to the filter in the lobby, and get some water."

With a long, shuddering sigh, Lina Alderson opened her eyes.

"It is you?" she said. "Is he safe?"

"He is safe." Malcolmson's tone was cold and expressionless.

"It was for your sake," the girl murmured piteously, but there was no reply.

"I am ready to go," she said, as her husband re-entered the room. "Thank you, I want nothing; it was only a foolish fainting spell; good-by." She held out her hand, and Malcolmson took it mechanically. It was like the hand of the dead.

For a moment the two looked deep into each other's souls, and each saw that between them lay a gulf which nothing could ever bridge.

"Queer thing about Malcolmson," said Peters next day, as the staff gathered for the afternoon's work.

"What's the matter with him?"

"Sent in his resignation last night, and left for 'Frisco this morning."

"What's up? A woman?"

"Guess so," said a youthful cynic. "They're at the bottom of most things."

"There's one at the bottom of the river, anyway." It was the police reporter who spoke. "You remember that fellow Alderson, who was supposed to have been cut up on the track a few weeks ago at Bartonville? Well, it seems it was another fellow. Alderson turned up at home yesterday, and what does his wife do this morning but walk down to the river and jump in."

"What the devil did she do that for?"

"The police say that the joy was too much for her, and it turned her brain."—*C. Langton Clarke, in Saturday Night.*

A Glasgow cabby once had as a fare an Inverness minister and his wife. He had to drive them through the poorer districts of the city, and on reaching their destination the minister, at the same time handing cabby his legal fare, asked:

"Why are there so many poor people in this city, cabman?"

Jehu looked hard at the parson for a minute before he replied:

"Well, sir, I'm no verra sure; but, ye see, maist o' the poor folk drive cabs, and tips are scarce here."

An Oxford professor was giving his pupils a lecture on "Scotland and the Scots." "These hardy men," he said, "think nothing about swimming across the Tay three times every morning before breakfast." Suddenly a loud burst of laughter came from the center of the hall, and the professor, amazed at the idea of anyone daring to interrupt him in the middle of his lecture, angrily asked the offender what he meant by such unruly conduct. "I was just thinking, sir," replied that individual, "that the poor Scotch chaps would find themselves on the wrong side for their clothes when they landed!"

The gold output of Klondike for the season just closed is reported to have been $30,000,000.

A large amount of development work is now going ahead on the numerous claims on Tracy Creek, Fort Steele district.

For the week ending May 18 the matte shipped from the Trail smelter was 322½ tons. The bullion amounted to 80 tons.

New York capitalists have purchased the Guadalupe mines in southwestern Chihuahua, the purchase price being $2,500,000.

The Onondaga syndicate, which is operating the Maud S. gr up, on the north fork of Champion Creek, has installed a ten-stamp mill, which began operations Nay 20.

The new law passed by the Colorado Legislature gives tunnel companies in that State the right of way through mining claims, the owners of the latter being protected in their rights.

Following are the ore shipments received at the Trail smelter for the week ending May 18 as reported by the Trail Creek *News*:

	Tons
Centre Star	2431¼
War Eagle	660½
Iron Mask	98
B. C.	1710¾
V. & M.	12
Enterprise	20
Ivanhoe	82
Bosun	19¾
North Star	86¾
Total	5121

Slocan Drill: But one carload of ore was sent from the local division during the week and that was from the Enterprise. Its total for the year is now 180 tons. Ore is coming down pretty well from the Arlington and shipments should begin next week at something like the old rate. The snow is going rapidly from the hills and the roads are getting into shape for hauling. A more hopeful feeling is pervading all circles in the camp.

Steamer Kokanee will leave Kaslo for Lardo every Tuesday and Saturday.

Notice to Delinquent Co-Owner.

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

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

Dated this 14th day of May, 1901.

JOHN F. WILSON,
JENNIE E. SPAULDING,
By her attorney in fact,
SAMUEL LOVATT.

15-5-01

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.

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

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

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

Dated the 24th day of April 1901.

TAYLOR & HANNINGTON,
Solicitors for Barbara Cannell, administratrix of Kenneth Cannell, deceased.

CERTIFICATE OF IMPROVEMENTS.

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

Where Located: About 1500 feet north of the "Poorman" and about one mile south of the Kootenay bridge.

Take notice that I, John McLatchie, of the City of Nelson, acting as agent for Eliza Ann Crowe, Free Miner's Certificate No. B 20,406, 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 April, 1901.

JOHN MCLATCHIE, P.L.S.

KOOTENAY . . . . COFEEE CO.

Coffee Roasters

Dealers in Tea and Coffee

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

WADDS BROS.
PHOTOGRAPHERS
Vancouver and Nelson
BAKER STREET
NELSON, B. C.

CANADIAN PACIFIC RY.

DIRECT ROUTE

EAST	WEST
Toronto	Vancouver
Ottawa	Victoria
Montreal	Skagway
Boston	Seattle
Halifax	Portland
New York	San Francisco

VIA SOO LINE

To St Paul and Chicago
Dining Cars
First-Class Sleepers
Tourist Cars

DEPARTURES	NELSON	ARRIVALS
,00 Daily	Kootenay Landing Steamer Crow's Nest Route.	17,00 Daily
8,00 Ex Sun	Rossland and Boundary Creek Section	22,10 Ex Sun
9,00 Ex Sun	Slocan City, Slocan Lake Points and Sandon	14,40 Ex Sun
18,40 Daily	Rossland, Columbia River Points, connecting Revelstoke with main Line	22,10 Daily
16,00 Ex Sun	S. S. Kokanee for Kaslo and Intermediate Points	11,00 Ez Sun

For Time Tables, Rates, Tickets apply
H. L. BROWN
City Passenger Agent

J. S. CARTER, Dist. Pass. Agt., Nelson.
E. J. COYLE, A. G. P. A., Vancouver.

GREAT CLEARANCE SALE
...OF...
GENT'S FURNISHINGS AND CLOTHING
Fine English, Scotch, and Shetland Wool Underwear ranging in price from 65c upwards
THEO. MADSON
BAKER STREET, NELSON, B. C.