NELSON ECONOMIST

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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.

SOME dissatisfaction is expressed at what seems to be the indifference of the leading citizens of Nelson in moving in the matter of the lead refinery. There is no occasion for this, for already everything possible under the circumstances has been accomplished, but the gentlemen who had the matter in hand wisely refrained from making public what they were doing in the way of preliminary arrangements. When the time comes we may be all surprised at the amount of work already done, and moreover we may rejoice at the discretion of the promoters in refraining from hunting game with a brass band.

EVERY day you hear some business man or merchant complaining that he gets no time for doing thus or so, says a contemporary. It is a very convenient excuse for negligence or lack of a proper system in working. The fact is there is a time for everything under the sun, if people will only take it, by seizing time by the forelock as they should. A man has no business to work at anything that he has no ample time for doing, and doing well. If a business man gets insufficient time to attend properly to all the details of his business, there is something radically wrong with his system, or with the running gears of his establishment that should be righted at once. He lacks sufficient help in some department, or is pactising false economy, or else wasting time somewhere.

Some people foolishly fancy that they get no time for recreation, they don't even find time to eat or sleep, properly, but get so wound up in their business that they fly round like a buzz saw, and these nervous, restless mortals are never still. They are a sort of animated perpetual motion machine. There seems to be no happy medium; people either wear out, or rust, out and one way of giving out is as bad as the other. There is a vast difference between the sympathic, methodical, regular, steady going business man, and the one who flies round till he flies off the handle and never gets time to properly oil up. These are they who fill our lunatic asylums or plod around as poor nervous dyspeptics and drop into an early grave, because they never get time to atttend to nature's laws. Old Father Time reaps them in with his keen-edged scythe and they are harvested before they are ripe. They have to take time to die and it is only then that they get their long neglected rest. The wise man of holy writ said: "There is a time for all things, a time for rejoicing and a time to mourn."

The true business man ever finds time too precious to waste in frivolous things, but he has always time for a pleasant word for those around him. He works like clockwork, and takes time to get wound up before he runs down. He keeps his hands busy as well. He never wastes time in long stories and useless talk argument. He works easily and smoothly because he is sympathetic. He finds time to eat his food with a relish, to sleep and rest, to get acquainted with his wife and play with the babies. He never says: "I had no time to attend to that little matter," because he is punctual to the stroke. He is like a timepiece well regulated. If he does go on tick, he is punctual to the hour. He strikes "while the iron is hot." He keeps all his appointments and engagements to the letter, and those with whom he deals know that they can trust and depend upon upon him. He is a good timepiece, and all men look up to him with confidence that they will never be too late for the train.

It is not steady work that kills. It is nervous fretfull worry. It is letting your clock get too fast or too slow. It is getting out of plumb with the world. My friend, if you are a business man, keep your work clean, well regulated and balanced. Mark time as you go, and do not get wound up too tight or fly off your balance, until the main spring of life has worn out by time's unceasing stroke, the wheels have ceased to revolve and the clock has struck "never to go again," until it is repaired by the great Creator.

PATRIOTISM seems to be running wild these days. The other day a brother of Joaquin Miller, the poet, pulled down a British flag at Skagway, and a few days later George Jeeves, the Victoria contractor, hauled down the Stars and Stripes at Victoria. At Buffalo, some patriotic Yankee took a fall out of the Union Jack, and there are no doubt several instances of flag pulling that have not yet found their way into the newspapers. The pulling down of either a British flag by an American or the flag of Uncle Sam by a British subject is simply the work of a madman, often provoked by indiscreet patriots. Why British subjects should fly their flag in United States territory or Americans flaunt their Stars and Stripes in British territory is not apparent. During the recent celebration in Nelson there were as many

United States flags flying as there were British flags, and yet no one felt offended. Sensible Americans were quite as much disgusted with this cheap show of patriotism as were sensible Canadians. Perhaps it could more truthfully be said that Canadians were more amused than disgusted, if it were not for the fact that in the majority of cases where the foreign flag was exposed, it was the work of some renegade British subject, who after renouncing his allegiance sneaked back to Canada.

A FEW weeks ago, the dispatches announced that Bishop Courtney, in an Eastern city, knocked off a man's hat simply because the latter did not uncover when the band played "God Save the King." This man now writes to the Halifax *Herald*, expressing the opinion that Bishop Courtney went entirely too far, and stating that the act of the assailant would have been resented had the victim not been averse to making a scene. The man who lost his hat admits that all men should rise and bare their heads when "God Save the King" is sung, but he draws the line at taking off his hat every time a band pipes up that air. For instance he does not consider that it is the duty of the man in the street to become bareheaded when the hurdy gurdy man grinds out the national anthem. Moreover, he contends that the public is largely with him in this matter, since at the close of performances in the theatre many loyal citizens may be seen walking out with their hats on while the band plays "God Save the King" The explanation may be accepted or not, but it goes to show that the victim of the good bishop's lesson in decorum had no unpatriotic intentions.

Commenting on this, the St. John (N. B.) *Sun* expresses the belief that if Bishop Courtney had been in the Canadian House of Commons on the seventh day of June last year he might have had the opportunity to knock the hat off the head of some distinguished members of parliament. On that occasion the music was not rendered by a band or a hurdy gurdy. It was sung with energy and enthusiasm by nearly one hundred representatives of the people who had previously given three cheers for the Queen. Mr. Bourassa had spoken, denouncing the cause and course of the British in Africa, and protesting against Canadian participation in the war. At the close of his speech, which was an offence to all loyal Canadians, Dr. Montague suggested that the best comment on the speech would be three cheers for the Queen, followed by the National Anthem. The cheers and the anthem were given with a will. But through it all Finance Minister Fielding kept his seat. The premier was observed to half rise, but at a word from Mr. Fielding he gave up the undertaking and kept his place, The solicitor general continued writing, and those members who had their hats on kept their seats and did not uncover. Had Bishop Courtney been at Ottawa that day he might have been accorded the courtesy of "a seat on the floor of the house," that is a chair beside the speaker's platform. In that position he could easily have reached Mr. Fielding's head, while with the help of his stick he could have dealt with the premier and the solicitor general. He also would have been in a position to notice the ardor and enthusiasm with which that fine old French-Canadian, Sir Henry Joly, joined in the singing, thus rebuking by his example some of the more influential but less worthy ministers beside him.

IT is one of the remarkable things in connection with labor organization that there is not a newspaper editor in the country who does not know more about how a labor union should be conducted than the men who belong to the organization. There is the Rossland *Miner*, for instance. The editor of that paper knows more about labor organization than Jim Wilkes ever pretended to know, which is saying a great deal. In a singularly sagacious and comprehensive discussion of labor problems, the *Miner* points out the fallacy of Canadian workmen affilliaing with alien labor organizations. We rather think the average newspaper editor does not give the workingman credit for knowing his own business. The very secret of the strength of labor organization is its affiliation with the organizations of other countries. How long could a Canadian typographical union survive were the members of that union to withdraw from the international body? If the members of the union on the United States side were not leagued with the members of the union on the Canadian side, the whole structure would fall to the ground. The union men are unconscious students of the laws of cause and effect, and while their philosophy may not be so profound as that of the editors of some of the newspapers, they know perhaps a great deal more of the kind of an organization they need in their business. The fact of the matter is they are doing a whole lot of thinking on their own account, and they may be pardoned for the smile which discussions of labor questions in the newspapers generally give rise to.

FOR a pronounced partizan paper, the Vancouver *World* is wonderfully liberal in its expression of opinion, when discussing prominent Canadians, no matter of what type of politics. Tuesday, July 2nd was the eightieth birthday of Sir Charles Tupper, Bart., and the *World* expressed its congratulations in the following words: "On July 2nd Sir Charles Tupper, Bart., celebrated his eightieth birthday. It was an honor to Vancouver that an event of that importance should be celebrated in this City. It is an interesting matter to the whole of Canada that one of the Fathers of Confederation should be celebrating his eightieth birthday the day after the anniversary of the Dominion's natal day. The veteran, the hero of a hundred political fights, was kept busy all day receiving telegrams of congratulation from all parts of the Dominion. Canada is proud of Sir Charles Tupper. In the heat of battle,

wide and stood so. We waited, hearing each other breathe, for five minutes it seemed, for the door to close ; then Dave got out very gingerly, and up on one end, and went to the door like a cat on wet bricks.

"You shot the bolt outside the catch," I said, as he caught hold of the door—like one grabs a nettle.

"I'll swear I didn't," said Dave. But he'd already turned the key a couple of times, so he couldn't be sure. He shut and locked the door again. "Now, get out and see for yourself," he said.

I got out, and tried the door a couple of times and found it all right. Then we both tried, and agreed that it was locked.

I got back into bed, and Dave was about half in when a thought struck him. He got the heaviest piece of fire-wood and stood it against the door.

"What are you doing that for ?" I asked.

"If there's a broken down burglar camped round here, and trying any of his funny business, we'll hear him if he tries to come in while we're asleep," says Dave. Then we got back into bed. We composed our nerves with the "Haunted Gulch" and after a while I heard Dave snore and was just dropping off, when the stick fell from the door against my foot and then to the ground with a tremendous clatter. I snatched up my feet and sat up with a jerk and so did Dave—the cat went over the partition. That door opened only a little way this time, paused, and shut suddenly. Dave got out, grabbed a stick, skipped to the door, and grabbed at the knob. And the door wouldn't come ! it was fast ahd locked ! Then Dave's face began to look as frightened as his hair. He lit his candle at the fire, and asked me to come with him ; he unlocked the door, and we went into the other room, Dave shading his candle very carefully and feeling his way slow with his feet. The room was empty ; we tried the outer door and found it locked.

"It muster gone by the winder," whisped Dave. I noticed that he said "it" instead of "he." I saw that he was shook up, and it only needed that to scare me bad.

We went back to the bed room, had a drink of cold tea, and lit our pipes. Then Dave took the waterproof cover off his bunk, spread it on the floor, laid his blankets on top of it, his spare clothes, etc., on top of them, and started to roll up his swag.

'What are you going to do, Dave ?" I asked.

"I'm going to take the track," says Dave, "and camp somewhere further on. You can stay here if you like, and come on in the morning."

I started to roll up my swag at once. We dressed and fastened on the tucker-bags, took up the billies, and got outside without making any noise. We held our backs pretty hollow till we got down to the road.

"That comes of camping in a deserted house," said Dave, when we were safe on the track. No Australian bushman cares to camp in, or even near, an abandoned homestead—probably because a deserted home looks ghostlier in the Australian bush than anywhere else in the world.

It was blowing hard, but not raining so much.

We went along the track for a couple of miles, and camped on the sheltered side of a round tussock hill, in a hole where there had been a land-slip. We used all our candle-ends to get a fire alight, but once we got it started we knocked the wet bark off manuka sticks and logs and piled them on, and soon had a roaring fire. When the ground got a little drier we rigged a bit of a shelter from the showers with sticks and the oilcloth swag-covers ; then we made some coffee and got through the night pretty comfortably. In the morning Dave said, "I'm going back to that house."

"What for ?" I said.

"I'm going to find out what's the matter with that crimson door. If I don't, I'll never be able to sleep easy within a mile of a door so long as I live."

So we went back. It was still blowing. The thing was simple enough by daylight—after a little watching and experimenting. The house was built of odds and ends, and badly fitted. It "gave" in the wind in almost any direction ; not much—not more than an inch or so, but just enough to throw the door frame out of plumb and out of square in such a way as to bring the latch and bolt of the lock clear of the catch (the door-frame was of scraps joined). Then the door swung open according to the hang of it ; and when the gust was over, the house gave back, and the door swung to, the frame easing just a little to another direction. I suppose it would take Edison to invent a thing like that—which came about by accident. The different strengths and directions of the gusts of wind must have accounted for the variations of the door's movements ; and, maybe, the draught of our big fire had helped.

Dave scratched his head a good bit.

"I never lived in a house yet," he said, as we came away—"I never lived in a house yet without there was something wrong with it. Gimme a good tent."—*Henry Lawson in Cassell's Magazine.*

SHORT STORIES

An old Scotsman, not feeling well, called upon a doctor. The doctor gave him some verbal instructions as to how to regulate his diet, advising, among other things, that he should give up drinking spirits for a time. As the patient rose to leave, the doctor said: "I will trouble you for half a crown. I am in the way of charging for my advice." "Oh, maybe, maybe," answered the Scotsman, "but I'm nae gaun to tak' it !"

There is a good story told of political bribery. An Irishman, so the story runs, received a rather strong smelling hare just before polling day. He hummed and hawed about taking it for some considerable time, but the donor begged him to have no misgiving, as there was no possible question of bribery in the matter. "Shure, 'tis no bribery I'm fearin' at all," said Pat ; "it's" —and he sniffed the hare— "just a mather of corruption."

An eminent Queen's counsel, in the course of a learned argument, rested his case entirely on one reported decision, which he claimed to be of paramount importance. But when he had finished, his opponent, being asked by the judge what he had to say, replied : "I will not trouble your lordship with any further argument. I only wish to say that my friend has forgotton to inform your lordship that the case on which he relies has been taken on appeal to the House of Lords, and the decision absolutely reversed." Upon this the eminent Q. C. turned to his colleagues roundabout and whispered : "Good heavens ! What a liar that man must be ! Why there never was such a case." So they were both lying !

In searching for material for Cabinet ministers the Government of British Columbia seems to run to colors. First it was Brown and now it is said Green is the favorite color.

To-day is pay day in Phœnix camp, and about $40,000 in wages alone will be distributed, besides several thousands for other expenses.

The oil excitement has reached Grand Forks. The *Gazette* believes the genuine article has been discovered there, everyone who views the wells from which the oil is being pumped agreeing that what comes out is the real thing and no mistake. The Vancouver company which has an option on the Ward ranch is preparing for energetic development and already has its order placed for lumber to build a derrick for the necessary drilling.

As was predicted the output of galena at the St. Eugene mine for the month of June was enormous and amounted to 2,200 tons. The mine was running steadily throughout the month, with the exception of a few days when it was necessary to close down for some shaft repairs to the machinery. For the last few days it has been rumored that a shut down was to take place, but although a few men have been laid off the mine is still running and is likely to continue. Another rumor has been afloat that the St. Eugene has been purchased by the American Smelter company, but this has been denied by the manager, Mr. Cronin. Thus although there are various rumors afloat, the mine is steadily running and is likely to continue throughout the season.—*Cranbrook Herald.*

Work on the crosscut tunnel of the Last Chance Mine at Sandon is being pushed by a force of sixteen men. It should open several veins as it will traverse the entire group. The tunnel has been extended 1400 feet and when completed will be one of the largest tunnels of the kind on the continent of America. Like most other Slocan lead properties, the Last Chance is not shipping at present, but with the procuring of a market the property will be in a position to maintain large shipments.—*Kootenaian.*

Referring to the statement sent out from Denver to the effect that the American Smelting and Refining Company had made arrangements to buy up all the reduction plants in the Cripple Creek district, thereby obtaining control practically of all the ore treatment for that district, the *Engineering & Mining Journal* of New York, says: "It appears that there have been some negotiations for a consolidation of the outside reduction plants, though these have not reached a point where definite statements can be secured. The proposed consolidation, moreover, had no reference to the American Smelting and Refining Company, and no deal with that company is under consideration."

Ward McDonald has relinquished his bond on the Transvaal group, on Ten Mile.

Slocan Drill: Both the Enterprise and Arlington figure in the shipments this week, the former having sent out 20 tons yesterday, making its total 240 tons. Forty tons of ore was shipped from the Arlington, raising its total for the year to 1805 tons, making it easily the leading shipper of the entire Slocan country. Development is being carried on on an extensive scale throughout the camp and everything is in a prosperous condition.

Last year the exports from Slocan division amounted to 2847 tons, made up from from 10 properties. Following is the list of shipments this year to date:

Arlington	1805
Enterprise	240
Two Friends	40
Black Prince	100
Bondholder	23
Chapleau	15
Speculator	10
Phœnix	22
V. & M.	20
	2275

NOTICE.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN that sixty days after date I intend to apply to the Chief Commissioner of Lands and Works for permission to purchase the following land situate in West Kootenay:

Commencing at a post marked "J. L. Doupe's northwest corner," planted on the northeast side of Trout Lake, about one-quarter of a mile from the mouth of Lardeau River;

Thence east forty chains;

Thence south forty chains, more or less, to the Lardeau River;

Thence northwesterly along the Lardeau River and Trout Lake to the place of beginning, containing eighty acres, more or less.

Dated June 14th, 1901.

7-10-01 J. L. DOUPE.

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

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JULY 2, 3

National Educational Association
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JULY 2, 3, 4

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Vancouver

on the hustings and in the House, some politicians may have said something about the Grand Old War Horse of Nova Scotia which they now bitterly regret, when he is enjoying an honored retirement. It was 80 years ago that Sir Charles Tupper first saw the light in Amherst, Nova Scotia. They have been 80 years of stirring history—history in which the name of Tupper is inextricably woven. As a Father of Confederation Canada is proud of Sir Charles Tupper, Bart. As High Commissioner for Canada Sir Charles did splendid service for his country. It was many a time the good fortune of some newspaper men in British Columbia to meet Sir Charles in Victoria street, London, to obtain from him the news of the day and he always was willing to give every aid to the fourth estate that was in his power. He may have made long speeches but his sole idea was to advance the interests of Canada. We are pleased to be able to say today that Sir Charles Tupper is enjoying good health and it is the earnest wish of the *World* that the Grand Old Man may be long spared to us and to Canada which he loves so well."

COMMENTING on the transfer of the Rev. Dr. Fallon, of Ottawa, Ont., university, to be superior of the College of the Holy Angels of Buffalo, the *Express* of that city directs attention once more to the frequency with which men of Canadian college training are appointed to important educational positions in the United States. The *Express* says: "Dr. Fallon is not a Canadian himself, but, coming from a successful career in the Dominion, he serves to illustrate the point that the United States is the natural field for the ambitious Canadian scholar who is desirous of achieving a distinction denied to him in a country of much more limited opportunities. Schurman of Cornell and Osler of Johns Hopkins have done this, and it is reported from Montreal that Prof. George, of the Congregational college, an eminent educator, has accepted a college appointment in Chicago. These names occur at the moment, but there are many more Canadian scholars holding with credit dignified and responsible positions in the educational institutions of this country. It is apparent that the grade of Canadian scholarship is very high or these things would not be possible. It is not so long ago that Canada brought the great majority of its teachers from the British universities. Indeed there are institutions in the Dominion today which imagine they could not get along at all without a British Principal and three or four British professors on the staff. The natural result is just beginning to manifest itself. During the week the announcement was made that Prof. J. G. McGregor, of Dalhousie university, Halifax Canadian born and educated, has been appointed to the chair of natural philosophy in Edinburgh university. Such appointments speak well for the Canadian scholarship of the present time. Much more attention is being paid to education than to agriculture, especially in the adjoining province of Ontario, where nearly every other farmer's son's preference is for a career apart from that of a tiller of the soil. There are not enough boys left on Ontario farms to gather the crops. They are in Ontario colleges preparing themselves to be Oslers, Schurmans and McGregors."

FOR years Fairhaven, Wash., has been gradually sinking deeper and deeper in the slough of despond, but, according to a coast newspaper, a change has taken place for the better within the last few weeks. The Fairhaven correspondent writes: "Not since the boom days of '89, when people were living in tents here, faro games being conducted on the sidewalks and town lots being sold on the tops of mountains three miles distance, has there been the number of men on the streets of this city that there are now, or have the saloons and places of a similar nature done the business which they are doing now. The thing that the people have looked forward to expectantly for the last ten years has lost nothing of its force in being delayed. In the language of the street, the town is a "good one" now. Hundreds of men are rushing in here to find work and their presence gives to the streets a holiday appearance. The lodging houses are taxed to their fullest capacity, and new ones are being constantly opened up. Around on McKenzie Avenue where there has not been a business house in six years, men are now renting the old deserted buildings and preparing to open saloons and other kinds of places of business in them. From morning till night is heard the rumble of freight wagons conveying supplies of all kinds for man and beast out to the camps of the railway contractors. Men are arriving and opening up in business over night where formerly they closed up and disappeared during the night. The town is in the midst of a railroad building excitement, and staid men who for the last three years have said that they didn't want to see a return of the days of '89, are not grumbling in the least, now that they are here."

JOHN MCKANE, who made the race for Yale-Cariboo last fall in the Conservative interest, is in the city, having just returned from a visit to his property, the Lavina group in the Lardo. Mr. McKane seems to have struck it richer in mines than he did in politics. He claims to have $250,000 worth of ore in sight.

THE C. P. R. advertises a $10 rate via the Crow's Nest to the Calgary exhibition, and $11.40 via Revelstoke.

THE Galicians appear to be able to grasp the ideas of modern civilization. In the trades procession on Dominion Day, half-a-dozen or so recently arrived immigrants of this nationality marched with one of the labor unions, and now we hear of them "walking out" just the same as Canadian strikers.

VENTS AND GOSSIP

WHAT do you do with old letters that accumulate? There are very few persons who have the determination necessary to burn a letter once it is answered and its value absorbed. These messages of pleasure, business and formality heap up on a writing table until some day they are gathered into a packet and thrown into a trunk or box, With some persons an occasional burning up of old letters occurs, which creates quite a bonfire in their grate, and brings on a reminiscent mood in which to watch the fire's glow, and the odd forms in which it dies. Some persons never burn letters. They collect them through life, and leave a curious jumble to the heirs of their effects, who are puzzled how to dispose of such a legacy.

I knew a woman once whose letters would have made an interesting book. She was a strangely fascinating woman in a quiet sort of a way. Her hair was threaded with gray, her face furrowed with cares which had long since been forgotten, and passions which had smouldered into ashes. On a certain rainy day we were sitting together and she was lonely as well as I She proposed a visit to the garret, and I accepted with alacrity. The garret on a rainy day is as inviting as the woods in late spring. Into a big dormer window we pulled an old fashioned sofa, which had been rejected from the parlors years ago. And then she drew an old trunk up before this seat and threw it open. I was amazed to see the harvest of manuscript which her busy life had gathered to herself. They were arranged in bulky packets, their yellow envelopes yellow from lying there so long. There were letters written from school friends, a boyish sweetheart, friends in the, world, and friends of the soul. There were Bohemiam letters, letters touching on social problems, and others dealing with the problems of the hereafter. Some revealed the enthusiasm of a friend who believed the receiver a saint, and others the cynicism of a friend who believed her to be a heartless woman. After pursuing those she handed to me I looked at her and she smiled alike at the closing of each. Smiled, and like one who says calmly, "I have tried it all you see." In Kipling's "Light that Failed" is a description of a picture of Melancholia, which was made smiling. Fancy melancholy smiling! And yet true sorrow is that which cannot help but smile at the things of earth which fret a littler soul. "I shall never burn these papers," said their owner. "They are an excellent epitome of the lesson of life. Some younger woman may glean from them the experience which I have wasted youth in acquiring, and will not be too old to put into practice some of their truths."

There is a clergyman in Nelson who is watching the proceedings against John Considine, accused of murder at Seattle, with a great deal of interest, and he is the Rev. Mr. White. One evening, nine years ago, Mr. White, who was then pastor of the Gorge Road Methodist Church, at Victoria, was hastily summoned to a down town office, and on reaching there was requested to perform the ceremony that made John Considine and a Seattle woman man and wife. They had just reached Victoria that evening from Seattle, and as they had to return on the next boat no time was lost in performing the ceremony. Therefore, Mr. White was somewhat surprised the other day when he read the announcement in the papers that the man he had married nine years ago was under arrest charged with murder.

The lacrosse match between Nelson and Medicine Hat last Saturday was the natural sequence of lax practice and studied contempt of modern lacrosse tactics on the part of the Nelson players. At no stage of the game did the Nelson players seem able to hold their own with the visiting team. Indeed, several seemed to only play for the applause of their friends in the grand stand, which was bestowed generously and without regard to merit. More than half the Nelson men played lacrosse, the rest assisted the Medicine Hat team to score goals. If Nelson is to make a name for herself on the lacrosse field there must be an infusion of new blood into the team. There are half a dozen or so capable players on the team, but the rest have no license to carry lacrosse sticks except in practice. I do not wish to discourage our players, for no doubt they did their best, but they will need considerable fixing before they meet even Grand Forks.

Geo. Towns, the oarsman, is bound to meet Jake Gaudaur, the world's champion. The Canadian's reply to Towns' last message did not discourage the Englishman, and now he declares his willingness to race Gaudaur for the championship on Canadian waters, providing all moneys are posted with the final stake-holder before Towns leaves England.

The other day Mr. J. A. Dewar, of the Porto Rico Lumber Co., was shown an item in an eastern paper, to the effect that the crozier of St. Fillan, now in the Edinburgh Museum, was formerly in the possession of the Dewar family, of the township of Beckwith, Lanark County, Ont. Mr. Dewar explains that this crozier has been in the possession of the Dewar clan for over 1200 years and was carried by Malcolm Dewar at the battle of Bannockburn. The head of the Dewar family brought the crozier to Canada, and it remained in the township of Beckwith 50 years, when it was sent to the Edinburgh Museum. When a boy Mr. Dewar, now of Nelson, had it in his hands many a time.

A very old clock has just been stopped near Edinburgh. The old clock is the clock of Musselburgh. It has ticked for four hundred years. It told the time to the Duke of Somerset and his army so far back as 1547, when on the field of Pinkie, hard by, they tried to force the Scots to give their young Queen Mary in marriage to Edward VI. of England. Prince Charlie and his Highlanders, too, marched under it in 1745 to do battle with Sir John Cope at the neighboring village of Prestonpans. Now it has stopped, "never to go again." It passes to a museum to rest until time shall be no more.

Nothing surprises the visitor to Nelson more than our commercial growth. Here you can buy everything from a needle to an anchor. The requirements of the mining industry are very extensive, yet everything in the assaying line can be secured at the store of W. F. Teetzel & Co. This firm carries the largest stock of miners' goods of this character that can be found in British Columbia. During the holidays W. F. Teetzel & Co had one of

the best displays, from a commercial standpoint, to be seen in the city. A display of this kind does much to advertise a city.

The Ymir *Mirror* has made its first appearance. It is edited by Mr. C. Dell-Smith, which means that the *Mirror* is well written, interesting and strictly up to date.

Nelson is to be congratulated on the sum realized by the sale of the city debentures. It appears very fortunate that an irregularity did occur in the debentures by-law, thus delaying the sale until the present time. The $100,000 worth of debentures has been sold for $105,025.85.

The proposal to retain the lights on Baker street, placed there by the decoration committee, should be carried out if the expense be not too great. A permanent display would always be an attraction, and as it is just possible we may have some distinguished visitors during the summer and autumn, the keeping of the display as it is might save considerable expense in other directions.

Some time during the last days of this week or the early days of next week Mr. Joseph Downes will return to public life, and will engage in his former profession of bill-poster. Mr Downes will receive a hearty welcome from his old friends.

Adjutant and Mrs. McGill, who for about a year past have had charge of the Salvation Army work in this city, will leave for Vancouver, on Wednesday the 17th inst. Under the supervision of Mr. and Mrs. McGill, the influence of the Army has been greatly extended in Nelson. They have devoted a great deal of their time and energy to securing funds for the New Salvation Army barracks, plans for which are now ready. Adjutant and Mrs. Allward will take charge of the Army work here after the departure of Adjutant and Mrs. McGill. Incidently it might be mentioned that an ice cream social, in aid of the building fund, will be held next Monday evening.

Mme. Camilla Urso has played to many larger audiences than the one which greeted her here in the Opera House last evening, but she certainly never played to a more appreciative assembly. Although so many years before the public, her technique has not changed in the way of boldness and accuracy. She possesses, in a marked degree, the power to control her listeners. The other members of her company are Miss Helen Hall, vocalist, and M. Sheldon Pierce, pianist, both of whom contributed generously to the evening's entertainment. It is rather unfortunate that eminent musicians rarely are appreciated in Nelson, and this tends to discourage the manager of the Opera House in securing really first class attractions.

Nelson, always a little ahead in everything, is to be congratulated on the decidedly forward step of several of her musicians. Hitherto we have been imposed upon by all types of alleged musicians, but now we are to have a sort of musical college, and no one who does not receive a diploma from this college will be permitted to play in public in future. I have not heard whether it is the intention of this new musical society to extend its influence outside of Nelson, but to many it will seem like a misfortune if musicians throughout the whole Province are not given an opportunity of being examined before the Nelson musical examiners and thereby, if proficient, getting a degree. It is understood that Camilla Urso expressed great sorrow that her short stay in Nelson prevented her from appearing before the examiners and thus adding to her reputation as a musician.

Richards & Pringle's Minstrels have a date at the Opera House the latter part of the month If this organization is half as meritorious as the press notices would seem to indicate, it should attract a large audience.

Kelley's Merry Makers will appear in Nelson some evening during the next few weeks, the date not yet having been decided upon.

Mr. Harry Wright, mining recorder, and Mr. Herbert Irvine, of Fred Irvine & Co., will leave Sunday evening for New York city, where they will meet Mrs. Wright and Mrs. Irvine, and proceed further east on a six-weeks' vacation. P. G.

How Boys May Make Money.

The suggestions put forth by Toronto *Saturday Night* in another column as to making money by canvassing for that excellent weekly seem well founded. The paper is undoubtedly high-class and serves to interest, instruct and amuse a large class of people all over Canada. It is above all clean and not sensational. The travel articles on Egypt and the Holy Land are excellent.

The output of ore from the Rossland mines for the week ending last Saturday touched low water mark for the year, says the Rossland *Miner*. The aggregate tonnage, 3,110, makes a poor showing along side of the figures for a few weeks ago, when the tonnage touched the 12,000 mark, but consolation may be taken from the statement of the management that next week will see the former conditions restored. It is probable that within a fortnight at the outside Rossland's ore tonnage will once more pass the 10,000 point and from there gradual increases may be confidently looked for. The reason for the small output is obvious—the closing of the Rossland Great Western properties. The Le Roi was the only one of the group of mines to ship ore, and the quantity forwarded to the Trail and Northport smelters was only a fraction of the normal production. Manager McDonald informs the *Miner*, however, that after Monday no further interference with the ordinary production will be experienced from lack of cars, and that the mine will then contribute its normal quota to the camp's output. This will swell the tonnage to its recent large dimensions. All this, of course, is conditional on the full force of men remaining at work. In addition to the Le Roi curtailment, the holidays, Dominion Day and Fourth of July, interfered with the work in other mines, the Centre Star and War Eagle principally, so that their output was smaller than ordinarily. The Iron Mask would have shipped twice the quantity of ore sent out had cars been available. The mine ships its ore in flat cars built up to retain the rock, this being necessary because the ore is loaded from wagons and the construction of a platform would be necessary if ore cars were utilized. The C. P. R. is arranging a supply of these cars and next week the mine will be able to send out 200 or 250 tons of ore, as intended. Meantime the ore bins at the mine are full to overflowing.

The Ghostly Door.

DAVE and I were tramping on a lonely bush track in New Zealand, making for a sawmill where we expected to get work, and we were caught in one of those three days gales, with rain and hail in it and cold enough to cut off a man's legs. Camping out was not to be thought of, so we just tramped on in silence, with the stinging pain coming between our shoulder blades—from cold, weariness and the weight of our swags—and our boots, full of water, going splosh, splosh, splosh along the track. We were settled to it—to drag on like wet, weary, muddy working bullocks till we came to somewhere—when, just before darkness settled down, we saw the loom of a humpy of some sort on the slope of a tussock hill, back from the road, and we made for it, without holding a consultation.

It was a two-roomed hut of waste timber from a sawmill, and was either a deserted settler's home or a hut attached to an abandoned sawmill round there somewhere. The windows were boarded up. We dumped our swags under the little verandah and banged at the door, to make sure; then Dave pulled a couple of boards off a window and looked in—there was light enough to see that the place was empty. Dave pulled off some more boards, put his arm in through a broken pane, put back the catch, pushed up the window and got in. I handed in the swags to him. The room was very draughty, the wind came in through the broken window and the cracks between the slabs, so we tried the partitioned-off room—the bedroom—and that was better. It had been lined with chaff-bags, and there were two stretchers left by some timber-getters or other bush contractors who'd camped there last; and there were a box and a couple of three-legged stools.

We carried the remnant of the wood-heap inside, made a fire and put the billy on. We unrolled our swags and spread the blankets on the stretchers; then we stripped and hung our clothes about the fire to dry. There was plenty in our tucker-bags, so we had a good feed. I hadn't shaved for days, and Dave had a coarse red beard with a twist in it like an ill-used fibre brush—a beard that got redder the longer it grew; he had a hooked nose, and his hair stood straight up (I never saw a man so easy-going about the head), and he was very tall, with long, thin, hairy legs. We must have looked a weird pair as we sat there, almost naked, on the low three-legged stools, with the billy and the tucker on the box between us, and ate our bread and meat with clasp-knives.

"I shouldn't wonder," says Dave, "but this is the whare where the murder was that we heard about along the road. I suppose if anyone was to come along now and look in, he'd get scared." Then, after a while, he looked down at the flooring boards close to my feet, and scratched his ear, and said, "That looks very much like a blood-stain under your stool, doesn't it, Joe?"

I shifted my feet and presently moved the stool further away from the fire—it was too hot.

I wouldn't have liked to camp there my self, but I don't think Dave would have minded—he'd knocked round too much in the Australian bush to mind anything greatly, or to be surprised at anything; besides, he was more than half-murdered once, by a man who said afterwards that he mistook Dave for someone else—he must have been a very shortsighted murderer.

Presently we put the tobacco, matches and bits of candle we had, on the two stools by the heads of our bunks, turned in, and filled up and smoked comfortably, dropping in a lazy word now and again about nothing in particular. Once I happened to look across at Dave and saw him sitting up a bit and watching the door. The door opened very slowly, wide, and a black cat walked in, looked first at me, then at Dave, and walked out again; and the door closed behind it.

Dave scratched his ear. "That's rum," he said. "I could have sworn I fastened that door. They must have left the cat behind."

"It looks like it," I said; "neither of us has been going it lately."

He got out of bed and up on his long, hairy spindle-shanks.

The door had the ordinary common black oblong lock with a brass knob. Dave tried the latch and found it fast; he turned the knob, opened the door and called, Puss—puss—puss!" but the cat wouldn't come. He shut the door, tried the knob to see that the catch had caught, and got into bed again.

He'd scarcely settled down when the door opened slowly, the black cat walked in, stared hard at Dave, and suddenly turned and darted out as the door closed smartly.

I looked at Dave and he looked at me—hard; then he scratched the back of his head. I never saw a man look so puzzled in the face and scared about the head.

He got out of bed very cautiously, took a stick of firewood in his hand, sneaked up to the door and snatched it open. There was no one there. Dave took the candle and went into the next room, but couldn't see the cat. He came back, and sat down by the fire and meowed, and presently the cat answered him and came in from somewhere—she'd been out the window, I suppose; he kept on meowing, and she sidled up and rubbed against his hairy shin. Dave could generally bring a cat that way. He had a weakness for cats. I'd seen him kick a dog and hammer a horse—brutally, I thought—but I never saw him hurt a cat, or let anyone else do it. Dave was good to cats; if a cat had a family where Dave was round, he'd see her all right and comfortable and only drown a fair surplus. He said once to me: "I can understand a man kicking a dog, or hammering a horse when it plays up, but I can't understand a man hurting a cat."

He gave this cat something to eat. Then he went and held the light close to the door, but could see nothing wrong with it. He found a key on the mantel-shelf, and locked the door. He got into bed again, and the cat jumped up and curled down at the foot and started her old drum going, like shot in a sieve. Dave bent down and patted her, to tell her he'd mean no harm when he stretched out his legs; and then he settled down again.

We had some books of the "Deadwood Dick" school. Dave was reading "The Grisly Ghost of the Haunted Gulch," and I had "The Dismembered Hand," or "The Disembowelled Corpse," or some such names. They were first-class preparation for a ghost.

I was reading away and getting drowsy, when I noticed a movement and saw Dave's frightened head rising, with the terrified shadow of it on the wall. He was staring at the door, over his book, with both eyes. And that door was opening again—slowly—and Dave had locked it! I never felt anything so creepy; the foot of my bunk was behind the door, and I drew up my feet as it came open; it opened