

THE NELSON ECONOMIST.

VOL. V.

NELSON, B. C., WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 26, 1902

NO. 33

Something Everybody Needs

Comfortable Footwear. We carry the largest stock of up to the minute Boots and Shoes to be found in B. C. We are exclusive agents for the following well known shoes :

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Julia Marlowe Shoes

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One Lot on Stanley street, opposite Royal
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He has had 20 years' experience, a portion of which
time was in the best West End tailoring establish-
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Boots and Shoes made to order. Invisible Patching
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Call and see us and we will use you right and charge no exorbitant prices.

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Now that I am through stock-taking, I intend to reduce my stock by giving the public a reduction of 15 per cent off on the dollar. I invite you all and I guarantee all goods sold.

We have so many different lines that it is impossible to mention them all, but here are a few of them.

Diamond and Pearl Jewelry, Watches, Clocks, Silverware, Karm Pianos and Sewing Machines.

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Weekly Paper of Canada is

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and you and other enterprising people may positively *earn money* handling it. Over 600 boys and agents at work. The terms are very favorable and the paper is popular. Just now running a series of articles on Egypt, Palestine and Italy, and readers are greatly interested. If you wish to

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NELSON ECONOMIST

VOL. V.

NELSON, B. C., WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 26, 1902.

NO. 33

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.

BY permitting the Opposition to name its own terms if it would come to the aid of the Government, Mr. Dunsmuir has admitted his inability to go through the session. He furthermore shows that he now realizes what it is to be at the mercy of Mr. Martin. The latter has now a free hand in dictating the policy of the Government. The Premier does not know enough to check Martin, and poor Eberts has not enough spirit left to call his life his own. It may be, that sooner or later, Mr. Dunsmuir, even as spineless as he has shown himself to be, will resent the tyranny of his master, and should that moment arrive the Government will collapse. The narrow majority by which the Government is now carrying on the affairs of the country may be turned into a minority even before Martin presses Mr. Dunsmuir beyond the limit of human endurance, for the absence of one member on any division will bring about the desired result. The election which takes place in Victoria on the 8th of March is absolutely certain to result in the return of Mr. Bodwell, which will drive Mr. Dunsmuir still closer to destruction. In some quarters it is hoped that the Government may be able to carry a redistribution bill through the House, but it is scarcely conceivable that any bill can be framed which will be endorsed by half of the men who are now voting with Mr. Dunsmuir. Viewed from any direction, it must be admitted that the hour of Mr. Dunsmuir's reckoning is close at hand. He must settle with Messrs. McBride, Helmcken, McPhillips, Taylor, Green and others, for going to the Opposition for a Minister of Mines, and again with Mr. Martin for clandestinely dealing with the present Opposition to secure support to destroy the wild-eyed politician from Manitoba. His position is not a pleasing one to contemplate, but it must be confessed that his offense richly merits the punishment which is now being dealt out to him. So perish all traitors.

Mrs. MARY FANNING, the original woman male impersonator on the American stage, died January 16th, friendless and destitute, in the Ludlow street

jail in Brooklyn. She was 70 years old. She was very handsome in her young womanhood.

BELGIAN financiers have leased the islands of Fernando Po and are organizing a chartered company to occupy a concession in the Gaboon district, between Rio Muni and Rio Campo.

CHRISTIAN Scientists will not be permitted to propagate their faith in Ohio in future, the House of Representatives having passed a bill to prohibit the faith cure practices.

THREE thousand western horses now at Salt Lake, of the "cayuse" species, gathered from the ranges of the intermountain States, are to be shipped to South Africa for use in the British army.

Two hundred and fifty-nine in every thousand of the world's population own King Edward as sovereign.

THE Rossland carnival has been everything in the way of success that was hoped for by its promoters, and that was all that could be reasonably expected.

It is announced that Mr. Chamberlain will execute the opening ceremony at the forthcoming Colonial Exhibition at the Royal Exchange.

It now begins to look as if wireless telegraphy will within the next six months be used for private and public purposes across the Atlantic.

OUR hockey boys know how to carry off a prize or two when they get into a game. Nothing in this announcement is to be taken as a reflection on Nelson curlers.

THE Kaiser shows great consideration for the comfort of the men of his navy. He has ordered that 1,000 of his photographs be distributed among the German sailors.

FRANCE shows a decrease in its imports for the month of January of \$6,628,400, but the exports for the same period increased \$5,793,400.

MR. C. H. LUGRIN, for five years editor of the Victoria Colonist, has resigned his position, being unable to agree with the owners as to the policy of the paper. Mr. Lugin refused to uphold the Govern-

ment in failing to bring on the Victoria election. He is a writer of considerably more than ordinary ability, and his place may be hard to fill successfully.

DAN MANN does not appear to have made much of an impression on the Government during his recent visit to the Coast. In other words, Daniel seems to have got into the lion's den, just the same as his illustrious namesake.

It is said that Dreyfus finds it impossible to rent rooms in Paris, so great is the prejudice of the Parisians against him.

THE English army estimates for 1902-03 are £69,31,000. The Admiralty's naval estimates for the same period show a total of \$156,275,000.

AN American syndicate is seeking control of the Jamaica Government railway.

THE old Globe Theatre, London, will have to be demolished, in order that the widening of the Strand may proceed.

TURKEY has its regular monthly conspiracy. Two of the Sultan's aides and several courtiers have been caught plotting against him.

BERLIN's new electric elevated and underground railway was formally opened on Saturday, a week ago.

Leisure Hour tells the following story: I will tell one remarkable anecdote showing Parnell's power of detachment. He came into the House of Commons one afternoon, when the fiercest excitement prevailed regarding the publication by the *Times* of the forged letters. He, in a short speech, denied the authorship of the letters, and then walked into the lobby and engaged me in earnest conversation. Everybody thought he was telling me of the awful political event then stirring men's minds. This is what he said to me: "I have just read in the afternoon paper that a mountain of gold had been discovered in Western Australia, and that some tons of the specimens have been sent home to you." I replied that it was true, and that I had in my locker in the House some of the crushed specimens. We proceeded to get them, and I gave him about a wine-glassful of the "crushing." He took it away with him, and to the bewilderment of his party no one saw him for a week, and very few indeed knew his address. On that day week almost at the same hour he again appeared in the lobby. Walking up to me he said, smilingly, "I have analyzed the specimens, and they go thirty-two ounces of gold to the ton." I said he was wrong. He then took from his pocket a scrap of paper, and read "twenty-seven ounces of gold and five ounces of silver." I replied that was indeed remarkable, for it exactly coincided with the analysis

of Messrs. Johnson, Matthey & Co., the famous metallurgists. Parnell then showed me the small pin's point of gold he had obtained. I expressed surprise at his work. He said, "The fact is I take an interest in the matter. I have a small workshop to test the minerals in the mountains of Wicklow, some portion of which I own. The astonishing thing is that while his hundreds of thousands of adherents were fulminating against the *Times* he was quietly working away testing minerals in his laboratory.

THE immense volume of trade between Edmonton and the various trading points to the north is illustrated by the fact that during January a local firm sent north 188½ tons of supplies.

OTTAWA society is now entertaining Earl Grey, brother of Lady Minto.

THE auditors of the Canadian Pacific Railway, in their report for the week ending Feb. 14, show the total earnings to be \$526,000; and for the same period last year \$435,000, an increase for this year of \$91,000.

A FEW weeks ago a gentleman well known in political circles in the East visited British Columbia. He was very anxious to know something about the state of political affairs here. Speaking to a friend, he said: "Tell me, what is the condition of politics in British Columbia? We have an idea in the East that you are all crazy out here, or that you are incapable of self-government." Certainly if that gentleman had been in the Legislature last Monday he would have seen something that would have justified him in coming to the conclusion that if the people of this Province were not mentally unbalanced the men who are selected to make the laws are absolutely irresponsible. No such disgraceful scene has ever before been witnessed in any legislative hall in Canada. And it becomes more humiliating and degrading, even sacrilegious, when it is considered that the offense complained of took place during the solemn minute of prayer. Joseph Martin taking advantage of the moment sneaked into the chair which by custom has been always allotted to the duly appointed leader of His Majesty's loyal Opposition. The result of this unseemly act was practically a resort to Nature's weapon of defense by several pugnacious supporters of the Government. The only redeeming feature in connection with this disgraceful exhibition was the refusal of Mr. Speaker Pooley to decide the right of lawful occupancy of the seat in question. Evidently for the moment he was moved by that spirit of fair play and reverence for constitutional practice which have ever been the ruling characteristics of the intelligent Englishman. The Government members, however, did not seem to be burdened with this same sense of honor, and they voted that Martin should retain the seat which he

got possession of by stealth. Yet we flatter ourselves that we are capable of self-government.

THE strikes in Spain are said to be used as pretexts to cover a big Socialist and Anarchist revolt.

THE cabinet crisis in Peru continues and the Minister of War is impotent in face of the situation.

THE plague is increasing in Shantung province, China. There were over sixty deaths last week.

TURKEY denies responsibility in the Miss Stone matter, as the transaction with the brigands was made without its knowledge.

THE following selection of Irish dialect poetry which is going the rounds of the press is almost good enough to have been written by Larry Finn, whose effusions in the *Ymir Mirror* are now commanding world-wide attention. It is entitled, "When Judy Sings":

Whin Judy sings,
Sure quanes and kings
Attind wid looks surprisin'
The woods and hills
Sind jocund thrills
Horizon to horizon.

The ichoes mate
To cerculate
Her honey-laden quavers,
An' angels pause
To give applause
To her entrancin' favors.

The little thrush
Wid many a blush
For his own song-creations,
Cocks up his ear
Surprised to hear
Sich heavenly modulations.

The brazes lay
Their flutes away,
As be some myst'ry ha'nted,
An' music's self
Gets on the shill
An' howl'da her brith enchanted.

Hut, man! So schwate
Her v'ice 't'wud bate
Fantazy or aytudy,
An' Suzy's band!
They'd quit the land
Ef once they'd hear me Judy.

THE London *Empire* strikes home thus: "Puling pessimists persist in representing England as being commercially, politically and financially decadent. Yet what do we see? The brainy Americans have spent vast sums in the acquisition of Cuba. The British, although supposed to be decadent, have secured the practical monopoly of the railways and the

tobacco industry of that fertile island. We are horribly decadent, of course, but London still remains the financial centre of the world. The cables of the universe are controlled from London. The centre of the world's mining industry is in London. The richest and finest colonies in the world belong to England. We build ships for the nations of the world. We manufacture for the world, and to-day we are opening at vast expense in blood and treasure a magnificent country which will constitute a splendid market, not only for ourselves, but for the rest of the world. Surely we are not so effete and decadent as the pessimists would like to see us!"

REGRET will be felt that the *Tribune*, on account of financial difficulties, has been forced to suspend publication. The *Tribune* was a good paper, and although we had occasion to differ with it very often, we cannot but sympathize with the man who has risked his all in this newspaper venture.

OTTAWA has failed to secure the repair shops for the western section of the C. P. R. "Everything is to be centralized in Montreal," says Sir Thomas Shaughnessy.

THE financial situation in Chili is causing some alarm at Valparaiso.

ITALY, it is said, may eventually join the Anglo-Japanese alliance.

It is not often a seat in the Opposition is considered so desirable that members would think it worth while fighting over.

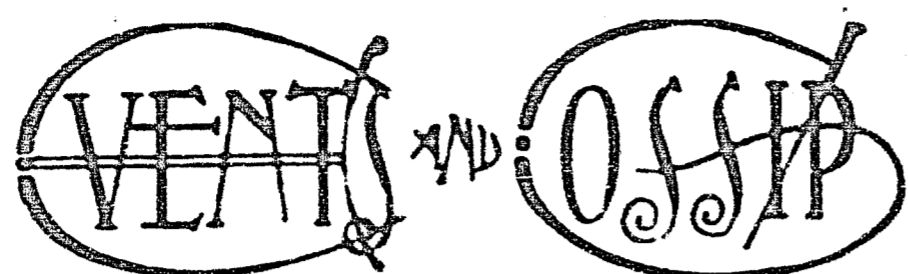
THE locust plague in Central Asia has already devastated more than 200,000 acres.

A DECREE prohibiting the marketing of chemically prepared meats has been issued at Berlin.

THERE seems to be considerable ground for the report from Victoria that the next few days will see a new combination between the Government and certain members of the Opposition. The object of the combination is understood to be an effort to close out Martin and other turbulent spirits who now vote with the Government merely for their own aggrandizement. Perhaps Martin was wise after all in holding on to his seat in the Opposition benches. Any kind of a combination that would guarantee the good behavior of the Government in future would be acceptable to the Province at the present time.

THE death is announced of Julius Wolff, the celebrated osteologist of the University of Berlin.

At Kiel experiments are being conducted with the Braun system of wireless telegraphy.



THEATRE-GOERS are taking considerable interest in the forthcoming visit of Frederic Warde to Nelson. It will be the greatest attraction ever seen in this city, and it may be some time before we see its equal again. Manager Annable should be encouraged in his effort to provide the citizens of Nelson with standard attractions.

A suggestion has been made in England that a memorial should be raised to Kate Greenaway. It has been proposed to have it take the form of a bed in a children's hospital, in acknowledgement of the joy her books have been to children the world over.

The Nelson hockey team is justifiably proud over having won the British Columbia championship.

The dress reformers in Paris, headed by Dr. Philippe Marechal, will, it is said, shortly introduce a bill in the chamber of deputies to place the manufacture of corsets under state control. Dr. Marechal is reported to have said that 25 per cent of the young women wearing corsets die of pulmonary diseases. The first article of the bill to restrict the use of corsets forbids "all women younger than thirty years old to wear any kind of corset under the penalty of three months in prison and a fine of not more than 1000 francs. Article II. permits women older than thirty years to wear a corset. Article III. orders manufacturers of corsets to give the names and addresses of all purchasers to state officials.

The Pope entered upon the 25th year of his Pontificate February 20th. The principal celebration of the jubilee is postponed until March 3rd.

A London paper says the young Queen of Holland—like the late Queen Victoria—absolutely refuses to sign any paper which she does not understand. If she cannot make out the meaning of it herself, she sends for the minister from whose department it comes or some other competent official and asks him to explain it to her.

A Montreal dispatch says it has just transpired that the man Moise Labelle, who committed suicide at St. Agathe was accused 29 years ago of the murder of his old father at St. Jerome. The old man was murdered in his cottage not far from where the son lived, and after the murder, fire was set to his cottage but this was discovered in time to obtain proof that the half burned body was that of a man murdered by other means than that of fire. Labelle disappeared and High Constable Bissonnette, of Montreal, went after him as far as St. Paul, Minn. The trip was in vain, however, but the high constable

imagining that he would return to the place where his crime was committed, had St. Jerome watched and succeeded in arresting him one cold winter's night, driving from Montreal to do so. Although the evidence was greatly against him, the jury acquitted him on the ground that it would be a disgrace to St. Jerome to have a hanging there. The French people consider his suicide a punishment from heaven.

Fred Irvine & Co. have a fine display in their window of ladies' spring and summer shirt waists, of the very latest styles and materials. Now is the time to make a selection in this line of goods, and the prices will be found very moderate.

Very little is known of the two daughters of Lord Roberts, the present commander-in-chief, Lady Aileen Roberts and Lady Ada. They are very popular in Dublin and much liked in Dublin society, but up to the present they have not appeared much in London society. Their father is particularly devoted to them, and they form a very happy family party. Owing to the loss of the commander-in-chief's only son, Lady Aileen will be Countess Roberts should she survive her father.

A memorial church is being erected at Rossland in memory of "Father Pat," and a number of photographs of the deceased clergyman have been left at the store of the Canada Drug & Book Co., to be sold, the proceeds to be devoted to the memorial fund.

Mrs. See-Shing, a highly educated Chinese woman, made a speech on the condition of her sex in her native country at an annual meeting of the Japanese Woman's Society at Tokio not long ago. She is the first Chinese woman to make a speech at a public meeting. She is a professor of Chinese in the Woman's institution in Yokohama.

Perhaps the most sensational ceremonial of marriage that has ever been performed in New York was the one known everywhere in the United States as the "Diamond Wedding," says the *Ladies' Home Journal*. It was the union of a daughter of Lieutenant Bartlett, of the United States Navy, to a Cuban gentleman of great wealth, Don Estaban Santa Cruz de Oviedo. As generous as he was opulent, Oviedo lavished upon the bride more than one hundred thousand dollars' worth of pearls and diamonds. The nuptial rites were solemnized by Archbishop Hughes; Steedman commemorated the event in a poem, and moralists pointed to it as an extraordinary instance of the evils of splendor and luxury that were corrupting American society. So great was the curiosity to witness this wedding that probably for the first time on such an occasion cards of admission were issued to the church. A squad of policemen was required simply to protect the bride and groom from strangers.

who rushed after them. The magnificent nuptials, it may be remarked, had a melancholy sequel; the bridegroom soon died; his widow, under the Spanish laws, was entitled only to the right of dower, and all the gifts which he had showered upon her were taken away from her on the ground that legally they were heirlooms.

The earliest recognition of the observance of Sunday as a legal duty is a constitution of Constantine in 321 A. D. enacting that all courts of justice and all workshops were to be at rest on Sunday. Charlemagne, in the west, forbade labor of any kind on Sunday. At first the tendency was to observe the Sabbath (Saturday) rather than Sunday. Later the Sabbath and Sunday came to be observed at the same period, but after the time of Constantine, the observance of the Sabbath practically ceased. Sunday observance was directed by injunctions of both Edward VI. and Elizabeth.

In a talk to workmen the other day Bishop Ingram, of London, said: "Human nature always reminds me of the story of two frogs which fell into a pot of cream. One of them soon gave the struggle up as a bad job, and without much ado sank to the bottom. The other, striking out with all his legs, and persevering, eventually found himself resting on a pat of butter churned by his own efforts to get his head above the level of the cream."

The Epworth League spent "An Evening with Longfellow" last night at the Methodist Church. A number of essays and songs were contributed for the enjoyment of those present.

Few people are aware that Lord Kitchener shares one notable peculiarity with the greatest of British naval heroes. Like Nelson, the present commander-in-chief in South Africa has only one eye. It was characteristic of his undaunted pluck and foresight that as soon as he realized that he was fated to lose one of his eyes he learnt Braille, and did everything to make himself independent of sight. This was many years ago, and Lord Kitchener has since proved that for all purposes his sight is as keen as ever it was.

A country convert, full of zeal offered himself for service in his first prayer meeting remarks, "I'm ready to do anything the Lord asks me," he said, "so long as it's honorable."

On the occasion of a garden party at Benares, given by the Viceroy, a wonderful dress was worn by the Countess Palovolovetsch, which excited much admiration. Seen near at hand the gown seemed to be made up of tongues of blue flames, with occasional streaks of bright light flashing across, and all resting on a bed of liquid fire. Then the appearance would change, and its wearer seemed to be wrapped in

multi colored flame. It was noticed that the Countess never sat down, but was constantly on the move. During her peregrinations a friend asked her about her marvellous costume, and discovered that it was a simple gown of rich brocade ornamented with fireflies. There were 535 of these little creatures, each in a tiny net, fastened to the dress.

A book just published on men and things in South Africa has a good story of Kruger. He received two applications for grants of land, one from the Reformed Dutch Church, the other from a Jewish community. Both were granted, but presently the Jews complained their piece of land was much the smaller. Kruger at once replied: "The others believe the whole Bible, and, therefore, receive an acre of land; you only believe half and so are granted only half an acre. Why, therefore, complain?"

"The beautiful blue Danube" is a myth, Herr Johann Strauss to the contrary notwithstanding. This fact has been established beyond a doubt by the municipal authorities of Mautern, who for the space of one year have been conducting experiments with the river water. As a result of their investigations they report that the color of the Danube was brown on 11 days, light green on 45, yellow on 46, emerald green on 146, dull green on 59, and dark green on 58. Not once was the water blue.

The two performances given here last week by the Georgia Harper company were fairly well attended, but not any better than they deserved. Miss Harper is a clever actress and her manager has surrounded her with an excellent company. It is understood that this company will return to Nelson for a couple of nights next week.

An interesting lecture was given last evening by Dr. McLennan at the Baptist Church. This was the third of a series of lectures under the auspices of the Florence Crittenden Society, and the topic was the prevention of tuberculosis.

Predictions as to the list of coronation honors include the names of Charles Wyndham, Beerbohm Tree, Rudyard Kipling and Conan Doyle, the King being more appreciative of literature and the drama than was his mother. Anthony Hope's chances, it is said, have been imperiled by a too frank reference to modern political traffic in decorations in "Mr. Pilkerton's Peerage."

It is pleasing to notice arrests of many anarchists in Catalonia.

Thefts of passengers on night trains from Paris are numerous.

Copper has been discovered in the territory between Rhodesia and the Congo Free State.

Langfield's Verecundity.

WHEN the men of the service left Valdez to build the military lines through Alaska, Langfield went with them.

He was undeniably plain, undersized and oversensitive, and that was why he felt certain that Dolly could never love him. To be sure he had no intention of loving her, but when six feet two of well developed manhood, in the person of Tom Perry, came down from Circle City prospecting, Langfield found that intentions and love had very little to do with each other. Vainly he stood erect, but not one cubic could he add to his stature, and every morning the square of looking-glass impressed afresh the redness of his hair upon him.

Tom and Dolly had known each other in the States, and Langfield watched with hopeless pain the renewal of their friendship. She had grown shy with him since Perry came, and there could be but one reason, he argued. He did not blame her; there was nothing in him to inspire a woman's love, and Tom—So he packed his flute and knapsack and left with scarcely a farewell.

The men were not fond of Langfield. He had a way of shrinking into himself, that only Shivers, the camp mascot, a lank mongrel Siwash with a stump of a tail, understood.

Mornings, when the "Top Sergeant" gave his first call through the camp, it was the warm tongue of Shivers that brought Langfield into touch with the day, and later, when the company lined up around the mess tent for their rations of coffee and beans, the man would seek a secluded stump for a table, with the dog huddled by his side.

Langfield seldom joined the campfires. But when the fever broke out, Langfield was the first to offer his services. He was not afraid of contagion, he told the sergeant, and anyway, there was no one at home who needed him. After that he and Shivers took up their quarters in the hospital tent.

The fever had its run, but only one, thanks to the nursing, was borne up the trail and laid away under the snow. Langfield planed a piece of scantling and drove it in by the mound, but his hand was unsteady, and his eyes were heavy and dull.

The "Top Sergeant" on his rounds the next morning found him sitting up in his blankets. His face was swollen and discolored, and he was talking excitedly to Shivers.

"You mustn't let Dolly take the fever," he said "she's so little. Nor Tom—promise me you won't let Tom." He leaned over and looked into the dog's pleading eyes. Shivers whined and thrust his muzzle into his master's palm. "She couldn't help loving him," Langfield continued defensively. "You know she couldn't your-self!" He fell back on the pillow and tossed restlessly for a moment. "I'll be cool up there under the snow," he began again, "and I won't be heavy to pack. And say—" He sat up, pulling the dog close to him, "maybe she'll forget that my hair was—red."

The men were very tender to Langfield after that, and Shivers seldom left his bedside.

When some weeks later, he became convalescent, he seemed smaller and lighter than ever, and his hair shone more vividly red against the pinched, white face. They carried him out into the sunshine but his eyes wandered regretfully up to the snow.

In a month he was at his post again, doing the work of two men, with scarcely the strength of one.

He came down the mountain one night an hour

behind time. The trail was slushy, and the early gray twilight lent a soft indistinctness everywhere.

Suddenly he paused and stood looking intently at a line of fresh tracks in the path. His first thought was of Shivers. He always met him, but seldom so far from the camp. Lighting a match the only one he had, he bent closer. The prints were too clean-cut for a dog; the opposites almost overlapped each other, and Shivers was broad chested. Cautiously the man crept on, peering out for another's mark he knew. It was there—a slight depression in the mud, like the fringe of a feather. Only the edge of a shaggy tail made that. He stood up and looked around him. He was not afraid of death, but he had a decided preference regarding its medium, and a she-wolf hunting for a family dinner was hardly to his liking.

The camp was three miles away, and the underbrush made a cross-cut impossible; besides, the snow still lay in the ravines. There was one thing to be done, and drawing his hat securely down he started forward, then paused again, with his head raised to listen.

From somewhere there came a faint cry, weak and indistinct, but undeniably human.

Langfield made a trumpet of his hands. "Hello!" he shouted, and strained his ears for the reply.

Some ten feet down the trail a glacier stream had gullied out a bank. Its icy, slate colored waters fell almost perpendicularly over the rocks. Creeping to the slippery edge, he peered over and called again. A faint voice answered.

A steep, shelving path was just visible, and he clambered down it, scratched and torn by the brambles at every step. A little farther on a roll of blankets impeded his way, and he knew that somewhere in the ravine below he would find a prospector.

The man proved to be a big fellow, but the light was too dim to see his face. The force of his fall had wedged one leg between the crevices of the rock, and it took Langfield's entire strength to extricate him.

He pressed his canteen to the stranger's lips, and rubbed him vigorously, but it was half an hour before he could get him up the path. All the while in his overwrought fancy, he heard the cry of the mother-wolf for food, and once he was sure that a pair of luminous eyes were watching them from the dusk.

"It's no use," said the man at last. "I can't make it!" and sank limply on the bank.

Langfield took off his coat and rolled it into a pillow, then stared below again. In the outfit there would be matches, and blankets enough for the night.

Just as he reached them a long, whining howl broke the stillness. Another followed, and another. They were tracking along the trail.

To the man, straining every sinew under his load it meant but one thing. Mechanically he held to his burden and stumbled on. His head swam dizzily and the brush about him seemed to swarm with uncertain shapes. With a superhuman effort he hoisted the blankets over the last little ledge of rock and drew himself up behind them.

The sick man lay where he had left him, but creeping toward him on the bank was a lithe, gray shadow. It was less than a dozen feet away. Langfield drew his revolver, then, by a sudden spit of fire, he saw what he had done.

"Shivers!" he cried. There was a glad whine of recognition, as the dog tried to drag himself toward

him. Langfield was kneeling beside him in a moment. "Shivers, old friend," he said, and somewhere on his "journey to the dog star," Shivers heard. His stump of a tail wagged an answer, and in his glaring eyes there was a look of perfect trust.

The night wore slowly on. Slowly the gray skirts of dawn swept across the eastern sky.

Langfield sat still with the dog in his arms. The prospector could not see his face, but the slight drooping shoulders seemed familiar. The pain was growing unbearable, and he groaned.

Langfield started. "Yes, yes," he answered absently, "I'd forgotten."

He put the dog gently from him and stood up. The morning light was flooding everything, and it fell upon the two men as they looked into each other's eyes. Langfield drew in his breath with sudden sharpness. The other muttered an oath and leaned weakly back against the bank.

"Tom Perry!" ejaculated Langfield, taking a step toward him. "You!"

The man nodded.

The lines on Langfield's face were tense and drawn, and he steadied himself with an effort. "Well," he said at last, "it's three miles to camp, and we'd better be moving."

There were a few drops in his canteen. He offered them to his companion, converted himself into a prop for the wounded side, and the slow, painful journey down the trail began.

Neither of them talked much. The mist hung midway on the mountain, and when they emerged from it, the company's quarters lay on the ledge below. Already the camp was astir.

The two men upon the path paused exhausted. Langfield eased the sick man down and threw himself beside him. He had not eaten since the day before, and was weak and giddy. The solitude was oppressive. Blue-faced glaciers smiled mockingly out of the ravines, a raven croaked from the alders, and the memory of Dolly seemed hovering in the light. For the first time Perry's helplessness tempted him. Why should this man have everything which he had been denied? He felt again the dumb, pleading eyes of Shivers. Shivers had loved him; he had never known that his master was plain and red-headed, and Shivers—was dead.

Langfield mechanically slipped his hand to the sheath in his belt, stole a sideways glance at his companion and saw that his eyes were closed. He drew out the knife and held it behind him. His breath came in short, convulsive gasps.

Just then Perry gave a stifled moan. The sound brought Langfield to his senses. What was this he had intended to do? A fit of trembling seized him. He rose to his feet, though he reeled as he did so. There was a swift movement of his right arm, and something glanced in the light and fell far below them in the brush.

"No one needs me," he thought, "and Tom—"

"Come," he said aloud, "we must get you down for your wife's sake."

The man did not reply at first. When he did his voice was a trifle husky.

"I have none," he said.

Langfield stared at him. "Why—Dolly—," he blurted out. "She—" He began and stopped again, but Perry understood.

"No-o," he replied with an effort, "she didn't want me." He turned his head and looked unseeing across the valley. "There was some one else," he said.

"Some one else?" Langfield stupidly repeated.

"Yes," answered the other, "and it seems the fool couldn't understand!" There was a moment's si-

lence. "She's waiting till the company's ordered back," he added, with a whimsical smile.

Langfield drew his hand across his forehead. The snow, high up on the mountain, seemed a swimming sea of white; the little stream beside them roared like a cataract in his ears.

Perry made an effort to rise, but sank back in a spasm of pain.

"She loves—my God, man!" he cried vehemently, "are you an idiot? She loves—you!"

SHORT STORIES

Douglas Jerrold, the English wit, was once sitting with George Henry Lewes and a poet named Heraud, who was something of a bore and a good deal laughed at. Lewes asked Jerrold: "Have you ever seen Heraud's Descent Into Hell?" "No; but I should like to," tersely replied the wit.

Some years ago at a Mardi Gras ball at the Hopkins Institute in San Francisco, a man, masked, approached a woman and asked her for a dance, as is considered right and proper at Mardi Gras. "But I don't know you, sir," said the lady in her most icy tone. "Well, I'm taking as big a risk as you are," retorted the man.

W. S. Gilbert, meeting the editor of *Punch* one day, remarked as he was leaving him: "By the by Burnand, I suppose a great number of funny stories are sent into your office?" "Oh, yes," said Mr. Burnand, "thousands." "Then, my dear fellow, why don't you publish them?" replied Mr. Gilbert, as he put out his hand to say good-bye.

A tender-hearted youth was once present at an Oxford supper, where the fathers of those assembled were being roundly abused for their parsimony in supplying the demands of their sons. At last, after having long kept silence, he lifted up his voice in mild protest. "After all, gentlemen," he said, "let us remember that they are our fellow-creatures."

A well-known English dean recently had the misfortune to lose his umbrella, and he rather suspected that its appropriation by another had not been accidental. He therefore used the story to point a moral in a sermon in the cathedral, adding that if its present possessor would drop it over the wall of the deanery garden during that night he would say no more about it. Next morning he repaired to the spot and found his own umbrella and forty-five others.

One of Sheridan's tales was of an Irishman who met a Briton, of the true John Bull pattern, standing with folded arms in a contemplative mood, apparently meditating on the greatness of his little island.

"Allow me to differ with ye!" exclaimed the Celt.

"But I have said nothing, sir," replied John Bull.

"And a man may think a lie as well as publish it," persisted the pugnacious Hibernian.

"Perhaps you are looking for a fight?" queried the Briton.

"Allow me to compliment ye on the quickness of yer perception," said Patrick, throwing down his coat, and then they pitched in

MINING NOTES.

Slocan Drill.

Twelve men are employed at the Enterprise mill.

Ore shipments for the entire Slocan are in excess of 3000 tons.

Some magnificent ore is being taken from the Iron Horse.

The Neepawa slide came down again on Saturday, blocking the Enterprise road with 20 feet of snow.

A force of 35 men is employed at the Enterprise mine. Almost all the ore is being sent through the concentrator.

The Slocan-Republic Mining Co. has been granted certificates of improvement on the Republic group, on Erin mountain.

Two shifts are employed at the Enterprise concentrator and it is being run continuously. The mill is giving excellent satisfaction and the output is large, seven tons of concentrates being sent down Monday.

Word has been received from the east that the Champion-Sapphire group, Twelve Mile creek, is to be worked on an extensive scale and if need be, a complete set of machinery will be installed. The property will ship ore during the summer.

An extensively signed petition is being sent into the provincial government for the extension of the Chapleau wagon road for another three miles up the great north fork of Lemon creek. It would serve a host of properties capable of shipping ore.

Only 50 tons of ore was sent out this week, it coming from the Arlington. There is a carload of sacked ore ready at the chutes to ship, the grade of which will be equal to that sent out last March, the net proceeds then being \$5200. The Enterprise will send forward a car of concentrates next week. Spring coming and the roads getting bad, shipments do not promise to be large.

For 1900 the exports from this division amounted to 2847 tons, made up from ten properties. Last year the exports totalled 6529 tons, from 14 properties. Follow-

ing is a full list of the shipments this year to date:

Arlington.....	620
Enterprise.....	60
Ottawa.....	7
Neepawa.....	20

ESTATE OF PETER F. EMERSON.

In the matter of the estate of Peter F. Emerson, late of the City of Nelson, in the Province of British Columbia, deceased.

Notice is hereby given pursuant to the "Trustees and Executors Act" of the revised Statutes of the Province of British Columbia, 1897, Chap. 187, to all creditors and others having claims against the estate of the said Peter F. Emerson, who died on or about the 11th day of December, A. D. 1901, to send by post prepaid or delivered to Messrs. Gallie & Wilson, of the said City of Nelson, Solicitors for Arthur H. Buchanan and Peter E. Wilson, executors for the personal estate and effects of the said deceased, or to the said Arthur H. Buchanan and Peter E. Wilson, both of the City of Nelson, in the Province of British Columbia, their Christian and surnames, addresses, descriptions and full particulars of their claims, statement of their accounts and the nature of the security, if any, held by them, on or before the first day of March, A. D. 1902.

And further take notice, that after such last mentioned date the said executors will proceed to distribute the assets of the deceased to the parties entitled thereto, having regard only to the claims of which they shall then have notice. The said executors 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 them at the time of such distribution.

GALLIE & WILSON,

Solicitors for Arthur H. Buchanan and Peter E. Wilson, Executors for Peter F. Emerson, deceased.

Dated this 12th day of February, A. D. 1902.

ESTATE OF SARAH E. EMERSON.

In the matter of the estate of Sarah E. Emerson, late of the City of Nelson, in the Province of British Columbia, deceased.

Notice is hereby given pursuant to the "Trustees and Executors Act" of the revised Statutes of the Province of British Columbia, 1897, Chap. 187, to all creditors and others having claims against the estate of the said Sarah E. Emerson, who died on or about the 11th day of December, A. D. 1901, to send by post prepaid or delivered to Messrs. Gallie & Wilson, of the said City of Nelson, Solicitors for Frank Fletcher, the administrator of the personal estate and effects of the said deceased, or to the said Frank Fletcher, of the City of Nelson, in the Province of British Columbia, their Christian and surnames, addresses, descriptions and full particulars of their claims, statement of their accounts, and the nature of the security, if any, held by them, on or before the first day of March, A. D. 1902.

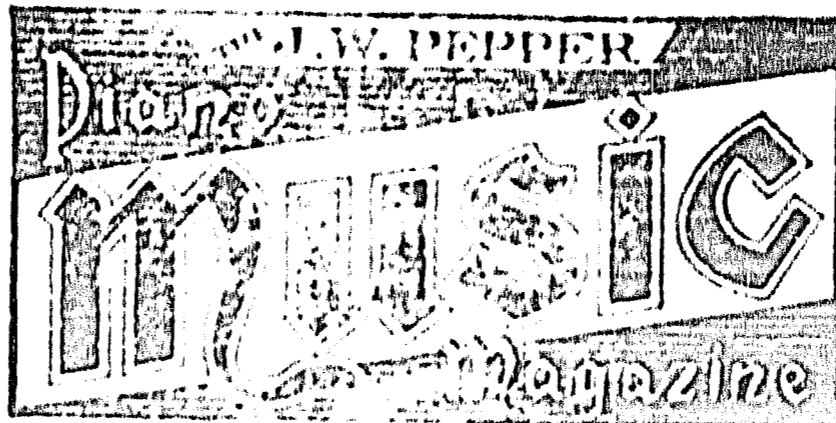
And further take notice, that after such last mentioned date the said administrator will proceed to distribute the assets of the deceased to the parties entitled thereto, having regard only to the claims of which he shall then have notice. The said administrator will not be liable for the said assets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

GALLIE & WILSON,

Solicitors for Frank Fletcher, Administrator for Sarah E. Emerson, deceased.

Dated this 12th day of February, A. D. 1902.

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CERTIFICATE OF IMPROVEMENTS.

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

Where located: On Toad Mountain, about a quarter of a mile east of the Grizzly Bear claim.

Take notice that L. Arthur S. Farwell, acting as agent for William R. Will, Free Miner's Certificate No. B 52,440, 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 47, must be commenced before the issuance of such Certificate of Improvements. Dated this 12th day of September, 1901.
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