

# 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.

THE Conservative party has chosen a leader to take the place of Sir Charles Tupper, Bart. The new leader is Robert Laird Borden, K. C. Mr. Borden was born at Grand Pre, N. S., (the place made famous by Longfellow's immortal "Evangeline") on June 26th, 1854. He was educated at Acadia Villa Academy, Houghton, and afterwards became professor in the Glenwood Institute, New Jersey. Returning to Nova Scotia he studied law with Messrs. Weatherbee and Graham, and was called to the bar in 1878. After practicing his profession for some time in Kentville, he removed to Halifax, where he became a law partner of the late Sir John Thompson, and of the present Mr. Justice Graham, and later of Sir Charles Hibbert Tupper, K. C. At present he is head of the firm of Borden, Ritchie, Parker and Chisholm, and president of the Nova Scotia Barristers' Society. He was created a Q. C., by Lord Derby in 1890. It is a little too soon to pass on Mr. Borden's qualifications for the position for which he has been selected. No party ever stood in greater need of a sagacious leader than the Conservative party at this time. As an eastern paper puts it, the Conservative party looks like one of the most complete wrecks which was ever cast upon the shores of time. There is no need to point out the causes which has brought about this condition of affairs. It certainly cannot be attributed to a superabundance of wisdom on the part of the Liberals, no matter how many other causes may be assigned. However, it now remains with Mr. Borden to gather the shattered remnants of his party together, and if he succeeds in evolving order out of the present chaos, he will have taken the first step in the direction of successful party leadership.

THE many friends of Hon. W. C. Wells will sympathize with that gentleman in the bereavement he has recently sustained in the loss of his wife. The deceased lady was held in high esteem by her neighbors, who marked their respect by attending her funeral in large numbers.

IF it comes to a question between the C. P. R. and Jim Hill, it should not take the people of British Columbia long to decide where their favors should

go. The Canadian Pacific Railway is a Canadian enterprise and at best any scheme put forward by Jim Hill will not be regarded as anything less than an attempt on the part of alien adventurers to acquire the wealth of the Province for their own gain.

IT is interesting to learn from the *Silvertonian* that the outlook for the mining industry this season in the Silverton district is very bright and the many improvements and the large amount of development work laid out by the different mining companies operating there is assurance that this season will be the busiest that the camp has ever known.

THE by-elections in Vancouver and Nanaimo constituencies will be held on the 19th. As the Government has a sufficiently large majority to carry on the affairs of the country, little interest is manifested in the result.

ACCORDING to the cablegrams, the visit of the Duke of Cornwall and York to Canada and Australia this year has not been cancelled. The *Vancouver World*, which is deeply in the confidence of Sir Wilfrid Laurier, announces that the Dominion Premier will go to England, and thence to Australia, returning to Vancouver with His Royal Highness.

IT is hinted that the Duke of Cornwall on the occasion of his forthcoming visit to Canada will scatter a few titles among the Mayors of the various cities visited. We trust His Royal Highness will not overlook Nelson, the great metropolis of the Kootenays.

CIGARETTE smoking has been determined sufficient ground for divorce by a United States court. The Judge admitted that cigarette smoking in itself was not statutory ground, but that in this case it was responsible for the husband's condition, which rendered him incapable of attending to business and properly supporting his family, and also so changed his moral nature as to make him heartless and cruel. The husband was a young man of good education, good family connections and bright prospects, and the cigarette habit was responsible for his ruin.

THE *London News*, is calling upon the nation to make peace with the Boers. This is the sort of malign influence which led to the fatal mistake after Majuba. The British nation is liable to make many blunders in the future as it has in the past, but it does not make the same one twice. There is surely

no desire on the part of the imperial government to prolong the war. Rather is it the universal wish that the war should come to an early close. Yet it cannot close except on conditions that make for lasting peace. The war has already closed except as against those Boers who are in arms against Britain. These hostiles can have peace when they cease fighting, and this seems to be the position taken by the Government. Instead of suing for peace, more soldiers are being dispatched to South Africa.

It is announced that Senator Macdonald intends to again introduce his bill in the Senate to make the anniversary of Queen Victoria's birth a perpetual holiday. The original bill passed the Senate in 1896, but for some reason was never introduced in the House.

WE are often told that fifteen or twenty years ago the commercial salesman was a wild, bad man, given to every dissipation. It was his custom to carouse, drink and commit many evil deeds. The bold, reckless men who sold goods in those days stained the name of commercial salesmen, if reports be true, but to-day they are respected and esteemed by all save those who encouraged the wayward salesman twenty years ago. It seems very strange that travelling salesmen conducted themselves in such a wild manner unless encouraged by the trade of twenty years ago. No one ever speaks of the trade of those days being of the same class as the salesmen guilty and the merchant innocent. Representatives are out to sell goods. In those days the same mission prompted their wandering. The trade purchased goods from them and certainly encouraged, and possibly joined them, in their wildness.

But the trade was not censured for the individual acts of merchants, while the travelling fraternity was bitterly condemned for the acts of individuals of the craft. This was unjust, but a change has come. The trade of to-day will not patronize salesmen whose only aim in life is a wild career. The successful salesman adapts himself to his surroundings, and this was certainly true twenty years ago. No matter what class of men sold goods twenty years ago, it is unjust to condemn the men of the present because of the faults of those of by-gone years. Many of the reports are exaggerated just as some men magnify their school-boy exploits. Judge the travelling fraternity by their present representatives and do not take the few black sheep as criterions.

THE commercial man in the beginning is selected for the position he occupies because of the peculiar ability he possesses of adapting himself to any circumstance, coupled, of course, with the necessary amount of shrewdness and business tact. He is selected because he is able to associate himself with all kinds of people, and make them feel that he is one of them. He must be a man of judgment and

a judge of character. He must be able to tell at a glance whether to approach his customer in the common, ordinary, agreeable way, or whether to take off his hat and do the "Queen Anne act." In other words, he must be a man capable of approaching all sorts of people under all sorts of circumstances without offense to any. He is by education if not by birth, a gentleman. There is no better school than the road, if there is the right kind of stuff in him, and from this school are graduated every year scores of our brightest and most progressive business men. The internal organism of travelling men should be a mixture of mule, ostrich and camel. Part mule that he may be able to sleep on his feet, if no better accommodation be at hand; part ostrich, that he may be able to eat and digest anything set before him; and part camel that he may go, if necessary, a long time between drinks. Physically, as a rule, the travelling man is a handsome fellow, and the best of company; he is bright and witty, and capable of conversing on any subject. If a single man, he is in great demand among ladies, the smiles and blandishments of rural beauties. If he be married, he commands the respect of his neighbors, and the love of his wife and babies is all his. And as we love those things best of which we get the least, the home of the travelling man is a sacred joy and a haven of rest.

WE would impress upon the mind of every young man and woman the great importance of thoroughness and attention to business as being the first great principle of success. It is impossible to say too much upon this subject. Young people as a rule are loth to take advice, even from those older and of more experience than themselves, neither are they apt to profit by the experience and example of others. As a single but very telling proof of the importance of the lack of thoroughness in business, the following anecdote is given: A letter carrier in one of our large cities found, on returning to the postoffice from one of his long rounds of delivery that a letter in his bag had been overlooked. It was an ordinary, unimportant looking missive, and he kept it over for the first round next day. The consequence was that a great firm failed of a notification, their notes went to a protest, their mill was closed and one hundred of their operatives were thrown out of employment. The letter carrier was discharged and his family suffered for the necessities of life during a severe winter. All this went to show the importance of the thoroughness in the business undertaken to be done.

In this case, many innocent persons were made to suffer by the neglect of the carrier to attend to his business as it should be. It is not always as disastrous to others to neglect business, but the example is a good one and should be heeded.

Never allow outside consideration or personal pleasures to come between you and your business engagements. Not only does your honor and standing depend upon it but your success is at stake. The most successful men are those who are the most



thorough, prompt in meeting all their engagements, never resting so long as there is work to be done, having as their maxim business first and pleasure afterwards.

The time to cultivate habits of thoroughness, industry and attention to business, is while you are young. Then as you grow up they come as second nature and will be practised not as a matter of necessity, but as a matter of course, and will not require to be learned from sad, costly experience.

THE proposal to send a lacrosse team to Australia is not without merit. It would tend to promote friendship between the colonies, and that alone is worth the experiment.

THE prospects of a smelter for Kaslo seem to be growing brighter every day.

THE prisons of the United States must be rather pleasant abiding places. A young society swell of Connecticut, who is undergoing a short sentence for assault, writes to his friends that he would rather live in prison than out of it.

THE air is full of political rumors from the coast, each one more lacking in the elements of probability than the other. For instance, it is hinted that Attorney-General Eberts may be offered a seat on the Bench. Just now there is no vacancy on the Bench, and if there happened to be one there are quite enough Grit lawyers to supply the demand. The suggestion that Mr. Maxwell was to be offered a seat in the Provincial Cabinet is quite on a par with the other rumors.

THE inspector of an insurance company doing an extensive business in Nelson was in the city this week. He speaks with no uncertain sound with regard to the desirability of a paid fire brigade and a fire alarm system. He goes as far as possible in assuring the people that a substantial reduction in the cost of insurance would follow such a departure. At any rate, the additional protection afforded our citizens, very few of whom are insured half the value of their goods and chattels, would be a strong argument in favor of a paid brigade and an alarm system.

THE Easterners are now experiencing another great blizzard. The dispatches state that Northern and Central New York are head and feet deep in the worst blizzard of the winter and in some respects of many years.

THE city council proposes to increase the Mayor's salary to \$2,000 per year. The office of mayor is one demanding the almost undivided attention of the gentleman elected to fill that position. The office also subjects the Mayor to other demands, in the way of assistance to various charities, etc. It

is therefore, not to be expected that a mayor will faithfully fulfill all the duties connected with his office on the small salary which has been allowed for the past two years. We think, and we believe the majority of our citizens are of the same opinion, that \$2,000 per year is little enough for a mayor. Of course we can get cheap men for less, but a cheap mayor might be a dear mayor at the present juncture in the city's history.

IF the religious enthusiasts of the East who are separating themselves from their money in order to provide funds to send clergymen out here to Christianize the savages, would divert their hard-earned coin into other channels they would be more appreciated. In British Columbia everyone spends Sunday in the way best suited to his own tastes and no amount of religious persuasion will drive him back to the Puritanical Sabbath of Eastern Canada. When we want to live a purely unemotional, uneventful life, we will probably go back to Toronto or Winnipeg.

THE Kootenay Coffee Co. is noted for the excellence of the article they supply their patrons. THE ECONOMIST acknowledges with thanks a liberal supply of Mocha and Java, put up by this firm, and can bear testimony to the high quality of the brand.

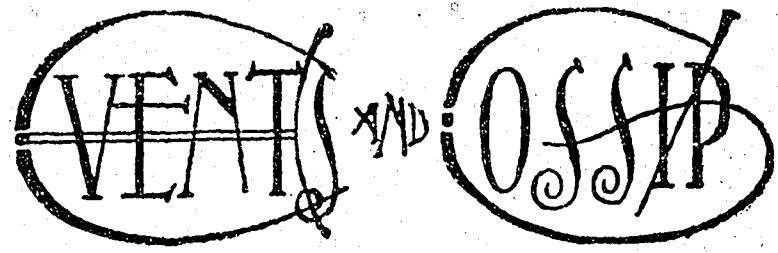
THE prosecution and conviction of Mr. Lake the English solicitor, has inspired the London *Chronicle* to remark that seventy-five per cent. of the solicitors in England have mixed their own and their clients' money in personal investments to such an extent that a sudden audit of their accounts would subject many of them to the punishment which has overtaken Mr. Lake.

LORD ROBERTS' title is gazetted as "Viscount St. Pierre and Earl of Kandahar and Pretoria."

THE good old observance of St. Valentine's Day appears to be dying out. The sale of valentines, once of considerable profit to the stationers, is now scarcely taken into account in the year's business.

THAT great and prophetic journal, the *Bobcaygeon Independent*, can clearly foresee what would take place should a French army of twenty or thirty thousand advance on London, and occupy the British metropolis. In two hours after arrival they would all be separated and lost in London's vastness; in three hours they would all be arrested by the police, and in six hours would be locked up in jail undergoing sentence as vagrants.

ONTARIO will give each resident of that Province who fought in South Africa free title to 160 acres of land.



WITHOUT intending to single out any particular one of my virtues, I think I can honestly lay claim to being a peaceable, well-disposed citizen. How long, however, I may remain such, depends altogether on circumstances. There is an old axiom that there comes a time when patience ceases to be a virtue, and I submit that in my particular case that time has already arrived. The object of my wrath is a well-known citizen, who persists in telling me "funny" stories whenever he meets me on the street. No one objects to a good story well told, but I know of no pain so excruciating as being forced to listen to an old story, related by a man who lacks every essential quality of a story teller. In the case to which I refer, the story-teller insists on punctuating his stories with boisterous laughter, which makes his hoary-headed chestnuts even more exasperating to the listener. As I have already intimated, this man has become a nuisance, and if he persists in goading me to the point of desperation, I may in an unguarded moment ensanguine my hands in his gore.

Since typewriting was invented the busy little god of human hearts called Cupid has been alert, for it has become quite a fad that susceptible employers should wed their attractive typewriters. There is nothing so very extraordinary in this fact, for many of the employees are fair to behold, and others who lack the essential qualities of beauty have a natural glibness of tongue or an eloquent way of using their eyes, which make them attractive.

Not the middle-aged only, but the somewhat aged employer is caught in the net of the typewriter when she chooses to spread it. There are always flies buzzing around for something sweet, and they are caught when they least expect to be. Woman is in herself a sugar trust if she chooses to be. Even a woman past her prime, be she a virago or a saint, can flatter most men by patting their vanity, for no vainer creature lives than man, although it would be quite an insult to charge him with a quality supposed to be exclusively feminine.

Typewriting brings the sexes in such personal proximity that a shrewd woman, and a girl also, can soon master the weak points of the sage gentleman. Charlotte Bronte, in her introduction to the "Professor," a really interesting book, although swallowed up in Valeria, tells a solemn truth when she states that there is an immense undercurrent of romance locked up in the heart of the business man. Hard dealings with the world do not smother his pathos or keep back his tears when, unperceived, he reads a romantic story. It is no wonder then, that the newspaper should chronicle the marriage of so many men engaged in the profession and in mercantile trade with their typewriters. What else could be expected from the confidential business relations of employers and employees? The magnetic current established between them mentally is sure to be the genesis of that respect, admiration and sympathy which comes to the susceptible. The result is a ring, a parson and the retirement of the typewriter.

Though slightly on the decrease the very unpatriotic and reprehensible practice of sending east for clothing and other necessary articles, is still

carried on to a very large extent. There is positively no excuse for such a Chinese custom on the part of white men, who are perhaps the most vehement abusers of the Chinaman. I know white men here who send east for their very shirts and socks, and yet will be the very first to denounce the Oriental as a hurtful being who takes all he can out of the country and spends as little as he can in it. In the present state of business, prices have fallen as low as, and in many cases lower than eastern figures, and as the workmanship is equal to eastern labor, there is no reason, under the circumstances, why the money should be sent out of the country. Just at the present moment, there is before me a list of people who have this year got their clothing from Montreal, Toronto and Ottawa; the names comprising that list are not those of poor men, but of persons in good positions, principally in professional circles; men presumably in receipt of good incomes derived from callings which are utterly dependent on the local trading community. And yet these men commit what would be in other businesses an unreciprocal act that would be tantamount to business suicide. One can scarcely wonder at "hard times," and complaining business men when there are such drones in the human hive; the only way to remedy such a state of affairs is to adopt the practice of bees, and drive these contemptible drones out until they can learn more honest and helpful habits.

Referring to the way the subscription business has been overworked, the "Don" writes as follows in the *Toronto Saturday Night*: Subscribing to popular funds has become a part of our business, like paying taxes and providing meal tickets for mendicants. How far it is an ennobling or praiseworthy thing it is difficult to judge. One thing is evident, and that is that this thing carried to an extreme will so deaden the public appetite for good things that the majority of people will soon refuse to hearken to the cry of charity. It is now proposed that by public subscription a statue shall be reared to her late lamented Majesty Queen Victoria. It may be that in the public heart there is a desire to contribute something for a statue, or for some institution to commemorate her reign. My belief has always been, and will unalterably remain the same, that what is done for public people should be taken from the public purse. I believe that everywhere throughout the British Empire in those places where we display the figures of those we have reason to love, a statue of Her Majesty should appear. The greatest artist in the world should design the figure, and throughout the Empire that figure should be displayed. I think there is no way of defeating the popular impulse towards the recognition and maintenance of a monarchy more certain in its destroying influence than the clamor for a public subscription. People will give money to such an object when pressed, but they feel that the tax is unduly levied upon them. I believe in the exhibition in our parks of the figures of those who have demonstrated their greatness and have done something for the good of the people, but I also believe that the people as a whole, as a tax-paying body, should pay for these things. If these things are worth while, as they certainly are, everybody should contribute. If it is not a matter in which the whole people are concerned, then no space should be permitted in any public park, and no location should be granted for the statue of a person who is not admittedly a person of some importance. Let us give up for these things through our taxes. Let the great governing body of the province or country decide if a thing is



right, and then proceed to do it without any passing around of the hat or the taking up of paltry subscriptions. In a patriotic and loyal way we frequently defeat the object intended to be served, by forcing people to do that which they would not otherwise do, on the ground that they are no greater beneficiaries of a magnificent reign than others. All these movements, it seems to me, should be the whole people. If it be not established that this is the task of the Dominion, Provincial or municipal governments, our best men will remain unremembered, and our statuary will be of a very occasional and unimportant sort. I think I am voicing the opinion of the whole Canadian people when I say that we have been done to death with subscriptions. All sorts and conditions of people, to make themselves prominent, or to get a commission, or to fill their idle hours, have been chasing subscriptions for all kinds of things. Let us do all these things self-respectingly. I think I pay enough taxes to feel that I am not evading the monetary issue, and consequently urge the doing of these things without passing around that terrible institution, the plate in which nickels and quarters, dimes and dollars, rattle so obviously that one feels the cheapness and nastiness of a thing of which even an itinerant evangelist would be ashamed. If we are to have statues of Her Majesty, let us pay for them as a people, for it is not dignified nor graceful to take up collections for those in whom the whole body politic have an interest."

At the residence of Mr. Robert Lillie yesterday afternoon, Miss Minnie E. Lillie was united in the bonds of matrimony to Mr. William Jackson Hogg. The ceremony was performed by Rev. Mr. White. Mrs. Hogg was an active worker in church circles, and enjoyed the friendship of an unusually large number of friends, who marked their good wishes by presenting the young couple with a great many valuable presents. Immediately following the ceremony, the bride's sister, Miss Jessie Lillie, appropriately sang "O Promise Me," after which the guests sat down to a daintily prepared dinner. A pleasing feature of this wedding was the utter lack of confusion which mars so many events of this kind. It is no flattery to Mr. and Mrs. Hogg to say that they carried with them to Rossland, their new home the good wishes of everyone who had the pleasure of their acquaintance.

After three months of darkness the Nelson Opera House will be occupied by the Georgia Minstrels on the evening of Feb. 26th. This company numbers 50 and comes here highly recommended by the newspapers of those cities in which they have appeared.

The Waverly club gave a very pleasing masquerade ball at the Nelson Opera House Monday evening last. Elaborate costumes, good music and good dancing were the features of this function.

This is a week of pleasure in Nelson. Several delightful dancing parties have taken place, and the carnival at the rink to-night, under the auspices of the General Hospital, should not be the least pleasing event of the week.

The success of the Nelson curlers at Rossland this week is a source of much congratulation among the devotees of that game. If the Hockey Club sustains its well-earned reputation, Nelsonites will have further reason for congratulation. P. G.

## SHORT STORIES

Lady Beaconsfield, who in youth was a factory girl, generally drove with His Lordship to the House, and was always awake when he returned at midnight to hear what success had been his, and what speeches had told for or against his party. Once when setting him down at Westminster, as he was about to make a very important speech on some burning question of the day, her fingers got caught in the carriage door when the servant slammed it to. No cry escaped her lips, and the kind face smiled back at Disraeli unruffled by a sign of pain as he turned to enter the House. "Had he known how that hand was hurting me," she said afterwards, "it would have upset him for the whole night. Quite time enough for him to be worried about it when he comes home." She lies in Hughden Churchyard, and in due time her husband was laid beside her. Long after her death he said of her: "The severest of critics, but a perfect wife."

Dr. George Macdonald, the well-known novelist, is in ailing health. His beautiful home, the Casa Coraggio, at Bordighera, is an ideal place for an invalid. His mind, as is often the case in failing years, dwells much on early days; and he will talk by the hour of old times in Aberdeen. Dr. Macdonald's father was a miller at Huntly (the miller's distinguished son has not a particle of false shame in his composition), and during some Corn Law troubles got into ill-odor with the townsfolk. The mob took it into their heads that Miller Macdonald was storing up corn to sell later on at famine prices, and decided to burn him in effigy. When the bonfire was nearly ready and the angry folk were clamoring about it, the miller, who had a wooden leg, came stumping along. "Yes, boys," said he, calmly surveying the effigy which was lying ready to be placed on the pile; "yes, boys, 'tis fairly guid. Quite a likeness, in fact, barring one sma' fault. Ye have made the wrang leg the wooden ane!" There was no withstanding this. Somebody laughed. Some other body suggested that perhaps there was no great store of corn at the mill. Anyway, the effigy of Dr. Macdonald's father was not burned after all.

In that particular year it happened that the national political convention of which we are speaking was held in some other town than Chicago, and the place was crowded.

This is how it came to pass that Colonel Hankthunder, who went merely as a prominent citizen of the republic and had not taken the precaution to engage a room beforehand, found himself shut out of the hotels and compelled to choose lodgings from a list of eligible private dwellings.

The woman of the house near the corner of Fish street and Potato avenue, the first residence at which he called, showed him the only room she had to spare.

"That suits me, ma'am," he said. "How much will it cost me for board and lodging here for the next four days?"

"Well she answered, "this is not a regular boarding house, and I am only taking boarders because I want to educate my boy for a lawyer. I shall have to charge you \$6 for the four days."

"Madam," loftily rejoined the colonel, taking out his pocketbook, "you will never educate your boy for a lawyer by giving such an example as that. I will pay you \$10."

## Anne Bede's Debt

THE judges were in their places. Outside the fog weighed heavily upon the shapeless building, effaced the walls and glued itself to the windows, concealing their frosty flowering.

In the hall itself the air was thick and stifling. It smelled of sheepskins, peasants, eau-de-vie, and leaden ventilators in the upper glasses of the skylight turned slowly and slothfully.

The jurors, too, leaned wearily against the backs of their chairs. One of them had closed his eyes and let his hand fall inert, lulled to somnolence by the monotonous scratching of the clerk's pen. Another tapped and softly beat the rataplan with his pencil on the table.

The president pushed his spectacles to the tip of his nose and mopped his damp brow, his stern gray eyes, with a glacial stare, bent fixedly upon the door whence would issue the culprits in course of trial and on whom they waited to pronounce sentence.

"Is there not still another one?" demanded he presently of the sleepy looking tipstaff at his elbow in a harsh, resonant voice.

"One," responded the other; "a girl."

"Eh, bien! Bring her in then," said the president.

The crier called, the door opened, the girl entered.

A current of fresh air glided in with her and softly fanned the faces and tickled the lashes of the curious assistants. At the same moment a ray of sunshine pierced the shrouding fog and danced between the frosty etchings of the panes across the dusty walls and furniture of the Hall of Audience.

"A girl," said the tipstaff—a child, rather, scarcely more than on the verge of maidenhood and so pretty in her little furred jacket embroidered with wreaths and blossoms and fitting like the skin the rounded waist, straight and slender as the stem of a young palm. Her black eyes were lowered to the floor, but her white brow was clear and unclouded.

"What is that you have done my child?" questioned the president indifferently.

The girl nervously rearranged the handkerchief that covered her head, caught her breath heavily, then answered, sighing:

"My affair is sad, M. President; very, very sad."

Her voice, soft and dolorous, went to the heart like good music that even when one hears it no longer seems still to vibrate in the air and change everything by its mysterious influence.

The faces of the jurors were no longer so morose. The portrait of the king and farther away still of Judex. Curie appeared to make to her from the silent wall benignant signs, encouraging her to bravely recount the affair, "so very, very sad."

"But see you," said she, "this writing. It will tell you better than I can."

Only she had first to seek it, to unclasp the buttons of her corsage and draw it from her bosom, a piece of crackling parchment stamped and closed with the ponderous official seal.

"A judgment," murmured the president, running his eye over the paper, "a judgment against Anne Bede, assigned to begin today a punishment of six months' imprisonment."

The girl nodded sorrowfully; the handwriting, loosened by the movement, fell from her hand, and a heavy tress of her long black hair all unbound veiled her features. It sought perhaps to shield them from the gaze of the people, for if she was white as a lily awhile ago she was purple with shame at this moment.

"It is a week since we received it," stammered she in a broken voice. "The court officer brought

it himself and explained what it wished to tell us, and my poor mother said to me: 'Thou must go, my child. The law is the law, and one should not take it as a pleasantry.' I have come, therefore to—to begin the six months!"

The president wiped his glasses then wiped again. His cold, stern gaze seeking the faces of his colleagues, the windows, the floor, the great iron stove, through whose grated door fiery eyes seemed to sparkle and threateningly regard him.

"The law," murmured he, "the law is the law!"

And he read anew the summary before him, the black, scrawling scratches across the white page, declaring "Anne Bede condemned to six months' imprisonment for the receiving of stolen goods."

Meanwhile the leaden ventilator had quickened its pace and spun furiously. Outside the wind had risen and it shook the windows, whistled through the crevices and seemed to hiss remorselessly about the ears of the gaping crowd:

"The law; yes, the law is the law!"

The head of the president bent affirmatively before this importunate voice. He dropped his eyes and touched the bell for the tipstaff.

"Accompany Anne Bede," said he, "to the house of the inspector of prisons."

The man bowed, the child turned obediently, but her little rose red lips opened and shook tremulously, as if words were on them that she could not speak.

"Perhaps, my child," said the president, noticing her distress, "perhaps you still have something to say to us."

"Only that I am Lizette—Lizette Bede, M. le President. Anne Bede was my sister, and we buried her, poor girl, a week ago."

"'Twas not you then that was condemned and sentenced?" cried the president, surprised.

"Ah, hon Dieu, no! Why should I have been condemned who have never done harm to a fly?"

"Then why are you here, mad child that you are?"

"Because, if you please, it is because Anne died while this business was before the royal table (the lower court of Hungary). 'It was when she was lying in her coffin all cold and white that this order concerning the six months arrived certifying that she must submit. Oh, how she had waited and prayed for it and tried so hard to live to receive it! She had never dreamed of this, M. le President, and when they had taken her away with closed eyes, mute and deaf forever, my mother and I told ourselves that we must repair the wrong she had done because of her fiancé, Gabriel Karloney. It was for him and without knowing it that she sinned, and we thought'—"

"What, my child?"

"That to let her rest peacefully in her mortal ashes and that no one should say she owed them anything, that we must do as I said, repair the wrong done by her. My mother has paid the amende for the goods, and I have come, M. le President, to serve in her place for six months in the country prison."

To serve in her sister's place!

"What innocence, what simplicity!"

The jurors smiled broadly. The face of the president was no longer cold or ceremonious, nor was it precisely his brow from which he mopped the moisture with a large yellow handkerchief.

"It is well," said he. "You were right, my child; but—but, now that I think of it"—

He stopped, frowned and seemed to reflect in-



tently. "Now that I think of it," continued he, "there was an error in this affair. We have, my dear child, sent you the wrong document."

"The wrong document, M. le President?" faltered Lizette, raising her great, sorrowful eyes to his face with a gaze of heartbreaking reproach, "the wrong document?"

She could say no more, and the president himself was no less moved.

"The wrong document, my child, yes," said he firmly, rising from his seat to tenderly pass his hand across the shining hair. "Beyond there," pointing to the heaven above them through the mist veiled window, 'justice has given another verdict. Go now to thy mother and tell her from me that thy sister was not a criminal, that Anne was innocent. "Before God, at least," added he in a tone only audible to his own great heart, "before God, at least!"

### THE NOVEL OF THE HOUR.

There is a weird fascination about the East and its peoples. It is an attraction like that which draws superstitious man into a spiritual seance in dim-lit or utterly darkened rooms. It may be uncanny, but it is unmistakable—positive. Man feels it urging, and he moves whither it wills.

But there is more in the East than its magic—than its mystery—more than the sensuous glamor. Beneath the radiant surface of this river of Life, deep down under the picturesque, is going on a struggle of streams flowing east and flowing west, forcing each other into fierce whirls wherever the waters meet in resistance. Only those who have studied the depths are aware of its turbulent possibilities, of its grave dangers.

Mrs. Flora Annie Stee has recently drawn our attention to India. Mrs. Steel, who knows India like a native—better even, for she has gone down into the river, and made journeys with both streams.

No more vivid picture of Eastern life has been thrown upon canvas, ever, perhaps, than "The Hosts of the Lord"—her newest production.

Touching lightly here and there upon the problem of races, but not presuming to offer a solution, Mrs. Steel has made for us a story, strong, and wondrously interesting, wherein she traces the lives of several people who somehow insist on making themselves liked, in the face of many failings—perhaps because of them. She has made even the life of a missionary interesting, romantic; in this proving the strength and richness of her imagination.

We quote from the book, and introduce the reader (with Lancelot Carlyon) to the lady missionary, who, in the beginning is seized with a holy zeal in the saving of souls, but later learns that there is something more dear in life, though possibly not holier, than this great work among the so-called heathen.

"I say, that girl has got splendid hair, hasn't she?" he said in an undertone to Lance, as they stood a little apart, watching the new comers.

"That tall one, you mean—don't admire it. Puts me in mind of that devil of a chestnut who nearly killed me at polo; a chestnut with white stockings; awfully handy, but—"

"Miss Erda Shepherd, Mr. Lancelot—I am right, am I not—Carylon?" It was the tall girl with the red-brown hair, of course. She had bronze eyebrows, too, and bronze eyes—nice ones. He saw so much as he made his bow.

Well, this bronze lady, this Shepherd who played shepherdess, worked more lasting havoc with Mr. Lance Carlyon, than the chestnut had ever done at

polo; but he held a satisfactory revenge, which was most sweet, as the story will reveal.

There were many diverting happenings among the few English people in the little old town of Eshwara, quite enough to keep the gossips—which were said to be found even in British India—wagging their heads.

There was that affair of the Smiths. Mr. Smith was a busy man who had not the time to look properly after his wife; while Mrs. Smith was one of those women who need just such looking after. So a dangerous friendship began and grew between the ungarded lady and Captain Vincent Dering, a good looking and not sufficiently busy officer, stationed not sufficiently far away.

But Laila Bonaventura, a beautiful Eurasian girl, the daughter of an Italian adventurer of good family, arrived on the scene with a timeliness which averted a possible catastrophe. The fair Laila makes a vivid picture against the back-ground of a half ruined princely palace. Mrs. Steel thus describes her:—

There is no dress in the world which is at once so dainty and so sensuous as the court dress of a Mahomedan lady, and Laila Bonaventura was wearing one as she came slowly down the stairs towards him, a radiant white figure against the radiant white marble.

The folds of her long silver-gauze skirt—so cunningly fashioned that it trailed in rolling shimmer-crested billows behind her, yet left no beauty of her round limbs hidden—clipped her about the waist like a serpent's skin. So hiding, yet revealing, was the soft film of fine muslin over the scented, ivory-tinted corselet, which fitted close to the full curves of her figure. So was it with the silver-streaked veil through which the jewels in her dusky hair, the bracelets on her fair arms, shown undimmed. So was it even with the chiming fringes of her silver anklets, as they slid merrily to cover and uncover the small feet, tucked so carelessly into the little silver-tipped slippers.

"Do you like it?" she asked, suddenly pausing a pace or two from him to stand still, heaped around by those shimmer-crested billows, and so, with one hand, gather the straight folds of her veil to curves over her arm. As she did so, he saw, with a curious throb at his heart, that her wrists were fettered to each other by long trailing chains of scented jasmine flowers.

A dainty prisoning indeed! The suggestion of it set his head whirling.

The strings on strings of scented flowers looping themselves in ever widening curves, hung like a screen between him and her laughter.

"I'm a prisoner—yours, I suppose." He fell back for half a second, then caught the hand in his. —Published by the Copp, Clark Company, Ltd., Toronto, and for sale by the Canada Drug & Book Co., Ltd., Nelson, B. C.

The great Duke of Wellington was noted for his rigid integrity. Here is an instance which occurred in reference to his large estate. Some farm adjoining his lands was for sale, and his agent negotiated for him for the purchase. Having concluded the business, he went to the Duke and told him he had made a capital bargain. "What do you mean?" asked the Duke. "Why, Your Grace, I have got the farm for so much, and I know it to be worth at least so much more." "Are you quite sure of that?" "Quite sure, Your Grace, for I have carefully surveyed it." "Very well, then, pay the gentleman from me the balance between what you have already given and the real value of the estate."

Following are the ore shipments received at the Trail smelter for the week ending February 9 :

	Tons
Centre Star.....	1696½
War Eagle.....	728½
Iron Mask.....	139½
Spitzee.....	16½
B. C.....	722
Minnesota.....	19½
Payne.....	61
Ivanhoe.....	20½
Bosun.....	20
Sullivan.....	2.7½
Ymir.....	56½
Total.....	3757¾

For the week ending Feb 9, the matte shipped from the Trail smelter was 238½ tons.

Preparations are being made to resume operations at the Noble Five mine, so says the Sandon Paystreak.

The shipment of ore from Slocan Lake points, up to and including last week from Jan. 1, 1901, was :

	Tons
From Bosun Landing	
Bosun.....	120
From New Denver	
Hartney.....	60
From Silverton	
Hewett.....	390
From Enterprise Landing	
Enterprise.....	60
From Slocan City	
Arlington.....	480
Two Friends.....	40
Black Prince.....	20
Bondholder.....	20
Total.....	1190

It is reported that the Granby smelter produced 136 tons of 50 per cent matte last week, from 3,460 tons of ore.

The main shaft in the B. C. mine is now down 422 feet.

Comparative Strength of Bridge and Trestle Timbers

J. A. Sayward has issued a neat business card, on the back of which is a table containing the following useful information.

Average safe allowable working unit stresses in pounds per square inch recommended by the committee on "strength of bridge and trestle timbers," American Association of Railway Superintendents of Bridges and Buildings.

KIND OF TIMBER.	Tension.		Compression.			Transverse rupture.		Shearing.	
	With grain	Across grain	With grain		Across grain	Extreme fibre stress.	Modulus of elasticity.	With grain.	Across grain.
Factor of Safety.....	10	10	5	5	4	6	2	4	4
White oak.....	1,000	200	1,400	900	500	1,000	550,000	200	1,000
White pine.....	700	50	1,100	700	200	700	500,000	100	500
Long-leaf yellow pine....	1,200	60	1,600	1,000	350	1,200	850,000	150	1,250
Yellow fir.....	1,200	.....	1,600	1,200	300	1,100	700,000	150	.....
Red fir.....	1,000	.....	.....	.....	.....	800	.....	.....	.....
Short-leaf yellow pine...	900	50	1,200	800	250	1,000	600,000	100	1,000
Red pine.....	900	50	1,200	800	200	800	600,000	.....	.....
Norway pine.....	800	.....	1,200	800	200	700	600,000	.....	.....
Ottawa white pine.....	1,000	.....	.....	1,000	.....	.....	.....	100	.....
Ontario red pine.....	1,000	.....	.....	1,000	.....	800	700,000	100	.....
Spruce and Eastern fir..	800	50	1,200	800	200	700	600,000	100	750
Hemlock.....	600	.....	.....	800	150	600	450,000	100	600
Cedar.....	800	.....	1,200	800	200	800	850,000	.....	400
California red wood.....	700	.....	.....	800	200	750	850,000	100	.....
California spruce.....	.....	.....	.....	800	.....	800	600,000	.....	.....

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Choice Blend Coffee, 4 pounds.....	1 00
Special Blend Coffee, 6 pounds.....	1 00
Rio Blend Coffee, 6 pounds.....	1 00
Special Blend Ceylon Tea, per pound.....	50

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EX. SUN. 10.00	Steamer for Kaslo and Intermediate points.
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