

NELSON ECONOMIST

VOL. V.

NELSON, B. C., WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 28, 1901.

NO. 7

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 political situation at Victoria continues complicated. It seems probable that Mr. Turner will leave for the scene of his new duties within the next few weeks, and as a Cabinet Minister will have to be appointed in his place the question naturally arises, who will be the fortunate one, or perhaps more properly speaking, the victim. Strange as it may seem, Mr. Joseph Martin is now regarded as the most important factor in the situation. This being the case, it is only reasonable to expect that the vacancy will be filled by one of Mr. Martin's friends. Furthermore, it is asserted that Mr. Martin has already delivered his ultimatum to the leader of the Government that the vacant portfolio must be handed forthwith to Mr. John Brown of New Westminster. Of course, this will result in disunion amongst the government followers, but Mr. Martin has probably anticipated this contingency, and will deliver the Opposition body and bones to the government. Such magnanimity of course will be rewarded, and the son of the much despised ex-Lieutenant-Governor will be galvanized into life by a portfolio, in which event some member of the present government will be politely but positively forced to stand aside. Of course, this may be all speculation, but the opinion prevails that such changes are in contemplation, and that the gentlemen of the Cabinet who were running wild-eyed through the country a year ago praying the voters to deliver Joe Martin into their hands are now prepared to take the forsaken politician to their bosoms. In any event, British Columbians can look forward to another Provincial election in the near future.

A WRITER who has given considerable attention to the subject expresses the belief that our existing school system consists in lumping together masses of school children in what are called classes, and stuffing into their heads collectively a quantity of knowledge based, not upon the individual bent of each child, but upon a fixed code and curriculum. The principle is to set forty or fifty children thinking and doing precisely the same thing. The result is inevitable. There is a top of the class and a

bottom of the class. Those who reach the former are regarded as the clever ones; those who remain at the latter are regarded as dunces. The classification is wholly unfair and grossly idiotic. All that it really reveals is the perniciousness of a system which creates stupid children by forcing upon their brains subjects for which they are not receptive. The fool of the Latin class might distinguish himself in natural history; but the pedagogue goes on stuffing him with syntax and grammar, regardless of the fact that his mind is absorbed in beetles and that he never attends school without a pocketful of mice. Not only must this method of teaching "en bloc" be abolished altogether, but teaching in itself, as we understand the term, should be rigorously avoided. Every encouragement ought to be given to pupils to think. There should be less reading and more reflection. The pernicious system of learning by rote ought to be inscribed upon the penal code. Hanging would be too light a punishment for the teacher who destroys the minds of his charges by making them commit "Casabianca" to memory.

THE latest reports would seem to indicate the early retirement of Bernard McDonald from the management of the LeRoi. The change in management would probably result in a settlement of the strike.

MAGOR UNGEL, who is working under a subsidy from the Swedish Government, has invented a projectile that is capable of destroying armour-plated cruisers if exploded within 30 metres of them.

ONCE more this paper announces that under no circumstances will it publish anonymous communications. The man who attacks another and is afraid to give his name supplies the strongest evidence of his own vicious nature and the falsity of his allegations.

J. PIERPONT MORGAN, according to an American exchange, is one of the jolliest members of the Episcopal Church. He always attends the Triennial Council, which is national in character, and, of course, constitutes one of the ablest representative bodies of men in the entire Episcopal Church of the nation. When Morgan attended the Triennial Council in Minneapolis in 1895 he leased the beautiful home of Mrs. Fred Pillsbury, who had been a widow about three years, and who also owned a beautiful home at Lake Minnetonka. Morgan leased Mrs. Pillsbury's city home for one month,

taking possession of everything, including horses and coachman, but bringing his own house service from New York. Morgan paid \$1000 cash for the use of the home during the Triennial Council, which lasted four weeks. The magnificent dinners which Morgan gave to the Bishops and Elders were never equaled in modern times. Indeed, we scarcely believe it would be fair to tell what the menu contained,—but Morgan's hospitality was so great, so universally acceptable and became so famous that he will duplicate his effort in San Francisco next month by leasing the Crocker home on Nob Hill, for which he will probably pay \$2000—and from this home Mr. Morgan will dispense an hospitality never known before even in San Francisco. Many have asked why Morgan does not "entertain" at the best hotels during these Triennial Councils. Whoever would like to know had better ask Morgan. Morgan would rather be in the "secrecy of his own home" while dispensing entertainment and refreshment, although the object of the Triennial Council necessarily has a "spiritual" as well as a temporal side.

It is reported that the late Dowager Empress Frederick recently destroyed her journals and correspondence with Queen Victoria to prevent leakages of such State secrets as were contained therein.

It is understood that an elevator company in Yonkers, N. Y., is at work on two elevators for Buckingham Palace, on an order from King Edward, sent indirectly.

UNITED STATES Judge Estes has rendered a decision in which he declares that all Chinese born in the Hawaiian islands, are American citizens, no matter what government they were born under.

THE ECONOMIST acknowledges with thanks an invitation from the Labor Day celebration committee of Greenwood to accept the hospitalities of the city on that occasion.

"THE new Canadian Geography—British Columbia Edition," is rather a marvel in its way. If the information with regard to the other provinces of the Dominion is as reliable as that concerning British Columbia, the sooner the British Columbia educational department condemns it the better. The *Victoria Colonist*, referring to this matter at length, says:

"A cursory glance through the latest educational fad, 'The new Canadian geography—British Columbia Edition,' reveals some truly unique and original information which in the light of the fact that the book is especially intended for use in this province is exceedingly ludicrous.

In the section devoted to British Columbia under the head of "Resources," we are gravely told that "very rich coal mines are found in the southeastern part of the province, and at Vancouver." And by the same token diamonds are used as paper weights

in Nanaimo. If but a small proportion of the "facts" set forth in this work—which costs 90c., and of which nearly 1,000 copies have been sold in Victoria in the past few days—is as near the truth as the above specimen, then perhaps it is all well. But a little further down we are told "Victoria is the centre of important lumber and shipping interests," which is correct as far as it goes, and Vancouver is "surrounded by a fertile country. It is the centre of the lumber trade of the province, extensive iron, soap and cement works are located here" . . . and numerous factories for canning fish!" "Numerous canneries" is good—and those extensive soap works no doubt form a landmark in the landscape of the "surrounding country." The hankering after the very latest editions of school books may be a very laudable and paying fad, but there are many points about the books which in days of yore were wont to do service for more than a year, which make them even now better than the new.

So much for the book's statements of fact. Now for its statement of theory, or rather lack of statement in this regard. If any one good at guessing will take up the book in hand, he will find ample food to keep him going during the coming winter evenings. As an example, who can answer the question why the cities of British Columbia are located where they are? Can anyone say why Victoria was not built on Esquimalt harbor? "In what direction do the rivers of British Columbia flow?" is another sample. Take the Fraser for instance, and the Peace river, in what "direction" do these streams flow? And to add to the enigma the next question is: "Why?" Unless the answer is because water will find its own level, it is hard to say. "Between the great ranges are elevated table lands. These table lands are cut into narrow valleys by rapid rivers"—hence they are not table lands at all, but narrow valleys. In fact, as a sample of slip shod attempts at theorizing and misstatement of facts, the book would appear to be quite a success."

MR. EDMUND E. KIRBY, manager of the War Eagle mine, has written a letter to the *Victoria Colonist*, in which he tries to prove that the Minister of Mines has been guilty of misrepresenting his position in respect to the code of mine signals passed at the last legislature. Mr. Kirby makes a strong case, and if it had not been that he had written a letter to Gold Commissioner Kirkup on the 7th of last September, in which he practically endorsed the code of signals, with a few alterations, he would have the best of the argument. Apart from this, however, practical experience has shown that Minister McBride's code of signals are confusing and dangerous in the operation of a mine.

BELFAST is the most progressive city in Ireland. Its population is 348,965, or greater than that of Dublin, Edinburgh, or Bristol. Besides its linen and cotton industries, it is a great shipbuilding centre. Reviewing a recent article by Joseph R. Fisher, the *Montreal Gazette* gives these interesting facts about Belfast:

The largest, and in some ways the best, ships in the world are Belfast built. In 1899 the new ship launched at Belfast measured 127,652 tons; and for this production all the raw material had to be imported, coal as well as iron, some from England, some from this continent. Belfast ships also are

now engaged where they are built, instead of being sent to the Clyde. And her enterprise is not yet exhausted. Having spent millions in making a ship waterway out of a shallow and crooked stream, her people are to add to their marine conveniences the largest graving dock in the world. With her linen trade, her ship building and her other industries, Belfast in a hundred years has increased her population from about 30,000 to nearly 350,000, the growth since 1891 having been 93,000. The customs receipts in five years rose from £2,505,000 to £3,159,000. There is hardly a more remarkable increase in the Empire. It has been attained under the same laws as apply to the rest of Ireland and the rest of the United Kingdom. Mr. Wyndham said not long ago of Belfast that "she had saved herself by her exertions" and might "save Ireland by her example." The case presented by Mr. Fisher gives point to Mr. Wyndham's phrase. If the energy given to politics was diverted to business there might be several Belfasts in Ireland, a more generally prosperous people, and a growing instead of a decreasing population.

The modern student of anthropology is, thanks to science, far better equipped for his work than were the enquirers of old, whose "travellers' tales" became at one time a byword, not always because they were lacking in truth, but because there were no means of corroborating them, says *Chambers' Journal*. Prof. Baldwin Spencer, of Melbourne, who is penetrating the interior of Australia for the purpose of living among the Aborigines and studying their manners and customs takes with him as secretaries a cinematograph and a phonograph, by which he hopes to illustrate their war dances and other ceremonies, and to bring home records of their speech. The Australian natives are rapidly becoming extinct, and such records should prove of peculiar value for that reason. It will be a matter of anxiety to this venturesome explorer to note whether the Australian native will regard the latest wonders of science with respect to antagonism.

SIR WILFRID LAURIER's letter to R. L. Richardson may be admired from a literary standpoint, but it does not prove that the Liberal party did not exercise itself unduly to avenge its supposed grievance against the member for Lisgar. The *Toronto Telegram* deals with Sir Wilfrid's reply in the following lines: "Canada has cherished the legend of Wilfrid Laurier's greatness and Canadians, irrespective of party, have good cause to mourn that the legend in question should be ruined and undone. It would have been better, for Sir Wilfrid Laurier to have ignored the open letter from R. L. Richardson than to have allowed his own reputation to evaporate in a splutter of angry words. The Premier's attempt to answer Mr. Richardson's letter is no answer at all. Sir Wilfrid Laurier does injury to his own apparently undeserved fame and outrages the everlasting truth in the meanness and falsehood which are the warp and woof of his attempted reply to Mr. Richardson. The utterly mean-spirited insinuation that Mr. Richardson's open letter was inspired by a desire to draw "attention" from Wilfrid Laurier, is un-

worthy of a Premier of Canada. The smallness of which Wilfrid Laurier at his worst is capable is revealed in the cheap allusion to Mr. Richardson as a "Pharisee," and the reply then sinks to its ultimate depths of small deceit and sinful error. The false assumption that R. L. Richardson is a proved corruptionist is the substance of Wilfrid Laurier's mock heroics. Lisgar was opened as a result of a conspiracy between the Roblin-Laurier forces to supply evidence which would unseat and disqualify Mr. Richardson. The fierce light of testimony from open enemies and false friends was thrown upon Mr. Richardson's campaign, and seventeen cases, not of corruption but almost wholly of technical irregularity, were held to be sufficient to void the election."

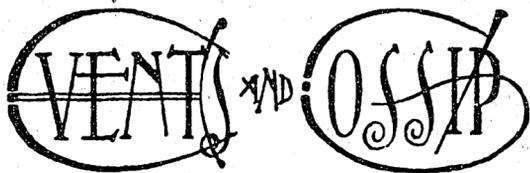
ACCORDING to the criminal statistics for 1900, which have just been issued, the greatest increase was in British Columbia, where convictions have increased over 23 per cent. This may prove that law is better administered in British Columbia than in any other Province in the Dominion, but it is more likely to be accepted as proof of the greater lawlessness of the west.

ARCHITECT MACDONALD does not belong to the class of men who believe that the Government job is intended to be a snap. He is giving the same attention to the work that he would give to a building for a private citizen, and is determined that the contractors will conform to the plans and specifications to the letter. In this he will be upheld by honest Conservatives and honest Liberals alike.

It has been suggested that the Provincial Government should at once reorganize the police department. While this department was completely under the control of Superintendent Hussey there was no more capable force in any Province in the Dominion. Since the Government took charge the results have not been anything like as satisfactory as they were when Mr. Hussey had absolute control. The *Victoria Times* offers the suggestion that in the interests of law and order it would be well to reinstate Mr. Hussey, and this THE ECONOMIST heartily endorses.

The great development of newspaper advertising has not been due to the efforts of publishers, but to the competition in business. As the cities have grown the business houses have multiplied, and the most enterprising merchants have enlarged their share of trade by calling the people's attention to their wares. This has forced all merchants who want more than a neighborhood business to advertise. Now the people have the habit of looking to the newspaper for shopping information, and the establishment which is not advertised is out of the race.

THE longest railroad tunnel in the United States, five miles, will be built through the Sierra Nevada Mountains of California at a cost of about \$4,000,000.



IN the midst of all the labor troubles, it is pleasing to be able to note that mining is reviving throughout the Province. Particularly is this the case in the Slocan, where there is every indication of a very busy season this winter.

Some one has suggested that there is a risk to the whole system of party government on account of parliamentary golf. Mr. Herbert Gladstone, M. P., is of a contrary opinion, and he gave the reasons for his belief while opening a new golf club house at Roundhay, Leeds, recently. According to the conditions under which golf is played a man must always agree with his adversary. He must do his best to score against an opponent, but must not quarrel or argue with him, because all would be over till the temper left the players. Golf, said Mr. Gladstone, had done much for physical health; it had gone a great deal for moral equanimity and the amenities of life both public and private.

There is some probability that the several companies of the R. M. R. will be asked to participate in the festivities attending the visit of the Duke of York to Victoria.

The antiquities being exhibited in London by the Egypt Exploration Fund from the winter's explorations in Egypt at Abydos and elsewhere are remarkably varied, rich and historically valuable. Professor Flinders Petrie writes to the Rev. Dr. William C. Winslow, of Boston, the American vice-president and honorary secretary, that "the new collection draws more attention than any that we have had before." There is "a continuous record of the kings" of the earliest dates, and there are pieces of gold, such as "the gold bar of King Mena," inscribed, who was the first dynastic king. The tomb of Bener-Ah ("Sweet of Heart") was identified, who was doubtless his daughter. It contained the ivory figure of a young girl dressed in a flowing robe. In the exhibition are pieces of the earliest Aegean pottery yet discovered. Of the many hundreds of "objects" to be distributed, a large share will be presented to such American museums as Yale and the Metropolitan. Later on another instalment of papyri may be expected. The Egypt Exploration Fund sells none of its antiquities.

The popular idea that the act of dying is a painful process often causes a fear of death. But death from even the most painful mortal diseases is usually preceded by a period of cessation from suffering and partial or complete insensibility, resembling falling asleep or the pleasant gradual unconsciousness caused by an anaesthetic, according to a writer in *The London Spectator*. The common phrase "death agony" is not warranted by what occurs in natural death, which is a complete release from all pain. When death is owing to heart failure or syncope it is sudden and painless perhaps pleasant. Death by hanging, there is reason to believe, is attended by a voluptuous spasm. Death by decapitation or electricity is only a momentary shock, hardly felt. Death by poisoning varies in painfulness according to the poison employed. Opium and other narcotics

probably give a painless, perhaps a pleasant, dreamful death. Hemlock, as we know from the account of the death of Socrates, causes gradual insensibility from below upward. On the other hand, arsenic, strychnine, carbolic and mineral acids, corrosive sublimate, tartar emetic, and other metallic poisons inflict slow and torturing death. Prussic acid and cyanide of potassium cause quick and painful death.

The school trustees have selected Mr. Arthur Sullivan to take the place of Principal Soady, resigned. Under Mr. Soady the Nelson public school was distinguished for the thorough manner in which the school work was done.

Curious stories are being told to the effect that the King has ordered a list of all the pictures and curios stored away at the different Royal palaces to be prepared. When it is ready, an expert is to be called in to value such of the articles as His Majesty may decide to dispose of, for, so it is said, there is to be a general clearance, and Christie's salesrooms are to see this vast collection of bric-a-brac, the accumulation of years, brought under the hammer. This is not at all unlikely, for during the late Queen's reign enormous quantities of curiosities, valuable and otherwise, were showered upon the Royal residences. As accommodation could not be found for them they were stored away in cellars and lumber-rooms. Many of them are, or were recently still in cases, untouched. They had been quite forgotten, nor were the contents catalogued. The King wants to clear up things, and get rid of what is of no use to him or his household. Hence the recent sale of sherries, and hence also the reported sales of curios.

Among the visitors to Nelson this week was Mr. Justice Gregory of New Brunswick. His Lordship is father of Col. Gregory of Victoria, and has been visiting his son for the past three weeks. Like all the rest of our visitors, Mr. Justice Gregory thinks this Province has a great future.

A sensitive Scot rebukes the *London Daily Chronicle* for saying that his countrymen pronounce man "mon." "The absurd form 'mon,' he writes, "is the hall mark of Scots' vernacular as written by a southern pen, and its intrusion has often lent additional sadness to comic journalism, even, alas, to the pages of our chief humorous periodical. In the north of England 'mon' certainly occurs; in Scottish speech never. In Scott and Stevenson one may look for it in vain. The broad, soft vocalization of the word in Lothian dialect lies somewhere between 'maun' and 'maan,' but as it cannot be literally symbolized the word should be spelt in dialect passages simply as in English."

Not many Americans know that Hiram U. Grant was the eighteenth President of the United States. Yet it is true, for "Ulysses Simpson" was never legally the name of our greatest General. This interesting fact is brought out by Franklin B. Wiley in *The Ladies' Home Journal* for September, in "Famous People as We Do Not Know Them." The story of how it came about was told by a member of Congress—Thomas L. Hamer—who recommended young Grant as a candidate for West Point in 1839. Mr. Hamer had long been a friend of Grant's, but when he came to make out the application papers for Ulysses he could not recall the boy's full name. So, declaring that he was doubtless named for his

mother's family, he wrote it "Ulysses Simpson Grant." Thus was it recorded at West Point, and though the attention of the officials was several times called to the error they did not feel authorized to correct it. This name was gradually adopted, and by it Grant was, and always will be, known. But as for any record of the birth of "Ulysses Simpson Grant," that does not exist.

Monday Sept. 9, R. E. French comes to the Opera House with his new play "Ranoke." This play has had long runs in New York and other eastern cities.

The New York Theatre concluded a four nights' engagement at the Opera House last Saturday. The performances were well patronized, which shows perhaps better than anything else that Manager Stutz gave the people just what they wanted.

Lanark County Methodists are sorely perplexed over the alleged misconduct of two of their parsons. It appears that a few weeks ago, the Rev. D. C. Sanderson, of Almonte, and Rev. F. McAmmond, of Perth, undertook a journey to the Pan-American exhibition. On their way to the great fair the two clerical gentlemen dropped off at Syracuse to see the sights. A dispatch from the latter place, dated August 22, tells the rest of the story. "Syracuse, N. Y., Aug. 22.—Rev. David Sanderson, Methodist minister of Almonte, Ont., was the name, profession and address given by a respectable looking man in police court here yesterday. Sanderson was charged with public intoxication. At the same time that he was arraigned, Pearl Ashley, a woman of the town, was also arraigned. It appears that at 3.30 a. m. yesterday, Sanderson was found in the street, in what seemed to be an intoxicated condition. He said that he had been robbed by a woman and told a police officer who she was Sanderson in police court said that he came here from Almonte, being on his way to Buffalo with a friend. They stayed at the Mansion House. The two started out for a walk in the evening, because it was so warm in the hotel. The Ashley woman said that the night before, Monday, she met Sanderson and his friend in a saloon and drank with them. They then visited her room in East Washington street. Tuesday night, she said, Sanderson again came to her room. He appeared to be drunk when he came, and had no watch. The police magistrate dismissed the Ashley woman." Both gentlemen have been asked to explain why it was they journeyed from Jerusalem to Jericho.

There is considerable truth in the following from Toronto *Saturday Night*: "Down in Montreal when the Boer war excitement was at its height, somebody who conceived that the British Empire needed another prop under it, got up an organization and called it the Daughters of the Empire. Branches are now established in many parts of Canada, and presumably the society is flourishing and fulfilling its mission. I do not know what the Daughters have accomplished towards saving the Empire, but one of suggestions to that end, which it is sad to record has miscarried, was a proposition to set apart a fixed period every week in Canadian schools to "teach patriotism." The scheme was threshed out at the recent meeting of the Dominion Educational Association and dismissed as impracticable. I do not know how it strikes the majority, but it seems to me rather

queer to talk about "teaching patriotism." Patriotism is not arithmetic, nor geometry, nor grammar, nor even literature. Some people have funny ideas about such things. I do not believe you can teach morality or religion, though you may teach ethics or theology, and I am equally sure that all the school-teachers in Canada rolled into one cannot teach patriotism. Patriotism is an impulse, an inward conviction. They have tried to teach patriotism in the United States, and all they have succeeded in doing is to teach prejudice and ignorant jingoism. If children are properly instructed in the history of their country, if they have an intelligent grasp of its past, a knowledge of its possibilities; if they are brought up to be honest and industrious, and if they see about them a country worthy of being loved, they will love that country without ever having been invited to do so. Give the boys and girls vigorous bodies, well-stored minds and right principles of action, and nine-tenths of them will not lack in patriotism when occasion calls for the exercise of that virtue."

P. G.

DIGHTON IS ENGAGED.

Dighton is engaged! Think of it and tremble!
Two-and-twenty ladies who have known him must dissemble;

Two-and-twenty ladies in a panic must repeat:
"Dighton is a gentleman; will Dighton be discreet?"
All the merry maidens who have known him, at his best
Wonder what the girl is like, and if he has confessed.

Dighton the philanderer, will he prove a slanderer?
A man gets confidential ere the honeymoon has fled.
Dighton was a rover then, Dighton lived in clover then;
Dighton is a gentleman, but Dighton is to wed!

Dighton is engaged! Think of it, Corinna?
Watch and see his fiancee smile on you at dinner!
Watch and hear his fiancee whisper, "That's the one?"
Try and raise a blush for what you said was "only fun."
Long have you been wedded; have you then forgot?
If you have I'll venture that a certain man has not!

Dighton had a way with him; did you ever play with him?
Now that dream is over, and the episode is dead.
Dighton never harried you after Charlie married you;
Dighton is a gentleman, but Dighton is to wed!

Dighton is engaged! Think of it, Bettina!
Did you ever love him when the sport was somewhat keener?

Did you ever kiss him as you sat upon the stairs?
Did you ever tell him of your former love affairs?
Think of it uneasily and wonder if his wife
Soon will know the amatory secrets of your life!

Dighton was impressible, you were quite accessible;
The bachelor who marries late is apt to lose his head;
Dighton wouldn't hurt you; does it disconcert you?
Dighton is a gentleman, but Dighton is to wed!

Dighton is engaged! Think of it, Miss Alice!
When he comes no longer will you bear the lady malice?
Now he comes to dinner, and he smokes cigars with Clint,
But he never makes a blunder and he never drops a hint;
He's a universal uncle, with a welcome everywhere—
He adopts his sweetheart's children, and he lets 'em pull his hair.

Dighton has a memory bright and sharp as emery,
He could tell them fairy stories that would make you rather red!

Dighton can be trusted, though; Dighton's readjusted though!
Dighton is a gentleman, but Dighton is to wed!

Dighton is engaged! Think of it, Myrtilla!
Dighton has been known to be a dashing lady-killer!
Dighton has been known to flirt with Kitty, Lou and Nell,

These and many others, if the man would only tell!
Every girl who loves a man tells him all she knows;
When a man's a Benedict all discretion goes!

Dighton's wife will chatter so! Does it really matter so?
Everybody's bound to know what everybody's said!
Dighton thinks his mystery contravenes all history!
Dighton is a gentleman, but Dighton is to wed!

Gelett Burgess, in the Smart Set for July.

The Little Clay Image.

LONG ago, when Italy was a land of great painters and great sculptors—when the little children at play made pictures with chalk upon the stones of the street, real pictures—and this, too, before sloyd, or clay modeling, or kindergartens were ever heard of—there lived close under the walls of a castle not far from one of the Italian great cities, a young girl whose name was Costanza; and she made pictures in clay, and sometimes even little statues, but nobody thought this very remarkable. These clay pictures and statues were sometimes taken to the town of Filippo and sold, but oftener they were not thought worth selling, and they stood on end in the corners of the little cottage where Costanza lived, or hung all round its walls, both inside and outside, as happened to be most convenient.

Filippo was the Italian boy who had lived next door to Costanza all her life, and it was understood by the people in the hamlet nestled against the castle wall that after a little while, another year, perhaps two, Costanza and Filippo were going to be married.

“And then we shall go, thou and I, to the town and set up a little house,” Filippo said, “and I shall work in the shop of Master Andre, and thou wilt keep the little house neat; and together we shall make the designs for the borders of fruit and flowers that must go into the new *duomo*”—Filippo meant the cathedral. “But meanwhile I am only an apprentice, and though I paint well, the master says it is not well enough; and we must wait.”

So they waited the little while, the one year, even the two, and at last Costanza's house linen was all spun and woven, and the neighbors began to say to one another:

“In a few months we shall lose Costanza and Filippo, for they go away to the town. Already we hear that Master Andrea speaks well of his apprentice.”

And it was summer time.

That was a hilly country where Costanza dwelt; olive trees grew on the sides of the hills, and the sunlight fell down white and blinding out of the cloudless blue sky all day upon the dusky pale green of the trees; but in the cool of the late afternoon, when a breeze swept down from the hilltops, Costanza brought her clay out to the open door of her cottage, and sat in the doorway making her pictures; and Filippo came at sunset over the hills from the town.

Now one day in this summer, as Costanza sat in the doorway making a Florentine lily on a tile, there came a great dust in the road, and horsemen riding by; and Costanza's mother and the neighbors ran all to their doors and windows, crying: “It is the young lord of the castle! To-day he comes home from France! Truly, if he be not a better man than when he went away, it is not much worth while!”

And the young lord alighted off his horse before the cottage of Costanza and looked at the tile she was making; for it happened that besides this gift for modeling in clay which she had, Costanza was also very beautiful. And the young lord bought the tile, and rode away with it in his hand.

After that he came another day, and another, an many days; and at last he asked Costanza if she would marry him.

But she said “Grazia” which means “Thank you;” and she told him further how she was betrothed to the artist, Filippo, and all that happy little story.

And the young lord came next day, just as always. He wearied Costanza exceedingly by his oft-repeated question; he wearied her by the tales he told of the beautiful jewels and the beautiful gowns she should wear if she would come to the castle; but she was very polite. She always said, “Grazia.”

Filippo, however, was not polite; he was rude and meeting the young lord one day at sunset in the road before Costanza's cottage, he struck him and tumbled him and his fine clothes in the dust of the road.

Then Costanza said: “Thou wert not wise; there will harm come of this deed.”

And she spoke the truth, for that night strong men came to Filippo's house and bound him and carried him to the castle.

In those old days the nobles did much as they willed with the poor people who dwelt on their land. No one would have been surprised if this young lord had put Filippo immediately to death; but he did not. He had a better plan. The next day he went down, as always to stand beside the door-stone of Costanza and watch her at her work, and as he watched he talked, saying:

“This Filippo is but a peasant, and I am a noble and rich.”

“True,” said Costanza.

“See, now, am I not generous? I might take you, also, if I would, and cast you into prison and keep you there until you should consent to be my wife; but I do not.”

And Costanza answered: “No, you only keep Filippo.”

“More than that,” he continued, “I might kill Filippo for this insult he has put upon me, and many men would say I had the right. But I do not. I will even let him go free if you will come up to the castle.”

Costanza was making a little statue about three feet high. She did not speak any more that day. But the young lord talked for two hours.

The neighbors gathered by the door after he had gone, and they said: “Costanza, you are a strange girl; one never sees you weep, and yet poor Filippo is locked up in the dungeon of the castle.”

And she said, “No, I do not weep; and then, because it was growing dark, she threw a wet cloth over her statue and carried it into the house and shut the door.”

The next day the young lord, watching her, said: “What do you make? This seems to be the image of a woman.”

And she answered: “Yes, it is a woman;” but that is all she would say.

On the third day her visitor cried out suddenly: “This is an image of yourself.”

And she said: “Do you think so?” She even smiled.

Then he drew near and pleaded with her mournfully: “Costanza, you will say nothing to me, and day after day I come; and still I do nothing to Filippo. I wait to set him free.”

She considered after that for a long time, sitting and doing nothing; and at last she said: “Well, I will answer you the day the little image is finished.”

“May I have the image also?” he asked.

But to that she would only say: “Perhaps; I cannot tell.” And she rose and set to work again on the clay.

The face of the little image was Costanza's face, with a proud, mocking smile upon its lips. No one

had ever seen Costanza smile that way, and yet the neighbors, looking first upon the girl and then upon the clay, shook their heads and murmured, "Still she might!"

But the garments of the image were the garments of a great lady. Costanza was a peasant, and wore a peasant's skirt, short and full above her ankles, and except on holidays, her feet were bare. But the image wore a trailing robe with lace work and jewels pricked out upon it carefully, and a girdle that caught up this robe at one side, and a little pouch that hung from the girdle.

And the neighbors whispered: "This is the way Costanza will dress if she goes to live at the castle. She is a strange girl."

But the young lord was enraptured. He said: "You are not only beautiful, you are clever! I shall take you to the town, and Raffaello shall paint a picture of you."

And Costanza replied: "Filippo and I were going to the town."

So a month passed, and the little statue grew more like Costanza every day, and also more unlike her. The neighbors asked Costanza's mother what the girl meant by the statue, but all that her mother could say was:

"Do not ask me. She is very silent both day and night. But this I know: Costanza is not a fool; she does not do this without a reason."

And at last the little statue was finished.

It stood on the door-stone of the cottage, with its smiling face turned toward the castle. Thus Costanza would look on the day that she forsook Filippo and went to be a great lady. And behind the statue, on the walls of the house and at the corners, both inside and outside, were the other images and the clay pictures that Costanza had made.

The young lord laughed with delight over the statue, and he would have thrown a chain of gold around its neck, but Costanza, in a great hurry, prevented him, saying:

"The clay is yet a little soft; be careful, lest it break. For this image must go to Filippo in his prison; and I ask you to say to Filippo that I give him a choice, whether he will have this image and liberty, or whether he will keep our troth. And I will abide by that he chooses."

"This is no choice," said the young lord, scornfully, "for I shall put him to death if he does not set you free from your promise."

"That will not do you any good," replied Costanza.

Meanwhile all the neighbors stood at a little distance in the dusty road and heard what she said; and they numbed angrily:

"Is this girl heartless? Has she herself no choice?"

Then the servants of the young lord took up the statue, and bore it carefully to the castle.

"If Filippo does not want it, you may have it," Costanza said. "But if he keeps it, I will be your wife after seven days."

They brought the statue to Filippo and set it down before him, but they did not repeat Costanza's message; they told him a lie. They said:

"Costanza has consented to marry the young lord and she sends you this image for your consolation. You will see that it is very like her."

When Filippo was left alone with the statue, he sat for a long time quite motionless before it and the tears rolled down his cheeks, but there was a look of horror upon his face.

"Yes, it is very like her," he said at last, "but the smile is so terrible! She mocks me. She is the great lady, and she sets her foot upon my neck.

Surely her soul is turned to ice that she would send me this image of herself in these fine garments! Costanza! Costanza! Was it not enough to break your troth? But must you also break my heart anew every hour in the day when I look upon this beautiful face that is so like you, and so unlike?"

Then he cast himself down upon the floor and wept, but ever and again he must needs lift up his head to look at the statue, for it haunted him, and drew his eyes constantly to examine it. And in this way the day passed; but even when the darkness was come Filippo had no rest, for he saw always in his imagination the face of Costanza with the proud, mocking smile upon it; he saw the long, embroidered robe sweeping about Costanza's feet.

In the morning the young lord came into the dungeon, and when he saw Filippo's haggard face he laughed, because Costanza was so clever. And that afternoon he went down to the cottage and said:

"Filippo sends you a message, and he chooses liberty and the statue. He commends you for the statue."

"If he has chosen thus, why is he not free?" asked Costanza.

This astonished the young lord, but in a moment he had an answer ready. "When you keep your promise to me, he shall be delivered out of his prison. I keep him there but these seven days."

However, Costanza knew that the young lord had told a lie. About noon of the second day Filippo was almost in a frenzy with grief and heartbreak, and he spoke to the little image as if it were a living thing. He said:

"I hate you, and I can no longer stand you in my sight! You are not the Costanza that I knew; your life is spoiled, and mine also!"

And he lifted up his arm and struck the image full upon its smiling face with his fist, so that the neck broke, and the whole statue was dashed to the floor and the clay split and crumbled into many pieces, and something that was not clay fell upon the stones of the floor with a sharp ringing sound. The shrewd Costanza had hidden a file in the midst of the clay. This was all the meaning of the statue.

There was a piece of paper twisted about one end of the file, and when Filippo had grown quiet, and had begun to forgive himself a little for that he had ever doubted his betrothed, he untwisted the paper and found words written on one side of it—these words:

"Seven nights I wait beneath this window. The distance to the ground is not far. We may hide for a little in the town, and then flee away, to a more distant place. I know thou wilt break the statue for thou art ever ready with thy fist when angry thee. Strike this time to some purpose."

That night Filippo filed through one of the bars at his window, and the next night he filed through another. The third night he tore his long circular cloak into strips and knotted these strips together and fastened one end of the long string to an iron hook beside the window. Then he took out the two bars, climbed out upon the window-sill and looked down. The night was dark; there were no lights on the side of the castle. Filippo let himself down by his queer rope the better part of the way, and then the rope broke; but Filippo had only a few feet to fall, and he fell on soft grass. Costanza was standing beside him.

"Oh, canst thou ever forgive me for doubting thee?" he whispered.

"I builded upon that; the plan would have failed else," she answered. "But I pray thee, do not do it a second time." Then they got safely away.

The Slocan *Drill* reports: Ore shipments for the current week show a large increase and give the heaviest tonnage in many weeks. Three properties figure in the list, with a total of 165 tons, making the total for the year considerably over 3000 tons. From the Black Prince 25 tons was sent out by the lessees of the mine, making 125 tons since January 1. Their lease is just about out and the property is looking fine. The ore was sent to the Nelson smelter. Forty tons was shipped from the Enterprise and 100 by the Arlington. Heavy shipments under the recent contract will commence in a day or two, as W. Koch is bringing in additional freighting outfit. Just now teaming is hard on stock as the roads are thick with dust and rather soft.

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

Arlington.....	2490
Enterprise.....	380
Two Friends.....	40
Black Prince.....	125
Bondholder.....	23
Chapleau.....	15
Speculator.....	10
Phoenix.....	23
V. & M.....	20
Esmeralda.....	2
Hampton.....	6

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Another strike of considerable importance has been made in the neighborhood of the Erie strike. The men working on the Clarendon claim, which is about 200 feet from the claim of the Erie Mountain company, have been running a tunnel to strike the same ledge, and all indications now point to the fact that they are nearing the main vein.—*Ymir Mirror*.

The ore being taken out of the drift of the King Solomon, in Copper camp, is a high grade copper, and it will be sent to the Mother Lode smelter.

E. R. Shannon, Johnny Laveaux and C. F. Harrigan, three of the best known prospectors and miners in the Boundary country, have taken a lease on the Humming Bird mine, up the North Fork, which has been lying idle for some time on account of lack of funds.

The *Eagle* is in a position to give some exclusive information concerning the first shipment of the season from Triune mine, owned by Ferguson brothers. And if ore values go for anything the outside world should soon begin to realize that in this district we have a few

high-grade shippers, as well as the makings of lots more. Of the amount shipped this time about 2 tons was this year's production, and goes to the owner, while some 19 tons belonged to the lessees of the property last season, Messrs. Lade and Gunn brothers, and Jas. Otto. Andrew Ferguson took in all this trip 385 sacks of ore and carbonates, the gross weight of which was 44,670 lbs. The deduction for moisture, 4 5 per cent., and the weight of the sacks, (which will be burned and the ashes smelted as was done last season, netting over \$100) 930, leaves the total net weight of ore at 41,772 lbs., nearly 21 tons. The total contents in gold amounted to 21,721 ounces, which at \$20 per ounce, for only 95 per cent. of the value, gives \$412.70. The total weight of silver was 8,552,82 ounces, and at the very low price of 58 1/8 cents per ounce, for 95 per cent. of the value, \$4,722,76 is allotted. Had the owners received 64 cents per ounce for their silver as last year the result would have startled the natives, but even these figures will do nicely. Then comes the lead, 21,638 pounds, for which the market is all shot to pieces; and because we have a government which is too infernal dead to erect a refinery, ore producers must suffer. After the smelter only paying for 90 per cent. of it, it still yields \$299.71 to the owners. The total gross values, therefore, were \$5,435.17. The total charges, freight and treatment from Thomson's Landing to trail at \$21 per ton, were \$438.61; leaving the net proceeds, for which the owners immediately receive a cheque, at \$4,966.56, or a little less than \$5,000 even money. And when the returns for the burnt ore sacks arrive the figures will go over \$5000. It cost the owners of the Triune \$25 per ton to get their ore from the mine to Thomson's Landing, which along with the provincial 2 per cent. ore tax, will help to pull the cream off. The results, however, cannot be disputed. We are proving that we have the ore, and the difference between the gross and net values shows clearly how badly we want better transportation facilities.—*Lardeau Eagle*.

This week work was discontinued at the Rawhide, and the force of eight men laid off.

The new timber framing machine was started up at Old Ironsides mine this week. It is the first of the kind in the Boundary.

The Mother Lode closed down Thursday for a week, for general repairs, and to prepare for the enlargement soon to take place.

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