THE NELSON
# ECONOMIST

VOL. V. NELSON, B. C., SATURDAY, MAY 17, 1902 NO. 44

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Desires to inform the Public that he has opened up a Merchant Tailoring Establishment, upstairs in the Wallace-Miller Block. During his visit in the East he ordered a beautiful selected stock of goods which [illegible] by first-class Workmen. Your patronage will be appreciated, and your wants at [illegible]

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Boots and Shoes made to order. Invisible Patching a Specialty. Only Union Men Employed. My stock of fine ready-made work lowest prices in the city.

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Special Quotations for Camps and Clubs

Special Values in Canned Goods and Butter

Large Stock of Fresh Fruit, Groceries Always on Hand

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Established in Nelson in 1892.

# Don't Overlook Jakey Dover

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## Don't Forget Jakey's Place.

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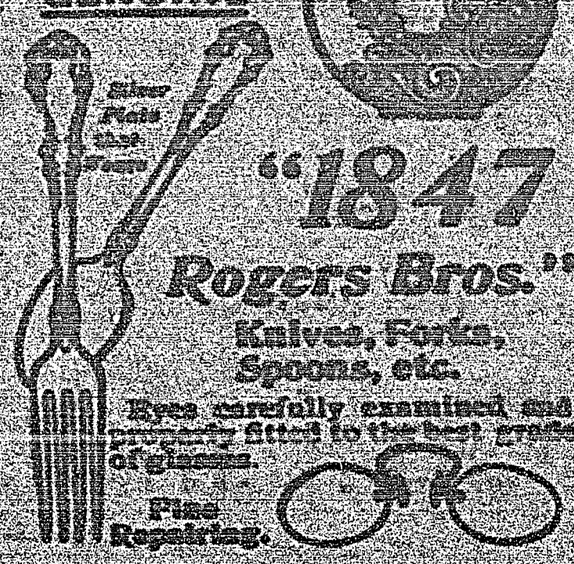
DIAMONDS
WATCHES
and a complete line of the GENUINE

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Has no equal in the Kootenays.

## Mail and Express Orders Receive Our Prompt Attention.

# Jacob Dover, The Jeweler

NELSON B. C.



# Boys

The Great Illustrated Weekly Paper of Canada is

# Toronto Saturday Night

and you and other enterprising people may profitably earn money handling it. Over 600 Boys and Girls are doing so. The terms are very favorable and the paper is popular. Just now numbers in large or pamphlet on Egypt, Palestine and Italy, and readers are greatly interested. If you wish to

WALTER MOORE
Toronto Saturday Night
Toronto, Ontario


### Notice To Delinquent Co-Owners

To L. F. Murray and Thomas Burns or to any persons or persons to whom they may have transferred their interests in the "Big Chief" Mineral Claim situate about eleven miles up East Side of Wild Horse Creek, and the "Poorman" Mineral Claim situate about ¾ mile east of Wild Horse Creek and twelve miles from Nelson and Fort Shepherd Railway, both in the Nelson Mining Division, District of West Kootenay.

You and each of you are hereby notified that I have expended two hundred dollars in labour and improvements upon the above mentioned mineral claims in order to hold said mineral claims under the provisions of the mineral Act, and if within ninety days of the date of this notice you fail or refuse to contribute your portion of such expenditure together with all costs of advertising your interest in the said claims will become the property of the subscriber under section four of an Act entitled "An Act To Amend the Mineral Act, 1900."

H. Cameron.

Dated this twelfth day of April, 1902.

### Notice To Delinquent Co-Owners

To S. J. Atherton or to any person to whom he may have transferred his interest in the "R. J. E." and the "Andrew Bright" Mineral Claims situate on the Western fork of Wild Horse Creek in the Nelson Mining Division

You are hereby notified that I have expended $200.00 in labour and improvements upon the above mentioned mineral claims under the provisions of the Mineral Act, and if within ninety days from date hereof you fail or refuse to contribute your proportion of the above mentioned sum, which is now due together with all costs of advertising, your interests in the said claims will become the property of the undersigned under section four of an Act entitled "An Act to Amend the Mineral Act, 1900."

Dated at Nelson, B. C., this 9th day of April 1902.

H. McArthur.


WATCHMAKER
DIAMONDS
JEWELRY
JEWELERS AND OPTICIANS
FINE WATCHES
SPECIALTY



JOHN McLATCHIE

# NELSON ECONOMIST

VOL. V. NELSON, B. C., SATURDAY, MAY 17, 1902. NO. 44

THE NELSON ECONOMIST IS ISSUED EVERY SATURDAY. 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 is certainly more than ever complicated. It is doubtful if ever in the history of any province in the Dominion has there been anything to parallel the condition of affairs existing at Victoria. For a while during the early part of the week it seemed as if the Opposition might be found on the side of the Government or vice versa. No one seemed to be able to form any idea as to the exact position of the parties. There is no doubt, however, that the Opposition has discussed the possibility of an arrangement with the Government, and that the leaders of the Opposition placed the matter before their constituents. The deadlock which the Government encountered was brought about by Messrs. Ellison and Clifford, both of whom insisted that grants should be given to the roads in which they are interested, namely, the Midway-Vernon, and the Kitimat-Hazelton. Both these gentlemen, it is alleged, insisted that land grants be given them equal per mile to that of the Canada Northern and the Coast-Kootenay line. To this proposal the Government at first demurred, but finally consented. Thus, the writing of the final chapter in the history of the Dunsmuir Government was deferred for some time. The Government cannot keep secret much longer the strong antagonistic feeling they have aroused throughout the country. One year ago the Dunsmuir Government could have come to the country with some assurance that it would be sustained by a large majority. To-day that Government could not get half-a-dozen supporters in the whole Province. The Opposition is showing up much better now than it did a month ago. The strong stand taken by Mr. McPhillips has won that gentlemen many friends, and we doubt not that he is the strongest man in the House to-day. Mr. McPhillips argues that while he was elected for the city of Victoria, he is the representative of the whole Province. This is the right view to take of his responsibility to the people, and if more of our representatives would take the same view it would be better for the Province at large. Victoria must realize that it is not the whole Province, and that the money of the people must not be squandered away in conferring special benefits on the capital city. Mr. McPhillips may have sacrificed his political existence by the stand he has taken, but he has demonstrated that there is one man in the House who is honest enough to guard the interests of those who reside outside his constituency.

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MR MCBRIDE has made a proposal to the Government which in all justice to the country should be accepted without hesitation. In short, Mr. McBride's offer is to permit supply to be voted and necessary legislation passed providing the Government will restore the reserve on the foreshores and go to the country at once on its railway policy. As yet the Government has not made any answer to Mr. McBride's proposal, and judging by the bull-headedness of the combination in the past, it would be perhaps assuming too much to hope that such an eminently fair offer would be accepted. In the event of the Government going to the country on its railway policy, it would be defeated about 7 to 1.

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SINCE the Department of Agriculture encouraged shipping to South Africa in December, 1899. Canada has sent goods there to the value of $6,000,000.

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CONFEDERATION has become a live issue in Newfoundland at last. A Newfoundland contemporary, the St. John's *Free Press*, lately discussing this question, makes the following comments: "Articles strongly favoring union are appearing in the government organs, and the press generally, whether in Canada or Newfoundland, looks favorably on union. This is greatly to the credit of the proprietors, inasmuch as they at least will suffer. It is a curious, but not altogether surprising fact, that those who would most be benefitted by Confederation—the fishermen to wit—are its bitterest opponents, whilst those who would probably suffer loss through a less favorable tariff, warmly urge its adoption. At present Confederation appears to be without the pale of practical politics; but things move rapidly now-a-days, and the revolving months may do more than decades past." After discussing the probable outcome of the approaching colonial conference in London, our contemporary goes on to say: "A large section of the people favor confederation; a still larger section are opposed to it on any terms, whilst to a considerable number the question is entirely a matter of terms. Confederation on the Mackenzie Bowell conditions may be ruled out as unworthy of consideration. A sine qua non to even the dis-

cussion of terms must be the assent of Canada to bear the entire debt of the Colony and to grant the necessary subsidies for local service. The latter, of or course, would be done. Against the former many protests might arise from Canadians, but protest no protest, we must either be given a clean sheet or left to fight our own battles. Newfoundland would resent the removal of her only weapon, the tariff, and a continuance of any share of the burden of debt, to remove which that weapon is essential."

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THE death of Rev. Principal Grant will be deeply regretted throughout the Dominion of Canada. He was a distinct force in the affairs of the country, and contributed at least his share to the upbuilding of his native land. Canadians can be excused for pointing with pride to the work of Principal Grant.

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IT will not help Nelson any if Mr. Justice Martin's estimate of the jury that tried the Holmes women is accepted as the average type of Nelson citizens.

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THE London *Chronicle* says: "Sir Joteendro Tagore is unfortunately not able to come to London for the coronation after all, but he will be represented by one of his nephews. Calcutta will not be sorry, for it would sadly miss 'Tagore' if he were only out of the city for a few months. Sir Joteendro is probably the wealthiest zemindar in Eastern India, and he has always made most excellent use of his riches. Apart from his regular heavy output in the way of charity and general philanthropy, he is a liberal patron of the arts, and no one of note who has ever visited the Indian capital has missed passing through the hospital of Tagore castle, in Tagore street, which is only one of the great man's many mansions. 'Tagore' has on two occasions—in 1871 and 1891—been president of the British India association, and he was created a maharajah in heredity about ten years ago."

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MR. MARTIN has the Government in exactly the position which he desired. Mr. Dunsmuir has committed himself to a policy that will be very unpopular in the country. No Government could hope to carry the country on such a policy as the Dunsmuir Government has promulgated. Mr. Martin can claim a certain amount of credit for anything that was good in the Government, and he can show the electors that he supported the Government as long as it travelled the narrow road. When it started on the wrong road, Mr. Martin will tell the electors, he refused longer to support the Government. Of course, the Opposition has a pretty good case to go before the electors.

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SPEAKING of business conditions at Toronto, *Saturday Night* says: "The business situation in Toronto, with its steadily upward movement in prices, its numerous strikes, actual or threatened, and the widespread tendency to speculate in stocks, reflects the general business conditions of the entire North American continent at this time. Economic history proves beyond a doubt that we cannot hope to always enjoy that peculiar condition of industry and trade which we designate as good times. In the long run we are bound to average up on fat and lean years, and after we have profited from a period of prosperous seasons we are certain to experience seasons less prosperous. The conditions now obtaining in so marked a degree are such as have universally presaged trade depression. Thoughtful business men are commencing to ask themselves whether they may not endanger the steady employment and good wages they have enjoyed during the last six years, by pushing their demands further than the employers of labor can safely go. The rise in wages is largely necessitated by the increased prices of most of the commodities of daily consumption and by the appreciation of land and building values. But labor is evidently commencing to imagine that it can dictate any terms it chooses. It only needs one or two big slumps in the stock market, such as there was some indication of the other day, together with a little more bullyragging from organized labor and even a partial failure of crops, to make capital timid and thus produce a serious reaction. Another great crop in the North-West would doubtless carry industry along for a time, despite unfavorable conditions in labor and in securities. But it is evident that a time has arrived when prudence should be the watchword of all classes."

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YMIR will observe the anniversary of the birthday of the late lamented Queen Victoria in a manner that will attract attention to the loyalty and enterprise of the citizens of that town. C. Dell-Smith will deliver the address of welcome in Irish Gaelic, and for an encore will recite a home-made poem.

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The executive of the Canadian Manufacturors will invite the Premiers of the province and a British Minister to the annual meeting at Halifax in June.

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AN interesting study of the conditions of leprosy in South Africa, has been made by Dr. Hutchinson, of London, a surgeon and physician, whose reputation among practitioners all over the world is excellent. He now believes that the primary cause of the disease in that part of the world is in a great many cases the eating of badly cured salt fish. Similar conclusions have been announced by medical men of distinction after leprosy investigations in other countries. The leper almost everywhere is the victim of poisonous food or of the virus conveyed by a sufferer already infected.

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SAYS the Toronto *Telegram:* "While other nations may have laughed in their sleeves at Britain's troubles in South Africa and gloried in the reverse to which the British arms have been subjected, they cannot but have been impressed by the dogged perseverence with which the war has been pressed

to a conclusion. The same old bull-dog spirit that has carried John Bull through many another trouble has triumphed again. Never noted for his brilliancy, he displays in all his undertakings that stubborn obstinancy that knows no defeat. Like others who learn slowly he learns well; and his seeming defeats are but the forerunners of more complete victory. The war in Africa is over as far as real warfare is concerned and Britain emerges from its darkness a victor, not much over the hard-fighting Boers as over many of the weakness as of her army system. The victory has cost money but it may be counted cheap, should the lessons learned come to be used in a day when the fate of the Empire hangs in the balance."

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It will be pleasant news to the Scotch to learn that the kilt is not to disappear from the uniforms of the British army. It is announced that the Highland regiments will retain the kilt for full dress, and instructions will be issued for providing a kilt of khaki, or some invisible color, on active service, as is now done in South Africa.

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The increasing amounts being spent yearly by the C. P. R. on its Boundary lines is regarded by the Phoenix *Pioneer* as one of the best evidences that capitalists have unlimited faith in that district.

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The Ontario elections, which will be held on the 29th of this month, are being hotly contested in every constituency in the Province. There is a rapidly growing belief that the Ross Government will be defeated. It is alleged that the affairs of the Province under the management of Mr. Ross and his colleagues have been badly conducted, and in any event it is about time for a change.

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"Knoxonian" writes as follows in the *Westminster:* "The day may come—some people not specially pessimistic say it has come already—when every man will be judged by the amount of money he has or can control. We have heard and read many a time that even in some of the churches across the line the almighty dollar reigns supreme. The worth of a congregation is measured by its wealth and the value and standing of a minister by the size of his salary. Painful facts are sometimes given to show that the metallic standard is being adopted in some of our own churches in Canada. If a pastor of a congregation looks on the collection as the main feature of his service it is high time to pause."

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Duncan C. Ross, who spent the winter at the coast, has returned to Greenwood, and resumed editorial control of the *Times*.

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The Winnipeg *Voice* says: "Mr. Mulock's Post Office Act is not as yet very fruitful of harmony amongst the letter carriers, either in Winnipeg or the Dominion generally, and the most effective way to protest against some of its provisions is a subject now occupying the attention of associated men. Cheap men and as few as possible for the work seems to represent the policy of the Departments of Labor and Mails. In Winnipeg great discontent exists among the men. The 'holiday' season has now arrived, and it is proposed to divide the work of the absent man amongst about three others already working to their full capacity, and far in excess of what civil service rules call for; but the men refuse, and very properly, to do it. Such a system is a fraud, aud in no sense a holiday, gained as it is by no concession or cost to the department. Men are kept the summer through working over time and making up a pretended holiday. Amidst plaudits and boquets the Hon. Mr. Mulock was lavishly lionized by 'society' on the 17th of December last, and in some respects he deserves credit, but there is a workingman phase of the question he has not fairly faced as yet."

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Since the resumption of mining in the Transvaal, South Africa, twenty-nine mines are now being operated with 1500 stamps crushing ore. A report from Johannesburg states that the area of mining operations now extends from the Lancaster West mine on the west, to the Comet mine on the east, a distance of 25 miles. With the output now exceeding 100,000 ounces of fine gold a month, it is believed that it will not be long before fully one hundred of the mines will have their 6000 stamps crushing ore, at which time the gold production will be back to what it was before the war, and which was about 450,000 ounces a month. The *Daily Telegraph* of London, prints a dispatch from Johannesburg stating that at a meeting of the Bonanza Company, the Chairman, dealing with the accounts up to January 1, 1902, said the company would be in a position to declare a dividend of 50 per cent. at the close of the fiscal year ending June 30, 1902. With fifty-five stamps working the present monthly profits averaged £22,000 (equal to about $110,000).

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The Grit machine does not appear to be as well oiled as usual, in the present Ontario campaign.

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Mr. Martin J. Griffin, the parliamentry librarian at Ottawa, has received the degree of Doctor of Laws from Dalhousie University, a recognition of his literary services that is well deserved and will be widely approved.

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Says the Chicago *Tribune:* Within a few days J. Sterling Morton, Congressmen Amos J. Cummings, Thomas Wilson, at the head of the department of archaeology in the Smithsonian Institute; Frank R. Stockton, the novelist; Wulf Fries, the musician; Sol Smith Russell, the comedian; Potter Palmer, the successful merchant and capitalist; Archbishop Corrigan, the Roman Catholic prelate; and Admiral Sampson, all distinguished men in their various departments of labor, have passed away, and now Bret Harte has joined them.

## VENTS AND GOSSIP

NOTWITHSTANDING the wet weather the lacrosse match yesterday was well patronized. It was not what could be called good lacrosse, but it was just as good as could be expected on grounds where a spade would have been more effective than a lacrosse stick. However, one thing was clearly demonstrated, and that is, Nelson has the best lacrosse team of any year yet. It is doubtful if Medicine Hat could beat us this year, and should the boys from the Hat meet us this season they will have all their work cut out for them. At no stage of the game yesterday did the Grand Forks team show that they could play modern lacrosse, while the home team played the game throughout. Some of the games were scored so rapidly that the visitors did not get the ball in their sticks until it was in the net. When it came to getting the ball, too, our boys were altogether too fast for their opponents. Charlie Jeffs played all around his check, and Jack Fox was always Johnny-on-the spot. As a matter of fact, there was not a weak man on the team, and all played with a determination to win. The score was six to nothing in favor of the Nelson team. In the evening the Grand Forks team was entertained at a smoker in the Opera House.

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Senator Chauncey M. Depew recently visited Monte Carlo on his wedding journey, and watched Lord Rosslyn attempt to break the bank. "Everybody," he says, "is laughing at the earl's so-called system. He announced in England that he had an infallable system, and only needed $50,000 to make it go. People tumbled over each other to give him the money He began playing with thousand-franc notes. When I left he was playing with five-franc pieces. I was told that all but about $5,000 of the $50,000 was gone. There is no such thing as breaking the bank at Monte Carlo. A man who has lived in the place merely as a resident for years told me the gambling-house paid returns as regular as dividends on the New York Central Railroad. I suppose there are ten roulette-tables, and each table is a bank with a capital of $120,000. If you win all its capital that particular table closes for the day to get a change of luck. That is all the bank-breaking there is. You would have to go through all the other tables—roulette, rouge-et-noir, and trente-et-quarante—before you close up the concern, and there are several of each. They are a dismal looking lot—the players. I never saw one of them smile, and the winners looked as miserable as the losers. Nobody gets away with any money, no matter how much he wins. At least it is very rare. I saw one man begin with a thousand-franc note—$200. He played and won—doubled his money; played, and won again, and again doubled. He kept on until he had won about $24,000. Then he started resolutely to go out. At the door he stopped hesitated, and turned back. He sauntered over to the table, and looked on at the game for a while. Then he buttoned up his coat again, with great decision, and started out with a firm stride. But he could not—positively could not get through the door. The last I saw of him he was playing away again, and the $24,000 was going pellmell back into the gambling-house coffers. I did see one man, however, win and go way with his money. He was a very rich man, as I happened to know, and just played for fun, not caring whether he won or not. He had astonishing luck. The same number came up five times in succession—an unusual thing. It made a great sensation in the room, and people gathered about. At the fifth turn of the number he swiped in everything from the table, and poked away the wads of French banknotes in his pockets right and left. He won about $6,000 in a very few moments."

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Manager Annable has received word from the Clara Mathes Company, to the effect that this organization will give performances throughout the entire month of June at the Nelson Opera House. During the engagement several new pieces will be presented, and theatre-goers may look forward to an enjoyable month's entertainment.

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The Ladies' Aid Society of Emmanuel Church will hold an apron and handkerchief sale at the church on May 20th at 2:30 and 8:30 p. m.

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Toronto *Saturday Night* discusses a very important question in the following language; Kingston's awful tragedy in which a bit of a school-boy of fifteen shot and killed a girl aged fourteen draws attention once more to the danger there is in carrying firearms even with the most innocent intent. Why should any boy of fifteen go around with a gun in his hip pocket? In this country there is no need for people to go armed. The jury found that in this case there was no intent to kill or wound, but that the discharge of the weapon was accidental. The finding does not lessen the force of the statement that the carrying of concealed weapons, more particularly revolvers, is always a source of danger to the carrier or to some other person. According to the story as told in the press despatches, the boy and the girl were good friends He was nettled for the moment by her tipping his hat in play. He had no intention of shooting her when he drew the revolver, which went off before he knew. Yet he threatened to shoot, and he will now carry to his dying day a regret that the means were in his possession which made it possible for any such threat to be uttered or for an accident to happen which made the jest good. The boy was a reader of dime novels of the Jesse James type, and according to his companions, had been carrying a gun for some time. The carrying of the gun may have been a result of the dime novel habit, but both may be symptoms of something

deeper. Boys who read trashy and silly paper story-books may do so because they are ignorant of the existence of more elevating literature that is equally entertaining. The reading habits of a great many boys and girls are unfortunately wholly unformed and unguided by their parents. Parents who are in the dark as to what their boys and girls are reading are pretty certain to be ignorant of other important points in connection with the habits they are forming. There are boys who could not carry a revolver for twenty four hours without the fact becoming known to those at home. There are other boys of whose outgoings and incomings their parents are blissfully ignorant until something happens that shocks the community and makes a stain on the family escutcheon."

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A. S. Farwell has returned from a three months' visit to the coast. During his stay at the capital city he had an excellent opportunity of judging of the work before the Legislature, and his opinion of the Government and the legislators appears to be the same as that generally accepted throughout the Province.

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A specialty company will occupy the boards at the Nelson Opera House on the evenings of May 23 and 24

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The C. P. R will run an excursion up the Columbia River on the 24th of May. The train will leave Nelson at 8 o'clock in the morning and return at 10 p. m. The excursion will leave Robson immediately on the arrival of the train and proceed to Deer Park and Edgewood. A stay of 8 hours will be made at the former place and 4 hours at Edgewood. This excursion will give an unusual opportunity to see the famous Columbia river, rapids, glaciers and waterfalls. The fare for round trip has been fixed at $2.

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A Toronto contemporary gives it's readers some good advice for the "drowning season." This phrase is used in all seriousness, in order to give warning before the period of danger begins. Every summer brings its melancholy tale of lives lost in this way, and on the morning after a holiday one hardly hopes that the story of the day's pleasure will not be saddened by one or more drowning accidents. The moral that all should learn to swim has been so often enforced that it is not necessary to repeat it. But there is another point—that the ability to swim is not an absolute assurance of safety. A large proportion of the deaths are those of swimmers. They are popularly attributed to cramps, but physicians say that in most cases the trouble is morel ikely heart failure. Cramps are not likely to effect all the limbs at once, and a swimmer can easily acquire the art of keeping afloat when there is only partial disablement. But all swimmers should have medical advice as to the condition of the heart, and in case of weakness should not take any risks. Chillness, chattering of the teeth, and blueness of the skfn are danger signals that ought to be speedily obeyed. The immersion of the body in cold water taxes the powers of the heart, and the danger is not over after the first plunge is taken. The swimmer by getting out farther from shore, or diving, encounters colder water and at the same time places himself in a position where rescue is more difficult.

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A concert in aid of the Public Library will be held in the Opera House next Thursday evening. An attractive programme is in preparation, and do doubt the attendance will be fully up to the expectation of the promoters.

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Numerous hairbreadth escapes by land and flood have been reported during the past few days.

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The Empire stock company has gone to pieces. The rock on which this organization foundered was encountered at Trail.

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A settler on the upper Mattawa River, P. Q., who caught a wolf last winter had read that ships were sometimes cleared of rats by fastening a bell around the neck of one of them. And the bright idea occurred to him that in a similar manner he might clear the adjacent woods of wolves. He fastened a bell on his wolf's neck and released him. After the snow had pretty well gone he allowed his little flock of sheep to exercise their lambs in the fields near the house. His children were with their father looking at the gambols of the lambs when the sheep were noticed to prick up their ears as though intently listening. Then with much bleating the whole flock raced to the woods. Wondering at the vagaries of the animals, the farmer went about his work. About an hour later, the children came to him with the news that the sheep had returned but had left one of the lambs behind them.

The next day the same thing occurred again, and another lamb disappeared. he children tried to keep the sheep in the fields but failing, followed them into the bush. They reported that they distinctly heard a bell tinkling in the distance. Then it began to dawn upon the farmer that the bell he had fastened to the neck of his gray wolf visitor, was the same which was borne by the father of the flock in the previous summer. The quick eared sheep had recognized the sound of the bell, and true to their instincts had hastened to join their last year's companion. That they found not exactly a wolf in sheep's clothing, but a wolf attached to a sheep's bell, and ready to take advantage of his condition to dine on spring lamb was no fault of theirs, though certainly their misfortune. The settler does not appear to think very much of the bell plan of disposing of wolves.

# A Ghostly Experience.

I could never conceive how men of seeming intelligence could deliberately sit down and write ghost stories merely as a literary diversion and for the sake of harrowing the feeling of the reader.

A ghost story, no matter how entertaining it may be, if a pure fabrication, has no business in print, for the world is full of people so credulous in disposition that the most absurd things, if told with a serious air, are apt to be accepted as the truth, and the grossest errors, foisted upon the public by careless invention, become perpetuated as established facts.

I make these observations that the reader may become acquainted with my views upon subjects supernatural at the beginning of the narrative.

I do not relate the facts which I am about to embody in this recital with the idea of explaining them, but gave them to the world as they appeared to me, leaving the scientist to furnish whatever solution to the mystery may best fit his own point of view or methods of investigation.

The time was winter and the scene of the manifestation lonely moor lying between the city of Carson, which is the capital of Nevada, and the small farm where some years past I have raised hay, cattle and a small family

A political function had kept me out rather late, and I was driving home after midnight.

The night was clear and starlit, with snow on the ground and the air somewhat nipping in its disposition.

When about half way home, having still two miles to go, I gradually became aware that something had happened to my buggy, for it seemed to run with with less noise than usual. In Nevada the wheels of vehicles shrink from the dryness of the atmosphere, coupled with the indifference of their owners, and mine were no exception to the rule. There was always more or less space between the tire and the felloe, and the wags of the city had a way of saying that my approach to town was always heralded by an infernal clatter which betokens a careless man with all his buggy wheels out of repair.

It seemed to me suddenly that something like 25 per cent of the usual clatter of the vehicle had ceased, and I was at a loss to understand why. The feeling came over me so strongly that something unusual had transpired that I hesitated to ascertain the cause. An ill-defined feeling of dread was upon me, and, I blush to confess it, I really feared to look around. Finally, by a strong effort, I summoned my courage and, glancing back, was astonished to discover that the off hind wheel of my buggy had disappeared.

What was more, the vehicle did not seem to mind it, but ran as level as ever. The cessation of the clatter which that wheel always produced was now explained, but the continued level running of the buggy was not. An awful, creepy feeling now came over me that almost amounted to a pain, and in the midst of my wonderment the noise of another wheel stopped, and I knew that it had followed its predecessor. I deliberately turned about and investigated. Here I was running along on an even keel, nautically speaking, with nothing but my two front wheels to go on.

As I was considering the probability of the others going I noticed a dim, hazy thing hanging to the hub of my off front wheel. I speak in a horsy sense, after the manner of followers of the turf, for in reality the wheel was still on. The outlines of the thing alluded to gradually became more distinct and resolved itself into the figure of a human being, and as sure as I was alive it was trying to take off the nut of the axle. More fully to illustrate the impudence of the shadowy individual in question I will further state that my nut wrench was missing, and he had evidently taken it to remove the wheels of my own buggy.

I watched him now with more interest than fear, for it occurred to me that after two wheels were gone it did not matter much about the others, and I determined to see the incident to the end.

In less time than I have taken to tell it this ghostly thing actually removed the nut before my eyes, and then, throwing its weight on the wheel—if I may be allowed to make use of the word weight in such a connection—the wheel and the ghost rolled over together in the sagebrush. In spite of the weirdness of the situation, I was obliged to give give vent to a little chuckle, the first intimation I had given the ghost of a knowledge of his presence.

The familiarity which I had indulged in with the strange little fellow seemed to enrage him, for he immediately became more in evidence, and, slipping around on the near side of the buggy—speaking again in a horsy sense—he fell to work rapidly at the wheel, and, circumventing the mechanical difficulties of the nut with very little trouble, he had the wheel spinning out into the sagebrush in short order.

Seeing that the buggy, however, did not sink to the ground, as it plainly would have had the right to do under the circumstances, I gathered more courage and cried jocosely, out "If you don't happen to see what you want, ask for it."

As I had half expected, the ghost made a dive for the remaining wheel and fell to work upon the nut. I was glad to see that it did not come off easily. It was never a very good fit for the thread of the axle, and I recalled many a time when in a hurry how I was really compelled to indulge in unbecoming language before it could be started.

I looked for the ghost to indulge in a little flow of expletives, but it patiently continued its work until it succeeded and then triumphantly flung the wheel aside and left me riding along in a buggy that seemed held up in the air with no wheels running under it.

To a person who has never ridden in a vehicle under those peculiar circumstances, I can truthfully say that it is a rare treat.

There was no noise except the footfall of the horses. The entire

absence of jar was something particularly pleasant. According to my way of thinking, it was an ideal method of locomotion.

Strange as it may seem, I no longer had any fear of the flitting thing of the air that hovered alongside the horse, and I decided once to break the ice of conversation and called out, "A pleasant evening, stranger."

At this he turned and, floating up to my side, brought his face so close to mine that I felt his breath.

It came to me like a blast from the Klondike and seemed to freeze me to the bone. I regretted that I had spoken, for he sent his icy exhalation thrice into my face, and each time it seemed colder. I tried to detect the charnel house smell that always goes with a ghost, but feel bound to say that peculiar odor was absent. I will, however, state for the benefit of the reader that I was suffering from a bad cold, which to some extent may account for my inability to detect it.

I mention these seemingly trivial circumstances that people who are disposed to cast discredit upon my narrative may be silenced in advance. I propose fully to forestall any one who rises up and charges me with fictitious invention.

While considering the proposition of offering the ghost chance to work for me in the summer months and live in the cellar, where he could cool the milk during the sweltering months, I noticed a queer thing about the horse. The animal that a moment before was trotting leisurely along had suddenly disappeared. His harness was attached to the shafts, and the bridle stuck out in front as if there was a horse's head inside of it, while the rest of it was bulged up to conform to the figure of the animal that had so lately occupied it, but the faithful beast, which had never before deserted me in an emergency, was nowhere to be seen. His absence, however, was not material, for the vehicle went along as easily and as rapidly as ever and, it struck me, since the horse was gone, a trifle smoother.

While I was wondering what would happen next it happened before I knew it. I suddenly found myself on the other side of the big gate that bars the road about a quarter of a mile from my house. The gate is always kept shut, and it is a great bother to open it, but on this occasion, just as I was about to halt to unfasten it, I found that I was already through. The fact of being on the other side of a gate was something altogether novel to me, and no one who has not had the actual experience can possibly get any real idea of the extraordinary sensation of being on the other side of a gate when you are quite well assured in you own mind that you never got there. My hold on the English language, while it is generally sufficient to enable me to convey ordinary meanings, is quite inadequate to the task of demonstrating to the reader the real situation, partly because of the total unexpectedness of it and partly because the other side of the gate at once became no longer the other side, but this side, so to speak, and the side I seemed to have vacated immediately became the other side, and I became so completely mystified that I was unable, and still retain that inability to tell which side of the gate I was on, whether this side or the other side or both sides.

Rather than involve myself in a maze of complications or contradictions I will consider the gate incident closed and pass on to the other extraordinary things that happened between the gate and the house.

Before proceeding a hundred yards I became aware of the circumstance that the various parts of the harness were melting away. The collar and hames dissolved into space, the tugs followed suit and the traces did not even leave their own name behind. Yet in spite of this the vehicle moved right along as before and turned up the winding path toward the stable as well as if everything was in its normal condition and my own hand guiding the lines.

When it came to a halt under the shed, I got out and went to bed quietly, not mentioning the events of the night to my spouse, as I did not care to harrow her feelings with such uncanny subjects.

In the morning, however, while the matter was still fresh in my memory, I told her everything that happened and expressed my determination to write a full account of the same and forward it over my signature to some scientific journal, that these strange happenings might not be lost to the world. Her only reply was to inquire the time of my arrival home and my retirement to bed. I definitely fixed the hour at 1 o'clock, which she disputed at once, and I dropped the subject, not caring for unprofitable controversy with a woman. I knew in my own mind, however, the absolute correctness of my statement regarding the hour, as I distinctly remembered having heard the clock strike no less than four times in succession. So satisfied was I that such a plain mathematical demonstration would be lost upon her, being but a woman, as I have before remarked, I did not mention it.

Later on she called my attention to the fact that the harness which I had described as having vanished into the night was in reality piled at the foot of the bed and that my clothes were hanging on a peg in the stable. This was indeed to my mind a strong corroboration of my story, but she did not so regard it and was unkind enough to suggest that when I sent my account to a scientific journal I should mention also that I had attended a banquet the evening before, given in honor of the election of a United States senator from Nevada, where more than fifty cases of champagne had been consumed prior to the time that I had been called upon to respond a to toast. I mention this circumstance as requested, although the connection between it and my strange experience on the lonely moor is not apparent to me.

In revising my manuscript I notice that it mentions the removal by the ghost of five separate wheels from the buggy, which may be regarded by some as an inac-

## MINING NOTES.

curacy. A gentleman for whose opinions I have always entertained the highest regard has suggested to me that, for the sake of lending greater plausibility to my narrative, I omit all mention of the appearance—or, more properly speaking, the disappearance—of the fifth wheel. I must decline, however, to do so as this statement is to tell the thing as it really occurred and not to fall into the pernicious habit, too common, I regret to say, with many writers of the present day, of sacrificing essential details in order to deceive the reader with a fictitious showing of plausibility.

SAM DAVIS.

## SHORT STORIES

A Toronto man, father of an unusually numerous family, was visited by a Westerner. "I never saw anything like it, old man," remarked the stranger over the cigars; "every time I come you have a new baby." "Oh, don't mind it, my dear fellow; it isn't your fault," was the quick reply.

In "Lives of the 'Lustrious," a biographical dictionary just issued in England, it is said that when Hall Caine, whose resemblance to Shakespeare is well known, landed in New York on a trip to America, he was accosted by the late Ignatius Donnelly, a stranger to him, with the words: "Lord Bacon, I presume."

Some of the late Lord Randolph Churchill's friends once tried to have Lord Salisbury reinstate his erratic lieutenant. Salisbury listened to them patiently, and then asked: "Have any of you ever had a carbuncle on the back of your neck?" "No," was the reply. "Well, I have," retorted his lordship, "and I don't want another."

The late Lord Dufferin had put on record a Sheridan story which is worth repeating. Richard Brinsley Sheridan was one day remonstrating with his son in reference to some peccadillo, and finished by exclaiming, "Why, Tom, my father would never have permitted me to do such a thing." Like lightning came the repartee: "Sir, do you presume to compare your father with my father!"

At a dinner-table in London the conversation turned on speaking. Curran stated that he could never speak in public for a quarter of an hour without moistening his lips. "I have the advantage of you then, Curran," said Sir Thomas Turton, a pompous and pretentious member of Parliament. "I spoke the other night in the House of Commons for five hours on the Nabob of Oud,e and never felt in the least thirsty.,' "That is very remarkable, indeed," replied Curran, "for everyone agrees that it was the driest speech of the session."

"Companies' Act, 1897," and Amending Acts.

Notice is hereby given that Leslie Hill, Civil Engineer, of Nelson, B. C., has been appointed the attorney for the "Hastings (British Columbia) Exploration Syndicate, Limited," in place of Herbert Edward Terrick Hautain.

Dated this 11th day of April, 1902.

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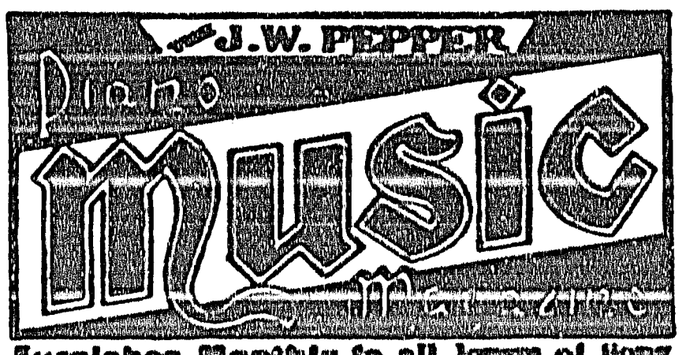


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