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THE NELSON ECONOMIST IS ISSUED EVERY WEDNESDAY. SUBSCRIPTION: \$2.00 PER ANNUM; IF PAID IN ADVANCE, \$1.50. CORRESPONDENCE OF GENERAL INTEREST RESPECTFULLY SOLICITED. ONLY ARTICLES OF MERIT WILL BE ADVERTISED IN THESE COLUMNS, AND THE INTERESTS OF READERS WILL BE CAREFULLY GUARDED AGAINST IRRESPONSIBLE PERSONS AND WORTHLESS ARTICLES.

THE present session of the Dominion Government will be largely taken up with railway matters. It is well known that the Laurier Government is antagonistic to the Canadian Pacific Railway Company, and for this reason it is believed that an effort will be made to bankrupt this Canadian enterprise to gratify the capacity of an alien horde. It will be a bad day for Canada, when Jim Hill is permitted to control the resources of the whole country and thereby enrich his associates at the expense of the Canadian people. If British Columbians are mindful of their own interests they will contest step by step every attempt on the part of Jim Hill to filch from them their birthright.

HALIFAX is said to be slow. But the council of that city is taking action toward the establishment of a shipbuilding plant. The people believe that such an industry will be provided somewhere in the eastern provinces. It is thought that wherever it is located it will be a great industry, employing thousands of men. A strong committee of the council and of the board of trade has been appointed to take up the question.

MR. J. J. YOUNG of the *Calgary Herald* threatens the publication of a biographical sketch of John Houston. We have no idea where or when Mr. Young collected his material, but doubtless the production will be a valuable contribution to the literature of the day. There is a growing demand for books of adventure

"CANADA Under British Rule" is the title of a work lately written by Sir John G. Bourinot, and published by the Copp, Clark Company, Ltd, Toronto. This work is a valuable contribution to Canadian history, and will no doubt command the same attention everything does emanating from the pen of that distinguished historian and parliamentarian. "Canada Under British Rule" deals with all the important historical events from 1760 down to 1900. To the student of Canadian history the most interesting section will be perhaps the sections devoted to "The Evolution of Confederation." This is divided into several sections from the beginning of

confederation down to the present time. It would be impossible to do justice to this work in a short review. To be appreciated "Canada Under British Rule" should be carefully studied. As a reference work in this department of literature it is unquestionably the most reliable yet issued in Canada. The work is on sale at the Canada Drug and Book Co., Ltd. Nelson, B. C.

THE temptation to abandon one vocation for another is greatly increased by the false lights in which you see other people's work and other people's circumstances. Most men prosper to their neighbors, who see only their mode of life, and their expenditures, knowing nothing of their toil or of the economy which they find it necessary to practice in private. So, too, every man's work seems easier and more agreeable than our own, simply because we see it from the outside, knowing nothing of the drudgery incident to it, the difficulty of doing it or the poverty of its results as its doer knows them. Of our own work we tire now and then, and when we do we exaggerate its difficulty and disagreeable things attending it. Its results are much smaller than we had hoped, perhaps, and we naturally assume that they are smaller than those obtained by our neighbor. We draw unjust comparisons between his lot or his work and our own, knowing our own perfectly and his imperfectly. Now it is a well ascertained fact that the profits of different handicrafts do not materially vary from one standard, and it is safe to say that there is no great difference between the net results of all the different vocations open to any one man. In other words, every man's money making power is limited by his character, his intellectual capacity, his education and his capital. These enable him to follow any one of certain vocations, and his earnings will be substantially the same whether he adopt one or another of the callings thus open to him. What the result would be if he had a larger capital, or a better education, or greater capacity, and so were fitted for some business which he cannot follow at all as he is, it is not worth while to inquire. Such as he is, he is capable of making a certain amount of money, and he could hardly increase the amount if his business were other than it is. To change, therefore from one of the businesses open to him to another which cannot pay better, it is useless in any case, and, when the change is from a calling in which the man is an expert to one in which he is a mere tyro, it is sheer folly. And yet changes of this kind are made every day by men who seriously hope to better their conditions in this way. Now and then one does benefit himself by such a change, and this fact

serves to tempt others all the more strongly. But cases of this kind are rare exceptions to a well-nigh universal rule, and when they occur at all, there is nearly always some factor involved which is not common to all other cases at all. The man has some special fitness for the new undertaking, or was in some way specially unfitted for the old; or he is a man of more than ordinary versatility; or he has entered upon his new calling under peculiarly favorable auspices; or, as is sometimes the case, pure accident has come to his assistance. Whatever the cause of his success may be, it is exceptional, and in no way effects the rule that it is always dangerous and of ten disastrous to change from one vocation to another.

MANY tradesmen injure themselves irreparably by refusing to honor drafts which are drawn upon them for bills that are due. There are few things more calculated to arouse the feelings of a wholesale merchant against a customer than to have a draft which has been honestly drawn returned to him unpaid. An account is overdue, and a statement is sent saying that unless a remittance is made before a certain date a draft will be drawn for the amount. No attention is paid to this, which the wholesaler takes as meaning that the draft will be honored; and consequently when the time allowed has elapsed the draft is drawn, only to be returned in too many cases without any remark whatever. It is not only unbusinesslike, but it is a positive insult to the wholesaler to treat his request in such a manner. Frequently the most absurd and trivial reasons are given for dishonoring drafts, such as that excessive freight had been charged or that a portion of the goods delivered were damaged, etc. But even if the excuses were well-founded, would it not be much better and more honorable to pay the full amount of the draft, notify the house of whatever rebate or discrepancy has been overlooked or whatever damage was done, and politely request an adjustment? No reputable firm would refuse to recognise such a claim. Besides prompt payment of drafts insures confidence on the part of the wholesale firm, and may stand the retailer in good stead should he find himself in an embarrassed situation.

THE *Calgary Herald* is not wholly satisfied with the mining laws of British Columbia. An editor who buys gold bricks can scarcely be regarded as an authority on mining legislation.

THE Provincial Legislature meets to-morrow at Victoria. Nothing has transpired to indicate the legislation that is likely to be brought forward by the Government, but whatever may be undertaken it is particularly desirable that there will be no tinkering with the mining laws. The outside world is becoming acquainted with the mining laws of British Columbia as they now exist, and any changes will only breed uncertainty in quarters where it is least desirable to do so. We have had enough of

changes in the mining laws, and if this industry is to be fostered and developed sapient legislators must experiment on something they know more about, and where they can do less injury.

THE addition of a policeman to the Nelson city force is timely and necessary. Many streets are absolutely without police protection, and heretofore it would take a search warrant to discover an officer when required.

REV. R. B. BLYTH, who lectured here a few weeks ago on "The Boer War" will act as chaplain at the opening of the Provincial Legislature to-morrow.

THE Greenwood smelter has made its initial run, and the inhabitants of that enterprising mining camp are being congratulated on the success attending the operation of the new smelter.

THERE appears to be a little friction between the city council and the police commissioners. With persistent fanning the flames should develop into a fire of some dimensions.

MR. H. B. GILMOUR, one of the representatives of Vancouver in the Provincial Legislature, is successfully playing the roll of mischief-maker. It is evident that Mr. Gilmour's association with Mr. Martin has impregnated that gentleman with all the narrow prejudices of his leader.

THE chief of the Victoria fire brigade has resigned his office. Chief Deasy was a scientific fire fighter, and Victoria may go a long distance before it finds a man to completely fill his place.

THE *Vancouver Province* publishes the first verse of a poem by Miss Eunice E. McKenna, of Nelson, which, it says, has received the enthusiastic commendation of Mr. R. A. Renwick, of the *Nelson Tribune*. We would not like to pass judgment on the whole poem, but it must be confessed that if the one verse before us is taken as a fair sample of the rest, nothing in the way of poetry yet produced in the Kootenays approaches Miss McKenna's delectable verses, if we may except D. R. Young's delightful sonnets.

The *Greenwood Times* pays its respects to Rossland as follows: "The union of Rossland and the Boundary, for either judicial or political purposes cannot be justified. The districts are so situated that any such union is bound to work a hardship on the Boundary. So long as Rossland holds the balance of power so long will Boundary be neglected in the legislature and placed at a disadvantage in all questions of litigation which may arise. Rossland should fight its own battles without sacrificing the Boundary. The Boundary district or rather

Southern Yale from Cascade to Keremeos should be made a county with a resident county court judge. This district is of sufficient importance and has sufficient business within its boundaries to justify such a course. Because Rossland is not strong enough to travel alone is no reason why the Boundary should be continually sacrificed."

THE Chief of Police of Vancouver has sued the *Province* for libel. The *Province* remarks that, "They are saying now that Vancouver's Chief of Police is all right. Every thug and thief in town will admit that he is a perfect gentleman."

THE ECONOMIST is pleased to note evidences of prosperity in the daily newspapers of the city. The *Miner* has recently added four columns of boiler-plate to its already interesting columns, and in other respects shows gratifying signs of improvement.

THE solution of the mining problem is the building of refineries. The British Columbia mining industry has been altogether too long at the mercy of foreign manipulators.

ROSSLAND hockey players may be all right when they play the boys from Revelstoke, but when they meet the Nelson team they simply cut no ice.

AN exchange draws attention to the invention of a Philadelphia citizen. It is an adjustable carstrap, that will fit long arms and arms of medium length. As it hangs in the car it is at the height of the ordinary carstraps, but for persons of small stature these are often too high, and under these circumstances it is difficult as well as disagreeable to be compelled to stand. This strap can be lowered to suit their desire by simply releasing or unhooking the centre slide, which causes the loop to drop about eight inches. It is very strong, being made to stand the weight of heavy travel. The entire slide is one continuous piece of steel inlaid and riveted to walnut wood, at the end of which is a leather hand strap. Aside from the convenience to the public, it can be made a source of revenue to the railway company by using the frame at the top of the strap for advertising purposes. The street railway has ever been mindful of the rights of strap-holders. There is a goodly supply of straps in every car in the company's service, and we have no doubt the company will be quite willing to further increase the comfort of its patrons by introducing this latest device in straps.

THE *Victoria Colonist* replying to the query of the *Times*, "What if there were no K. O's?" says, it would be easier on the typesetting machines for one thing, by lessening the demand for "caps." There is a tradition that it is not *comme il faut*, and things like that, for gentlemen of the legal profession to advertise. Of course the use of K. C. or Q. C. after a lawyer's name, whenever it appears in print,

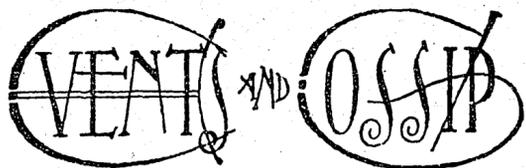
is not advertising. Certainly not. Perish the thought! But how would it do for the rest of humanity, who have obtained, by years of study, and after searching examination, the right to put certain initials after their names, to insist that the newspapers should use them? Also if it is right that whenever John Smith, who happens to be a physician, is named in a paper, the initials M. D. should follow his name, or in the case of John Brown, a lawyer, K. C. should be used, why should not John Jones, who keeps a general grocery, insist upon G. G. being appended to his name, or John Robinson of gents' furnishing goods fame, demand the initials G. F. G., which, by the way, would be a fine mouthful? You remember the story of how, when the gallant militiaman was made corporal, the children asked: "Daddy, be we all corporals?" and the mother answered: "No; only Daddy and I are corporals." Why cannot we all be corporals and fling to the breeze, so to speak, initials telling all the world how we make our living?"

THE explosion which took place last Friday in the Cumberland mine adds another to the long list of mining disasters of recent years, and further emphasizes the great risk attending the hazardous occupation of mining.

THE *New York Tribune*, dealing with profits obtained in the mining industry, says: "The mining industry has paid more dividends, compared with other industries, than any other business known. Compare the profits of mining with 156,000 odd miles of railway, with the aggregated liabilities of nearly \$10,000,000,000, then you will see which pays the best. Under the wing of mining there exists some of the safest and most profitable of businesses. Take for instance the twelve great smelting companies—the mineral pawnbrokers. The smelting companies that do a strictly custom business show absolutely and unquestionably larger profits than any other industry in America. I know of instances where capital invested in smelting companies has been turned over five times a year, and each time the margin of profit has been over 20 per cent. of the entire amount handled; they take no risk; simply buy the raw gold and silver in ore, at a reduced price, extract their cost of treatment and pay the miner a residue. It is a business where the principal is absolutely safe."

JOHN L. SULLIVAN, the Boston pugilist, says of King Edward: "Albert Edward is a man easily put at his ease. He was polite to me, and as respectful in meeting me as any man I ever dealt with." Testimony of this character from so high an authority should inspire the British people with confidence in their new king.

THERE is a proposal to introduce the decimal system in England with the new coinage.



AT one of the many dancing parties held recently. I devoted a few minutes to observation. Really, it is strange how many changes have been rung in on the terpsichorean art of recent years, but I doubt if these departures have been altogether in the way of improvement. What motion conveys so much poetry as the stately minuet of our forefathers? Certainly none found in the dances of this day and generation. But I did not go to scoff. Indeed, I saw much to please and admire. There are many good dancers in Nelson, and others who might be better. By the way, I hear that His Worship the Mayor is becoming a regular attendant of the ball-room, and when free from the cares of office delights in the mazy waltz. This is matter for congratulation, for previous mayors of this up-to-date city were nothing to boast of as dancers. Of course, ex-Mayor Neelands knew a whole lot about waltzing, polkas and the two step, but I never heard that John Houston was anything more than an indifferent dancer at best.

It is believed by some ladies that women who take really good care of themselves stand the wear and tear of life quite as well as men. I really believe that it is a fallacy to imagine that wives break earlier than husbands. As a correspondent says, the trouble all arises from gross carelessness. From early girlhood till marriage they think no details too elaborate, no lengths too far to go in setting forth the fresh loveliness that is theirs by right. But when the honeymoon and first year have slipped by, it requires some courage to keep up the high standard set by love's young enthusiasm. After the lover is lost in the devoted helpmeet, she must then maintain a perfect physical condition from a sense of duty to herself. In the humdrum severity of the best married lives, most women come to believe that John has ceased to notice the sheen of her hair, the smoothness of her lips, or her figure's symmetrical proportions; as long as she is sweet, serene and sympathetic, keeps the house well and brings up fine sons and daughters, he cares for nothing more. Never was a greater mistake indulged in to the future woe of hundreds of excellent wives. During the period when women are busy in the nursery and filling the office of mother, men are engaged in earning bread and butter and solidifying their financial positions. These years are absorbing and full of activity. They admit of little reflection, and flash by so quickly that half their life is gone before the fact is realized. Then comes the day of reckoning when the sons and daughters have flown the parent nest, the house-keeping goes by clockwork, and John's office regulates itself and needs merely perfunctory supervision.

It is at this critical period that, with leisure and money to command, John finds time to contemplate the lady by his side. He no longer rushes off from a hasty breakfast and returns too tired for aught but food and sleep. Now the thrifty money maker is ready to enjoy the store he has been at such pains to lay up, and is very observant of his partner. Naturally, he objects to a fat, lumbering, round shouldered, coarse skinned companion. All the sentiment of his youth rises up to protest against this rough haired, red handed person identifying herself with the pretty girl he married 25 years ago. She is his wife, and a good one, therefore he does

love and respect her; but pride and tenderness are put to the test when she waddles, pants, develops a triple chin, and screws her dull, grizzled locks into an uncompromising twist. His brother James carries a lovely woman on his arm, who is at least five years older than Maria, and has raised three more children. Why is her rounded figure in handsome proportions, her white hair silky and curled, she never looks apoplectic, and it is a positive pleasure to press her smooth fair hand. He dimly remembers during the busy period hearing Maria inveigh against the vanity of her sister-in-law. Those constitutional walks in all weathers, baths, manicuring, pedicuring, shampoos, and restrictions in diet. Maria said then that no good could come of it, but her prophecy must be at fault, for beauty was certainly the result. Thus John, the quiet, dutiful husband, rebels silently, but it does not take long for a woman's quick perception to ferret out such matters and bewail her lost opportunities.

My old friend, Oscar C. Bass, has been telling the people of the East what the British Columbians think of them. No man in this Province is better qualified than Oscar to express a free and unbiased opinion on this subject.

All the signs point to a moral reform wave in Nelson in the near future. It appears to me that this struggle between the godly and Satan should not be precipitated till the return of John Houston from the coast.

It is not every man who knows his position in life. Some aspire to govern who are only able to serve, and in rare cases we find those serving who are well qualified to govern or lead. A man who can direct and who is yet content to follow the leadership of others is doing himself, his family and his associates a great wrong in remaining in obscurity. On the other hand, a man who cannot direct and who aspires to the management of affairs is doing the business community a great wrong on account of the cost of his experiments and was this the remark of a veteran in business some time since; "Show me a man who can direct men, who can always select men adapted to different purposes, and I will show you a man who can do anything to which he aspires." When we look over the great industrial and commercial enterprises, the banking houses, the insurance companies, and so on to the end of the chapter, we are impressed with the idea that at the head of each there is one particular man who is able to select subordinates intelligently, and who is able to adequately direct the special business to which his time is given. Without these governing or directing minds these great enterprises would not exist.

There are men who date their reform from the condition of the never-do-weel from the moment when somebody gave them credit, remarks an exchange. Many a young man needs but the steady influence of somebody's confidence and of the same sense of responsibility that such confidence begets in the right nature. The population abounds with men, particularly young men, who do not feel it incumbent upon them to save any of their earnings. They use their money to dress themselves, hire livery rigs, go to every description of entertainment, and after doing this thing for probably ten years they have no surplus to begin life seriously with. If some one could persuade them to put by a little each week in a savings bank it would be a philanthropical act and

one of public as well as private benefit, for each individual man of thrift is a factor in public and national progress.

But there are many people who cannot be reached by any appeal based on abstract considerations. They require something more tangible to enlist their enthusiasm. There is a well-defined difference between types of men who are wasters that may be reclaimed. One can be led to save by an inducement that is entirely prospective. He is persuaded to lay aside money for a year because a lot of land then is coming on the market that can be got hold of for a small initial payment, and somebody urges him to hoard up for it. Another spend-thrift has not the will to keep on denying himself and accumulating for something ahead of him, and before a month is gone by the good intention dissolves, and his money is squandered. But probably the same man would have kept on economically if the object were retrospective, if he had been trusted with something and had been drawn into an engagement to pay so much per month. That engagement supplies what his will lacks, that is authority, and the young man submits to it.

Honestly it is not a fault in either of the supposed cases. With one an object gained is an incentive, with the other it probably would not, he though an object of pursuit would be. It is a matter of common remark that some men work earnestly and honestly to get money to pay for dead horses, but have not the enterprise to keep on earning, that they may have money in hand to buy live ones when they need them. Thus debt is the only thing that will make some men save money. They do not earn to buy, they earn to pay. Such people have to be trusted by traders, and they are worth trusting.

The meeting of the Nelson Library association this evening will be a most important one and should be largely attended.

The late Sir Joseph Barnby was noted for his capacity for smart repartee. The following is said to be a true story:

A young contralto who is already known for her very fine voice was engaged at a Handel concert which Sir Joseph was conducting, and in the course of rehearsal she was singing one of her solos. At the end of the solo she put in a high note instead of the less effective note usually sung. This innovation from so young a performer shocked the conductor, and he immediately asked if Miss — thought she was right in trying to improve upon Handel.

"Well, Sir Joseph," said she, "I've got an E, and I don't see why I shouldn't show it off."

"Miss —," rejoined Barnby, "I believe you have two knees, but I hope you won't show them off here."

Now that a precedent has been established for the use of the Irish language in the British House of Commons, it is understood that Ald. Madden will in future address the city council in the expressive vernacular of the ancient Irish.

The Georgia Minstrels cannot visit Nelson, the railway fare from Spokane here being too great to permit the trip being a profitable one. This is another evidence of the avarice of Jim Hill's grasping monopoly.

The return of Mr. Garden for Vancouver does not come in the nature of a surprise. It only adds another nail to Mr. Martin's already well decorated political coffin.

P. G.

TWO JOSEPH'S—A COMPARISON.

Analogies are interesting, and if not pushed too far may be instructive.

In days of yore there was a youth called Joseph. Everyone whose religious education has not been neglected has heard of Joseph. He was a dreamer of dreams, and withal much stuck on himself. First of all, he dreamed that he and his brethren were binding sheaves in a field, when lo, his sheaf arose and stood upright while the sheaves of his brethren stood round about and made obeisance. The next dream he had went even further, for he thought the sun and the moon and eleven stars bowed down to him.

Such were Joseph's dreams, which he told to his father and brothers. Not a bit flattering to himself, were they?

Now, Joseph was Jacob's favorite—the best beloved of all his children. As a token of pleasure, Jacob gave him a coat of many colors—he singled him out for distinction, unmerited distinction, as all the other boys thought. They didn't believe that he should have been singled out for distinction at all; and neither he should. His conceit was unbearable.

So one day they caught him and clapped him in a hole, and there they kept him till he was sold to the Ishmaelites. It was hard on Joseph, but one could hardly blame the other boys. Joe's mishap almost broke the old man's heart. He was never the same afterwards.

Here in Canada we have had another such a case. Another Joseph set himself up above his brethren, dreaming vain dreams, and expecting the sun and moon to bow down to him. The old gentleman in whose hands the authority of the once happy family lay made a pet of Joseph; hearkened to his dreams, and gave him a mark of distinction to which the elder boys thought he had no right. So they caught Joseph and stripped him of the fine feathers in which he had been strutting about. They were without mercy. Like his namesake, of old, he is now in a hole—said to be good and deep. He has not yet been turned over to the Ishmaelites, but the fringing-out process will doubtless take place in due time. And they do say that the old man takes it all very much to heart and is not likely to get over the blow.

Just here it might be safe to bring the analogy to a dead halt. For the Joseph of ancient times went down to Egypt, and after various adventures, amongst which was a famous one with the wife of a gentleman called Potiphar, got a corner on all the wheat in sight and was eventually able to make his brethren go down on their knees before him good and hard. 'Twould be a sore disappointment to the brethren of our Joseph if history should repeat itself, and such a sorry thing as Joseph's ascendancy should ever come to pass. But who can tell? Joe may look for his Egypt—he has tried nearly every part of his own country already. So long as he finds an Egypt far enough away, no one will begrudge him the prosperity that may come through resisting Potiphar's wife and other virtuous deeds.—*Zeta, in Toronto Saturday Night.*

Some disappointment is felt that Nelson is not likely to be represented on the British Columbia lacrosse team likely to be sent to Australia. Nelson could send several players equal to any to be found on the coast, and as the whole Province is to be asked to assist in paying the expenses of the trip there seems no good reason why the representation of the team should not be equally as widespread.

A Puff of Wind.

HE opened his front door with a latch-key and let himself in. It was blowing hard outside, and as he held the door ajar a puff of wind rushed in. It was a strong capful, and it swayed the curtains and fluttered the long leaves of the hardy palm in the parlor archway. Then it caught up a bit of note paper that lay on the little table in the hall and whirled it away beneath the book-case in the corner. The man who was entering did not see this fluttering note. He shut the door quickly and turned about.

"Nellie! Oh, Nellie! Where the deuce can she be?" he muttered. "Never left me like this before. What did she take with her?" He opened the clothes closet of the bedroom, and looked at her garments hanging in an orderly row. He let his hand fall lovingly on the familiar folds and pass down them with a gently smoothing pressure. Her dresses seemed so eloquent of her presence. Was she hiding behind these dangling frocks? He poked his way into the closet, up one side and back on the other, but no Nellie was concealed within its limited area.

"Funny," he muttered again. "Seems to be gone without a word. Wonder what she did with her jewelry?" He thought he knew where she hid it when she went away, but he didn't. At least, it wasn't there.

"May have taken it with her," he murmured, and stopped short. The idea was an ugly one. "You're a fool, John Austin!" he said, and scowled at himself in the glass.

There was a pleasant aroma arising from the interior of the dresser. It seemed a part of her. There were two of her hair-pins lying on the dresser top. He picked them up carefully and laid them on the little china dish where a dozen or more of their brothers were stretched at full length. Her old shoes lay beside her low sewing-chair, small and slim. He knew she had gone in a hurry. She would never have left this mark of untidiness if she had not been pressed for time. But what could have drawn her away from home so suddenly?

John Austin was not a thoroughly well man. He had worked too hard; he was nervous and irritable. Evening after evening he had come home and unloaded into his wife's keeping as much as he could of his burden of daily vexations. For the first time in their eighteen months of married bliss, his wife had left him without a word of warning.

He came slowly down the stairway, and dropped himself into a big chair in the library. His eye wandered about the apartment. It was growing dusky outside, and the books about him were dim and misty. He shook his fist in a sudden fit of frenzy at the tiers of volumes.

"She's been reading harmful books," he sputtered; "Ibsen and Maeterlinck, and who knows what all? They are dangerous and degrading. They corrupt the soundest mind with their pessimistic sophistries. What's this?" He picked up a newspaper clipping from the table, and, lighting the gas, read it aloud:

"The souls of women knock sometimes at the bars of convention, of tradition, of marriage, and clamor for freedom—even if it be the briefest of respites. Sometimes when they least expect it the desire to fly grows strong upon them, and they are ready to throw down all that is at hand and strike out holdly in the direction of the luring voice. Who can blame them? Do you blame the captive brutes in the arena for beating their breasts sore against

the cruel bars that cut them off from the delights of liberty? All women have the same instinct. It flares out at times when least expected, and the woman goes forth heart-hungry and longing, too, for that blessed boon that men call—and monopolize—freedom."

John threw the clipping down.

"Absolute rot," he snarled. Then he quickly said: "And she must have been reading it just before she started out." His voice sank on the last words; then he briskly added: "Don't be a fool, John. Everything will come out all right. You know it will. Here you are worrying over what is probably a trivial incident. Be a man."

Nevertheless, his hand trembled when he picked up the obnoxious clipping and tossed it into the wastebasket.

He leaned back in his chair, and taking out a cigar, lighted and smoked it.

He thought of the first time he saw Nellie; of how little he imagined she would become so dear to him; of the gradual growth of love; of the day that he asked her to be his wife. Queer that he had never gone over the romance before. How vividly it all came back to him. And this was the first time he had recalled it. He had been too busy to think of such trifles. Trifles! Too busy to think of aught save his own plans and hopes and ambitions. Had his wife no hopes and plans—no ambitions? Was her life so indissolubly linked with his that she was individually effaced? He had never asked himself this question before. It was time it was asked. How supremely selfish he had been! He had never recognized the fact until now. He passed his hand wearily over his forehead. He wasn't well. He had the blues. He needed a strong bracer. He went to the sideboard and poured out a half-tumblerful of whisky. He picked it up. Then he pushed it back. It seemed cowardly. Why should he be afraid of his thoughts? He remembered, too, how reproachfully she always looked at him when he drank. He knew it was a temptation he ought to avoid, and yet her reproachful glances never stopped him. He would laugh at her, and drink in a spirit of bravado.

He went back to the big arm chair in the library. What confoundedly disagreeable companions a man's thoughts can be! They come uninvited, and they haven't the grace to leave when they find they are not welcome. Did Nellie ever sit and think? She had plenty of time for it—much more time than he had. Did she look back as he had been looking back? Did—did she regret?

A great many people had admired Nellie. All the men who knew of his domestic affairs considered him a very lucky man. He took their compliments as a matter of course. He felt complacently that this was complimentary to his good taste and his admirable home discipline. Fool!

There was one man in particular, his friend, whom he had reason to believe had loved Nellie, and would have made her his wife. He was a fine fellow, a popular man, and he was worth a good deal of money. He would have made life easier, perhaps happier, for her. He contrasted himself with this man. Was there any possible balance in his favor? And yet Nellie had preferred him. Was it love, or was it pique? Did the occasional sight of this old admirer ever arouse regret?

He got up slowly and looked at the clock. He had been dozing and dreaming for he knew not how

long. It was past midnight. He would go to bed. She certainly wasn't coming home. Besides, she had her key.

He turned off the gas and went up the stairs, slowly and wearily. He felt old. When he reached their room, he did not light the gas. He knew that every object in the apartment would remind him of her.

When he was in bed, he stretched his arm slowly and tenderly across the vacant place beside him, and fell asleep.

He awoke with a subtle odor in his nostrils, faint, yet pungent—a delicious odor. He sat up quickly. It was broad daylight, with the sun pouring through the window, over which he had forgotten to draw the shade. He looked about. No, Nellie had not come home.

"John, John, you lazy boy! It's eight o'clock, and the coffee is getting cold."

Was that her voice, or was he dreaming? Can you dream the odor of coffee? He dressed in a wild hurry, and then added the finishing touches more slowly.

She was at the foot of the stairs, her face beaming, her eyes sparkling.

"Hello, Johnie," she cried.

"Hello," he answered, and stooped to meet her kiss.

"Miss me?"

"Yes, a little."

"That's right. Where did you get your dinner?"

"Dinner?"

"You great goose, I don't believe you had any! Did you miss me as much as that? But you'll enjoy your breakfast all the more. Of course you got my note?"

John started slightly.

"Of course."

"Why, what's this by the bookcase? Here's the note now. A puff of wind must have blown it from the table where you dropped it. There, there; sit down. You'll find your butterfly wife hasn't forgotten how to cook. How's the coffee?"

"First class," answered John, with a great gulp.

"Thank you, dear. You see, Mabel sent for me in such a hurry I just had time to scribble that note and jump in the carriage. And, oh, John, they've got the sweetest little girl baby there you ever saw! And, John, do you know, Mabel wouldn't let me out of her sight for a moment; just clung to me and didn't want anybody else near her; kept me holding tight to her hand for hours and hours. It touched me deeply, John. I never dreamed Mabel cared so much for me."

He looked up. Her bright eyes were full of tears.

"Can you blame her?" he asked, with a lame attempt at jocular. Then he added, "Been up all night?"

"Yes," she answered. "I couldn't get away until Mabel fell asleep. But I hope I don't show my late hours as you do, John. You look quite bleary."

As he went down the street to the car a little later he felt quite as bleary as he looked. He had passed a hard night, and he hadn't the marvelous recuperative powers of his wife. He was irritable and angry at himself.

"Confound that puff of wind," he said.

SHORT STORIES

A pretty story of Queen Victoria's visit to Ireland in 1842 is told. As the yacht approached the extremity of the pier near the lighthouse at Queens-town, where the people were the most thickly congregated, and who were cheering enthusiastically,

the Queen suddenly left the two ladies-in-waiting with whom she was conversing, ran with agility along the deck, and climbed the paddle box to join Prince Albert, who did not notice her until she was nearly at his side. Talking his arm, she waved her right hand to the people on the piers. She also ordered the royal standard to be lowered in courtesy to the cheering thousands on shore. Lord Clarendon said: "There was not an individual in Dublin who did not take as a personal compliment to himself the Queen's having gone upon the paddlebox and ordered the royal standard to be lowered three times."

The Archbishop of York forms the subject of an interesting sketch in *The Lady's Realm*. Dr. Maclagan, like the Primate of All England, often travels third class, and on one of his journeys about the diocese the archbishop found himself in a railway carriage with two drunken men. One of them complained that he had been robbed of a five-pound note, and was determined to search the pockets of his fellow passengers.

"I began to feel rather uncomfortable," says the archbishop, "as I happened to have a five-pound note in my pocket. However, I determined to sit quietly and feign sleep. Presently came the challenge: 'I say neighbor,' but I made no answer.

"Then the man grabbed me by the arm and shook me violently, but I did not wake up. He kept on shaking, but still I remained impassive.

Then his friend interfered with, 'I say, Bill, leave him alone, can't you! He's drunker'n you are!'"

Crowfoot, the last great redskin chief of Canada, the head of the Canadian branch of the powerful Blackfeet tribe, was once interviewed in my presence by a deputation of ladies. He was a splendid man, kingly in every respect. He looked like the portraits of Julius Cæsar. He had commanded his nation in the days when the red Indians were the undisputed rulers of the best and biggest part of a continent.

When the white women came to interview him he was seated in a railway sleeping car upon a spotless white blanket stretched over a bed. He wore eagle plumes in his long jet hair. His coat was a huge bit of jewelry, being entirely covered with beads—snow-white, with a blazing sun worked upon its back and an elaborate design in colors upon its front. His two half-trousers were also of white beads, as rich as ivory or silver, patterned in blue and red. His mocassins were such that a collector would give fifty dollars for them to-day. It was all I could do to lift this royal suit of clothing when I saw it afterwards lying upon the ground in his tepee.

As the three white women advanced towards him he threw from his face the sober expression which he usually wore, and smiled his welcome to them. I have always said, since I knew the red man in the waning splendor of his glory, that no more perfect gentleman has ever been created, and this little anecdote will help to prove my words.

"Are you married, Crowfoot?" one woman enquired.

"No."

"What? Not married? Did you never have a wife?"

"No; not any wife."

"Oh, do tell us why! Is it possible so brave a man does not like women?"

Crowfoot had always been a woman-hater, but far from saying so rude a thing, he replied, after a moment's thought:

"Never any woman have me."

MINING NEWS

The Ruth mine has suspended operations.

Development work on the Pathfinder has been resumed.

The St. Eugene concentrator started up last Thursday.

The 800-foot diamond drill on the Cariboo is nearly completed.

It is significant that very little importance is attached to the Chapleau troubles here.

Prospects are bright for a lively season in mining in the Similkameen district.

Last pay day, the Dominion Copper Co. and the Miner-Graves syndicate paid out \$40,000.

A number of strong mining companies will be operating in the Fort Steele district next season.

A rich strike was made the past week on the Sallie, near Beaverton. At the 100-foot level a 4-foot ledge was crosscut. The ore is high grade, running up into the hundreds of dollars in gold and silver.

At a meeting of the shareholders at Vancouver the directors were empowered to complete the sale of the Britannia mine on Howe Sound to Bewick, Moreing & Co of London, England, for \$750,000 cash within three months.

Elliot & Lennie, legal advisors to the Chapleau Mining Company, received a cablegram from the company's head office in Paris, France, stating that all their obligations in connection with the Chapleau would be met. The men's wages were paid on the 15th inst.

The *Silvertonian* reports the first of what promises to be a long series of deals in Silverton property this season. It was closed this week, C. C. Bennett of Vancouver, representing a large syndicate, having secured a bond on the Prescott group. The owners are N. F. McNaught, who has a one-half interest, J. A. McKinnon, Hugh Brady and F. H. Barlett.

Following are the ore shipments received at the Trail smelter for the week ending February 16:

	Tons
Centre Star.....	1850
War Eagle.....	752 $\frac{1}{4}$
Iron Mask.....	58 $\frac{1}{4}$
B. C.....	602 $\frac{3}{4}$
Sullivan.....	400 $\frac{1}{4}$
St. Eugene.....	16 $\frac{1}{2}$
Minitor.....	20 $\frac{1}{2}$
Payne.....	58
Minnesota.....	40 $\frac{1}{2}$
Arlington.....	20 $\frac{1}{2}$

Total.....3565

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

	Tons
From Bosun Landing	
Bosun.....	140
From New Denver	
Hartney.....	60
From Silverton	
Hewett.....	390
From Enterprise Landing	
Enterprise.....	60
From Sloean City	
Arlington.....	480
Two Friends.....	40
Black Prince.....	20
Bondholder.....	20

Total..... 1210

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