

NELSON ECONOMIST

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

THE Provincial jail at Nelson has long since passed that time when it might be regarded as a secure place of detention for convicted law-breakers. For the past year or two, prisoners have escaped from that institution with a most alarming degree of frequency. Indeed, it has become a theory with law-breakers that the Provincial jail is nothing more than a place provided by a beneficent government wherein they remain just as long as they like, and leave without the discharge provided by other houses of detention. We do not know where the blame lies in this matter, but it is certain that an investigation should be made at once to discover the cause.

WE have no desire to unnecessarily harrass the city fathers in the matter of financing the municipal ship, but at the same time we cannot refrain from drawing attention to the necessity of expending a few dollars on the street crossings. The approach of the muddy season demands early consideration of how best to accomplish this great work of public improvement.

THE decision of the council to effect no change in the salary of the mayor is open to criticism. The affairs of the city have now reached that proportion when they demand the constant attention of the mayor. Of course it is not to be expected that a gentleman with the varied interests of Mr. Fletcher can give his whole time to civic affairs at great personal sacrifice. We have not the slightest doubt that the difference between the time the mayor will be able to devote to his office at the present salary, and the time he would be able to give with an increase in salary, would result in financial benefit to the city. A penny wise and pound foolish policy is just as much to be deplored in the conduct of city affairs as it is in the private business of the tradesman.

THE *Ottawa Citizen* believes the appointment of Sir Cavendish Boyle to the governorship of Newfoundland should be viewed with satisfaction by Canadians, at least by such of them as look forward to the day when the Dominion shall attain its

full orb by the incorporation of that important colony. The constitutional powers of a governor are pretty well defined by this time and his limits are somewhat circumscribed; but there are so many ways in which without violating the constitution such a high officer may influence the policy of a colony, or, indeed, of this Dominion, that it is well for those who looked forward to the admission of Newfoundland into the Confederation that Sir Cavendish may be depended upon not to prejudicially affect its consummation. There is every reason why Newfoundland should cast in her lot with Canada and enjoy the blessings of prosperity which have followed in so marked degree the wise policy originally promoted by the Liberal-Conservative party of Canada and later appropriated by the now dominant party.

THE appointment of Mr. Robert Lemon to the Wardenship of the Provincial jail will be a cause for congratulation with that gentleman's many friends. Mr. Lemon was a friend of the Kootenays at a time when friends were most needed. He expressed his faith in the future of Nelson in the most practical manner, but fortune was not kind to him. His appointment, therefore, only comes as a just reward. That he will make a capable official, THE ECONOMIST has not the slightest misgiving.

THE Gaelic Society, of New York, which is composed entirely of Irish Catholics, will remove the remains of Samuel Neilson, a Presbyterian patriot of 1798, from the rural cemetery at Poughkeepsie, N. Y., where they have rested for seventy years, to Glasnevin cemetery, Dublin. He was editor of the *Belfast Northern Star*—the organ of the United Irishmen—and escaped to America after being arrested and condemned to death by the British government.

OF course, it is not always safe to judge the acts of a government by what is foreshadowed in the Speech from the Throne, but this much may be said of the document read at the opening of the Legislature—it was a speech that augured well for the business interests of the country. So far, the Dunsmuir government has kept its credit with the people, and as the future may safely be regarded as a continuation of the past, no fear need be felt as to the undertakings of the present government.

MEDICINE and surgery have taken such rapid strides during the last century in the prevention and cure of disease that we can hardly be too extra-

vagant in our expectations of good work which is destined to be accomplished in the similar directions in the corresponding period to come. What may now seem to be mere fairy tales will then be demonstrated facts. It is not all improbable that the next generation will match the most brilliant discoveries of the past with the still more astonishing ones which are waiting the development of the future. After ether, chloroform, aseptic surgery, the microbe, and the Rontgen ray nothing seems impossible.

Before 1847, when the new anæsthetic sleep was discovered, patients who were to be subjected to the ordeal of the knife were strapped to the operating table, and the most powerfully benumbing drugs failed to assuage the dreadful agonies they were compelled to suffer. Now the sharpest steel has lost its sting, and pain is robbed of its old-time victory. It is only within the last twenty-five years that surgery has made its triumphant departure from old methods, and the wonderful possibilities of modern asepsis have fully asserted themselves. With finger upon lip and with gaze ahead the genius of progress bade the world listen and then came back the echo—listen. Now every hitherto forbidden region of the body is within safe and easy reach of the daring blade and skilful hand. The resulting wounds, no longer the gateways for poisoning microbes, are sealed as if by magic, without ache or throb, leaving behind the thinnest scars of speedy and perfect healing. The entire scientific world is still blinking at the glare of the new light with which Rontgen has associated his name. It comes to us with new laws for new domains and opens a visual pathway through even solid flesh. The present systems of cure will be as strange to the next century as the former ones are to us. A century ago almost every disease was treated by blood-letting. Now we strain a point to preserve and revivify every drop of the life giving fluid. And so with every like remedy now long out of vogue. The microbes of cancer, or scarlet fever, measles, and smallpox are yet to be discovered. The incurable disease must be lessened in number, the diagnosis of maladies by blood tests is yet in its infancy, and many of the laws of epidemics are awaiting better demonstrations. The treatment of anti-toxins must also expand itself to compass other ailments than diphtheria, and even insanity must prove its organic cause and down the poetic fiction of the incurability of "mind diseased." All this and more for such as live after us when the present generation shall be beyond the reach of envy and past the opportunity for praise. From our present outlook it would appear that very much will be done in the direction of disease prevention as well as in the amplification of the newer methods of cure. Many of the maladies now considered to be past hope will have their remedies. Consumption is already giving such a promise, and cancer is simply waiting its turn. Bacteriology has found the microbes of tuberculosis, of typhoid fever, of diphtheria,

cholera, and the plague, and may yet associate every other disease with its own specific organism.

DURING the year 1900 there were 8,275 murders committed in the United States, an increase of 2,050 over the number committed in 1899. In other words during the two years ending Dec. 31st last, there were 14,500 murders, a far greater number than was killed in the Spanish American war and the insurrection in the Phillipines. It should also be borne in mind that those killed in battle voluntarily accepted the chance of death and that those who are murdered have no chance in the matter.

THE present unsatisfactory service over the line running between here and Spokane is an evidence of the esteem in which Jim Hill holds the rights and privileges of the people.

THE facility with which DeWet escapes Lord Kitchener is only paralleled by the ease with which prisoners evade the vigilance of the Provincial jail officials.

THE entertainment in aid of the public Library tomorrow evening at the Opera House should be well patronized. The object is a most deserving one and commends itself to all who desire to maintain a creditable library in Nelson.

THE request for assistance for the wives and families of the men who perished in the Cumberland mine explosion should be responded to with alacrity by every municipal council in British Columbia.

It is worthy of more than passing note that the Nelson hotels have been crowded for the past two weeks. It portends an unusual number of visitors the coming season.

A CONTEMPORARY truthfully remarks that there are men who enter on the mercantile life with a confidence in their own honor and their own judgment which they believe will scure them from all risk of self-deception and keep their integrity unsullied through every transaction of the year. They do all things which are not dishonest because they are successful, but which would bring lasting disgrace upon them if they proved unfortunate. If it were possible to conduct a business on the scriptural principle and "owe no man anything," the delicate shadings of commercial honor which arise in our modern trade would be largely avoided, but so long as the bulk of our transactions are based on credit, the temptation to put the best foot forward, to exaggerate our own financial ability, to assume risks which involve others rather than ourselves, to over-trade and to speculate, will lead multitudes to the verge of fraud into which not a few of that number will plunge rather than abandon the excitement and the notoriety which their heavy operations bring.

with them.

The exaggeration of our financial responsibilities is a mild form of vice which crystalizes into crime when the confidence man in turn bubbles us out of our hard earned cash, for we, like him, obtain the property of others through the confidence which we falsely stimulate, and our reputation hangs upon the issue of failure or success. If we are unsuccessful and lose the goods which are entrusted to us, it becomes apparent that we were never justly entitled to them.

The assuming of risks which involve others rather than ourselves is the natural outgrowth of a credit system. Under the influence of average ambition credit no longer seems to be considered as a matter of facilitation of business, but as a means by which the amount of trade which a man's capital could really cover may be done on the means of another. So long as the valves are kept well inside the risks which involve ourselves, so long are we doing an honest business; but when a possible decline might wipe out all our own value in the investment, and encroach on that which we have secured from others, then we are doing a dishonest business, and while success may seem to justify us, we are below the standard of commercial integrity, and an unfortunate termination would expose us to open condemnation.

There are some plain rules which we would like to impress upon the minds of readers: First, no man can honestly risk the money of others in ventures which they are ignorant of; second, no man can obtain credit by making false representations and yet be dealing honestly; third, it is not honest to do business loosely, since you may be misrepresenting your responsibility through ignorance of your finances, and while you are going deeper into the mire every day, be dragging others with you.

The credit system makes the seller in some measure the partner of the buyer until the goods are paid for, and the buyer is not dealing honestly with the seller if he neglects to care for the goods or to use his best exertions to dispose of them at a profit, so that every idle hour which a dealer spends away from his legitimate duty may be dishonesty toward himself, his family and his city correspondents. Ninety cents on the dollar produced by carelessness or sloth will make the sellers actual though unwilling partners in the loss, while prompt payment in full, insured by diligence and thrift, will make them partners in the gain to the extent of their regular profit.

This is only one side of the question, for there is a wide field for fraud in every counter sale, but there is no danger of mistake in the simpler act of selling at retail; he who misrepresents in that branch knows just what he is doing and can make his own calculations as to whether the self-respect which downright honesty would bring with it would not be better than the petty profit realized by misrepresentation. We have touched on the more complex side,

and will feel glad if we have made the high ground of pure commercial integrity any plainer to any of our readers.

HARRY BENTLEY of Fernie, must be little short of an orator, when he can persuade certain citizens of Nelson that they should espouse the cause of Jim Hill against a railroad that at least has the merit of being a Canadian enterprise.

AN investigation to inquire into the causes which led to the discharge of Policeman Kerr, is to be held. As THE ECONOMIST knows nothing of the merits of the case, it refrains from expressing itself one way or the other.

As the business of the corporation of Nelson increases in volume, the inadequacy of accommodation at the city hall becomes more apparent. Indeed, it is absolutely impossible for the officials to give proper attention to their work, surrounded as they are most of the time with a crowd of visitors. Moreover, the books of the corporation are hourly in danger of destruction. What is there to prevent a drunken prisoner in the cells beneath the council chamber from starting a fire that would soon consume the city hall and all its contents? If it were within the means of the city it would be wise to erect a new building, but in the present state of finances, it would be better to construct an addition to the building now occupied, which would not cost over \$3,000, and which would not interfere with the erection of a more commodious structure in time to come. In the new addition an absolutely secure vault might be placed, so that the records of the city would be safe in case of fire. This, we believe, would be the better plan, and surely no fault could be found with the council for spending a mere trifle, when the compensating advantages are considered.

ON the coal question, the mine owners appear at present as a house divided against itself.

MIGHT it not be worth considering whether Jim Hill is not going to use South Kootenay coal fields as a club to fight the C. P. R.?

MEN who talk about billions of coal often overlook the value of small potatoes—when they are scarce.

PUBLIC issues develop peculiar traits in various communities. Tuesday evening witnessed a collection of Nelson's business and mining men quarrelling with their own bread and butter. Is Jim Hill building up Nelson and the Boundary country; or the Canadian Pacific Railway? Might not the citizens of Nelson, by interfering with the "bone" in this fight get their own fingers bitten?



THE world is made of atoms. Every thing great and grand in nature is about the aggregation of infinitesimal parts. All magnificent effects are the concentrated result of numerous causes. Things that appear trivial may be so important that without them there can be no such thing as a completed whole. There is nothing, therefore, unimportant. Success may hinge upon a smile, and prosperity hang upon a word. This being the case, mannerism must be a factor in the success of human effort. If upon the utterance of one sentence depends the peace of a nation, and if the mere saying of "yes" or "no" is the turning point of human life, it certainly behooves all men to guard their speech as well as their conduct. Nor must it be taken for granted that speech is always expressed in verbal language, for there is often an eloquence in the glance of the eye, or an impression to be gained by the expression of the lips that carry a weight that no spoken language could convey.

I have no apology, therefore, to offer for referring to a peculiar character that we all meet every day, and who unconsciously brings himself into contempt, even if he does not make himself disliked. I refer to the man who sneers. There is no muscular action the lips are capable of that conveys as many meanings, and certainly none that conveys any meaning more odious. A sneer may be defined as the smile of defeat; the grin, of inferiority; the grimace, of envy; the facial evidence of ungenerous thoughts. Every definition will be the true one.

The clerk who is guilty of sneering is guilty of intentional wrong to his employer. A customer will excuse a mistake, or perhaps overlook a harsh word spoken under the influence of provocation or excitement, but there is that in the covert sneer that so arouses his contempt, that he never cares again to come in contact with it. I am in receipt of a letter from a lady protesting against the employment of clerks who are so ill-mannered as to gather together in groups and whisper, while throwing glances at those who are at the counter making purchases. She states that while she cannot knowingly charge the clerks with discussing anything about her, or her attire, she feels impressed that way, and the pleasure of her shopping trip is spoiled. It may be claimed that such customers are supersensitive, but whether they are or not, is not to be taken into the question. They visit the store for the purpose of purchasing supplies; they have been urged by the merchants to call there, and have a right to expect and demand the most courteous treatment. The head of the firm, it is safe to say, would not be guilty of such breach of decorum, nor is it likely that it would tolerate it if it came under their notice. The employee who is so thoughtless or rude in his manner as to cause pain or offence, works, an injury to his employer that is often irreparable.

Even if the effect of a sneer was only such as to prove the sneerer contemptible by nature or by instinct, and to set him down as a thing to be avoided, it would be bad enough, but this is not all. The man who will sneer will smirk. Those who will take advantage of a petty power they may possess, or of a fancied superiority to hurt the feelings of those they do not believe can hurt them in return, will cringe before those who occupy a more exalted position. They are sycophants, and bend the knee with fawning whenever they think they can gain

anything by it, and are petty tyrants whenever clothed with a little brief authority.

A sneer is never seen upon the lips of fair-minded men. It is impossible for a strong, determined man to use such a weapon. It is the exclusive weapon of those who are more envious than ambitious, and who foolishly believe that they can add to their strength by an attempt to make others weak. A physiognomist needs no better index of character than the proposed sneer. Show him the person who believes it to be a weapon of offense and defense and he will pronounce that person to be weak, jealous, vindictive and teacherous. And the physiognomist will not be mistaken in his calculations one time in a hundred.

A well-known Nelson physician has a very precocious little girl, two years old. The other day the child was in her father's office when the latter was giving medicine to a female patient. When the patient had departed, the little girl interrogated the doctor: "Papa, was that woman ill?" "Yes," answered the father. "Did you give her medicine, papa?" "Yes," said the fond parent. Then, waiting a few minutes, presumably to give the medicine time to operate, the young miss said: "Well, papa, will the woman be dead yet?" This question still remains unanswered, but the doctor is telling the joke on himself.

One of the features of the present controversy as to the wisdom of granting a charter to Jim Hill, is the division in the ranks of the mine-owner. During the meeting at the Board of Trade rooms last Monday evening, Mr. J. J. Campbell, a thoroughly representative mining man, made certain statements which could not be controverted by the champion of Hill. Mr. Campbell has the reputation of being a man who knows what he is talking about, and I would rather take his opinion on this subject than that of almost any other man in the mining community. But so far, he has not succeeded in convincing the other mining men of the error they are making at the present time.

I cannot say that I am a most enthusiastic admirer of the work of recruiting young men for police work in South Africa. While the integrity of the Empire was assailed, it was just and proper to rush to the aid of the motherland, but the sending of policemen to South Africa is another question. Canada has paid out large sums to encourage foreign immigration, and why should we hasten to send men out of the country. A native Canadian, knowing the conditions prevailing here, is worth more to the country than half-a-dozen ignorant, pauper immigrants from Europe. I feel rather pleased that in this belief so high an authority as the *Canadian Military Gazette* entertains the same opinion. In its issue of February 19, 1901, it has the following:

"According to *The Army and Navy Gazette*, of London, Eng., usually one of the best-informed service journals published in the United Kingdom, the basis of all applications for membership in the South-African constabulary is taken to be that 'those sending in their names desire to settle in South Africa after service with the force.'

"Such has been strongly suspected in Canada, although the authorities have taken the utmost pains to conceal the fact from the public, and *The Gazette*, after reading the article referred to in our English contemporary, is more strongly than ever opposed to the action of the Canadian militia authorities in encouraging the virtual deportation

from our country of a large number—for us—of the best settlers obtainable anywhere in the world.

“As has been said on several previous occasions, this journal is not by any means opposed to sending men to fight the Empire's battles, if they are required for that purpose, but in this instance it is not even pretended that such is the case, the statement being that they are required for doing police duty in the conquered country, the ultimate aim and object, doubtless, being at the expiration of their three years' term of service that they will be induced to settle in Africa, to the exceeding great detriment of the Dominion.

“In this connection it may be said that the Government of New South Wales, being evidently better seized of the facts than ours at Ottawa, have emphatically refused to permit an Imperial officer to recruit for the force in that portion of the Empire, and *The Gazette* is of opinion that recent developments justify the course.

“Let all who desire to join the force of their own volition do so without throwing obstacles in the way, but to cajole and encourage men to enlist is not fair to the land we live in.”

One of the best geographical sayings was Lord Dufferin's, who, when the master of Trinity and others were discussing the question whether the Homeric geography could be trusted, remarked: “Homer must have been a good geographer; he was born in so many places.”

P. G.

A THRILLING TALE.

The word “thrilling” has been used so often to describe adventurous tales, that its real meaning, and much of its power, seems gone; yet it all comes rushing back when coupled with the story “Patroon Van Volkenberg,” by Henry Thew Stephenson. (Toronto: The Copp, Clark Company, Limited).

The reader fortunate enough to find in his hand a copy of this fascinating book, does not sigh, with Omar for

“A jug of wine, a loaf of bread,
—And thou”

but finds any place a “paradise” while “Patroon” lasts; and has much remaining joy in the book itself, with its beautiful color-illustrations.

The story thrills and thrills; and as one page succeeds another, the reader is kept breathless—wondering what can possibly happen next, wondering indeed, what is left to happen.

The stirring scenes are laid in that interesting and little known period in the history of New York, when the Dutch Patroons were at the height of their power, when Captain Kidd sailed the sea and merchants of the little town trafficked openly with the buccaneers.

Van Volkenberg is the author's hero; but the reader will readily give much of his allegiance to Michael Le Bourse, teller of the story; Michael who was so brave, and who claimed to be a follower of Honor; yet, when Love and Honor strove in the field, how he cheered for Love, and how humanly did he stake his all upon that struggle!

We have extracted passages here and there which will give a hint of the story's style. The first shows what a vigorous protector Ruth had in Michael, familiarly known as “Vincie.”

“Oh, Vincie,” she sobbed. “It was so hard.”

An angry tremble shook me as I thought of her harsh treatment; then I recalled the threat the landlord had made in my hearing.

“What did he mean when he said that he knew what he could do when he was in earnest?”

“Do not think of that,” she answered softly. She was always so forgiving. “It is all past now.”

“Tell me what he meant,” I continued fiercely. “Did he ever dare to—?”

“Hush, Vincie,” she murmured, putting her fingers over my mouth; but I shook her hand down. “He—must I tell you?” she continued with hesitation, not wanting to anger me further. But I insisted that she should speak out. “Well, he beat me once,—but not hard. What are you going to do?”

I sprang to my feet and took two steps toward the gangway; then Ruth was at my elbow. She gripped me by the arm.

“What are you going to do?”

“Never mind what I am going to do. Let me go.”

Then comes the difficulty when Michael finds himself between his high sense of honor and an apparent duty to avenge the wrongs to Ruth.

“Michael,” she said, putting her hand upon my shoulder, “you hesitate and I am ashamed of you.” Her hand moved along my shoulder until her fingers played upon my neck. “I said that I saw no mark upon the body. What if there were prints upon her neck?” At that instant her iron fingers closed on my throat with a grip that made me cry out.

“Hush, fool,” she said fiercely, relaxing her grip. “I am not going to choke you; but her throat was delicate and you know how it feels.” Then her manner changed. She spoke quickly and looked towards the candle. He said he branded her. Perhaps he did. It was night when I looked at her body. One cannot see plain by night. Perhaps he did after all. Did you ever see a person branded? Smell, Michael, smell.”

She thrust her right hand into the candle flame.

“For God's sake!” I cried, trying to snatch her hand away.

Stop she cried in a terrible deep voice. At the same moment she caught my rescuing hand and held it in a vise.

“Smell, this is what it is like to be branded.”

A spell seemed to take hold of me. I had no power to move, but stood still watching her finger scorch in the tall flame. Once I saw it tremble, but she bit her lip and grew steady again. The flesh began to shrivel and then—my God! I caught that horrible stench of burning flesh.

“Stop,” I shrieked.

“O Ruth, Ruth, how I pity you in your pain,” cried my mistress, who held on, enduring that bitter agony to make me succumb to her will.

Then the sickening smell came again stronger than ever.

“Ruth, Ruth, Ruth! The bloodhound! Stop. I'll go, I'll go. Oh my God, my God, my God!”

I threw up my hands with horror and shut my eyes upon a terrible suggestion of that cruel sight. Lady Marmaduke bent close to me and spoke in my ear.

“Methinks I can hear her scream in agony. God how she must have suffered!”

My mistress told me afterwards that I groaned and reeled backward. I should have fallen had she not caught me by the arm. In a moment the passion spent itself and I was sane once more. But the temptation of that smell had prevailed against the prompting of my conscience. I determined to run the risk. My life if it must be! Yes, my life, but his too.

This book is for sale by the Canada Drug and book Co., Ltd, Nelson.

His Last Invention.

RALPH GARDON strode moodily up and down his workshop, which was littered with the odds and ends of machinery which represented the ruins of a hundred castles in the air. He was always inventing, was Gardon; always spending nights over the manufacture of some wonderful machine or other which was to revolutionize the world and make him famous, only to find after all his labor some irremediable flaw in his plan which rendered the completion of the machine an impossibility or prevented it working.

He gazed around him on the gaunt skeleton in wood and brass of past hopes and clinched his hand fiercely.

"A failure! Everything in my life is a miserable failure!" he cried aloud as he paced the floor.

It was not the breakdown of an ordinary invention, however, that wrung the bitter words from him. He had grown accustomed to waking in the morning with an idea worth millions in his head and going to bed at night with the knowledge that it was not worth a million match sticks and had become quite philosophical over the failure of his plans for money making. But this time it was a different arrangement that had broken down, an arrangement by which the inventor hoped to make himself a home and children, and the mainspring, in the shape of Deborah Dene, the woman he loved, had failed him. In this clinched hand he held the letter she had sent him abruptly announcing that she wished to break off their engagement.

There was a revolver lying on the inventor's bench which had thrice had its bright barrel pointed toward his forehead, but three times the man's purpose had failed him at the decisive moment.

The fact of his cowardice added to the man's irritation against himself.

"I fail in everything that would make life worth living and cannot even kill myself, he went on in his despairing soliloquy. "Must everything I try prove a failure?"

He took up the revolver once more with sudden determination, and, holding the barrel between his teeth, pulled the trigger. There was a click, but nothing more. He had forgotten, after all, to load the thing.

He had failed once more to kill himself, and the nervous shock he had experienced had made it impossible for him to repeat the attempt. He must think of something, he told himself, which would make the last act easier for him. He was determined on suicide and had committed himself by informing Deborah of his intentions, but when the single movement of a finger was in a moment to make all the difference between life and death his physical courage deserted him and his finger became powerless. He must prepare some plan for killing himself in which the exact moment of his death would be decided by chance or the action of machinery.

The idea pleased him by suggesting the need of invention, a need which his mind was always ready to meet, and he set himself with a melancholy pleasure to think out the details of a killing machine which should fulfill all the requirements. Death must be painless and instantaneous, of course, but must act at a different moment from that at which the victim took the decisive action which would make his fate certain and unchangeable. He drew out a plan rapidly, making rough sketches of the mechanical details on the back of Deborah Dene's fatal letter.

Then he went down to his forge on the floor below and worked hard at the manufacture of the instrument he had invented. It was finished by midnight, and in a grim sort of a way Ralph Gardon was proud of his work.

The invention was in the form of a dynamite bomb which would explode by the slow action of an acid eating through a barrier of cement. One of his past failures had left him with the dynamite on his hands. It was inclosed in a carefully welded iron case joined strongly, so that once the case was closed it could only be opened by the exercise of considerable force. It was connected as strongly to an iron chain which the inventor fastened around his waist, joining the two ends with a Yale padlock. When he had locked it, he laid the key on his anvil and with a stroke of his hammer beat it out of shape.

To get away from his anvil and tools, with the chance they still offered him of changing his mind and breaking the chain round his waist, as well as to save the empty house from needless injury, the inventor put on his hat and walked out into the country road that stretched in front of his lonely dwelling.

He walked along rapidly, anxious, while his determination remained firm, to place as great a distance as possible between himself and any chance of undoing his handiwork. There was not a soul abroad, of course, at such an hour, and Gardon had no fear of injuring anybody but himself by the explosion that now he was expecting every moment. When the road took him near any habitation, he made a wide circuit to keep it outside the range of the dynamite bomb round his waist. With the same thoughtfulness for others he stopped when, after about half an hour's walk, he caught sight of the figure of a woman approaching him. He was like a man with the plague, whom it was dangerous to approach, and Ralph was about to turn precipitately and get out of the woman's way, when something in her figure struck him as familiar. The night was a moonlight one, and in the middle of the road where she was walking it was as clear as noonday. A second glance told him that his suspicion was right. It was Deborah Dene hurrying along the road.

In the complete surprise of seeing her in such a spot at such an hour the thought of his invention went clear out of his head. It was due to go off any moment now, but Ralph was so astonished that he certainly forgot its existence.

He hurried forward.

"Deb," he said, "what are you doing here?"

For answer the girl threw her arms round his neck and burst into tears. She had hurried as fast as the train could bring her to him immediately on receiving his letter with its hint of suicide, and had walked from the nearest station, three miles farther up the road, expecting to reach his house only in time to find him a corpse. She sobbed for five minutes on his breast without being able to speak a word in the relief of finding him alive.

The letter which he had received and which she was supposed to have written she had never heard of except through his reproaches. It was a forgery, no doubt, concocted by some spiteful acquaintance of his or hers to ruin their happiness. She loved him with her whole heart and soul, she sobbed, and could never dream of giving him up.

It seemed to poor Gardon, who loved her more than his life, that the gates of paradise had opened.

To find that all the mental agony through which he had passed had been without cause or basis made him feel the happiest man in the world.

It was actually not until he clasped his sweetheart in his arms with every doubt and suspicion removed that the consequent pressure of the bomb against his flesh reminded him how in a few minutes at most it would blow him to atoms.

* * * * *

This story was told to me as true by a friend of mine who knew the interest I take in the subject of suicide. He stopped when he had reached this point in his narrative, as if it was concluded.

"And were they both killed?" I asked, with interest.

"Oh, no. They were married shortly afterward. Gardon gave up trying to invent from that night and became pretty successful when he found his real forte—tale writing."

"But the bomb?" I asked. I was not interested in the man's subsequent career. My friend pretended to look surprised.

"My dear fellow, you don't think a machine could possibly work when Ralph Gardon had invented and made it!"

SHORT STORIES

An amusing story is told of how once in London the late Earl of Portsmouth grew impatient at the slow pace at which his cab was proceeding. Thrusting his head out of the window, he roared at the cabman in his unsubdued Devonshire voice to proceed. The man answered abruptly that the streets were crowded. "Crowded, bless my heart, man—clear the road. I'm the Earl of Portsmouth!" The cabman laughed disbelievingly. "You may be Lord Portsmouth in Devonshire, sir, but you ain't Lord Almighty up here!" A quick retort that touched His Lordship's sense of humor.

A funny story about Miss Marie Corelli comes from Stratford-on-Avon, where that mystic novelist has been living opposite a young ladies' school. It appears that in this school are many pianos, daily practice upon which by the pupils has been excessively damaging to Miss Corelli's nerves. Driven to desperation, she wrote to the principal of the school, asking that when pianoforte practice was going forward the windows might be kept closed, as the noise interfered with the progress of literary composition. To which the schoolmistress replied that if the noise would prevent the composition of another book like the "Sorrows of Satan" she would order a half dozen more pianos.

Apropos of the Algerian conjurors, who apply hot metal to their bodies without suffering, it is explained that, if only the metal is sufficiently hot, this can be done with perfect security, and the following story gives a case in point. When the Prince of Wales was studying under Sir Lyon Playfair, in Edinburgh, the scientist, after taking the precaution to make him wash his hands in ammonia, to get rid of any grease that might be on them, said: "Now, sir, if you have faith in science, you will plunge your right hand into the cauldron of boiling lead and ladle it out into the cold water which is standing by." "Are you serious?" asked the pupil. "Perfectly," was the reply. "If you tell me to do it, I will," said the Prince. "I do tell you," rejoined Playfair, and the Prince immediately ladled out the burning liquid with perfect impunity.

Mrs. H. M. Stanley, when Miss Dorothy Tennant, used, with artistic freedom from prejudice, to pick up her models anywhere in the street, and one day Mr. Gladstone, an old friend of her family, met her leading a young and picturesquely ragged crossing-sweeper to her home in Richmond terrace. "Who is your friend?" he enquired; and, by the way of reply, Miss Tennant introduced her protege to the Grand Old Man, who patronized the boy on his road to church every Sunday thereafter. On reaching the house in Whitehall, the lad gazed admiringly at the liveried servant who opened the door, and then asked in a whisper: "Miss, why does your big brother wear brass buttons?" Having seen that he got a good dinner from the cook, Miss Tennant asked the boy how he liked it. "Proper," he responded heartily. "Yer mother do cook prime."

Alma Tadema, the famous artist, one day received a visit from his Belgian confrere, Ferdinand Knopff. They discussed a certain picture by Van Eyck, which Knopff professed greatly to admire. Alma Tadema also knew the picture well, and was very fond of it. "But I think," said Tadema, "that I can enlighten you as to this canvas in a way which will cause you much surprise." Knopff seemed sceptical, and Tadema then continued; "On the window sill, in Van Eyck's work, lies an apple, and there are two oranges on the table. The apple can be seen in the mirror, but the oranges, which ought to be visible, Van Eyck has forgotten, someone having probably eaten them during an interruption in the task." Knopff told this story soon afterward to Sir Edward Burne-Jones. The latter laughingly replied that there was nobody shrewd enough to make such discoveries except one person, and that his name was Alma Tadema.

A clergyman of the "bon vivant" type once gave his congregation a dramatic surprise, which was quite unpremeditated, by turning what might have been a scandalous revelation of his own ungodly pursuits to excellent homiletical account. He had been surprised by a call to the pulpit whilst in the midst of an exciting game of cards, and not wishing to lose the advantage of a particularly good hand which he held, proposed to his friends that each of them should pocket his cards as they were, and resume the game as soon as he had delivered a short address to the flock. But as ill luck would have it, while hurriedly ascending the pulpit stairs, the whole of his treasured cards were jerked out, and fell to the floor in full view of all the people. A dull man might perhaps have given up his saintly character. Not so our witty priest. After an introductory prayer, he called a boy from among the worshippers, and bade him pick up the first card he came to. "What is it called?" was the inquiry. "The Ace of Spades," promptly replied the boy. Another boy was called to pick up the other card, which he unhesitatingly declared to be the King of Spades, and so on, until all the cards were picked up. Then each boy was rapidly asked a question from the Catechism, and, as the wily priest had surmised, not one of them could give a satisfactory answer. Whereupon the indignant priest turned sternly upon the parents of the boys and denounced them for imperilling their immortal souls of their children by bringing them up in such a fashion that they were well acquainted with every card in the pack, and yet absolutely ignorant of the simplest elements of their religion.

MINING NEWS

The Dominion Copper Co. is working on the Standard claim

Operations have been resumed on the Corinth mine, near Three Forks.

Ninety tons of ore was shipped last week by the Arlington.

Work will be resumed on the Noble Five in a few days.

Ninety tons of ore were shipped from Slocan City last week.

The Madison and Sovereign properties have been closed down.

The Canadian Goldfields has secured an option on the Black Prince.

The Whitewater will not ship ore for some time.

The Emma mine, in Summit camp, has begun sending out about 100 tons daily to the Standard smelter.

Satisfactory reports are received as to the development work now going at the Brooklyn and Stemwinder.

It is said that operations will be suspended on several mines until the smelter capacity at Grand Forks has been increased.

The Republic Group, consisting of four claims on E in Mountain near Slocan City, has been sold to C. Dempster of Rossland.

The *Paystreak* says the Reco in the intermediate tunnel is looking better than ever before. As soon as circumstances will permit shipments will be resumed of the high grade ore that made the Reco-Goodenough famous.

It is stated that \$9,000 has been received from one car of ore shipped recently from the new strike at the Reco.

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

	Tons
From Bosun Landing	
Bosun.....	160
From New Denver	
Hartney.....	100
From Silverton	
Hewett.....	420
From Enterprise Landing	
Enterprise.....	80
From Slocan City	
Arlington.....	600
Two Friends.....	40
Black Prince.....	40
Bondholder.....	20
Chapleau.....	15
Speculator.....	10
Total.....	1485

Following are the ore shipments received at the Trail smelter for the week ending February 23, as reported by the Trail Creek News:

	Tons
Centre Star.....	2720 1/2
War Eagle.....	1044 1/4
Iron Mask.....	78 1/2
B. C.....	965 1/4
Sullivan.....	302 1/4
Ka-lo Group.....	9
Ivanhoe.....	30 3/4
Goodenough.....	26 1/4
St. Eugene.....	16 1/2
Monitor.....	37 3/4
Payne.....	20 1/4
Pontiac.....	37 1/2
Enterprise.....	21 3/4
Arlington.....	19 1/4
Total.....	5854 1/4

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 EX. SUN. } Greenwood, Midway, etc.
 9.00 } Train for Slocan City, Slocan }
 EX. SUN. } points, and Sandon.
 16.00 } Steamer for Kaslo and Interme- }
 EX. SUN. } diate points.
 18.40 } Train for Rossland, Nakusp, }
 DAILY } Revelstoke, Malmo Line and Pa- }
 cific Coast points.
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