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THE ECONOMIST.

VOLUME VII. NELSON, B. C., SATURDAY, MARCH 5, 1904. NUMBER 40 39

News of the Mines

LARDEAU MINING NOTES.

Camborne Miner.

Over $8,000 was paid out in Camborne this week to the employees of the Eva and Oyster mines. The Calumet & B. C. Gold Mines, Ltd. and the Great Northern Mines, Ltd. being the companies operating these properties. Camborne, in consequence, has been quite lively, and the business men feeling in a better mood than they have for some time.

We do not think that there is a town of our size and age in B. C. that can boast of a monthly pay roll of over $8,000, and has as much work in progress in its immediate vicinity as Camborne. In addition to the large force of men employed at our working mines, there are several lumbering camps which give employment to several hundred men, and also help to swell the monthly pay roll. It is safe to say that about $15,000 is the amount of money distributed in Camborne and vicinity monthly.

Taking into consideration that this amount is being disbursed at what is considered as our dull season, it can readily be seen that when the snow disappears and operations are in full swing, the pay roll of Camborne and vicinity will bear comparison with any camp in British Columbia.

BOUNDARY MINING NOTES.

Phoenix Pioneer.

Joe Taylor is developing the King claim in Summit camp, for G. W. Rumberger, and he is getting ore.

About a thousand tons of ore monthly are said to be shipped from the Jumbo, in Rossland, to the Granby smelter.

The copper matte from the B. C. Copper Co.'s smelter at Greenwood, is now sent to the Tacoma smelter for bessemerizing.

The Granby converter at the smelter, which has been running single shift for a while, was started on double shift again this week.

The second large Farrell crusher from the Jenckes Machine Co., Sherbrooke, Quebec, is due to arrive at the B. C. Copper Co.'s works any day.

At the Rathmullen, Summit camp, a force of three men has been working under Foreman Scrafford. This force, it is said, will be increased shortly.

A shipment of five cars daily is now being made from the Oro Denoro to the Granby smelter, under the contract recently entered into with that reduction works.

Trouble has been experiened lately by the pipe line, that supplies air for the No. 4 Granby tunnel, freezing up. It is once more in shape, however, and the long bore is steadily growing longer.

It is stated that W. L. Hogg, of Montreal, has arranged to shortly begin operations on the Arlington-Burns group, near Greenwood, and that negotiations are in progress for reopening the Bruce claim, near Midway.

Three parts of the Nordberg blowing engine, each weighing 18,000 lbs., have been placed in position at the B. C. Copper Co.'s smelter at Greenwood, it being arranged to be operated by either steam or electricity.

At the Senator, Summit camp, which was bonded and is being worked by the Granby smelter, shipments are being made from the old Rathmullen spur at the rate of about one car daily. The ore body opened up is proving to be larger than anticipated.

No word has yet been received locally as to the date of the postponed meeting of the Snowshoe shareholders, to ratify the amalgamation agreement with the British Columbia Copper Co. As soon as it does come, operations are expected to be resumed at the Snowshoe with the least possible delay.

SLOCAN MINING NOTES.

Slocan Drill.

The Rambler has reduced its working force.

Slocan ore shipments are close to 2000 tons.

F. Stocks has disposed of an interest in his lease on the Chapleau.

The owners of the Argentite fraction have suspended operations.

Sandon mines last week shipped 287 tons of ore, or 2235 tons since the first of the year.

Larger magnets have been installed at the Payne mill, increasing the quality of the zinc product.

Silver-lead mineowners are preparing plans to enlarge and improve the market for their product.

The C. P. R. has checked zinc shipments to Belgium by insisting on the prepayment of freight rates.

Slocan mineowners are in luck, as the C. P. R. announces a reduction in freight rates on zinc ores consigned to Iola, Kansas, from $11 to $10 per ton, which will increase the net profits to the shipper. Coming so soon after the reduction in the through rate to Belgium, it evidences an intention of the railway to help the zinc industry. It is now up to the mineowners to do something.

Boundary Ore Shipments

The following table gives the ore shipments of Boundary mines for 1902 1904, and for last week:

	1903	1904	Past Week
Granby Mines, Phoenix	393,718	91,860	12,600
Snowshoe, Phoenix	74,212		
Brooklyn, Phoenix			
Mother Lode, Deadwood	130,492	26,136	3,872
Sunset, Deadwood	15,731		
Morrison, Deadwood	3,339		
B. C. Mine, Summit	19,365		
R. Bell, Summit			
Emma, Summit	22,937	5,155	99
Senator, Summit Camp	363	1,372	284
Oro Denoro	15,527	7,945	891
Winnipeg, Wellington	2,435		
Golden Crown, Wellington			
Athelstan, Wellington	5,643	2,992	132
King Solomon, W. Copper			
No. 7 Mine, Central			
City of Paris, Central			
Jewel, Long Lake			
Carmi, West Fork			
Providence, Providence	919	110	
Elkhorn, Greenwood	499	110	
E. P. U. and Goldfinch	167	100	
Ruby, Boundary Falls			
Miscellaneous			
Total, tons	684,426	135,437	17,858

EVENTS AND GOSSIP

The Tourist Associations of the coast are already making preparations for the forthcoming season. Everything that can be done to induce visitors to the coast cities is being done, and a successful year is anticipated. It is felt by many in Nelson and the surrounding towns that a start should be made at once in the Kootenays to second the efforts being put forth at the coast. Tourist travel has been found to yield a large revenue in many of the cities of the east, and here nature has provided us with everything that is required by the tourist, and it seems a pity that we are not doing more in the way of taking advantage of our opportunities.

Every newspaper in the Province has had a good word to say of Mr. L. P. Duff, K. C., who was recently elevated to the Bench. The following is a sample criticism and is from the Vancouver Province: "The choice is a particularly happy one, as it adds to the judiciary of the province another man whose mental and physical powers are at their height, and who may therefore confidently be expected through many years to occupy the Bench with ever-increasing acceptance. As one of the keenest legal minds in British Columbia, with, did he desire to remain at it, the prospective leadership of the bar before him, Mr. Duff will be missed by a large and increasing clientage, but his elevation to the judiciary will not be less gratifying to the people generally because he has decided to devote to their benefit as a judge the abilities which he has so signally developed as a pleader."

The St. Patrick's society of Nelson will observe the anniversary of Ireland's national saint, by giving a banquet at the Queen's Hotel. The banquet will not begin until 10 o' clock, so as not to interfere with another entertainment to be given at the Opera House on that evening. The committee having the matter in hand promise a successful gathering of Irishmen and Irish-Canadians.

C. Dell-Smith, of the Ymir Mirror, has been in the city this week, trying to set the machinery of the law in motion against the men who have boycotted his paper in Ymir. He claims that he has accomplished his purpose, and that in a few days the second chapter in the history of the great boycott may be sent to press.

"Why Smith Left Home" is a comedy much on the order of "What Happened to Jones," and the company producing it is the same as gave the former piece here a few weeks ago. The play has something that might be mistaken for a plot but it has any number of humorous situations and succeeds in making people laugh, which was probably the author's design in writing it. The parts were well taken, and Mr. Walker in sending the company here has established another credit for himself with the theatregoers of Nelson.

The Aaron Johnson company will repeat "Jack o' Diamonds" at the Opera House to-night. This company was seen here the first two nig hts of this week in the above play and "Hazel Kirke."

The Supreme Court sittings in Nelson have adjourned and Chief Justice Hunter has returned to the Coast.

Dispatches in the Russo-Jap war dated here a day ahead of the date existing is accounted for by the fact that the meridian at London 0° is where time is set at mid-day and 180° W. L. which falls about the centre of the Pacific, will at the same time be midnight, consequently the day begins there.

Minnesota young women are pursuing an aggressive leap year policy. They have petitioned the governor of that state to have the law amended compelling young men to accept leap year proposals.

The Nelson hockey team again defeated the Rossland players last evening, the score being 2 to 1. A large number of Nelson citizens went over to Rossland and cheered the boys to victory. The game is said to have been one of the best yet played this se ason, and much credit is awarded Bishop and Thompson for the hard work done throughout the match. The Rosslanders will play Nelson at the rink Monday evening.

It is alleged by the Conservatives and not denied by the Liberals that the Dominion election will not take place for one year. One thing is certain, the Liberals have ceased issuing campaign literature and organization work has also stopped. So well satisfied are eastern Conservatives that there will be no election for a year, that campaign work has been suspended.

The Ladies' Social Club, of Kaslo, will give a grand ball on the evening of St. Patrick's Day.

T. G. Procter returned last evening from Victoria, where he attended the convention of the Provincial Mining Association.

HOW THE NEWS COMES.

The general run of news of the war between Russia and Japan does not come to this continent by the Pacific cable as many suppose, says the Winnipeg Tribune. While the cable across the Pacific would seem a shorter and more direct line to the seat of trouble in the Far East, it is a fact, nevertheless, that the war news reaches America by the longer line through Asia, Europe and the Atlantic ocean.

The interesting war news is telegraphed to this country across 15,000 miles of ocean bed. A despatch from Nagaski, in Japan, travels under the eastern sea and lands in China near Shanghai. Then the me sage is sent southward around the China coast to Hong Kong, 945 miles distance. Thence it dives under the China sea to Saigon, in Anam, a distance of 951 miles. From Saigon it crosses the bed of the sea to Singapore, 629 miles. Then it passes through the Malacca strait to Penang, 398 miles, and plunges westward through the Nicobars and under the Bengal sea to Madras, a distance of 1,398 miles. At Madras the message goes by land until it reaches Bombay. Then it dasses beneath the Arabian sea to Aden, 1,850 miles, up the Red Sea to Alexandria, 1,534 mil s, under the Mediterranean to Lisbon, thence to London, across the Atlantic to America. Each word cabled from the seat of war costs 65 cents. That is the reduced rate for press messages, while private messages are three times larger.

All the telegaaph lines in Japan are owned by the Japanese Government and censorship of messages is, therefore, easy. At Nagaski messages are transferred from the Japanese Government lines to the Great Northern company, a Danish line, and accross the sea, either to Shanghai or Vladivostock. From Vladivostock the line runs across Siberia to Libau, on the Baltic. Nearly all the American press messages however, take the southern route, in spite of the fact that the Russian Government has given assurance that messages through Siberia and Russia will not be interfered with.

Local and Provincial

At Kamloops, 29 Chinamen have been arrested for playing fan tan.

C. W. Busk's ranch, on Kokanee creek, has been leased by a Chinaman for five years.

Ed. Baillie, of Poplar, passed through Nelson Wednesday returning from a business visit to Rossland.

Mrs. Thomas Ward, who has been Montreal for several months, returned to Nelson Tuesday evening.

W. B. Pool has secured an office on the north side of Baker street, just east of the Dominion Express Co.

Commencing Tuesday last the high and public schools opened in the morning at 9 o'clock instead of 9.30.

Bruce White and J. Magee left this week for the east by Spokane in the interest of the Spyglass Mining Co.

Thursday the steamer Kaslo brought in a car of ore for the Hall Mines smelter from the Empire mine near Bear lake.

The annual general meeting of the Kootenay Lake General Hospital society will be held in the Board of Trade rooms Tuesday afternoon next.

J. A. Dalton, who has been in the city during the past week representing the Queen Cigar factory of Sherbrooke, Quebec, left for the east to-day by the Crow boat.

The heavy fall of snow of the past few days is something unusual for the month of March in the Kootenays. There is a greater depth of snow now on the ground than at any time during the year.

Norman Carmichael, manager of the Highland mine, near Ainsworth, was in the city this week looking after a shipment of 200 tons of concentrates sent from that mine to the Hall Mines smelter.

J. C. Nesbitt, of Trout Lake, has sold a property near Poplar Creek.

L. K. Larsen and I. G. Nelson, delegates to the Provincial Mining Convention, held at Victoria, have returned home.

W. B. Cochrane, police magistrate at Grand Forks, who has been in Nelson during the past few days, left for home this morning.

A general meeting of the Kootenay Fruit Growers' Association will be held on Saturday March 12 in the Board of Trade rooms.

Two cars of ore from the Ruth and one from the Whitewater were brought down by the steamer Kaslo to the Hall Mines smelter, on Monday.

The residents of Poplar expect a large influx of visitors during the next few months. Just now the snow is too deep for active mining operations.

The Nelson Hardware Co. has removed to the building formerly occupied by J. H. Vanstone as a drug store, corner of Baker and Josephine streets.

A wealthy Australian who owns a large sheep ranch in that country is in Victoria at present enquiring into the chances of success for a woollen factory in British Columbia. It seems that the C. P. R. steamers offer very low freight rates for wool from Australia, and a factory established in Victoria could easily compete with Eastern factories, particularly for the market of Manitoba and the North-West Territories.

After an absence of ten years from Cariboo, P. H. Peeler has returned to investigate some mining ground in the Forks of Quesnel district. From 1890 to 1893 he prospected that part of Cariboo and now intends to examine certain placers more carefully with the intention of developing them if his examinations are satisfactory. Since leaving Cariboo he spent three years in the Rainy River district, the last year being engaged by the United States Steel Company looking for iron.

"Dr. Jim": Leader.

Seldom has the strange whirligig of time brought round a stranger transformation scene than that now witnessed in South Africa. Sir John Sprigg, a brief despatch informs us, has resigned the premiership of Cape Colony, and Dr. Jameson has been called to succeed him. In that simple announcement is the epilogue to such an adventurous saga as seldom was known in the varied annals of the last century.

Sir John Sprigg we may dismiss with a few words. For nrarly thirty years he was a member of the Cape parliament for a single constituency, and for some yea s he has been prime minister. But in the recent election he was left at home. The secret of his downfall was simple. He had tried to "run with the hare and hunt with the hounds," to cater to both Boer and British parties, and the natural result was that he pleased neither, but forfeited the confidence of both. He has his reward.

But "Dr. Jim"! He was Cecil Rhodes' lieutenant in the old days, the captain of the chartered company's police force in Bechuanaland. He it was who led that madman's raid across the border to Johannesburg, provoked suspicion and endless bad blood between Boer and Briton, and by only a hair's breadth missed sending himself and a dozen other men of light and leading to the scaffold. Railed at, denounced, reviled, more than almost any other man of his time, he is now called to form a government and to become prime minister of Cape Colony.

It is strange, but not, after all, unfitting; for there could be no greater mistake than to set Jameson down as a mere adventurer, a freebooter, a filibuster. Those who know the man know him as a dreamer, an idealist, an euthuslast, who may—as indeed he has done—make great mistakes, but who is entirely free from sordid self-seeking and who even in his maddest escapade deserving of severest censure, was sincere and unselfish and believed himself to be serving a high and noble purpose. For such a man, despite his former errors, there may well be a future of usefulness and honor.

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That the Japanese are fighting with rare spirit and patriotism, and that Russia is preparing to exert all her vast strength, are the two facts shown by the week's war news. Beyond this, it is almost impossible to distinguish the problematical truth from the indubitable fiction in the dispatches of the correspondents who are not allowed by either Japan or Russia to gain any information except that given out through government channels.

The claim is made for the Japanese that they have this week destroyed seventy miles of the Russian railway running to Vladivostock, thus isolating that very important port. If Japan can maintain her control of the sea, and can prevent the repairing of the railroad, it is easily within the possibilities that both Port Arthur and Vladivostock, with their enormous stores of war material may be captured by the time the summer campaign fairly opens.

Those who desire to speculate upon the possible outcome of the war must make the construction and equipment of the Trans-Siberian railroad a part of their calculations. Russia, if she can concentrate her enormous strength at the point of conflict, is easily many times as strong as Japan. But to so concentrate her strength she must move her troops and their food and amunition across Siberia, a distance of about 5,000 miles. This would be no light task if the railroad were thoroughly well constructed, and the equipment were up to the Canadian standard. As a matter of fact the road is not well constructed, and the equipment is insufficient in amount and obsolete in form. The Trans-Siberian road is laid with rails weighing fifty pounds to the yard. The standard Canadian rail weighs eighty-five to ninety pounds. This one deficiency in the road-bed means that trains must run slowly, and that only comparatively light loads can be taken. That this is the result is shown by the fact that "fast" trains from Moscow to Vladivostock have a running time of eighteen days, while the regular trains never get through under a month. The maximum train-load in America is 2,500 and the average is about 1,500 tons. These are facts that indicate that Russia's Manchuria army will necessarily be much smaller and much less abundantly supplied than would be the army she could place in the field in Europe.

Experts who have lately been over the ground pronounce the gap made in the Trans-Siberian railroad to be the weakest link in a not very strong chain. Lake Baikal cuts the railroad in two, and makes necessary a ferry system of over forty miles of water. The lake begins to freeze in November, and is completely icebound for five months. The ice is not stable, however, but has a fashion of opening in wide fissures, which afterwards close up and heap the ice in great windrows. These cracks and windrows make sleighing both difficult and dangerous, and add enormously to the perplexities of the Russian cainpaign. There are two ice-breaking steamers on the lake, which are able to break their way through ice four feet thick, but as Baikal freezes to a depth of nine and a half feet they are out of business a large part of the winter.

It is among the possibilities of the situation that Japan may win because Russia connot exert her strength. To do so, however, she must do her fighting in a hurry so that the victory will be secured before the slow-moving Trans-Siberian trains can fill the field with Russian soldiers.

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Press Comment

Fernie Free Press.

Of the six games the Fernie junior hockey team have played this season they have won 5 and drawn 1. This is a record to be proud of. The seniors have likewise a fine record having defeated all the teams of the Crow's Nest Pass without suffering one defeat. The town has every reason to be proud of its hockey exponents, both seniors and juniors.

Kootenay Mail.

British Columbia is now entering on a new period in the history of mining development. The province has many steady producing mines, a number of which are regular dividend payers. Many industaial enterprises in the province also pay excellent dividends and the province gives promise of being one of the finest fields for the investment of capital the world over.

Grand Forks News-Gazette.

As far as we can make out, the city audit, which is causing such a tempest in a teapot in the council at present, is only a matter of difference of opinion as the way in which the financial statement should be made out. It appears to be a case of different auditors having different methods of reaching the same conclusions. By either process the grand totals come out the same, and the city is neither richer nor poorer.

Ottawa Citizen.

Sir Sandford Fleming's speech before the Canadian club in Toronto is reviewed by the Globe and other Liberal papers as an endorsation of the government's Grand Trunk Pacific scheme. But there is a vast difference between the two projects. The railway favored by Sir Sandford Fleming would be an almost direct line from Quebec to Port Simpson on the Pacific, passing close to the shores of James bay and running north of Lake Winnipeg. The government's scheme projects a rail way from Moncton to Quebec in duplication of the Intercolonial, and from Quebec to the Rocky mountains running south of Lake Winnipeg and dipping close to the international Boundary in Manitoba.

Vancouver News-Advertiser.

The convention of the Provincial Mining Association, held at Victoria during this week, was successful in every particular. The difficulties which the Association encountered in its early days have been overcome and it has shaken off the elements which seriously prejudiced its position with the public. The convention was conducted throughout in a businesslike manner, and the work which it accomplished will be beneficial to the mining industry and strengthen the Association. The suspicion held in some quarters that the Association would dabble in politics has been disproved. Nor was there any animosity displayed towards the present Provincial Government. On the contrary, the convention took pains to convey to the Government its desire to aid in every way in its power any action of the administration designed to foster or advance the mining industry. There is no doubt that an association like this, composed, as it now is, almost entirely of men actively engaged in either lode or placer mining, or industries subsidary to mining, can often make useful suggestions or recommendations in respect to legislative or other action that a government may take.

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Vancouver and Nelson

BAKER STREET, NELSON, B. C

Certificate of Improvements.

Yukon Fractional Mineral Claim, situate in the Nelson Mining Division of West Kootenay District.

Where located: On Bear Creek, 3 miles from Ymir.

Take notice that I, John McLatchie, of the City of Nelson, acting as agent for Patrick Daly, Free Miner's Certificate No. B 58,563, William M. Coffey, Free Miner's Certificate No. 58,562, A. J. Hughes, Free Miner's Certificate No. B 58,576, and John Ryan, Free Miner's Certificate No. B 58,564, intend sixty days from the date hereof to apply to the Mining Recorder for a Certificate of Improvements for the purpose of obtaining a Crown Grant of the above claim.

And further take notice, that action under Section 37 must be commenced before the issuance of such Certificate of Improvements.

Dated this 22nd day of December, 1903.

JOHN McLATCHIE.

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At a Portuguese Bull-Fight.

IT was to be a very great event—twelve bulls were to make their entry, and some famous Spanish bull-fighters were to prove their prowess, and the King was to be there, and Portugal's handsome Queen.

Out along the white, dusty roads, on past the outskirts of the town where olives and fig-trees peeped over the stone walls, and occasional palms reared their tall stems—all hurry, rush and bustle, until at last the open dusty plain was reached, and before us, like a modern Coliseum, rose the great, massive arena of the Bull Ring.

How like the Coliseum, though, in weak architecture, was the building; and all the mass of sightseers pressing on to their different corridors—the poor to the sunny side, the richer to that in shade.

Inside were the great arcades under the arches, and the wide flights of steps to the various tiers of seats or rows of boxes.

Up we went to where our ticket told me was the fauteuil allotted to us (No. 106, first "fila"), a good position we saw as we entered the tier, and at a "coup d'oeil" the whole vast arena was before us. Beneath was the level ring where Toro would appear; on our left the King's box, a Mauresque canopy in blue and gold, and draped in red and gold velvet. On our right and left, on this shady side of the arena, the boxes are hung with bright draperies of blue, gray, and yellow, setting off the gay dresses of the ladies fanning themselves in the boxes with tiny little Portuguese fans.

At last a roar goes up from some 15,000 throats—the arena will hold 20,000, but it is not packed—and then exactly opposite us enter all the toreadors—that is, all who take part in the fight. Cavalleros (or picadors, as the Spanish call them), bandarilheiros, furcados, and the assistants dressed in rich Georgian costume—in red and blue satin and velvet, with plumed flat hats.

Two cavaliers mounted upon two magnificent steeds, very unlike the wretched animals ridden into the ring to be slaughtered at a Spanish bull-fight; a dozen bandarilheiros and a dozen furcados and the assistants, all in their gay costumes, make a brilliant show on the smooth arena. The crash of music, the roar of the populace, and the brilliant spectacle send the Portuguese blood to fever heat; and quickly, after salutations to the King or President, all the toreadors retire and one horseman enters alone. A signal is given, the doors are thrown open, and in rushes a fine black bull. Like an arrow he makes for the horseman, who leaps aside; but Toro is after him, and chases him round the ring. With a deft movement, just as the bull's horns nearly reach the horse's flanks, the cavalier swerves and plants a dart in the bull's shoulders; the matadors rush in, and distract the bull's attention with their red cloaks. The bull no longer cares for horse or man; the red rag is his enemy, and he goes for it, and tosses and paws it and tramples on it until it is snatched from him, and a bandarilheiro stands before him watches him; and leaps aside when Toro tries to toss him.

At last, maddened, the bull rushes at his tormentor, who races to the barrier of the arena, but halts there; and at the moment the bull's horns seem to touch him, plants his two decorated darts well in the bull's shoulders and leaps the barrier. But the bull leaps after him—half his black body is over; some of the assistants leap into the arena at the safest side; but Toro falls and falls back inside the arena, to start to his feet again and rush for the matadors, who advance with their cloaks to draw him toward them.

It is these red cloaks that prove how dull is Toro in his rage. The matador holds the red cloak at arm's length, the bull rushes at it—never at the man holding it—and the matadors pass the cloak over his head as he strives to gore it; the bull turns and goes for it again, seemingly oblivious that a man is moving it. Very agile and dexterous are the matadors; but there seems no danger to them, so wholly is the bull occupied with the cloak.

Not so the bandarilheiros. To face a rushing bull even with padded horns until his hot breath is in your face, and his horns lowered for the toss; to plant darts scarcely two feet long in his shoulders, and leap aside ere the toss is given, is a feat of courage, great swiftness and agility; and mighty is the shout from the vast crowd when this is done deftly and neatly, and the barbs stick well in the bull's tough hide. As the bulls get tired out with their tormentors, a group of eight or ten tame bulls, with long tube-like bells, are let into the arena. These encircle the wild bull that at once is tamed; and these trained bulls trot him out of the circle to his den, and a fresh bull is then introduced.—James Baker in "Ainslee's Magazine."

Vaccination de Rigueur.

THE epidemic of smallpox in London, England, has, it seems, given rise to a curious innovation. Invitations are sent out for tea, on which it is stated there will be—not dancing, but vaccination. The sterner sex is represented by a doctor; tea is served at four o'clock, and at five vaccination begins. Whether this be true or not, they went one better in France a few years ago: There was an outbreak of smallpox in Paris, and a leader of fashion was struck with the idea of getting all her friends vaccinated. She issued invitations to a ball, which ended in a superb cotillion. She informed her guests that the latter would contain an entirely new figure. It did. The men had to submit to vaccination on the arm; the women on the calf of the leg. This is how it was carried out: After a "tour-de-valse," each man brought his partner to the doctor. She gracefully raised her skirt; there was a little cry on the part of the patient, another "tour-de-valse," and she was re-conducted to her place. The men had to take off their coats and display a corner of their biceps. From this it will be seen that England has not the monopoly of eccentric ideas.

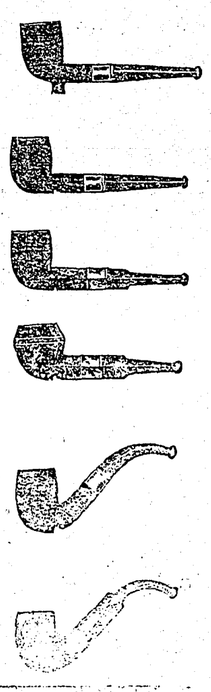
The Prodigal.

I bought my laughter with the coin of grief,
I paid for happiness as kings might do,
Yet, though I beggared go beyond relief,
Oh heart, the glad, mad spendthrift hours we knew!
—Theodosia Garrison in "Harper's Bazar."

SMOKE THE CELEBRATED

B BB

BRIAR PIPES.



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Depot for Briar Pipes, Nelson

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Dominion and Provincial Land Surveyor
Op. B.C. Customs House, Nelson

JOHN PLAYER & SON
Nottingham, England.

Navy Cut Mild, Medium and Full Navy Mixture.

Navy Cut Cigarette Tobacco, Pedigree Tobacco, Navy Cut Cigarettes.

Tobaccos and Cigarettes are Second to None

WHOLESALE DISTRIBUTING AGENTS FOR WESTERN CANADA.

Turner, Beeton & Co., L'td, Victoria, B. C.

HUDSON BAY KNITTING CO., MONTREAL, Sole Manufacturers of the "Pinto Shell Cordovan" Gloves and Mitts
R. H. CARLEY, B. C. Agt.

LETHBRIDGE COAL $7.50 PER TON, DELIVERED

All orders must be accompanied by cash and should be forwarded either personally or by mail to the office of

W. P. TIERNEY, GENERAL AGENT

John McNairn, Prospector.

By SID HOWARD.

GOOD old John McNairn is down from Whitefish to see about his mine. Whitefish, a map-forgotten station up on the north shore, be it known, is John's postoffice address, and where, tiring of the woods and hungry for the gentle ways of civilization and the sight of petticoats and clean, smooth faces, John comes to camp in the sectionmen's house and watch the trains go by. Two passenger trains a day, one from the east and the other going back there—the east where the money is, where the soft-mannered, gentle-voiced women are, from whom John, having lived all his life in the woods, is now forever cut off.

For that is the saddest part of John's life. He is absolutely alone. His friends are dead or lost, and the relatives of his boyhood away down on the St. Lawrence. All the days of his manhood John has dwelt in the wilderness, in the lumber woods of the Gatineau and far up at the head waters of the Ottawa, where the mighty river rises on the lower Canada side. At the time of the construction, the great birth epoch of the West, the building of the C.P.R., John found himself with the trestle gang at Whitefish. And when the last rail was laid and the North Shore section was finally, after laborious years, complete, John took his money, made up his pack and struck north into the woods. It was a new country, and he intended to make a "stake" some day; then, in the hazy future, go back east, marry maybe, and settle down. He had a girl back there once, but she died. So John didn't care much where he went for a while. As he said, "There was no strings on him." There were no strings on him then, and there are none on him now. But sometimes, after playing the mouthorgan to him in his little log shack at night, he used to tell me that he "sort of wished he had somebody belongin' to him."

"But I've waited too long, I guess," he'd say. "Nobody'd take to me now, a wild man o' the woods like me."

He'd smile and sigh at the same time, with that lovable gentleness that belonged to him in spite of his grizzled, weather-beaten face.

"Do you think," he'd say, lighting his pipe and holding his hands so as to half hide his face, "do you think there be's any old spinsters, or widow-women, down there in Toronto who'd be willin' to stake out a claim up here with a feller like me? I guess not, eh?"

His face would brighten when we assured him there were plenty of unmarried ladies who would be only too glad to have him. He smiled always, but he didn't believe it, and neither did we. He had waited too long.

"There was one time here," he said once, "I had an ambition to board up the floor, but I never done it."

Two-inch cracks between the squared spruce logs which now separate John from the bare earth make his shack a decidedly precarious place when it comes to dropping little things for which one has any immediate requirement.

"A man grows careless," explained John. "You're easily satisfied when you're by yourself. It's let her go, Casey, any ways at all; good enough, good enough!"

He showed me a photograph one time of himself before he became a prospector—before the construction, as they date things up on the North Shore. It pictured a straight, vigorous man, with a strong, clean-shaved chin and a full moustache. Evidently roughing it in the bush had begun to tell during the last years. John was a much older man than the photo showed—older than the years since it was taken should have carried him. He handed me another picture too, a faded tintype affair, of a woman. He didn't tell me anything about that one.

Good old John! Owner of two or three min ng locations that he half believes will one day make him a millionaire. If he lives long enough they may, but he's lived the heavier end of his life already. The North Shore is not a poor man's country. Money makes money the world over, and it takes capital to crush the gold out of the low-grade ore of the North Shore. But John hunts and traps and works in the other mines of the district, and waits. In the summer he goes out into the woods and the splintered granite hills alone with his gun and his pack-sack for weeks at a time, living on pork and biscuit and fried "pa'tridge," rapping at rock exposures with his geologist's hammer or crushing quartz in an iron bowl and washing it out to look for "colors" in the dregs. He hopes that the people down east will take a hold some time soon and put their money into the country and make it hum. "How are you pannin'?" is his "how do you do," and when you return the question he is always cheerful in his reply, "Pretty good." "She's bound to boom," he says when you ask about prospects in the North Shore country. "She can't help it. Man, dear, the min al's here, ain't it?"

And recently he came to town! Good old John, with his camp-stained pack-sack instead of a trunk, and the rough, square-cut suit of tweed he ordered from the department store catalogue five years ago. But he disdained a collar, just as he disdained the water they offered him after his whiskey. He put up in a good down-town hotel, gave the manager his money to put in the safe, and hung uneasily about the smoking-room, going in to his meals with welcome relief. They set half a dozen knives and forks to each place at that hotel, but John gives his order to His Dress-suited Haughtiness—who would most surely die if it came to carrying a hundred-pound pack over a portage—with the quiet natural dignity of simplicity. He doesn't go it through the course, John. His idea is merely to coal up, to eat what will keep him working. Meat and bread and potatoes—and, "Hey, young feller, a dish o' tea"—that's all he calls for, and he eats with his knife as an unaffected matter of course. And then a pipe. Tea and tobacco are about the only artificial luxuries to be had in the bush. Sunshine and fine weather are the greatest comforts, but they are doled out spasmodically, by nature. A brush bed and a "white-man's fire" may be had for the swinging of an axe, but tea and tobacco come under a different head. John depends as utterly upon tea as a nervous old woman of sixty. But he couldn't find his tobacco the other day.

"Have you got a c'gar?" he asked finally.

I had two pure mild Havanas, which a quarter had provided especially for this occasion—cool, mellow fifteen-centers. I passed him one. John had his old black pipe in his teeth. He took the cigar, and before I could stop him he had cut half of it up and packed it into his pipe.

"Good heavens, John!" I said. "Here's half a plug of T. & B."

"This is just as good," said John, holding his "six-day" match in the hollow of his brown leathery hands. "I'm just come out to settle up my affairs," he explained. "I've put it all in the hands of my l'yer. Soon's he says I kin go—shake hands—good-bye—away I go."

"Well, you'll stay and see the Duke?" I said.

"Oh, I've seen hundreds o' men," said John. "I seen his father close as you are, up in Ottawa. He was just a man. Men's men wherever you go. The Dook o' Cornwall's train stopped at Whitefish for coal and water when I was comin' down. I was gittin' shaved in the section house and I didn't come out. I wasn't goin' to let him see me just out o' the woods, not shaved up or nothin'. Besides, I've seen lots o' men, thousands of 'em."

It's a dyke this time, a mile and a half straight across country, with gold, silver and copper.

"This man knows about whiskey, don't he, and feedin' people to make 'em fat? I've gained seven pounds since I been here. It's his business." (John and the hotelkeeper are already fast friends, and John's going to send him down some "pa'tridge.") "Well, I know about rocks, and quartz, and minin', don't I? It's my business. Well, get down where the rock is wet and she's good, she's first-rate. It's the truth. I know, don't I? Look!"

John is loaded down with quartz specimens. He must be carrying pounds around with him. He pulled out a jagged fragment as big as his fist and flashing with yellow blotches.

"Mile and a half she goes, up and down, across cricks and everything. An' nobody knows nothin' about it, Government nor nobody. But my l'yer says the money's all in real estate. There ain't no money fer minin'."

"Come and have something comfortable, John," I said, "to mend us of old days on the survey."

"All right," exclaimed he, with his peculiarly cheerful emphasis on the "all."

It may be a mine ostensibly, but I fancy it's loneliness that's at the bottom of John's "comin' out" this fall. For he confided to me presently that he'd like to meet a "nice, sociable gal afore he went back north."

And if any nice, sociable spinster doesn't mind a one-roomed, log-walled, tar-paper-roofed cabin, with two-inch cracks in the floor, she might do worse. For she'd get one of the far-fabled "nature's gentlemen" in Old John McNairn—philosopher, dry humorist, prospector and backwoodsman.

Grasshopper Bricks For Hens.

GRASSHOPPERS are being put to a new use out in Nebraska. The farmers have killed incredible numbers of them by the help of a machine which is, perhaps, the most effective ever devised for the purpose. It is called a "hopperdozer," and is nothing more nor less than a large flat pan, with a small amount of kerosene contained in a depression in the rear part of it. The contrivance, being attached to a horse, is pushed along in front of the animal as the latter is driven across the fields. Pretty nearly every grasshopper is encountered, jumps upon the pan, and is promptly suffocated by the kerosene.

This ingenious instrument has been in use for a number of years in parts of the West, but hitherto it has not occurred to the farmers to make any use of the dead grasshoppers. Most commonly they were burned, though some more enterprising agriculturists turned a portion of them to account as poultry-feed. They found that the hens liked them exceedingly; for it is a fact that a grasshopper is to a hen what a canvasback duck is to a human epicure—the very choicest and most esteemed of delicacies.

Hence the idea which is now being developed on a commercial scale. The grasshoppers, after being killed by the hopperdozer, are left in winrows in the fields, where they are soon dried. When they have been exposed to the sun for a sufficient time to reduce them to a properly desiccated condition they are gathered up with rakes, shoveled into carts, and conveyed to a shed, where they are put into a press somewhat resembling an ordinary cheese-press, and converted into solid bricks.

The bricks are shipped in quantities to poultry-raisers, who find this new kind of hen-provender most satisfactory, and they are anxious to get more of it. Apparently, it is a great encourager of egg-production.

It is not necessary to grind the bricks before feeding the stuff to the chickens, but merely to break them into pieces and soften with water.

Too Much Parent.

IN these days of strenuous parentage, it may not be amiss to suggest mildly that there may be, in the constitution of a family, such a thing as too much parent. Time was when being a parent was incidental to other business in life. Our grandfathers brought up children, a dozen at a time, with a careless familiarity that takes away the modern breath. Each of the dozen was disciplined and duly chastened. They were whipped when they told lies, and occasionally when they did not. They learned to read at four; were put to work at five, as a matter of course; and developed, in due time, the stuff that men are made of. There was never any particular fuss about it. The larger the family, the more whippings it took. But there were always enough to go around, and no one the worse for it. The advertisement, "Boy missing. Run away from home," was not an uncommon feature of the weekly newspaper. But of the remnant who had the courage to stay at home and grow up, it may be said that they made admirable citizens. They had the rare privilege of passing their childhood and youth in the presence of men and women who had other and more important business in life than that of being parent to offspring. They grew up with a chastened sense of their own unimportance in the scheme of being, and a philosophic expectation of taking the hard knocks of life as they came.

We have changed all that. We have listened to the voice of Froebel, "Let us play with our children;" and to the educational moralist, "A father should be his boy's best friend;" and to our most famous and most unpractical poet, "The child is father to the man;" and the whole business of child-raising is turned other end to. We no longer raise them by the dozen. One or two at a time is as much as we dare venture, and very cautiously at that. We study the development and take notes on the bumps, phrenological; the other kind the modern child is never allowed to have. We agonize over our relation to his moral growth, and drop tentative, trembling seeds into the ground of his being, and exchange specimens if anything comes of it. The result, as a whole, is not, it must be admitted, altogether unpleasing. There is something about the well-born, well-bred, wholesome child of to-day that makes glad the eye and the heart. But the poor parent! We protest that he has never had a chance in life. Ten to one his own parents belonged to the old school, and disciplined him within an inch of life. And now his children belong to the new. He is ground between the upper and the nether stone. Only in scattered, precious moments does he dare call himself his own. Late in the evening, perhaps, when the all-important child has been adequately played with and encouraged and developed and put to bed on his hygienic pillow, there comes a moment when the exhausted parent may sit down before the fire and draw a comfortable, grown-up breath, and gather strength and wisdom for the morrow.

As we watch him, we are reminded of the pleasant old gentleman who, across the reception-plate, is accosted by the genial young girl: "After all, sir, there's nothing so delicious as the wing of a chicken, is there?" And the old gentleman: "I don't know, my dear. When I was young the old people always ate the wings, and now I am old the young people eat them. I have never tasted the wing of a chicken."—From the "Contributors' Club."

Mrs. or Miss?

JUST as a sort of New Year's card, the Woman's Suffrage Society of Paris have issued a manifesto contending that, as woman in her maiden name accomplishes all the duties of a citizen, she does prejudice to her interests by sinking her identity and losing her individuality in adopting the name of her husband when she marries. Consequently, it seems on the tapis that in future, when Miss Smith marries Mr. Brown, she will still retain her maiden patronymic of Smith. Being married, she must of necessity be Mrs.; therefore, if she retains her maiden name of Smith, we shall have the weird anomaly of Mr. Brown and Mrs. Smith as man and wife. Now, supposing Mrs. Smith, otherwise Mrs. Brown, should, by any unforeseen event, meet with a Mr. Smith in the absence of her husband, and it should go forth to the world—in a hotel visitors' book, for instance—that they were actually Mr. and Mrs. Smith, where the dickens, in the event of trouble, would Mr. Brown come in? Mr. Brown might swear by all that was holy that Mrs. Smith was Mrs. Brown, but if Mr. Smith swore that she was Mrs. Smith and Mrs. Smith did not stoop to deny it, what jury outside a lunatic asylum could convict Mrs. Smith of playing fast and loose with Mr. Brown? It is a complex problem, to say the least of it; but if the Woman's Suffrage Society of gay Paree are not content to let well alone, I suppose they must put up with the consequences.

A Girl's Daring Feat.

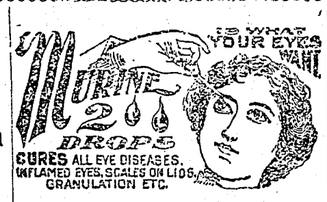
IT seems hardly possible that a girl of sixteen should save nearly fifty people from a terrible death. Yet that is what Grace Bassell did, who may well be called the Grace Darling of Australia. It happened one day in December that a vessel was wrecked off the coast of Australia, a few miles from the Bassell home. The lifeboat on board the steamer was lowered, but it capsized and the eight people in it were drowned. So the rest of the crew clung to the sinking steamer. The surf ran so wildly that no one could dare swim through it, and there was not a house or person in sight. The girl, who was a splendid horsewoman, was riding along with a native servant. She caught sight of the vessel in distress; turning her horse's head toward the coast, she started him on a quick gallop. When she reached the sea she urged her horse into the angry surf. She rode boldly on till she reached the vessel. With great difficulty she took some of the children in her arms and put them before her on the saddle; then, with bigger children and women clinging to her dress, she started for the shore, gave those she had rescued to the care of her servant, and returned again to the wreck. So she went backward and forward for four hours, till all were safe on land, the servant having ridden to bring out the last man.—"Leslie's Weekly."

A Revolutionary Age.

Soulless corporations, heartless coquettes and conscienceless rascals of various sorts we have had with us now these many years, and it looks very much now as if a kind of providence was about to even things up a little by providing us with such useful contrivances as wireless telegraphy, heatless light, smokeless powder, boneless shad and seedless oranges. If some genius will rise up now and give us a breed of biteless dogs and stingless mosquitoes, together with some loseless umbrellas and spendless cash, we shall all be happy and content.—"Leslie's Weekly."

Eyeache and Headache.

Eyestrain causes both. Drugs relieve only temporarily. Properly adjusted glasses remove the cause and effect a permanent cure. Satisfaction guaranteed.



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The largest and best assortment of fancy Rockers, Centre Tables, Couches, China Cabinets, Ladies' Secretarys, Carpets, Etc., to be found in any Furniture Store in the Kootenays.

D. McARTHUR & CO. FURNITURE DEALERS AND UNDERTAKERS.

Corporation of the City of Nelson

ELECTRIC LIGHT RATES

Electric light rates for the month of February are now due and payable at the City offices. If paid on or before the 15th March discount of 10 per cent will be allowed.

Nelson, February 27, 1904.

By order,
D. C. McMORRIS
City Clerk.

Notice to Creditors.

IN THE SUPREME COURT OF BRITISH COLUMBIA, IN PROBATE.

IN THE GOODS OF FRED TREGONING, DECEASED, INTESTATE.

Notice is hereby given that the creditors and others having claims against said deceased, who died at Phoenix, Arizona, on or about the 6th day of October, A. D. 1902, are required on or before the 15th day of March, 1904, to send by post, prepaid, or deliver, to the undersigned, Administrator of the personal estate and effects of the said deceased in the Province of British Columbia, their Christian and surnames, addresses and descriptions, the full particulars of their claims, the statement of their accounts and the nature of the securities, if any, held by them.

And further take notice, that after said last mentioned date the said administrator will proceed to distribute the assets of the deceased among the parties entitled thereto having regard only to the claims of which he shall then have notice, and that the said Administrator will not be liable for the said assets or any part thereof to any person or persons of whose claims notice shall not have been received by him at the time of such distribution.

Dated this 26th day of January, A. D. 1904.

JOHN ELLIOT,
Administrator of Fred Tregoning, deceased.

NELSON ASSESSMENT DISTRICT

Court of Revision and Appeal

Take notice that I shall hold a Court of Revision and Appeal for the Nelson Assessment District for hearing and determining any appeals against the assessment made for the year 1904, at the places and at the times undermentioned:—

At the office of the Provincial Assessor & Collector, Nelson, on Wednesday, the 9th day of March, 1904, at the hour of 10 o'clock in the forenoon.

At the office of the Provincial Constable, at Ymir, on Monday, the 14th day of March, 1904, at the hour of 1 o'clock in the afternoon.

Nelson, B. C., January 29th, 1904.

W. A. JOWETT,
Judge of the Court of Revision and Appeal, Nelson Assessment District.

In the County Court of Kootenay Holden at Fort Steele.

In Probate.

Notice is hereby given that on the 18th day of February, 1904, it was ordered by J. A. Forin, Esq., Judge of the said Court, that James Ferguson Armstrong, Official Administrator of that portion of the County of Kootenay not included within the Electoral Districts of Revelstoke and Columbia, be Administrator of all and singular the estate of William McDonald, of Nelson, deceased, intestate.

Every person indebted to the said deceased is required to make payment forthwith to the undersigned.

Every person having in possession effects belonging to the deceased is required forthwith to notify the undersigned.

Every creditor or other person having any claim upon or interest in the distribution of the estate of the said deceased is required within thirty days of this date to send by registered letter, addressed to the undersigned, his name and address, and the full particulars of his claim or interest, and a statement of his account and the nature of the security (if any) held by him.

After the expiration of the said thirty days the Administrator will proceed with the distribution of the estate having regard to those claims only of which he shall have had notice.

Dated at Fort Steele, this 20th day of February, 1904.

JAMES FERGUSON ARMSTRONG,
Official Administrator.

Fort Steele, B. C.

Canada Permanent Mortgage Corporation

Straight Mortgages at 8 per cent, or Monthly Payment System

H. & M. BIRD

Notice.

On and after March 1st we will occupy the store on the southeast corner of Josephine and Baker Streets, formerly occupied by J. H. Vanstone, Druggist. Here we will be pleased to serve our old as well as our new customers.

Nelson Hardware Co.

Box 681. SPORTSMEN'S HEADQUARTERS. Nelson, B. C.

Quality for Everybody

When you are indisposed try a Cup of Tea

Joy's Blend

JOY IN EVERY CUP.

IDEAL CASH GROCERY

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