THE ECONOMIST

VOL. V. NELSON, B. C., WEDNESDAY, MARCH 12, 1902 NO. 24

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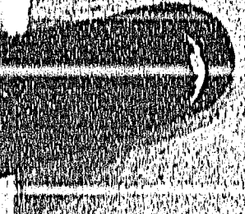

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NELSON ECONOMIST

VOL. V. NELSON, B. C., WEDNESDAY, MARCH 12, 1902. NO. 35

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.

COL. PRIOR has defeated Mr. Bodwell in Victoria, and now seems almost certain that James Dunsmuir will go to the coronation after all as the Premier of British Columbia. At this distance it is very difficult to judge exactly what caused Mr. Bodwell's defeat. It may have been bad organization, as charged, or it may have been the old railways scare galvanized into life for the occasion, or again, it may have been the corrupting influence of corporation gold no matter what it was, it must be confessed that the Dunsmuir Government will remain in power until otherwise ordained by Joseph Martin. He now completely controls the situation and declares he will permit Mr. Dunsmuir to act as Premier until he finds it to his advantage to dismiss him. In the meantime the country must remain in its present deplorable condition of uncertainty. The change that was so eagerly hoped for will not take place, and the industries of the province continue to be depressed until the present body of incapables are ousted from power. It may be, however, that Col. Prior's election is a blessing in disguise. The Colonel has had considerable political experience, and as a man of honor he may feel it his duty to form new combinations, to the advantage of the country. If he were so inclined he could accomplish a great and lasting benefit to the Province, but he cannot do so by any alliance with Joseph Martin. That would be a dangerous experiment.

GLASGOW has decided to seek Parliamentary powers to borrow £750,000 to build houses for the poor.

THERE are more newspapers for sale in Nelson today than there are buyers.

THE inhabitants of the interior who were congratulating themselves that the political situation would soon be settled, will find little to justify their hope in the result of the Victoria election. We are in for another season of turmoil and trouble.

PAPERS seized at the houses of anarchists in Barcelona indicated that a widespread plot existed.

ANOTAER diamond dealer of Antwerp has just fled to America with diamonds of considerable value.

IF half the railways that aspiring politicians have promised Victoria were constructed, the provincial capital would be the greatest railway centre in the world.

SANTOS DUMONT will sail his air ship round the dome of St. Paul's at coronation time.

THREE million acres of wheat are being ruined from lack of rain in the Punjab district of India.

EVERY paper in British Columbia endorses the elevation of Gordon Hunter, K. C., to the Bench. This should be a source of congratulation to the five members from British Columbia who recommended the appointment.

THE rainfall in India has not been heavy enough to avert possibilities of famine.

THE Czar has given $75,000 to the fund for the sufferers by the recent earthquake.

JOSEPH MARTIN now controls the situation at Victoria, and through their half hearted fight, the opponents of Martinism have contributed to this man's advancement.

THE Great Northern Steamship Co. will place under a foreign flag its two steamers now building, for the Oriental trade. They will be the largest vessels of their kind in the world, being about 21,000 tons register.

AN epidemic of hydrophobia has occurred in Marseilles.

THE Lardeau *Eagle*, believes the following hot shot: "The electors of this province are too prone to accept the maxim that 'all government rests upon physical force.' The cause of the present disgraceful mix-up in B. C. politics is primarily because all the

factions of representatives are in opposition to the will of the people. If it were otherwise no force would be required to maintain a rational and progressive government in accordance with the real wishes of the people. The people want the government to go into business, and until this is done there can be no real contentment and progress, rather than turmoil and petty aspirations to office. Give the people what they want and such scenes as have been enacted in the B. C. legislature for the last six years will cease. The first step in this direction is an equitable redistribution measure. Let us have that, and another general election, and the people are, we believe, prepared to elect new men who will work out the only solution for the problems now confronting the people—to wit: An industrial government, rather than a system of political machination which allows us to be ruled and robbed by a lot of accessories to a system of private exploitation at the expense of the people and their God-given heritage."

THE early opening of navigation at Chicago is due to the efforts of the salt combination in getting its product to the market.

UNDER the name of the United Railroads of San Francisco, a syndicate has obtained control of the principal street car lines of that city.

VICTORIANS have elected the man who promised the city a railway, but they haven't got the railway yet.

RUSSIA has again given assurance of good faith with regard to China.

THE British Foreign Office is negotiating the Alaskan boundary matter.

THE native press of Finland is being suppressed by the present Russian Governor.

IF more time were given to attending to the business of the counrry and less to the private affairs of membees of the Legislature, it might be better for all concerned.

THE Toronto *Telegram* evidently does not like the idea of Canadians hyphenating the land of their adoption with that of their birth: "German Canadians are a valuable and much esteemed element in Ontario's population, So are French Canadians and Irish Canadians and Scotch Canadians and English Canadians. The question is: Will Canada ever be the home of Canadians who can describe themselves without the help of adjectives and hyphens? The Hyphenated Canadian, in his various forms, is the politician's peculiar care. His personal virtues and the glories of the land from which he came are the themes of obvious flattery and hollow platitudes. The mere Canadian who glories in the land that gave him birth is never mentioned in politics. Statesmen do not stay awake at nights to discover how they can toady to him by abasing their country at the feet of a foreign prince."

THERE is a steady improvement in business throughout the Kootenay, but the change is in no way to be credited to the good offices of the Government.

SIR WILFRID LAURIER will sail from New York to attend the coronation on June 14. Hon. Messrs. Mulock, Fielding, Patterson and Tarte will also attend.

FRENCH miners are negotiating for an eight-hour work day.

A LETTER written by Abraham Lincoln a few months before his assassination has been found in some rubbish on Broadway, New York, near the post-office. It was addressed to a Boston woman who had lost five sons in the war, and was a letter of sympathy.

SAYS the St. John (N. B.) *Sun*: "The little discussion at Ottawa over Mr. Devlin, immigration agent at Dublin, reveals only a part of the truth. Mr. Devlin was a somewhat wordy political campaigner in Canada. He seems to be much engaged with questions of home rule in Ireland. What he told the Montreal *Witness* reporter is not so important as what he does or fails to do in his field of oratory. The people of Canada pay Mr. Devlin $3 000 a year and expenses. His office is at Dublin, and last year cost altogether $6,133. At Londonderry there is another agent of this country, Mr. O'Kelly, who is paid $1,800 Adding his expenses, this office costs $3,646. A third official, Mr. Webster, costs $2,050. The immigration work of the government in Ireland costs this country nearly $12,000, not to speak of the outlay for Mr. Preston, the superintendent, who formerly hugged the machine. Now we turn to the immigration returns and find that of the immigrants who arrived in Canada last year 933 were Irish. How many of these remained in the country is not known, but whether they went or remained, it cost the people of this country $13, paid to Canadian agents in Ireland, for each man, woman and child. It would appear that Mr. Devlin's efforts to induce the people of Ireland to remain at home have not been in vain. Probably if he and his associates had been withdrawn two years ago, the number of immigrants from Ireland to Canada would have been at least 930. We may credit each of the three officers with one extra immigrant. The Irish people are good immigrants, and we like to have them. Yet if

they feel it their duty or find it more plea-ant to remain in their charming kingdom to one can blame them. Only the people of Canada do not expect to pay immigration agents to go to Ireland to encourage the people to stay there.

THE London correspondent of the New York *Tribune* writing on a controversy which has sprung up with regard to the question of intervention in the Spanish-American war makes the following explanation: "The real explanation of the the discomfiture of the Foreign Office is the fact that the truth about the service rendered by Britain to the United States has not been and cannot be told. That service occurred at a period subsequent to the diplomatic council of which so much has recently been printed. It has been referred to guardedly in several of my dispatches The British Government while hostilities were in progress threatened, through a powerful Minister to join fleets with the United States navy if certain acts of European interference were attempted. This vigorous menace was communicated without doubt to European capitals, and there was no intervention. While this service was rendered with decisive effect, there was no formal action by the Foreign Office, and there is no documentary evidence that can be produced. Since Lord Cranborne could not tell the whole story without inviting contradictions from every Foreign Office, he was ill-advised in breaking silence and enabling the German Emperor to score on a partial revelation."

FOR a coronation gift the Mikado will send to King Edward two vases of priceless value.

PORTO RICANS will have to be naturalized as foreigners are before they can vote in Hawaii.

A GERMAN writer named Halle in a recent work declares it is Germany's intention to absorb Holland.

THE Ottawa *Citizen* strikes home in the following remarks: "This journal has repeatedly put itself on record as entertaining the solemn belief that Canadians as a people and Canada as a country are too modest. We are diffident in branching out in foreign trade; we do not like to assert ourselves with a tariff of self protection lest the Americans might think we resented their hostile tariff; when our soldiers go out to fight we hope they won't get licked, instead of being certain they will lick their weight in wild cats; when British diplomacy throws away our interests we feel sore, instead of asserting our rights so firmly and energetically in advance that the imperial authorities would hesitate to sacrifice them; when the imperial war office purchases war supplies from the Yankees which could be bought better and cheaper in Canada, we file a modest deprecation, instead of making a protest so energetic as would permanently stop such foolishness. There are a lot of other instances too numerous to mention. The other evening in the house of commons Mr. Gourlay, M. P., got up in his place. It was his night to howl and he howled, and it resounded through Canada and the United States and no doubt echoed across the sea. The gist of his remarks was that Canada had long enough served as a doormat. Two-thirds of the Canadian press deprecated the wisdom of such strenuous remarks, or almost tearfully deplored Mr. Gourlay's indiscretion. In another column we quote the opinion of a Wisconsin paper on the incident, and we cannot help thinking that a few more Gourlays would not do Canada any harm."

MR EDWIN A. ABBEY has been commissioned to paint the picture commemorative of the coronation.

IT is stated that Count Tolstoi has been dead for some time, but the Czar's Government is suppressing the fact.

TORONTO *Saturday Night* has the following: Mr. C. R. Devlin, ex-M.P., Canadian Emigration Agent in Ireland, appears to have been expressing himself with regard to Irish politics in the somewhat unfettered style he was wont to employ in the House of Commons. Not unnaturally these expressions have been objected to by those Canadian Members of Parliament who do not hold the same views with regard to Irish matters. I have noticed that Mr. Devlin has been credited with saying that he was a "Redmond man," showing that even in Irish politics he was a partizan, while in the House of Commons he was charged with saying that he did not "urge immigration from Ireland, and never will." While inquisitors have been satisfied with a very eager explanation; it seems to me that the country has not been satisfied that Mr. Devlin is quite the type of man to receive Canadian money for attracting Irish immigration to this country.

The promptness and ponderous force with which President Roosevelt jumped upon United States officials who dared to take sides on the Schley and other public questions, indicates that even in the free republic to the south of us there is such a thing as restraint of speech recognized as applying to public servants Such matters should not be left to Parliamentary enquiry, but should be a subject for prompt and vigorous official action. If Mr. Devlin would rather talk than be a paid agent of the Government he has a right to make a selection, and no doubt his compatriots would be delighted to hear his fervid oratory either in Parliament or on the Seventeenth of March. In the meantime, on controversial questions he should be told, as the prisoner was told who was continually interrupting the judge, "All I expect from you is silence and damn little of that."

VENT AND OSSIP

THE Alabama Warblers and McKanlass were at the Nelson Opera House Monday night and supplied considerable amusement for a fair-sized audience. There are some good singers and dancers with the Warblers, and McKanlass' reputation as a performer on the violinist is too well established to demand lengthy reference. This organization will appear again at the Opera House next Monday evening in an entire change of programme.

Old-timers in Nelson will remember Ed. McCardia, who started to learn the printing business in THE ECONOMIST office in 1897. E l. left here to work in Victoria, after which he went to sea. For several years he has been lost track of, but the other day one of his friends had a letter from him from Bayonne, N J. Since he left here, Ed. has been in London, St. Petersburg, Berlin, Paris and many of the other European capitals. He writes that he is tired of roaming around the world, and will return to British Columbia in a few months to establish a permanent residence. He was an unusually bright and attractive boy, and his many friends in Nelson will be rejoiced to learn that he is enjoying good health.

There are celebrated families in the stage annals. There are the Jeffersons, the Booths, the Drews, the Barrymores, and the Davenports among the more celebrated. Joseph Jefferson is the fourth of that name who has acted, and in his company is Joseph Jefferson the fifth. Three other sons are connected with the theatre; one of them, Thomas, is successfully starring in the west in Rip Van Winkle

The name of Booth is represented by two nephews of Edwin Booth—Junius Brutus Booth and Sydney Booth But Edwin Booth's sister was the wife of the distinguished John Sleeper Clarke, and their sons are Creston Clarke and Wilfrid Clarke. John Drew is the second of that name, and his daughter acts with him. His sister, Georgie Drew, married Maurice Barrymore, and their children are Ethel Barrymore and Lionel Barrymore.

E. L Davenport had several children, the most famous being the late Fanny Davenport. There are two sons, E. L. Davenport and Harry Davenport, who play continually. Another daughter married the well-know stage manager, William Seymour, and their daughter made her debut in a Cincinnati stock company this winter. Harry Davenport married Phyllis Rankin, which suggests another stage family. Phyllis and Gladys Rankin, both actresses, are daughters of McKee Rankin. Gladys is the wife of Sydney Drew, son of the elder Mr and Mrs. John Drew. In the same way mus-cal comedy has found conspicuous in its ranks the Daly family—Dan Daly and his sisters, the wives of Ward and Vokes. Willie Collier comes of a family of actors. E. H. and Sam Sothern are sons of E. A. "Dundreary" Sothern.

The debates by the Young Men's Debating Society at Emmanuel Church are gaining in popularity. The subject discussed last night was: "Resolved, that ambition has been more detrimental to the progress of the human race than beneficial."

Messrs. Caldwell & Bishop have opened a grocery store at the corner of Hall and Vernon streets. Both young men are well known and popular and should build up a large business.

The extinction of London's most curious market is threatened, as certain officials have decreed that the Sunday morning eel-market is "dangerous, useless and ought to abolished." Every Sunday morning, between the hours of 5:30 and 8, there is held, a little to the westward of the Surrey end of Blackfriar's bridge, one of the queerest and oldest of London's many ancient open-air markets. One commodity and one only is dealt in, and that is eels. The customers come from all parts of the metropolis, and neither weights or scales are used, the fish being sold by the grab. The "snigger," as the eel vendor is called, plunges his fist among the writhing mass, hauls out a handful and passes it over to the purchaser. The price of the "grab" never varies, but is always sixpence winter or summer. Larger eels are given when the fishes are cheap and plentiful, while when the wholesale eel market is tight the fish are offered of very liliputian proportions, and thus the balance is held level. The eels are supposed to be "all alive, oh!" But it does not follow, by any means, that such is the case, as the "snigger," through long practice, has acquired the happy knack of manipulating a "grab" as to make it appear to the purchaser as though each individual fish was writhing and struggling for freedom. The "snigger" disdains the use of paper for his wares, and it is here that a man finds himself at a disadvantage. The women and girls who crowd and jostle one another for precedence round the stalls just dump the eels in their aprons and walk away, while a man, having no apron, fumbles for a handkerchief, letting two or three eels slip earthwards in the process, where they are annexed almost before they reach the ground by one or another of the army of hungry-eyed gamins who swarm in and out among the barrows and boxes like rabits in a warren. For more than three hundred years the "snigger" has carried on this peculiar business at or near the same spot, and it is not at all likely that he will tamely submit to being suppressed. More than once during this long period has his livlihood been threatened, but the market is an appendage of the old city ferry and the corporation has the right to grant a strip of the foreshore for the use of stall

holders. This right the city fathers have several times exercised and it is likely they may do so again should the necessity be forced upon them.

The death of Lord Dufferin naturally recalls the death of his eldest son, Lord Ava, who was killed at Lady-smith during the great assault upon the defences on January 6, 1900. He had been a lieutenant in the 17th Lancers, but left the army some years before. As soon, however, as war in South Africa appeared to be inevitable, he went out in the hope of seeing service. Sir George White at once appointed him his "galloper," and he acted later in the same way for Ian Hamilton, who had command of the southern third of the defences during the siege. Very early in the morning of January 6, as he was trying to locate the enemy at the top of the ridge between Caesar's camp and Wagon Hill, he was shot in the forehead whilst looking over a rock, and though he lingered for a few days he never recovered consciousness after he fell uttering the one word "Done!" It would be hard to imagine a finer type of the well-born, adventurous, and generous Englishman. A sergeant of the Royal Irish Fusiliers, hearing one day who he was, ingenuously remarked: "He seems a very nice gentleman. Nobody would take him for a lord!" The saying may stand for the epitaph of a man so full of the highest promise that he would have been a worthy successor to his father had he not died in his country's service.

The Perth Courier tells this pathetic story of a woman's constancy: The death of Miss Catherine Miller, generally known as "Kitty Miller," on Tuesday last week closed the last chapter of one of the "tragedies of life" which call forth the sympathy of all. In her youth she was beautiful and accomplished. She was engaged to a young man who had charge of a forest in a thread factory. The day was set for the wedding and the young girl had made every preparation. While dressed in her wedding gown awaiting for the groom, word was brought that he had married another girl. The shock affected her mind and it was necessary to place her in an asylum. As time went by she became quiet and she left the asylum and went to live with her mother. Her mind was still affected but she was very peaceable. The doctor suggested a complete change of surroundings for her, and she and her mother came to Canada. They found a home with Mr. John Grey, who then lived on the 4th line. Here the mother died, and some time after Miss Miller was taken to live with the late Mrs. John Grey. When Mrs. Grey died, her daughter, Mrs. Alex. Palmer, took charge of her. It was pitiful to see "Kitty" as every month she would don her wedding dress and wait for her expected lover. She never forgot the fact that she was a bride waiting for the groom. Her dress is very antique. It is an amber colored silk, with long front, peaked waist, pleated and corded, with bell sleeves and skirt, hanging oddly on account of the straight width. The bonnet also is peculiar. It is made of white silk, trimmed with satin ribbon, and a stiff lace matching the dress in color. Miss Miller was 80 years old when she died, and for nearly sixty years has cherished this wedding dress, expecting her lover to appear with her. She was buried in the Scotch Line cemetery on Thursday last.

The friends of Joe Carter are congratulating him on the arrival of a baby boy.

Charlie Lockhart. the Rossland furniture man, is spending a few days in Nelson.

The "Father Pat" memorial lists will be closed on March 31st. The amount secured to date aggregates $729.

Rev. Mr. Young, of Ymir, who has been in the hospitai for some weeks, has almost recovered.

W. Jackson Hogg, who recently moved from Nelson to Vancouver, has been ill for a few weeks, but s now convalescent.

The Fiechtl Comic Players appeared at the Nelson Opera House last evening. There was scarcely a vacant seat in the house. Some parts of the programme were really meritorious, such as the singing by the Tyrolean Warblers, the prison scene from Il Trovatore, and the sketch by Bert Wiggin and Fanny Wiggin. The farce, Peck's Bad Boy, is so tame and stale that the management should have it placed at the end of the performances, when people could leave without missing the rest of the programme. There is nothing funny about it, but, as before remarked, the test of the performance is at least up to the average seen in Nelson. To-night the show will be repeated with new songs, etc; and perhaps if representations were made to the proper quarter, the wretched Bad Boy part of the show might be eliminated.

The concert given by the Enid Martin company in the Congregational Church last Thursday evening was successful from an artistic point of view, if not financially. Enid Martin has a very pleasing voice, which gives evidence of high cultivation, and Mr. Fell wes Hanson gave several vocal selections, which were well received, The Spy being especially entitled to mention. Mr. Bayliss was accompanist, and gave instrumental selections.

Leonard Scott, for several years with the West Kootenay Butcher Co., will go into ranching in the Okanagon country. Mr. Scott has many friends in Nelson who will always be pleased to hear of his success.

All Due to a Pair of Tight Boets.

"HOW is it you have never married, Major Henderson?" asked my wife.

"Oh, I was born a bachelor." replied the major, and"—

"Don't be so foolish! I want to know the real reason."

"The real reason," said Major Henderson slowly, "is that my feet are so small."

"What do you mean?"

The major leaned back in his chair and smiled round the table. Jane—if that girl had been born a man, she would have been butler to an archbishop—filled his glass with port, and after a sip at it he began his story:

It was a good many years ago that it happened (he said slowly)—a good many more years, in fact, than I care to count. I was a young subaltern and over head and ears in love with Kittie Marshmount. I was a timid youth in those days, and although I thought that Kittie rather liked me than otherwise, I had never dared to tell her of my own feelings. I had often tried, but something was sure to happen to make Kittie laugh, and then all my courage oozed out of my finger tips..

One evening in June there was a dinner party at the Marshmounts, and I was there. I was off to Gib. to join my battery, and I had made up my mind to speak to Kittie that same evening after dinner. You can imagine how I enjoyed the meal. I felt like a nervous man would feel who is going to be hanged as soon as day breaks, and to add to my misery I had on a new pair of patent leather boots, which were too tight and gave me awful pain.

As dinner went on my feelings and my boots combined to torment me, and I dropped my fork on purpose, stooped down, unbuttoned the tight boot, which hurt me most, and kicked it off. The relief was wonderful, and for a little while I actually contrived to talk to Kittie.

She was charming that evening. There was something about her that showed me she was sorry that I was leaving England, and she wore some tearoses I had sent her in the bosom of her dress.

"Miss Marshmount," I said, while desert was being handed round, "I want to speak to you very particularly after dinner."

"Come up and sing duets instead of smoking those horrid cigars you are so fond of. then," was Kittie's reply. And I felt as though I had suddenly been translated into a seventh heaven.

A few minutes later I bent down under the table and felt round for my boot. I couldn't find it. I dropped another fork, stooped down and looked for my property under the table It wasn't there—at least, I couldn't find it anywhere. I came up again, purple in the face, and when the ladies left the room I couldn't open the door for them.

Kittie was very naturally annoyed at this, and I was the youngest man at the table too. But how could I hop around that room, in front of everybody, with one boot on?

"I shall expect you upstairs in five minutes," whispered Kittie. And I think, although, of course, I can't be certain, that she returned the squeeze of the hand which I gave her.

Directly the women were out of the room I went down on all fours under the table and searched everywhere for that confounded boot of mine. It had vanished as completely as last month's moon!

"What the dickens are you doing, Henderson?" asked Tom Marshmoant. It might have been better if I had told him at once, but he was one of those incorrigible jokers who would have bothered me about my tight boots all the evening if he had known, so I told him it was nothing.

Then Kittie came back into the room to speak to her brother for a few moments. She sat there darting daggers' thrusts at me out of those gentian blue eyes of hers. I forgot to say that I had lit a big cigar, to give myself countenance and think up a plan for finding my boot again.

"Well," said Kittie presently, "I am going up to the drawing room again, but I can't make my entry among all the dowagers without the support of a manly arm." And she looked straight at me.

I felt the perspiration pouring down my cheeks and forehead, and I know that I blushed scarlet, but I didn't move. How could I? I couldn't lead Kittie Marshmount into her mothers drawing room with "one boot off and the other boot on," like the boy in the nursery rhyme.

Then George Heseltine came up, smiling fatuously, as he always did, and offered his arm to Kittie.

She took it, of course, and afterward, as you know, she took George Heseltine as well, the brute!

Directly she had gone I crawled down under the table again and right over in the far corner, near the head of the table, I saw the point of the boot which had played me such a nasty trick It's extraordinary, I thought, how these inanimate objects travel, I reached out for it, but it had stuck, somehow. I gave it a good pull. There was a crash, a yell, and when I came out from underneath the table I found old Marshmount on his back in the fireplace with all the other men standing round him trying not to laugh.

Old Marshmount was a choleric old chap, and the language he used was frightful. He thought I had been playing off a practical joke on him, and he was furious. I tried to explain, but every word I said was drowned, either by old Marshmount's language or by the laughter of the other fellows, and I couldn't get a word of explanation in.

Luckily the old man wasn't really hurt, but only shaken, and presently he got up and led the way to drawing room.

I followed last, hobbling along as best I could and trying to hide my bootless foot behind the other one

"Young chap must be going mad!" were the words I heard in old Marshmount's growl as I made my way into the room. Just as my luck would have it, Kittie was sitting on the far side of the room, and I didn't dare cross over under the fire of the dowager's eyes with only one boot on and the other foot in a blue silk stocking. It was horribly tantalizing, for Kittie was on a little sofa near the piano and there was lots of room for two.

I remained standing by the door, hidden—at least, my right foot hidden—behind a large standard lamp and spent a miserable ten minutes watching Kittie, whom Heseltine had joined upon the sofa.

Presently tea came in, and behind the footman with the biscuits trotted Fido. Fido was Kittie's spaniel— a nasty little King Charles 1. beast, with more ears than sense. The little brute had my boot in his silly mouth and was pretending that it was a rat and worrying it. If it had been a rat, he would have squealed and hidden away underneath a chair. I was furious. I made a bolt forward to catch hold of Fido, my foot slipped, I caught at

the nearest thing I could reach and down came the footman with the tea on top of me.

I have never seen anybody so absolutely furious as old Marshmount was.

"This sort of thing may be very funny in a sergeants' messroom," he thundered, "but I'm—I'm—I'm hanged"—it was a terrible exertion for the old man to change the word he meant to say—"I'm hanged if I'll have it in my drawing room!"

"And he's taken one of his boots off, too," said Tom. "Whatever is the matter with you this evening, old man—a touch of sunstroke, or what?"

"Sunstroke! Sunstroke be—be stroked!,' shouted his father. "It's port—that's what it is. He's drunk, sir! Yes, sir, you're drunk, and if your father wasn't one of my oldest friends, I'd"—

I don't know what old Marshmount would have done if the governor had not been one of his oldest friends, for just at that moment Fido, with my boot in his mouth, came within kicking range, and I let fly with the foot that had a boot on.

Fido dropped the boot and flew across the room like a punted football, dropping, with a yap, just at Kittie's feet.

I stuffed up my boot, but didn't stop to put it on, and left the house hurriedly, without saying goodby to anybody.

I spent most of the night composing a note to Kittie with a full explanation, but it read so absurdly that, after having written eighteen or twenty different versions, I gave it up and sent my man round at 7 next morning with a few lines to her, begging her to see me for two minutes before I left at 10 for Cobs, so that I might explain.

My own messenger brought the answer back to me.

"Dear Mr. Henderson," she wrote—we had been brought up together, and she had never in her life called me anything but Jack—"A man who can so far forget himself as you did last night and who can ill treat a poor dumb beast *who had done nothing to incur your anger*"—the italics are mine, not Kittie's—"can have no explanation to make to which it would be worth my while to listen.

"I am leaving town this morning myself for fortnight's stay with my friend Gladys Heseltine, so anyth w r would be difficult to find time to see you. Besides, father says he will never have you in the house again. You have offended him dreadfully."

So you see (said the major), if I hadn't been so vain of my small feet and worn my boots just one size larger I might have been a Benedict by this time.

And the major looked down at his well varnished boots, smiled into his mustache and didn't look altogether miserable, I thought.

SHORT STORIES

An Irish lady, having had some angry words with her husband one day, had occasion, a few moments after to send her servant for some fish for dinner.

"Bridget," said the mistress, "go down town at once and get me a plaice."

"Indade, an' I will, ma'am," said Bridget; "and I may as well get wan for myself, for I can't stand the masther no more than yerself."

A countryman on a visit to Glasgow, while walking along Argyle street, reading the signboards and the tickets in the shop windows, said to his companion: "Hoo can a' thae ham shops be the best and cheapest? Every yin o' them says that and the same wi' the clothes shops tae; they are jist a lot o' leears." They continued along the street until, coming opposite a plumber's shop with a big bill in the window with the words "Castiron Sinks" printed in large letters on it, he exclaimed: "Well, Jock, here's yin that tells the truth at ony rate; but any danged fool kens that castiron wad sink."

A military friend of the Earl of Longford, the Irish nobleman, who was recently wounded and taken prisoner by the Boers, adverting to His Lordship's indifference to dress, tells the following story: "I remember, many years ago, when I was with my regiment in Ireland, he used to go about with a pair of breeches and a pair of boots that weren't on speaking terms. There was—what is it you literary fellows call it?—a lucid interval between them. Some of the men chaffed him about this, and he replied: 'Well, how can you expect it otherwise? My nether wear is a matter of Irish politics. The breeches were made by a Fenian tailor and the boots by a d——d cobbler of an Orangeman! So how can they meet?'"

An Irishman, bent on showing his recently arrived friend the sights of New York, took him to to the bridge at Fifty-fifth street, over the railroad tracks, near the entrance to the Fourth avenue tunnel. While they were admiring the view, the bridge, and the tunnel, the Empire State Express passed under them with a roar and a rush that almost took their breath away, and disappeared in the tunnel. "What d'ye think of that, Pat?" said Mike to his dazed comp nion. "Well, Mike," rejoined Pat, as he gazed at the gaping orifice that had just swallowed the rushing train, "'tis a mighty small hole, and a mighty big train. If them cars iver miss it there's going to be a horrible smash some day."

Rev. Mr. Alcott, of Elgin, Ill., one of Abraham Lincoln's Springfield acquaintances, tells of seeing him coming away from church unusually early one Sunday morning. "The sermon could not have been more than half way through," says Mr, Alcott. "His son 'Tad' was slung across his left arm like a pair of saddle-bags, and Lincoln was striding along with long and deliberate steps toward his home. On one of the street corners he encountered a group of his fellow townsmen. Lincoln anticipated the question which was about to be put by the group, and, taking his figure of speech from practices with which they were only too familiar, said, "Gentlemen, I entered this colt, but he kicked around so I had to withdraw him.'"

A Scotsman who had been employed nearly all his life in the building of railways in the Highlands of Scotland came to America in his later years, and settled in a new section on the plains of the far West. Soon after his arrival a project came up in his new home for the construction of a railway through the district, and the Scotsman was applied to as a man of experience in such matters. "Hoot, mon!" said he to the spokesman of the scheme, "ye canna build a railway across this country." "Why not, Mr. Ferguson?" "Why not?" he repeated, with an air of effectually settling the whole matter. "Why not! Dae ye no see the country's as flat as a floor, and ye dinna hae ony place whatever to run your tunnels through?"

Slocan Drill.

The Payne mine shipped 145 tons of ore last month.

Last month the American Boy shipped 102 tons of ore.

The Rambler-Cariboo shipped 25 cars of ore last month, averaging $1500 to the car.

The Everett smelter people are buying all the Slocan ores they can get their hands on.

Seven inches of high grade galena has been struck on the Donnelley group, near Sandon.

A one-per cent dividend was paid by the Rambler-Cariboo on Feb. 28, and another will be paid on March 31.

A complete shutdown of the Bosun mine, New Denver, occurred on Friday night and the 4 men let out. Orders from the London office are the assigned reason.

A break in some of the machinery at the Enterprise concentrator occurred during the week, necessitating a close down for a couple of days. Repairs were effected from Nelson.

Operations have been resumed at the Slocan Star mine, in the Sandon camp. The whole output of the mine will be shipped to the Everett smelter, satisfactory arrangement having been made by the mine management.

For the first time in many weeks no ore has been shipped by the Arlington, owing to the breaking up of the roads. The teams are bringing down ore to the Transfer shed and it will be brought to the railway when the wagons can be used. Ten Mile has done splendidly this week, more so than for a couple of years, no less than 80 tons being exported. Of this 20 tons was from the Neepawa, making the second car to be sent out under the present bond. From the Enterprise 60 tons was sent out, 40 tons of which were concentrates. Five tons of ore was also picked up from the Paystreak, Twelve Mile, which is an initial shipment, bringing the total of the division up to 85 tons.

For 1900 the exports from this division amounted to 2847 tons, made up from 10 properties. Last year the exports totalled 6,529 tons from fourteen properties. Following is a full list of the shipments this year to date:

Arlington	670
Enterprise	140
Ottawa	7
Neepawa	40
May	5
Paystreak	5

ESTATE OF PETER F. EMERSON.

In the matter of the estate of Peter F. Emerson, late of the City of Nelson, in the Province of British Columbia, deceased.

Notice is hereby given pursuant to the "Trustees and Executors Act" of the revised Statutes of the Province of British Columbia, 1897, Cap. 187, to all creditors and others having claims against the estate of the said Peter F. Emerson, who died on or about the 13th day of December, A. D., 1901, to send by post prepaid or delivered to Messrs. Galliher & Wilson, of the said City of Nelson, Solicitors for Arthur H. Buchanan and Peter E. Wilson, executors for the personal estate and effects of the said deceased, or to the said Arthur H. Buchanan and Peter E. Wilson, both of the City of Nelson, in the Province of British Columbia, their Christian and surnames, addresses, descriptions and full particulars of their claims, statement of their accounts and the nature of the security, if any, held by them on or before the first day of March, A. D. 1902.

And further take notice, that after such last mentioned date the said executors will proceed to distribute the assets of the deceased to the parties entitled thereto, having regard only to the claims of which they shall then have notice. The said executors 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 them at the time of such distribution.

GALLIHER & WILSON,
Solicitors for Arthur H. Buchanan and Peter E. Wilson, Executors for Peter F. Emerson, deceased.
Dated this 12th day of February, A. D. 1902.

ESTATE OF SARAH E. EMERSON.

In the matter of the estate of Sarah E. Emerson, late of the City of Nelson, in the Province of British Columbia, deceased.

Notice is hereby given pursuant to the "Trustees and Executors Act" of the revised Statutes of the Province of British Columbia, 1897, Cap. 187, to all creditors and others having claims against the estate of the said Sarah E. Emerson, who died on or about the 11th day of December, A. D. 1901, to send by post prepaid or delivered to Messrs. Galliher & Wilson, of the said City of Nelson, Solicitors for Frank Fletcher, the administrator of the personal estate and effects of the said deceased, or to the said Frank Fletcher, of the City of Nelson, in the Province of British Columbia, their Christian and surnames, addresses, descriptions and full particulars of their claims, statement of their accounts, and the nature of the security, if any, held by them, on or before the first day of March, A. D. 1902.

And further take notice, that after such last mentioned date the said administrator will proceed to distribute the assets of the deceased to the parties entitled thereto, having regard only to the claims of which he shall then have notice. 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.

GALLIHER & WILSON,
Solicitors for Frank Fletcher, Administrator for Sarah E. Emerson, deceased.
Dated this 12th day of February, A. D. 1902.

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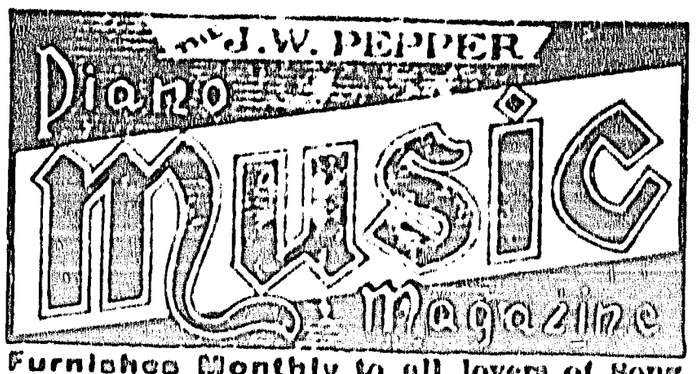

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NOTICE.

In future The Nelson Economist will be issued on Saturday, instead of Wednesday. This will be a more convenient day for mailing purposes. The next issue of The Economist will be on

SATURDAY, MARCH 29th.