NELSON ECONOMIST

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

UP to the time of writing, the crisis so persistently advertised by the sensational press, has not materialized. The dissidents, of which there were less than half-a-dozen, were somewhat dismayed with the haste which certain members of the Opposition came to the rescue of the Government, and for that reason they seem to have reconsidered their determination to abandon Mr. Dunsmuir. At this distance, it is useless to undertake an analysis of the situation. Indeed it would be unwise to make a prophesy as to the outcome, for British Columbia politicians of late years have developed a wonderful genius for establishing precedents of their own, independent of what the outside world may think of them.

EVIDENTLY Jim Hill is not held in high esteem in his own country. A Canadian, now living in one of the Northwestern States, writes to THE ECONOMIST as follows: "I see THE ECONOMIST is strongly antagonistic to Jim Hill securing a foothold in Canada. If the Canadians are wise they will see to it that Jim Hill remains on his own side of the line. The people here have had enough of him."

THE decision of the Tramway Company to reduce the fare to five cents (when bought in tens) is a generous concession to the public. We rather think that eventually the Company will profit by the change, for people who have been in the habit of paying a five cent fare in other cities do not take kindly to paying ten cents in Nelson. Of all the enterprises in Nelson that should receive generous patronage, the Tramway Company should be singled out as specially entitled to consideration. We know of nothing that has done more to advertise this city.

INSURANCE has saved thousands of merchants from financial ruin; has afforded them the means of again embarking in business with unimpaired credit, or rebuilding their establishments and stocking them with new and saleable goods. The lack of insurance has resulted in bringing many a prominent and prosperous business man to poverty. In these times, and particularly at this season of the year when there is so much danger from fires, every merchant ought to keep his store and stock insured for a reasonable amount. The expense is not great, and he cannot afford to take the risk of losing his all by neglecting his insurance. Insurance has become at the present time the almost universal custom, and one of the first questions asked by a wholesaler of a retailer is: Do you keep your stock and store well insured? We think any wholesaler is justified in refusing credit to a customer who cannot answer this question affirmatively. Merchants should not be careless or indifferent in this matter. They should closely scan their policies, and see if every article specified is covered. Insurance companies cannot be held accountable for losses which they have not specified and agreed to make good. No man should accept an insurance policy which he has not read over carefully, and has assured himself that all its provisions are satisfactory, and no man should allow his insurance to lapse for a day, as a conflagration may come at any moment, and in an hour sweep his property away. We know of a case which recently occurred, in which the man's policy had expired only an hour before the breakout of a fire, which converted his property into smoke and ashes, and resulted in a total loss to him. All of the points which we have enumerated are important, and every merchant should keep them in mind.

MR. S. A. KELLY, recently returned from South Africa, where he served his country as a member of the Strathcona Horse, will take over the business of the Kootenay Cigar Manufacturing Co., which will in future be known as the Kootenay Cigar Co. The product of this factory is justly popular in the Kootenays, and under the new management no doubt the company will be enabled to still further popularize their goods. The best way to build up this city is to encourage home industry, and when, as in the case of the cigars manufactured by the Kootenay Cigar Co., the product is superior to the imported article, home enterprise is even more entitled to patronage.

OLD Cariboo appears to be booming up once more. The old timers believe that large bodies of high grade ore will yet be struck in that section. Bald Mountain is believed to be permeated with quartz ledges now covered with drift. Some day before many years rich ledges of quartz will be found there. With a railway to Cariboo and the consequent influx of capitalists, the Ashcroft *Journal* says that quartz mines will be speedily opened up. This belief is backed by the opinion of such mining men of note as Hobson, Campbell, Thompson and many others.

Why then should a railroad be built to the northern end of Vancouver Island to compete with the finest water-way in the world, on from Kitimaat Inlet to Hazelton and other roads of even less importance, until a road is built from Ashcroft to Quesnel, the same to be extended north at an early day through Omenica, Cassiar, Atlin and to Klondike. It is the sensible, natural and right way to open up the northern country and provide the all-Canadian route so much talked of. Let us have a road to Cariboo now and if any must wait construction let some which are advocated for the sole benefit of the coast cities wait. This is also in the direct interest of Vancouver, Victoria and Westminster. The trade of Cariboo has always gone to the coast and the representatives of those cities should be among the foremost in pushing along the Cariboo railway.

COLORADO has a number of big gold mines, but there is one that is rapidly advancing itself to first place—the Doctor Jack Pot. The Los Angeles *Mining Review* says the mine by any other name would probably be just as good a producer ; nevertheless, there is something in such a name, if only that one is not likely to forget it once having heard it, nor is one likely to mix it up or confound it with some other property. The interesting feature of the Doctor Jack Pot is that it has just declared another monthly dividend of $29-000, making $116,000 that it has paid to its stockholders since the first of the present year, with $ 21,-000 cash on hand and $75,000 worth of ore in transit and at the smelter unsettled for at the date of the last dividend. That is what may be called a fine showing. It is stated that the net earnings of the mine for the three months amount to $400,000, or at the rate of $1,600,000 for the year—more than double what the Portland earned last year.

ROSSLAND evidently intends to keep up with Nelson in the matter of architecture. With this end in view Nelson architects are being engaged to design new buildings in Rossland.

A VIENNA doctor has undertaken the difficult task of teaching the blind to see. If he could be persuaded to operate on certain members of the British Columbia Legislature, the whole Province would be the gainer.

OF the many erratic members of British Columbia, Smith Curtis is the most striking example. He changes his course on all questions with about as little thought as the ordinary man exercises in changing his shirt.

THE Greenwood *Times*, a Liberal newspaper, has serious misgivings as to the practical utility of the present census enumeration. It says : "During the past two weeks the inquisitive census enumerator has been going from house to house, prying into people's affairs. Armed with authority from Dominion parliament, he asked all manner of questions from the color of your hair to the amount of your overdraft in the bank. There was nothing important in his questioning. He was simply carrying out his instructions and a non-compliance with his request landed you in the police court with the prospects of a heavy penalty. The practical utility of all the information desired by the census enumerators is open to question. A big increase in population offers food for political spell-binders who regale the public with what the party in power has accomplished ; an unfavorable census give the other fellow an equal opportunity to roast his opponent. The census furnish a wealth of statistics that are torted and distorted to furnish padding for many an empty speech. But how much is the country benefited by knowing that there are so many English, Scottish, Irish or Chinese descent, that so many belong to Roman Catholic church and so many are Seventh Day Advents or that one man is the owner of hundreds of acres while another lives in a rented house ? It is true that the census taking has provoked several guessing schemes, some of a questionable nature, but will it put much money in the pockets of the people who pay the bills ?"

MUCH satisfaction is expressed at the generous treatment Nelson district has received in the Estimates. Of course, $25,000 is scarcely commensurate with the revenue derived from this district, but taking everything into considération, we have very little to complain of.

THE State of Nebraska must be a pleasant place to live in. There law-breakers are permitted to kidnap children with the assurance that juries will acquit them of intention of committing crime. The kidnaping of young Cudahy and the subseqent acquittal of the miscreants is a striking illustration of the manner in which justice is administered in the State of Nebraska.

" DURING the Prince of Wales's stay in Washington (upon the occasion of his visit to America, in 1860,) he was President Buchanan's guest, and occupied apartments of the Executive Mansion looking over Lafayette Square," writes William Perrine, in the May *Ladies' Home Journal*. "One evening when an elaborate display of fireworks was given in his honor he stood on the balcony of the White House, together with Mr. Buchanan and Miss Lane, amidst great cheers. When dining with his hosts he would escort Miss Lane to the table, seating himself at her right. His manner was somewhat bashful, and most public ceremonies apparently bored him. But while he was with Miss Lane and the coterie of beautiful woman of her set it was noted that for the first time he had been in this country he seemed to show the manner of a gallant young gentleman desirous of pleasing. One of the merriest mornings she had with him was at a gymnasium in Washington attached to a female seminary. On the brass rings

suspended from the ceiling he swung himself one by one across the room, and the whole party laughed heartily at his pranks on the rope ladder. Then he fell to playing ten pins. Miss Lane and the Prince together succeeded in conquering Mrs. Tompson and the Duke ot Newcastle ; it was next the turn of the victors to play against each other, and Harriet, who was one of the most robust girls of the day, speedily outbowled the Prince and put his muscle to shame."

THE Nelson *Miner* protests agains t the unwarrantable abuse of Mr. Lugrin, editor of the *Colonist*, by the mongrel press of British Columbia. So far, Mr. Lugrin has thrived on abuse, but can he possibly survive a column of praise from the *Miner* ?

THE announcement that John Winchester Brown is likely to be taken into the Provincial Cabinet, is another proof of what can be accomplished by a man who is sincere in his desire to reform. A few years ago John Winchester was regarded by his political opponents as the most perfect type of an outlaw in British Columbia. His sobriquet of "Winchester" owes its origin to his threat to use his Winchester on one memorable occasion.

AN innovation in mining will soon be in operation in the property of the Arizona Copper Company. Those who are familiar with mining on this property know that the ore is practically quarried out, or shot out in great bodies from the side of the mountain, dropped down into the open workings of the mine and brought out through tunnels penetrating the mountain several hundred feet from the surface. The ore-bodies, in sections not yet worked, are capped with several feet of iron, which is being removed and the ground put in condition for steam scrapers, which will be put to work in the near future on the large bodies of decomposed sulphide ore. This will be something new in mining in Arizona, and will be watched with keen interest in this district, in some other sections of which, perhaps, the same methods can be employed."

THE Toronto *Telegram* has never been noted for going out of its way to say a good word for British Columbia mining properties. Nevertheless, there is no doubt a great deal of truth in what it says in the following paragraph : "If investors three or four years ago had viewed mining propositions as they do to-day they would have more money in their pockets, and promoters and mining brokers would have done less business while mining proper would be in a healthier condition. When the craze was at its height a few acres of land in a mining territory and a few rocks, with perhaps a hole in the ground, made the basis of a highly-capitalized company, a glowing prospectus, and a stream of money from credulous investors to enrich the promoter. The public had no knowledge of mining, and moreover invested in properties of whose value they were utterly ignorant. Everybody wanted to buy and prices soared, each advance bringing in fresh speculators and investors eager to take advantage of the movement. Very soon the failure of worthless properties to give any return, and of fairly rich gold mines to pay dividends on too high capitalization, had their inevitable effect. Prices fell. With the cessation of the boom came falling off in demand and steady depreciation in the selling price of stock, until to day the greater part of the mining stocks in demand everywhere two or three years ago are practically unsaleable, while properties of value have suffered proportionately and find little support in the market."

ALL the signs point to a great tourist travel in British Columbia the coming summer. The citizens of Nelson should be prepared to receive the visitors in a cordial manner. Tourists spend money freely and are a source of great revenue to the points which they visit.

JUST what claim either Montreal or Toronto have on the proposed lead refinery does not seem clear to the naked eye. The proper place for such an industry is in Nelson, the centre of the mining district.

CHARLES R. TUTTLE, the historian, and a great newspaper promoter in his time, is over in the Boundary country, where he promises to build smelters, refineries and anything else that the country may stand in need of at the present time.

IN illustrating the following episode the London *Chronicle* remarks that lawyers are notoriously bad makers of their own wills, and postmasters-general, who are always devising ways and means for the careful preservation and safe transit of other people's money, may be less successful in dealing with their own. This exordium has for its illustration an unlucky visit paid by Mr. Mulock to London on his way from Canada to Australia. He put a reserve of fifty sovereigns into a pocket one morning, did not draw upon them, and yet at night found them out. One theory is that a rather jolting hansom must have jostled them out of his pocket—in which case the next 'fare' must have reaped a golden harvest.

MR. TALBOT of Bellechasse says that Clarke Wallace is an Orange cur. Talbot is the only member of parliament ever charged with circulating bottles of liquor in the commons chamber when the house was in session.

IT is noticeable that nearly every paper in British Columbia which has endorsed Hill's railway schemes is edited by an American. Canadian editors are almost a unit in condemning Hill and his attempts at hoodwinking the people.

THE interior of British Columbia is almost free from smallpox.

THE Pan-American exposition at Buffalo opens its doors to-day. There is still much vacant space, many of the exhibits being unpacked.

VENTS AND OSSIP

QUITE recently, Mr. Edwards, M. P., put the cities of Canada in point of desirability as places of residence in this order : Montreal, Quebec, Ottawa, and Winnipeg. Asked by a Member from Toronto, "What about Toronto ?" the Eastern lumberman replied hotly : "Before I would live in Toronto I would like to have its views enlarged and its bigotry lessened." At this the Toronto *Saturday Night* takes great offence. Nevertheless, it must be confessed that Toronto has gained unenviable notoriety, not only in Canada, but all over the continent, as being a place in which the freedom of the citizen is reduced to a minimum. Toronto people themselves are greatly responsible for this impression gaining ground. They have placed themselves on a pedestal of authority, which, if it has demonstrated anything, is that a native of Toronto is perhaps the most conceited creature in the world. Some years ago in Chicago, if a man assumed a superior tone of authority in speaking on any subject, it was remarked by some one, "why that fellow must be from Toronto." I suppose Mr. Edwards merely referred to the bigotry of the citizens as a whole. It may be that Toronto has been maligned in this respect, nevertheless the opinion prevails in many quarters that a man who desires liberty of thought and action would just about as soon take up his residence in Siberia as in Toronto.

Within the next few days, the firm of J. G. Bunyan & Co. will embark in business as furniture dealers, and funeral directors. The firm will be composed of Mr. J. G. Bunyan, for some years connected with the establishment of D. McArthur & Co., and Mr. Stuart Campbell, book-keeper with Kirkpatrick & Wilson. Both gentlemen are well and favorably know in Nelson, and as a tribute to their merit, it might be mentioned that no one will be more pleased at their success than the gentlemen in whose services Messrs. Bunyan and Campbell have been recently engaged.

The Sons of England of Nelson will to-night give a banquet in honor of Mr. S. A. Kelly, who has recently returned from South Africa, whither he went with the Strathcona Horse. Mr. Kelly is highly esteemed by his compatriots in Nelson.

All arrangements for the meeting between Goff and Burns have been completed, and the men will come together on the evening of May 10. Both men are here and are said to be in good condition. It is believed the event will bring here a large number of visitors from neighboring towns and cities.

Merchants report an improvement in business, but there is still room for further improvement. However, there is a fair demand for seasonable goods, which will no doubt increase as the season progresses.

The number of really beautiful birds in this portion of British Columbia at least is not very great, and it is therefore desirable that nothing should be done to interfere with the propogation of the species. Passing through the woods the other day, I was very sorry to notice several robins lying on the ground, having been brought down by the gun of some thoughtless sportsman. It is hard to understand what pleasure a sportsman can take in shooting such a beautiful bird as the robin.

Much has been done by the present city council in the way of having back yards cleaned up, but there are still several spots that demand attention. I refer to the existence of several exposed box sewers. Those old sewers may have served a good purpose in their time, but they should be no longer permitted to carry away the refuse and filth from buildings, especially in full view of passers-by, to the prejudice of good health.

A well-known character has been arrested because he believes himself to be a politician. There are a great many others who labor under the same hallucination still running at large.

Back east they are suffering from storms, while here we are enjoying the choicest brand of Kootenay weather.

The Toronto *Telegram* thinks at the present crisis in British Columbia politics, Hon. Joseph Martin seems to be tolerably influential for a man who is supposed to be dead. That's so, but Joseph appears to be growing wiser in his old age.

E. G. Conklin, whose death is announced from Winnipeg, was for many years one of the most prominent men in the Prairie Capital. Like many others he lost all in the boom, and never retrieved his lost fortune.

Victoria will observe the birthday of the late Queen as in former years. The celebration of this event has always been one of marked pleasure, and there seems to be no good reason why it should not be perpetuated, the opinion of several leading citizens of Victoria to the contrary notwithstanding.

Smith Curtis says Joe Martin is incorruptible. A recommendation of this character, coming from so high an authority must not be treated too lightly.

So many storekepers, not very successful ones, however, appear to think that the disordered appearance of their store cuts no figure in the quantity of trade they transact. Especially in large cities will the style and appearance of a store often serve as much of a drawing card as anything else that can possibly be done. A neat floor and a choice selection of goods with bright tables, artistically arranged, form a picture that attracts the attention of trade that would never have entered but for that expendent? Looks command the appetite and loosen the purse strings to purchase the coveted article. Some of the most successful storekeepers can readily substantiate the fact that nothing has assisted them as much in building up a trade as has the neatness and appearance of their store and its surroundings. Does any one suppose that when a store is kept in an untidy condition, with soap and ham, coal oil cases and butter boxes, bread and potatoes all intermingled and thrown together, that the customers do not become disgusted with such state of affairs? Those grocers who think so

generally find plenty of time to wait on the trade they have. It is different, however, with the practical storekeeper who manages to find a proper place for all grades of goods and keeps his store neat. Customers are attracted to it and it is the by-word of the neighborhood that Mr. Alwaysneat has a very nice store and fresh goods and one recommends the other to give him a trial. The storekeeper himself seems in a more contented mood when his surroundings have a lively and business-like appearance. As for the clerk, it is one of the best recommendations that he can possibly have that he is neat and has a tasty manner of arranging the goods on the shelf, and many of them who are now in business for themselves managed to command extra salary on that account and were retained in situations as long as they wished to remain. To keep the store neat is within the power of every man, and none need have their place of business otherwise.

Nothing has yet been done in the way of organizing a lacrosse club in Nelson. We have any number of good players here, and it is rumored that others will take up their residence in Nelson within the next few weeks.

Evidently Mr. Hodge, manager of the Telephone Company, still entertains the belief that he runs the city council. The sooner Mr. Hodge is disillusioned on this point the better it will be for all concerned.

I would recommend Vernon street to the attention of the city council as a thoroughfare on which an elaborate system of public works might profitably be undertaken.

If Premier Dunsmuir would be well advised he will stand by his guns. The bolters will have to give in. The voice of the people is against them.

If, as reported, the Chinese are squatting on the grounds reserved for a public park and recreation ground, the city council should order their removal immediately. Once located there, it will be more difficult to get them out of the way.

The prospectors are determined to organize a protective association. They certainly are entitled to protection. Without the prospectors British Columbia would never have amounted to anything from a mining point of view.

The closing of the stores on Thursday afternoon is a move in the right direction. But it would have made the holiday more universal had it been decided to suspend business every Saturday afternoon. Then the banks would have been closed.

When John Houston returns to Nelson he will be surprised to find a fully uniformed police force and other evidences of a determination on the part of the people to found here in the heart of the Kootenays a great city.

The announcement of Hon. J. H. Turner that he will retire from active political life at the close of the present session does not come in the nature of a surprise. It has been known for some time that the finance Minister will act as agent of the Province at London. For nearly fifteen years Mr. Turner has occupied a seat in the House, and during that time he has won the respect of political friend and foe alike. Always courteous to his opponents, he was equally as popular on the other side as he was on on his own. He has earned a well-merited rest and his friends in British Columbia are a unit in wishing him a long life in which to enjoy his new office.

Messrs. John A. Kirkpatrick and Charles Wilson have this week retired from business. Both gentlemen earned distinction by their honorable methods in dealing with the public.

Since the launching of the "Celtic," the largest ship in the world, Ireland is said to rule the sea.

The suits arising from the disaster to the Point Ellice bridge at Victoria, May 24, 1896, have not yet been settled. The other day, Mrs. Mary Jane Biggar was awarded $5000 in damages for injuries sustained by her when the car broke through the bridge.

Premier Laurier, in creating the 24th of May a perpetual holiday, will not detract from his popularity. For sixty-four years this day has been looked forward to by young and old in the British possessions as the event of the whole year.

The removal of the veranda from the front of the Silver King Hotel has changed the appearance of that portion of Baker street. That thoroughfare looks much wider than it did while the veranda took up so much of the sidewalk.

During the week many strangers have been in the city, some here to look into the mining possibilities of the country and others to look after business openings.

When Smith Curtis is in doubt as to how he should proceed, it is understood he just drops a line to Jimmy Wilkes, who knows a whole lot about politics that Smith Curtis has yet to learn.

It is rumored that Mr. Chas. Gregg, now editor of the Nelson *Miner*, will transfer his services to the Rossland *Miner* within a few days. Mr. Gregg has all the qualifications of a first-class newspaper man. Under his supervision the Nelson *Miner* showed many signs of improvement. P. G.

Messrs. Whealler & Wragge have taken over the legal business of Davis, Bowes & Ward.

The Nelson District Messenger Service is supplying a long felt want. Already additional messenger boys have been added to meet the requirements of the service.

F. Irvine & Co. are advertising a sale of trunks this week. Anyone who has anything to put in a trunk will find it to their advantage to consult F. Irvine & Co. at this time.

Messrs. Lee & Burnett opened as green grocers today in the Madden Block on Ward street.

Mr. W. A. Galliher is expected home from Ottawa next week in time to attend to legal business in connection with the assizes.

The Prosecution of Mrs. Dullet.

I was on a visit to my friend Dave at his mountain home, and was standing one day in the court-yard at Lexby, the country town, discussing the possibilities of his re-election to the position of prosecuting attorney, when down the street came at a long gallop an old fellow mounted on a thin, ewe-necked, sorrel colt whose long, rusty tail whipped between his legs at every jump. Up to the court-yard gate he clattered and, dismounting, flung the reins over the post in utter disregard of the large printed notice that no horses were to be hitched there. Through the turnstile and up the walk he came swinging.

"I believe that's old Dullet from Jacksborough," said Dave. "He's a man of influence up there, and dead against me—always is. I wonder what he wants?"

He had not long to wait, for the old fellow strode up to a group and said, "Whar's the prosecutin' attorney?"

"I am the man," said Dave. "What can I do for you, Mr. Dullet?"

"I wants you to put my wife in the pen'tentiary," he said.

"What," exclaimed Dave; then recovered himself. "What do you want that for?"

"She's forged my name, and she's got to go to the pen'tentiary," he said.

"Well, tell me about it," said Dave, seeing the gravity of the situation, and, turning, he led the way to his office and offered chairs.

"Well, it's this way: My oldest gal Sairy is been a-waitin' to marry a fellow named Torm Hackle for gwine on two years, and I wouldn't let her."

"Why?" said Dave in a professional tone, drawing a pen and paper toward him.

"'Cause Torm's on the other side," said Dullet.

"Oh!" said Dave, writing down something. "Go on."

"Well, I wouldn't let Torm come over on our side. I sent him word if he did to look out. And Sairy she got kind of sick and peaked, and my old woman she wanted me to do it then, and I wouldn't, 'cause I had to sign the dockiment. Then she got kinder worser, and my wife she wanted me to go for the doctor. So day before yistiddy I went down for the doctor, and he said he'd come to-day, and I staid at Jim Miggins' store all night and yistiddy a-waitin' for him, and when I got home last night my wife she said, 'Whar's the doctor?' And I said, 'He's a comin'. How's Sairy?' And she said, 'She's done got well. She's got all the doctor she wanted. She done married Torm Hackle." "How did she done it," says I, 'and I ain't signed the license?' says I. 'I signed your name for it,' says she. And I said, 'You has done committed a pen'tentiary offense, and I kin put you in the pen'tentiary for it,' says I. And she bet me a dollar she hadn't and I couldn't. And I says, 'I bet you two dollars I kin, and I will,' says I. And now I are gwine to do it. I kin do it, can't I?"

Dave reflected, while the old mountaineer sat still, perfectly passive.

"Well," he said, slowly, "there are not a great many precedents." The old fellow's face hardened. "But, of course," he added, "forgery is a very serious thing, and, ah!" The old fellow's eye was upon him. "How long have you been married?" he asked.

"Twenty year come next month."

Dave wrote it down.

"Wife always been good wife to you?"

"Ain't got no fault to find with her 'till now, when she forged my name an'—"

"Ever have any trouble with her?"

"Never at all, 'cept, of course, fights like all married folks has."

Dave wrote it down.

"Industrious?"

"Got no fault to find with her 'bout that."

"Help you save what you got?"

"Ain't a hard workiner, saviner 'ooman on the mountain."

"How many children she got?"

"Nine—eight livin'. I don't count that one."

"How many dead?"

"Four."

Dave wrote industriously.

"Wife good to 'em?"

"Jes' as good as could be. Nursed 'em faithful."

"Sit up with 'em when they were sick?"

"Never went to bed at all; never took her clothes off."

"Go hard with her?"

"Went mighty hard, 'specially when Johnny died. He was named after me."

Dave wrote silently.

"Go hard with you?"

"Right sort of hard."

"Sort of lonesome after that?"

"Mighty lonesome."

"How old is your youngest one now?"

"Gwine on three; that's Billy."

"Fond of his mother?"

"Can't bear her out of his sight."

"Fond of you?"

"Sort of—right smart."

"Say Sairy was your oldest?"

"Yes."

"Thought right smart of her when you didn't have any others, just at first, I reckon?"

"Umh. Might 'a' done; don't remember."

"Wife did, anyhow?"

"Yes; always fool 'bout her. Oldest—see?"

"She was young and fresh then?"

"Yes; likeliest woman on the mountain."

"Bet she was! Used to have good time sitting up to her summer evenings, walking through the woods?"

"Yes, sir; did that."

"She thought more of the first baby than you, she had more trouble with her than you—when she was a baby, I mean?"

"Oh, yes; guess she did."

"Carried her round in her arms, nursed her when she was sick, and made her little frocks for her?"

"Yes."

"As she did Johnny's?"

"Yes."

"And does little Billy's?"

"Yes; she made Billy a little pair of breeches."

"With pockets in them?"

"Yes; two."

Dave laid down his pen, opened the code and read a little to himself. "Well, I can put her in the penitentiary for you," he said. "Not less than one nor more than ten years," he read.

Dullet sat forward a little.

"How old is your wife?"

"'Bout fifty year."

"I'll draw the indictment. Let me see, the grand jury will meet when? Then the jury? He

was talking to himself, with his eyes turned up to the ceiling. "There might be some of those Hackles on the jury. Umh, that would be bad." Dullet twisted around in his chair. "They'd send her on for the full time, though—ten years. That would be good."

Dullet leaned forward. "Are them Hackles obleeged to be on that jury ?" he asked.

"No," said Dave ; "not at all. Only they may be on there, that's all." He lifted his eyes again to the ceiling. "That might be all the better. They'd of course be pretty rough on her. Ten years. She'd be about sixty when she came out. Umh ! They'd have worked her pretty hard. Let me see. I suppose they'd put her with the thieves, dress her in stripes, and maybe whip her." Dullet started to give an explanation, but stopped to listen. "I suppose little Billy would be sorry at night at first, but he'd get used to it, or he might go down to see her once a year or so for a few minutes in his breeches if she lived. He'd miss her some. If she died, she'd go to Johnny. Well, the Hackles wouldn't be sorry. Yes ; I can do it I think," he said, bringing his eyes down on Dullet's face and speaking positively.

Dullet rose with a jump. "Look a-here. Mr.—Mr.—What's your name ?" he said. "I'll just be durned ef any of the Hackles kin put my wife in the penitentiary, and ef any thinks they can let 'em try it !"

Dave looked at him calmly. "I agree with you," he said, "and I'll help you."

There was a pause, in which Dullet was reflecting. Then he asked, "What would you advise me to do?"

"I don't advise you to do anything," said Dave, "but I know what I'd do if I was in your place."

"What ?"

"I'd go home and send for Sairy to come over to dinner next Sunday and tell her to bring that fellow with her—he's more Dullet now than he's Hackle ; and every time my wife got uppish I'd tell her I could have put her in penitentiary for ten years, but I was too good to her to do it."

Dullet reflected and then said : "I'll do it. What does I owe to you ?"

"A good deal," said Dave, "but I want you to present it to Mrs. Dullet for me."

"Well"—He walked to the door, paused, and then said slowly : "Th' next time you runs for anything, Jacksborough is a-gwine to vote for you." He went out.

Dave was re-elected.

Those Mother Songs.

An amusing writer in the *North American* says : "I have to report a most remarkable thing. Four times this week have I sat at a vaudeville show—four times—yet not once did I hear the drawn and swelling notes of a "mother song."

Hard to believe ? I know it is. But it is true.

If the walls of the vaudeville theatre could resound what they have heard there would arise a strange fantastic furore. There would mingle the rasping tones of the topical singers, the cracked notes of the broken-down opera tenors, the squeals of trained rats, the squawks of trained birds, the shouting of the gag fiends, the grunting of the elephants, the shattering tunes of the rag-time, the blare of trumpets, the groans of reciters, the rattle of xylophones, the tinkling of musical glasses and the tremulous treble of child wonders.

But one other tone would be predominant in the mad Wagnerian blast. It would be the drawn and swelling notes of all the mother songs in common time. All mother songs sound alike to me.

Not that I would promote a prejudice against a good mother song. There is a fine sentiment that warrants the mother song fully. With this great theme poets have sung their sweetest. And it is good realism to picture this sentiment in the hearts of men on battlefields and in war hospitals. It is true that men and women often take through their lives precious memories of a mother's words. It is true that this tender mother sentiment has a place in every heart. Good songs about mother there are in literature, and they have held their places securely against the workings of time.

But what I shake my fist at is the kind of mother song bawled at us in the vaudevilles. Also I feel the same way against those that bawl them. Think of the mawkish maternal melodies you have had to hear.

"A Flower That I Plucked From Mother's Grave." As though anybody would want to get up and sing about that, as if, plucking a flower from your mother's grave, you would not hide it somewhere in some precious book a sacred token of your grief. Is it likely that any man or woman would flaunt the flower and its meaning to the public ? Therefore, when the lady with cosmetically beautiful eyes or the man with rigid arms stands before us yelling of a sacred thing, it strikes falsely and jars, and you feel uncomfortable until the thing is done.

"Just break the news to mother—
"Tell her there is no other,"

As though the good woman needed assurance on that score.

"My Mother was a Lady," squawks the corpulent soubrette, who an instant before was winking at somebody in front. "Jack" it appears has the same belief in the ladyship of the woman's mother, because she further sings : "And you would not dare insult me sir, if Jack was only here."

"She's the Mother of the Girl I Love." This recites the story of a woman arrested for drunkenness. Her daughter is engaged to the young lawyer who is defending her, and this young man, in order to defend her successfully, gazes tearfully at the jury and says : "She is the mother of the girl I love." Upon hearing this the judge and jury weep copiously and the woman is discharged. Well, it was all right for the mother. But how about the girl ? Of course, she was delighted at being advertised by her intended husband as the daugher of a dipsomaniac.

Consider too, the asinine improbabilities of the song. A rising young lawyer finds that his fiancee's mother has been arrested for drunkenness. In the first place the case did not require a jury—a police court magistrate would be judge and jury too.

Of course the first thing that the young lawyer would do would be to rush into public court and cry out, "She's the mother of the girl I love." Of course, he would—not. He might take the judge into his private office and confide the case to him and plead for leniency. But most probably he would simply pay her fine and send her home in a cab and keep his mouth shut about her identity.

By all means let us have good mother songs, properly sung. Let us have simple ballads that tell of realistic bits of motherly devotion, tenderness and goodness. And let the woman who sings them scrape the stridency off her voice. Sing the mother song sweet and low. Dress simply when you mean to sing a mother song. Strip off your jewels and wear gowns of subdued coloring and use no atom more of paint and powder than the harsh stage light absolutely requires. Such a mother song, so sung, would be wholesome and good to hear.

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

	Tons
From Bosun Landing	
Bosun	220
From New Denver	
Hartney	120
From Silverton	
Alpha	40
Hewett	526
Emily Edith	40
From Enterprise Landing	
Enterprise	140
From Slocan City	
Arlington	1355
Two Friends	40
Black Prince	100
Bondholder	50
Chapleau	15
Speculator	20
Phoenix	20
Total	2686

The silver-lead production of British Columbia of 1899 was fairly doubled in 1900.

At present the North Star mine is the only property in the district maintaining a regular daily output.

A dispatch from Revelstoke says: "A number of people of Revelstoke have recently formed a syndicate to prospect in the Big Ben district for the purpose of examining into the mica deposits recently found in that district. There are two claims carrying mica situated on the north side of Sand creek, about two and one-half miles from Tete Jaune Cache. The veins are reported to be 15 feet wide and are traceable for quite a distance on the surface. A number of chutes of excellent mica have been found and many samples have been taken running from 3x5 to 5x10 of very fine quality. The two claims referred to are located not far from the Bonanza property, which shipped about $30,000 worth of mica in 1899 at a big expense in the way of transportation. It is expected that better communication will be made between Revelstoke and Tete Juana Cache, and when this is brought about it will help greatly in the development of these mica deposits."

Up to date the ore shipments of the Boundary exceed a total of 200-000 tons. Of this amount, the *Pioneer* says, Phœnix camp has contributed about three-quarters. This ore has nearlly all been shipped within nine months, and about 80,000 tons have gone out over the Phœnix spur since January 1st, 1901. These facts tell an interesting story.

In common with all towns in British Columbia, Slocan is feeling the pinch of quiet times in business circles, yet in the mining world the local division never had more work going on nor never had so promising a future. In contrast to the state of affairs existing a year ago, 1901 shows a wonderful advancement and there is no district in the province that is exhibiting a more solid growth and expansion.—*Slocan Drill.*

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.

In the matter of the Estate of Kenneth Cannell, late of the City of Nelson, Province of British Columbia, stone mason, deceased.

Notice is hereby given, pursuant to the "Trustees and Executors Act" of the Revised Statutes of the Province of British Columbia, 1897, Chapter 187, that all creditors and others having claims against the estate of the said Kenneth Cannell, who died on or about the 18th day of October, 1900, are required, on or before the 1st day of July, 1901, to send by post prepaid or deliver to Messrs Taylor & Hannington, of the City of Nelson aforesaid, Solicitors for Barbara Cannell, the administratrix of the personal estate of the said deceased, 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 such last mentioned date the said administratrix will proceed to distribute the assets of the deceased among the parties entitled thereto, having regard only to the claims which she shall then have notice, and the said administratrix 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 her at the time of such distribution.

Dated the 24th day of April 1901.

TAYLOR & HANNINGTON,
Solicitors for Barbara Cannell, administratrix of Kenneth Cannell, deceased.

CERTIFICATE OF IMPROVEMENTS.

Golden Queen Mineral Claim, situate in the Nelson Mining Division of West Kootenay District.

Where Located: About 1500 feet north of the "Poorman" and about one mile south of the Kootenay bridge.

Take notice that I, John McLatchie, of the City of Nelson, acting as agent for Eliza Ann Crowe, Free Miner's Certificate No. B 20,406, 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 17th day of April, 1901.

JOHN McLATCHIE, P.L.S.

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9.00 Ex Sun	Slocan City, Slocan Lake Points and Sandon	14.40 Ex Sun
18.40 Daily	Rossland, Columbia River Points, connecting Revelstoke with main Line	22.10 Daily
16.00 Ex Sun	S. S. Kokanee for Kaslo and Intermediate Points	11.00 Ex Sun

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