NELSON ECONOMIST

VOL. V. NELSON, B. C., WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 16, 1901. NO. 14

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

THE *Colonist* advances the startling proposition that Mr. Dunsmuir after passing a redistribution bill, should state his policy and go to the country. The great trouble in this case would be that no one would believe for a moment that Mr. Dunsmuir and his party if returned to power would make any attempt at carrying out his policy. The present Government was returned to power on a straight anti-Martin policy. How far has Mr. Dunsmuir and his present set of colleagues, we were going to say accomplices, gone in the way of redeeming this promise to the people? The Dunsmuir Government was given a free hand in almost everything else, only that the disturbing elements in the affairs of our Province were to be given to understand forever that British Columbia wanted to be rid of them. Yet, when Mr. Dunsmuir asked advice as to how the affairs of the country should be carried on, to whom did he go? He is greatly misrepresented if since the beginning of his term of office he has not relied almost wholly on this same Martin. And now we find the *Colonist* coming forward with the audacious proposal to once more take Mr. Dunsmuir on trust. The fact of the matter is, the people of British Columbia have reason to feel disgusted with their no-party line Governments. Bitter experience has taught them that the man elected without being pledged to a party with well-defined principles is likely to drift in the direction which best serves his own ends. There is some guarantee that a man elected to support a party with a set of principles is likely to fulfil the conditions of his trust, while a man elected to support a man only is placed in the position of being able to follow his own inclinations without regard to the wishes of the people who sent him there. To carry out the wishes of the people it is necessary that conventions of the two old parties should be held at once. Platforms on which each party will appeal to the people should be constructed. and then it remains with the voters to select the platform and man best suited to the requirements of the country. If the Conservatives put forth a policy best suited to the needs of the Province, and put forward men who will inspire confidence in their ability and honesty to carry it out they should be returned to power. On the other hand, if the Liberals have a better policy and better men, it will not be difficult to foretell the result. But no encouragement should be given to men like Mr. Dunsmuir to ever again being heard in the counsels of the Government of British Columbia.

SENATOR CHAUNCEY M. DEPEW is to marry again. Being questioned about the rumour he said :—It is true that I am to be married again. The lady who has honoured me by agreeing to become my wife is Miss May Palmer, whom I have known for years." Miss Palmer, daughter of Henry Palmer, is twenty-three years of age, and the Senator is sixty-seven. Miss Palmer's grandfather, John Palmer, founded and was the first president of the Merchants' Bank of New York He died about thirty years ago and left a large fortune. Senator Depew's first wife died in 1893. He has one son, Chauncey M. Depew, jr., who is about twenty-five years old.

Now that a steamer is about to be put on the Upper River the *Kootenay Mail* suggests to Mr. Galliher, M. P. that he take steps during the coming session at Ottawa to obtain a substantial grant towards improving the river for navigation. There has not been much spent in river improvements so far, and there is no reason why the $200,000 estimated as the cost of the necessary improvements by Mr. Gamble C. E. should not be voted to put the river in first-class condition. There will be big traffic between Revelstoke and Canoe River when the present difficulties are overcome, and the sum mentioned is said to be ample for the work.

THE ECONOMIST has frequently referred to the peculiar methods by which coal lands are prospected for in this province. The *Mining Record*, published at Victoria, in its last issue goes into this matter at length, and so just are its conclusions that we give the article in full :

"Considerable dissatisfaction is being openly expressed at the practical working of the Act under which coal lands are acquired, and prospecting for coal carried on in the Province. The Act does not appear to accomplish what it was intended to accomplish, namely, the active development of coal lands by companies with sufficient capital at their backs, but to bring about the tying up of coal lands for a small money consideration to the Government, by parties who desire to hold those lands for purely speculative purposes. The first step in acquiring coal lands in British Columbia is to place a stake at the corner of each 640 acres which an individual or syndicate may wish to prospect over. This simple

act gives a vested interest in the land so designated for 60 days, during which certain preparations have to be made to take out a prospecting licence. The prospecting licence costs $50 for each section and is good for one year. That is to say, ten square miles of coal lands may be tied up for a year for a payment of $500 and small incidental expenses. The law, however, goes further. At the end of the year the holders of the licences have only to prove to the satisfaction of the Chief Commissioner of Lands and Works that they have looked for coal and have not found it, to have the licences renewed for another year at the cost of $500. As the Chief Commissioner of Lands and Works cannot be supposed to investigate the *bona fides* of every such application, we can only say that opening is left here for corruption on the part of subordinate officials, and for the evasion of the intention of the Act such as should not exist in any Provincial statute. We say this without making the remotest suggestion that in any particular instance it has been taken advantage of. This process of renewal may again be put in operation and the land tied up for a third year. This provision of laws seems to put a premium upon anything rather than the discovery and development of coal. It makes it possible to tie up coal lands for three years and two months, without any further definition of their area than a post to each square mile, and without any obligation on the part of the licensees except that of perfunctory prospecting, with a distinct inducement to speculative holders not to discover coal. If the coal, however, is so patent that it cannot be over looked, then the licence holders may apply for a lease. Their lease contains stringent provisions regarding continuous working, and so forth, and runs for five years at a rental of ten cents per acre. There is, however, no *locus standi* for any third party to attack this lease if its provisions are not carried out, and it is not likely that the Government would do so unless the ten cents per acre was not forthcoming regularly. Certainly before the lease is issued the land must be surveyed. But the upshot of the whole matter is, that anyone desiring to speculate in coal lands, may tie them up for a period of eight years for a comparatively small monetary consideration, compared with the interest involved, and the more perfunctory discharge of certain duties. If, during this period, someone happens to come along who wishes to mine and use the coal why then, of course, the speculators fortune is made. Such is the law regarding the discovery of coal in British Columbia except, indeed, that if eight years are not long enough the land may then be tied up in perpetuity by purchase, subject to no taxation, except the Wild Land Tax of 25 cents an acre, unless the holder should be so foolish as to work the coal, when he would have to pay a royalty. This law, like some others in British Columbia seems to have been framed for the purpose of extracting a trumpery revenue from speculation in the resources of the Province, and without any regard for solid industrial development upon which alone prosperity and a satisfactory revenue depend. It is not our business at the present time to suggest a specific change, but surely something could be devised a little less likely to attract a flock of land cormorants whose only occupation is to prey upon the capital which is willing, actually, to develop and work the resources of the Province."

RUDYARD KIPLING characterizes Secretary of War Brodrick's selection of General Sir Redvers Buller, Sir Evelyn Wood, and the Duke of Connaught for the generalships of the first three army corps under the new defence system, as a "revival of certain impertinent, unlearned methods, which they have been assured many times the nation has abandoned forever. It seems to indicate that despite the pledges of the Government, the whole army machine is to be hauled back to the old ruts of impotence, pretence and collapse. Men see that their chosen commanders are not quite in touch with the real army, which, with a little tact and a little seriousness might so easily survive. It is not the triviality or inaptitude displayed in this matter that appals, but the cynical levity."

THE Vancouver *World* draws attention to the fact that President Roosevelt, although a man of as many millions as British Columbia's Premier, insists that his own boys shall receive their foundational education in the common schools of their country. Here is one small thing in which Mr. Roosevelt shows himself a statesman. It is in the mingling and mutual understanding of all classes in the formative period that the units of a great nation are prepared for the making of that nation as a compact, well-cemented whole, when they shall have become men and women.

JOSEPH MARTIN has resorted to his old tactics. Through the law firm of Davie, Pooley & Luxton, he has entered a petition against the return of Gifford of New Westminister. The usual counts of bribery, treating and hiring of vehicles, both personally and by agent, are advanced. Martin may be a politician but no one will ever accuse him of being a game loser.

THE Ottawa *Free Press*, supposed to be inspired thinks Hon. Wm. Templeman, of Victoria, will succeed Sir Louis Davies in the Dominion Cabinet. The Laurier Government cannot much longer ignore the demand from this Province for cabinet representation, and the selection of Senator Templeman would not only meet the approval of a majority of Liberals, but a great number of Conservatives as well.

THE American people are engaged in devising some punishment suitable for the crime of which the infamous Czolgosz has been found guilty. It is generally conceded that electrocution is altogether too humane a disposition of criminals of the Czolgosz stamp. The various methods suggested seem strange in this enlightened age, but it must not be forgotten that the crime is also without parallel. A body of 500 Methodist students has solemnly resolved that in addition to the legal penalty the remains should be shipped to sea and cast as food to the fishes, thus saving American soil from being desecrated by harboring the ashes of the anarchist. The commander of the Grand Army of the Republic has just issued an order forbidding all veterans from ever mentioning, under any circumstances whatever, the name of the murderer of the president. This has been followed with an order by the Auburn prision authorities excluding all visitors from the section of

the prison where Czolgosz is confined and warning the guards against giving out any information calculated to earn any notoriety for the condemned. In this connection a wise suggestion is made by the Ottawa *Citizen*. After referring to the fact that the motive underlying these various forms of punishment is to impress anarchists with the infamous character of their propaganda, that paper points out that history supplies one figure whose crime has never been condoned by humanity, but whose name has been preserved and abides today the synonym for all that is basest and most treacherous. Judas, who with a kiss betrayed his Master, and Czolgosz, who while extending the hand of friendship sent the bullet on its mission of death, are names that the world will not let die, cannot afford to let perish. "It were better for that man he had never been born," said the Nazarene more in pity than in anger, and Judas' name and deed have become forever inseparable. Then the *Citizen* asks, can Christian America improve upon the example thus set in dealing with the great crime against the head of that state, or would anarchists be more favorably disposed towards the existing order by the display of a vengence that is without mercy or the manifestation of the spirit of compassion which in an hour of awful agony cried: "Father, forgive them; they know not what they do"?

As the name of Judas has throughout the Christian era been regarded as synonymous with everything that is contemptible and treacherous in humanity, so will future generations refer to the murderer of President McKinley.

THE only morning paper in Hamilton, Ont., has suspended publication. This is regarded by the Toronto papers as the natural fate of a morning paper published in a city where the people rise in the afternoon.

THOUGH President Roosevelt is the youngest chief magistrate the United States has ever had, he is not so youthful as the heads of some other governments. The President is 43 years old, but Emperor William will not be 42 until the 27th of this month. The Czar of Russia is only 31. Emmanael II. of Italy will be thirty-three this coming November, Wilhelmina of Holland was 21 years old last month and Alfonzo XIII. of Spain, the youngest of them all, was only 15 May 17 last.

WHEN the Canadian alien law was passed by the Liberal Government, it was openly charged that there was no intention of the Government to enforce it. It was simply a sop thrown out to the labor element to catch votes. The refusal of the Liberal Government to enforce the law proves the insincerity of Mr. Laurier's promises to the labor element. Notwithstanding the fact that it has been amply proven that the provisions of the law have been openly violated, it has been determined to permit the importation of foreigners to the mines of Rossland in violation of the law. If laws are objectionable to people, the people should see that they are repealed, but as long as they are on the statute books to openly advocate the non-enforcement of them is anarchy pure and simple. No set of laws ever proved to be satisfactory to all people, but where a majority rules and laws are passed by representatives of these people the laws should be enforced. Repeal them if you do not want them, but enforce them while on the statute books.

THE Conservative party has been called many mean names in its day by Liberals, but we submit it is going a little to far to call the leaders of that party "con" men, as was done the other day by an Eastern Liberal paper.

REPORTS from all over the interior are to the effect that business is improving. Particularly is this the case with regard to mining. Yesterday there were 14 claims recorded in the Mining Recorder's office at Nelson.

TWO well-known Nelson newspaper men have just about decided to abandon the down-trodden press and engage in chicken-raising. If their capacity for raising hades is to be taken as an evidence of their fitness to raise chickens their venture should prove a huge success.

WHEN President Shaughnessy was knighted he telegraphed to his parents in Milwaukee as follows: "One owes a great deal to a good father and mother." Sir William Van Horne, who was knighted some years ago, was also a citizen of the United States by birth.

FOLLOWING in the footsteps of his illustrious mother, who for years exhibited at the English stock shows, King Edward proposes to show some of the royal herds next month at the international live stock exposition in Chicago.

THE Toronto *World* has the following words in favor of public ownership: "The principle of public ownership may be ridiculed by corporations and light-weight politicians, but facts speak for themselves. The city which has had most experience in the direction of public ownership is the strongest advocate of the principle. In Glasgow they know whereof they speak. The city's recent installation of a great municipal telephone plant more than offsets all the arguments that are urged against municipalization. The municipalization of the telephone in Glasgow follows as a matter of course upon the success of the principle of public ownership applied to electric and gas lighting, the operation of street cars, public laundries and various other services."

VENTS AND OSSIP

THE concert to be given at the Nelson Opera House, Thursday evening, under the auspices of the Nelson Operatic Society, should attract a large audience. The programme includes Act IV. from Il Trovatore and the Garden scene from Faust. In the first Mrs. Parry, Mr. John Lachore and Signor Haltz will take part, and the latter will be given by Mrs. Melville Parry, Mrs. M. S. Davys, Mr. John Lachore and Signor Haltz. Besides this there will be a solo by Signor Haltz, violin solo, Mr. Headley ; soprano solo, Mrs. Young, and cello solo. Herr F. Steiner. With such a programme there should be a large audience.

The *Petit Blue* tells a story illustrative of the "slimness" of Mrs. Dewet. An English officer was pointing out to her how impossible it was for her husband to escape the cordon of troops which was drawn round him. As Mrs. Dewet seemed unable to understand him, the officer placed a dozen eggs in a circle on the table, with a half-crown in the middle. The eggs, he explained, pointing to himself, were the English ; the coin, pointing to a portrait of Dewet on the wall, was her elusive husband. It was an excellent object-lesson, and it was perfectly successful. "I see," said the simple Dutch woman, in excellent English. "But where is Dewet ?" And the half-crown had disappeared !

After the surrender of Appomattox, General Wise came riding down the road furiously to where General Lee and his staff were grouped. He was splashed with mud from head to heels, and there were great splotches of mud dried and caked on his face. Addressing General Lee, he asked in a theatrical voice, "Is it true, General Lee, that you have surrendered?"

"Yes, General Wise, it is true."

"I wish, then, to ask you one question, What is to become of my brigade, General Lee, and what is going to become of me?"

General Lee looked at the splashed warrior for a full minute and then said calmly and in a low tone, "General Wise, go and wash your face."

An Australian circulating library has been reckoning up its readers' tastes for one year. The results are rather curious. Thackeray heads the poll easily. Bulwer Lytton is second in popularity, with Sir Walter Scott close on his heels. Dickens is only fourth, and is not far ahead of Capt. Marryat and Charles Lever. Our colonial cousins would seem to be somewhat old-fashioned and conservative in their literary likings.

A wave of regret spread over colonial circles the other day, says a writer in *Mainly About People*, when news of the death of the Hon. Septimus Stephen became known. * * * He belonged to the famous lawyer family and was a son of the late Alfred Stephen, who was for a long period chief justice of New South Wales. The late Sir Alfred Stephen was a remarkable character. Born in the West Indies, he was taken by his parents, when a child out to Tasmania, and when he grew up found his way to Sydney. Barmen were scarce there in his early days, and he soon made headway and became, while still a young man, chief justice. He was known as the "hanging judge," chiefly because bushranging and capital offenses were rife in his day, and he probably had occasion to sentence more men to death than any other half dozen judges put together. Sir Alfred had a curious knack of geniality in handling prisoners convicted before him. He would say to a bushranger "I'm very sorry, Smith; you seem to have been a decent fellow, but this bushranging business is a bit of a nuisance to settlers in the country. I can't let you down light or I would." Then he would reach for the little pen wiper that server for the official "black cap" and pass the death sentence quite pleasantly.

Considerable interest is being taken in the registration of voters. As usual the labor element is particularly active. Ninety per cent. of the votes added to the list have been placed there by the representatives of organized labor. Evidently the labor men intend to take a leading part in the next election. In this connection it is worth while noting that new names will be accepted up to Monday, October 21. It is, therefore, desirable that any one who wishes to vote should make application at once.

It is well known that Disraeli and Prof. Goldwin Smith had an equally intense dislike for each other, says the *Canadian Gazette* (London, Eng.). A writer recalls how the great statesman in his "Lothair" introduced an Oxford professor, whose character was evidently modeled after Dr. Goldwin Smith. Dr. Smith's mode of resenting this took the form of a letter, which he wrote to the author as follows: "In your 'Lothair' you introduce an Oxford professor who is about to emigrate to America, and you describe him as a social parasite. You well know that if you had ventured openly to accuse em of any social baseness. you would have had to answer for your words. But when sheltering yourself under the literary forms of a work of fiction, you seek to traduce with impunity the social character of a political opponent, your expressions can touch no man's honor,—they are the stingless insults of a coward."

Many visitors have lately been attracted to Ringstones Farm, on the moors between Hayfield and Glossop, owing to the highly interesting discoveries that have been made there recently by the owner and occupier of the farm. The latest finds include a large stone chair of the Druidical period, and a fine stone Celtic axe, in an excellent state of preservation. The latter is considered one of the finest specimens ever found in the High Peak. Ringstones is the site of an ancient Druidical temple.

Stuart Robson is out with a defence of actors, in which he says: —"The very nature of their profession includes the possibility of ignorant actors winning the laurel." Further on he says · "A man of limited brain capacity may become a successful stage critic in the popular acceptance of the term, but not a successful stage exponent. It would be folly, of course, to assert that education and persistent study is not a help to the player's success on the stage ; at the same time it may be said that intellectuality is by no means a certain means to renown behind the footlights. I know of a number of very well-informed men who can explain to you exactly how a part should be played, who are comparative failures in their profession. On the other hand, I know several stars of great dramatic force

and fervour, and what we call dramatic intuition, who are so ignorant and uncouth that their manager's main task is to keep them away from reporters. Occasionally, to be sure, several remarks of theirs appear in print, but they are written by their advance agents."

A very interesting historical relic, says the *Daily Chronical*, has just been unearthed among the archives of the Department of the Seine. It is the list of objects found in the pockets of the dress that Marie Antoinette wore at her execution, and sold at public auction for the benefit of Samson, the executioner. The first lot was a small pocket-book, in green morocco, containing a pair of scissors, a small corkscrew, a pair of pincers, a comb, and a very small pocket looking-glass, and a small pocket-book of red morocco; this sold for 5f 75c. The second consisted of three little portraits in green morocco cases, one of them being surrounded by a metal frame, and sold for 4f 40c.

A good deal of fun has been made of war office red-tape, owing to the disappearance of the Ninety-eighth company of Yeomanry. The company was raised, 300 men strong, in Yorkshire, a year ago and properly enrolled, after which the war office lost track of it. It was found after a long search that the men had been divided up into other commands and that most of them had been sent to South Africa, but the war office had no record of how or when this was done. Officially the Ninety-eighth company remains lost.

It speaks well for the law-abiding character of the citizens of Nelson that only three criminal cases were tried at the present court of assize. No city the size of Nelson in Canada can show a similar record.

The funeral of Harold Strachan took place this afternoon and was largely attended.

Under the management of Mr. C. Dell-Smith, the Ymir *Mirror* has become one of the most interesting weekly newspapers published in British Columbia. Each week it contains a vast amount of interesting local and mining news, as well as features not usually found in the weekly papers of the Province.

"A Wise Woman," which comes to the Nelson Opera House next Monday night, is conspicuous for the elaborate character of its advertising paper. It is also one of the best advertised shows on the road. If its advance notices are to be accepted as evidence of the excellence of the production, it should attract a large audience.

Elsewhere in this issue appears in detail the new time card that went into effect on the C. P. R. on Sunday. A scrutiny of the schedule will prove of value to every reader of this paper who has an interest in the arrival and departure of trains. Attention is also directed to the tourist car service inaugurated on the Crow's Nest road on the same date that the new time card took effect.

An optician is thus quoted in the Philadelphia *Record*: Nine tenths of the railroad men, pilots and men in whose business keenness and correctness of vision are a necessary adjunct possess blue eyes. Haven't you ever noticed the penetrating quality a glance from an azure tinted eye seems to have? The cold, steady look from such an eye appears to read you through and through. In a great many years of practice I've discovered that very few blue-eyed people are compelled to wear glasses. Blue eyes are very attractive, but brown eyes are the most beautiful. Intellectuality is usually denoted by gray eyes, and hazel eyes indicate a talent for music. The commonest eye is the gray eye, and the rarest is violet.

Jasper Phair has bought out the cigar business of Crow & Morris.

This evening the Ladies' Aid Society of Emanuel Church will give an "At Home" in the parlors of the church. Small socks have been distributed as widely as possible and whatever donations of money have been placed in them will be emptied while the guests are being entertained with music and refreshments.

The home of Wm. A. Thurman was yesterday brightened by the addition of a son, while the domestic establishment of THE ECONOMIST was enriched to the extent of a box of cigars. P. G.

PIMPLY PETE.

Pimply Pete was a sickly cuss,
He never was well and he sometimes was wuss;
And one day he sighed and he said to us:
I'm going to die," says he.

We tried to jolly poor Pimply some,
But he wouldn't be jollied; and he was dumb
When he said, " I'm goin' to kingdom come
For to get a fair lay," says he.

" This life is a farce," poor Pimply said,
" And our claims are oncertain until we're dead ;
And only then de we find a bed
That suits our bones," says he.

" I'm sick of sufferin' day and night
From cold that freezes and winds that bite ;
For nearly a year I ain't felt right,
And now I'll quit," says he.

" When I wuz young I heard it told
That the streets of heaven is paved with gold,
And I'm goin' up there, before I'm old,
To strike for a lay," says he.

" This Klondyke here is a low down bluff,
And the way we's treated is pretty rough;
But heaven, I guess, is sure enough,
And I'll give it a try," says he.

" I've led a pretty oncertain life—
But then I had an oncertain wife;
And that's as bad as a butcher-knife
Between the ribs," says he.

" But now she's dead, and I guess she's found
Some handsome angel to take her round
And show her the sights; so I'll sleep sound—
Thank God for that," says he.

Then Pimply kept infernally still
And we saw as how he was pretty ill,
But we says, " You'll live if you has the will."
" I ain't the will," says he.

And then he shivered from heel to nose
And looked at us till we almost froze;
And then he turned up his eyes and toes
And never a word said he.

A doctor came and examined his juice,
And said that flapjacks had settled his goose.
We planted him there behind that spruce,
And wrote on the board, wrote we:

"Here lies the ruins of Pimply Pete,
Who suffered from flapjacks and chilly feet;
We hope he's gone where he gets some heat,
For he was a brick, was he."

Durret's Last Scoop.

"I guess you will have to let Durrett go," said Haines, the managing editor, looking up from his desk, on which lay a litter of contributions from aspiring authors. "This sort of thing of getting drunk on duty and falling down on important stories, such as that Castner robbery last night, must be stopped."

The city editor, a cold, unfeeling person, who smoked a pipe and swore volubly, to whom the above remarks were addressed, merely bowed his head in assent.

"What seems to be the trouble with the boy, Fenton?" continued the chief, as he drew the point of a blue pencil through a portion of the "copy" before him. "When he first started on the *Sphere* two years ago he did first-rate; in fact, I began to regard him as the star man on the paper. Now, in the last two or three months he has gone completely off his handle."

"Don't know, sir," said the city editor. His next remark showed that he hid a kindly heart beneath a forbidding blue-barred shirt. "Maybe, if you give him a talking to, he'll brace up."

"No," was the reply. "He's had too many chances to reform as it is. Take him off the run at once and put McElhonny, the sub, on police."

The chief again bent to his work of whipping a feature into shape for the Sunday paper, and Fenton silently took his leave. He entered his own sanctum, which looked into the big, bare reporters' room, seated himself at his desk and slowly filled a much-used pipe. The assignment book lay open before him. The day's work had already been mapped out, and after each man's name was written in Fenton's characteristic scrawl what he would be required to look after. Fenton ran his eye down the page until it reached the line:

"Durrett—Police. Fires. Coroner."

The city editor erased the name of Durrett and wrote in its stead the name of the sub man, McElhonny. He penned a few lines on a slip of paper, which he placed in an envelope and left on Durrett's desk. He then knocked the ashes out of his pipe, donned his long yellow mackintosh, (it was raining dismally outside), and departed.

As the afternoon wore on, the "boys" dropped in to the office, checked off their assignments, and strayed out on their respective "runs." It was past five o'olock when Durrett appeared. The traces of last night's dissipation still showed in his blood-shot eyes and the hectic flush on his otherwise pale and drawn features. He first walked to the city editor's desk, and, with a stub of a pencil between his tobacco-stained fingers, prepared to make the customary check opposite his name on the assignment book. He started involuntarily as he noticed the change that Fenton had made.

"Well," he muttered, "I guess it's come at last."

As he approached his desk in the corner the note caught his eye; he quickly tore open the envelope and scanned the contents. It was evidently what he had anticipated, for no signs of surprise were exhibited. Calmly seating himself, he gazed thoughtfully about the room, every nook and corner of which had stamped itself on his brain never to be forgotten. Here in this little corner he had pounded out many a thrilling story of murder, suicide, robbery, and the like, on his battered old Remington. The strange objects which were pasted and nailed on the walls at his desk could tell many a weird and cruel story were they but possessed of the faculty of speech. Right above his head hung a piece of tape that was upon the black cap of George Horton, who was hanged at the district jail for the murder of Jane Nicholson. Durrett remembered well how hard he had worked that night on this story. He remembered, too, the big "scoop" that he had made on the murder of Amanda Clark by a burly negro. A splinter of the oak stick with which the negro committed the crime was pinned to the wall, and below it a strand of the rope with which the murderer had been hanged.

The boy's thoughts ran back two years when he had first seen *her;* how she had brightened his hitherto sordid life in the Thirteenth Street boarding house. He recollected with a bitter smile the ways and means he used to contrive in order to be at the table at the same time with her, and how he maneuvered to meet her on the stairs coming down to breakfast in the morning. She was a clerk in the pension office and was very poor. He was at that time doing space work on the *Evening Globe* and was anything but well off. It did not take long for them to become friends, and in a remarkably short space of time they both awoke to the fact that they loved each other. Then came the happy days of Burrett's life; the days of planning how they could live on his meager earnings; nights of laughing speculation over figures in which flat-rent, and butcher bills, and grocery items appeared conspiciously. Then came the great event in their lives, when Durrett secured a permanent position on the *Sphere* at a salary which seemed at that time amply able to not only insure for them the flat and a perfect harmony between them and the butcher, grocer *et al.*, but also some little luxuries which they had decided must be dispensed with. A few months after, Durrett's appointment on the city staff of the *Sphere*, they were quietly married in the little Presbyterian Church on Q Street.

The life of a reporter's wife is a lonely one if she is without any relatives and has but few friends; especially is this true when the newspaper man is a night worker. Durrett's police run kept him at work from three o,clock in the afternoon until half past three next morning. During this time he was constantly on the move. His rivals on the *Times* and *Star* were older men in the business than he and it kept him always alert to hold up his end on the "run." Possibly the fact that he was away from home so much may be some excuse for the fall of his wife. It is not given as such. As Kipling says, "That is another story." One morning, shortly before the sun peeped out from it resting place to wake up the drowsy city, Durrett came home, fagged out after a night's hard work, to find the flat deserted. A letter pinned to the lamp-shade told the story. And so it is very probable that if Haines, the managing editor, had known the above, he would not have found it necessary to ask his city editor what the trouble with Durrett was.

* * *

Two o'clock had just struck on the big post-office chimes across the street from the *Sphere* building, when McElhonny, the new police reporter, walked in the city room, the rain running off the brim of his hat, and spattering on Fenton's desk as he stooped to answer his chief's stereotyped question:

"Well, anything doing?"

"Nothing but a little robbery in the Third Precinct," was the disgusted rejoinder. "The run's as dead as a doornail tonight."

McElhonny was followed in by a messenger boy, whose rubber cape glistened in the electric light. He handed a bulky envelope to Fenton, who recognized the address in Durrett's handwriting. He drew from the envelope a roll of manuscript, and while his glance wandered down the neatly written pages his eyes opened wide in mingled surprise and terror.

Here is what he read :

DEAR FENTON :—Here is my last scoop. It's all on the level, so you can spread it out I'm no good any more, but I'm going to beat the other papers once more before I go.

Goodby, DURRETT.

This short note was pinned to the following story:

"William Durrett, a local newspaper man, tired of life and unable to overcome his strong love for liquor, committed suicide at a late hour last night in his room at 718 F Street. He sent a bullet crashing through his brain, and left a note stating his reasons for committing the sad deed of self-destruction. His lifeless body was discovered at an early hour this morning by friends. The dead man was seated at a table, with a 32-calibre revolver clutched tightly in his right hand."

This was supplemented by a well-written story of the suicide, and a short history of Durrett's newspaper career.

But Fenton did not wait to finish the remarkable article. He sprang to his feet, tossed the roll of paper to Germain, the assistant city editor, saying:

"If you don't hear from me to the contrary within a half-hour, run this on the first page under a freak head. It's a scoop." Then shouting to the police man. "Come on, McElhonny, I want you," the two disappeared down the stairs.

As McElhonny ran swiftly by the side of his chief up Pennsylvania Avenue, the latter explained in a few words Durrett's strange communication and the city editor's fears. It did not take the two long to reach the brick building in which Durrett had lived since the disappearance of his wife. McCune, the tall red-haired police sergeant, was standing on the corner, idly swinging his club.

"What's the trouble, boys?" he cried, as he recognized the pair when they drew up to him, panting from the exertion of their run.

"Come on upstairs, Mac," cried Fenton, "I'm afraid something's gone wrong with Durrett."

The trio clattered up the uncarpeted stairs to the door of Durrett's little room at the top of the fifth flight. A stream of light poured out from the open transom, and they heard the sound of someone inside.

"Thank God ! we're in time," ejaculated the city editor, a smile of relief covering his face, as he raised his hand to knock on the door. "I don't know what I——"

Crack!

A pistol shot sent its deadly alarm throughout the echoing passageway, and a thin cloud of smoke drifted through the transom.

The three men paled as they looked at each other in silence. Then McCune's burly shoulder crashed in the door, and they stood in the presence of the dead. Durrett was seated at the table ; his right hand held a smoking revolver; a stream of red blood fllowed from a jagged hole in his forehead, mercifully hiding the death stare in his sightless eyes.

"McElhonny," said Fenton, turning to the trembling reporter, "run down to the office and tell Germain to use the story. Durrett has turned in his last scoop."

SHORT STORIES

Lord Morris formerly Lord Chief Justice of Ireland, who died a short time ago, was a bitter opponent of Mr. Gladstone. When somebody remarked to him that the "Grand Old Man" was a heaven-born genius, he replied : "It is earnestly to to be trusted no accident will happen to put heaven again into an interesting condition."

Lord Morris did not at first make a favorable impression in the House of Lords. One conspicuous member is said to have enquired what language the noble and learned lord was speaking. Lord Morris himself was asked how he had got on. "Well," he replied, "I made wan mistake. I should have practised spakin' to a lot of gravestones before I addressed their lordships."

In a letter to a friend in 1893 Huxley wrote regarding certain honors which he had been assisting to bestow on the memory of a departed Englishman whom he did not particularly care for : "Whatever the man might be, he did a lot of first-rate work, and now that he can do no more mischief he has a right to his wages for it. If I only live another ten years, I expect to be made a saint myself. 'Many a better man has been made a saint of," as old David Hume said to his housekeeper when they chalked up 'St. David's street' on his wall."

Lord Selborne, first Lord of the Admiralty, recently paid his first official visit to Whale Island, the home of British naval gunners. Whale Island prides itself on its importance as a naval centre, and its inhabitants, with a view to adding to its glories, have been desiring the establishment there of a new gun battery. As Lord Selborne made the rounds plentiful hints were dropped. Then the time came for him to go. "The place," he said, "is perfect save for one thing that I must certainly remedy." The gunnery officers nudged each other. "No wonder you tell me the place lacks completeness," he continued. "I see you have no channel."

A French-Canadian has been keeping camp all summer in the lumber woods on the Upper St. John river. His duties ended he recently came out to civilization and landed at Felix Herbert's hostelry at Edmunston. Mine host Felix made him comfortable and after attending to the inner man was asked by the newcomer for the news.

"What the news, Felix ?"

"No news whatever," replied the jovial boniface, and then remembering that his guest had been absent many months, added as an afterthought, "Suppose you know the queen, he dead."

The newcomer replied somewhat disgustedly that this was old news, as it happened last winter, to which mine host acceded.

"Who got his job, Felix?" continued the newcomer.

"Why, Edward, his son got the job," replied Felix.

The guest was silent for a moment puzzling out the matter. Suddenly a light broke over his countenance and he concluded, "Sacre bleu, Felix, that fellow Edward, she must have have great pull with Laurier." —*St. John, N. B. Telegraph.*

The Slocan *Drill* reports: Once more the record has been raised, the week's ore shipments being 20 tons in excess of last week. The amount sent out was 250 tons and it all came from the Arlington, raising its total to upwards of 3600 tons. Indeed, the shipments from this one mine almost equal the total output of the Sandon camp. Next week's figures promise to be extra heavy, as the Enterprise will have two cars to go forward, the Black Prince one, and the 4th of July a small shipment. From the division the year's exports total 4434 tons, valued at $354,720.

Last year the exports from this division amounted to 2847 tons, made up from 10 properties. Following is a list of the shipments this year to date:

Arlington	3678
Enterprise	480
Two Friends	40
Black Prince	125
Bondholder	23
Chapleau	15
Speculator	10
Phœnix	23
V. & M.	20
Esmeralda	2
Hampton	6
Fourth of July	7
Tamarac	5
	4434

Reports received from San Francisco indicate a large and rapid increase in dredging for gold in the rivers in the northern counties of California. The facility with which electric power can be used for dredging operations is having the effect of greatly extending such operations and it is now easy to comprehend how greatly that method of mining for gold will go on increasing, and with every probability of highly productive results.

The total work on the Tamarac mines since August, 1900, amounted to 381 feet driven, 200 tons of ore mined and 190 tons shipped. In addition an aerial tramway 6000 feet long has been erected.

The business transacted at the mining recorder's office at Nelson for the past couple of weeks has been chiefly from the Ymir district, as the official list, published in the *Mirror*, shows. Older sections of the country have made themselves agreeably prominent--that is, camps that were established before Quartz Creek was known or Ymir appeared on the revised map of the Kootenays. Now our turn is coming, and Ymir is to have her innings. In this camp is one, at least, of the best paying mining properties in British Columbia, dropping eighty stamps, and there is other ground in the district equally as good, which is bound to be taken up and which will prove just as profitable. Ymir is, without doubt, THE free-milling camp of the coun ry.—*Ymir Mirror.*

(Lardeau Eagle.)

On Saturday last a report was circulated in town that Napoleon Emo and W. H. Howard had made a discovery that some believe to be the richest gold strike found in this section for a long time. The new scene of attraction is up the south fork of Lardeau creek on the eastern slope of Silver Cup mountain, above the Sharon and other properties already staked. The owners have staked eleven claims, Berkley, Berkley No. 2, Master Harry, Somerset, Burley, Yorke, Yorke No. 2 and Yorke No. 3. While the owners of the property are not saying much about it themselves, it is nevertheless true that they did submit to S. Shannon, B. A, for assay carbonates picked from the ledge, outcropping which run $640 in gold and $8.40 in silver. Further explorations will determine how much of this ore there is in this ground, but as the ledge can be traced over the length of the two claims, it is probable that Messrs. Emo and Howard are in luck.

The government appropriation for the Goat creek trail has been expended and the trail is left uncompleted. Supplies were taken to the Beatrice during the week via Thomson's Landing. It is thought though that a rawhide trail can be made, so that the ore will come down this way during the winter.

J. W. Westfall has bonded the Pedro group, located up Canyon creek. He has also bought the Lucky Boy group on Trout creek. The latter is tangled up with the Horseshoe group and Ed. Hillman may now have to deal with Mr. Westfall instead of Messrs. Brush and Stillwell.

As a Hillman of Ten-Mile has received gold assays of $632 from a surface of a ledge less than a mile up Gainer creek from that place. The discovery of this on the one side of Lardeau creek and Messrs, Howard and Emo's on the other may explain the source of the placer diggings at this point.

The crosscut tunnel being driven by Messrs. Carter and Thompson on the Baltimore and Brooklyn, a short way up the north fork, is nearing the ledge.

Supplies were taken up to the Ottawa, on Brown creek, where the Stewart brothers will work all winter on a lease.

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