

NELSON ECONOMIST

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

THE Mine-owners' Association of British Columbia has prepared a memorial to the Dominion Government, recommending many changes in the mining laws of the Province and asking for a Royal Commission to investigate the conditions now prevailing with regard to mining. It is not likely the Dominion Government will interfere in matters of purely local concern, and moreover it might not be to the advantage of the mine-owners that many of the changes suggested should take place. In any event the document is now before the people and its merits and defects will be manifest according to the views of the people who read it.

THE *Saturday Post* is becoming a power in the land. It strikes without mercy, and its keen Damascene blade makes a clean cut. By way of reminiscence and coincidence, it might be mentioned that the *Victoria Province* started a fight against one Government which ultimately led to defeat or dismissal, whichever way you like to put it. Would it not be a strange coincidence if another *Victoria* weekly would carry on a political warfare that might bring disaster to another Government?

THE movement in Japan for the general teaching of the Russian language is, to say the least, significant. This, it is believed, is only a preliminary step in the direction of bringing Russia into closer commercial relations with Japan.

Is air navigation to be the accomplished fact of the twentieth century, asks the *Sydney (C. B.) Record*? The prophecy of Mother Shipton, that carriages would go without horses, and ships without sails, was realized in the nineteenth, and more wonders than that were for the seeing of the people; but the propulsion of vessels through the air has thus far presented insurmountable difficulties—at least insurmountable till Friday, for by report of veracious men in Paris there did on that day arise out of the streets a cigar shaped thing of silk from which depended a human being and other appurtenances for steering; that the human being did then and there so steer the cigar that it revolved

twice around the Eiffel Tower, and five times around the Longchamps race course; that it ascended at the will of the navigator and came down six times on just the spot of earth he had selected. This machine is operated by a gasoline motor, and is steered by M. Santos Dumont from his perch on a light bicycle saddle placed on the metal shaft beneath the cigar. The screw propeller has blades six feet long and is made of steel and aluminum. It makes three revolutions a second.

This is a longer step toward air travel than has ever before been taken, if indeed, it is not its actual accomplishment. What safety there is in a gasoline motor a few feet from a silk bag filled with gas must be decided, but the weight of electric motors is against their general employment. Santos-Dumont's balloon is the first that has been steerable and that has been kept at any desired height for a given length of time; the first, also, to descend at a given spot and stay there. Flying machines heretofore invented have shown some remarkable results, but they were dangerous and impracticable, yet there seems to be in this new air ship the element of success.

A CINCINNATI electrician says that by sending an electric current through a poor piece of beefsteak he can convert it into a tender piece of meat. This will undoubtedly be regarded as the greatest triumph of electricity.

THE R. M. R. Band has asked the city council for a further donation of \$100, and the grant will be made, providing the band agrees to give half a dozen or so more of those enjoyable Saturday evening concerts.

THE *Winnipeg Telegram* reports the fact that a number of English machinists and boilermakers, who were brought out from Liverpool to work for the C. P. R., are out of work in Winnipeg and tramping the streets hungry, discouraged and half dead for the want of sleep. It is said that they were found unfit for the jobs for which they were engaged, and either left the shops or were discharged.

AN interesting volume is being compiled in the Canadian section of the exhibition—the visitors' book, says the *Glasgow Times*. It contains not only the autographs of ladies and gentlemen from all parts of the world, but also their opinions, invariably complimentary, of the exhibits from our kin beyond the Atlantic. Several Canadian members of parliament have been among the recent visitors.

One of these, Mr. Henry Cargill, who gives his name to the town of Cargill, where his sawmills are situated, writes after his own and his wife's signatures : "The Canadian exhibit is an index to the future of the Dominion of Canada and her vast resources waiting development." Another M. P., Mr. Aulay Morrison, of New Westminster, British Columbia, writes : "Reflects great credit upon Canada and her exhibition officials." A third parliamentary representative, Dr. J. D. Reid, of Cardinal, Ontario, is briefer : "Excellent exhibit." Mr. Wilson M. Southam, of Ottawa, a relative of Mr. Cargill, says that "Canada has room for all, and will well reward industry."

THE fifty-eighth United States Congress appropriated \$1,544,733,014 for various purposes. Of this \$4,377,220 was appropriated to the Agricultural Department but not one cent to foster the mining industry. Yet the mining industry of the United States added about \$1,400,000,000 to the wealth of that country last year.

R. L. RICHARDSON has been unseated as member in the Dominion House for Lisgar, Manitoba. The reason given is the old one of "corrupt practices." It is probable that Mr. Richardson will again contest Lisgar, and the result will determine how far the voters will go in support of an independent candidate.

EVIDENTLY the Fort Steele *Prospector* is satisfied with the existing mining laws of British Columbia. In its last issue it says : "Kicking about the mining laws of the Province, and making comparisons with states to the south, are odious. Comparisons so far, have only proved that British Columbia mining laws are all right. The constant changing of the Mineral Acts is detrimental to the mineral industry of the Province."

A \$20 gold piece weighs 516 grains and contains 464.4 grains fine gold. There is \$20 worth of "pure gold" in a \$20 gold piece ; the 51.6 grains of alloy therein is to give the coin hardness and durability. Whether in the shape of a coin or a "melted nugget" the \$20 gold piece, as it comes from the United States mint, is worth exactly \$20 in gold.

THE Ottawa *Citizen* has the following with regard to the disloyalty of certain Ontario school teachers : "Throughout Ontario recently a remarkable number of cases have been reported of trouble between school boards and school teachers resulting from disloyal utterances of the latter to the children in connection with the Boer war. The number of these cases indicates that it is not an uncommon practice among teachers to address the scholars on public questions of a more or less political character. This is a fair deduction in view of the number of cases which have cropped up in which teachers entertaining pro-

Boer sentiments have attempted to inculcate the same views in the youthful minds of the rising generation. Naturally a course so offensive to the feeling of the great majority of parents has led to pronounced protests and complaints, often resulting in a request for the teacher's resignation. Such a state of affairs should be made the basis for general action by the educational authorities to make it an offence punishable by immediate dismissal for a teacher to try to influence the minds of the scholars on any public or political question. In the first place the school is not the place for inculcating opinions, and in using their positions to unduly influence the youthful mind on debatable questions teachers are abusing their authority and the confidence of parents. More than that they are wasting the time for which they are paid to devote to instruction in purely educational subjects. The teacher who takes up the time which should be used in teaching the scholars reading, writing, grammar, geography or history in lecturing them on the rights or wrongs of the Boer war is neglecting the work for which the teacher is paid, as well as abusing his or her position to inculcate one-sided or prejudiced views on public questions which may influence adversely the future lives of the rising generation. The young mind is very sensitive to impressions and children are very apt to take the ipse dixit of the teacher as gospel truth. A general rule that teachers shall devote their whole attention to teaching, and leave the molding of opinions to parents and others, would have a wholesome effect, for we believe that this abuse of authority is more common in the public schools of Ontario than is generally appreciated by parents and school trustees."

THE July number of the *Commonwealth* has an article from the pen of Miss Agnes Deans Cameron reviewing Mr. Kipling's work. Among other things, she says, "he is terse, vital, strong, living, loving ; there is always the feeling of reserved strength, and he never gives us one word too much." By the way, Miss Cameron is a Victoria woman who is making quite a reputation for herself as a writer.

THE Rossland *Miner* in a burst of exultation, announces that the Victoria *Colonist* is of the opinion that the Rossland strike is due entirely to the "illegitimate manipulation" of the professional agitator. The people of British Columbia have waited long and patiently for an expression of opinion from the *Colonist* on this subject, realizing the oracle's capacity for getting at the bottom of everything.

THE cities of the interior are not only places in the Province that may justly complain of dull times. Reports from the Coast cities are not of an encouraging character. The *Trade Budget*, of Vancouver, which is in a position to report faithfully conditions at Vancouver, in its last issue has the following : "Wholesalers this week, with the exception of the hardware trade, still report business very dull.

and money tight. The produce merchants spoken to blame the state of affairs to some extent to the demoralization of prices owing to unhealthy competition; the desire of firms to do all the business possible with cash customers inducing them to shave profits to such a close margin as to injure legitimate business generally. On the other hand, owing to the scarcity of money and the slowness of collections, there is no attempt to reach out for new business. Wholesale grocers complain of the scarcity of money as the cause of dull times with them. It is almost impossible to get in money from some firms who have previously been considered fairly good. The prospects they think, however, are not gloomy, and the dull times are only temporary. Business will certainly revive when the fishermen are paid off. At present consumers are contenting themselves chiefly with the necessities of life. Dry goods firms report very dull times. The shoe stores, however, report business fairly good, and they are not complaining. People must have a change of shoes in warm weather, but they can do without many dry goods if necessary. Hardware firms are very busy, and all report good trade. The shingle business is still very good, and mills are running night and day and getting good prices for their product. There is a lull in lumber. This week, however, a big steamship, the *Guersney*, is loading 3,500,000 feet of lumber at Moodyville for Shanghai. There are few charters ahead because freights are still high. But freights must come down, and the lumber business is expected to revive very much. Mining is very quiet at present and very little is being heard from Coast properties. According to Mr. Bromley, manager for Lord Earnest Hamilton at Atlin, that place will have a bigger clean up this year than last, and a very much bigger clean up two years from now. Mr. Bromley says that all the creek claims have been bought up by companies who are turning them into hydraulic propositions. A large quantity of machinery is being installed and the gold is being extracted principally by Canadian and English companies, and will be brought to British Columbia instead of Seattle. At present all industries and every line of trade is looking forward to two things—the run of salmon in the Fraser and the advent of Klondike gold in large quantities in Vancouver.”

In a column article the *Nelson Tribune* attempts to prove that the newspaper business in British Columbia is not a gold mine. This information will not come as a shock to the men who have been engaged in the business for any length of time.

The *Toronto Telegram* has no hesitation in expressing the belief that “there would be an end to criminal law and British justice in Ontario if the Attorney-General displayed the same indifference towards murderers and bank robbers that his department displays in its pursuit of the violators of the ballot box in North Waterloo and West Elgin.

Time is the essence of the contract in the prosecution of crime. No convictions could be obtained for ordinary felonies if Ontario justice moved at the funereal pace displayed in the alleged pursuit of wrongdoers in West Elgin and North Waterloo. The Legislature should deprive the Attorney-General of Ontario of his exclusive control of the prosecution of offenders against the election law. A Government entrenched behind its system of crown attorneys and justices of the peace might laugh at attempts to bring its friends to book. The felony of trifling with the ballot box ought to be taken out of the category of ordinary crimes and the law should enable private prosecutors to move independently of the attorney-general, the county crown attorneys or the justices of the peace.”

MR. P. LAMONT, who has recently returned from a trip which extended as far East as Quebec city, has much to tell of the prosperous conditions of the country through which he traveled. Mr. Lamont spent several days at the Pan-American and speaks highly of the quality and quantity of the exhibits.

THE Rossland strike does not appear to have yet reached that point when an early settlement of the dispute is probable.

The presence of the R. M. R. Band at the park should attract large crowds to Nelson's chief breathing spot.

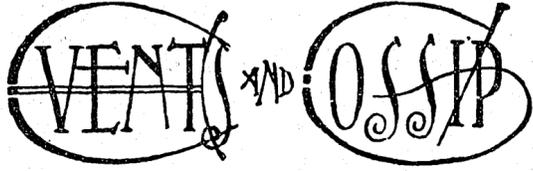
THE weather of the past few days has a tendency to remind one that summer has at least reached here.

The English papers report a rowing match for women at the Saltash regatta on the River Tamar. “Although the weather was very boisterous, one boat was rowed by Mrs. Martin, aged 69, and Mrs. Prout, aged 70, who finished second, the winners being two young women. Mrs. Prout pulled bow in the crew of Saltash boat women who half a century ago created a sensation by crossing to France and rowing at Cherbourg and elsewhere. In every instance they beat the crews of Frenchmen, and on one occasion they defeated a picked crew of British bluejackets at Devonport.”

THERE is a belief that the time has now come when Nelson landlords should reduce rents. The rents charged for business buildings and private residences are altogether too high.

NELSON is the ideal spot for tourists. We have a whole Switzerland right here at our own doors.

NOTHING definite has yet been heard with regard to the location of the refinery.



IN many respects the plans for the new postoffice are not satisfactory, and there is a well-defined belief that several changes should be recommended to the department. The offices for the Government officials connected with the other departments are said to be altogether too small, and will not accommodate the requirements of a rapidly growing city like Nelson for any length of time. If a change is to be made the matter should be attended to at once, before construction reaches the point when a change would cost too much.

The Kelly Merrymakers did not attract a very large audience. One reason for this was that theatre-goers generally give a one-man show the go-by. In this case there was more than one. Mr. Kelly and his wife are a very clever vaudeville team, and know a whole lot about keeping an audience in good humor for an hour or so.

M. Sven Hedin has discovered a second Dead Sea in the highlands of Tibet, a vast lake so impregnated with salt that indigenous life is out of the question. It was impossible for him to get his boat close to the shore, so that he and his companions had to wade out two boats' lengths before she would float, and this was sufficient to bring a thick coating of salt on their legs and clothes. The entire bed of the lake appeared to consist of salt, and the density of the lifeless water was of course very high.

Although reputed to be poor, the will of Hon. Eric Lascelles, who was found dead in a show wagon at Cheltenham on June 27, proved July 24 by the Earl of Desart (husband of the Countess of Desart, who was half-sister to Lascelles), shows Lascelles left an estate valued at £37,000. He was a brother of the unfortunate man, who in a demented state, in one of the rural districts in this Province, recently shot a Chinaman.

Mr. Opie Read's favorite pastime is target shooting, according to an exchange, and, he is as expert with the rifle as with the pen. With his friend Mr. Stanley Waterloo, he spent a summer ranging the hills about Hot Springs, Arkansas. If the traditions of his marksmanship still current among the proprietors of the numerous shooting galleries about that resort are to be accepted, the author of *A Kentucky Colonel* "lived off his rifle" as truly as did ever the most resourceful and self-reliant mountaineer. Shortly after his arrival he discovered a gallery which displayed as targets rows of silver dollars with each dollar suspended by a string. These were to be the prizes of the patron who had the skill to cut the threads with rifle shots. Having more skill than ready money, Mr. Read saw an opportunity to improve his financial condition. He raised the rifle to his shoulder and did not put it down until the thread holding each coin had been cut. Pocketing the spoils he proceeded to another shooting gallery and repeated the feat. Soon, however, his fame as a marksman spread until not a gallery dared expose one of the silver targets. Then he took a long tramp among the mountains and remained away until the rumor that he had left the Springs for good gained acceptance and the rows of

dollars again made their appearance on the target lines. Suddenly he returned, and before the surprised proprietor could haul down his financial offerings he stepped inside the first gallery that came in his way and exclaimed:

"Gimme that rifle, man! I want just one more 'possum dinner before I go!" And he won his feast at the point of the gun!

The Nelson Operatic Society will meet at the Opera House this afternoon and make arrangements for the coming season. It is not yet decided what opera will be produced first, but there is a general belief that "Erminie" will be selected.

Next Monday night Richards & Pringle's Georgia Minstrels will appear at the Opera House. This organization has been before the public for a great number of years, and stands high in the estimation of the amusement loving public.

The familiar cry of "His' ze boom" will not be heard again at the postoffice building for some time to come. "Ze boom" broke last Monday, and by some miracle no one was hurt.

The distinguished personage who had been announced as the speaker of the evening was late in arriving, and an effort had been made to entertain the audience in the meantime by vocal music and short impromptu speeches.

A dozen or more persons began calling lustily for "Googoo Eyes."

Somewhat perplexed, the professor of philosophy and belles lettres, who was acting as chairman, arose.

"If Mr. Googoo Wise is in the audience," he said, "he will oblige by coming forward."

A newspaper published in Nice, France, says of the automobile: "These vehicles are bringing about the complete ruin of the coast as well as of all the watering places by taking possession of the principal roads and driveways and speeding over them. Persons who walk on the roads or who ride in other carriages are virtually taking their lives in their hands. The so-called automobile week which we have just had at Nice has been a veritable scandal. During whole days the public was debarred from the Promenade des Anglais. More than one hundred thousand persons were affronted in order that a few millionaires might be satisfied."

As illustrating a changed sentiment of public opinion, I herewith reproduce the occurrence which took place on July 10, in St. Paul and Stillwater on the occasion of the paroling of the Younger Brothers, who had been sentenced to life imprisonment for bank robbery and murder. The *Minneapolis Journal* says: "Cole and Jim Younger, sentenced to life imprisonment at the Minnesota state prison, will be restored to the world. Twenty-five years ago, wounded and desperate, they were haunted across southern Minnesota by justly enraged citizens, brought to bay, captured and tried for murder done during the reckless raid on the Northfield bank on September 7, 1876. They were taken from the world of crime, already abandoned outlaws, whose criminal records covered fourteen bloody, abandoned years, during which their band had robbed banks of \$165,000 and killed numerous innocent persons. With small hope of release, as the years have monotonously passed over them, the brothers have come to realize the futility of their

old life. They were leaders in the old days, because they were thinkers they have experienced a change that has long since been apparent. In releasing them on parole the Minnesota Board of Pardons believes that it is restoring Cole and Jim Younger to a world of usefulness whose opportunities they will appreciate and improve. Already sympathetic hands are extended to help them to begin life anew in the world now so new to them. It has been a long fight. Loyal friends have worked for years to secure the 'boys' release. Neither effort nor money has been spared. Much help has come out of Minnesota—the state which suffered the infamous offense against her peace and dignity. Verily Cole and Jim Younger, the outlaws, have no longer reason to feel that every man's hand is against them. Still "boys" in their experience of the world, though middle aged men as the years go, they come from prison to face life anew and to justify the confidence which this much reviled world has displayed in releasing them. As soon as Warden Wolfer can make arrangements for the satisfactory employment of the Younger Brothers they will be allowed to mix among their fellow citizens as wards of the state. Governor Van Sant was non-committal as to whether either of the two offers of employment already made would be accepted. He intimated that it would rest largely with the warden to settle that point. S. H. Sleeper, city manager of the Minneapolis Threshing Machine Company, which has a large factory at Hopkins, a suburb of Minneapolis, telephoned the Governor yesterday that his firm stood ready to furnish permanent employment for the Youngers immediately. It was announced in St. Paul this afternoon that the Schurmeier Wagon Company had also offered to put both the brothers at work the moment they were released. Judging from the expressions heard about the capital and in St. Paul this afternoon, as soon as the information was out that the Youngers were about to be paroled, the decision of the board is a popular one. Had the news been received in old Missouri, where such strenuous efforts have been put forth to effect the freedom of the Youngers ever since their incarceration in 1876, there could scarcely have been more favorable comment."

In the codicil to his will Admiral Sir John Edmund Commerell, V. C., who died in England on May 21 last, added: "Having that fatal experience of the iniquity of the law in certain cases, when decisions have been given against common sense and justice, I entreat the parties interested in my will not to appeal to the law if any difficulty may arise, but to arbitrate. Having been swindled myself by every lawyer that I ever had anything to do with makes me offer this advice to my heirs, executors and assigns."

In Italy, according to Marchesa Theodoli, who writes about "What Girl Life in Italy Means," in *The Ladies' Home Journal* for August, there is plenty of love-making, but not between the young people of the higher social class. Among the lower classes the youths are freer to please themselves, and there is no lack of furious love making, seasoned with jealousy, estrangements, peacemakings, tears and smiles, as Mother Nature intended to be. But there is no flirting. Love is taken very seriously, and on the girl's side at least, is indulged in with marriage as the end in view. Flirting for the sake of amusement, simply to while away the long summer days or as a mild stimulant at balls and parties, with no idea of matrimony in the background, is a

kind of sport which has not yet reached us from beyond the Alps. We are so far behind the times that to grant the slightest privilege to a man who has not avowedly shown that he means marriage would be considered downright dishonest by a respectable Italian girl. A girl who is not married at thirty will remain in the same dependent state as at seventeen. She would no more think of walking the streets alone, paying a visit or traveling from the city to the country without a companion or a chaperon than she would think of choosing her own clothes and dressing as she liked best. Not even at that mature age would she choose a husband for herself without the approval of her family.

P. G.

Doom Castle.

By Neil Munro, author of "John Splendid" and "Gilian the Dreamer." Toronto: The Copp, Clark Co., Limited. For sale by Canada Drug & Book Co., Limited, Nelson, B. C.

This is an ideal hot-weather book—a charming story to beguile summer hours.

Victor Jean, Count de Montaignon, journeyed from France to Scotland, sought out Doom Castle in the Loch Fyne country; braved the dangers of a moat to reach the castle, than braved the castle itself (which had a haunted reputation) for purposes of vengeance. Count Victor was bent upon an adventure of knight-errantry on behalf of a fellowman in distress, and as this fellowman was none other than himself, the hunt for the culprit who wronged him was all the more keen.

He found Doom Castle full of mystery, at times charming, at others terrifying; but a certain lady within the castle walls succeeded in dispelling all fear, leaving in its place only a beautiful faith in all things, particularly in human nature.

The author thus describes this lovely inhabitant of Doom:—

"In his after years it was Count Victor's most vivid impression that her eyes had first given him the embarrassment that kept him dumb in her presence for a minute after she had come upon him strangely ensconced in the dark corridor. It was those eyes—the eyes of the woman born and bred by seas unchanging, yet never the same; unfathomable, yet always inviting to the guess, the passionate surmise—that told him first here was a maiden made for love. A figure tremulous with a warm grace, a countenance perfect in its form, full of a natural gravity, yet quick to each emotion, turning from the pallor of sudden alarm to the flush of shyness or vexation. The mountains had stood around to shelter her, and she was like the harebell on the hills."

The net this beautiful lady wove, though of finest fibre, was strong enough to bind our hero hand and foot, so that he all but forgot his errand of vengeance. However, Fate aroused Count Victor, and tangled the threads into many a twist, which he, though skilful, was long in unwinding.

Fred Irvine & Co. are offering for the remainder of the week special bargains in carpets, rugs, lace curtains, portieres, window shades, table covers, floor oilcloth, linoleums, crumb cloths and ingrain squares. This firm also offers bargains in valises, trunks and traveling bags.

P. Emerson, late of the Office, will, in partnership with Julius Reisterer, start another brewery in Nelson.

Paquita the Dancer.

SLENDER as a reed, lithe as a willow, restless as a wind-blown flower, with purple shadows in the beautiful eyes, a crown of blue-black hair softly shading the low white brow, crimson mobile lips that smiled at you and at the same time drew a sob into your throat—that was Paquita. Half of London was raving about her—that half which seeks ever the new star, the professional beauty or the latest sensation.

The last night of the opera at Covent Garden had drawn a splendid audience. The boxes and stalls fairly blazed with color, and the animation of the women in their décolleté gowns was accentuated by the flashing of jewels as their wearers chatted in restless expectancy. All London seemed to be represented. In the gallery, in the pit and in the stalls, one name was on every tongue—Paquita. The music of the opera was barely heard. The artists entrusted with the leading roles received only perfunctory recognition. Everyone waited for the ballet and the incomparable Paquita.

Lord Merivale and his beautiful wife occupied a proscenium box. He had represented the borough of Langley for nearly twenty years, and he was looked on in the House of Commons as the coming leader of his party. His steadfastness of purpose, his oratorical ability and his unimpeachable morals made him a power. Lord Cowardin, their guest a handsome man of thirty or thereabouts, made no effort to conceal his impatience to see again the bewitching Paquita. Lady Merivale smiled with middle-aged indulgence at his enthusiasm. In her estimation, ballet dancers were not real persons; they were simply essential if extraordinary effects, belonging in the category with the Gilded Dragon and the Fountain of Golden Rain.

Lord Merivale stood behind his wife's chair, hidden from the view of the audience by heavy velvet curtains. Tall and dignified of bearing, his hair tinged with gray, his face calm and handsome, he looked an ideal leader of men. He, too, was waiting and watching for Paquita. Could his wife have looked into the deep set gray eyes she would have been startled. This serious man with the weight of fifty years on his strong shoulders was struggling with turbulent memories of the scenes of his youth. He saw another Paquita. Against his will he recalled the sweet, pleading face of her, that other, the mother of this new danseuse for whom he and the eager crowd were waiting. One by one reminiscences of that far-off time of joyful folly ranged themselves in startling tableaux wherein he and that other Paquita were the leading figures.

When a young man, and while sojourning in Paris, he had followed the fashion and paid court to the beautiful danseuse then the reigning queen of the ballet. She, ignorant and untrained, had flung all the love of her passionate nature at the feet of the young Englishman. Then a dream of folly, lasting many months, came to an end. Lord Merivale returned to England to begin his career and to marry the fair Isabel, daughter of the Earl of Marden. He left with his bankers in Paris a large sum of money to be used by the danseuse for the maintenance of the little Paquita, born two weeks before his departure, and whose advent the young mother had hailed with delight. She had been sure, then, that he would never leave her, impractical mother of Paquita! Born of heaven knew whom, she could not understand her lover's desertion. She beat out her young heart against the re-

lentless problem of woman's love and man's perfidy, and died leaving the little Paquita to the care of her old dancing master, and commending her to the keeping of Mary, the Mother of God.

The discreet lawyers who managed the affair for Lord Merivale informed him twice a year, as a matter of business, of the whereabouts of the little Paquita, but he had never thought it wise or necessary to see her. On this last night of the opera, however he had yielded to the pressure of his friends and to a latent interest to see this living link to his past. The ballet music began, and a bright red burned on the brow of the dignified Member of Parliament. In his heart was something like fear. His wife leaned back to speak to him. "Is it not pitiful to see so much excitement over a dancing woman? Will the people ever be serious?" she asked.

Lord Merivale's answer was lost in the tumult of applause that greeted Paquita as she daintily pirouetted toward the footlights. He strove to conquer the conflicting emotions that the sight of the lovely dancer raised in his breast. Her beauty appealed to him; her apparent fragility awoke an unwelcome feeling of pain; a certain air of reserve, a more than hint of high breeding about her, smote him with reproach, and he trembled at a new suggestion of responsibility. The witchery of her smile caught him, and his cool, stout heart leaped with admiration. A longing to cry out aloud that the radiant creature was his child possessed him. His self-control nearly forsook him. The red in his brow spread from cheek to chin. Shame flung out her dusky banner. The folly of the past now assumed the aspect of a crime. He shrank back into the shadow of the velvet curtains.

Lord Cowardin stood up, heedless of decorum, and greatly to Lady Merivale's discomfiture, shouted "Brava!" There was a recognizing flash from the dark eyes, and Paquita vanished from the scene. The Earl of Marden with one or two friends entered the box. The old man was florid and moist with excitement. "Begad, I have never seen her equal!" he said, as he took the chair Lord Cowardin had vacated. "Merivale, you will be forever in my debt. If I had not insisted you would not be here, and you would not have seen Paquita!"

"I am going to the green-room to say a word of congratulation," Lord Cowardin interjected, and to his intense surprise, the staid member from Langley rose to join him, saying, "Yes, I, also, must see her!"

The enthusiasm from the theatre was bubbling over into the green-room. Lord Merivale paused at the entrance. His self-consciousness almost forced him to retreat; but the notes of a flute-like voice floated toward him and held him there in helpless confusion. He struggled to maintain an appearance of the dignified calm he did not feel; but the melting cadence of the girlish voice, that even in merriest chatter carried a hint of tears, made his effort at self-control only partially successful. It awoke in him an importunate need, an almost unquenchable thirst for recognition. He tasted the agony of denied fatherhood. The crowd of men, young and old, began to disperse, and Lord Cowardin, who had mingled with them, beckoned to Lord Merivale.

As he was introduced the young girl gave him her hand. He grasped the slim fingers and held them for a moment, struggling to find some trivial word

to say. The effort failed. Presently he released the little hand; but he knew that he should bear its impress for ever on his heart. Lord Cowardin noticed his perturbation, and misunderstood. He immediately assumed a positive attitude, which he intended should enlighten Lord Merivale.

Paquita was conscious of the strangeness in the manner of her new acquaintance; but breaking two rosebuds from a bouquet lying near, she said, archly: "I hear the music beginning for the next act. You must permit me to decorate you before you go."

She stood first before Lord Merivale to fix the bud in the lapel of his coat. Lord Cowardin smiled cynically as he looked at the picture they made—the girl tall and slim in her gauzy skirts and pink fleshings, standing before the stalwart, dignified Member for Langley. As for Lord Merivale, he needed all his strength of will to refrain from taking the fair form in his arms and claiming his own. It was the supercilious smile on Lord Cowardin's face that brought him to a realization of what he was contemplating. He found strength to say, however, "You do me too much honor," and bowing stiffly, he moved toward the door.

Paquita, embarrassed, turned toward Lord Cowardin. She held the flower up and was about to place it in his coat.

"No, no," he said. "Give it to me as a token." He kissed her hand as she blushing complied. There was an expression of such absolute faith in her eyes as she turned them full on Lord Cowardin's face that for the moment he was startled. Brusquely, almost, he shook hands with her, saying, as he did so, "To-morrow."

Paquita, bewildered, watched his going, her mobile lips parted with surprise. She recovered quickly, and clasping her hands on her heart, she said, softly: "He loves me! He does love me!"

Lord Merivale sat in the library of his club, looking worn and ill at ease. His equilibrium was not yet restored, nor was its restoration aided by the entrance of Lord Cowardin. He beat a tattoo on the table with his long white fingers, and his face was pale and set. It was evident, as Lord Cowardin threw himself in a chair, that he, too was chagrined about something.

"Do you know," he began, rather petulantly, "do you know that little Paquita is a consummate actress?"

"Is she?" Lord Merivale returned, as his face grew a shade paler.

"Yes. I called on her this afternoon, early. I had made arrangements to take her on a little trip to Paris, and went to tell her so. I broached the matter with great skill, I thought. She seemed not to understand at first."

"It was not pretense, of course," he went on, presently. "At length, however, she did understand what I really meant, and then, by Jove, instead of behaving sensibly, she acted—well, as if she were a person of some importance—told me I had insulted her and all that sort of thing—talked of honor and all that, you know. She was perfectly impracticable. I want to help her, of course. The trip would benefit her."

Lord Merivale sat with murder in his heart; but his respectability, his reputation and the situation made him afraid.

"I took my hat to leave," Lord Cowardin continued, "believing that she was making a scene for her own profit, when she flung herself on the couch and began to weep violently. I had seen that sort of thing so often, you know, that I came away. I shall see her again. She is too beautiful and too clever! Besides, I really can help her. She interests me."

Lord Merivale did not move or speak. The sin of his youth was holding him by the throat. Lord Cowardin, unconscious of the effect of his words, rose to go, and as he passed Lord Merivale he leaned over his shoulder in a youthful, patronizing way. "I really beg you pardon," he said, "for boring you with my foolish affairs. I ought to have remembered that such things are caviare to you. We shall meet at Marden Court this evening. Au revoir!"

As Lord Cowardin left the room, Lord Merivale rose to his feet, and striking the table with his clenched hand, cried: "Caviare? Damn you, this is hell! burning hell!" Then he added with an air of resolution: "I must save her from that, and I will!"

The dinner at Marden Court that evening was almost a family affair. Lord and Lady Merivale and Lord Cowardin, who was a great favorite of the old Earl, were the only guests except the Honorable James Danesfield, one of the Ministry and an old friend of Lord Merivale. The old Earl was in good humor, and told stories of the time when he was a lieutenant in the Scots Fusiliers, and of the hot work they had in quelling the Indian Mutiny. He reveled in reminiscences of Cawnpore and Delhi.

The more recent wars in Abyssinia, Zululand and the Soudan were small affairs, in his estimation. The dinner was nearly over when a chance remark of Lady Merivale about the opera dismounted the Earl from his hobby.

"Music, begad!" the Earl exclaimed. "I don't believe I heard a note of it. It was that little dancer! Did you ever see such dancing? Danesfield, you should have seen her; perhaps you did, though?"

"No," he began, with the deliberation that had led them to call him "Dribble" in the House—"no. I do not frequent such places. I think, however, I saw something about the young person you allude to in this evening's paper as I came down in the late train. The name was a foreign one, 'Paquita,' I believe."

"Yes," the old Earl returned, unctuously. "Paquita is her name. What was it the paper said?"

"It was about her, I imagine. It appeared from the headlines that she destroyed herself this afternoon!"

Lord Cowardin started and wiped his face with his handkerchief.

"Bless my soul!" gasped the Earl of Marden. "Are you sure?"

"I am sure the paper said she was dead. I did not read the particulars. Details of that sort are not to my liking."

"Nor to mine," said Lady Merivale. "Those people are doing something shocking always. They are abnormal, and really out of the pale of ordinary sympathy."

Lord Merivale trembled like a man with ague. He reached for a glass of wine, but his shaking fingers succeeded only in overturning the glass. The wine flowed across the table in a blood-red line between himself and Lord Cowardin, who sat opposite.

Lady Merivale, noticing the incident, remarked with wisely solicitude to the Cabinet Minister: "Really, you know, I think Merivale has been working too hard. I shall be glad when Parliament adjourns, so that we may get away to the Riviera."—*Smart Set.*

Messrs. Grant & McLean have shown what can be accomplished in the way of wagon-building in Nelson. This firm has recently built a furniture delivery wagon for D. J. Robertson & Co. which is really a model of its kind, and equal to the best manufactured in the big carriage factories in the east.

The industry of mining is destined in the near future to undergo some wonderful changes. All over the West in the abandoned mining camps are vast deposits of ore carrying insufficient value to pay for hoisting and treatment by the old processes. Recent discoveries, however, give promise of the early profitable working of these ore bodies. Among them is a new explosive which will do away with the dangerous and expensive dynamite mixtures now sold for blasting. It is not only far more powerful than the powder in present use and less injurious to health of underground workers, but its cost is comparatively nothing. Liquid air is also destined to play an important part in the mining of the future, so that the increased cost of deep mining under ordinary circumstances, as well as the frequent diminution in metallic values, will be more than offset by cheaper explosives and cheaper power. But perhaps the boldest proposition of modern mining engineering comes from the Johannesburg district, in South Africa. In some of the great mines of that region much of the ore is of too low a grade to warrant hoisting and hauling. To obviate that drawback and increase the profit of the richer ore it is now proposed to reduce the ore underground. Down in the deep, vast chambers are to be blasted out and mills erected as near as possible to the ore reserves. The scheme looks chimerical at the first glance, but careful consideration shows its entire feasibility. The great mining captains of the Rand district, most of whom are Americans, are figuring on the proposition, and pronounce it practicable.

If a mill can be built and operated underground, why not a smelter?

The *Herald* has often said that over capitalization and stock manipulation had more to do with the failure of good properties in British Columbia than all other factors combined. Take the Rossland trouble for instance. Properties that were purchased for \$150,000 and \$250,000 were floated on the London market at the unreasonable sums of \$2,500,000 and \$3,000,000. And then followed a game of stock manipulation that was a disgrace to the business circles of any continent. What has been the result? While promoters were getting unearned and unprecedented rakeoff, the stock was suffering and legitimate mining getting a black eye. It is not the mines or the labor unions that are causing the trouble. Other properties that are not near as rich, that are being properly

handled are producing good dividends for the shareholders, and avoiding trouble with the labor unions. But the policy of the London managers seems to be different. They have bought up newspapers and endeavoring by any means to accomplish their purpose.—*Cranbrook Herald*.

Slocan Drill: Corrected figures relative to the Arlington shipments give a large increase over the amount totalled to them for last week. The figures should be 2140 tons, an increase of about 230 tons. The change is due to the fact that the Arlington ships in bulk at approximate weights, and it is only when the smelter returns are obtained that the real tonnage is available. The exports of the Arlington for the year up to June 30 are: January 480 tons, February 369, March 420, April 174, May 224, and June 330. For the present week shipments from the division amount to 62 tons, made up of 20 tons from the Esmeralda. The latter is a new shipper and its ore has been sent to Nelson as a test. For the year the division's exports amount to 2673 tons, being 174 tons behind last year's full figure. 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.....	2180
Enterprise.....	260
Two Friends.....	40
Black Prince.....	100
Bondholder.....	23
Chapleau.....	15
Speculator.....	10
Phoenix.....	23
V. & M.....	20
Esmeralda.....	2
	<hr/> 2673

The announcement made by Jay P. Graves regarding the proposed establishment of another smelter here by a syndicate composed of shareholders in the Granby company, will be welcomed enthusiastically by the people of this city.—*Grand Forks Gazette*.

Notice to Delinquent Co-Owner.

To Ira Petty, or to any person or persons to whom he may have transferred his interest in the Montana mineral claim, situated about three miles north from Creston, and recorded in the Recorder's Office for the Goat River Mining Division of West Kootenay District:

You are hereby notified that we have expended one thousand dollars in labour and improvements in order to hold said mineral claim under the provisions of the Mineral Act, and if within ninety days from the date of this notice you fail or refuse to contribute your proportion of such expenditure together with all cost of advertising, your interest in said claim will become the property of the subscribers, under section 4 of an Act entitled An Act to Amend the Mineral Act, 1900. Dated this 14th day of May, 1901.

JOHN F. WILSON,
JENNIE E. SPAULDING,
By her attorney in fact,
SAMUEL LOVATT.

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