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KOOTENAY

Presents an Unequalled Field for the Developer of Mineral Claims showing Gold, Silver, Copper, Lead, and Zinc, as Well as for the Investor in Producing Mines.

The Tribune

RAILROADS

Already Completed or Under Construction and Steamboat Lines in Operation Make the Mining Camps and Towns in Kootenay Accessible the Year Round.

SECOND YEAR.—NO. 28. NELSON, BRITISH COLUMBIA, SATURDAY, JUNE 2, 1894. ONE DOLLAR A YEAR.

THE "SILVER-TONGUED" ORATOR

Holds Forth at Kaslo, and Tires His Audience, as Usual.

The speech delivered at Kaslo on Tuesday night by the Vancouver World's "silver-tonged orator of the interior," candidate Buchanan, was tedious and tiresome in the extreme; the issues discussed at any length being dead ones, live ones being only referred to incidentally. A prominent government man who sat through and heard it all pronounced the speech "rot." John Keen occupied the chair, and introduced the speaker with the request that he be accorded a quiet hearing and an enthusiastic reception. The hearing was quiet, but the reception was not enthusiastic. The speech had apparently been carefully prepared, and was delivered in a sing-song, lay-preacher manner.

Mr. Buchanan congratulated his hearers that the building in which they were assembled was being used for more legitimate purposes than formerly, and expressed regret that he would not be able to discuss political questions with his opponent in the contest. The only kind of canvassing in which he believed, or for which he had any capacity, was the fair discussion of the political issues involved in the contest; but he afterwards admitted that he had approached and had held converse with electors with reference to their votes. He endeavored to explain his use af the road-work patronage, and said he was only pursuing his usual policy in providing work for those who needed it. He referred to the state of the country, and said business had been blocked in some way; he would have heeded friendly advice, to stick to his shingles, but he had entered politicsin order to clear away the block so that he might sell more shingles and lumber in a prosperous country.

He then gave a lengthy sketch of both parties in the province, and went away back to the time when Mr. Beaven was premier. He gave the old, old stories of the Esquimalt dry dock, the Esquimalt & Nanaimo railway, and other ancient matters, of which nine-tenths of his audience had never heardand the other tenth had long ago forgotten. He told all about what Mr. Beaven didn't do when premier, and what his successors did do, as far as the authorities in his possession informed him. The stories he told and the illustrations he gave may have been amusing a decade ago, when first used in political campaigns on the coast, but his hearers did not appreciate them, or if they did they did not manifest it in the usual way. He attempted an excuse for the Nakusp & Slocan scandal, and thought the government had made a good bargain, as was proved by the verdict of the royal commission. He could not see how injustice was done to Kootenay lake points by the construction of a road that diverted the traffic northward to the Canadian Pacific. He favored state-aided railways, and thought the province would be justified in borrowing three millions, or even ten millions, to build railways and develop the province. He said that THE TRIBUNE was quoted at the coast as authority for the statement of undue expenditure and profit by the construction of the Nakusp & Slocan railway, but THE TRIBUNE did not venture to go before the royal commission to prove its statements. He was in Victoria when the Nakusp railway bill was passed, and saw no reason to use his influence to hinder it. He also stated that the interests of the mainland cities were used against railways to the south from Kootenay, while Victoria was indifferent, not being much affected.

He favored the appointment of a competent and live man to represent the province in London, as such a man would be able to divert capital this way for investment, for which we were always anxious. He would be quite willing to pay $20,000, or even $30,000, a year for the service. Any firm, having like interests, would be willing to do the same.

He approved of most of the planks of the opposition platform, but did not approve of the one that favored doing away with private and special legislation. A bill in that direction was defeated last winter by the casting vote of the speaker. It had been favored by THE TRIBUNE, but he would doubt the wisdom of any act opposed by such men as Beaven, Davie, Cotton, and Higgins. The lawyers, too, he said, were against it; yet it had been airily accepted by the candidate of the opposition.

Mr. Buchanan then spoke of his personal relations to Kaslo. He had demurred, at first, to moving his business to Kaslo, but since moving had endeavored to build up the town, and had his hand in everything. He was not responsible for the boom, and had dissuaded many from building on speculation. He told, with much self-complacency, of the enterprises he had aided and of the contributions he had made. He had subscribed to the church; had assisted the powder works: had given Mr. Clyno lumber at cost; had employed labor as long as was possible. He was not responsible for the depression; and he, individually, would come through it all right. He believed the Kaslo & Slocan railway would be built, and Kaslo, in time, would again be a flourishing city. He concluded his speech with an appeal for support.

Mr. Carney was then called for. He compared candidate Buchanan to Blackstone, Gladstone, O'Connell, and Emmett, and was especially proud of him. The side he was on would fight to the end; they asked no quarter and would give none. The slanderous press fairly stunk in the nostrils of the people, and the intelligence of the community would elect Mr. Buchanan by an overwhelming majority. After Mr. Carney sat down, John L. Retallack moved and D. C. McGregor seconded a resolution approving Mr. Buchanan's speech and endorsing his candidature. The chairman put the question and decided it carried.

NEW DENVER NEWS.

NEW DENVER, May 30th.

Slocan lake is some inches higher now than it has been during the last three seasons. It is still rising.

"Bill" Springer and "Jack" Robertson have returned from the foot of the lake. They found it impossible to do any development work on Springer's claim till the waters of Springer creek go down.

Boats can now be accommodated in Tom Mulvey's house at Slocan City.

Important negotiations have been going on in New Denver this week with regard to the Alpha and Black Bear claims. The third payment on N. F. McNaught's bond was not made, despite the statement in this correspondence to the contrary. Matters were so arranged that the time was extended to the 27th of May. As the date approached a capitalist, in the person of Mr. Mackenzie, appeared, who had the money ready to turn over if everything was satisfactory. In company with N. F. McNaught, J. N. McNaught, Charlie Laatz, J. Briggs, and Mr. Milliken, the expert, Mr. Mackenzie, visited the mine. By all reports its appearance was more than satisfactory. But some difficulties appear to have arisen between the McNaught and Mackenzie interest. The parties have all gone out to Nelson where it is expected a new deal will be made.

New Denver received a flying visit from captain Moore and Mr. McFerran last week. It was the captain's first visit and he was enchanted with the place and his first action was to look over the list of houses to rent. The syndicate which captain Moore represents is going to make things hum in the Twin Lake basin this this year. A concentrating plant of 100 tons capacity has already been shipped, and a wagon road is to be built to the claims. Captain Moore has acquired the St. John interest in the Idaho and St. John and a half interest in the Twin Lakes. He is said to be negotiating for the purchase of the Queen Bess. Engineer Twigge has been employed to take levels and make a preliminary survey for the concentrator site.

J. J. Moynahan has started operations on the Wakefield and Cazunabazua, and has acquired some of G. W. Hughes' stock for packing supplies up Four-mile creek.

A good part of George Hughes' stock has already been transported to the foot of the lake. The effect on Jim Black's old bachelor horse of so much society passing through town was strange and startling.

A. E. Hodgins of Nelson has been engaged for the past few days on the New Denver and Three Forks wagon road. Only two bridges remain between the two points, and the condition of the road between New Denver and the canyon is enough to make an engineer's hair turn grey. For a considerable distance the creek has taken the road as its main channel. In other places it has undermined it and cut it out. Mr. Hodgins does not anticipate much trouble in bridging the canyon or repairing the road, but nothing can be done until the creek goes down some.

Carpenter creek has never been known to be so high before. Great devastation has been done among the cabins and gardens on the flat. A jamb formed some distance below Josephine street and the creek swung round in a new direction. It was a grand sight to see it carving out a new course for itself, undermining huge trees and carrying them out bodily into the lake. For three days a gang of men were at work with dynamite keeping the channel clear, and through their exertions the damage done to property on the flat was not so great as it otherwise would have been.

Tracklaying on the Nakusp & Slocan is proceeding at the average rate of half a mile a day. The road will be at the head of the lake before the 1st of July.

Wilson Creek is in high flood, and judge Wilson has had to abandon his cabin. Some damage appears to have been done to the cribwork in the bed of the creek which is to support the railroad track.

Mr. Taylor, late of Nelson, got his cows safely across to New Denver, and fresh milk is now the order of the day.

The excessive heat of last week ended in a thunderstorm and since then it has been cooler. But it is still very warm.

Messrs. J. C. Davenport, R. Ewart, and W. E. Mann have arrived in New Denver and are about to pay a visit to the Fisher Maiden group on Four-mile creek, in which they are interested.

A Peculiar Case.

A peculiar case is on trial at Olympia, Washington. In 1881 a man named Scott left Olympia, where he possessed considerable property, and made a home at Merced, California. He was believed to be dead, and the probate court at Olympia administered on the estate. Scott returned to Olympia about two years ago, only to find all his property sold. He commenced action to recover his property by an ejectment suit, but the judge refused to admit his testimony holding that the probate court, having administered on the estate, the superior court must consider Scott legally dead. The supreme court of the state affirmed the lower court, and the case went to the United States supreme court on the constitutional ground that Scott had been deprived of his property without due process of law. The United States supreme court reversed the decision of the state courts, and now Scott is considered legally alive.

THE PUBLIC SCHOOLS.

What is the True Purpose of Education by the State?

The British parliament has passed a special act introducing manual training into all the common schools of the kingdom. This has been largely owing to the efforts of women on English school boards. English women take much more part in school work than American or Canadian women. Three ladies are members of the London school board, and women serve on many other school boards. Commenting on the introduction of manual training in the schools of San Francisco, The Argonaut says:

"The introduction of a system of manual training into the public schools is opposed by two classes of people. The one class does not understand just what is meant by manual training; the other class does not understand just what is the true purpose of education. Those objectors who do not appreciate the difference between manual training and technical or industrial training, declare that the public schools, being supported by the taxation of the whole people, must confine their activity to education as it affects the community and not the individual; that they should prepare the pupil for an intelligent performance of the duties of citizenship and not for his individual industrial occupation. This is a just statement of what should be the aim of the public school. Knowledge of a trade is of inestimable value to the young man, but such education forms no proper part of the public-school curriculum. The specialization of industrial effort destroys the apprentice system. Some substitute must be developed if the skilled laborer, who has scientific knowledge of his work and an artistic interest in its product, is not to become obsolete. This is the work of technical schools, however, and they should be established and maintained by private enterprise.

"The manual training, however, does not seek to turn out expert carpenters, machinists, or blacksmiths. Its true aim is to educate the mind, and the various courses are so arranged that they develop the power of concentration, the sense of order, the spirit of exactness, the appreciation of form and proportion. Tools are used, but not so much that familiarity in their use may be acquired as because the use of tools exercises these faculties of the mind in a different manner from that in which they are exercised in textbook studies. A recent writer on this subject clearly states the nature of manual training. As a means of education, he says, it consists in the study and use of toys, tools, and machinery, such as are adapted to the age of the pupil and the opportunities and surroundings. It is the development and training of the mind by the use of beads, papers, blocks, and toys in the kindergarten; by the use of the pencil, the knife, the chisel, and the plane in a later period; and the use of engines, lathes, forges, foundries, and machine-shops in the end. This threefold classification of the instruments of instruction may be taken as corresponding to primary, grammar, and high-school grades. Throughout, the aim is to train the mind. It is true that the manual dexterity acquired by such training is of value to the physical laborer, just as the knowledge of arithmetic acquired in the schools is of value to the bookkeeper or banker, and it is well that it is so. But in both cases the advantage is merely incidental.

"The instruction by means of text-books and recitations alone has long been recognized by educators as incomplete. It trains the memory, but the other faculties of the mind do not receive proper attention; it does not offer sufficient opportunity for the practical application of the information gained, and information does not become actual knowledge until it is applied; it fails to sustain the interest of the pupil, and the development of the power of concentration is thus retarded; it does not properly prepare the pupil for actual life, the disproportionate attention given to book-learning encouraging the pupil to look upon physical labor as undignified. In all these directions manual training supplements text-book training and remedies its defects. The variety that is given to the studies maintains the interest in all; the pride in seeing material results from his own efforts encourages the pupil to renewed effort. To work side by side with the pupil who may in after life become a merchant or follow one of the learned professions, to see teachers and pupils alike interested in manual labor, to take an interest in the artistic aspect of his work, must inspire in the pupil an appreciation of the dignity of labor. These results, which would be looked for in any theoretical consideration of manual training, have been actually found to flow from it wherever it has been practically applied."

The Result of Different Policies.

The colonial treasurer of New Zealand made a statement in his speech at Otago on May 2nd which ought to make every British Columbian positively green with envy. He said there was a surplus of over $1,000,000, and on the basis of the past three years' public works expenditure there was more than sufficient money available for ordinary departmental expenditure, the completion of railways and the construction of roads, to open up lands for settlement; further that the finances of the country had never been in a sounder nor more flourishing condition. The government of New Zealand builds railways and owns them; the government of British Columbia builds railways and gives them away to its particular friends.

WAITING ON ENGLAND.

The Ruling Class of Great Britain Will not Assist in the Remonetization of Silver.

The question of international bimetallism presents some peculiarly interesting features, says the Atlanta Constitution. It is a question on which a good deal of light may be shed by those who have hid their goldbug principles behind it. As the matter stands, there are a great many dark places in the project that need illuminating. It is not by any means a new question. It has been considered and discussed from all possible points of view. Nevertheless at this moment and by the light of current events it assumes an entirely new aspect. It becomes interesting by reason of the mystery that is thrown around it. We therefore appeal to the financial Tories who are making much of international bimetallism to give the people a clear idea of the scheme.

About what time are we to expect relief from that source? Every interest not only in the United States, but in America, is in a crippled condition and growing worse. It is absolutely essential then, if the European Shylocks are to dictate our financial laws and fix our currency system to suit themselves, to know when the event is to occur.

But this is not all. There is another question that is still more important. In the nature of things it may happen that England will not agree to surrender the advantages she now has—that her ruling class will not consent to forego the golden profits that are now flowing into their pockets. What then? The American Tories say that there is no possible way to restore silver as a part of our money except by international agreement. Are we to conclude that if England fails to recede from a position which she has firmly held for years or refuses to change conditions that she has been striving for half a century to bring about we are to accept these conditions and suffer the attendant and inevitable losses merely because the financial Tories have assumed that the United States cannot open its mints to the free coinage of silver?

England's first official reply to the petitions of the bimetallists is a contemptuous one. The question has been kicked out of court. The house of commons refused to discuss it. There is no longer any concealment in the matter. There is no longer any reason why England should have any concealment in the matter. There is no longer any reason why British interests should pretend to be anxious to increase the use of silver as a money metal or to restore its money functions. Having made tremendous sacrifices of its own in India in order to drive the United States to the single gold standard, there is no longer any reason why the house of commons or any other department of the government should engage in an effort to deceive us. Consequently, when the question of bimetallism is presented for discussion in the house, the "faithful commons"—more faithful to the ruling class than to the people—incontinently kick it out and refuse to consider it.

We should think that this action of the commons would put a very large flea in the ear of those who pretend to believe that England is about to surrender the fruits of the victory it has won at the expense of much conspiring and maneuvering. At any rate, the event that has just occurred in the house of commons ought to open the eyes of our own people to the futility of any hope or belief that England is likely to make any move that will divert from her coffers the constantly increasing treasure that the single gold standard is pouring into them.

Whatever the American Tories may say, the fact remains that the constantly increasing value of gold is making England richer. Her home interests are infinitely more powerful and important than her colonial interests, and it is her fixed and unalterable policy to sacrifice the latter to the former whenever the necessity arises. We have lately seen a remarkable example of that policy. Under the stimulus of the single silver standard the manufacturing industries of India were rapidly taking away from Lancashire the rich trade of the east. The appreciation of gold was a premium to the Indian manufacturers and enabled them to undersell Lancashire in China and the markets of the east to just the extent of the difference between the value of gold and silver.

England did not hesitate to sacrifice her Indian interests to those of Lancashire, particularly when the policy she adopted was likely to influence the United States in repealing the Sherman law. She closed the government mints in India to silver and in effect placed the currency system in that country on the gold standard, precipitated the silver panic that wrought ruin to the United States, and which is sure to bring ruin to Canada, and sat herself down to the enjoyments of securing the former's cotton and the latter's wheat at half price.

In the face of all this there are men among us who pretend to believe and are trying to make the people believe that England is now getting ready to surrender the immense advantages she has acquired by conspiracy, by diplomacy, and by the sacrifice of important interests in India. There are Tories on this side of the Atlantic who insist that America is not able to put in operation and maintain a currency system fitted to the needs of its people and to the interests of its trade and commerce. There are professed bimetallists who pretend that the people of America must rest in depression and despair until England shall be generous enough to give the signal of relief by graciously permitting Americans to enlarge their money basis. And this act of benevolence is to be performed only when England concludes to present to the rest of the world the trifling sum of $500,000,000 a year, which represents the profits that accrue to Great Britain's ruling class as the result of the demonetization of silver.

When will England get ready to perform this extraordinary feat of international benevolence? Some of our Tory friends pretend not to know, but we know the exact day. On the day that the czar of Russia abdicates in favor of a democratic form of government—on the day that emperor William leads a mob of anarchists in the streets of Berlin—on that day England will consent to the remonetization of silver.

"GOVERNMENT POLICY REVIEWED."

Would West Kootenay be a Wilderness, Were it Not for Mr. Davie?

The Victoria Colonist, the personal organ of premier Davie, in comparing the province with the Dominion, says that the former pursues the same policy as the latter in the way of expending large sums on public works. It says:

"Five years ago West Kootenay was a wilderness, when Nelson and Kaslo and all the rest of the aspiring towns there were unknown and unthought of. There was practically no communication into it. Today we find six or seven well established lines of communication, with several more immediately in prospect. We find a number of budding and promising towns and a rapidly growing and sturdy population of about 10,000, numerous mining camps, large quantities of ore being shipped, and all the evidences of a growing community, with prospects of being second to none in importance in the province. Such progress is phenomenal even in the West, and was not possible without large expenditures from the provincial treasury, which is reaping in return substantial revenues from the district. Had the government stopped to consider the balancing of revenue and expenditure West Kootenay would have been, comparatively speaking, a wilderness today."

Five years ago, although Kaslo was not on the map, West Kootenay was far from being a wilderness. True, the means of getting in and out of the towns and camps on Kootenay lake were not as good as they are today; but would they not have been better earlier had not the provincial government sought to impose impossible conditions on the men who were ready and willing to give the country railway connections? If West Kootenay has "a rapidly growing and sturdy population of about 10,000," why is it that the Davie government did not recognize that fact when apportioning the district representation at the last session of the assembly? Why was a district "with prospects of being second to none in importance in the province" given the same representation as districts whose prospects are not bright and whose population is less than a fifth of that credited to West Kootenay? "Had the government stopped to consider the balancing of revenue and expenditure West Kootenay would have been, comparatively speaking, a wilderness today," is good, coming from The Colonist. Three years ago the Slocan section of West Kootenay was a wilderness, which it would be today for aught the provincial government has done to make it otherwise. Did Mr. Davie or any of his subordinates in office penetrate that wilderness ahead of the hardy prospectors who located mineral claims there in the fall of 1891? Did Mr. Davie's government build the first trail into that wilderness, or the first wagon road into it? Hardly!

That West Kootenay owes anything to either Mr. Davie or his government is doubtful; for everything that its people were fairly entitled to had to be forced from his government, and every dollar that has been expended in the district by the province was revenue paid into the provincial treasury by the men who are making West Kootenay a habitable portion of British Columbia.

Must Get a Move On.

There must be conditions of the body which forbids athleticism, as ever since that base ball game at Kaslo not a single athlete has appeared on the recreation grounds at Nelson. What is the matter? Are the vital organs of the boys not in full action? Are their heart beats irregular? Or are their breathing organs embarrassed? If Dominion day is to be properly celebrated, the boys must get a move on.

Knocked Out.

The supreme court of the United States has decided that the Northern Pacific Railroad Company has no right to the mineral lands within the 80-mile belt granted it by the United States. Millions of acres of mineral land were involved, as the grant of the Northern Pacific embraces the land around Butte, Montana.

A Modern Gladstone.

Candidate Buchanan, assisted by citizen Carney, held forth on Tuesday night in the Theatre Comique at Kaslo. Candidate Buchanan outdid himself, for on taking the stage citizen Carney said, "To add anything to what our candidate has said would require a modern Gladstone." Great gods and little fishes!

Fine Specimens.

At the Bank of Montreal in Nelson are two of the finest specimens of galena ore ever taken from the Slocan mines. One weighs 500 and the other 300 pounds. The latter is from the Noble Five mines and the former from the Washington.

MINING MACHINERY.

It will be Utterly Impossible to Bring in Machinery Duty Free.

HOUSE OF COMMONS, Canada, May 22nd, 1894.

R. E. LEMON, Esq., President Board of Trade, Nelson—Dear Sir: In discussing mining machinery in connection with the tariff, on Friday last, the minister of finance stated that if a list of mining machinery not manufactured in Canada were furnished to the government, the comptroller of customs would send a copy to each collector of customs for his guidance, and he has since requested me to furnish him with such a list. In this matter I would be glad to get the assistance of your board. You have many practical mining men in your section who are familiar with the most modern mining machinery, and who will be able to prepare a list that will cover all classes and kinds of machinery required in our province. With such a list before each collector there should be no difficulty in obtaining free entry for such machinery as is not manufactured in the Dominion.

I am, yours faithfully, J. A. MARA.

P. S.—I enclose a list of mining machinery said to be manufactured in Canada.

MEMORANDUM.

CUSTOMS DEPARTMENT,
OTTAWA, 3rd December, 1891.

Referring to the memorandum No. 427 B., of the 28th of November, 1890, I am instructed by the honorable the minister of customs, to inform you that this department has received authentic information that the following machines and apparatus are made and kept for sale by the Jenckes Machine Company of Sherbrooke, Quebec, viz:

Hoisting and winding engines of all sizes.
Stone and ore crushers of all sizes.
Cornish and mine pumps of all sizes.
Steam boilers of all sizes.
Cornish rolls and revolving screens of all sizes.
Stamp batteries and mortars.
Wet and dry pulverizers for silver and gold ores.
Herresboff patent water jacket smelters and equipment.
Plain water jacket smelters.
Pressure blowers and smelter outfits.
Reverberatory furnaces.
Bruckner revolving furnaces.
Converters, bessemer and other types.
Jigs and buddles.
Harrison's patent percussion coal cutters.
Hand percussion rock drills.
Rand steam air compressors of all types and sizes.
Halsey's pneumatic pumping plant.
Diamond rock boring machines.
Concentrating machinery for iron an other minerals.

J. JOHNSON, commissioner of customs.

If the machinery on the above list was manufactured in Canada in 1891, what sense is there in now asking mining men for a list of mining machinery not on that list? No matter what kind of machinery is imported, the collector of customs would, by referring to the above list, answer all mining men seeking to bring in machinery with: "Why, like machinery is manufactured in Canada; you must pay the duty." If a mine owner, from experience, believed that a "Hazelton sectional tripod boiler" and a "Knowles patent vertical sinking steam pump" were best adapted for sinking a prospecting shaft on his mine, he would be told at the custom house that machinery that would answer the purpose was made in Canada, and that he would therefore have to pay duty on his tripod boiler and sinking pump. If a mill man, from experience, believed that a "Fraser & Chalmers gold mill with Frue vanners" was best adapted for working the ore produced by his mine, he would be told at the custom house that the Jenckes Machine Company of Sherbrooke, Quebec, manufactured "wet and dry pulverizers for gold ores." If a smelter man brought a wrought-iron water jacket smelting furnace with Devereux patent adjustable tuyeres to the custom house, he would be told that all kinds of smelting machinery was manufactured in Canada, and he would have to pay duty. And so on through the entire list of machinery used in the mining industry.

What the mine owners of British Columbia ask for, is the privilege of purchasing the machinery best adapted to the uses for which it is intended, and that such machinery be admitted duty free for a limited period of time; say for three years. From experience they know that plants furnished by half a dozen different manufacturers do not work as satisfactorily as plants that are turned out entire by one manufacturer.

If Mr. Mara would only insist on the free admission of all machinery actually used in mines, mills, and smelters, for a period of three years, he would voice the wishes of his constituents in Kootenay. Any other action on his part will simply result in a repetition of the vexatious proceedings and indignant protests that have followed every entry of mining machinery made under the regulations in force heretofore. Give us a whole loaf or none.

Pioneer vs. Latter-Day Statesmen.

In a long review of the political issues of the present campaign in this province, the Victoria Colonist, premier Davie's personal organ, says: "No other province in Canada, and perhaps no other country in the world, with so many drawbacks, has succeeded so well, and all honor is due to those pioneer statesmen that they laid the foundations of a commonwealth so surely and well preserved the balances of revenue and expenditure and kept out of debt. Judged by the standard of practical government, they fully understood the needs and opportunities of their province and adopted their measures to the conditions as they found them and as they were likely to develop." Judging by the "standard of practical government," to use the Colonist's own words, the statesmen who have been managing the province's affairs in recent years have pursued a diametrically opposite policy to those pioneer statesmen. For is not the balance on the wrong side of the ledger, so much so that the per capita indebtedness of the province is greater than that of any other province in the Dominion; yea, even greater than that of any other English-speaking country in the world?

Mining News Scarce.

The only news of interest to mining men that can be chronicled is the commencement of the work of extending the wagon road in Trail Creek district from the Le Roi mine to the O. K. mine on Sheep creek, a distance of 3½ miles, and the beginning of work on buildings at the Silver King mine. The road to that mine is now passable for wagons as far up as the forks, a point about a mile and a half distant from the mine.

PUBLISHERS' NOTICE.

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The Tribune.

SATURDAY MORNING.....JUNE 2, 1894

For Member of the Legislative Assembly for the South Riding of West Kootenay District,

JOHN FREDERICK HUME.

PLATFORM OF PRINCIPLES.

ADOPTED BY DELEGATES IN CONVENTION ON THE 14TH OF APRIL, 1894.

Whereas, the men that upbuilt the Dominion of Canada were not of one nativity, and if a healthy patriotic sentiment is to prevail, and only by the growth of such a sentiment can Canada take a place among English-speaking nations, the responsibilities of government must be entrusted to men of known capacity, and not to men who by accident of birth imagine themselves rulers by Divine right. Therefore, be it resolved—

First. That we hold as reprehensible the practice of appointing non-residents to official positions in interior districts, and we maintain that all offices, where practicable, should be filled by residents of the district wherein the official performs duty.

Second. Special and private legislation not only consumes too great a part of the time that should be devoted to the consideration of public measures, but it leads to practices that tend to lessen confidence in the integrity of the legislative assembly, and through it an insidious poison is disseminated that in time will find its way throughout the whole organism of the body politic; therefore, we favor the enactment of general laws that will reduce to a minimum special legislation and do away with private legislation altogether.

Third. The interests of the province were not safe-guarded in the agreement between the government and the Nakusp & Slocan Railway Company, and the policy of the government in pledging the credit of the province, *in order that speculative companies may profit* thereby, is to be condemned.

Fourth. After making provision for the payment of the running expenses of the government, expenditures should be confined solely to the building and betterment of wagon roads and other works that are for the free use and benefit of the public at large, leaving to private enterprise the construction and operation of railways and all other undertakings for the use of which the public are required to pay.

Fifth. The speedy adjustment of the differences between the province and the Dominion, to the end that the land within the railway belt along the Canadian Pacific railway be thrown open to settlement under the land laws of the province: the amendment of the Land Act so that it will be an equitable contract between the province and the settler, eliminating all discretionary powers of the chief commissioner of lands and works; also amending it so as to permit the outright purchase of small tracts in all unsurveyed mountainous districts.

Sixth. The timber lands of the province should be held in trust for the future needs of its people, and not handed over, under long leases, to speculative mill owners as a saleable asset.

Seventh. The development of the mining industry should not be hampered by legislation that makes the procurement of title to surface rights impossible; that levies unequal taxation on working miners; and that makes it difficult to compel delinquent co-owners to pay *their share of assessment work*; therefore, we favor the repeal of sections 8 and 45A of the Mineral Act and a revision of the sections relating to mining partnerships.

Eighth. The passage of an act whereby water rights for any specific purpose may be obtained as readily as such rights are now obtained for mining purposes under the provisions of the Mineral Act.

Ninth. The establishment of a land registry for Kootenay district.

Tenth. The holding in Kootenay district of terms of the county court at short intervals; extending the power to issue orders to registrars of county courts in districts in which there are no resident judges; and the passage of an act that will allow the collection of small debts in courts composed of justices of the peace.

Eleventh. The extortions to which laborers on railway construction and other works are compelled to submit, through the issuance of time-checks, is alike discreditable to the men who profit by such practices and to the government that makes no effort to render such practices impossible. The issuance of non-negotiable time-checks should be made a punishable offence, and the issuance of negotiable time-checks should only be allowable under a law that would safeguard the rights of the party to whom they are issued.

Twelfth. Contractors and sub-contractors on railways should have a means of getting speedy redress from unjust classification and unfair measurement of work by the appointment of an official arbitrator who shall be a practical engineer.

Thirteenth. The government is to be condemned for the passage of a redistribution act that is not uniform in its provisions, and by which representation is neither based on population, voting strength, nor contributed revenue.

Resolved, that the attention of the government is called to the necessity of having paid constables stationed at points on the International boundary line like Rykert's and Waneta.

Resolved, that it is of the utmost importance that trails and wagon roads be built to connect all mining camps in West Kootenay with transportation routes that are open the year round.

Resolved, that the nominee of this convention be required to pledge himself to do his utmost to carry out the views expressed in the resolutions adopted by this convention, and that each delegate to this convention make every effort to secure the election of the nominee of the convention.

Resolved, that the lands embraced within railway grants should be immediately surveyed, in order that they be open to settlement.

Resolved, that the people living in the valley of Kootenay river between the lake and the international boundary line and those living in Fire Valley on the west side of Lower Arrow lake are justly entitled to mail facilities, and that we deem it a duty to urge that postoffices be established at Rykert's custom-house and at a central point in Fire Valley.

LETTER OF ACCEPTANCE.

NELSON, April 17th, 1894.

TO THE CHAIRMAN AND SECRETARY OF THE SOUTH KOOTENAY CONVENTION—Gentlemen: I herewith accept the nomination for member of the legislative assembly tendered me by the delegates assembled in convention at Nelson on the 14th instant; and if elected I will use my best endeavors to carry out the principles of the platform adopted by the convention, believing them to be in the interest of all those who favor good government. Thanking you and the delegates for the honor conferred, I am respectfully yours,

J. FRED. HUME.

R. F. GREEN, Esq., chairman.
J. A. TURNER, secretary.

THE ENEMY OF THE MINE OWNER.

The issue on which J. M. Kellie secured his election to the legislative assembly from West Kootenay in 1890 was one that affected the rights of owners of mineral claims. The government then in power was the same as is now in power, with a single exception. Theodore Davie was a member of it. Theodore Davie is a member of the government that is striving today to retain power for the next four years. In 1890 the issue that affected the owners of mineral claims was the readiness with which the government was willing to sacrifice the interests of mine owners for the benefit of railways. The government was willing that railways should have the right for twenty-five years to exact and collect a percentage not exceeding 5 per cent over and above working expenses on gold and silver extracted from ores found upon any lands granted to railways under the Railway Aid Act.

The owners of mineral claims, to a man, opposed the government on the issue, and elected Mr. Kellie.

The obnoxious legislation was repealed; but, like all small-minded and vindictive men, the leaders of the government neither forget nor forgive. They have not forgotten that the miners of West Kootenay commenced the agitation that compelled them to repeal legislation that they favored, and, during the last four years, have continually sought to engraft pernicious and objectionable sections on the Mineral Act. One of the most objectionable of these sections is one that premier Davie does not hesitate to say is a child of his brain. It is section 45 A, and under its provisions the owner of a mineral claim is not entitled to surface rights. The surface rights remain vested in the crown, and may be granted or disposed of as is provided by the land laws for the time being in force. The decision rendered by judge Spinks in the Hughes vs. Bonson case at the last session of the county court at Nelson clearly shows what rights mine owners have; they have no exclusive rights to even the timber that grows on their claims.

Mr. Buchanan, the nominee of the government party in the south riding of West Kootenay, distinctly states that he believes the government is worthy of support by the electorate of the riding, and the electorate is composed largely of men whose interests are affected by the decision of judge Spinks referred to above. Mr. Hume, the candidate of the opposition, is pledged to work for the repeal of section 45 A, as is shown by the platform of principles adopted by the convention which nominated him.

The issue is as important to miners and mine owners as was the issue in 1890. The *present government is not now*, nor has it ever been, the friend of the mine owner; but it is, and always has been, the friend of railway corporations.

THE men who support G. O. Buchanan profess to believe that West Kootenay will languish if government money is not expended within the district, and in order to get that money the present government must be kept in office. The men who support J. F. Hume believe that the material resources of the district have, so far, been developed by individual effort, and that if the district is to make progress in the future, individual effort, and not government pap, will be the force which will do it. One mine, even though it works but twenty men the year round, is worth more to West Kootenay than all the government appropriations that have yet been spent in the district. Pap suckers have never yet made a country, and they will not make one out of West Kootenay.

THE issue in this district is well defined. The government party favors curtailing the rights of mine owners; the opposition party favors restoring to mine owners all rights wrongfully taken from them by legislation. G. O. Buchanan is the nominee of the government party; J. F. Hume is the nominee of the opposition party.

THE supporters of Mr. Buchanan are "gentlemen," and the supporters of Mr. Hume are of the "middle class." The great middle class far outnumber the gentlemen in all English-speaking countries except the south riding of West Kootenay.

WHICH is the more likely to work for the best interests of the people of West Kootenay: G. O. Buchanan, a candidate who begged for a nomination—yea, was even willing to accept one no matter from which party it came; or J. Fred Hume, whose nomination was secured without effort on his part? Mr. Buchanan is representative of the office-seeking class; Mr. Hume of the class who have office thrust upon them.

SHORT STORIES.

In a case where a man was accused of forgery, a witness for the defense managed to say: "I know that the prisoner cannot write his own name." "All that is excluded," said the judge; "the prisoner is not charged with writing his own name, but that of someone else!"

Lord Ellenborough was famous for sarcastic speeches to counsel who consumed his time to no purpose. Mr. Preston was a great conveyancer, but not a brilliant advocate. On one occasion, having inflicted on the court an unspeakably dry oration, towards the close of the day he asked when it would be their lordships' pleasure to hear the remainder of his argument. Lord Ellenborough uttered a sigh of resignation and answered: "We are bound to hear you, and we will endeavor to give you our undivided attention on Friday next; but as for pleasure, that, sir, has been long out of the question."

This tale is told in the East: A lady one day found a man following her, and she asked him why he did so. His reply was: "You are very beautiful, and I am in love with you." "Oh! you think me beautiful, do you? There is my sister over there; you will find her much more beautiful than I am. Go and make love to her." On hearing this the man went to see the sister, but found she was very ugly; so he came back in an angry mood, and asked the lady why she had told him a falsehood. She then answered: "Why did you tell me a falsehood?" The man was surprised at this accusation, and asked when he had done so. Her answer was: "You said you loved me." If that had been true you would not have gone to make love to another woman.

Years ago, when Tom Thumb was Barnum's only attraction, he went to Saratoga and attempted to give an entertainment. The village fathers, however, scared him away by the price of their license, and he went to Ballston, the next town, and advertised the performance. A special train was run from Saratoga, and a great many went down on it. When the curtain went up, Barnum came out and made a little speech. "Ladies and gentlemen," he began, "it was my first intention to give this entertainment in Saratoga, but I soon discovered that there were some men in that place so much smaller than my famous Tom Thumb, that it would be useless to attempt competition with them."

The Oldest Man in Canada.

William Chambers of Dawn Mills, Ontario, who has been visiting his son at St. Joseph, Missouri, arrived in Winnipeg last week and proceeded west to visit a daughter, Mrs. John Smithall, at Portage la Prairie. Mr. Chambers was born in country Antrim, Ireland, on the 12th day of September, 1787, so if he lives until the 12th day of the coming September he will be 107 years old, and is supposed to be the oldest man in Canada. The venerable old gentleman is endowed with a splendid memory and talks interestingly of his battles with the world since boyhood. In the year 1808, at the age of 21 he enlisted in his majesty's service as a cavalryman, serving until Waterloo was won. When asked by a Free Press reporter about that memorable battle the old veteran brightened up and for a moment the fire of youth returned. "Yes, I was in every action in that war, and I was one of the troop drawn up on shore, when they put Napoleon on the ship to send him away," remarked the centenarian with emphasis.

"Do you feel as if you could stay in the race much longer?" queried the reporter.

"Oh, yes; some of the folks down below were bound to have a doctor come and look me over. When he was through I asked him how long before I'd need another overhauling and he said if I took good care of myself and did not catch any bad colds it would be sixteen or seventeen years before I need send for him again."

Mr. Chambers left the city of Dublin on Christmas day, 1826, sailing for America. After visiting New York and Boston he went to Ontario and settled on a farm, cleaning up the timber land in the summer and working in the woods for a big Quebec lumbering firm in the winter. This work he followed for fifty consecutive years. He has been married twice and has a large family of children, but his wives are both dead, the last one yielding to the grim reaper 10 years ago. The old gentleman is now spending his declining years in travelling around visiting his children, to whom he seems very much attached. "I tell you my boy 'Bill' is a capital chap" he remarked heartily when a reference to his family was made. Mr. Chambers has been successful in accumulating this world's goods, but he doesn't believe in the frivolities and vanities of the present age and still clings to the old red handkerchief as a medium for carrying wardrobe and toilet requisites. Many people called to see him at the station and when he left he carried with him the best wishes of all who had an opportunity of grasping his hand.

A Long-Headed Girl.

There was a young man in Winnipeg who had a girl friend. He went to see her at irregular intervals. He made his last call one day last week. She had some wedding cake from the nuptials of a friend of her's, and she was telling him of a new way she had discovered for finding out whether you were going to get married within a year.

"I will take some of this cake," she said, "and put it in this envelope, and I will take seven slips of paper and write on six of them the names of six girls you know, any one of whom you are likely to marry. The seventh I will leave blank. Then I will put the slips in the envelope with the wedding cake and give the whole thing to you. Now, you must take it and put it under your pillow when you go home. In the morning, the very first thing after you open your eyes, you must take out one slip. Do this for seven mornings in succession, and on the last slip will be the name of the girl you are sure to marry. If the blank comes last you will never marry."

The young man was quite impressed with the scheme. He took the envelope and promised faithfully to fulfill all the conditions and to come back and report at the end of seven days. He went home and put the envelope under his pillow. Next morning he drew out a slip and on it was the name of the girl who had given the charm to him. He thought that that was pretty tough luck, for he really liked the girl very much. He was out rather late next night, and when he awoke he was in a hurry and forgot all about the charm. When he got home that night, he began thinking the matter over and wondering who the other girls were.

He got the envelope and peered into it. The slips were all carefully folded, and he could not see a name. Then his curiosity got the upper hand. He took out all the slips and unfolded them. All of the remaining six had names on them, and in each instance the name was that of the girl who had prepared the charm. He sat down and thought long and earnestly. Then he put on his evening clothes and went straight up to that girl's house. He staid a long time, and when he came away he was smiling and happy, and there is going to be a wedding on the west side one of those days! There is a girl who has a long head.

THE WHITE GIRL.

It was a bright morning of late summer. A broad, salt-smelling heath lay between the bowlder-heaped cliff-land and the sea—the naked sea whose tumbling expanse no foot had ever trod; the unpassed country lying away forever nowhither, to the mouth of the sun's own cave perhaps, indeed, nowhither. Above it the sky, blue—blue as the sea was green—across which flew young white clouds, as white as the fleeces of the sea.

The spearman came up from the sea, almost a boy, with only the first blush of a beard upon him. It was commonly expected among the tribesmen that the spearman would one day be their headman. How near or remote that day might be they could not tell, for the reigning headman showed no sign as yet of flagging strength, still taking his tithe of meat and wives with no hesitating hand. And as to the spearman, he was lithe if slight, agile if not of great strength, and his courage turned aside for no beast that glared. His burden, as he came up from the sea, was unwonted—a womanish load. The unsurpassed spearman had been scraping among the mud of the water-edge like a bearer of children. He made little of the clams he carried upon tray of woven osier, the fresh harvest of his labor since sunrise, though they were plentiful enough even, one would say, easily to effect the object for which the young spearman had taken them. Thus he came across the heath, light of foot, but sober of countenance, until he reached the rock-skirted camp. Women looked up at his yodel from the fires they tended, and did not immediately turn to their work, for envy of his fishing. Other women were picking over the maimed carcasses which lay in several places, separating with a stone the pieces of flesh which still hung to the skins. All the men were sullen, scarcely stirring, some all but asleep, for it was the morrow of a great feast, and excessive joy of supping had spoiled the expectation of breakfast. The moment was unfortunate; but the young spearman advanced, holding his tray before him, to the place where the headman leaned against a rock, with his fists one upon the other against his breast, as he had a manner when in wrath. As the spearman set down the tray of clams by his feet, he made the slight movement forward, just necessary to gain the complete support of his feet, and with a shake and backward jerk of his head he threw the hair from his temples. He laughed with malice, and said to the boy: "An offering to the headman's wife?"

The tribesmen drew near cautiously. For all knew the suit of the spearman; that he offered clams and good-will of service to the headman that he might take to wife the white girl, who was called so because she was white as the sea sand. Some knew beside that the headman was angry against the spearman, because he was brave and lithe, and the headman's wife was fierce and wayward. The boy did not bow his head at the chief's word, but answered:

"An offering to the headman."

With that, too, he took his necklace from his neck. It was of bear's claws, the pride of his huntsman's craft, all pierced and strung, as a headman might not disdain. This he proffered to his chief, though it was a precious thing, with a frank, determined expression. As he did so, the headman asked him:

"Do you offer claws to a bear?"

At this the boy drew back, withdrawing the necklace, and feeling with his left hand for the axe which hung in a simple loop of his girdle; which, save for his necklace and the like, with far fewer claws below either knee, was all the clothing he wore; yes, he disdained so much as a shoulder-skin against the rain. The women left their fires and work, joining the men, so that now the whole tribe looked on in wondering silence, to see which of the combatants, the headman so gross and powerful, or the spearman so nimble and swift, would strike down the other and send him into the night. The battle was a short one; twice or thrice did the lad start from under the blow of his adversary. Had he but had confidence to fling his axe, young arm and true eye could not have failed; but knowing his own agility, he counted upon the like in the headman, and feared to let his only weapon leave his hand. So that, his first blow guarded, the weight of a rush threw him to the ground, where he lay forever, the point of his chief's axe deep buried in his skull.

The victor, with that gesture of his, threw back his damp red hair from his face and looked savagely round the circle of the tribe. He picked up the boy's axe and placed it upon his breast. The necklace, once offered him, belonged no more to the dead. He took it, placed it upon the neck of the white girl, and bade her help his wife prepare breakfast. While two of the women, taking the boy's corpse each by a wrist, dragged it away into the bushes at the edge of the wood.

* * * *

Rain had fallen during the day and the evening was chill. Winding across the heath to the sea came a long file of the women of the camp to take fish among the rocks exposed by the unusually low tide and score up the sand for silver eels. One of them carried a brand with which, when they returned, to ignite a great torch to cover them from prowling beasts in the dark. The rest, with their primitive fishing implements, wore each a skin, covering herself with it as best she was able. All save the white girl, who wore none, by the malice, it seemed, of the headman's wife, whose associate she had been all day, and that but little to her comfort.

The sea-sand lay tawny, like a lion's fell, its hollows tufted with coarse, hairy growths. The shallow pools upon it caught and absorbed what little day was left. From seaward came the tumble of the distant breakers; from landward, the cries of the braves as they danced at evening.

The sullen wives went straight down to the water, scarcely picking their way, for they liked not their labor. At a certain point the majority of them turned aside where a little gulf cut in through the sand among a heap of rocks. A few continued to the sea's edge; among them the headwife and the white girl. These, stopping a man's length from the water, scratched hither and thither in the white sand with pointed stakes, till the white eels darted forth and were taken and pushed quickly into the skin bag each wife carried at her waist.

The headwife and the girl worked side by side in silence. Not long, and they disputed an eel; the girl gave way. After this they worked even closer together, almost touching each other at times. A big, bright eel darted out; each struck at it with the flat of her hand; they came into collision, and the eel escaped into the water. Furious, the headwife struck the girl with her stake; and she, the white thing, recoiling in pain, dropped her bag, so that half her eels escaped. A second blow, and she fell with a cry. Then the headwife beat her upon the head, again and again and again, though she cried no more. The women from the rocks ran near and looked on in silent interest. For the headwife, taking her victim by one of her heels, waded knee-deep into the water and walked to and fro a long distance, dragging her oscillating burden. Then she came out and looked for a time at the still, white, and bruised body; till she left it, and having found what she sought, she returned, and with a great conch slowly scored the whiteness of the white girl from throat to thighs.

Then the brand was set to a bush twisted on a long stake, and, with long, even strides, all the women went back in silence through the dusk.

Uncharitable in Small Things.

The "nice girl" is always condemned to this indiscriminate epithet, sharing it with the weather, with novels, with everything under the sun. Yet her niceness has its peculiar distinctiveness, consisting chiefly in a certain radiant and cheerful mildness, assertion of faith in others and a devotion to duty. She fetches and carries for the world at large. She is apt to be hard on girls who are not nice; good looks are, to her, a little suspicious. If you do not agree with her moral views, she seeks the reason in your habits; if you are not at church, she does not conclude that you have attended the cathedral; if you do not find your pleasures where she finds hers, she puts it down to dissipated tastes. For in small things she is uncharitable. But bring yourself to great down-falling, and she will give her tears, her heart, her faith to you, and will find more excuses for you than you would have the face to plead for yourself at heaven's gate. With some things she has no patience; among them are idle young men, women who talk slang, an impartial attitude toward religious sects, extravagance in living, toleration for the wicked, excessive tight-lacing, flirting, vanity. Of others, she is very suspicious; for example, of cleverness, of the fine arts, of politicians, of young middle-aged women, of comic opera, of society novels. She does not recognize the right to pleasure; she wonders how anybody can be happy while the world is what it is: and she is herself one of the happiest people in it. She always knows what she thinks—and it is always what she ought to think. She is not tall: peace of mind sends her plumpness. She has plenty of color in her cheeks, brown, dog-like eyes, a broad, embracing, benevolent mouth. She has plenty to say, but wastes no thought on the way she says it. It is dangerous to say to her what you do not mean, and not always advisable to say what you do mean. She approaches a joke with caution, and considers irony unkind. She delights to help, and will provide you with anything—from a pin-cushion to a moral code—for the asking. And she is restful to talk to. Further, if you have an inefficient conscience, you cannot do better than to install her in its place. For if you do only what you would like to tell her, a saint in trousers will dwell in your lodgings. But the price of this is to drop all your elegant flippancy, to smother your airy freedom of talk and life, to shut the eye on the humors of the good and the absurdities of the earnest.

WILLIAM PERDUE

MEAT Markets

— AT —

Nelson and Kaslo.

Will contract to supply mining companies and steam boats with fresh meats, and deliver same at any mine or landing in the Kootenay Lake country.

NELSON Office and Market, 11 East Baker St.
KASLO MARKET, Fourth Street.

MEAT MARKETS.

WILSON & BURNS

(Successors to Burns, McInnes & Co.)

Wholesale and retail dealers in stock and dressed meats. Are prepared to furnish in any quantity beef, pork, mutton, veal, bacon, and ham, at the lowest possible prices.

Nelson, Kaslo, and Three Forks

ORDERS PROMPTLY FILLED.

Hunter & McKinnon,

General Merchants,

New Denver and Silverton.

Keep on hand at both places everything required by the prospector, miner, and mine owner.

C. & K. S. N. Co. (Ltd.)

TIME TABLE NO. 3.

In effect Tuesday, May 1, 1894.

Revelstoke Route---Steamer Columbia.

Connecting with the Canadian Pacific Railway (main line) for all points east and west.
Leaves Revelstoke on Tuesdays and Fridays at 4 a. m.
Leaves Robson on Wednesdays and Saturdays at 8 p. m.

Northport Route---Steamer Columbia.

Connecting at Northport for points north and south on the Spokane Falls & Northern Railway.
Leaves Robson Wednesdays and Saturdays at 5 a. m.
Leaves Northport Wednesdays and Saturdays at 1 p. m.

Kaslo Route---Steamer Nelson.

Connecting with Nelson & Fort Sheppard Railway for for Spokane and all points east and west.

Leaves NELSON—	Leaves KASLO—
Mondays at 9 a. m.	Sundays at 8 a. m.
Wednesdays at 5:40 p. m.	Tuesdays at 3 a. m.
Thursdays at 5 p. m.	Thursdays at 8 a. m.
Saturdays at 5:40 p. m.	Fridays at 3 a. m.

Bonner's Ferry Route---Steamer Spokane.

Connecting with Great Northern railway for all eastern points, Spokane and the Coast.
Leaves Kaslo at 3 a. m. and Nelson at 7:15 a. m. on Tuesdays and Fridays.
Leaves Bonner's Ferry at 2 a. m. on Wednesdays and Saturdays.

The company reserves the right to change this schedule at any time without notice.
For full information, as to tickets, rates, etc., apply at the company's office, Nelson, B. C.
T. ALLAN, Secretary. J. W. TROUP, Manager.

Spokane Falls & Northern Railway,
Nelson & Fort Sheppard Railway.

All Rail to Spokane, Washington.

Leave 7 A. M.....NELSON.....Arrive 5:40 P. M.

Commencing January 8th, 1894, on Tuesdays and Fridays trains will run through to Spokane, arriving there at 5:30 P. M. same day. Returning will leave Spokane at 7 A. M. on Wednesdays and Saturdays, arriving at Nelson at 5:40 P. M., making close connections with steamer Nelson for all Kootenay lake points.

TO THE

Electors of the South Riding

OF WEST KOOTENAY.

GENTLEMEN: Having been requested at a large and influential meeting of the electors of Nelson, and also by a requisition signed by a large number of the citizens of Kaslo, to stand as a candidate in the Government interest at the forthcoming Provincial Election, I desire to signify my acceptance of the nomination and to thank those who have proffered me the honor. To them and to the electors generally I wish to say that, if elected, I will give careful attention to all matters coming within the sphere of legislation and to the best of my ability protect and promote the interests of the district and the province. I am, gentlemen, very respectfully yours,

G. O. BUCHANAN.

Hotel for Sale.

(The estate of McEachren & Co. in liquidation.)

THE HOTEL SLOCAN,

THE PRINCIPAL HOTEL IN THE CITY OF KASLO.

This house occupies two lots on the corner of 4th street and A avenue and is 50 by 100 feet in size. It has three floors and about 70 bed-rooms, nearly all of which are furnished.

Arrangements have been made by which the lots can be sold with the house. The house has been running eight months and has done a paying business, and which by good management could be greatly improved. For terms and particulars apply to

G. O. BUCHANAN, Assignee.

Kaslo, B. C., December 18th, 1893.

Kootenay Lake Sawmill

LUMBER YARD,

Foot of Hendryx Street, Nelson.

A full stock of lumber rough and dressed. Shingles, laths, sash, doors, mouldings, etc. Three carloads dry, clear fir flooring and ceiling for sale at lowest rates.

G. O. BUCHANAN, Proprietor.
HENRY DAWES, Agent.

NELSON STEAM

SASH AND DOOR FACTORY

SASH, DOORS, AND WINDOW FRAMES MADE TO ORDER.

Estimates Given on Building Supplies.

TURNING, SURFACING, AND MATCHING.

Orders from any town in the Kootenay Lake country promptly attended to. General jobbing of all kinds.

RICHARD STUCKEY, Proprietor.

JOHN M. KEEFER. JAMES W. SEALE.

KEEFER & SEALE

TEAMSTERS.

Job teaming done. Have several hundred cords of good wood, which will be sold at reasonable prices.
LEAVE ORDERS AT
J. F. Hume & Co.'s, Vernon Street, Nelson.

Nelson Livery Stable

Passengers and baggage transferred to and from the railway depot and steamboat landing. Freight hauled and job teaming done. Stove wood for sale.

WILLIAM WILSON.....PROPRIETOR

DISSOLUTION OF PARTNERSHIP.

The partnership heretofore existing between W. H. Graham and J. A. Taylor, doing business under the firm name of Graham & Taylor, is from and after this date dissolved by mutual consent. W. H. Graham assumes all liabilities, and is alone authorized to collect accounts due the late firm. W. H. GRAHAM,

Witness: W. H. REDMOND. J. A. TAYLOR.

Dated at Nelson, British Columbia, May 7th, 1894.

The Metropolis of Slocan District

New Denver, situated as it is at the mouth of Carpenter Creek, on the east side of Slocan Lake, is within easy reach of every mine in the great Slocan Mining Division of West Kootenay District, and, notwithstanding all reports to the contrary, is the only town so situated. It is one of the few townsites in West Kootenay whose owners can give absolute title to lots. Business men, mining men, miners, and prospectors, desiring either sites for stores, offices, or residences, will be liberally dealt with. Prices range from $25 for residence lots to $500 for business lots. Apply to

David B. Bogle, General Agent, . . . Sixth Street, New Denver

BANK OF MONTREAL

Capital, all paid up, - $12,000,000
Rest, - - - 6,000,000

Sir DONALD A. SMITH,.....President
Hon. GEO. A. DRUMMOND,.....Vice-President
E. S. CLOUSTON,.....General Manager

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THE DEATH RUN.

Along in the early 80's, when the Denver & Rio Grande was a narrow gauge road and the main line lay across the great divide at Marsh Pass, there was a wreck in the Black Canon, and of that wreck I write.

So rough and impenetrable was this canon that the men sent out to blaze the trails were unable to get through. Engineers with their instruments were let down from the top of the canon wall, hundreds of feet by long ropes, and to this day, if you look up when the train goes round Dead Man's Curve you will see a frayed-out rope whipping the gray rocks, 500 feet above the river and the rail.

By the breaking of this rope a human life was lost, the first of many lives that have been lost in this wild canon. In the rush and hurry to complete the road, little attention was given to sloping the cuts or making it safe for the men who ride ahead. So, when spring came and the snow began to melt on the mountains and moisten the earth, great pieces of scenery would lose their hold upon the steep hill and sweep down the side of the canon, carrying rails, roadbed, in fact everything but the right-of- way across the river where the landslide was often landed high and dry on the opposite shore.

So often was the scenery shifted during the first twelve months that the night run through the Black Canon, so wildly beautiful by day, so grand and awful by night, came to be called the Death Run.

It was engineer Peasley's run out that night, but he had just returned from the stony little grave-yard that had been staked out on the banks of the Gunnison, where they had burried his baby. He was a delicate-looking man and when he came into the round-house that afternoon to register off he wore his soft hat far down over his inflamed eyes, as if he would hide from the world any trace of that sacred grief. Kipp, his fireman, saw him and was sorry, for he knew how dearly the driver had loved the little one now lost to him. Sliding from the pilot, where he had been scouring the number plate, Kipp went to the book and registered off also.

And so, it happened, that when No. 7 left Gunnison at 9:15 Jack Welsh held the seat and fireman McConnell handled the scoop. The sharp exhausts from the straight stack sent up a solid stream of fire as they hurried out through the yards, and the bright red sparks rattled like hail among the crippled cars on the "rep" track.

The brisk bark of the bounding engine dwindled down to a faint flutter and was drowned in the roar of wheels as the long train hurried away down the valley and was swallowed up in a black canyon. The run was regarded as a difficult one, but the extra crew were equal to it, and at every station up to 11:30 the operator wired the dispatcher, the dispatcher the trainmaster, and he the superintendent, "No. 7 on time."

Although he had no regular run, McConnell was really an old fireman. He had but recently returned to the road after a year's absence. At the earnest solicitations of his good mother he had left the rail to return to his father's farm near Salina, Kansas. He was a good and dutiful son, and he loved his mother as only such a son can love; but he could not help the longing within him to return to the road. That summer the Missouri Pacific opened a new line right through his father's farm, and every day he heard the snort of the iron horse, saw the trains go up and down the track, saw the enginemen throwing kisses to the girls on the farm, and he wanted to return to the Rockies. More than once every day he looked to the west, where he knew the trains were going up and down; where the snow lay in great drifts on one side of the track and the flowers bloomed on the other. Who can say how the heart of the engine-man longs for the engine?

When the harvest had been cut and the golden grain had been garnered, the restless youth bade his parents adieu and set his face towards the sunset. He had been a faithful fireman, and found no trouble in re-establishing himself in the service of the "Scenic Line."

The death run was a long one; 135 miles over mountains and through canons. They had crossed Cero summit, and were now roaring along the canon by the banks of the beautiful river.

The night grew warmer as they drifted down toward the valley of the Rio Grande. The engineer sat silently in his place, trying the water, whistling for stations, and watching the way. The fireman, having little to do now, lounged in the open window and looked out on the rippling river where the moonlight lay. It was almost midnight when the operator at Roubideau was awakened by the wild wail of the west-bound express. As the long train rattled over the bridge beyond the little station, the operator reached for the key and made the wire say: "No. 7 on time."

Beyond the bridge there was a bit of a tangent, a few hundred yards, and when they turned into it the fireman got down from his comfortable seat to fix the fire.

The driver released the brakes at the bridge, and the train was now increasing her speed at every turn of the wheels. Looking ahead, the engineer saw the open mouth of Robideau tunnel, which, being on the shadow side of the hill, looked like a great hole in the night. Nearer the engine he saw a number of dark objects scattered about. In another second he discerned what these were, and realized an awful danger. As he reversed the engine and applied the air, he shouted to the fireman to jump. He might have jumped himself, for he saw the danger first, but no such thought came to him. In another second the pilot was plowing through a herd of cattle that were sleeping on the track. If they had all been standing, he would have opened the throttle and sent them flying into the river with little risk to his train; but they were lying down, and as they rolled under the wheels they lifted the great engine from the rails and threw her down the dump at the very edge of the river. So well had the faithful engineer performed his work that the train was stopped without wrecking a car. Many of the passengers were not awakened. The trainmen came forward and found the engineer. He was able to speak to them; he knew what had happened, and knew that he had but a few minutes to live. These brave, rough men of the rail never hide anything from each other, and when he asked for his fireman they told him the fireman was dead.

As he lay there in the moonlight, with his head resting on the conductor's lap, while the brakeman brought a cup from the mail car and gave him a drink of water, he told them where he wanted to be buried—back East somewhere; spoke of his insurance policy; left a loving message for his wife; and then, as if he had nothing more to say, or do, closed his eyes, folded his arms over his brave heart, and without a murmur, apparently without pain—died.

It was many hours before they found the fireman. When the crash came he was standing in front of the furnace door. The tank doubled forward and forced him up against the boiler-head, where, if he had not been killed instantly, he must have been slowly roasted. He lay in the wreck so long that when they got him out there was a deep and ugly groove across his face where he had lain against the narrow edge of the throttle lever. Save the deep furrow there were no marks upon his face. But that one mark remained even after the body was embalmed.

The writer was at the time employed by the same company in a similar capacity, and was sent out to the wreck to take charge of the body of the fireman, to bring it to Denver and then take it back to the farm at Salina. The traveling engineer went out with a special engine and the superintendent's special car, and I went with him.

It is not a pleasant task to deliver the dead to bereaved relatives; but it is the least that can be done, and someone must do it. The engine left the track precisely at midnight on Friday night, and it was not until the afternoon of the following Tuesday that I reached Salina.

There had been six children in this happy family, three boys and three girls. The eldest son was a locomotive engineer, but he had left the road for good and was now with his family at the Kansas farm. I had wired him when I left Denver, so when I walked up to the express car, where the long pine box was being transferred to a truck, the father and brother came forward and spoke to me. Awaiting the arrival of the hearse, the truck that bore the body was wheeled into the baggage-room.

"How does he look?" asked the engineer when we had taken seats in the farm carriage. "Can mother see him?"

"He looks very well," said I, and then, remembering that ugly furrow in his face, "but would it not be better for all of you to remember him just as he left home?"

When we reached the McConnell place and went into the house where the family were all assembled in the large plain parlor, there was no need for an introduction. They all knew me, and knew why I had come, and when they crowded about me, all weeping so bitterly, I felt that I could not hold out much longer myself. I did better than I had expected, however, until I attempted to talk, when the tears came up in my throat and choked me. So, with a little brother on one knee, a little sister on the other, while the two young women were sobbing at the window and the brave young engineer was trying between his tears to calm his mother, I gave way and wept with the rest.

When we had all gained the little relief that always comes with a shower of tears, the mother began to talk to me and ask questions. To begin, she asked me if I could tell he exactly when her boy was killed.

"Last Friday night," I said.

"What time?" she asked, glancing at her two daughters, who had turned from the window, and were trying to dry their eyes.

"Almost exactly at midnight," was my reply.

"Ah!" she said, again bursting into tears, "I knew it! I knew it!"

"He was killed instantly," said I; "he never knew what happened."

I said this with the hope of their deriving a shade of comfort from the fact that the boy was not roasted alive, as so many engine-men are.

"Not quite instantly," said the mother. "He called me twice: 'Mother! Mother!' and I saw him standing before me with a great deep furrow across his face".

When she placed the edge of her hand against her face to show me where the scar was, and, when I saw her mark the very angle of the ugly groove, I felt a strangle tingling sensation at the roots of my hair.

"Has anyone written you the particulars of the wreck?" I said.

"No," she answered, "we have had but two telegrams; one from the superintendent, telling of his death, and the one from you when you left Denver."

What she said so affected me that I excused myself and walked out to the barn, where I could think. I was not long in arriving at the conclusion that when No. 7 left the track, in that infinitesimal fragment of time, the boy saw that he was in the shadow of death, and his first and only thought was of his mother. His whole soul went out to her so swiftly and so surely that she not only heard him call her, but saw him, just as he was.

At the barn I found the dead boy's father, who had insisted upon his son's going in with me upon our arrival at the house while he put up the team. I thought his face the saddest I had ever seen, as he moved about in his tearless and silent sorrow.

"How did it happen?" asked the farmer, when he had finished his chores, and we were walking back toward the house together.

"Hit a bunch of cattle," said I.

"In the night?"

"Yes," was the answer, "just about midnight."

"What night?"

"Last Friday."

"Stop," said the farmer, touching my arm; "I want to tell you something that happened here last Friday night—and I remember that the clock was striking 12."

Then he told me how his wife had screamed and wakened him, and how she had wept bitterly, and insisted that Johnny had been killed. He had been struck by somebody, or something, she insisted, and she could see a great, red, ugly scar on his face.

I don't know why I did not; but I remember distinctly that I did not tell them—not even the engineer who was accustomed to seeing such things—that the scar was there on Jack's face, just as his mother had seen it that Friday night. We did not open the coffin at the church, nor at the grave.

I remained with the family at the farmhouse that night, and with them, on the following day, went to the little church in town, where the good priest talked a great deal longer than was necessary, I thought. Fortunately for his soul, John McConnell had so lived that when the final "caller" came, he was ready, even for the Death Run; and he is gone—gone to join that silent army of enginemen which is moving ever toward the unknown.

In a pleasant place on a gentle slope that tipped to the west, his grave was made; and while we were weeping there, another grave, in another place, was being filled, hiding from the eyes of the world the body of the brave engineer.

And, now, when the rumble and roar of the midnight train shakes the hills; when the wild wail of the steam whistle disturbs the stillness of the old canyon, there tired hands can rest; while the busy waters of the ever rippling river sing an endless requiem to the noble dead.

CAN THIS BE TRUE?

William Tell did not found the Swiss Confederation, and the story of Gessler has no historic basis.

There is no historic authority for the statement that little George Washington cut down the cherry tree.

The "Man in the Iron Mask" did not wear a mask of iron. It was black velvet, secured by steel springs.

Seneca was not a half Christian philosopher, but a grasping money-lender and usurer, who died worth over £31,000,000.

Cæsar did not say "Et tu Brute." Eye-witnesses to the assassination deposed that "he died fighting, but silent as a wolf."

Wellington, at Waterloo, did not say, "Up guards, and at 'em." The words were put into his mouth by an imaginative writer.

Richard III. was not a hunchback, but a soldier of fine form, some pretentions to good looks, and great personal strength and courage.

Pocahontas did not save the life of John Smith. It has been ascertained that this worthy man was one of the most able-bodied prevaricators in his century.

General Crambronne did not say, "The guard dies, but not surrenders." The words were the invention of a Paris journalist, and attributed to him.

Cæsar did not cross the Rubicon: it lay on the opposite side of the peninsula from the point where he left his own posessions and entered Italy.

The story of King Arthur and his round table is a myth, although what purports to be the round table is still to be seen in a south of England town.

Fair Rosamund was not poisoned by queen Eleanor, but, after a long residence as a nun in the convent of Gadstow, died greatly esteemed by her associates.

Diogenes never lived in a tub. The story that he did so has no better origin than a comment by a biographer that, "a man so crabbed ought to have lived in a tub like a dog."

There was probably no such man as Romulus. The first historian who mentions him lived at a distance of time so great as to throw extreme discredit on the story as told by him.

Alexander the Great did not weep for other worlds to conquer. There is reason to suspect that his army met with a serious reverse in India, a fact that induced him to retrace his steps.

The immense burning glasses with which Archimedes burned the ships of the besiegers of Syracuse at ten miles distant were never manufactured, and it is now known that they could not have existed.

Pitt did not use the expression, "The atrocious crime of being a young man." The words were used by Dr. Johnson, who was not present, but wrote a report of the speech from an abstract given him by a hearer.

Vinegar will not split rocks; so Hannibal could not thus have made his way through the Alps. Nor will it dissolve pearls; so that the story of Cleopatra drinking pearls melted in vinegar must have been a fiction.

Worshippers are not crushed by hundreds under the wheels of the car of Juggernaut. The car has not been taken out of the temple for many years, and such deaths as formerly occurred were exceptional or accidental.

Columbus did not make an egg stand on end to confute his opponents. The feat was performed by Brunelleschi, the architect, to silence critics who asked him how he was going to support the dome of the Cathedral of Florence.

The Hanging Gardens of Babylon did not hang, nor were they gardens. They were terraces supported by arches and overgrown with trees. They were erected for the amusement of a Babylonian queen whe had come from a mountainous country.

The seige of Troy was mostly a myth. According to Homer's own figures, if there ever was such a man as Homer. Helen must have been at least sixty years of age when she first met Paris, and even the heroic period of the world, women of that age were a trifle passe.

The pass of Thermopylæ was defended, not by 300, but by at least 7000 Greeks, or, according to some writers, 12,000. The 300 were the Spartan contingent, who showed no more bravery on that occasion than their companions in arms from other Greek states.

Nero was no monster. His mother, Agrippina, was not put to death by his order, nor did he play upon his harp, and sing "The Burning of Troy," while Rome war on fire. Our knowledge of him is gained from Tacitus, who hated him, and from Petronius Arbiter, who was put to death for conspiring against him.

Hannibal did not send three bushels of gold rings, plucked from the hands of Roman knights killed on the field of Cannæ back to Carthage as evidence of his victory. The messenger who carried the news back to the Carthagenian senate, on concluding his report, "opened his robe and threw out a number of gold rings gathered on the field."

Constantine the Great was not a saint. He murdered his wife, one or two of his sons, and a considerable number of other relatives. He was a Christian only in name, and seems to have known little or nothing of the religion he professed.

Sappho, the poetess was not a wanton beauty, nor did she throw herself from the Leucadian cliff, to be cured of an unworthy love. The latest investigations prove her a respectable married woman with a lage family, whom she raised with as much care as a Greek matron usually gave her children.

What Makes Beauty.

Beauty is a result of race, of circumstances, such as personal freedom and mode of life, and of continuous diet, not of intelligence, and still less of the acquisition of knowledge, which latter can only benefit the individual whose features are fixed past serious change before study is even begun.

A man or woman inherits his or her face and mental habitude, though it may greatly affect its meaning, can no more alter its shape than assiduous training can turn a smooth fox-terrior into a wiry kind from Airedale.

The most beautiful black race in Africa, a tribe of Nyassaland, on whose looks even missionaries grow eloquent, are really as ignorant as fishes, and though they have discovered the use of fire, have never risen to the conception of clothes of any kind.

The keenest race in Asia, as all who know them assert, and the strongest in character, the Chinese, are decidedly the ugliest of semi-civilized mankind; while the Hindoo, if sufficiently fed, is, even when as ignorant as an animal, almost invariably handsome.

The Circassians, who know nothing, and are rather stupid than exceptionally intelligent, are physically a faultless race, far more so than the Germans, who though the best trained people in the world, display a marked commonness of feature, as if the great sculptor, Nature, had used good clay, but taken no trouble about the modeling. Some of the very ablest among them belong to the flat-nosed, puffy-cheeked, loose-lipped variety.

The keenest race in the world, and probably the most susceptible of culture—the Jew—presents no type of beauty, being usually at once hook-nosed and flabby-cheeked, though in physique, as in thought, that race occasionally throws out transcendent examples.

The trained Arabs of Egypt, who seem to possess poor brains, and of course have no education, are often extraordinarily handsome; while in 1860 the grandest head in Asia, a head which every artist copied as his idea of Jove, belonged to an Arab horse dealer, who, outside his trade, knew nothing.

No modern men of culture would pretend, in mere perfectness of form, to rival the old Greek athletes, who, intellectually, were probably animals; or the Berserkars, who were, for the most part, only hard-drinking soldiers.

A Genuine Piece of Good Luck.

"What is the luckiest thing that ever happened to you?" was asked of a New York millionaire.

"Do you mean sheer, unadulterated luck—something that just happens without any seeking on your part?" replied the millionaire.

"Well, yes, let it go at that."

"I am generally counted a very lucky man by the thousand and one people who know more about me than I do myself. But, on my honor, what I call a genuine piece of good luck happened to me only once in my life. It didn't amount to much, though it meant much to me at the time. It was when I was filling my first job—that of an errand boy at $3 a week—and I tell you I have never since felt so rich as when I carried home my first three dollars. I had been given a check to cash and a bill to pay. After paying the bill I had $37 of my employers' money left. I had just crossed Broadway, when happening to look back, I saw two men fighting in the street. I retraced my steps to see what it was all about. To my amazement and surprise I discovered that the two men were fighting about the $37 and the receipted bill, which in some mysterious fashion had dropped out of my pocket. A policeman happening along at that moment I was able to prove that I had a better right to the property in dispute than either of the combatants, and recovered it forthwith. They had each grabbed for it at the same time, and each was bound to get all or none. Luckily for me, I have often speculated on what might have happened if they hadn't quarrelled. I should never have recovered the money, and, in consequence, I should certainly have lost my situation. That might have changed the whole current of my career, and instead of being a rich man, I might today have been a poor devil, or I might have been twice as rich as I am. Who knows? Anyway, I regard it as the only piece of downright simon pure, unmistakeably good luck that ever befel me. But any Tom, Dick or Harry that you chance to meet will be able to tell you lots of luckier things than have happened to me. Some of them things that I had worked at for years."

KOOTENAY HOTEL

Situate on Vernon Street, Near Josephine. The Hotel Overlooks The Kootenay.

Its Guests can Obtain Splendid Views of Both the Mountains and River.

Axel Johnson, Proprietor

THE ROOMS ARE CONVENIENT AND COMFORTABLE. | THE TABLE IS THE BEST IN THE MOUNTAINS.

Special Attention to Miners.

THE BAR IS FIRST-CLASS.

THE MADDEN HOUSE

At Corner Baker and Ward Streets, NELSON, B. C.

THOMAS MADDEN, Prop.

THE MADDEN is Centrally Located, With a Frontage Towards Kootenay River and is Newly Furnished Throughout.

THE TABLE is Supplied with Everything in the Market, the Kitchen Being Under the Immediate Supervision of a Caterer of Large Experience.

THE BAR
IS SUPPLIED WITH THE BEST BRANDS OF ALL KINDS OF WINES, LIQUORS, AND CIGARS.

Special Attention to Miners.

SILVER KING HOTEL

Extensive improvements now completed makes the above hotel one of the best in the city both for transient guests and day boarders.

FINEST WINES, LIQUORS, AND CIGARS IN THE MARKET SOLD AT THE BAR.

JOHN JOHNSON, Proprietor.

Hotel Slocan
KASLO.

The only first-class hotel in Kaslo, is now under the management of the under-signed, who will endeavor to make it the best of any in Kootenay.

The hotel is the headquarters of mining men.

Kaslo, May 27th, 1894. JOHN F. GILL.

Stanley House
BAR.

Corner Stanley and Silica streets, Nelson. We are now running the Stanley house bar, and will be glad to have our friends and acquaintances give us a call.
DAWSON & CRADDOCK.

The Tremont.
East Baker St., Nelson.

Is one of the best hotels in Toad Mountain district, and is the headquarters for pros-pectors and working miners.

MALONE & TREGILLUS, Props.

FOR SALE OR LEASE.

FOR SALE OR LEASE. Good hotel, in one of the best parts of Nelson. Size, 37 by 70 feet; two stories; 21 bed-rooms. Furnished throughout. Ready for immediate occupation. A first-class chance for the right person. Apply to Duncan McDonald, Kaslo, B. C.; or to C. Humber, West Baker street, Nelson, B. C.

HIGH WATER NOTES.

Passengers and freight from the north for Nelson and lake points will hereafter be run down to Waneta, and transferred to the Nelson & Fort Sheppard.

A portion of the Spokane & Northern track is under water, and passengers and freight are transferred from Little Dalles to Waneta by boat. For the present, trains on the Nelson & Fort Sheppard will leave and arrive the same day, Wednesdays and Saturdays.

The Columbia & Kootenay railway office has been moved to the Lemon building, corner Vernon and Josephine streets, where it will be for a couple of weeks.

The eastern approach to the railway bridge across the Kootenay is gone, as are three other bridges between that point and Nelson. The bridge across Slocan river is damaged, but not beyond repair.

The wharf at Pilot Bay is covered with five feet of water.

At Balfour the water is four feet deep in the bar-room of Gallop's hotel.

Last Sunday "Jim" McDonald irrigated his potato patch, in the rear of his residence on the lake shore, by carrying water in buckets. Today the only part of his residence visible is the roof.

The ground reserved by the founder of Nelson for a playground for children, "God bless them," is today a frog-pond.

The custom-house at Rykert's, on Kootenay river, has three feet of water on its floor.

The depot of the Columbia & Kootenay railway at Nelson can only be reached by rowboat, and when reached the platform reminds one of a hog-wallow prairie.

W. F. Teetzel has gone to New Denver; George C. Tunstall, Jr., is in Trail Creek district; Frank Fletcher is down with a severe attack of bronchitis; the steamer Kaslo is once more in commission; contractor Cooper of Spokane is here, having acquired interests in placer ground on Salmon river; J. C. Pitts, lately of Donald, but now of Three Forks, is in Nelson en route to Cornwall, Ontario; the late owners of the Grady group of mines on Four-mile, Slocan district, were paid $7,500 in cash at Nelson this week, as a third payment on the property they sold the McNaughts; sixty men are employed at the Silver King mine; etc., etc.

The steamer Nelson now leaves Nelson for Kaslo on Tuesdays and Fridays at 9 a. m., and on Wednesdays and Saturdays at 5:40 p. m. Returning, leaves Kaslo for Nelson on Sundays and Thursdays at 8 a. m., and Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30 a. m., connecting with the southbound train on the Nelson & Fort Sheppard railway. Until the running of trains is resumed on the Great Northern, the Nelson will not run to Bonner's Ferry.

Sanitary Regulations.

If Nelson is to be healthy its residents should read the following rules and regulations, which the government agent has authority to enforce:

(1.) No person shall suffer the accumulation upon his premises, or deposit, or permit the deposit, upon any land belonging to him or under his control of anything so as to endanger the public health, or shall deposit or suffer or permit to be deposited in, upon, on or into, any street, square, lane, by-way, wharf, dock, slip, lake, pond, bank, harbor, river, stream, or water, any manure or other refuse, or vegetable or animal matter, or filth of any kind.

(2.) It shall be the duty of the government agent to keep a vigilant supervision over all streets, lanes, by-ways, lots, or premises, upon which any such accumulation as aforesaid may be found, and at once to notify the parties who own or occupy such lots or premises, or who either personally or through their employees, have deposited such manure, refuse, matter, dirt, or filth, in any street, lane, or by-way, or who permit or suffer the accumulation thereof, to cleanse the same and to remove what is found thereon; and such parties shall forthwith remove the same, and if the same be not removed witin twenty-four hours after such notification, the agent may cause the parties so offending to be prosecuted, and he may also cause the same to be removed at the expense of the person or persons so offending. He may, personally or by deputy, also inspect at intervals all premises occupied by persons residing within his jurisdiction.

High Water at Kaslo.

A correspondent writes: "The flood is playing havoc with everything. All east of Third street is a flood. The water has surrounded the brewery and is seven or eight feet deep there. The government office is also surrounded. Every house on the lower end of Avenue A is abandoned, and some of them have nine to ten feet of water standing on their parlor floors. The water in Kaslo river is doing great damage and the houses along its banks are in danger. The bridge at Third street may go out. The steamer Nelson lands within forty feet of Wilson's store on Front street. The Galena Trading Company's store has a foot or more of water on its floor, and the cellar under Wilson's store is flooded. George Hughes's warehouse is upset, and the water is nearly to the top of the boiler in Buchanan's sawmill. The water is now twenty-six feet above low-water mark, and is rising at the rate of twenty inches every twenty-four hours."

A Remark Causes a Coolness.

A coolness has sprung up between two well-known London clubs. One of the clubs, a military one, became the guest of its neighbor during the process of cleaning. On discovering in their new quarters a bin of champagne of 1880, in fine condition, the visitors made a dead set upon it. This might have been overlooked had not the situation become hopelessly strained by a remark made by one of the Guards: "I did not," he said, as he drained the last bottle of the treasured bin, "think the middle classes drank such good wine."

His Stewardship too Expensive.

The gross debt of the province is $3,187,456, an increase of over $2,000,000 in the seven years that Theodore Davie has had an active part in the government. At the same ratio of increase, the province will be bankrupt if Theodore is permitted to run the government for another seven years. Theodore's stewardship is too expensive.

Too Much Red Tape.

There seems to be some trouble in obtaining a bell for the fire company with the money raised at the New England dinner last winter. The money should be turned over to the treasurer of the fire company, who will see to it that it is expended for the purpose for which it was raised.

The Miserable Millionaire.

"What a dreary being is the millionaire! All his gold gives him less delight than a country boy extracts from a silver quarter at a fourth of July celebration. If he has a home it is too luxurious for homely comfort. If he has daughters, they occupy more time spending his money than in planning his pleasure. If he has sons, they are petted and spoiled and looked up to as the probable channel through which his fortune may be dissipated when he is gone. A chapel in a cemetery is hardly more gloomy than the rich man's club. As an example, the Metropolitan Club of New York, having a membership of 650 millionaires, is as dreary, as full of solitude and echoes as a mountain resort in January. The magnificent dining-room, with a capacity of more than 1000, seldom contains more than eight persons at a time; the elaborate smoking-rroms are deserted, and no ladies grace the annex. With all its silken furnishings, costly draperies, and famous paintings, this rich man's club offers less of good fellowship, less of jolly pleasure, than a Bohemian club of newspaper men which meets in the side room of some obscure restaurant. Millions can do much. They can buy steam yachts, purchase seats in the United States senate and surround their possessor with the superficial comforts of civilization. But happiness, being a matter of temperament rather than of surroundings, will not sell itself for gold. It sometimes permits itself to be cultivated, but never to be purchased. God pity the American millionaire and bring him to a realizing sense of his duty and his errors."

The above is from the Spokane Review; but notwithstanding it is gospel truth, we would like to be a "miserable millionaire" for a month or so.

SEVENTY-SIX MORE VOTERS.

Upwards of Eight Hundred and Fifty Names Now on the Register.

During the last two weeks the following names have been placed on the voters' register for the south riding of West Kootenay electoral district:

Arrowsmith, John, Goat River, rancher
Brown, George Melville, Balfour, carpenter
Bigham, James Ephriam, Kaslo, blacksmith
Crawford, George, Duncan City, packer
Cosgriff, Daniel, Kaslo, miner
Cosgriff, Thomas, Kaslo, miner
Cosgriff, John, Three Forks, miner
Clark, George, Three Forks, engineer
Cameron, John A, Kaslo, railway contractor
Cameron, James, Kootenay River, miner
Davidson, Edgar H, Three Forks, teamster
Dempster, Thomas, Kaslo, miner
Donovan, Tim, Kootenay river, carpenter
Edgar, William F, Three Forks, packer
Edwards, Joseph, Kaslo, miner
English, Thomas, Kootenay River, laborer
English, James, Kootenay River, laborer
Forbes, Duncan Seaton, Kaslo, miner
Forster, Arthur P, Kootenay River, engineer
Gayne, Peter, Three Forks, miner
Griffiths, George, Kaslo, mason
Hirsch, John, Nelson, surveyor
Henderson, Robert George, New Denver, hotelkeeper
Hughes, Andrew S, Kaslo, painter
Hill, William, Kaslo, musician
Harris, Thomas, Kaslo, constable
Haverty, Michael, Kaslo, miner
Hodgson, George A, Duncan River, merchant
Huston, William, Kaslo, miner
Hern, Henry, New Denver, miner
Irving, William, Kaslo, cabinet maker
Jones, David Sugnall, Three Forks, miner
Johnson, Henry, Kaslo, miner
Johnstone, George, Nelson, customs
Jefferson, Albert, Kootenay River, laborer
Kennedy, John Alexander, Kaslo, miner
Kennedy, William F, Kaslo, miner
Kalb, Alfred Frederick, Kootenay River, rancher
Lewis, George F, Kaslo, miner
Long, Robert J, Kootenay River, fireman
Morris, Walter D, Kaslo, waiter
Murphy, Charles, Kaslo, miner
Mackay, William Drake, New Denver, civil engineer
Matthews, Henry James, Kaslo, miner
McRae, Murdock, Kaslo, bridgeman
McCartney, John, Kaslo, miner
McIntosh, John Lawrence, Kaslo, miner
McDonald, Hugh, Watson, miner
McKenelley, Mayhew H, Nelson, carpenter
McGillvray, Duncan J, Kaslo, wheelwright
McDonald, Angus L, Kaslo, contractor
McKenzie, James, Kaslo, hotelkeeper
McDonald, John, Kaslo, miner
McDonald, Daniel K, Silverton, miner
McKenzie, Thomas, Kaslo, carpenter
McGregor, Duncan C, Kaslo, contractor
McDonald, Hugh D, Kaslo, miner
McDonald, Alexander D, Kaslo, miner
McLaughlin, William Lee, Nelson, miner
McDonald, Archie A, Kaslo, miner
Platt, George, Kootenay Lake, miner
Pryer, William, Kaslo, miner
Plaisance, Harvey W, Kaslo, carpenter
Pratt, Fred G, Kootenay River, rancher
Roberts, William, Kaslo, hotelkeeper
Roderick, Thomas, Kaslo, miner
Rowse, William H, Kaslo, miner
Rowse, Thomas, Kaslo, miner
Stafford, George, New Denver, miner
Stevenson, Isaiah, Kaslo, lumberman
Shilland, Anthony, Kaslo, miner
Woods, James, Three Forks, baker
Wilson, Samuel John, Kaslo, miner
Weir, Duncan J, Kaslo, miner

The Art of Being Pleasant.

There is an inherent longing deep in the heart of each woman plodding along this earth of ours to be attractive.

She thrives on admiration and grows plump at the rate of five pounds a week if a little love should be thrown in her way.

But the great question of how to gain this affection, this love and admiration which each man has it in his power to give is sometimes of a rather puzzling nature to girls, especially those who have no personal charms to attract.

In conversation the other day some charming girls were complaining of their lack of talent and plain features.

It was suggested to them to make a study of the art of being pleasant.

"Girls, you don't know what an effect continued pleasantness has upon a man."

A woman who makes the man whom she loves believe she knows not the meaning of worry, and who always has for him a pleasant smile and a word of welcome, will find that tender thoughts of her are creeping down further into his heart than those of beauty whom she envies.

The only way to be pleasant is to make a study of the art; convert it into a science and study it as such.

A pleasant woman in the home is like a gleam of heaven's brightest sunshine.

Her very presence soothes, comforts and cheers the heart of man.

A Case of Necessity.

The girl, who was not beautiful but interesting, displayed animation.

"I would greatly prefer," she was saying, "a quiet wedding, but it is impossible."

The maiden with a low, broad forehead, upon which the auburn curls clustered despite the humidity of the atmosphere, turned in surprise.

"Why, impossible?" she asked.

"Because"

Her look was one of calm resignation.

"dear George is so hard of hearing, poor fellow."

It appeared to be a case of necessity.

NOTICE.

The undersigned, owners of the townsite of Four Mile City, now called Silverton, have made arrangements for the completion of the survey of the townsite, in order that a map of the same can be filed for registration in the land registry office at Victoria. As soon as the survey is completed, deeds will be given to all lot purchasers on their making final payments.

J. FRED HUME,
WILLIAM HUNTER.

Nelson, B.C., May 23rd, 1894.

W. A. JOWETT
(Notary Public)
Victoria Street, Nelson, B. C.

Mining and Real Estate Broker
Commission and Insurance Agent

REPRESENTING:
The Confederation Life Association. The Phœnix Fire Insurance Company. The Dominion Building & Loan Association of Toronto, Etc.

MINES INSPECTED AND REPORTED UPON.

Several good lots in government townsites of New Denver and Nelson to be sold cheap.
Stores and offices to rent at Nelson.
Tenant wanted for ranch on Columbia river near Robson, or will sell. Good opportunity.

LOTS IN ADDITION "A"
to sell on easy terms.
Apply at once to
W. A. JOWETT, Victoria St., Nelson, B.C.

W. F. TEETZEL & CO.
CHEMISTS AND DRUGGISTS

A large and complete stock of the leading lines of
Drugs, Chemicals, Patent Medicines, Perfumes, Soaps, Brushes, And Toilet Articles of Every Description.

Cor. Baker and Josephine Streets, Nelson, B. C.

Central Office of the Kootenay Lake Telephone.

A large and complete stock of
WALL PAPER

Now is the time to order your Spring Suit.

FRED J. SQUIRE
Has just received his stock of Tweed, Serge, and Worsted Suitings and Trouserings.
Prices to Suit the Times.

NELSON FANCY STORE.
All kinds of Fancy Goods, Notions, Ladies' Underclothing, Children's Clothing, etc.
Baker St., next door Nelson Shoe Store.

Don't buy inferior whisky when you can have the best at the same price. We have now in stock WALKER'S CELEBRATED BRANDS
ORDINARY
IMPERIAL
CLUB
SEE THAT YOU GET THEM. IT WILL PAY YOU IN THE END.
HUDSONS' BAY CO.,
Baker Street, Nelson.

AGENTS FOR: Jos. Schlitz, Milwaukee, U.S.A.; Fort Garry Flour Mills, Winnipeg; Hiram Walker & Sons, Walkerville.

FOR SALE.
Second-hand Cash Register for sale. Apply to W. F. Teetzel & Co., Nelson.

INTERNATIONAL COMMISSION COMPANY
Colville, Washington, and Nelson, B. C.

Wholesale dealers in Hay, Grain, Poultry, Butter, Eggs, and all kinds of Farm Produce. Special rates to parties buying in Carload Lots.

Address all orders to Nelson, B. C. Price lists will be furnished on application.

J. EHRLICH, Manager.

Nelson office and warehouse, Baker street, between Bigelow & Co's and Nelson hotel.

Clearance Sale . . . .
We are making ready for a dissolution of partnership, in the early spring, and from today (Thursday, December 21st) will offer our entire stock of Dry Goods, Clothing, Boots and Shoes, Hats, Crockery, and Glassware at cost.
. . G. A. Bigelow & Co.

J. FRED HUME & CO.
GENERAL MERCHANTS.
Groceries Hardware, Dry Goods, Clothing, Boots and Shoes, Stoves and Tinware, Paints and Oils, Sash and Doors and a Complete Line of Builders' Material and Miners' Supplies.

MUSIC AND MUSICAL GOODS
Sewing Machines, Newspapers, Books, Stationery
Legal Forms, Office Sundries, Toys, Fancy Goods.
School Supplies a Specialty.
TURNER BROTHERS.

BOURNE BROS.
NEW DENVER
REVELSTOKE - - - AND NAKUSP
GROCERIES, HARDWARE,
Miners' . Supplies . and . General . Merchandise

Boots and Shoes Just Arrived!
Snag-proof Gum Boots; Lumbermen's Rubbers and Overshoes; Hand-made Calfskin Boots; Grain and Kip Bluchers; Canvas and Tan Ox-goods; Congress Imitation Lace and Lace Boots in Kangaroo and Cordovan. A long line in the latest styles.
Gilker & Wells, Postoffice Store.

NELSON LOTS
The RAILWAY CENTRE and SEAT OF GOVERNMENT of West Kootenay.
A SECOND RAILWAY IN OPERATION.
CHOICE BUILDING and RESIDENCE PROPERTY
REBATE ALLOWED FOR GOOD BUILDINGS.
ALSO LOTS FOR SALE IN NAKUSP, DAWSON, and ROBSON.
APPLY FOR PRICES, MAPS, ETC., TO
FRANK FLETCHER, Land Commissioner C. and K. R. and N. Co., Nelson, B. C.

TABLE WARE!
Hotelkeepers and housekeepers needing anything in the line of tableware should call on or send to JACOB DOVER, JEWELER, Nelson, for prices. He sells Rogers Brothers' knives, forks, and spoons at $8 per dozen; castors, $4.50 each; butter dishes, from $1.50 to $3.50; pickle dishes, from $2 to $5. Full lines of above-mentioned goods always kept in stock.
Houston Block, Corner of Baker and Josephine Streets.