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The Nelson Tribune

THE TRIBUNE IS THE OLDEST NEWSPAPER PRINTED IN THE KOOTENAYS

Saturday, October 10, 1903

NELSON IS THE TRADE CENTER OF SOUTH-EASTERN BRITISH COLUMBIA

New Act to Arbitrate All Railway Disputes

The Liberal Party, during the recent campaign, took considerable delight in trying to impress on the public, and particularly the Labor Party, that it was heart and soul in its earnest endeavor to have strikes settled by COMPULSORY arbitration. The Liberal candidate for this city, in a speech, laid great stress on the fact that it was to be COMPULSORY, in fact, that was how it was worded in the manifesto issued by the party at the outset of the campaign. The Act in question, assented to on the 10th of July, last, provides for the AID to the settlement of disputes, and after the usual preamble, we come to the following interesting clauses:

3. Whenever a difference exists between any railway employers and railway employes, and it appears to the minister that the parties thereto are unable satisfactorily to adjust the same, and that by reason of such differences remaining unadjusted a railway strike or lockout has been or is likely to be caused or the regular safe transportation of mails, passengers or freight has been or may be interrupted, or the safety of anyone employed on a railway train or car has been or is likely to be endangered, the minister may either on the application of any party to the difference, or on the application of the corporation of any municipality directly affected by the difference, or of his own motion cause inquiry to be made into the same and the cause therefore, and for that purpose may, under his hand and seal of office, establish a committee of conciliation, mediation and investigation, to be composed of three persons to be named, one by the railway employers, and one by the railway employes (parties to the difference) and the third by the two so named or by the parties to the difference in case they can agree. The minister shall in writing notify each party to name a member of said committee stating in said notice a time not being less than five days after the receipt of such notice within which this is to be done and if either party within such time or any extension thereof that the minister on cause shown, may grant, refuse or fail to name a member of said committee the minister or the lieutenant governor in council, as the case may be, as hereinafter provided, may appoint one in the place of the party so refusing or in default, and if the members of said committee so chosen fail to select a third member the minister or the lieutenant governor in council, as the case may be, may make such selection.

4. It shall be the duty of the conciliation committee to endeavor by conciliation and mediation to assist in bringing about an amicable settlement of the difference to the satisfaction of both parties, and to report its proceedings to the minister.

5. In case the conciliation committee is unable to effect an amicable settlement by conciliation or mediation, the minister may refer the difference to arbitration under the provisions of this act.

(a) If acceptable to both parties, the conciliation committee may act as a board of arbitration.

(b) In case of objection by either party, to its representative on the conciliation committee acting as a member of the board of arbitration, or to the chairman of said conciliation committee being a member of the board of arbitrators, new representatives on the board of arbitrators shall be appointed, in place of the member or members of the conciliation committee objected to, in like manner as the original members of the conciliation committee were appointed.

The board of arbitrators so chosen shall be established by the minister under his hand and seal of office.

This is the kernel of the bill, and as J. H. Hill, legal representative of the B. R. T., says of it: "I am not aware of any legislation of this nature being on the statute books of any other country than that of Canada and it is looked forward to with considerable anticipation as to what the ultimate result will be in the case of a difficulty between any of the railway companies and their men."

Now this Act is precisely in sympathy with the plank in the Liberal-Conservative platform, adopted at Revelstoke, September 13th, 1902, which reads as follows:

> 10. That as industrial disputes almost invariably result in great loss and injury both to the parties directly concerned and to the public, legislation should be passed to provide means for an AMICABLE adjustment of such disputes between employers and employees.

The high glee with which the Liberals dwelt on the supposed fact that they were going one better than the Conservatives in handling this matter was, to say the least, slightly previous, and should warn them in future to go wisely and slow, "for they stumble who run fast."

Possibilities of the Wood Pulp Industry in British Columbia

In the opinion of Mr. Octavien Rolland, vice-president of the Rolland Paper Co., of Montreal, this province is due to become one of the greatest producers of paper and wood pulp in the world, says the Vancouver World. On this subject Mr. Rolland is as well qualified to speak as any man in Canada. He is vice-president of the Rolland Paper company of Montreal, with mills at St. Jerome, Que., and president of the Northern Mills company, which is building a large pulp and paper mills at Ste. Adele, Que. The Rolland Paper company is known to everybody who is familiar with the paper business in Canada. The Rollands do not manufacture any cheap paper but confine themselves to the manufacture of high class stock such as gazette and book papers, linens, bonds, and ledgers. Their water mark on these classes is like the cobweb on the wine bottle—guarantee of excellence. The Northern Mills is a new enterprise which is being undertaken by the Rollands. From Ste. Adele they will ship pulp and paper to Europe. Their business from this concern will be purely export.

Speaking about the possibilities for British Columbia, Mr. Rolland said, that as this was his first trip, and as he was hurrying through with the manufacturer's association, he did not have nearly enough time to see all that he wanted to. But he had witnessed enough to convince him that this province is due to become a great producer of pulp and paper. Mr. Rolland said the geographical position of British Columbia was not against this province but in favor of it. Access to the waterfront opened to this province the whole market of Great Britain and Europe on the basis of an ocean freight—an advantage only enjoyed by a section of Quebec and not enjoyed at all by Ontario.

But it was the water power that most forcibly impressed M. Rolland. "The best I ever saw. I should think the best in the world. And right in the heart of the timber." As for the timber itself: "Well," with that Gaelic wave of the hand which always signifies magnificence, "you know all about that."

Asked about the possibility of inducing capital, Mr. Rolland said, "Why, there are plenty of people in British Columbia with a little money to invest. Why not float a company here? A good pulp mill would cost $200,000. The market is ready, in fact there is a shortage of pulp at the present time, not only in the United States and Europe, but in Canada also. We were offered a large contract from a Paris house last spring, and before accepting it we canvassed every pulp mill in the province of Quebec for pulp, but found that they were all contracted far ahead right up to the limit of their capacity, and we had to refuse the order. Under these conditions there is no reason why the people of British Columbia should invite capital to come in and take possession of the industry which they should conduct themselves."

Harry Wright, M.P.P., Will Not Resign

The statement made in today's Daily News to the effect that the member for Ymir will resign in order to allow the defeated candidate for Rossland to contest the seat, is emphatically denied by Mr. Wright.

Davidson Absolutely Independent

The Daily News has been prating that Mr. Davidson had declared himself as a Liberal. In today's editorial columns it is stated that he has declared himself as strictly independent. The government, therefore, is more likely to get his support than the opposition, so long as legislation is in the interest of the people.

Sabbath Observance in Canada

The Rev. Shearer of the Dominion Lord's Day Alliance has recently visited this district and from accounts given it would appear that this organization is still doing good work and that from the time of its inception has unquestionably placed the Sabbath question in keeping with the Protestant idea on the subject well before the public. Any movement that has for its object the uplifting of the people, whether by act of parliament or indirectly through the efforts of a body such as this, will receive the unqualified support of all. If many, even now, withhold their support to it, it is simply that there is still a suspicion lingering in their minds that this movement is the thin end of the wedge to force, by law, observance of the Sabbath according to the dictates of the churches. In support of this, it would appear that in Ontario at the present time there is an act making it unlawful to fish on that day, from this to preventing a man and his family from taking their walks abroad is but a step, after which would come the revival of the old law of making it compulsory for people to go to church.

In handling this question the Lord's day Alliance overlooks one vital point and that is to use the quotation from the great book; "As a man thinketh in his heart, so is he." Now it is not so much what a man does on the Sabbath, as what he thinks. Many there are, we all know, who carry out the day of rest with a preciseness beyond praise. They go twice to church and once to Sunday school and yet their minds are further from the keynote of the day than that of the man who may be quietly spending the day as a disciple of Isaac Walton, or the man who may "find pleasure in the pathless woods," and sees in all around the manifestation of That Power which to circumscribe within the walls of the sanctuary is but sacrilege. Therefore is it, that whereas one may find the church a good place for spiritual meditation and consider the ritual vital to their higher nature, another, after a week of toil in a workshop, warehouse or office, may fly with joy to the great fields of nature, and glory in the sights and sounds of the primeval forests. No one can dictate rightly as to what the other should do for it has been well said that what is one man's meat is another's poison.

The muddy indifference for the Sabbath which is still much in evidence among us may be attributed very largely to the barren intellectual and spiritual attraction offered by the churches to the masses, and here again it becomes largely a question of temperament. Why is it that the great Romish church is able, even now in the face of the tremendous intellectual wave that is sweeping over the land, to hold within its fold all sorts and conditions of men, from the most ignorant peasant of a Latin country to some of the brightest minds of the day? And the answer is, because the whole fabric pulsates with a life and energy and administers to its flock "each man according to his needs." These people do not dwell largely on the keeping of the Sabbath, do not make their religion a matter of one day a week, but rather impress on its devotees the vital necessity of keeping their lamps well filled and wicks well trimmed from day to day.

At the meeting the other day held in the Miner's Hall, and largely on their account, the question was raised as to what the miners would do if they all left off work on Sundays, and the reverend gentleman above mentioned was reminded that they would merely congregate in the bunk house and worry somehow through the day. Will the Sabbath day enthusiasts pretend to say that of a man working, if he has a mind to, and another who merely does not work on that day, but what is infinitely worse, "loafs," that the latter is the better of the two in that he is keeping strictly to the Mosaic law. In this town on Sundays dozens of people can be seen loafing around in public places (how many there are doing the same at home it would be hard to say.) It is to be presumed that the Lord's Day Aliance will be prepared to endorse these people and consider them well in the narrow way as compared with those dreadful sinners fishing on the lake or enjoying the day in the woods! The position is untenable and will not appeal to enlightened minds.

It now transpires that the recent decision of the judicial committee of the privy council is to the effect that the Ontario's Lord's Day Act is ultra vires. From which it will be gathered that there is no danger of this too zealous organization interfering with the absolute privilege of every British subject to spend the Sabbath as he thinks fit so long as in so doing he does not become an annoyance to his neighbor. The Alliance has done some good in putting a stop to rowdy excursion parties and obtaining for toilers the day of rest; so long as it confines its efforts to these channels there is little risk of its falling foul of the less dictatorially disposed section of the public.

Many Kinds of Trouble Predicted for 1904

The year 1904, according to "Old Man Moore," is to be "a year of great events." There is to be "tremors in our army and quakings in the church."

Lo! there is "writing on the wall!" January shows a mighty ship on the rocks and a wrecked train is also to be seen—not on the rocks. February displays a still growing friendship between England and France. "Germany looks on in a spiteful mood, and threatens to muzzle the howling dogs." (The press) adds "Old Moore," in careful brackets.

March? Here the old man does himself proud. "I see a tall column, built up of bad material, top-heavy with Brummagen goods; the builders seem proud of it, but it yields to the strains of a rope attached by the labor party. The only good part seems to be the navy at the base, and it leaves the army exposed!" Whether the good part refers to the column, or the strains possible of "Come, on labor," seems somewhat undecided; in any case, the army seems to be in for a bad time.

In April a surging crowd of angry people are pushing towards the "Idol Mammon"—not very different from any other month of most other years; and in May there is to be seen "a gilded throng of empty-headed simpletons falling down to worship the human butcher—the man of war." Why only in May, 1904?

June is to see "an impetuous emperor trying to teach wisdom to his subjects. Pointing to Canada, he says:—'Look after the two foundlings (Alsace and Lorraine). Madame is beckoning to them'."

July apparently is to see the union of Britain and America, for the Old Man sees their combined fleets in a harbor—whether that of New York or Portsmouth is not mentioned; but "the two flags entwine and Liberty stands erect."

Religious discords mark August; and glorious harvests in September. This is entirely in defiance of the weather man, who warns us not to expect good weather until 1905. But no matter.

In October "the great imposition 'war department' has collapsed; it knees gave way, though so many society old women of both sexes tried to hold it up."

November is to see the return of thousands of English tourists and visitors who have spent their holidays in Ireland. "A contented and happy Erin," remarks Old Moore. Quite so; but why should the tourists delay their return until November?

Then December! "Slum tenaments doomed. Shylock can close his dirty courts; the worker I now see alighting from the County Council car, passing to a healthy and happy home; wife and little ones welcome. Be watchful councillors! keep of the tenant vampire."

But at the same time the Old Man sees at the new moon early on the morning of the seventh of December—a dire crime! "It may be that a crown will fall," he adds, in a bloodcurdling whisper "and the old maxim again will be fulfilled—'Unhappy lies the head,' etc."—London Express.

The Poet and the Drummer.

Recent advices from the Lardo bring details of an interesting episode that occurred there in the early part of the week in which two of our valuable citizens figured. There are two sides to it—the serious and the funny. The serious in that the Kootenay lake might have claimed our only poet and one of Nelson's commercial landmarks; funny, from the details afforded. It appears that the arrangements for the handling of passengers at Lardo are, as yet, in a somewhat primitive state; that in landing from the steamer in order to reach the "parlor car" for Gerrard, it necessitates passage through a dimly lighted storehouse with a well ingrained knowledge of just where to "right turn." This knowledge does not seem to have been vouchsafed to the poet and the drummer, with the result that the former was leading the way, wrapped possibly in the meter of a forthcoming stanza, failed to right turn and found himself in a watery foothold at the bottom of the carslip. With prompt decision he appears to have sized up the situation and walked up the slip unconcernedly. Not so with our friend of the grip, who was following in his wake with true British pomposity, for immediately on finding himself in three feet of water, he imagined he was in a death struggle with Kootenay lake. The inborn John Bull natatorial instict came to his rescue, and with splendid energy he struck out to swim to shore, although his well formed abdomen was then within an ace of touching bottom. Nothing, however, would persuade him that he was in no great danger, and the efforts of our local 'chief justice' were all but powerless to disabuse his mind that he was far from sinking, rather that he was on the eve of rising to more popular favor than ever. After much struggling and shouting it began to dawn on the fancied drowning man that he was merely after all taking as much of a foothath as possible, and he was landed and duly cared for with the proverbial western tenderness. The incident calls the attention of the C.P.R. to a fuller realization of the enormous responsibility they are taking in handling this valuable human freight to the new goldfields, even though the company may think that in some cases "pound rates" should be substituted for the ordinary passenger fares.

The Value of the Curfew.

Toronto Globe: "Our strong objection to the curfew system is that it tends to lessen in parents the sense of responsibility for the moral training of their children. That sense is already weak in those who are in a position to keep their children under their own oversight and fail to do so. There is nothing gained for the little ones by substituting the unfeeling order of a harsh parent for that of a policeman. What is needed is an effort on the part of parents to make home attractive, so that the children will not regard compulsory detention there as a form of imprisonment, made all the more repellant to them by the knowledge that their companions are having a good time enjoying their freedom on the street."

This is all very well, but the writer overlooks the fact that a large number of children have either no parents or what is worse parents absolutely indifferent to their doings, or still again parents who have to work at night. The question of making the home attractive has been the theme of almost endless articles in the daily press and periodicals, with no more apparent results than that of having to admit that the average home of the toiler is open to vast improvement in the way of making it a magnet for the younger branches. The curfew question is one that should find a solution among the leading lights of the churches and there is room for some of this foreign missionary energy in the nearer channels of city and suburban life at our very doors.

Railway Changes.

It is intimated that within the next few weeks the proposed change in connection with the route from the main line of the Canadian Pacific at Revelstoke into the Kootenays will be affected. The result of this change will be that the lower Arrow lake steamship service will be abandoned for the winter at least, and that passenger traffic will be handled from Arrowhead to Nakusp, thence by the Nakusp & Slocan railway to Rosebery, thence by steamer to Slocan City, and thence to Slocan Junction via the Slocan branch. A new time table will probably be devised.

Why John Houston Was Elected by 67 Majority

"Honor and shame from no condition rise
Act well your part, there all the honor lies."—Pope.

"Nelson's best friend" has been elected and it is gratifying to know that the appeals made in his behalf in these columns were not made in vain.

That a great change came over the minds of the electors at the last, particularly those of the Labor Party, seems to be conceded by all. This can only be attributed to a careful weighing of the respective merits of the two candidates and to an indifferance to the plausible presentations of polttical rounders.

This is a good sign and evidences a growing desire on the part of labor to do its own political thinking and to emancipate itself from the dictates of a few political demagogues, told off to inspire the right thought into what are considered politically as vacant minds looking for a tenant.

Beyond a doubt the rank and file of the Labor party contributed in no small measure to the magnificent success of Saturday last. They need have no misgiving on the expediency of sending John Houston to Victoria for come what may he will do his duty and possibly rise to a political position of which this city will be justly proud.

John Houston may rise to political power. He may through favorable environment be able to make a strike that will place him financially beyond the need of toil in his declining years, many will heartily wish that this may come about. But—John Houston will never retire from political activities in order to enjoy in secluded selfishness the fruits of money wrung in doubtful feshion from the public till.

John Houston will place DUTY before personal gain—of this there is abundant evidence. To be able to carry this out in these days of corruption and financial debauchery, calls for a no mean standard of principles which it is fashionable in these days to treat as trifles lighter than air.

That he will act well his part as our representative I am confident as I am that the time will come when many of his greatest enemies will give him their cordial support and recognize in him not only a loyal citizen and an honest representative but equally a friend whose rugged grip carries a sincerity and a tenacity far above the generality of the day.

F. W. Pettit.

Good Smelting Rates for the Hunter V. Mine at Ymir

The Mining Record, admittedly the most conservative paper on mining in the the province, has this to say about the Hunter V. mine at Ymir, which is of great interest to us in Nelson, that camp being practically at our very doors:

"The attention of a number of the leading mining and smelting men in the Kootenay has been drawn to the occurrence near Ymir of a large deposit of mineralized limestone. The great importance of the discovery, which was made last year, of this deposit is becoming more and more recognized, and as the B. C. Standard Mining Company, which has acquired the property, extends its operations and enlarges its output the value of the ore to both the company selling and the smelters buying it will be demonstrated to an increasing extent. The unusual advantages that are here combined are the wide area of mineralization and the consequent immense quantity of ore available; the probability that here, as in other mining districts where similar gold and silver-bearing deposits of limestone occur, very rich shoots of ore will occasionally be met with; and the low mining, transportation and treatment costs, quarrying or underground chambering being the most advantageous method of mining the ore, and the position being favorable for transport from the workings to the railway by means of an aerial tramway, together with the comparative nearness of the mine to the smelters at Nelson, Trail and Northport, all of which have heretofore had to use barren lime rock, the cost of quarrying and transportation of which they have had to pay. Other distinctly advantageous features are (1) that so far experience has shown that whenever the silver and gold values fell in any part of the deposit worked percentage of lime increased, the latter gaining an advantage in the smelting rate to, at least in part, compensate for the falling off in values; and (2) that the leading stockholders, including the directorate, are men of high standing and large experience in mine or smelter management, who are putting their own money into this enterprise and are adopting the most economic and effective methods in working and equipping the property. Further, there has been no "watering" of the stock, that disposed of having been sold at par. All things considered, the Hunter V. group enjoys exceptional advantages, so that its prospects appear to indeed be bright.

Calgary Enjoys Municipal Water.

The waterworks under municipal control, have been run very successfully, and a comparison of methods, old and new, is all that is necessary to prove such an assertion.

Cost to consumers—Since the city has taken hold of the waterworks there has been a reduction in the cost to the consumer of from 40 to 60 per cent. In the days of company control, which was only a few years ago, the minimum rate to householders was $24 a year. Now, under municipal control, the minimum rate is $15 a year.

In the old days there was no meter rate and the price for water at hotels was twice as much as it is now.

Quality of water—The quality of the water is much superior to that in the old days. There was only one source of water supply, and that was the dirty water from the river. Now there is during ten months in the year the very best water, and when the well is completed there will be the very best water all the year round.

Service—In the old days the service for for fire was very incomplete. Now this is entirely altered. The water service was very crude and watermains were to be seen in very few parts of the city. Now the red jackets of the hydrants are in every quarter.

Cost to the City—The waterworks system is costing the city nothing. It is absolutely self sustaining, paying the interest on the investment and the sinking fund. Taxpayers of Calgary do not pay a cent for the maintenance of the system.

Not the least interesting feature of the midnight visit of the travelling Eastern Manufacturer's Association on Monday last was an impromptu dance held in Fraternity Hall. Harold Selous was the prime mover which is at all times a guarantee that a festivity of this kind will be a success. Dancing was kept up till a late hour and the visitors thoroughly appreciated the spontaneous hospitality

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THE TRIBUNE, Nelson, B. C.

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 10, 1903

All this talk about another election is not serious. Even if this doubtful method were adopted in order to bring a solution to the present situation, is there the slightest reason for thinking that there would be any great change in the political convictions of the electorate? The suggestion is dragging the already discredited political machinery of this province into contempt and should not be entertained, if by any possible means it can be avoided. It is the duty of the opposition to give such support to the government as will enable it to do the business of the country, reserving the right to withdraw on the larger issues of finance, railways and lands. There is a prospect of some arrangement of this kind being arrived at, although the results of the forthcoming caucus will probably not be known till next week. W. C. Wells is the man of the hour; just what his exact intentions are will only be known when information in the matter has reached the public without having filtered through Liberal channels. At present very few up here are disposed to take any stock in what the Vancouver World says, and until something reliable is forthcoming the attitude of the member in question will remain an unknown quantity. Meanwhile, our Liberal friends should not get unduly excited; we all know they are as eager for a taste of political power as the empty-pocket boy for candy through a shop window. Just at present they are in the cooler and safer position of opposition and as such the country may rely on them doing good service to the province.

However sympathetic the people of Great Britain may feel towards Mr. Chamberlain, they will hesitate to endorse his idea of protection in any great hurry. Especially will this be so at the present time when a cloud, small as yet, can be seen on the financial horizon of the adjoining States. From the appearance of this cloud it may be accepted that that country has reached the apex of the tremendous commercial expansion which has been going on since the country emerged from the panic of 1893. There is a law of ebb and flow in all around us and applicable as much to the world of commerce and finance as to the tides of the sea. The spectacle of a great country like the United States, which the Republican protectionists are never weary of informing the world cannot hold its greatness unless by the process of severe protection to industries long past their infantile stage, the sight of this great country on the eve of a great commercial panic, for come it will assuredly, will make the "wisely and slow" Britisher ask whether after all this universal protection for the benefit of a few Carnegies, Morgan & Co.'s is not the biggest farce ever put upon a suffering public. It is more than probable that the idea as far as Great Britain is concerned will fail, albeit, it has much in it that would otherwise appeal strongly to the electorate of that land. The fact is that there is far too much protection to industries in the States and if the anticipated panic comes next year, just before the presidential election, it is hard to see how the Republican party can avoid being swept of the political map. With the panic will come those heart rending "hard times" and then the masses will rise in their might and settle this question of a bastard autocracy composed of money kings whose wealth has been gained at the expense of the man and womanhood of countless toilers living in less happy environment than the slaves of ancient Rome. History is repeated in all lands and as the lascivious luxury of Rome crumbled, honeycombed by its own rotteness, so will plutocracy disintegrate by virtue of its unholy gain.

The announcement that the Canadian Pacific Railway Company has reduced outgoing freight rates from Calgary about one-third, and that a trader's rate has been established between that city and points as far west as Fernie, raises the question once again: What is Nelson going to do about this matter? It was given out some time ago that the Board of Trade had taken it up and that the inevitable committee had been appointed. It is to be presumed that the said committee is still "in session," and that a report may be looked for "later on." This is a vital matter to this city, infinitely more important than discussing how it came about that the Liberal candidate was defeated last week. The longer this recognition as a distributing point is denied to us, the greater the difficulty will be to get any concessions from the C.P.R. Nelson does not appear from this point of view to be in very great favor with those who have the adjustment of these matters, most probably on account of ill advised actions in the past, referred to in these columns recently. The Board of Trade and the Wholesalers' Association should join hands in this matter and make an imperative demand on the railway for recognition and a definite settlement of this question. The city, by reason of its geographical situation and general importance, is entitled to the same consideration as Calgary, and in proportion to its size, even to the city of Vancouver. We live in a world, however, where one never gets anything without asking for it and even when one does ask, it should be done with no uncertain sound, which will carry a conviction to the railway people that we are out for business and have no intention of being pigeon-holed or stood off by a studied smoothness, which many C.P.R. officials carry with them as a valuable stock in trade.

It is to be feared that the strain incidental to the late campaign together with the result of Saturday's polling has been too much for our morning contemporary. There are signs of incipient decay in the editorial rooms, judging by the odd, not to say wild, suggestions put forth in a short article purporting to enlighten the public how it came about that the Houstonites actually managed to raise $4000 in order to cover their opponent's money. The solution offered to the problem that this money was sent from across the border by parties interested in Kootenay lands is just the silliest thing on record and not very complimentary to the city of Nelson as a whole from a financial point of view. When John Houston said that "We went into this fight without a dollar," he stated what was true. Not a dollar of campaign funds reached this city, and the only axle grease used in that direction was the fund raised by passing the hat among the supporters of John Houston. If the Daily News can find no better reason than this to account for its candidate being snowed under, it had better concentrate its efforts in the direction of disseminating Grit principles on wider and less known topics than the one here outlined.

From a general point of view the citizens of Nelson and the electorate of the Ymir district have good reason to congratulate themselves on the result of last Saturday's election. It was an unmistakable tribute to the efficient representation of our present member, John Houston, and, as such, will go far to stimulate him to further useful activity on behalf of this district. From the fact that the Ymir district includes a considerable portion of what will eventually become a part of this city, our member and the newly elected one for our sister riding, Harry Wright, (whose popularity was no mean factor in placing him at the head of the poll) will, in the very nature of things, stand on common ground and work in harmony. The two interests are so inseparably bound together that what will benefit one district will reflect on the other. The member for Ymir represents a district full of promise, and inasmuch as it lies at our very door, we shall feel more than ordinary interest in its development; there is nothing between here and Waneta or Trail that is likely in any way to jar on our ideas of business expansion. That is what we are all after and whatever helps in that direction should be looked into and studied so that the appropriations secured shall give the best possible results.

All things considered Nelson has had a very fair tourist season, but much will have to be done hereafter to improve it. It has by no means been in proportion to the immense traffic on the main line and from the South it is practically nil. Nor is this to be wondered at when one considers the wretched accommodations afforded between here and Northport; it is hardly likely that passengers coming off the splendid trains of the N. P. R. or G. N. R. will care to undertake a trip under worse conditions than that given by the line between here and Robson when it was first built and for many years after. This is a matter that should be taken up by both the Tourist Association and the Board of Trade; it is bad enough to have the reputation of poor accommodation, but bad railway service is fatal to Tourist travel. It must be admitted, however, that we are somewhat badly located; the through traffic stays with the main line as a rule and unless some great attraction is offered it looks with suspicion on so-called "side trips." They invariably call up in the minds of experienced globe trotters visions of ten mile an hour trains, a democratic system of handling people in cars and hotels whose menu rarely goes beyond the western standby of "Beefsteak, Mutton Chop, Pork Chop, Ham and Eggs." These are difficulties not so easily surmounted, still the scenic attractions of the Kootenays must be presented in every possible manner, and the impression sent abroad that first-class accommodation is obtainable throughout the district. When the C. P. R. has a better service on the Thompson Arm of the Upper Arrow lake, and a line to Trout Lake, a very attractive tour can be arranged through the Lardo to Kaslo, on to this city, to Rossland and the Boundary, and up to Revelstoke. The city of Victoria today figures on its receipts from tourists as no mean factor in its annual income, and the fact that the C. P. R. is about to build a mammoth hotel there, is sufficient evidence that there is good business in sight. Nelson can participate in a percentage of this if it goes about it in the right way. It is a business proposition and should be handled by business men who can show aptitude in this line.

The passing of the defeated candidate for Nelson into the quieter but doubtless more profitable realms of legal activity was carried out with a dignity befitting a legal light of no mean candle power. While Mr. Taylor's day dreams are for the time being dissipated, there is consolation in the knowledge that he has acquired valuable political experience. Nor should the disappointment of the loss of social expansion, which would have followed in the wake of his election, be allowed to dim in any way the possibilities open to him in that line even here in Nelson, where the dizzy heights of social eminence seem open to all energetic aspirants.

The effect of the election on the "old gang" of which we have heard so much of late, many members of which are still in the ring, will be more than beneficial. The ever present unknown quantity of a political contest coupled with the many ungracious things said about them, will for a certainty bring about a solid, respectable government, fully conscious of having been elected by the people and for the people and effectively banish into obscurity the worn out cry of "Vancouver Island for the government."

While sympathizing with a brother journalist over his political defeat, one cannot refrain from remarking that if our townsman F. J. Deane relied for his election on articles in the Sentinel, written in similar strain to those we have been regaled with of late in the morning paper of this city, it is not at all surprising that Mr. Deane's virtues have failed to impress themselves on the Kamloops constuency.

It's all over. John Houston has gone to Victoria. His genial opponent is sawing wood in his sanctum in the Houston block. "Bob" thinks after all selling booze is a better proposition than any goldcommissionership in Christendom, and the Daily News is meditating on the old fable of the Frog and the Bull.

"Now let us have peace," pipes the Vernon street contemporary. And so say all of us so long as it is "with honor." Anything short of this would be an affront to the rank and file of the great party which placed John Houston where he now is.

Fred Starkey is up in the Lardo selling butter and eggs, and David Mark is looking around for an "ad" to fill that space devoted to the political sins of our "Local Croaker," and which saved so much copy during the campaign weeks.

Better Than M. P. P.

The great statesman sat alone in his study, gloomily thoughtful. He had just returned to his home after delivering a speech which had been thunderously applauded. His reception had indeed been an ovation, but it brought no joy to him.

"What's the use of it all?" he murmured with a sigh. "Men think that I am happy because I have youth, fame, vast wealth, and a dazzling political future. Ha! ha!

"Little they know of the anguish of the man who, having these things, is denied the one fond desire of his heart.

"Youth! That will soon be gone. Wealth! A turn of the market may carry it away. Political future! Who can tell what changes a year may bring forth?

"Fame! Ha! ha! What does my fame amount to? The greatest statesmen of the country hang on my words when I speak, and I sway the multitude as I please. But, fame, real lasting fame, my one all-devouring desire is denied me.

"No manufacturer has given my name to a five-cent cigar!"

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NELSON MINERS' UNION, No. 96, W. F. M.—Meets every Saturday evening at 7:30 o'clock, in Miners' Union Hall, northwest corner Baker and Stanley streets. Wage scale for Nelson district: Machine miners, $3.50; hammersmen, $3.25; mine laborers, $3. C. A. Barton, president; Frank Phillips, secretary. Visiting brethren cordially invited.

How the Problem Was Solved in Hell Bent

Coltsville was taking its customary siesta. In front of the stores that faced the broad piaza men lounged in the uncouth attitudes of sleep. Beneath the spell of an August sun in Texas men take no shame to slumber away the hot hours of the afternoon, resuming their various activities when the evening's cooling breeze from the gulf makes exertion endurable.

The few teams on the Coltsville plaza shared in the prevailing somnolence and gave no sign of life.

And yet, there were three pairs of eyes in Coltsville that were not closed in sleep. They belonged to the schoolma'am, or missionary, as she was sometimes called, the town cow, and the sheriff of Hell-Bent—on the maps as Timber county, of which Coltsville was the capital.

The missionary was not asleep because she was from Concord, Massachusetts, and preferred to be uncomfortable rather than yield to what she termed a "lazy habit."

The town cow refused to sleep when there was mischief to be done—another way of saying never—and was ambling about the square seeking what she might destroy.

The sheriff of Hell-Bent, Maverick Allen, was not sleeping for two reasons, one having to do with his official position, the other entirely personal, though a psychological connection existed between the two that he did not at the time realize. The first reason for his being awake was that Bill Harvey, the county "bad man," was in town, and, having spent the morning in filling himself with red liquor, might be disposed, when he woke up, to run amuck, and it was plainly the sheriff's duty to prevent this.

At the moment Bill was sleeping stentorously in one of the canvas-covered wagons on the plaza, but it was not of him the sheriff was thinking. Resting in a cane-bottomed chair, in front of Benson's store, whence his eyes could sweep the square at a glance, the sheriff smoked and mused.

He was thinking of the missionary and their numerous arguments on lynching, a subject concerning which they held somewhat conflicting views. Being from Concord, the views of the missionary may be understood without explanation. But a certain individual charm robbed her expression of these views of all offence, however intolerant her mere words might appear.

The sheriff's views were not exactly those of the Texan. They were, in the language of the missionary, "an odious compromise;" but the sheriff upheld them with a sort of dignity and quiet eloquence—he was studying for the bar—that she could not easily combat. His contention, briefly stated, was that the law was primarily a vehicle by which the community adminstered justice, and that when it abrogated or delayed this function, the community had the right to take it into its own hands and visit condign punishment upon offenders.

In the year and a half of his service as sheriff, Allen had not had the chance to test his theories, though the county of Timber was grumbling considerably because of some recent cases in which the judiciary had allowed technicalities to stand in the way of justice.

To bring the maiter home to him, the missionary had presented hypothical cases and pointedly ask the sheriff what action he would take therein. Would he yield up his prisoner to a mob, or do his duty? The sheriff, after some deliberation, had answered, "I would do my duty as I construe it, though my construction might differ materially from yours. At any rate, it is time enough to decide when the occasion arrives."

Whereat she flushed up and hotly declared that she detested a temporizer. She further stated her opinion that the sheriff would on account of his political ambitions, allow himself to be swayed by public sentiment, and had walked home that day with a young doctor whose views coincided with her own.

Now, the sheriff was keenly sensitive to her taunts, and, perhaps, more so because the young doctor was very young and very good looking. The sheriff was thirty-two, red-headed, and not pretty, although he had a splendid physique and and the fine strong face that is better than mere beauty.

As the sheriff pondered over the words of the schoolma'am, a gloom overspread his fine countenance. Evidently she thought him a moral—perhaps a physical—coward, though his past life contained abundant testimony that he was neither. At any rate, it would require a genuine test of his theories to justify him in her eyes—he could not do it by talking—and there was no likelihood of such an opportunity arising.

The sheriff sighed and looked up. Something at the other end of the plaza caught his eye, and brought him to his feet.

It was the town cow.

She was moving with some show of interest, towards the wagon in which Bill Harvey was sleeping, and from which some wisps of hay and Bill's tow head slightly protruded.

"Blame her old hide!" said the sheriff, "She's a-huntin' trouble. If old man Bass wasn't such a helpless number I'd make him keep her up!"

The cow was hunting trouble and she found it.

With the first mouthful of hay she gathered in a lock of Bill's tresses and with a snort the bad man awoke. The sheriff saw the red and brutal face peer out of the wagon, then quickly draw back. Then a shot rang out and the town cow dropped dead. Bill leaped from the wagon waving his six-shooter threateningly, and the sheriff, who was a deliberate man, loosened his own artillery in its holster on his right hip, and started towards the scene of trouble. A few idlers stood up, yawned and moved in the same direction. But the first person to arrive was the owner of the cow, old man Bass, an ancient and decrepit gentleman, who, on account of his harmlessness and helplessness, was usually allowed to do and say about what he pleased. The cow was almost his only possession and he wept bitterly at her taking off. Immediately he began to upbraid her slayer and call down vengance upon his head. He demanded payment for her, but Bill was in no mood to be reasonable. Half crazed with drink and naturally of a brutal disposition, he resented the old man's appeals and attempted to brush him aside. But Bass clung to him, demanding reparation. The sheriff began to run towards them, but when he was within 20 feet he saw Bill's right elbow crook, heard the smothered report of a "forty-five," and was just in time to catch the form of old man Bass in his arms. He held a corpse.

He lowered his burden to the ground and reached for Bill Harvey. With a yell of rage the slayer raised his weapon to do another murder, but it was not a helpless old man he had to do with now. One mighty hand of the sheriff wrenched the gun from his hand, and the other found his temple in a crashing blow that stretched him low on the ground beside his victim.

A crowd began to gather and mutter dire threats against the murderer, and witnessed the cowardly assassination of old man Bass. But before any concerted action could be taken, the sheriff had moved away with his prisoner, and placed him in jail.

Coltsville came out of its nap to discuss the murder, and the more it discussed it the more indignant it became. Old man Bass left a widow even more helpless than he had been, and her pitiable condition made the case peculiarly distressing. Harvey had long been a source of uneasiness to the town, and was cordially hated. Men talked openly of lynching him, lowering their voices only when the sheriff passed by. But that personage was fully cognizant of what was being discussed, and while he sincerely regretted the occasion, he felt a sort of exultance in the thought that he might have an opportunity to put his theories into practice, and vindicate himself in the opinion of the missionary.

The men of Coltsville had known "May" Allen since his infancy, yet in an affair such as this, he was an unknown quantity. They knew him to be determined and brave, but his predecessor had also been determined and brave, and yet had surrendered the jail to a mob, when he might have defied it. It was felt, however, that Allen had "something up his sleeve." He would never declare himself upon the subject of lynching, further than to say, as he had said to the missionary: "When the occasion arises it will be time enough for me to decide what I will do." Of course he was not taken into the general confidence, but from many sources he received friendly warnings as to what might be expected, the general tenor of these being to the effect that he should find it convenient to receive a call to the other end of the county that night.

The missionary scented the trouble that was gathering, and she wanted to speak to the sheriff and remind him of his duty but the opportunity did not offer itself, and she did not seek to make it. She only prayed that the trouble might be averted and that, if the worst came to the worst, the sheriff would acquit himself like a man—but not be rash. Somehow, she began to feel that the defence of a wretch like Harvey was hardly worth the life of a good man, after all. The "principle" of the thing, of which she had been wont to preach to the sheriff, seemed scarcely so worthy as it had been.

The sheriff made no effort to see her. He busied himself about the jail. This edifice stood near the outskirts of the town, and while by no means a fortress, was a substantial brick structure that offered exceptional opportunities for defense against the attack of a mob. Its rear overhung a deep ravine that rendered that side unapproachable, and it was flanked by broken and stony soil that offered peculiar difficulties to the massing of men. It faced an open plain and stood upon a knoll of considerable elevation. Only from the front could anything like a storming party assail it, and from its rampart-like roof one good marksman might defend it against a multitude with no great danger to himself.

The "Texas moon," which is a source of personal pride to every inhabitant of the Lone Star State, illuminated, with its rare and silvery radiance, every quarter of quiet Coltsville. From his position on the jail roof the sheriff noted its glorious effects of light and shadow on the scene before him. The broad clearing which the jail faced was bathed in a clear, white glow. Men emerging from the clump of chapperal on the further side would be at the mercy of a determined defender of the jail, if he were careful not to expose himself. However, some exposure would be necessary—and men shoot straight in Texas.

The sheriff waited, however, unafraid. His only deputy had made an excuse to be absent that night, and Allen had not opposed his going. He was glad to assume all the responsibility of the occasion. Bill Harvey lay safely in his cell below, and only the sheriff was on guard.

The sheriff of Hell-Bent had some little veins of golden romance in his iron composition, and he fairly reveled in the glory of the night. "This moonlight" he whispered to himself, "was made for lovers, not for lynchers. What sacrilege to do deeds—even think thoughts—of blood on a night like this! And yet—what have I to do with love? My business lies with these," and he glanced at the loaded Winchester and two big six-shooters by his side. And then he looked at the moon again and thought of the missionary.

It was half past eleven by the sheriff's watch—he was smiling in patriotic pride that he could read the minutes by the moonlight—when the low, hoarse murmur of many voices smote upon his ear. He peered into the gloom of the chapparal across the clearing, and was not surprised to see shadows moving among its shadows. Then one—two—six— a dozen—two hundred men deployed into the open and began to move towards the jail.

It was an orderly, well-behaved mob, as mobs go, but it meant business, and the sheriff caught the glint of many rifle and revolver barrels.

He waited until the crowd was well clear of the bushes, then his own rifle leaped to his shoulder and his challenge rang out sharp and clear. "Halt! If you come a step nearer, I'll send some of you to kingdom come!"

The mob halted. It had expected some parleying and was willing to grant the sheriff honorable terms of surrender. But had no intention of foregoing its legitimate prey.

"Now," said the sheriff, "what do you want?"

A man moved forward, and, with pebbles in his mouth to disguise his speech, announced that they demanded the surrender of Bill Harvey. They knew he deserved to be hanged, and they proposed to hang him as an example to kindered spirits, and to the delaying courts. Would the sheriff surrender him peacefully, or would they be compelled to take him by force! It was up to the sheriff.

Allen rested the butt of his Winchester on the parapet, and surveyed the mob a moment before replying. He was clearly outlined against the sky, and any one of a hundred men in the mob might have shot him down with ease. But he knew his men, and it was a time of truce.

"Now listen, men," he began; "You know me; you have known me all my life, and I reckon I would know the most of you if you came nearer. Doubtless many of you helped to elect me sheriff. At any rate, I was given this office by a majority of the county's voters to excute their will as an officer of the law, and I reckon most of you are voters. Now I am pledged to obey the laws and execute such portions of them as fall to my lot in this position, and I propose to do my. duty. But where does my duty lie? In obeying the law, or in obeying the people in whose interests the laws are supposed to have been made? I hold that my obligations are, first, to the people, and if a representative portion of the people considers the laws as they stand inadequate, then it is not for me to oppose their wills."

A cheer went up from the men. They had not anticipated so easy a victory, and they began to move towards the jail. But again the command to halt, backed by a significant motion with the Winchester, brought them to a standstill. The sheriff had more to say. He spoke evenly and without a quaver in his deep voice.

"It is not for me to defeat the people's will, but am I sure, in this instance, that it is your will to kill Bill Harvey? Are you agreed on this?"

"We are," roared the mob.

"Are you willing to stand responsible for this man's death—to absolve me from all blame, and constitute yourselves his executioners?"

Again an affirmative answer from the mob.

"Are you sure that is your final and individual judgment? Are you not carried away by your indignation at this cowardly and unprovoked murder, and acting on an impulse that your calmer judgment would not endorse?"

"No, by God," answered the spokesman. "We have decided, after deliberation, that this crime calls for the murderer's blood, and we will not take chances with the law. Harvey's folks have money, and they would get him out of this."

"Then," said the sheriff, "I will not stand in your way. But wait. If I understand you correctly, you are each and all of you ready to act as this man's executioner?"

"We are," was the response.

"Then I will deliver him to your vengeance—but on one condition." He crouched low on the roof and aimed his weapon at the crowd. Then he spoke again: "Now, if each individual in this assemblage is willing to take the blood of of Bill Harvey upon his head, and answer for it at the judgment seat of God, there is no need of you all acting in that capacity, and I will not allow it. Select your man from the crowd, send him to the door, while the rest of you retire, and I will let him in and lead him to Bill Harvey's cell. There he may shoot him to death with no interference on my part. But if you attempt to come in a body, I will send some of your souls to Hell this night, or my name is not Maverick Allen."

"You, Mr. Leader, are you willing to be the executioner? You men are all of one mind, you know, and you know me. I never lied to you in my life, and I never will. Choose your executioner, and I'll keep faith with you."

The mob wavered uneasily. Here was a situation they never anticipated. And the sheriff's words struck home. Each man took them to himself and pictured himself as Bill Harvey's slayer. They grew restless and began to mutter excuses to one another.

The leader of the mob was the first to recover his wits. "To Hell with him fellers," he exclaimed. "Move on the jail."

But the Winchester pointed directly at his breast and he knew the man behind it. He did not move forward himself and none of the others offered to.

"Hurry, now, men," blandly remarked the sheriff, "pick your man. I mean business. Surely if you are all convinced that this man deserves to die, and are willing to kill him, each man of you must be ready to stand for the killing. You would each be no less guilty of the killing if you killed him in a body. There are no fractions in manslaughter. And if Bill deserves death why should one of you be unwilling to do that which you are all agreed is the right thing? If it is murder for one, it is no less murder for all. Come on.

But the mob held back and muttered. In vain personal invitations were extended by the sheriff to members by reference to peculiarities in their make up. "You tall man, with the shot-gun, come in and kill Bill." But the tall man suddenly backed into the crowd. "Fatty in the slouch hat" likewise refused to act.

The sheriff saw his advantage and proceeded to improve it. "Now fellows," he said "you see you are not so sure that you are not so sure that you ought to execute Bill, when you consider it as a personal matter. You really ought to think it over. Suppose you leave it to me. You know I never deceived you, and I think you trust me. You say that you are afraid Bill's money or influence will get him off. Haven't any faith in our courts. Now listen! If Bill ain't condemned for this crime, I'll promise you, on my honor, to kill him myself."

Something like a cheer went up from the mob, and it laughed in a foolish way and wavered. Then men began to slink off in the chapparal, and in ten minutes the mob was gone.

The sheriff of Hell-Bent was victor and vindicated.

He smiled proudly in the moonlight, and watched the last of the moving shadows disappear in the bushes. Then he lighted a cigar and sat down to think it over. It was a triumph, yes, and yet—what would the missionary say? She would call him a "temporizer," and perhaps suggest another hypothetical case. Suppose a member of the mob had accepted his invitation? To the Massachusetts mind no "s'posin" is too improbable. Well what would he have done? Suppose a man should come back now and offer to execute Bill?

"By Heavens!" exclaimed the sheriff, and stood up clinching his rifle. For, coming out of the chapparal, was a lone figure.

But none of the lynchers wore white, and this one—was a woman.

A faint voice hailed the sheriff with "Don't shoot? It's I!—Massachusetts never forgets her Lindley Murray, and in a moment the sheriff was standing with her in front of the jail.

"I—I saw it all!" she exclaimed. "I had started to warn you and beg you to run away. Yes I would! I was willing for you to give up your prisoner, even, if you would only not endanger your life."

"What?" asked the sheriff. "And after all those lectures on the duties of a sworn officer of the law? Did you hear what I said to them?"

"Yes," she answered, "I hid in the shadows and listened. I heard and saw it all.

"And you can still care for a 'temporizer?' According to your standards, I must have been remiss in my duties. I played with Bill's life."

"Yes, but only to save it. and you adopted the surest means of roing that. And as to my staadards, I have changed them. I am content with yours."

The sheriff of Hell-Bent hailed a passing negro, and summoned his deputy. Then he walked home with the missionary, and was able to announce mysteriously, next day, that "Texas was going to annex Massachusetts."

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NELSON, B. C.

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MRS. E. C. CLARKE, Proprietress

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White Help Only Employed
The Best
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The Bar is the Finest

GEO. W. BARTLETT,
Proprietor

Where Pearls Come From and How Found

The quaint little old seaport of La Paz, down the coast and at the extreme southern tip of the peninsula of Lower California, is still the most important pearl-fishing community on the Pacific coast of America, and among the three most important towns for pearl fisheries in the world. Manuel Aguilea Meneudez, governor of the Mexican territory of Lower California, recently reported to the governor at the City of Mexico that La Paz's product of pearls for the last year was $2,145,000. The largest and finest pearls found anywhere in the last few years have come from the fisheries in the Gulf of California, which have their headquarters at La Paz. The gems are taken directly from La Paz to lapidaries and wholesale dealers in the City of Mexico, New York, and Paris.

La Paz has a population of about 2500. Four-fifths of them are Mexican, and the rest of them are French, Americans, and Germans, drawn there by the pearl fisheries. The town is huddled close upon the water's edge, and with its crude old stone and adobe houses, its tile roofs, ite plaza with tropical trees and gorgeous flower beds under perennial sunny skies and narrow winding streets, is a picturesque resort. The French and American firms and companies that deal in pearls and oyster shells have large ancient warehouses with thick walls and iron grated windows. Within the warehouses are tons of oyster shells waiting shipment to Europe and the United States, vast quantities of diving garments, and accoutrements and stores for the fishing crews. The pearls are kept in queer old iron safes, which in turn are stored in vaults. Years ago, before Hermosillo became a rival in the pearl trade, La Paz was a bustling community. Now it is a sleepy place, where the only events that ever rouse it are the going out and coming in of the fishing crews. The sole topic of conversation in La Paz concerns pearls and the market for pearl oyster shells. Nowadays the market for pearls is the very best.

The pearl-fishing season along the inner shore of Lower California almost always lasts through July, August, September and October. The season on the Pacific coast side of Mexico and Central America usually begins in March and closes when the season of sudden whirlwinds and hurricanes, so common in the tropics, begins in June. The pearl-fishers are the divers who go down on the floor of the sea and gather together the shells of the molluscs. The pearl-hunters are a more numerous set of men, usually old men who have grown feeble and useless physically in the diving. They work in long open sheds along the shore, close by the companies' respective offices, and under the watchful eye of an overseer. The pearl-hunter opens carefully each shell, examines it closely, all the time using his fingers for feeling for the precious pearl. The gems are so rarely found that only thirty or forty little pearls, and possibly one the size of a pea, are found sometimes in two tons of shells. To harvest a ton of pearl bearing oyster shells takes several divers two or three weeks. The pearl is formed either by the intrusion of some particle that irritates the oyster, causing it to cover the irritant with a coat of nacre, which, when hardened, becomes the pearl, or, as many divers believe, by a parasite, for it has been found that old shells bored throughout by these parasites contain the largest and finest pearls. The pearl is found embedded in the oyster, and not, as many suppose, attached to the shell.

There is a wide difference between the pearl-fishing as conducted in the Gulf of California up to a generation ago, and the modern methods of scientifically garbed and equipped pearl-divers. The naked Indian divers used to have deadly combats with the sharks that infest the waters of the Mexican coast. Yankee invention and the introduction of business methods have very much altered the life and ways of the pearl fishers. Formerly it was a haphazard occupation. The divers could work in shhllow water only. Now all is changed. The 875 men employed by one of the American pearl-fishing companies at La Paz are divided into gangs, and move about in four or five schooners of 100 tons burden. About 100 modern diving suits are employed, and each gang has one. The diver remains down an hour or more in shallow depth, gathering the shells and loading the wire basket which is lowered to him.

However safe any company tries to make the occupation of pearl-diving, it is still a dangerous and debilitating work. The average Englishman would be a nervous wreck after one or two seasons of pearl diving. Nearly all divers are partly, if not totally, deaf. Incipient paralysis is another affliction. One sees several scores of paralyzed veteran pearl-divers in La Paz any day.

The effects of diving on the nervons system are very apparent. The more educated and thoughtful a diver so much the worse for him. While he is at work he is usually in bad temper and irritable. About 18 fathoms, or 108 feet, is the deepest safe depth. A diver can remain only about 10 minutes at this depth, while in five fathoms he can work for two hours or more.

Most pearl fishing companies have strict orders that no diver shall descend if he has had more than a light meal of toast and coffee. Heavy eating, and particularly meats, tends to make respiration difficult. Yet, strange as it may seem, each company has to keep close watch on its men to force them to obey this rule for their own safety. While walking over the sea bottom the diver adopts a swinging, rapid gait, and his eyes scan as much as possible of the ground. Even experienced divers are nervons while under water. A strange object, such as a rock, looming suddenly in sight, a strange fish, or an unusual vegetable growth will make the heart beat more rapidly and cause a feeling of apprehensiveness. Sometimes the divers encounter sharks, but the mortal combats that are reported to occur between the pearl-divers and these wolves of the sea are generally exaggerations. When the diver has secured all the shells he can by working as rapidly as possible, he signals the men above in the boat by jerking a line attacked to his waist. Then he is immediately drawn up and out of the water.

The pearl oysters are not found in beds like edible oysters, but are scattered singly over a large area, the diver sometimes having to walk many miles before filling his wire basket. The shells are about the size of small soup-plates, weighing about a pound each, and shaped much like our oyster shell, only more round. Sometimes in grasping a shell the hand of the diver comes in contact with a stone-fish, so named by the divers, a venomous little fish hiding under rocks and shell, and secreting poison. This fish punctures the skin of the hand, causing the entire arm to swell, with great pain. The remedy is to remain below and suffer, for the pressure of the water causes the wound to bleed freely, and the poison thus escapes.

As in gold mining camps, there are days of excitement because of unusually rich finds of pearl-bearing oysters. A fishing fleet may come in from a new locality with an abundance of valuable pearls, and under strict orders of the company operating them, will keep the location a secret. But rival companies are bound to find, in some of their numerous ways of learning such secrets, the spot where the pearls have been found. At once there is a stampede thither of companies and individual pearl-fishers. Sometimes there are rows among the fishers concerning the priority of rights to fish for pearl-bearing oysters in these waters, and one hears at La Paz many a hair-raising tale of this or that person or crew who went out from La Paz to invade another person's or crew's fishing domain and never came back.

A few years ago the value of pearls taken in La Paz caused a rush to the ground equalling that of the golfields. One pearl weighnd 75 carats and was sold for £2800; another, perfect in shape and finely tinted, brought £1000. One of the largest pearls found here in the last century brought £10,000. One of the best years for pearls in modern times was 1881, in which a black pearl was found of 28 carats weight, which brought £2000 in Paris. In 1882 two were found, weighing 31 and 45 carats, which realized £2200. In 1883 a light brown pearl was found which weighed 65 carats, and sold for £1600, while a pear-shaped pearl brought £1500.

To illustrate how the native pearl-fishers are cheated even now it may be stated that one man, about two years ago, found in Guatemala, a pear-shaped white pearl of great luster, which he sold for £2 to a merchant, who in turn sold it in Paris for £400. Last June an ignorant Mexican, who had been diving on his own account, brought two rough pearls to an assistant in a general merchandise store. The assistant gave groceries and fabrics to the value of £3 for the pearls, and a week later sold them to a firm for £120. The gems are now in London, where they are easily worth £600 to £1000. On the other hand, a boy 15 years old found an oyster that concealed a jewel now offered for sale in the city of Paris for £2000. He received £800 for it from a negro speculator named Justian at Guaymas. The latter took it to Panama and sold it to Panama and sold it to Feliz Ehrman, the banker, for a considerable advance on the price. One of the best pearls of later years has been called the Cleopatra. It was perfect, weighed 36 carats, and sold for £2000.

The pearls are divided into eight or nine classes, the lowest grade being imperfect and rough pieces; the highest grade are large and symmetrical, and range in price from £70 to £200, and from pure whith with a rich luster to black and metallic hues and pink.

Formerly La Paz sent pearls to London and Germany as well as to Paris, but now the demand seems to be greater at Paris, and, altogether, the dealers can do better there than elsewhere.

Americans place higher value on pearls after they have been to Paris. They could really buy them cheaper at home if they only chose to.

A teacupful of pearls and about 3500 tons of shells is a profitable year for the largest of the pearl fishing companies at La Paz. The oyster shells are sold to buyers for French, Dutch and New England button factories. One firm at Brussels has a standing order for 2000 tons of mollusc shells of certain variety each year. A teacupful of pearls of the average size come to about £3800. But in such a quantity of gems there will very likely be a dozen or twenty pearls of extra fine color and rare size, so that the value of the season's work is enhanced £4000 or £6000. The colors of the pearls in the Gulf of California are white, black, blue, and green, and the best nowadays are worth from £200 to £800 each. The finest pearl found is a black pearl of seventeen carats weight. The green and blue pearls are not found in all the fisheries in the world.

A black pearl in the Napoleonic regalia came from La Paz, and its history may be traced back to the day when a Mexican peon brought in a shell to the Spanish headquarters at La Paz. The fellow was given his freedom for his find. The gem was valued at Madrid at a sum equal in our money to £5000, and was presented to the French government in 1863, along with other jewels.

The Gulf of California is noted for its fancy pearls—that is to say, the colored, and especially the black one. There is a collection of pearls in a rich old hacienda in Chihuahua, Mexico, that shows them of all colors, from pure white to peacock green, and from perfect spheres to pear and other shapes. They were all found in the Gulf of Mexico at different times between 1760 and 1850.

Hard on P. Burns & Co.

W. T. Stead, editor of the Review of Reviews, has extended his liberal sympathy to yet another sect. The vegetarians are the object of his latest interest. Mr. Stead, although himself not yet converted to a vegetarian diet, heartily approves of vegetarianism. That is why he has given his country place at Wimbledon, near London, for a vegetarian garden party. Mrs. W. T. Stead is also a sympathizer, and will, with Mr. Stead, receive the several hundred guests expected. Vegetarians from all over London and its vicinity will be present. In addition to the garden party proper there will be an exhibition and sale of vegetarian foods and wearing apparel, featherless hats and leatherless boots. The vegetarian society looks forward to a day when Mr. Stead will become a convert to their system.

Vegetarianism in England has distinctly pressed ahead within the past few months. This is mainly due to the visits of Dr. Kellogg, of the Battle Creek, Michigan, Sanitarium, and to the subsequent opening of half a dozen English institutions on the plan of Battle Creek. Mrs. Ormiston Chant the undenominational preacher, is deeply interested in the latest of the sanitariums, recently opened within a few miles of London. Mrs. Chant says that the health of nations would be materially improved if men and women would make a habit of retiring into rest cures once in so often. She believes particularly in the benefits of vegetarian cures. Another sign of progress among English anti-meat eaters is the widespread approval of the men and women they have entered in various athletic sports. G. A. Olley, the vegetarian bicyclist, has had so many triumphs this year that he has been selected to represent England (vegetarians and meat-eaters alike) at a series of international races to be held in Copenhagen next month.

NOTICE

Notice is hereby given that the undersigned company has been notified that certain stock held in the name of Geo. H. Bradbury and Geo. Merkley should be cancelled and forbidding the company to allow any transfers therefor, and that an action will be brought to cancel such stock.

THE NORTHWEST COAL & COKE CO., LTD.
Per B. B. MIGHTON, Sec'y-Treas.

NELSON LICENSE DISTRICT

Notice is hereby given that William Roberts has made application under the provisions of the "Liquor License Act, 1900," for an hotel license for the Florence Park hotel near Nelson, and that a meeting of the board of license commissioners of the Nelson license district will be held to consider such application at the court house at the City of Nelson on Saturday, the 10th day of October, 1903, at the hour of 10 o'clock in the forenoon.

W. H. BULLOCK-WEBSTER,
Chief License Inspector.

Chief Constable's Office,
Nelson, B. C., 25th September, 1903.

NOTICE.

In the matter of an application for a duplicate of a Certificate of Title to Lot 13, block 47, in the town of Nelson. Notice is hereby given that it is my intention to issue at the expiration of one month from the first publication hereof a duplicate of the Certificate of Title to the above mentioned Lot 13, block 47, in the town of Nelson, in the name of Albert Fleury, which certificate is dated the 6th day of April, 1901, and numbered 147A.

H. F. MACLEOD,
District Registrar

Land Registry Office,
Nelson, B.C., 10th August, 1903.

Certificate of Improvements.

NOTICE.

The Alhambra Fractional Mineral Claim, situate in the Nelson Mining Division of West Kootenay District. Where located: On the west slope of Gold Hill, on Eagle creek.

Take notice, that I, Peter Edmond Wilson, Free Miner's Certificate No. 88957, as agent for John F. Swedberg, Free Miner's Certificate No. 58282, intend, sixty days from the date hereof, to apply to the mining recorder for a certificate of improvement, for the purpose of obtaining a crown grant of the above claim.

And further take notice that action, under section 37, must be commenced before the issuance of such certificates of improvements.

Dated this 29th day of September, A.D. 1903.

P. E. WILSON.

Certificate of Improvements.

NOTICE.

Ben Hur, Salisbury, and Warrington mineral claims, situate in the Nelson mining division of West Kootenay district. Where located: On Tamarac mountain.

Take notice that I, J. A. Kirk, acting as agent for John Dean, free miner's certificate No. B57,501, intend, sixty days from the date hereof, to apply to the mining recorder for certificates of improvements, for the purpose of obtaining crown grants of the above claims.

And further take notice that action, under section 37, must be commenced before the issuance of such certificates of improvements.

Dated this 1st day of August, A. D., 1903.

J. A. KIRK.

Certificate of Improvements.

NOTICE.

"Agness" mineral claim, situate in the Nelson mining division of West Kootenay district. Where located: Near the Arlington Mine, Erie.

Take Notice that I, John D. Anderson, P. L. S., of Trail, B.C., agent for William Connolly, free miner's certificate No. B58512, and Edward Walshe, free miner's certificate No. B75499, intend, sixty days from the date hereof, to apply to the mining recorder for a certificate of improvements, for the purpose of obtaining a crown grant to the above claim.

And further take notice that action, under section 37, must be commenced before the issuance of such certificate of improvements.

Dated this 2nd day of September, A.D. 1903.

J. D. ANDERSON.

Certificate of Improvements.

NOTICE.

R and L and Corinthian mineral claims, situate in the Goat River mining division of West Kootenay district. Where located: On the east side of Kootenay lake, at the mouth of Crawford bay.

Take Notice that I, John McLatchie, acting as agent for C. G. Major, official administrator (trustee of the estate of R. D. Munro), Lazetta Field, free miner's certificate No. B48247, and Charles M. Field, free miner's certificate No. B48246, intend, sixty days from the date hereof, to apply to the mining recorder for certificates of improvements, for the purpose of obtaining crown grants to the above claims.

And further take notice that action, under section 37, must be commenced before the issuance of such certificates of improvements.

Dated this 4th day of September, A.D. 1903.

JOHN McLATCHIE.

The J. H. Ashdown Hardware Co., Ltd.

Importers and Dealers in Shelf and Heavy

HARDWARE

Tinware and Graniteware
Stoves and Ranges

Fire Brick, Fire Clay, Portland Cement,
T-Rails, Ore Cars, Sheet Steel, Crescent,
Canton and Jessop's Drill Steel : : : : :

BAKER ST. NELSON

Sidney Stockton Taylor put (it is said) $20,000 on his life with a Vancouver "tramp" insurance agent.

BILLY ROSS, the Conservative candidate for the **FERNIE** District, does ALL his insurance with

Cree & Hutchison

The Insurance and Real Estate Men of the District

Buy Lots in Coleman Buy Lots in Coleman

Honey PURE CALIFORNIA Honey

In 1-lb Glass Jars 25c

J. A. IRVING & CO.

Houston Block, Nelson. *Groceries and Provisions*

Preserving Peaches

We are now receiving regular consignments of the Crawford Freestone Peach direct from Wenatchee. Prices have touched rock bottom for this season, so do not delay in ordering your supply.

J. Y. Griffin & Co., Limited.
NELSON, B. C.

J. A. Kirkpatrick & Co., Ltd.

Wholesale and Retail
Groceries, Crockery and Glassware
Aberdeen Block, Nelson

We have just received a consignment of The Cudahy Packing Company's famous

Diamond C Bacon

especially cured and smoked for family use. This bacon has no equal on the market. Try it. We have a few gross of Preserve Sealers left at right prices.

J. A. KIRKPATRICK & CO., Ld.

Kootenay Coffee Co.

Dealers in
Coffee, Teas, Spices, Baking, Powder, and Flaboring Extracts.

OUR GOODS are pure and selected from the best in the various lines. In order to get the best, please buy from us direct, and we guarantee satisfaction. Address,

Kootenay Coffee Co.

Telephone 177 *Nelson, B. C.* P. O. Box 182

Carpets, Rugs, Linoleums

We carry a very large Stock of The Latest Patte

Come and make your choice Before House Cleaning

SEE OUR GO-CARTS
All prices. We can suit you.

D. McARTHUR & CO.
Furniture Dealers and Undertakers

MORLEY & CO.

Wholesale and Retail

Booksellers and Stationers

Artists' Materials
Engineering and Mining Books
Typewriters
Mimeographs
Photographic Supplies
Musical Instruments

Morley & Co. Nelson, B.C.

THE TOWN AND THE DISTRICT.

T. J. Roy came down from the Lardo on Thursday, having cut his foot badly.

Master Mechanic Temple of the C.P.R. at Revelstoke is in the city on a business trip.

Mrs. F. H. Graham and child left this week for Montreal where she will spend the winter.

The C. P. R. has received three more mammoth locomotives for use on the heavy grades at Rossland and Phoenix. One is a standard and the other two consolidated compounds.

Editor Lowery returned from Poplar on Thursday, having completed arrangements for the early appearance of the new paper for that district, to which it may be said he will do full justice. The world is thirsting for news of this new Eldorado and his venture should be a great success.

Chief justice Tuck of St. John, New Brunswick, brother of S. P. Tuck, sheriff of this city, arrived in Nelson this week. The gentleman is a fine specimen of well matured manhood, being over 70 years of age, and seems destined to a life of usefulness for some years to come.

Mr. George Kydd, manager of the Royal Bank of this city, has been called to the head office, presumably with the intention of giving him a promotion. The city can ill-afford to lose one who has been so good at entertaining it in a musical way as Mr. Kydd. The best wishes of a host of friends will accompany him on his way and to whatever point he may be located.

The architect who conceived the plan of the postoffice building is a bit weak on doors. The arrangements for ingress and egress are faulty and nine people out of ten have a very vague idea whether the doors open out or in. With this exception the building is a delightful acquisition to the already many up-to-date blocks in the city.

The August and September numbers of The Advertising World, London, Eng., has an article written by our townsman, F. W. Pettit, on the subject of "The Power of Thought and Its Relation to Advertising," and the September number of The American Advertiser, New York, has an article from the same pen on "Mirth in Advertising."

Poplar Creek is becoming quite a town and buildings are going up quite freely. good hotel is on the way, which will help the situation in the spring. The interest in the town is unabated, as evidenced by the crowded cars to be seen every day. Ferguson and Trout Lake were never in better shape than they now are. The opening of the new branch of the Imperial Bank at the lake city has put it on a better basis, and a large sawmill now going up helps the situation.

Fred Starkey, well known as intimately associated with butter, eggs, and politics, returned from the Lardo on Thursday, very well satisfied with the outlook. Camborne seems to be the only dull place up there just now. He was accompanied by Frank Hawthorne, the genial Royal Seal cigar representative of this city, who is equally satisfied with things and is full of the prospects of that region, and incidentally of a little interesting episode which befell him on the way up.

Several passengers returned from the Lardo on Thursday thankful that they were on terra firma again. The royal mail steamer "Nelson" has been in commission now about thirteen years and it is thought by most travelers that she should be superannuated. In rough weather on the lake she has a way of inspiring great uneasiness among passengers and crew alike, and there is danger of her ending her days after the fashion of the old "Ainsworth," near Pilot Bay. It may save the C. P. R. a lot of money if it grasps the situation, for freight at times runs high and passenger compensation is an expensive indulgence. While looking into this matter, the powers that be might incidentally take a glance at navigation matters on Trout Lake, for they may perceive similar possibilities reasons for comment up there.

Thanksgiving Day at the Opera House.

There is a great treat in store for lovers of music and elocution on Thursday next at the opera house. Miss Edna Sutherland, reader, and Miss Merrielle G. Patton, contralto, will give one of those refined drawing room entertainments. They both bring with them exceptional press notices; the Toronto Globe speaking of Miss Sutherland says she is "An elocutionist of great versality and charming personality." The New York Musical Courier, speaking of Miss Patton says: "Her voice is a powerful contralto of good range and quality. She is a young artist, and in addition to her musical gifts, has a very attractive stage presence. Manager Annable has been fortunate in inducing this entertainment to come this way.

What Outsiders Think of Our Fall Fair.

The citizens of Nelson, B. C., are deserving of no little praise for the enterprise displayed in holding a fall fair. Although Nelson is not nearly so well situated for the successful carrying out of an undertaking of this kind as many other places in southern British Columbia, it has taken the initiative and its example will doubtless be followed by many other towns in this part of the interior. To say

Tailor Made PANTS AT J. A. Gilker's

that Nelson is not overly favored for conducting an agricultural exhibition is but to increase the praise given its citizens for their energy displayed. Nelson is more dependent upon its mineral resources than upon the benefits received from agriculture, and for this reason alone it may be clearly seen that the undertaking was no little task. To run a successful agricultural fair in an eastern town or city, even in the center of a farming community, requires considerable attention and is attended by no small amount of work, so that it can readily be understood that the directors of the Nelson exhibition, no doubt many of whom were inexperienced, must have worked unceasingly to have brought the exhibition up to the high standard it attained. But in spite of the many difficulties encountered in carrying out the work, the Nelson fair was a success, and with the experience gained this year, that city will be able to next year excel the fair held last week.—Midway Dispatch.

Why Brunettes Marry Soonest.

In choosing a wife a man looks ahead. Thus, although a pretty face may attract his eye, he doesn't "strive and agonize" to secure its owner as an ornament for his domestic hearth, because he wants something more durable and useful than mere prettiness in a wife.

So the pretty doll-like blonde gets overlooked when marriage is uppermost in man's mind, and her dark, ofttimes really plain, sister is stepping to the music of the "Wedding March" ere ever an engagement ring has found its way to her finger.

But, quite apart from the question of looks, there is a widespread conviction among masculinity generally that a dark woman's capacity for faithfulness is infinitely greater than a fair one's. And really there is something to be said in support of the argument, for fair women, all the world over, are the biggest flirts, and, to paraphrase the sentence, "Once a flirt always a flirt." Therefore the dark girl is the safest wife, because, unused to adulation and meaningless flattery before marriage, she will not be likely to seek it after.

Again, dark women are the most capable. Under stress of strained circumstances they will buckle to, and put their hands to the plough to help a harrassed husband; whereas, under similar circumstances, the fair doll-wife will wring her hands in impotent misery, cry until red rims encircle her blue eyes, and then forget all about her husband's difficulties, as though he had never told her that retrenchment of the household expenditure was necessary.

In the home, too, the dark girl is something of a leaning post. She can be relied on for household management, and if domestic help fails, will turn to, and, unaided, run the house herself. A cheery meal will await her husband's return and he won't have to listen to a tirade on the hardness of her lot, as would probably be the case were a blonde the presiding genius of his home.

Neither will the dark girl, when the first warm blush of youth's heyday begins to fade, assume the pose of a chronic invalid to ensure sympathy for her supposed martyrdom. She will accept the inroads of age as inevitable, and be as happy in middle age as ever she was in the heedless, irresponsible days of her girlhood.

And if sickness overtake the breadwinner, whom she promised to "love and cherish till death should them part," hers is veritably the hand of the "ministering angel." "'Tis hers to pluck the amaranthine flower of faith, and round the sufferer's temples bind the wreaths that endure affliction's heaviest shower. And do not shrink from sorrow's keenest wind.

She can endure, because she loves with a love that defies time, tide, and eternity to weaken it. She can be strong, because in her strength to will and do lies the secret of her own happiness, and the happiness of those best and dearest to her.

Oh, yes; man, who is essentially a being dependent for his moods upon the way in which his creature comforts are ministered to, knows full well what he is about when he selects a dark girl for his wife.

He may be warned that unsuspected storms of passion lurk in the liquid depths of her flashing orbs, but he thinks he can run the risk of occasional gleams of temper, when the other characteristics so amply compensate for the defect.

Besides, hasn't the blonde a temper? Aye; and a far more trying one, too, than her darker rival. She may not, when angry, open her mouth for speech, and say hat, biting words on the spur of the moment; but she will firmly sulk for hours, days—nay, perchance weeks—and what abode so miserable as the home of sulking wife?

So the world wags on, and though the blonde undoubtedly has a fine time when flirtation is the order of the game, she is nowhere in the matrimonial market when there is a dark girl in the field, for she is;—

"So coldly sweet, so deadly fair,
We start—for soul is wanting there."

Nelson Opera House

One Night Only

Thursday, Oct. 15

Thanksgiving Day

Sketch and Story

MISS EDNA SUTHERLAND

Western Tour of

Miss Edna Sutherland

and

Miss Merrielle G. Patton

MISS MERRIELLE G. PATTON

Song and Ballad

Nelson Opera House

One Night Only

Thursday, Oct. 15

ADMISSION, - - 50, and 75 Cents

Galt Coal

And Wood of All Kinds
Terms Spot Cash

W. P. TIERNEY
Telephone 265 Baker Street

SUNDAY HOURS

Our store (corner of Baker and Josephine streets) will be open every Sunday for dispensing purposes:—

9:30 to 12 o'clock
2:00 to 5 o'clock
7:00 to 9 o'clock

Canada Drug and Book Company, Limited

TIMBER NOTICE.

Notice is hereby given that thirty days from date I intend to apply to the honorable the chief commissioner of lands and works at Victoria, B. C., for a special timber license to cut and carry away timber from the following described land:

Commencing at a post marked M.E.K southeast corner post, situated on the west side of Slocan lake, said post is planted on the line of Alex. McKay's west boundary line, thence west 80 chains, thence north 80 chains, thence east 80 chains, thence south 80 chains to place of commencement, containing 640 acres.

Dated, Sept. 22, 1903. M. E. KOCH

No Thanks Needed.

The Revelstok Herald states that John Houston must thank R.S.Lennie's friends for turning the scale in his favor. The Herald is mistaken. Mr. Houston has no need to thank the Lennie faction for his election. Upon election day the leader of that faction went fishing and it has still to be proven whether Lennie is a Liberal or a Conservative.

Arthur Gee

Merchant Tailor
HAS ON HAND HIS STOCK OF
Fall and Winter Goods
As heretofore they are of the best quality and latest designs.

Tremont Block Baker Street

JUST ARRIVED

New Fall Goods

OF THE LATEST FASHIONS

Scotch Tweeds, Landslide, Strathcona and Belwarp Serges. A fine line of Pantings of the latest styles

Prices to suit the times. Call and see them.

John Smallwood
Ward Street MERCHANT TAILOR

Sewing Machines and Pianos

FOR RENT and FOR SALE

Old Curiosity Shop, Josephine Street Nelson, B. C.

NOTICE

In the matter of an application for a duplicate of a certificate of title to lot 6, block 8, in Kaslo City (map 393.

Notice is hereby given that it is my intention to issue at the expiration of one month from the first publication hereof a duplicate of the certificate of title to the above mentioned lot 6, block 8, in Kaslo City (map 393), in the names of Thomas Devlin and Adam Mackay, which certificate is dated the 23rd day of September, 1892, and numbered 15464a. H. F. MACLEOD, District Registrar.

Land Registry Office,
Nelson, B. C., 1st October, 1903.

FOR SALE

A magnificent Imperial Edition de Luxe, Ridpath's "History of Universal Literature," 24 vols. Morocco. At a bargain. Apply Tribune office.

Job Printing

We Use Gumption as well as the best papers and inks in the execution of your orders—they will not be misunderstood. Quick dispatch given out-of-town work.

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Corporation of the City of Nelson.

Water Rates Notice.

Water rates for the quarter ending December 31, 1903, are now due and payable at the city offices. If paid on or before the 15th instant a rebate of 10 per cent will be allowed. If not paid at or before noon on the 30th instant, the service will be discontinued. By order,

D. C. McMORRIS,
October 2nd, 1903. City Clerk.

Corporation of the City of Nelson.

Electric Light Rates

Electric light rates for the month of September are now due and payable at the City Office. If paid on or before the 15th instant, a rebate of 10 per cent will be allowed. By order,

D. C. McMORRIS,
October 2nd, 1903. City Clerk.

FOR SALE

Improved Ranch in Lardo Valley for sale. Address E. R. Vipond, Trout Lake, B. C.