BOUNDARY PEOPLE INDIGNANT

ARE IN ARMS OVER DEFEAT OF KETTLE RIVER CHARTER.

Politics Lively and a Big Delegation Coming to the Liberals Conservative Convention.

Mr. Walter B. Cochrane of Phoenix, arrived here Friday night from Phoenix, accompanied by his mother, Mrs. W. M. Cochrane, of Vernon, who has been visiting her son and her daughter, Mrs. H. S. Cayley, at Grand Forks. Mr. Cochrane is escorting his mother part of the way home.

Mr. Cochrane says the whole Boundary Creek country is in arms over the defeat of the Kettle River Valley Railway bill. It is likely that some public action will be taken by the different towns as a protest against the arbitrary action of he Dominion House of Commons. They do not intend to give up the fight, and declare that some plan must be devised by which the railway will be built. No plan has been perfected as yet, but it is more than likely that an application will be made to the provincial legislature for a charter, and that under it the road will be constructed.

Mr. Cochrane says that politics are lively in the Boundary Creek country. Both parties are organizing for the forthcoming elections. Mr. C. E. Race, the conservative organizer, is making a tour of the different towns, and is meeting with considerable success wherever he goes. Five delegates were elected in Grand Forks to attend the Liberal Conservative convention which meets on Tuesday in this city. Grand Forks, Greenwood. Eholt, Phoenix ,Midway. Carson, Cascade and Gladstone will send delegations to the convention, and all of them will be here on Monday evening. The convention, therefore, promises to be large and enthusiastic.

The railway, it is expected, will be extended into Phoenix in a week or so, and then several of the mines there will commence shipping. This will greatly increase the pay roll and the general prosperity. Phoenix has grown faster than any town in British Columbia during the past five months. There are 16 hotels, and all are doing a fair business. It promises to be one of the large mining camps of the province.

Mr. Cochrane will remain in Rossland until the middle of next week. His mother, Mrs. Cochrane, leaves tonight for Vernon.

MET A HORRIBLE DEATH.

Joshua Wayne Burned to a Crisp in His Shack.

Joshua Wayne met a horrible end on Sunday morning about 5:40 o'clock, being burned to death in the shack which he occupied. Wayne was well known in this city, having formerly been a driver for Hugh Henderson, the brewer. But for the past year has been a gambler, and for some time he was a dealer in the employ of Dan Lahey. The latter, up to a few days since ran a house on Spokane street, which was closed up by the police under the orders of the police commissioners. Ever since the city election Wayne had been sober, but on Saturday evening he drank a little. At about five o'clock on Sunday morning he left for the shack which he occupied on Kootenay avenue, near Davis street.

At 5:40 J. Stussi, the driver of the garbage cart who was putting up his team in the city stable, saw smoke coming from the shack occupied by Wayne. He hurried thither, and through a window saw Wayne sitting at a table with his hands outstretched in front of him. Mr. Stussi caught hold of one of Wayne's arms and endeavored to pull him out through the window, but the heat was so great that he could not do so. Some of the burned flesh from Wayne's arms remained in Stussi's hands. When he let go him hold Wayne dropped to the floor of the cabin and into the flames.

Walter Furlong, a boy who carries the Miner, saw the smoke issuing from the cabin but hesitated about turning in the alarm from a nearby box.He went from where the box was to the burning shack and then returned to the box and turned in the alarm. Furlong says he was afraid to turn in an alarm because he was not sure at first about the fire and did not know that any one was in the house.

By the time the fire department arrived on the scene the flames were in complete possession of the building, and the roof about ready to fall in. Had the department been summoned a few minutes sooner it is possible that the firemen might have been able to have saved Wayne's life. The flames were finally subdued, and the body of the unfortunate man dragged out of the ruins. He was fearfully burned. The only vestige of clothing was a piece of blue cloth around his neck, which was probably the remnant of the blue shirt which he had on. His nose and eyes were burned out and his hair all gone. His abdomen was so charred that his entrails protruded. One hand and a foot were partially burned off. The body was taken to Beatty's undertaking parlors, from whence it will be buried today by his friends, of which he has a large number. The funeral will take place at 2 p. m. Rev. George H. Morden will conduct the services, and the interment will be in Columbia cemetery. Coroner Bowes decided that an inquest is not necessary. The house and its contents were a total loss, and were valued at $250. The house was owned by James Kirkup. Wayne was about 50 years of age and a native of Indiana.

A SUDDEN DEATH.

Mrs. Frances Knott Passed Away Yesterday—She Is Deeply Lamented.

Friends of Mr. Francis Knott will be sorry to hear of the death of his mother, who passed away suddenly at 5 p. m. yesterday. The deceased lady was advanced in life, having nearly completed her 77th year. She was born at Thornford, Dorsetshire, England, and came to Rossland in August, 1897.

Mrs. Frances Knott had enjoyed apparently very good health up till the moment of her decease. She had spent yesterday afternoon, accompanied by her grandchild, in one of the neighboring houses to her son's home, with whom she has resided since her arrival in this city. There she had met some friends, and had passed the time in reading to them. Coming home, she entered the house through the kitchen and, seeing the kettle on the stove, said that she was glad of that sight, as she would like to have a cup of tea. A few seconds later, expressing a wish that a window should be closed, she went into her room. While her son, Frank Knott, up till lately engaged with the British America Corporation, as a skilled draughtsman, was shutting the casement he heard a faint sigh from his mother's bedchamber. Going in, he found her prone across the bed. Dr. Bowes was instantly sent for, but the set time had arrived. Mrs. Frances Knott had already joined the great majority. The immediate cause of death was heart failure. The deceased had made many friends during her stay here, and is deeply regretted.

WATERWORKS AND SEWERS.

A Strong Arraignment of the Civic Administration.

Editor Miner: In common with many other citizens, I have read with interest the two communications which recently appeared in your columns, dealing with the shortcomings of our mayor and aldermen. It is high time that the citizens of Rossland should take some active interest in the management of civic affairs by their representatives in the council chamber. I have been a resident of Rossland since its birth, and have been very often very much surprised to find that what appeared to me to be gross mismanagement of public works, called forth no protesting communications in your columns. It is gratifying to find that, at least, some of our citizens are awakening to the fact that the Rossland city council is not a shining light of intelligence, and that its members cannot be left to deal with civic affairs in any manner which may suit their inclinations, or their lack of knowledge of the requirements.

The two subjects discussed, the mayor's breach of pledges and the removal of certain citizens from Lincoln street, are certainly matters of grave interest to the intelligent portion of the community, but there are other matters of much graver import dealing with our finances, which have occurred, and which have been left unnoticed, even by those whose pockets have been affected. I refer to the systematic bungling of public works. The records of most cities show that the average mayor or alderman, no matter how limited his education, no matter how complete his ignorance of the details of city engineering may be, nevertheless immediately on election to office, constitutes himself an authority on all matters pertaining to the city's public works; and so firm is his conviction on this point that he does not hesitate to ignore competent advice and expend large sums of public money in the performance of work which could have no other end than failure.

In Rossland, young as the city is, we have two striking examples of aldermanic engineering in our useless $40,000 sewers, and our primitive $150,000 waterworks. For the sewers we simply pay taxes and have no sewers, which is bad enough, but for the waterworks we pay taxes and ruinous insurance rates and have no fire protection.

When Mayor Goodeve and his colleagues went before the people, asking for $150 000 for the purpose of constructing works which would give us a sufficient supply of water for domestic purposes and an adequate fire service, insurance rates were promptly decreased. When Mayor Goodeve and his colleagues, for reasons known only to themselves, but not as yet made known to the ratepayer, decided to shelve the plans of their engineer, for the due execution of which the citizens had voted $150,000, and in direct opposition to the advice of their engineer, proceeded to cobble and patch under aldermanic engineering and supervision, a system which the same engineer had condemned, insurance rates were immediately increased. The decrease and increase in insurance rates may be only one of those strange circumstances which sometimes occur, but thoughtful citizens believe that every business house on Columbia avenue, is paying, at the present moment, from 3 to 4 per cent extra insurance on account of this unexplained change of base by Mayor Goodeve and his colleagues. And the worst of the matter is that the city will be called upon some time in the near future to provide probably another $150,000 for a proper waterworks system, as the insurance companies have plainly intimated that insurance rates will not be lessened until their idea of a waterworks system is constructed.

It seems, therefore, that we have expended under aldermanic engineering, $40,000 for a sewerage system which cannot be used, and which is represented by a line of pipes along Columbia avenue and St. Paul street, and $150,000, or a large proportion of that sum, for a waterworks system which the insurance companies will not recognize, and which is represented by an insufficient flume of water from Stoney creek, an antediluvian style of main, enclosed in wicker work, fast falling into decay, a couple of band-box water tanks and a few costly pipes of insufficient diameter.

The recklessness with which aldermanic boards expend public moneys according to their own ideas, is sometimes brought home to them when anything occurs which necessitates an investigation. On the occasion of the recent investigation into the cause of the New Westminster fire, the Hon. E. Harris, the commissioner appointed by the Lieutenant-Governor, sums up his report as follows:

"Lack of funds, trying to economize, and the desire not to lessen the supply of water to consumers, induced the council to experiment with the waterworks system contrary to the advice of the construction engineer, without finding out from some competent source whether he was right or not, and disabled the waterworks for fire protection purposes, etc.

Mr. Harrison's report speaks for itself and requires no comment. The mayor and aldermen would do well to take it into careful consideration in view of future possibilities.

At some future date I will again trespass on your columns, if you will allow me. This time I inclose my card, and remain yours, etc.,

INSURANCE RATES.

Rossland, B. C., April 9, 1900.

Mr. James McGee left yesterday for New Glasgow, N. S.

FIRST CANDIDATE IN THE FIELD

MR. HECTOR McPHERSON WILL STAND FOR THIS CONSTITUENCY.

His Candidature Will Be on Non-Party Lines—He Has Acceded to Requests From All Parts of the Riding.

The political fight in the Rossland constituency promises to be keener and more complicated than at first expected. While until Monday no candidate was definitely in the field, it was generally regarded as certain that three nominations would be made, one of which would be the choice of the Conservative convention which meets today.. The convention, however, will now have to deal with the fact that Mr. Hector McPherson is in the field. He is a staunch Conservative, and has been so all his life, and while his candidature will be conducted on non-party lines, his standing in the party and his popularity with his fellow citizens will give both parties reason for consideration.

It was learned on Monday that McPherson was likely to accept nomination, and a representative of the Miner called on him for the purpose of ascertaining tht truth of the report.

"I have been urged to stand for the riding," Mr. McPherson said in reply to his interviewer, " by men of undoubted influence in Rossland and also in the Boundary country and some of those who are here as delegates from Grand Forks, Greenwood and other places in the Boundary are among my warmest friends and supporters. In response to their representations I have decided to allow my name to come before the electors, and I am sure of a large and loyal support. My candidature will be a non-party one, and in the interests of the people as a whole as opposed to class interests. I shall issue my platform to the electors in a few days, and I am satisfied that it will appeal to the intelligence and meet with the favor of every citizen who is loyal to this district. I am in the field to stay until the last vote is polled, and I confidently expect that I shall be returned. You can announce this to the electors in tomorrow's issue of your paper if you so desire."

Mr. McPherson is an alternate delegate from this city to the convention, and his name will undoubtely be brought up in the meeting.

Is Erecting Six Cottages.

Mr. John Y. Cole has commenced the erection of six cottages on the White Bear ground. The surface rights of the White Bear were recently purchased by him. When these six cottages are occupied it is his intention to erect others, and to have in time quite a village on the White Bear. He expects to find occupants for these cottages among the miners who are employed on the Black Bear, California and other properties in that vicinity.

THIRST ON THE VELDT.

A Soldier's Hot Day in the Fight With the Boers.

London, March 31.—Everybody remembers the famous picture of thirst, which portrays the gaunt, half-starved lion in the midst of the desert lapping up the few remaining drops of an impoverished pool. But the correspondent in the Evening Post tells us that though the British soldier "has thirsted in the thirstiest corners of the earth," he admits the veldt to be a fresh experience. Aden, India, Egypt, the Soudan, but here is something, not hotter, not drier, not dustier, but less endurable. Men who have lived in Kimberly, Johannesburg, Bloemfontein and Natal are only now, while campaigning, acquiring the experience. The army with its incessant tramping and the ceaseless fog and dust that hangs about its camps, and to that must be added the compulsory life in the sun, the sun at its hottest, driest hours, the entire absence of shade, the parching suction of the sand, all contribute to the effect on the men. Here one knows by tired limbs the weight of what one drinks, the thought of water flowing through pipes seems a dream of paradise. And such water—water through which one could see, which left no mud at the bottom of the mug and did not stain what it was spilt on. One remembers that in England they analyse that kind of wonder. At Ramdaram there was a big pond,what was left of a moisture dam. The water was very shallow, but the mud was black and deep. One sank to the knees if one tried to walk, and sat gently, half in mud and half in brown syrup, and thanked God for water. One rose from it with the green leeches hanging about one's body like bits of sea weed, and with a sprinkling of other less-known insects.

Horses looked askance at that pool, but the men drank of it greedily and drank of it where the horses' hoofs had churned it into a blackish green liquor, thick as syrup. Let every one who turns today a water tap in England give a thought to those who are dropping buckets in South Africa, and be grateful for an exceeding privilege.

Here is a vignette of the field of battle: twenty yards to the left a man is lying pressed flat against the ground. He is very much the ground color. and the occasional whirls of dust over him have aided the disguise. There are little tufts of withered scrub which help to hide him though but a few inches high. The sun has been blazing on his back, and the sand about him for seven hours, and the veldt wavers confusedly in the glare of heat. The man on the left feels gingerly for the tin bottle which lies under his left elbow, his fingers spread over its felt covering, and gave it a gentle shake. The shake is repeated and he begins to draw the bottle slowly under him, keeping his body rigidly stiff. The job is a long one because the bottle strap catches in his accoutrements, and he dare not move to free it. When he has it at last beneath him he begins to turn over, as slowly as he has done all else. He lifts his foot a few inches to balance himself, and the next instant there is a spot of dust from the sand beside him, not much more than an arm's length away. He keeps his eyes on the mark the bullet has made, and remains for some moments as if it had turned him to stone, then, with a laborious patience, he resumes his movement, till at last he is on his back and has the bottle above him. It only holds a few drops but he had drained even them an hour ago, and his tongue is like a piece of fur in his mouth. He got with a rush to the place he occupies about 8 o'clock in the morning, when a sudden crackle from the river in front of him laid the whole line on its face, where it remained, with occasional wriggling forward, ever since. He is on the right of his company, and alone, for the man next him. after chaffing the Boer shooting for half an hour, began suddenly to whimper, and has then been still ever since. He tailed himself to take the bullets humorously, but he grew used to them ,till one came between his face and the ground and struck his belt buckle, then he cursed thme and was afraid, till he lost all other feelings in the awful sense of thirst. He knows the action is going on still, for he can hear the steady pounding of a battery from the hill behind him, and suddenly scurries off with a rifle fire beyond the river to the left. He knows, too, from those hateful spills of dust, that the Boer is still behind the bushes in front of him—but the Boer is always behind something, and he is tired of trying to shoot and being shot at by a man whom he never sees. Besides, if he lifts him rifle, the dust begins to jump again, and the rifle barrel is scalding hot, and the varnish is sizzling on the stock as though it stood before a fire, and to touch it seems to quicken his unbearable thirst. He is to guess the hour the sun goes over his left side. He writes words on the sand with his finger and rubs them out. At last, while there are still some few hours of daylight, the scatter of rifles along the dongs on the further bank grows more and more hurried till it runs into a continuous roll. At last a determined and disastrous attempt is being made to push back the enemy's right. The Seaforths, Cornwalls, and Canadians, mixed together, are clambering, leaping, blundering forward across the deep intricate channels of the Dongales. If things have gone well, there will be fresh orders probably, but no orders come. At six o'clock he has been 12 hours under fire, his last meal was a biscuit, 15 hours back, when he had fallen in at 3 in the morning, after marching all the day before. But he is aware neither of weariness or of hunger in the fever of his thirst. The flesh of his face, stained walnut brown by the sun, has a dry, twisted look like the parched stem of the scrub, os though all the moisture had been wrung from it. One grows to know that look out here. His fingers never leave his water bottle, nor his eyes the green fringe of bush along the river. Another hour and the guns about him cease firing, and a new fight seems to be beginning far away on the right. The sun is going down, and he can see nothing to the left of him but a hot glare of dust. The battle grows louder on the right, a howitzer battery has come to action, brownish puffs of lyddite are bursting along the kopjes. But the man in the scrub pays no heed to it. His arms are spread out flat, his fingers dug into the sand. He is pulling himself slowly forward, his eyes glaring ahead through the scrub. When a bullet strikes near him he stops a moment, but goes on again. So in half an hour he covers about 50 yards. He can see the cool hollow of the river. but there is only brown grass along its banks, and his one chance lies in a dash. He is on all fours for a spring, but he gets no further. A rifle has been following the faint trail of dust above him, and he sinks down in a lump with a bullet through his head."

GUERILLA WARFARE.

The Boers Roaming About in Strong Divisions and Looting.

Maseru, April 7.—The Boers, who were massed last week near Ladybrand to the number of 10,000, after seizing Thaba Nchu and the Modder river water works, broke up into strong divisions, and they are now raiding the south of the Free State, re-occupying the small towns which were evacuated by the British. The Boers' policy seems to be to make rapid movements with little transport, looting English storekeepers freely for provisions and cutting the communications of the British forces.

General Brabant's colonials are mostly at Wepener. They are a splendid force, capable of great striking power, and used to cross country riding, and are able to deal roughly with the Boer commandos roaming about the country. A squadron of Brabant's horse captured 400 rifles near Wepener. His outposts are reported to be in touch with the Boers and a fight is regarded as imminent .

Persistent reports are being circulated that the Boers are preparing to retake the British position at Wepener ,and thus to secure entrance into Basutoland. Such an attempt will be resisted by the Basutoland government which is believed to have made every preparation.

Meanwhile the approach of armies to Basutoland produces much excitement among the natives, necessitating the ut most vigilance on the part of the local officials.

Clark Wallace's Son Ill.

Woodbridge, Ont., April 9.—Hon. Clarke Wallace has received news of the serious illness of his son, Wallace, who went with the first contingent to South Africa .He is suffering from enteric fever.

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J. W. HILL, General Agent, Spokane, Wash.
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(LIMITED.)

Time Table No. 47, taking effect Jan. 1st, 1900.

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Leave Victoria for New Westminster, Ladner's and Lulu Island—Sunday at 11 o'clock p. m. Wednesday and Friday at 7 o'clock.
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For Moresby and Pender Islands—Friday at o'clock.
Leave New Westminster to Victoria Monday at 13:15 o'clock; Thursdays and Saturdays at 7 o'clock.
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Beaver Line—Lusitania	April 19
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4:30 p. m.	FAST MAIL—For Moscow Pullman, Walla Walla, Portland, San Francisco, Baker City and the east. FAST MAIL—From Baker City, Pendleton Walla Walla, Dayton, Pomeroy, Colfax, Moscow, Coeur d'Alenes and the east.	7:00 p. m

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