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Mr. Neil Munro's Views Of Canada

The Scottish Novelist's First Letter to His Paper in Glasgow.

Charming Descriptions of Canadian People, Manners, Customs, Scenery.

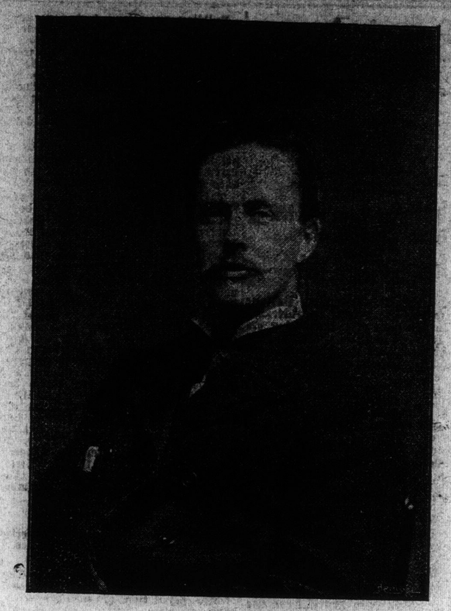
There has just reached the Colonist office a copy of the Glasgow Evening News containing the first letter from Canadian soil, by the well-known novelist, Mr. Neil Munro, who was here some days ago with the British press party. Mr. Munro sent home ahead of the letter, which the Colonist publishes, vivid descriptions of life aboard the Atlantic liner on which he and his confreres made the voyage to Canada, but the following letter is the first dealing with men and affairs in Canada. He entitles it, "Ten Thousand Miles in Canada, a first glimpse of the new world."

Like a good soldier, or journalist, Mr. Munro was ready at the sudden call which took him from his desk in Gourock and transported him in less than twenty-four hours' notice across the ocean, and his observations of and reflections upon Canadian people, customs, manners and scenery have all the piquancy and raciness which characterise the work of this gifted writer.

The Colonist need make no apology for presenting to its readers this morning an article which repays perusal in every line. Mr. Munro writes as follows:

That he has sailed three thousand miles from home to find another Edinburgh—this time an Edinburgh-by-the-Sea—must be every Scotsman's first reflection as his ship comes round the bend of the broad St. Lawrence, and Quebec is revealed, her feet in drumly waters, her head as arrogant as that of the ancient citadel that looks on Forth and the distant shores of Fife. The illusion is dispelled on landing. For round him are buildings foreign in their architecture; the men who struggle for his baggage speak English brokenly; French names mix oddly with Highland ones on the sign-boards; the green external shutters of the windows recall Normandy, and the people on the streets converse for the most part in a patois of French. It was a French journalist, with a frock suit and a silk hat, the button of an order in his coat lapelle, who welcomed me first to Canada. He might have newly stepped out of Maxim's Cafe in the Rue Royale. We drove in caleches to the Chateau Frontenac, an hotel whose revenue from the sale of cocktails and Collinses must suffer from the arresting nature of the scene below it, for the Frontenac is a palace perched high on Dufferin Terrace, and you look—as it might be from the esplande of Edinburgh Castle—upon precipitous streets of houses far below, and French of aspect; on a river as broad as a Scottish firth, where float all craft from the ocean liner to the Indian's bark canoe; on an illimitable prospect of rolling hill and pasture land, with an atmosphere so clear that you fancy you see the truck on a flag-pole which sticks like a temporary nail in the far sky line. It was Friday afternoon when we got into Quebec; two thousand settlers for the West were poured upon the quays—from the Lake Manitoba, the Tunisian and the Dominion. Forty thousand emigrants have passed through the immigration sheds during the present season; the stream of them swells steadily, and almost every race in Europe has poined in the rush for Regina, Yorkton, Prince Albert, Alameda and Edmonton, those lands west and northwest of Winnipeg that are destined to supply the bread basket of Britain in the years to come. We saw them in the immigration sheds, these pioneers—the Doukhobor standing lamb-like to have his costume badly drawn by a newspaper's lady artist, his household round him, patient and cheerful to be on hand again, with no necessity for thinking. That is the supreme privilege of the colonist at this stage at all events—the Dominion government does his thinking for him so that he may pass west in a kind of blissful trance, guided by officials who between them can muster practically every dialect of the old world. Having spent some cents in the immigrants' restaurant at the wharf, where, to judge from the bill of fare, everything edible seems to be on sale at cut rates, from Albernethy biscuits to dishes that have names like the choice items of a Hungarian band's dance programme, the colonists make a few hours' journey by train to Montreal, where they transfer to the great transcontinental train that daily sets out on its five days' run to the Pacific Coast. Till he reaches his destination in the Northwest, the exile lives on the cars as if he were in a ship at sea. Before I saw them I had an impression that the colonist cars were certain to be shabby and uncomfortable, whereas I found them superior to any third-class carriages we have at home, with seats and shelves that can at night be transformed into beds. "Are these your ideal homesteaders?" I asked a Canadian friend who had come down to the wharf to meet me. He cast an accustomed eye over the mingled crowd of them moving into the cars, and "They're all right," said he; "but I wish more of them were British. We welcome all nationalities to the West; there is room for all but what we want particularly is the man whose tongue is English. The best settlers are those that come individually, not in groups or colonies. It's all very nice and picturesque, doubtless, to have, here and there through Canada, communities of Galicians, Gaels, or Icelanders; but the exclusiveness these groups endeavor to maintain will always militate against their being quite so successful as the individual settler who takes a homestead where he may feel the influence and watch the ways of older colonists—of the immigrant from Ontario or from Daktota, say, who has had long experience of American soil and American methods."

Having seen the settlers landed, and having bumped and slid for some hours through the streets of Quebec, and having summoned some moments of sentiment on the Plains of Abraham, we rejoined our ship, sailed through the night to Montreal, and landed there on Saturday afternoon. Straitway the interview-fiend fell on us, one shell alone in his battery—protective tariffs. This is the topic of the hour in Canada. To judge from the newspapers I daresay there are unfaltering Free Traders in Eastern Canada; but at this moment of writing I have still to find a Canadian who does not think Mr. Chamberalin the genius of his age and race. Diplomatically eluding the Montreal Caledonian Society, which had, with typical hospitality, organised a reception, with bagpipes, Celtic sentiments, slogans and whisky in it, I spent the evening twelve miles from the city, at St. Bruno, in the hills, a paradise of woods and lakes, the summer home of two brothers who have been called the coming Carnegies of Canada. The base that abounds in the lakes refused my lures, but it did not matter. I sat in my first canoe, and felt the sting of my first mosquito; heard the grunt of the bullfrog, and saw the firefly flash among the trees. "Above all," said my friend, himself the child of sentiment, and themost distinguished poet in Canada the most distinguished poet in Canada, "confine yourself to the glories of the West; the country, and when you go countless thousands of acres of No. 1 hard grain, and be silent and subdued before the Rockies—God's own Rockies, that have been desecrated enough by kodak and fountain pen. You are here. I take it, for business facts, and not for chromo pictures; we want trade, not tourist traffic." I said it was well—that board of trade figures were my passion. A vice-president of the Grand Trunk Railway was there—under forty, with a very much larger salary than a judge tic life, his amusements (except lacrosse and the winter sports), his business terminology, his slang, his hotels, his newspapers, his hats, and his exhilirating liquors are no different from Uncle Sam. Also he has the greatest faith in himself, and in the greatness of his country, but the fact is not shrieked at you through a megaphone, as it might be in Chicago. This United States influence on Canadian life is inevitable so long as is but a valley that splits the Appalachian mountains from the Laurencians and no barrier breaks the wind that blows over the plains and prairies that were once the floor of one great inland sea which swept from the Gulf of Mexico to the Arctic ocean. But sentiment makes its own barriers, even among people who speak the same tongue, and I have gone gunning in vain for the Canadian who has any hope or desire for ultimate annexation to the United States. At present, at all events, the ideal of Goldwin Smith is as dead as a stuffed dog; the "old country" (oh! lovely phrase, so sweet to hear on gulf and prairie, in the settlers' wagon and in the laborers' shack, the shibboleth of a people in a land whose lakes alone would far more than hold our British islands)—the "old country" still claims the heart of Canada. And Canada is only discovering herself; the east now looks to the great



MR. NEIL MUNRO.

NORTHWEST TERRITORIES.

with hope and pride. Men in Quebec, Montreal and Ottawa made me giddy with geographical and wheat figures. With pencil stubs or matches they constructed diagrams representing 700,000 square miles of Western Canadian territory that may yet be the home of 200,000,000 people; showed me that the merest fraction of this mighty area is tilled, and yet confounded me with evidence that from this cultivated fraction there will be this year taken thirty million bushels of the finest crops in the world, grown on soil that little more than a decade ago was looked upon as no more fertile than a ping-pong table, whose possibilities, indeed, in such places as at the fork of the two Saskatchewans were less than five years ago so little valued that countless acres of it were acquired by land speculators at from fifty cents to less than a couple of dollars an acre. It is now worth anything from eight to twenty dollars, and has appreciated 80 to 100 per cent in the past twelve months alone. Of these things the Eastern Canadian talked with as much enthusiasm as if they were in the next street instead of being as far away as Greece is from Glasgow. It gave an impressive idea of the homogeneity of the country, which thirty years ago was so inchoate that Ottawa looked on everything west of the great lakes as a Godforsaken wilderness, where only the trapper and the hunter trod, and the voyageur paddled and portaged. Before the Canadian Pacific railway struck across the continent, parting the leagues of prairie flowers, winding around the heads of inland seas, piercing the mysteries of the Rocky mountains, the Canadian of the old East was narrow and provincial, content to think the future of his country lay on the Atlantic littoral and its immediate background. It was a case of "two miles west of Toronto, and where are you?" The C. P. R., with two things rails, bound East and West, made the Dominion one and indivisible. The buffalo has fled forever before the railway and the reaper; the Indian teepee on the plains has given place to the log-house, the frame-dwelling and that soaring architectural atrocity, the grain elevator; in another generation the broad, rich, green belt that Manitoba, Assinaboia, Saskatchewan, Alberta, and British Columbia make across the continent with Ontario and Quebec, may be the home of such as sit in the Court of Session, and laugh of a boy, oddly associated with the glance of a hawk; the talk on the verandah went on trade and traffic—"five years and the Grand Trunk will be at the Pacific"—the placid eye was murmuring with figures, estimates of crop and cargo and aggregates of dollars; and I watched the crane sail above the pines and maples, the dusk fall fast on little lochs like the lochs of home, embosomed in woods like the woods of home. The fox and the red deer wander there, a dozen miles from Montreal—not a furlong more. It might have been Scotland but, for the firefly—tiny meteor among the trees. On Sunday afternoon we went west on the "Ashcroft" sleeper, which is to be our

HOME AS WE ROAM

over more than ten thousand miles of British America. To live, eat, shave and sleep for five or six weeks on the same railway car—that is the prospect that makes the mightiness of the Canadian Pacific Railway manifest; it gives the first idea of Canada's wonderful distances. We reached Ottawa at one o'clock in the morning, and slept in a siding till the city awoke. Ottawa today is good enough to look upon—with beautiful houses and gardens, imposing warehouses, and government buildings that are the architectural glory of Canada—but a few years hence, when the improvements upon the banks of the Rideau canal have been effected, and a belt of flower parterres runs across the city, the capital of the Dominion will be among the most beautiful cities in the Empire. The house was not sitting when we visited it, but many of the members were at their desks, one or two dictating letters to lady stenographers; one, at least, in his shirt sleeves, smoking his pipe. The Canadian member of parliamment has one golden text for today, and he keeps it permanently before him throughout the calendar; it is, "No frills." It is not denied that political life in the Dominion has some of the corruption of political life in the United States—a fact not generally known at home—but one will certainly forget that in face of the frank, manly, unassuming representatives of a people who, so far as I have seen them yet, are frank, and manly, and unassuming themselves. In many external aspects the Eastern Canadian will appear to the British visitor to be little different from the citizen of the United States. He has—though he hates to be told it—a good deal of the accent of Uncle Sam; his whole domes-

A GREAT AND THRIVING PEOPLE

as even the most sanguine dare not now prefigure. Nor will Canada's progress cease there with the occupation and prosperity of her surveyed grain and ranching lands; the new railways now constructing and others in project far north of any yet existing, will make it plain that the old conception of Canada as a narrow rivulet of text running through a meadow of margin, so to speak, was quite erroneous. What can be anticipated of a soil that grows potatoes and flowers at Fort Macpherson, the most northern post of the Hudson's Bay Company, more than 120 miles within the Arctic Circle? These are my reflections after seeing the West from Winnipeg to the foothills of the Rockies, and from the frontier of the United States to Edmonton and Prince Albert. What the Northwest Territories will shortly be we might safely guess from the present aspect of Southern Ontario and Manitoba. There is one wild, rugged stretch of country north of Lake Superior that seems absolutely irredeemable till, perhaps, the miner arrests its secret from it; but Manitoba, still with plenty of room for the settler in it, appeared a place of pleasant, far-extending farm lands, prosperous towns and villages—a country whose quarter of a million people seem to thrive like the sun flowers, or the geranium red that flourish rankly on the railway banks, and is an indication of what Assinaboia, Alberta and Saskatchewan will be perhaps in less than another decade. It was hard to believe that snows ever fell here, or that frosts would ever wither these gorgeous prairie flowers. There was shower as well as sunshine accompanying our progress; the air was the air of the Scottish Lowlands in July, not a degree warmer. As if to make us fancy, further, that we were not far after all from our island home, fogs hid Superior as our train crept round the bold promontories of Heron Bay and but half revealed the countless islands of the Lake of the Woods.

THE STORAGE OF COAL.

It will be remembered that the Admiralty are now engaged in experiments with a view to discovering if the great deterioration in quality, hitherto inseparable from the storage of coal for any length of time, cannot be retarded by keeping the coal submerged. An interesting light is thrown on the question by Mr. J. Macaulay, the general manager of the Alexandra Docks and Railway, Newport, in a letter recently published in the Times. A considerable amount of coal has been recovered from the bottom of the Alexandra Docks, some of which was known to have been under water at least ten years, and the rest three years. Other coal was also obtained which had been dredged from the mouth of the River Usk, having drifted from wrecks in the British Channel, and most of this was probably much more than ten years old. It was picked up in the shape of rounded boulders, some of which were covered with barnacles. The coals thus obtained were then tried on locomotives on the Alexandra Dock Railways, in competition with the best Monmouthshire coal obtainable theconditions being made as fair for the comparison as possible. The result was that the first place was taken by the river coal, the second by coal from the docks 10 years submerged while the fresh mine coal came only third, beating the coal three years submerged by about 1.9 per cent. Mr. Macaulay states that coal stored for any time generally loses 10 per cent. of its steam raising power, most of the loss occurring within the first twelve months. He sums up his experiences in the following conclusions:—1. That steam coal loses very little of its power by submersion under water for the length of time it would be reasonably kept in naval store. 2. That as it is so important to naval vessels to gain the benefit of their full working power, so much of this is due directly to the coal, the subaqueous storage of coal at naval bases is advisable, in place of the present method of storing with access of air, by which so high a percentage of working power is lost. 3. That storage in a concrete reservoir holding say, 250,000 tons, would offer the following advantages:—(a) Cheapness; (b) the coal could be easily got at when needed, as all that was necessary would be to pump the sea water out of the reservoir. It would also be taken out quickly and economically by means of grabs; and (c) the reservoir, being sunken, would be less liable to injury from hostile attacks.—Engineering.

The most popular of the private postal cards sold in Canada are those which represent Great Britain and the United States as the most devoted of friends and brothers, or, rather, sisters. One such card represents the Goddess of Liberty and Britannia side by side, with the eagle and the lion, and with the two shields together. Above them are the two flags in brilliant colors, and the words "Anglo-Saxon. One aim, one goal." and below, "Gloria Mundi."

MINERS HAVE A NARROW ESCAPE

Venus Mine Boarding House Burned Endangering Thirty Men.

Nelson, B. C., Sept. 19.—Fire last night destroyed the big boarding house at the Venus mine, in which thirty men were sleeping. All escaped from the building, although with the loss of what money they had and most of their wearing apparel. The building was utterly destroyed.

The fire is supposed to have originated through a candle having been left burning in the room where the men dry their clothes. It probably upset and set fire to some dry clothing. The mine is situated nearly at the top of Morning Mountain, three thousand feet above the city, and the spectacle from Nelson while the fire was at its height was grand in the extreme.

THE WEEK'S MINING

By H. M. L.

A representative of the B. C. Mining Record, who recently visited Poplar Creek, reports that much of the "information" in respect to the new gold fields published during the past few weeks in some of the Kootenay newspapers is most unreliable, the accounts of the remarkable richness of the ore being generally ridiculous and picturesque exaggerations. As he remarks, no single gold property has as yet demonstrated by the shipment to mill or smelter of even a few tons of ore that in quantity the ore contains values to leave a profitable margin on operations, although, of course, the surface indications do promise exceptionally well. It is satisfactory to note meanwhile that no time is being lost in an attempt to prove at least one group of claims the permanence of the deposits. As to the obvious absurdity of some of the reports on the district appearing in the press, one has only to refer to a despatch published in one of the daily issues of the Colonist this week, in which it was affirmed that a claim, possessing a vein in which virgin gold stuck out like plums in a pudding had been bonded for forty-five thousand dollars.

Another instance of bad and extravagant management is reported in the case of the Northwestern Development Co., an American undertaking operating the Camborne group, in the Fish Creek district. This concern seems to have pursued precisely the same course as that followed by the Lillooet, Fraser River & Cariboo Goldfields, which has so often been held up as an awful example and warning of fatuous English methods. But this American company also purchased prospects, and before developing them spent money right and left in the erection of stamp mills, tramways, sawmills, hotels and stores, with the inevitable results. The company is now in debt to the tune of $14,000, nine thousand of which is owing for labor in British Columbia, and a further large sum of money must be found by December next to complete the purchase on claims under bond. At a somewhat stormy meeting of shareholders the other day, the managing director responsible for this state of affairs was deservedly censured, and it was also decided to appoint a commission to investigate and report on the condition of the property, when an effort will be made to raise additional capital to extricate the company from its difficulties.

The last issue of the Engineering and Mining Journal of New York contains the following editorial note:

"Conditions in British Columbia are gradually improving. The successes of the big copper mines in the Boundary district has stimulated exploration there and elsewhere. The Rossland mines are doing much better, under careful and business like management; while encouraging reports come from Vancouver Island and the Coast districts. The weak point is in the continued idleness, or semi-idleness of the silver lead mines in the Kootenay and elsewhere. The proposed bounties on lead refined in Canada may benefit these mines, which have practically no outlet at present for their product; shut out of the United States by the tariff, they have to compete in the comparatively limited market of Canada with British and Spanish lead, which can be sold there at a lower price than the British Columbia mines can afford to make.

The eight hour law in this province is not working well, and has made a good deal of trouble. The increased cost of labor is injuring many of the smaller mines, and may result in closing down many of them. There has been a good deal of friction over the matter, and the labor situation is far from being satisfactory."

It is surely a most extraordinay thing that a publication of so high a standing and so excellent a character for reliability should be guilty of two statements, the one in reference to the condition of the Provincial lead mining and the other to existing labor conditions, so utterly misleading. The comments might possibly have had some application three years ago, but today they are absolutely inept. It is true the closing of the American market, which, by the way, had very indirectly, if at all, to do with the United States tariff, did restrict lead mining in British Columbia, but that happened long ago, and since production has been based on London prices. There is and never was a market for pig lead in Canada, as the lead consumed is in manufactured form, and there are no Canadian manufactories as yet, as to the possibility of the "proposed bounties" benefiting the industry, the best indication is already afforded in the fact that all the lead mines in the country are resuming operations. It is hardly necessary to refer to the Journal's absurd remarks about the eight hour law. Operators have long since forgotten that there was ever any other custom.

It has been contended frequently enough with more or less truth that the reason for at least half the failures of British mining undertakings in this field is attributable to incompetent management. A year ago it appeared that the Hastings Exploration Syndicate, owning the Arlington mine at Erie, might be included among those English companies whose non-success is attributable to this cause. The mine was badly gutted; by uneconomical methods of treatment most of the profit from the rich ores had been lost, and the prospects were decidedly inauspicious. The management, however was changed, and with it the policy. The mill was shut down and the ore carefully sampled, sent to the smelter; the property was judiciously prospected, and administration and other expenses rigidly regulated. With the result, that this year the total expenditure is more than covered by the receipts, the net profit on the ore shipped having been $44,000, while the Company also received a royalty of 25 per cent. on $22,000, on a prospect they were able to lease. This showing from a property supposed last year to have been exhausted is certainly highly creditable to the present management.

The important announcement has been made that the War Engle-Center Star Companies of Roseland have at length completed all arrangements and plans for the immediate establishment of large concentration works in the vicinity of the properties. The site selected for the new mill is some three-quarters of a mile distant from the Trail smelter on the C. and W. Railway, and the work of erection is to be commenced here at once under the direction of Mr. Cazin, a mechanical engineer of Denver, Colorado. The works are to have an initial capacity of 200 tons a day, but arrangements will be made for economical extension as conditions demand. Meanwhile the Elmore plant at the Le Roi No. 2 should be in operation in a week or ten days' time. The only other news from Rossland is that the No. 1 mine has closed down temporary, for what reason has not yet been made public. The mine has recently produced some very rich ore. Shipments from Rossland are now being maintained at an annual rate of 400,000 tons.

In the Boundary district, the Granby smelter which was closed down for a week to permit of the installment of a new plant, has resumed operations, the four furnaces having been again blown in, and it is expected that by the first of October the full battery of six furnaces, providing for the smelting of 2,200 tons of ore daily, will be in operation.

Last week the Providence Company, operating a high grade mine near Greenwood, distributed a dividend of 52 cts. on the shares issued. It is thought that in future the mine will afford regular monthly profits.

A general resumption of operations in the Slocan district is steadily taking place. Another big mine, the Ivanhoe, having last week rejoined the list of active properties. The mine has been extensively developed, but has not yet been productive. The Idaho also has been re-opened, and a contract awarded for the installation of a new aerial tramway. There is still talk of the early erection of large smelting works at Kaslo, the project being under contemplation by both American and British capitalists. From the Slocan City Mining Division an important strike is reported in the No. 3 level of the Fisher Maiden, some remarkably rich silver ore having been encountered. An order-in-council has been passed by the Dominion Government providing for the admission into Canada for a temporary period of orange mineral dry, white and red lead, corroded out of lead produced in Canada, on payment of a duty based on the cost of corroding the pig lead, as may be determined by the Minister of Customs. Heretofore a duty of five per cent. was charged on this material.

There is much activity in the Lardeau district, which has received a great stimulus by reason of the recent new discoveries at Poplar and other creeks in that neighborhood. Another group of claims, known as the Swede, near the Lucky Jack, in this section, was sold last week at a high figure. Another important recent Lardeau "deal" was the consolidation of a dozen or more claims near Ferguson, including the Mountain Lion, Old Gold, Primrose, Treadwell, Black Warrior, Lardeau-Duncan Guinea Gold Extensions, Spring Group, Silvery Moon, Comstock, Rio Grande, Baltimore and Amazon, and their acquisition by a Minneapolis undertaking, known as the Kootenay Consolidated Mining Co.

Production from the Crow's Nest Collieries last month again shows an increase, the total being 73,000 tons, of which 19,000 tons represented the coke output. The local smelter demand for fuel is now fully supplied.

Another important "deal" is reported to have been made recently in the Similkameen, Mr. M. K. Rogers, of the Nickle Plate mine, having bonded a group of claims on Sixteen Mile Creek, for $75,000. The ore, which is said to carry good values, is bornite and chalcopyrite. There are now about a hundred prospectors in this vicinity.

In the Cariboo work is still proceeding at the Slough Creek, Ltd's property, the main shaft which is being driven to top the ancient river channels, having attained a depth of 342, while over 1,500 feet of drifting has been done to date.

On the coast, preliminary operations for the erection of buildings and ore bins have been commenced at the Britannia, while conditions on Texada Island have greatly improved. The Van Anda mines recently completed a new railway to the Cornell mine and equipped it with iron ore cars of a capacity of 4½ to 5 tons each, for the conveyance of their ores from the mines to the bunkers at their terminus on Malaspiasa Straits, from whence the mine product is conveyed by steamers to the Vancouver Island smelters. The railway is about 1½ miles long. There is some likelihood of the other numerous outcrops of copper in the vicinity being opened up in the near future. Such promising outcrops as the Jack North, Boulder Nest, Gem, Northern Spy, British Lion, Copper King, Marvel, Lorindale, and others which have been neglected, chiefly owing to the lack of capital by the owners, are likely ere long to create attention and result in the opening up of valuable properties. There are reported to be four new hoisting plants shortly erected. At the different properties now working there is estimated to be about 10,000 tons of shipping ore on the dumps.

Comments On New Minister

Mainland Papers Declare He Is the Right Man In Right Place.

Looked Upon As One Who Brings Much Strength to the Party.

The announcement that Mr. McBride has completed his cabinet by making Mr. A. S. Goodeve, of Rossland, Provincial Secretary and Minister of Education, coming just at this time will strike the opposition between wind and water, says the News-Advertiser. The fact that there was one vacant seat in the provincial cabinet; one portfolio which had no minister to take charge of it, furnished the oppositioi with one item for criticism which they rolled contentedly as a sweet morsel under their tongue. Perhaps they rather outmanoeuvred themselves in regard to it when they went so far as to send a delegation to the lieutenant-governor with a request—or rather a demand but thinly veiled—that he would dismiss Mr. McBride unless he filled the position without delay. Of course, they never desired that their request should be granted because such a course would deprive them of what, with a little sophistry, could be made to appear almost a constitutional crime and we know how like the old lady's "b.essed word Mesopotamia" anything that can be pictured as a wrong on the constitution excites indignation just in proportion to the ignorance of what is meant by such a charge.

Now Mr. McBride has taken just that step which the opposition devoutly desired he should not take, and has filled up his cabinet. Moreover, he has done so in a most unexceptional manner. Mr. Goodeve, the gentleman selected for the position, is in every way fitted to fill it in a manner creditable to himself and with advantage to the province. He will also represent—we use this term because his election is conceded—one of the most important constituencies in the Interior, a matter not of small import in the distribution of ministerial positions.

As mayor of Rossland and in other positions of trust and in the gift of his fellow-citizens, Mr. Goodeve has justified the expectations formed by his friends in their selection of him for honor at their hands. Now that he has been called to take a part in the highest council in the province, we have no doubt that time will show that in selecting him for a colleague the Premier acted wisely and in the best interests of the country. And last but not least is the satisfaction that every sympathetic Conservative must feel that the Liberal jeremiads over a constitution violated will no louger be heard in the land.

The Conservatives of Rossland are to be congratulated and commended upon their choice of a candidate for the legislature, says the Nelson Economist. Mr. A. S. Goodeve is a reputable and successful merchant, a man of unblemished reputation and noted for sound sense and intelligence. It is in the election of such men that the hope of the province lies. We have suffered long enough from the professional politician whose vote is known to be always for sale and who have in the past been numerous enough to bring the whole legislative body into disrepute. Happily the majority of the Conservative candidates (we are very sorry that we cannot say all), are of the same class as Mr. Goodeve.

AUTOMOBILE ACCIDENT.

Havre, Sept. 19.—Van Fleet Saddler, described as an American tourist, while riding in an automobile down a steep street in the town of Bolbre, near here, lost control of his machine and collided with the sidewalk. Saddler and his wife were pitched out. Saddler's knee was broken and his face badly injured, and Mrs. Saddler sustained some contusions.

New Port Captain.—Capt. George H. Pierce, of San Francisco, has been appointed port captain for Seattle, of the Pacific Coast Steamship Company. Capt. Pierce will probably not remain long as port captain, as he has been offered the command of the great steamship Minnesota, one of the mammoth vessels James J. Hill is building on the Atlantic. He went East in July in connection with the mastership of the Minnesota, but as she will not be in commission for some time, he returned. Capt. Pierce has been a deep sea sailor and in the steamship service for about a quarter of a century.

PRESS COMMENT.

Everybody will be pleased if the Canadian Manufacturers Association at its forthcoming meeting in Toronto will suggest a means for abating the nuisance of United States currency circulating in Canada. It is a difficult matter to deal with, because the money is brought here by tourists and travelers from the other side, and accepted at its face value by hotelkeepers and merchants. So long as the money can always be realized on dealers will, of course, accept it rather than send customers next door. The banks withdraw the bills from circulation, but the silver remains and constitutes the principal part of the nuisance. Canadian bills and silver do not circulate in the United States because the public there refuse to take them in change. From the border states, where the railways, hotels and merchants accept Canadian money, it goes no further, but is sent back to Canada, whereas business people on this side put it in circulation. In fact, they make a point of getting rid of it to every one that comes along. It is not legal tender, and would soon disappear, if the public were to follow the example of the street railway and refuse to accept it. Many do this and have no trouble in getting the right change. Sir Francis Hincks put a stop to the silver nuisance in 1867. He reduced its value by act of parliament. As the law stands United States silver is not current in Canada. Whoever accepts it does so at his own risk.—Montreal Witness.

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