

POLITICS IN FAR WEST

TALES OF HOT CAMPAIGNS IN THE KOOTENAYS.

How Bill Gallier of Nelson Ran For Yale-Cariboo Against Chris. Foley—His Conspicuous Boiled Shirt Prejudiced Him Among the Miners, But His Ready Wit Saved the Day.

Rossland was still a pretty breezy mining camp, along in 1900, when big Bill Gallier, then residing in Nelson, first presented himself before the electors of Yale-Cariboo, as a candidate for Federal honors in the general election.

To know the genial William was to like him, whatever one's politics, but when he stood on a Rossland platform in this campaign, for the first time, he was up against a hard proposition. Both the other fellows were Rossland men. The small section of Rossland free to have opinions on any subject which were not the opinions of the Miners' Union were largely Conservative, and the Conservative standard-bearer was John McKane, who afterwards made some millions in Tonopah, Nevada.

The other candidate in the 1900 campaign for Yale-Cariboo, was Chris. Foley, the acknowledged leader of the Miners' Union element throughout the mining country.

Mr. Gallier had arrived in the afternoon from Nelson, and in the evening faced an audience, to most of whom he was not known, and which was distinctly hostile. He started off well enough, but the chilly atmosphere soon caused him to hang out some signals of distress. His explanation of his regard for miners and their interests, though he was professionally connected with mining companies prominent in hostile action to the miners' views, were, to say the least, received coldly. People used to say in British Columbia in those days that the rule for political speakers in British Columbia, no matter what their political camp, was: "When in doubt, slug the Chinamen."

It may not be altogether out of fashion yet, but probably Japs and Hindoos would be added. It may be that this came into Mr. Gallier's mind at this stage, for he proceeded with a noticeable increase of fluency and verve, to tell the electors what drastic measures of exclusion and restriction he was prepared to advocate to keep British Columbia a white man's country. Except in Sandon, where no Chinese were allowed, Chinamen in those days did all the laundry work in the mining camps, as well as sawing wood, raising garden truck and some other employments considered beneath the dignity of white men.

Part of Mr. Gallier's trouble before his Rossland audience of flannel-shirted miners may have been a rather conspicuous and expansive white shirt front, which was the cause of an interruption from the audience, at this point in his remarks.

"Say! Who washed that shirt?" The speaker paused for just a perceptible moment, when with a smile he replied:

"Friend, it's brand new!"

When the votes were counted after the election, Rossland showed up well for Gallier, and it may be that his ready wit on this occasion had something to do with it.

In 1896 things were just getting a gait on and the camp included miners and prospectors from mining camps all the way from Mexico north to the international boundary. There were hotels, saloons, stores and surveying and mining brokers' offices forming a kind of a main street, which is now Columbia avenue, and Sour Dough alley, parallel to it, where First avenue is now, was a strange medley of little shacks of all kinds, where Chinamen and white men elbowed each other in still less pretentious quarters. Klockman's International Saloon and Music Hall, always respectable and law-abiding for a mining camp, would contain on any week-day evening a curious collection of all sorts and conditions of men from all corners of the earth.

John Kirkup, the Mining Recorder, who always looms large in any of the early history of Rossland, was the sole representative of the majesty of British law. A poor, lone, elderly woman who had drifted into the camp from somewhere and had a small shack among the firs on the edge of the settlement was trying to make a living keeping chickens—eggs were anywhere from 60 cents a dozen up.

A couple of prospectors from one of the Coeur d'Alene camps in Idaho, who lived in an adjoining shack, were suspected by her of having stolen some of her chickens, and thus having seriously reduced her only means of existence in a hard winter season. A mining camp may contain rough elements, and, as Service says of the men of the Yukon—

"Desperate, strong and resistless, Unhobbled by fear or defeat, Only the strong shall survive." But in the conflict women and children are barred.

The poor old lady appealed to my informant who advised her to go down and see Kirkup. The result was a visit to her shack the same afternoon from Mr. Kirkup, who being an old policeman and detective, soon discovered some chicken feathers around the back of the prospectors' cabin. Kirkup walked into the cabin unannounced and asked:

"You boys been having any chicken soup lately?"

Without waiting for a reply he said:

"I want you both to come down to my office (everybody knew John Kirkup—the biggest man in the camp) at nine to-morrow morning, sharp."

The "boys" started to pack up that night and struck south for the Coeur d'Alene before daylight.

HEIGHT OF WAVES.

When the Billows of the Ocean Run "Mountain High."

That ocean waves run "mountain high" no one ever believed until he was very credulous indeed. The phrase is a highly exaggerated figure of speech. But the observations of keepers of lighthouses in exposed situations have proved that waves run high enough in great storms to make very respectable hills. Some years ago the steamer that carried supplies to the lighthouse on Tillamook rock, on the coast of Oregon, U.S.A., was able to make a landing and establish communication with the light keepers after a series of storms only by strenuous endeavors covering a period of six weeks.

The waves of the Pacific had torn away the wharfs and other constructions on the rock, even carrying off timbers which were riveted to the rock. As yet, however, the lantern had remained untouched.

But the storm increased, the waves rose in height and soon dashed against the lantern, which was 150 feet above the level of the sea. Finally the water washed over the top of the lighthouse, going in through the ventilators overhead.

The keepers were compelled to work desperately all night long to keep the lamp lighted. They were continually in fear that the lights in the glasses looking seaward would be broken in by the force of the waves and that they themselves should be washed out into the sea to certain death. But the iron lattice-work outside the windows saved the panes from destruction.

The light keepers, who were old sailors, affirmed that no experience on shipboard could be as horrible as this long struggle with the storm at the summit of the lighthouse. They would have been glad to take refuge even in a frail ship.

The Tillamook light had on previous occasions been washed over completely by waves. The same thing happened to the Eddystone light, off the coast of England, and to the light at Fleaux-de-Brechet, off the coast of France, both of which are about 150 feet in height.

It seems well established, therefore, that waves may mount to a height 150 feet above the general level. —New York World.

Where Incense Comes From.

Deputy Consul General Hubert G. Baugh, of Tien Tsin, China, makes the following report on Chinese incense sticks:

The basis of the incense sticks manufactured in North China is the bark of the elm tree (*Clumus campestris* or *Ulmus macrocarpa*), which, when ground into a powder and mixed with water forms a very sticky substance suitable to be made into sticks. These elm trees grow in all parts of this section of China. The cheapest grades of sticks are composed wholly of elm bark, but, as the odor of this is not very pleasing, perfumes of various kinds are usually added. A great variety of substances are used for this latter purpose, the cheapest of which is sandalwood. Prices vary from four bunches for a cent to two sticks for a cent (equal to two cents local or silver currency).

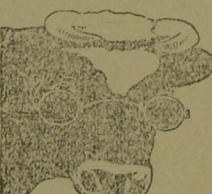
Tibetan incense is the most valuable of all, and is used almost exclusively by the Imperial Court. It comes usually in long, thick sticks, and what remains of these after the ceremony in which they are used is completed is eagerly sought after. The cheapest variety of Tibetan incense comes in thin sticks of great length, sold for from 2 1/2 to 5 cents a stick, while the larger sticks probably cost as high as from \$1 to \$2 each. The Chinese say that a test by which the genuineness of Tibetan incense can be determined is that the smoke goes up to a considerable height without being affected by winds.

Siberia Leads.

Ontario butter makers may have to "get a move on" if they are not to be outdone by the Siberians. Commissioner Ruddick tells the dairy convention at Brantford that the export from Siberia is now only exceeded by the Danish, and has become a menace to the Canadian output. The railway there has opened up a great dairying region, where the peasants live primitively and are able to make butter at a price ruinous to the Canadian industry. The one hope is in the quality. Canada by improved methods and uniform conditions may preserve her position, not otherwise.—London Free Press.

The Most Popular Railway Man.

Sir Frederick Harrison, who, it is announced, will shortly retire from the position of general manager of the London and Northwestern Railway Co., might well be described as such. The company has a capital of \$225,000,000 and gross earnings of \$75,000,000 annually. So that it may be readily imagined Sir Frederick's position is no sinecure. Merely by his own efforts has Sir Frederick reached to the highest post open to him. Forty-four years ago he entered the service of the company as a clerk at Shrewsbury, and step by step worked his way up the ladder of promotion.



The Tenderfoot Farmer

It was one of these experimental farmers, who put green spectacles on his cow and fed her shavings. His theory was that it didn't matter what the cow ate so long as she was fed. The questions of digestion and nourishment had not entered into his calculations.

It's only a "tenderfoot" farmer that would try such an experiment with a cow. But many a farmer feeds himself for all the good he gets out of his food. The result is that the stomach grows "weak" the action of the organs of digestion and nutrition are impaired and the man suffers the miseries of dyspepsia and the agonies of nervousness.

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EFFORT BY PROXY.

Involuntary Attempts to Help Athletes at Exciting Moments.

In pictures of athletic competitions, chiefly hurdle races and high jumps, an occasional spectator is seen in a queer posture.

If it is a picture of an athlete leaping, ten chances to one the spectator has involuntarily raised his right leg, twisting his body in automatic expression of a desire to help the jumper. With hurdle race photographs this often may be noticed, too, and in the case of sprinters not a few men stand with faces twisted up and holding the breath in correct imitation of the athlete actually competing.

So, too, with football views. In one of a big game there was a photograph of a man on the side line watching a tackle who was crouching down in almost exact imitation of a waiting defense man who was shown at the moment making ready for his leap at the runner.

Men who follow athletics know how involuntary this is. One athletic trainer has appeared in hundreds of pictures as watching some one of his charges high jumping, with his leg swung out just as if he were making the leap himself. There is a sort of relief for the feeling of trying to help the jumper in swinging the leg up so, and almost any person is likely to find himself doing it instinctively.

It may be noticed at prizefights that some men go through the entire battle punch for punch, crossing and countering an imaginary opponent as they watch the struggle before them. Men drive and ride horses in races from the stand, making the effort in the stretch along with the jockey of their fancy. This is one of the well known features among the race crowd where there are many "grand stand riders." In wrestling matches almost any one will try, purely by instinct, to help the athlete who is down and who is bridging desperately to avoid the fall.

And yet there is rarely enough telepathic suggestion in the air surcharged with desire to bring about a result different from what naturally might be expected at the moment when the greatest wish for something else is born—that is to say, the high jumper doesn't necessarily clear the bar, nor the sprinter squeeze out the inch or so that he needs, nor the jockey whip his mount in for the head that means victory.

Eugene Sue's Vanity.

Notwithstanding the extraordinary literary success which he enjoyed when his works were the vogue, Eugene Sue posed much more as a man of fashion than a man of letters. After his dinner at the Cafe de Paris he would gravely stand on the steps smoking his cigar and listening to the conversation with an air of superiority without attempting to take part in it. His mind was supposed to be far away, devising schemes for the social and moral improvement of his fellow creatures. These philanthropic musings did not prevent him from paying a great deal of attention—too much perhaps—to his personal appearance, for even in those days of beaus, bucks and dandies, of Counts d'Orsay and others, men could not help thinking Eugene Sue overdressed.

Umbrella Etiquettes in Turkey.

In China ladies are attended by servants who hold umbrellas over their heads. The Chinese and Japanese introduce both the umbrella and parasol into their decorative work and athletic sports. In western Turkey it is necessary to close an umbrella on meeting people of high rank, and a European traveler who was passing one of the palaces of the sultan was nearly run through by the guard before he comprehended that he must put down the open umbrella he carried. Every one passing the actual residence of the sultan lowers his umbrella as a salutation to "the brother of the sun and the moon."

An Old Idea.

Macaulay was not the first man to frame the famous image of the man of a new civilization standing amid the ruins of that which we know to-day. Long before he wrote of his traveler from New Zealand meditating upon London bridge Mrs. Barbauld had used the same image, with the difference that she applied it to Blackfriars bridge. An earlier reviewer had used it in an article published in 1767, we are told by an English commentator, and Horace Walpole says in one of his letters, "At last some curious traveler from Lima will visit England and give a description of the ruins of the city."

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A ROYAL DESPOT.

Württemberg Prince Who Sold His Subjects Like Cattle.

Cruel and despotic were some of the petty princes who ruled the fatherland before the Napoleonic wars swept them away. Charles Eugene of Wurttemberg, born in 1728, died in 1793 and during his sixty-five years of life tormented his parents, his wives and his subjects. His first consort, Fredericka of Beyreuth, was worthy of him. When entering Wurttemberg soon after their marriage the girls threw masses of flowers in front of them. "What do those dogs want?" the princess asked her husband. They were always quarreling and never spoke to each other without snarling. The prince was always short of money and sold 6,000 of his subjects to England to raise the wind. He took the poor wretches from the fields, clapped a uniform on them and sent them to their destination as if they were cattle. Once he called all the young men of a certain district before him and made the following speech: "My brave boys, do you want to go to fight in the ranks of the English heroes against the savages of the continent?" No reply was made for the moment. Then a number of the youths stepped forward, and one of them said, "We do not want to be sold like sheep." The prince promptly gave orders for two of them to be seized, put against a wall and shot at once. Then while the blood was running from the mutilated bodies of the two unfortunates the prince by divine right said: "Run away. You see I do not want to impose my will on you. I think of your welfare like a father does of his children. You want to fight by the side of the valorous English." All consented. Schiller heard his father tell this story, and he himself related it in a scene of one of his plays.

Phil May's Drawings.

The late Phil May was popularly supposed to be the "lightning artist" par excellence of England. It is quite true that he could draw many wonderful things "straight off." But when a subject had been chosen for a Punch illustration many drawings were made from a model or models who first had to be discovered. By a process of selection each drawing of the subject bore fewer lines. When the drawing was published most of those who looked at it thought that it had been done with a few rapid strokes of the pen, whereas it probably represented a week's hard work.

Bank of England Watchers.

When you enter the Bank of England by any door four pairs of eyes watch you, though you are unaware of this fact. Situated close to the doors are hiding places in which are four guardians of the bank. You cannot see them, but they can watch you with the aid of reflecting mirrors in which they can see your entrance and exit and every movement from the time you enter the portals of wealth to the moment you leave them.

Slapped Thief's Face.

A mean thief who snatched a sales girl's wages was chased through the crowds on Yonge street, Toronto, recently and compelled to give up the money to the owner, who slapped his face. This plucky girl was Clara Stoseoff, who is employed in a Yonge street store.

As she was leaving the store about six o'clock with her pay envelope in her hand a young man suddenly darted towards her and grabbed for the money. She closed her hand so tightly on the envelope that the highwayman in his hurry was only able to get half of it. He ran up Yonge street closely followed by the girl, who managed to seize him before he got to the corner of Shuter street. There she demanded the other half of the envelope, and as he handed it over to her she gave him a slap across the face. The thief disappeared in the crowd and has not been captured.

Too Heavy For Boats.

Grain has been brought into Port Arthur in such unprecedented quantities this last few months that the fleet of gain boats, large though it was, was unable to cope with the large influx of wheat.

Nearly a quarter of a million bushels was the average daily toll of grain that was carried up into the huge Port Arthur tanks from the cars that bring it in from western wheat fields.

Fight For Pelts.

The Revillon Brothers are the great competitors of the Hudson Bay Co. in the Northwest. They have been in there now five years, and have made competition pretty keen between the two companies for the trade with the Indians. The Hudson Bay Co. has to get a hustle on and get after the business, and the Indians are getting the whole benefit of the competition.

King Edward's Pet Dog.

The wire-haired fox-terrier Caesar, which accompanies King Edward on nearly all his travels, and whose collar in graven words proclaims: "I am Caesar. I belong to the King," joined His Majesty's entourage five years ago, on the death of his celebrated predecessor Jack. He had hardly been a week in the Royal Household when he received a drubbing from an irritable old lady in Paris, where the King was visiting. Caesar, while roaming the Tuilleries Gardens, "went for" the old lady's French poodle, whose owner sharply retaliated with her umbrella. "It is the King's dog!" exclaimed a horrified official. "The King's dog, is it?" retorted the peevish old lady, flourishing her weapon more ferociously than ever. "Then so much the worse for the King!"

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