THE DESPATCH

VOL. II. No. 22. MORRISSEY MINES, FRIDAY, APRIL 29, 1904. WHOLE No. 48

THE...

MINERS'

...HOTEL

THE MINER'S HOME . . .

. . . WHEN DOWN TOWN

FINEST WINES, LIQUORS AND CIGARS.

Table Unsurpassed.

P. H. WILLSON

Morrissey Mines, - - B. C.

THE BIG STORE

House Furnishings.

We Have Just Opened Up

a fine assortment of Turkish, Brussels and Tapestry Rugs. All sizes.

Lace and Chinelle Curtains, Carpets and Linoleums.

Spring is here, and house furnishings is the order of the day. We can supply your wants.

A Snap---Fine Rugs, 3 x 5 feet, only 50c. each.

Trites-Wood Co., Limited

W. J. BLUNDELL, Mgr. Morrissey Mines.

CIGARS
TOBACCO and
SOFT DRINKS
At the
F. S. CIGAR STORE,
Two doors South of Post Office.
F. Sliger, Prop.

Shoe Repairs

neatly and promptly executed. Urgent work done on short notice. Down town footwear will receive our attention if left at F. Sliger's cigar store.

No. 42. . . . A. BOWDEN

Two blocks above the post-office, Tonkin.

CITY BAKERY

In thanking the Miners and Public of Tonkin for their liberal patronage, I beg to inform them that FRESH BREAD can always be had at 5 cents per loaf at The Trites-Wood Co., the Big Store; at the Crow's Nest Trading Co.; or at Moncuso's Italian Store.

Orders promptly attended to. Liberal discount made on all orders to hotels and boarding houses.

PAUL JENSEN

Have Closed Down.

The mines here, as also at the other collieries, Coal Creek and Michel are practically closed down at present. The reason why the Great Northern are not taking any more coal is not made public, but it is surmised that there is something going on beneath the surface, perhaps the use of pressure to accomplish a purpose.

It is well known now that the coal at Morrissey is excellent and just what Hill wants. Is he after the ownership or control of this colliery?

How long the shut-down will continue is not known, but indications point to some weeks of it. Work on the company's cottages and coke ovens continues, however, and it is shown in a number of ways that this camp will be going ahead as expected this summer, in fact there is reason to believe the company intend building fifty more cottages here, which, if true, is an evidence that they expect a great many men here.

We are assured of the excellent quality of coke turned out here, and have been informed that the ovens here, of different build to Michel and Coal Creek, are superior and most satisfactory. A thorough test of the ovens at each colliery is to be made at once, and, as the construction work on those at Michel is stopped, the result of this test may be depended upon to decide whether the work of that build will continue or not.

Something definite in regard to the recent surprise will doubtless be learned soon.

Change of Rifle Range Site.

The danger to parties fishing or hunting along the creek in having the rifle range located where the committee purposed, a short time ago, it should be, has been brought to the notice of the club, quite a kick being registered, with the result that the range will have a new location.

The new site will be north of town across the C. N. R. track, about ten minutes' walk from down town, and is said to be in several ways preferable to the one first decided upon. The Co. have been asked for permission to build the range there, as it is on their property, and we learn that such permission has been granted. The work of constructing butts and targets will be commenced at once.

An Enterprising Successful Daily.

The Winnipeg Free Press is now having a new press installed, the one put in three years ago, having a capacity of 20,000 eight-page papers per hour, being inadequate to handle the rapidly growing and metropolitan circulation. The new machine is a Hoe latest improved quadruple newspaper perfecting press with color attachment, capable of printing 48,000 eight-page or 12,000 thirty-two page papers per hour, simultaneously printing, folding, pasting and counting the papers in lots of fifty.

The special feature of the new press is the color attachment, which will enable the Free Press, should it so desire, to print certain pages in as many as four different colors and produce color supplements similar to the large American journals, a press in this particular superior to any other in Canada.

The Free Press is a credit to the west and to Canada, being one of the largest newspapers in the Dominion, with not less than sixteen pages every day and thirty-two on Saturday, and can be proud of the fact that it has a larger advertising patronage than any other newspaper in Canada.

Social at Elko.

On Tuesday evening next, Mar. 3, a social will be held under the auspices of the Church of England at Elko. An interesting program has been arranged and an enjoyable time is expected. All are invited. Admission free. Baskets auctioned.

Burrows Out in the Ninth.

The glove contest between Jack Curley and Jim Burrows, in Fernie on Saturday evening last, resulted in a victory for Curley in the ninth round.

The contest was speedy from the start, Curley having the best of it from the third round. Both men took considerable punishment, and each sustained a cut over the eye. Quite a lot of money changed hands over the result, the miners backing Burrows heavily, and the amount won and lost is conservatively estimated at $8,000.

Freight Engine Derailed.

An east-bound freight train ran into a slide just as it was coming down, about a mile and a half east of the Junction, Tuesday morning, causing the engine to be thrown off the track and burying the railway for a distance of a hundred feet.

The slide occurred about 8:30 a.m., and an eyewitness states that he saw the bank beginning to go, first some loose stones and earth with a shivering of the trees and shrubs high up the slope, as he got there walking on his way from the Junction to Fernie. He judged that he would have time to get across safely and did, hearing an approaching train and intending to stop it as the slide was imminent, but, on account of the curve, he could not see the train, which proved to be coming from behind. The engine of the freight was struck by the rush of mud and rock which came down just then and it was shovel off the track being turned sideways, about a hundred feet of the track ahead being covered from 10 to 20 feet deep with mud, rock and small trees.

The Morrissey section gang and yardmen from Fernie came down at once, about thirty in all, and they worked all day, the track being clear at 11 o'clock that night.

Post-office Closing Earlier.

The post-office will close at 4 o'clock in the afternoon instead of 4:30 after the 1st of May, to allow time to make the mail ready and convey it to the Junction under the new system. Tonkin post-office will close at 3:30.

Important Sale of Coal Lands.

An important sale of coal lands was concluded in Nelson on Thursday, when the Alberta Coal & Coke company sold outright all their coal lands at Cowley, Alberta, to Emmanuel Restor, of London, England, and John H. Thornburn, of Edinburgh, Scotland. James Rutherford, of Kaslo, who is now on his way out from the old country, engineered the deal, which was finally concluded and all the documents signed in the office of P. E. Willson yesterday, says the Nelson Tribune.

The sale is an absolute one and the purchase price is said to be $100,000 and full payment of all sums due by the company to the dominion government on account of the lands in question.

The sum of $12,500 cash was paid over yesterday and this is to be applied on moneys due the government.

The second payment, one of $25,000 is payable on June 15th next.

The lands sold consist of 6400 acres at Cowley, on the line of the C.P.R. just east of Frank. They were acquired from the dominion government with the right to purchase two years ago, and lie to the north of the railway track. Breckenridge & Lund's coal land is on the other side of the track.

A English company has been floated to develop the coal lands, with a capital of $750,000, of which $450,000 has already been underwritten. An English engineer will come out in June and development will be at once started and vigorously proceeded with.

The directors of the Alberta Coal and Coke company, the vendors, are: W. O. Applequist, Donald McLeod, H. McLeod, H. T. Irvine, Harry Wright, M.P.P., and P. E. Wilson. These gentlemen practically control the stock of the concern.

Spine Shattered by Bullet.

A sad shooting accident occurred in Fernie on Saturday evening last when John McLeod, a boy of 16 years, was shot in the back with a 22 rifle.

The victim of the accident, who was employed in the office of Herchmer & Herchmer, in company with another lad, Chapman by name, employed by P. Burns & Co., were out in the latter firm's stable behind the store and, according to Chapman's story, were playing with the rifle which had been left out there, when in some way it exploded, McLeod being shot in the back. Chapman went for help and the doctor soon arrived, who had the injured boy taken to the hospital, where the lower part of the body was found to be paralized from the wound down, the bullet having entered from behind and shattered the spinal cord. Little hope is entertained for the boy's recovery, and he is expect to die at any time.

The boys do not tell the same story of the gun discharging, McLeod stating that he was looking out of the back window and knew nothing about the riffle being out there.

The unfortunate boy's father, John McLeod, was killed in the explosion two years ago, and this incident is made all the more sad on that account.

ADDITIONAL LOCALS.

A number of business men are fencing in their back yards, and getting rid of loose evidence of recent building operations.

The suspension foot-bridge across the Elk at the Junction has been raised about five feet this week and is now safe from the danger of highwater.

It is reported that arrangements have been made this week by an official of the Great Northern to pass horses and construction implements through the customs at Gateway.

The machinery for the new sawmill of Grady, Owman and Carlson about a mile from the Junction town is now on the site, and the foundation of the mill has been built. They have excellent timber on the property, and purpose manufacturing shingles, but will do no cutting until their right to the property is assured.

An explosion about midnight Wednesday was heard down town as well as in Tonkin and many wakened sleepers wondered why. Italians—spree—dynamite—same old cant. It shook the town, broke seventeen windows in the Co.'s cottages near by, and threw stones and gravel over houses a hundred yards away.

James Cameron returned from the Flathead by way of Jennings on Wednesday. The party went in from Belton, Mont., taking pack horses from there up to the objective point, over sixty miles. There was four feet of snow on the summit they crossed, and the route was not as favorable, we understand, in the matter of distance or ease of travel, as from Morrissey down. They staked some forty claims for Cranbrook people, without regard to whether there were previous stakings or not.

John Young, of Tonkin, has recently been given judgment in a case for damages, involving unlawful imprisonment and arm broken by policeman, against the City of Kalispell and Flathead county, for $10,000. The plaintiff was arrested and detained in jail unlawfully for four months ending December, 1902, and treated by the doctor there for injuries to his arm while being arrested. The case was transferred from Montana to Idaho and then Washington, with accumulating costs, until at the settlement Mr. Young, having paid his lawyers' fees and costs, has $1,800 to the good. He is pleased that it is over, however.

SOLDIER AND WRITER.

Col. Younghusband, British Commissioner to Thibet—Grand Lama Made Formal Protest Against 4,000 Soldiers.

The English military expedition into Thibet escorting Colonel Francis E. Younghusband, British Commissioner, will probably meet no opposition from the grand lama beyond the formal protest already made.

The expedition consists of 4,000 soldiers, with mountain guns and Maxims, and thousands of carriers and transport animals. Colonel J. L. R. Macdonald, who is the military commander of the mission, has had much experience in fighting the hill tribes of India and served as director of railways on the staff of the

COL. F. E. YOUNGHUSBAND.

China expedition of 1900-01. The British troops are equipped with Canadian fur coats and colored glasses to protect their eyes from the glare of the snow.

The difficulties of the campaign will be very great. Thibet is really a part of the Himalaya mountains, and the British soldiers must pass through terrific ravines and along narrow mountain paths. One of the dangers to be guarded against is the rock avalanches with which the Thibetans from time immemorial have been wont to repel their foes. The rocks are gathered at the top of a mountain and arranged on a platform that is held up by a bean tied with ropes. When the enemy is at a spot just under the trap the Thibetans cut the ropes and let the stones fall down on the part below.

Colonel F. E. Younghusband, British Commissioner and chief in command of the expedition, not only has an enviable reputation as a soldier and traveler, but also as a writer.

The French Deputy's Perquisites.

A French deputy receives a salary of 9,000 francs. He also receives free railway transportation and free luncheons at the bar of the Palais Bourbon, where many a lawmaker spends more time than he does in the Salle des Seances. Some are accused of taking all their meals at the free lunch counter. A deputy even gets at reduced rates a special brand of cigar which is called "cigare de deputes." With these cigars he treats his influential constituents. In spite of all these privileges there have been many complaints that unless he has a large personal income a deputy cannot live decently. Therefore many members of parliament when they are not well to do have to make up for the insufficiency of their pay by contributing to newspapers or pleading in the courts.—Century.

An Explanation.

"Ma, what's a romance in real life?"

"You listen to your pa when he complains of having a terrible headache the next time I ask him to go to church. That 'll be one."—Chicago Record-Herald.

Needless Fears.

Dinah Ebony—Aunty, de papers say mebby de black plague will come to dis country.

Aunt Ebony—Don't you worry 'bout dat, honey. It won't show on us.—New York Weekly.

Ayer's

If your blood is thin and impure, you are miserable all the time. It is pure, rich blood that invigorates, strengthens, refreshes. You certainly know

Sarsaparilla

the medicine that brings good health to the home, the only medicine tested and tried for 60 years. A doctor's medicine.

"I owe my life, without doubt, to Ayer's Sarsaparilla. It is the most wonderful medicine in the world for nervousness. My cure is permanent, and I cannot thank you enough."
MRS. DELIA MCWELL, Newark, N. J.

$1.00 a bottle. All druggists. J. C. AYER CO., Lowell, Mass.

for Poor Health

Laxative doses of Ayer's Pills each night greatly aid the Sarsaparilla.

A GREAT DISTURBER.

ABBE M. MOVEUX, OBSERVATORY OF BOURGES, ON THE SUN.

Influence of Sun Spots in Recent Electrical Disturbances Again Show Him Supreme—Earth Bound to His Life—Registering Instruments Now Mark All the Varied Phases of His Existence.

The interesting communication of M. Flammarion on the recent electrical disturbances presumably connected with sun spots has shown the interest which attaches to studies of the sun. Not only is the sun the grand promoter of terrestrial accidents, but it is he who rules the life of planets and each of the tributaries of this giant world has its counter stroke on our tiny globe, in gravitation at a distance of thirty-seven milliards of leagues. We are then bound to his life and our registering instruments mark all the phases of his existence.

Many spots show themselves on the disk, of the greatest of which we give a picture taken in the Observatory of Bourges, measuring no less than 40,000 kilometres. It is a very beautiful formation, quite regular in form. It broke up some few days after photograph was taken.

From all parts clouds of fire seem to try to encroach upon them, but the fiery furnace, where above all masses of hydrogen and of unknown gases are burning, resists every threatened invasion.

Everywhere distorted tongues of fire, with ejections sparkling like gold infusion, dart their drops of gas, which are immediately consumed in contact with the mass.

On the 13th December it passed to the central meridian. That was the day on which one could expect some telegraphic troubles. The telephones alone implied a weak perturbation, but the magnetic needle, shaken anew as on October 12 and 31, showed oscillations measured in the observatory of the Val-Joyeux at more than one degree.

In the article of M. Flammarion,

TYPE OF CLOUDS OF FIERY RAIN INVADING THE SUN'S POLAR REGIONS AND GIVING RISE TO MAGNETIC STORMS ON THE EARTH.

mentioned above, the eminent astronomer asked whence proceeded these manifestations, and he concluded that neither the spots nor the rings gave an exact coincidence.

Our sun is a variable star of the same class as the stars of this kind observed in the heavens. Before arriving at a definite condensation, at its final incrustation, each star seems to oscillate by emitting all kinds of rays, by successive strokes, so to speak.

In the heavens are found examples of all periods from a few hours up to years. A star in the southern Fly has a period of scarcely a day, while Mira Ceti shows a period of nearly a year.

As the stars grow older these vital pulsations seem to become weaker, as in an organic body, and the pulsations diminish while increasing their duration.

Everybody knows of the excellent apparatus, due to M. Marey, which registers the pulsations of the waves of blood. Well, the pulsations of the stars, considered proportionately, are of the same kind.

From time to time our pulsations increase, the heart beats faster, the temperature increases in our organs; it is the same way with the suns.

Our sun is a variable star of long period. The pulsations increase in amplitude about every eleven years, and the curves may be compared. At these epochs of maximum activity a sudden fever seizes upon our central star, and we have shown in the "Probleme Solaire" that the temperature undergoes the same increase. The labors of Sir Norman Lockyer have established these facts since then with an abundance of very convincing proofs.

Gaseous bodies in the sun in its normal state break up at high temperatures and give to the spectrum analysis new rays of substances unknown on the earth.

The dates of the last maxims of activity are 1848.1, 1860.1, 1870.6, 1883 and 1893, and the next maximum will occur in 1905.

The minima have been 1856, 1867, 1889 and 1901.5, and the next minimum will occur about 1912. The increases, as in cardiac pulsations, are more abrupt than the decreases. But a point that is very curious and toward which attention should be directed is that the sun is attacked every thirty-three or thirty-five years by a veritable fever of eruptions.

We know that together with the sun spots are noted phenomena quite as interesting and much more general. These are the protuberances, a kind of eruption probably of electric origin.

All of a sudden burning jets are projected from the solar surface, reaching in a few minutes almost incredible heights.

Protuberances have been observed 220,000 kilometres in height, and Young was successful in measuring a protuberance of 300,000 kilometres, having a velocity estimated at 267 kilometres a second.

Raspighi has declared that he proved the fact that some velocities were as high as 600, 700 and even 800 kilometres a second. In general these great velocities were found in the equatorial region of the sun, where the spots are most abundant.

They accompany nearly always the greater spots and undergo marked recrudescence during the period of eleven years. At these moments of continual effervescence each point of the solar surface in the lower latitudes emits vapors analogous to those which arise from terrestrial volcanoes.

These are the strange and inexplicable eruptions in which prevail largely hydrogen, helium, calcium, iron, barium and other elements, all reduced to a state of incandescent vapor.

Little by little they cover a larger part of the sun, and sometimes they are observed in the direction of the poles of the solar body. They form then immense aigrettes, quite analogous to those which discharge themselves from the negative poles of electric machines.

During these intervals the condensation of the sun continues by successive degrees of impetus, and the three pulsations, so to speak, of phenomena of another kind appear in the polar regions.

To these phenomena the name of quiescent protuberances has been given, but they are really immense masses of clouds from which there descend upon the solar surface veritable whirlwinds and torrents of molten metal.

These phenomena, following the intermediary periods, attain vast proportions every successive thirty-three or thirty-five years. The last phase of this character occurred in 1870, and it is expected that its recurrence will mark the year 1905.

It is further a remarkable fact that these magnetic disturbances are all grouped together in the years which occur about one year before the maxima of sun spots.

These disturbances throughout the periods of thirty-three or thirty-five years are interrupted each successive period of three years or more. Thus there will probably be magnetic displays during 1904, 1905 and probably 1906.

Then the solar fever will decrease and greater atmospheric calm will probably prevail on our globe. Our meteorology itself proves this, and it is certain that the seasons will progress more in accordance with a normal standard. The pulse of the sun finally will assume a more regular beat, and natural order will be restored—for some years.—Abbe M. Moreux, Observatory of Bourges, France.

THE ROAD TO HEALTH

Lies Through Rich, Red Blood And Strong Nerves.

Debility is a word that fairly expresses many ailments under one name. Poor blood, weak nerves, impaired digestion, loss of flesh. No energy, no ambition, listless and indifferent. This condition is perhaps the penalty of overwork, or the result of neglected health. You must regain your health or succumb entirely. There is just one absolutely sure way to do this—take Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. These pills will bring you new life, fill every vein with rich, red blood, restore elasticity to the step, the glow of health to the wan cheek; they will inspire you with new energy and supply the vital force of mind and body.

There is not a corner of the civilized World where Dr. Williams' Pink Pills have not brought health and hope and happiness to some weak, debilitated, despairing person. If you have not used the pills yourself, ask your neighbors and they will tell you these statements are solemn truth. Mr. Charles Saulnier, Corberrie, N. S., says: "I was very much run down and so weak I could hardly work. It seemed as though my blood was little better than water. I tried several medicines, but I got nothing to help me until I began taking Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. It was simply astonishing how quickly these pills began to help me and how much new life and vigor they put into me. I am a cook by profession, and the fact that I was able to cook for fifteen men last winter is the best proof that the pills have made me as sound as ever I was."

There is no mystery about the power of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills to put new life and strength into you. They actually make new blood, and that is why they cure all blood diseases, like anaemia, indigestion, liver and kidney troubles, headaches and backaches and the special ailments of women. Through the blood Dr. Williams' Pink Pills feed and steady the nerves, strike at the root of nervousness, cure St. Vitus' dance, fits, neuralgia, sciatica and partial paralysis. All these diseases spring from bad blood and disordered nerves, and they have all been cured positively and permanently by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. Sold by all medicine dealers at 50 cents a box or six boxes for $2.50, or by mail from the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville Ont.

The Japs are so confoundedly polite, too, even while they are landing on your solar plexus.

It is so hard to get news from the east that if the news agencies are not careful, the school histories will be "scooping" them on this war.

Although China is to be neutral territory, wise citizens of Pekin are burying anything that could possibly be construed as loot.

Admirals Togo and Ito do not need an extra transport for their names, which may account for the mobility of the Japanese fleet.

Russia probably will do something when it gets its second wind, if in the meantime unconfirmed rumors do not scare it to death.

Russia is very short of doctors, having only eight for every 100,000 inhabitants. Great Britain has 180 for the same number.

While the Japanese are vegetarians, they do not object to a little lean meat on special occasions.

While China's judgment tells it to remain neutral, its heart counsels the throwing of a flat-iron.

Safety For Your Children

When a mother finds it necessary to give her little one medicine she cannot be too careful as to the remedy employed. The so-called "soothing" medicines always contain poisonous opiates, and these should never be given to a child. Strong drugs and harsh purgatives should also be avoided. An ideal medicine for young children is Baby's Own Tablets, which cure all the minor ills of childhood, and the mother has the guarantee of one of the foremost analysts of Canada that this medicine contains no opiate. Milton L. Hersey, M. A. Sc., demonstrator in Chemistry, McGill University, says:—"I hereby certify that I have made a careful analysis of Baby's Own Tablets which I personally purchased in a drug store in Montreal, and said analysis has failed to detect the presence of any opiate or narcotic in them." Analysis is proof, therefore mothers know that in giving their little ones Baby's Own Tablets they are giving them an absolutely safe medicine. Sold by all druggists or mailed at 25c a box by writing the Dr. Williams Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

Corea has granted Japan the right to traverse its country. Corean statesmen are evidently mind readers.

Progress.

Parke—How is your little girl getting on with her music?

Lane—First rate. I haven't been home much, but my neighbors are beginning to speak to me again.—Life.

Lady Durand of Ancient Lineage.

Lady Durand, wife of the new British Ambassador at Wasshington, D. C., is not only a most charming hostess socially, but, like her distinguished husband, she is very clever with her pen.

She belongs to one of England's oldest and most aristocratic families,

LADY DURAND.

being the daughter of Teignmouth Sandys of Cornwall, whose family has lived on the same estate at St. Kerern for nearly 500 years. She married Sir Henry in 1875 and was with him in India for almost fifteen years during the time he was connected with the Bengal service. They have two children—a son, who is a cavalry officer in the British army, and a daughter.

Absentminded.

Gentleman—What do you mean by putting your hand in my pocket?

Thief—Excuse me, sir. I'm so absentminded. I used to have a pair of trousers exactly like yours.—Woman's Home Companion.

Artists and Poets.

Artists and poets are like stars—they belong to no land. A strictly national painter or a strictly national poet is bound to be parochial, a kind of village pump. And you may write inscriptions all over him and build monuments above him, but he remains a pump by a local spring.

SCEPTICS TURN BELIEVERS AND ARE CURED

Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder a Great Blessing.

"When I read that Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder could relieve Catarrh in 10 minutes I was far from being convinced. I tried it—a single puff through the blower afforded instant relief, stopped pain over the eyes and cleansed the nasal passages. To-day I am free from Catarrh." B. L. Egan's (Easton, Pa.,) experience has been that of thousands of others and may be yours. Sold by all druggists.

DR. AGNEW'S HEART CURE SAVES LIFE. RELIEVES IN 30 MINUTES. 27

Apparently the Japanese know that in fighting an adversary like Russia it is necessary, if possible, to deliver the knockout blow in the first round.

While China means to be neutral, inhabitants keep right on taking boxing lessons.

A Sour Stomach and a Sour Temper travel hand-in-hand and are the precursors of mental and physical wreck. Nine hundred and ninety-nine times in a thousand food ferment (indigestion) is the cause. Dr. Von Stan's Pineapple Tablets keep the stomach sweet—aid digestion—keep the nerve centres well balanced—they're nature's panacea—pleasant and harmless. 35 cents.—88

John Hay, United States secretary of state, and former minister to Great Britain, was a very homely lad, and used to put on an apron and wash dishes for his mother. Some boys and girls tempted him to come out with his apron on, and then chaffed him; he had purposely brought a basin of water with him, and this he threw over his tormentors, boys and girls alike.

Dropsy is one positive Sign of Kidney Disease.—Have You Any of these unmistakable signs? Puffiness under the eyes? Swollen limbs? Smothering feeling? Change of the character of the urine? Exhaustion after least exertion? If you have there's dropsical tendency and you shouldn't lose an hour in putting yourself under the great South American Kidney Cure.—86

Corea must be tempted to move in the spring if it can find another flat.

Russia will not make an exhibit at St. Louis, having decided that it will take enough work on its hands to make a satisfactory exhibit in Manchuria.

It may be that Rudyard Kipling is waiting to give Poet Laureate Austin the first poetical whack at the war.

Russia by this time has got over the notion that it can smack Japan with one hand tied behind its back.

Russia feels that it could use an unlimited amount of summer in its business.

Have You a Skin Disease?—Tetter, Salt Rheum, Scald Head, Ringworm, Eczema, Itch, Barbers' Itch, Ulcers, Blotches, Chronic Erysipelas, Liver Spots, Prurigo, Psoriasis, or other eruptions of the skin—what Dr. Agnew's Ointment has done for others it can do for you—cure you. One application gives relief. 35 cents.—87

A hair restorative is advertised that will make hair grow in a night. One that will make hair grow in a year is hope enough.

If a woman doesn't have time to eat she gets along pretty well, not having time to think about it.

Laugh when a friend tells a joke; it is one of the taxes you must pay.

Coughing is an outward sign of inward disease.
Cure the disease with

Shiloh's Consumption Cure The Lung Tonic

and the cough will stop.
Try it to-night. If it doesn't benefit you, we'll give your money back.

Prices: 25c. 50c. $1 S. C. WELLS & Co. LeRoy, N. Y., Toronto, Can.

THE HORSE MARKET

Demands Sound Horses Only.

Lame horses sell at less than half their actual value and are neither desirable for use or sale. The remedy is easy. A few bottles of

will work a permanent cure for Spavins, Ringbones, Splints, Curbs, etc., and all forms of Lameness. It cures thousands of cases annually. Such endorsements as the one following are a guarantee of merit.

Cured two Bone Spavins of Ten Years' Standing.

Earlville, N.Y., Mar. 22, 1901.

Dr. B. J. Kendall Co., Gentlemen:—Some years ago I used your Kendall's Spavin Cure on a horse that had two Bone Spavins, and it removed them entirely. These Spavins had been on him from birth, and were of ten years' standing. I now have a case of a mare that was injured by falling through a bridge, and am going to give her complete treatment with your Spavin Cure. Please send me a copy of your "Treatise on the Horse and his Diseases." Yours very truly, CLARK O. PORT.

Price $1; six for $5. As a liniment for family use it has no equal. Ask your druggist for Kendall's Spavin Cure, also "A Treatise on the Horse," the book free, or address

DR. B. J. KENDALL CO., Enosburg Falls, Vt.

SPIRITUAL TELEPATHY

SOULS ARE ENERGIZED AND ELEVATED BY DIVINE INFLUENCE.

PSYCHOLOGICAL PHENOMENA

Spiritual Phenomena Has Its Facts As Has the Material World—Gospel Telepathy a Subtle, Mysterious Influence, Which Should Induce All Good Men and Women to Think None But Good Thoughts.

Entered according to Act of Parliament of Canada, in the year 1904, by William Baily, of Toronto, at the Dep't of Agriculture, Ottawa.

Los Angeles Cal., March 6.—In this sermon the preacher discusses the phychological phenomena of mind influencing mind and shows how the soul may be elevated and energized by divine influence. The text is Acts x., 11, "And he saw heaven opened and a certain vessel descending."

Theory is often little more than the fine art of guessing. It is sometimes the way of concealing the fact that you do not know a thing, by using scientific language.

What is specific gravity? "That is the physical law," you answer, "which Isaac Newton discovered. Sitting one day under an overarching tree branch in his orchard, he felt a puff of wind upon his cheek. The overhanging branch swayed, and a fall pippin, like a lump of gold, dropped into his lap. Then the English sage began to wonder why that apple came down to earth instead of flying away, as though it had the wings of a bird, toward the stars. As a result of these ponderings Newton generalized all the causes of cohesion and gravitation which bind this earth into a compact mass and called them "specific gravity." But, my friend, with your learned answer you have not explained to me anything. In reference to the laws of physical cohesion you have only given to me two big words to express what I did not know before and what I do not know now.

As in the material world, so in the mental and spiritual world there are facts and phenomena which we know to be certainly true, though we cannot tell the "whys" and the "wherefores" nor the causes which produced these results. For instance, we are nearly all ready to grant the power of human telepathy, or the influence of one human mind upon another human mind even at a distance. Sitting in a public meeting some night you exercise the power of will upon a person, and soon he will turn round and look at you, although that person could give no rational reason why he turned and looked. Indeed, so powerful sometimes is this influence of one human mind over another that many students of criminology have come to the belief that some murderers who wield the dagger or aim the pistol may be merely the helpless and pliant instruments of unknown criminals who have impelled them to commit their murderous deeds. Mesmerism, hypnotism, bewitchery, enchantment, are merely long names defining this mysterious power, which almost everywhere in the intellectual world is beginning to be recognized, and men are asking whether it may not sometimes dethrone the supremacy of the individual will.

As one human mind has an influence over another human mind, we also know that there is a spiritual telepathy, a subtle, mysterious influence which the other world exerts upon our own. Visional messages as direct and unmistakable as that which came to Peter upon the housetop of Simon's house in Joppa may also come to us. We may be unable to explain how the divine manifestations come to the human mind. God will speak to us now if we will only let him, as surely as he spoke in many cases to his servants of old. If we look to God continually for guidance, to us, too, shall the promise be fulfilled, "Thine ears shall hear a word behind thee saying, This is the way; walk ye in it." The purpose of this sermon is not to analyze the causes of divine telepathy so much as to suggest ways in which God may be speaking to his children in these days.

Gospel telepathy, in the first place, comes to God's children as it did to Peter upon Simon's house-top, in broad daylight. By that I do not mean that it necessarily comes to us as it did to Peter at the sixth hour or when the sun is highest in the meridian, but I do mean this: When God speaks to man he speaks to him when he is rational, when he is wide awake, when his senses are on the alert, not when he is cooped up in some dark, deceitful retreat of a spiritualistic medium or when he is tossing about on his couch at midnight in uneasy slumber as the result of his digestive organs having been overloaded. There is a vision of the spirit and a vision of the flesh. There is a vision which comes from God and one that is, like the nightmare, the product of our own brain under the disturbance of physical or mental conditions. There must be careful discrimination lest we accept foolish fancies and mischevous impulses as the voice of God. That which is born of the flesh is flesh, and that which is born of the spirit is spirit.

I speak very emphatically on this subject. As Charles Dickens had his "Bleak House," with its Ghost's walk, and Nathaniel Hawthorne his "House of the Seven Gables," peopled with the evil spirits of past generations, unless we beware we may have the temples of our minds filled with the weirdest fantasies, created entirely by our own unregulated imagination or by evil associations and not by the vision of God. What right has any man to apply to himself the Ninety-first Psalm of David, as did a man some time ago in one of our eastern cities? He pondered over these verses day in and day out: "For he shall give his angels charge over thee to keep thee in all thy ways. They shall bear thee up in their hands, lest thou dash thy foot against a stone." Then, in order to demonstrate his belief in this saying, that man jumped from the top of a four storey building and broke nearly every bone in his body. Do you suppose a vision like that came from God or from the devil? What right has a man when in doubt about any matter to go to a fortune teller or to a sorcerer or a professor of divination and to regard the voice of a professional charlatan as the voice of God?

There is a vision sent by God. There is also a Satanic telepathy. Christ, bone of our bone and flesh of our flesh, was tempted by the visions of sin as well as we. In the fourth chapter of Luke we read that Satan took Jesus up to a high mountain and in vision showed unto him all the kingdoms of the world and said: "All this power will I give thee and the glory of them, for that is delivered unto me, and to whomsoever I will, I will give it. If thou, therefore, will worship me all shall be thine." Then Satan took Jesus to the pinnacle of the temple and asked him to cast himself down from thence, to prove that he was the Son of God. But Jesus, instead of obeying the Satanic vision, turned unto the devil and answered, "It is written, thou shalt not tempt the Lord, thy God." If being so pure and holy as our Lord was approached by temptation and assailed by a tempter who based his wicked suggestions on passages of Scripture, how careful should we be when a vision comes to us, as it came to Peter on the house-top, to make sure that the vision is heaven sent for our guidance and not a temptation from the enemy sent to our own destruction.

How to explain this manifestation I know not. I would give you the simple facts and let you judge for yourself. We were en route from Beirut to Athens by way of Smyrna. It was about 3 o'clock in the morning. I was awakened by my companion sobbing in his berth. "What is the matter, Troub?" I asked. "Oh," he answered, "something has happened at my sister's home. I had a strange vision about it. I was not asleep, but this vision has come upon me as an overwhelming reality." "Nonsense, man!" I answered. "You are not a fanatic, are you? You were asleep and had a bad dream; that is all." I did not believe in God's visions then as I do now. My friend said nothing, but that vision made such an impression upon him that he took note of the time and the latitude and the longitude we were then in. From Athens we went directly home. So overpowering was his conviction of the reality of that vision that instead of going at once to his Philadelphia home he stopped first at a friend's residence not far from where he lived. "How are the folks?" said he. The friend answered: "What! Did you not receive any message lately? Why, your sister lost both her twin boys in one day. They both died of diphtheria within an hour of each other." My friend asked the time. They died about the same time the wonderful vision came to him in the middle of the Mediterranean Sea. I ask you not to give a human interpretation of that manifestation. You cannot. I cannot. From a human standpoint was not that vision very strange? Can you interpret it from any supernatural causation?

But why be surprised at the incident I have related? You have heard of many similar occurrences. You had a divine vision in your own life when the undertaker rudely broke into your home. When the doctor said she was dead, at first you were almost broken hearted. You were like a madman. You paced up and down the room saying: "Oh, God, how can I get along without her? Oh, my God, my God! What shall I do?" Hardly had you uttered that agonizing prayer when a strange peace came into your soul. She seemed to come back to you. She seemed to put her arms about your neck and to say with her old terms of endearment: "Husband, papa, sweetheart, son, I am all right. Christ has merely taken me away for a little while. I cannot come to you, but you shall come to me." Was it a dream? Was that message merely a Satanic mockery or was it a divine vision coming to you as one came to Peter on Simon's housetop? When you saw her joy and happiness was it not the same kind of a divine vision as that which came to St. John when he cried out in Apocalypse: "Who are these which are arrayed in white robes, and whence came they? These are they which came out of great tribulation and have washed their robes and made them white in the blood of the Lamb."

The divine telepathy often comes as a direct command for practical gospel work. As Peter on Simon's house top by his vision knew that Christ was sending him forth to carry the gospel to all the world, whether Jew or Gentile, so by a divine vision we may know that God wants us to go forth to save this or that man and do this or that work. We know it just the same as we know what our earthly employer wants us to do when he gives us a bundle of checks and tells us to go and deposit them in the bank. By divine telepathy we knew what God wants us to do. God is bidding you to go forth to spiritually save this man and that man, to do this gospel work and that gospel work. Within you to-day you may hear the call. With your wide open eyes in broad daylight you may see the divine vision.

This gospel call for practical work is the more impressive and immanent because God's visions are never haphazard; they are never purposeless or meaningless dreams. They always have a very practical interpretation. When Peter looked off from Simon's house top he saw a great sheet let down from the heavens, filled with "all manner of four footed beasts of the earth, and wild beasts, and creeping things, and fowls of the air." That vision was a symbol of the fact that Jesus died to save the Gentile as well as the Jew, the despised barbarian as well as the Jewish high priest, the uncircumcised as well as the circumcised. Hardly had the vision ended when Peter heard a loud rapping at the lower gate. "Who is there? Who is there?" was asked. "I am a messenger from Cornelius," is the answer. "I am not a Jew, but a Gentile, sent by a holy angel to thee. Wilt thou come and tell him about Jesus Christ?" The vision and the knock at the door were one summons. Then it was that Peter knew his vision was divine and that he was called to a duty which he might have shrunk from if he had not seen the preparatory vision. No longer was the offer of salvation to be made to the Jews only; no longer were the messengers of Christ to regard the Gentiles as common or unclean. So much the vision had taught him, and so Peter went with the men and preached Christ to the Gentile centurion, and he found that the gospel was the power of God unto salvation to the Gentile as well as to the Jew.

God's visions are never haphazard incongruities. When the good Ananias one day in the city of Damascus had the command in a vision that he should place the hands of holy ordination upon the bitterest enemy of the Christian disciples he at first doubted the divine authenticity of the vision. Ananias looked up at first into the heavens and in surprise said: "Lord, I have heard by many of this man, how much evil he hath done to the saints at Jerusalem. Not him! Not Saul! I cannot ordain Saul of Tarsus." But hardly had the good Ananias entered the house to which God had directed him when they brought him a staggering, stumbling blind man. It was Saul! It was the arch enemy Saul! Then Ananias knew that his vision was divine. So, O man and woman, the divine vision comes to you for practical gospel work. You feel it. You know it. Why? Because while I speak there arises before your mind some one man, some one woman, some one child, you can save. You are like Peter standing upon the house top. You are listening to the messenger of Cornelius calling you to carry the news of salvation to some waiting soul.

But there is still another fact about God's visions which it would be well for us to dwell upon. The divine telepathy comes to the despised man's home as frequently as it does to the ruler's palace. Who was Peter's host at the house where he had this divine vision? He was Simon the tanner. He was in all probability the most despised man in all the coast capital at that time. Among the Jews the dealer in cured hides of animals was looked upon as a social outcast. The harlot, the murderer, the insurrectionist, were more respected than he. The condemned criminal might be pardoned of his crimes even though he was the thief who waylaid the poor man on the road to Jericho, but the tanner's calling was never forgiven. As men shrank from contact with the leper, whose touch might communicate his loathsome disease to the healthy person, so the Jew shrank from contact with the tanner, whose presence in a home brought ceremonial contamination. The door of hospitality was always slammed shut in the face of the tanner.

By the old Jewish law, if a husband died without any children, his brother was compelled to marry the widow. But a widow was not compelled to marry that brother if he was a tanner. Not even the Jewish law would compel a woman to suffer such an ignominy. If a man married a woman without telling her he was a tanner, she could have the matrimonial bonds instantly annulled, as soon as the deception was found out. Of course, there had to be tanners among the Jews, as there must be hangmen for this present generation; yet, so bitterly were the tanners despised in ancient times that by the eastern law no tanner was allowed to build his tannery nearer to the outskirts of a town than fifty cubits. It was to this despised home that the heavenly vision came, opening the gate of the Christian church to the Gentile nations. Your home, O man, O woman, may be humble; it may be located in what the aristocratic people call the slums; it may even have been associated with the vicious pollution of society; but even there the voice from the heavenly mansions may be heard. "I came not," said the compassionate Saviour, "to call the righteous, but sinners, to repentance." You may be a social outcast, as much shunned as Simon the tanner, but in your house, too, you may hear a voice saying, "Come, now, and let us reason together; though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be white as snow; though they be red like crimson, they shall be as wool."

One more thought is suggested by Peter's experience. This vision of the sheet coming down from the heavens filled with all manner of four footed beasts and creeping things and fowls of the air came to Peter when he was comparatively a young man. It came to him not only as a message of salvation, but also as a command, especially for young men and women, to go to work. He was then a young man in the thirties. My young friends, note the importance of this fact. It means that God is appealing to the young and the physically stalwart to consecrate our energy and vigor to his service.

"I never hear my pastor preach," said a young girl, "but I am always filled with the desire to say, 'Lord, what wilt thou have me to do?'" So I never read an account of the Joppa vision, but I always feel this a message especially for me and for the young people to whom I speak to do something. Oh, young men and young women, will you not be roused, as Peter was aroused, with the thought that you may become gospel messengers to a sinful world? Will you not catch an inspiration for glorious Christian work by standing upon the house top of Simon the tanner?

Nearing the Limit.

Miss Tabby—How is your husband getting along, Mrs. Thomas?

Mrs. Thomas Cat—Not very well. He lost his seventh life yesterday, and I am getting worried about him.—New York Times.

A Showdown.

Three young men attired in faultless manner, escorting two charming and well dressed young ladies, boarded a Main street car the other evening, evidently bound for the theater. The young fellows were full of life and could not contain themselves with the degree of complacency with which their fair companions carried themselves. One of the gallants, who was apparently doing the honors of the occasion, produced five tickets as the conductor approached and, arranging them like a hand at cards, remarked "A full hand." "Yes," replied the knight of the bell rope. "Three jacks and a pair of queens."—Columbus Dispatch.

In the Bookstore.

"Jones' new book won't set the river on fire."

"No; but a dozen of 'em in the grate will keep the room warm!"—Atlanta Constitution.

Boston Ladies.

Gertrude—How do you know Mrs. Dowday makes her own clothes? Has she a sewing woman's forefinger?

Millicent—I don't know anything about that. I was thinking of the horrid way her gowns fit her.—Boston Transcript.

Those Girls.

"Maud says she had her fingers crossed when she accepted Chollyboy."

"But she uncrossed them when he showed her the big solitaire he had brought."—Cincinnati Times-Star.

Reason For It.

"I don't see why you girls are all so crazy after that tall young fellow," said the girl who had just arrived at the seashore. "He stutters."

"But just notice how long his arms are."

"What of it?"

"Why, they make a girl think her waist is three sizes smaller than it is."—Chicago Post.

Rebuking the Thoughtless.

Hettie—I think it's awful mean to make me practice two whole hours every day.

Papa—But what do you think of your mother and me, who are chief sufferers?—Boston Transcript.

To the last day she lives a woman can never understand how a man can worry about money matters when the children are doing so well at school.—New York Press.

In Poor Sight.

Nell—Mamie is going to marry an optician.

Belle—Is he wealthy?

Nell—I don't know. She says there's a lot of money in sight for him.—

The Lion That Frightened Little Gladys.

LITTLE Gladys had a tremendous imagination, and she both amused and alarmed the family by her big stories. One day she rushed in from the garden and told her mother a breathless tale about a lion who had taken possession of her summer house.

"Are you sure it's a lion, Gladys?" asked her mother.

"Oh, yes, mamma. He's a great big fellow."

"Well, we'll go right out and see him," said her mother.

Little Gladys acted as if somewhat confused, but she followed her mother out into the yard. As they neared the summer house she said: "I guess it wasn't a lion, mother. I guess it was a tiger."

"Well, we'll see if we can drive him off, then," said her mother bravely and continued on her way. As they came still nearer the summer house Gladys pulled her mother back by the dress. "I guess it wasn't a tiger. I guess it was a monkey. Yes, it was a monkey anyway."

But this did not influence Gladys' mother, for she at once expressed a desire to see the monkey and marched directly to the summer house. There on the steps sat a big gray cat. Gladys' mother turned around and eyed her little daughter reproachfully. The little girl blushed a rosy red, and then, pulling herself together, she said, "I know it's only a cat, mamma, but it has such big whiskers it looks just like papa."—New York Times.

A Hard Case.

"Don't cry, my boy. I'll take you home."

"Thanks, Mr. Cop. And would you mind puttin' handcuffs on me, so's folks 'll think I'm truly arrested?"—San Francisco Examiner.

It Served as a Reviver.

She was dead tired.

She had been shopping all the morning, and her feet ached. So did her head. She was too tired to eat, too tired to sit still. She was too tired to ascend the stairs and lie down.

Then the telephone bell rang. She crawled to the receiver.

"Yes, this is—oh, is this you, Laura? What's that? Did you? Where did you get it? Mercy! As cheap as that? Why, I paid a dollar more only last week! Where did you say? How lucky! And have they any more left? How much? Oh, only a remnant! About four yards! Yes, I will. I'll go right down. It's so kind of you to call me up. How's George? That's nice! Yes, I'll start right away. Goodby!"

Then this poor, tired woman put on her hat and wrap and hustled down street again.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Jack Frost's Tears.

Not long since Johnny stood at the window trying to see through the frostwork that was slowly melting, when he took out his handkerchief and as each drop of water started down the window thoughtfully wiped it away. When his mother asked him what he was doing he replied:

"Oh, I'm just wiping away Jack Frost's tears."—Philadelphia Ledger.

A Boston Husband.

Mrs. Caudle—I think there's a man downstairs.

Mr. Caudle—I thought I heard some one. Suppose you go down and ask him what he wants. Even a burglar wouldn't strike a woman, you know.—Boston Transcript.

Opposites.

Miss McQueery—You and Mr. Sophtly correspond, do you not?

Miss Gidday—Oh, gracious, no! He's real dark complexion, while I'm quite a decided blond, of course.—Philadelphia Press.

A Philosopher.

Teacher—And why should we endeavor to rise by our own efforts?

Boy—'Cause there's no telling when the alarm clock goes wrong.—Yonkers Herald.

Sadly Practical.

"Don't you sometimes envy the old time giants of statesmanship their gifts for rhetoric and oratory?"

"Sometimes," answered Senator Sorghum. "The only difficulty is that these gifts are liable to lead a man to think up speeches instead of schemes for making money."—Washington Star.

Morrissey Despatch

MORRISSEY MINES, B.C.

E. J. EAGRETT, - - Publisher.

Subscription: $2.00 Per Year in Advance

ADVERTISING RATES

For transient advertisements, i.e., all advertising not of a commercial nature and not specially contracted for:—

Per line, first insertion..... 10 cents
" " each subsequent insertion..... 5 "

Legal advertising, auction sales, and all other advertising not recognized as commercial advertising, will be charged regular transient rates.

COMMERCIAL ADVERTISING:

One inch, per month	$ 1.50
Two inches, per month	3.00
Three " " "	4.50
Four " " "	5.00
Six " " "	6.00
Eight " " "	8.00
Ten " " "	10.00
Twelve " " "	12.00
Fourteen " " "	14.00
Sixteen " " "	16.00
One column " "	18.00

Local or special notices, set in regular body type of paper and inserted amongst pure reading matter, will be charged for at the rate of twenty cents per line for each insertion. If set in black type, the rate will be twenty-five cents per line for each insertion.

Dissolution of Partnership Notices, $3.00.

Liquor License and Mineral Claim Notices, Etc., $5.00.

Changes for advertisements will not be received for publication after 6 P. M. Tuesday.

FRIDAY, APRIL. 29, 1904

Had we a jail we could have many improvements on our streets made by the government hard-labor employees that would require much whistling to get in any other way.

* * *

On account of the shutdown a great many men have gone to Fernie to draw their pay, and that means more losses to merchants here from credit bills, to say nothing of the trade given to another town that would be left here were the pay system for portion of month proper. How long! how long!

* * *

A conversation with the citizens of Elko reveals the fact that they, along with the Fernieites, are laboring under the delusion that they are going to have the Flathead traffic. There is too much in favor of the Morrissey route to allow any other route to be taken for the government road if the interests of the public are safeguarded.

* * *

By the time the road commissioner gets his reply with appropriation from Victoria the people here will be quite on their mettle about this road to the Junction. Why not have spent the $50 at once, and done something to relieve the emergency, instead of waiting till the road is dry because a work of greater cost requires an appropriation?

* * *

We are not collecting antique specimens nor preserving relics for their historical associations but can boast that the Despatch, unlike the Winnipeg Free Press, is printed on a very ancient, cylinderless, draw-from-the-shoulder Washington press, with detached inking device, and altogether of the most primitive type. It would be very foolish for us to part with this antique press and have the latest improved quadruple perfecting press installed.

* * *

We learn that the Coal Co. are about to grade the streets and lay cinder from station down town, work of putting down the sidewalk also starting very soon. These improvements are certainly much needed and will be heartily welcomed. It is hoped that the grading will do away with the lay of water from leaks in the water main on Third street, as parts that should be well dried-up are wet and muddy yet on this account. The leaks are said to be due to improper laying of the pipe, there being crooks up and down, with faulty joints, and the effect of this careless work is deplorable from the standpoint of weak water power as well as the flooded street. The matter requires remedy and it is advisable to do it at once.

* * *

It is useless to attempt making butter by shaking an empty churn, hence we have been rather quiet in regard to the erection of jail and school buildings here and the bridge across the Elk at the Junction. However, the reported starting of the foundation for the new jail at Fernie a few weeks ago has been food for much comment, and the pressing need of a jail here has made many, with good reason, wonder why our building was not started first. The fact that there are a number of men on the chain gang at Ferbie who could be employed in the digging of the foundation and other work, without expense to the government, undoubtedly accounts for the action of the authorities. Our jail, school and bridge are coming, and we expect to hear something drop soon.

ON THE WAR SITUATION.

The following on the probable abdication of Port Arthur by the Russians is contributed to The Despatch by one who has been studying the war closely:—

It seems to be now generally conceded among those who are making an unbiased study of affairs in the Far East that it would be wise for the Russians to abandon Port Arthur and to withdraw to the shores of Lake Baikal for reorganization. This is reputed to be General Kouropatkin's latest advice to the Czar.

The loss of Port Arthur would be little less than a loss of prestige, but this would be preferable to the cost of retaining a much bombarded fortress. By abandoning this position the Russians would have time to collect the vast stores of men and material that are necessary to carry on the campaign in Manchuria.

Too much importance seemingly has been placed upon the long line of railway with the fortress at the extreme point, which has taken a tremendous amount of men and money to maintain. A slow retirement on the part of Russia into the interior would gain for her the time which is essential to her salvation, and would allow her to concentrate her forces for a steady and united advance later. This, it is anticipated, will be the next move of the Russians, and it will doubtless be done before Port Arthur falls into the hands of the Japanese.

The business known as the Fernie Drug Store, one of the oldest in the town, changed hands this week when Messrs. E. Hazlewood and N. E. Suddaby purchased it from the wholesale firm of Martin, Bole and Wynne, of Winnipeg. The business in future will be managed by Mr. Hazlewood, who will give his personal attention to it. Mr. Suddaby will continue his work on the road. W. J. Mitchell, the former manager of this store, left on Monday evening for McGrath, Alta., where he has been offered a good position.—Fernie Free Press.

H. W. HERCHMER SHERWOOD HERCHMER
Herchmer & Herchmer,
BARRISTERS, SOLICITORS, ETC.
Offices over Burns & Co's Butcher Shop
Victoria Ave. Fernie, B. C.

Leave Your Orders for
Job Printing
—AT—
The Despatch Office

THE RUSH IS ON...

They are going into the Flathead Coal and Oil fields. The Flathead couutry in the not distant future will rival the great Pennsylvania Coal and Oil region. . . .

The coming spring will see thousands of people going into the new Eldorado. Morrissey Mines is the nearest point to start from. It is the outfitting point. . .

THE ALEXANDRA HOTEL, Morrissey Mines.

STEPHENS BROS. & CO., Proprietors.

Union Barber Shop.

For a good clean shave, an artistic hair cut or a shampoo, patronize the Union Barber Shop.

E. MACE, - Proprietor.
MORRISSEY MINES.

Just to Hand

New
Clothing
Hats & Caps
Color'd Shirts
and
The Genuine
Slater Shoe

Gillis and Richardson
THE GENT'S FURNISHERS

W. R. Ross F. C. Lawe
J. S. T. Alexander
Ross, Alexander & Lawe
BARRISTERS, SOLICITORS, ETC.
Morrissey Mines - - - B. C.
Choy Block

L. W. PATMORE
MORRISSEY MINES.
Notary Public. Insurance.

UNION-MADE
CLOTHING
Gent's Furnishings, Shoes, etc.
J. J. MURPHY
Morrissey Mines, - - B.C.

DOES YOUR WATCH KEEP GOOD TIME?
If not, allow us to fix and guarantee it.
STRATHEARN, THE JEWELLER,
Opposite Western Hotel.

...FOR...
Fine Candies, Nuts, Tobacco, Cigars and Fruit
Go to . . .
SHAW'S

If You Have
any Draying to do, any freight to haul from the Junction, wood or coal required, remember
A. BURNEY....

The Clark House

Cor. 3rd Street
and 4th ave.,
Morrissey Mines.
Try It.

D. CLARK, = = Proprietor.

PATRONIZE HOME INDUSTRY.
THE...
MORRISSEY
...BREWERY

Beer and Porter is unexcelled. It is m e from the purest of malt and hops. **The Beer that will make Morrissey famous.**

Have you tried it? We are turning out the proper article. . .

The Crow's Nest Brewing Co., Ltd.
MORRISSEY, B.C.

OF LOCAL INTEREST.

F. J. Watson, of Fernie, was down on Monday.

R. Wilkie moved his family to Coal Creek this week.

Mr. and Mrs. A. B. Trites spent a day at Tonkin this week.

Messrs. Roaf, Mitchell and Hoffmar spent Sunday in Fernie.

Mr. and Mrs. C. Simister spent Saturday and Sunday at Cowley.

Mr. and Mrs. H. Oldland were in Fernie a few days this week.

Gus. Bloomquist, engineer at the tipple, left Tuesday for San Francisco on a vacation.

J. H. Bricker, of the Crow's Nest Trading Co., was down from Fernie on Wednesday.

Church of England service at the Alexandra, Sunday, 3 o'clock; Gourlay House, 7 p.m.

T. Halpin and family left on Saturday for Prince Albert, where he has accepted a position as book-keeper.

F. C. Lawe went to Fernie Tuesday to attend court for a few days, having a number of cases to dispose of.

A carload of timber has arrived for the Windsor hotel sidewalks around the hotel and along third street from fourth to third avenue.

Miss Jessie Leitch, Miss Ella Grant, Archie and George Leitch spent Sunday at Morrissey, the guest of Mrs. J. Gillis. —Cranbrook Herald.

A. Mutz, of the Fort Steele Brewery, came down from Fernie on Monday and succeeded in rounding up considerable of his rolling stock in the foreign quarters here.

The Presbyterians purpose holding service regularly down town beginning Sunday, May 1st. Services will be held at 11 a.m. in the Eagle Cafe. The public are cordially invited.

The Shipman Comedian show in Fernie on Saturday evening last was well patronized, but the expectations of many were not realized, as the troupe work was not so meritorious as reported.

The Eagle Cafe building and lot has changed ownership, Mrs. Agnes Paquin having disposed of it to A. Burney for the consideration of $600. He intends putting another storey on the building. Mrs. Paquin has gone to Nelson.

J. F. Armstrong, road commissioner, was up on Friday to inspect the road to the Junction. He sent a report to Victoria, asking an appropriation, as he is authorized to do no work costing over fifty dollars without a special grant.

Two lacrosse leagues were organized at the meeting in Frank recently. One is known as the Crow's Nest League, comprising Cranbrook, Fernie, Frank, and Lethbridge. The other the Union League, including Medicine Hat with the four of the Crow's Nest league.

D. Clark has been making improvements near his hotel building by the extension of sidewalk and grading down of the road in front. Business men of his stamp realize that to do a thing is to have it done, and that governments, as well as townsite companies, are usually negligent and tardy, making a wait a period of uncertainty. It is nice to see things being done.

The meeting of those interested in baseball or football which was called for Friday evening last was not well attended, and not representative, as there are many players in the upper town and the meeting being held down here about a half dozen Tonkin people turned out. The meeting served as a starter, however. It was decided that, having more and better material for a first-class football team than baseball, we would play the college game, man-making, lung expanding, association football. There are a number of excellent players here, and there is every assurance that we can get up a team which will be an honor and credit to this town. A meeting to organize the club will be held in the Gourlay House this (Friday) evening, and it is expected that practice will be on at the recreation grounds in a week's time at least.

Rev. Stoney held Church of England service at Michel on Sunday and also at Elko Monday evening, returning on Tuesday.

H. L. Staebler, of Fernie, was down on Wednesday for his music class engagement here. The number of pupils is increasing, he having a class of eight at present.

A few local sports bagged a half-dozen duck on the Elk the other day. The duck are quite hard to get at, they say. A number of flocks of geese have been seen flying up the valley high above town.

M. Miller, laundryman, has had the appearance of his building and store greatly improved by paint. The clean and nobby set-off of many buildings here due to paint is making our town a wholesome, pretty sight.

The Ka-No-Ta Medicine Concert Co., showing at the Alexandra this week, is meeting with fair success. The work of the troupe is appreciated by those who have attended, the clog dancing being exceptionally good, it is said.

Wednesday night some thief or thieves broke into the station house here and stole two quarter-kegs of beer, forcing out a long steel staple, thus throwing the lock of the door. There were more kegs there undisturbed, but probably they got plenty for a good drunk. Our local constable has not succeeded in locating his game yet.

Many of our readers have been anxious to find The Lost Wife and are making inquires. We were aware of the disappearance but did not desire to make an explanation until we heard what the ready-print men had to say in the matter, and, as surmised, they have made an error in omitting the serial from the last batch of four consecutive issues sent us, the story being found absent first in The Despatch of April 8th. This serial, by Mrs. H. Lovett Cameron, is, we believe, of unusual interest, and we are pleased to state that it will be continued from where it left off in the issue of May 13.

The conduct of certain boys of the upper town during a recent marriage ceremony is. to say the least, deplorable. To serenade a young couple on their return from a wedding trip is one thing, but to make a great noise and uproar, with shouts of "hurry up; sign your name and dig up" and similar stuff that was audable in the room where the matrimonial relationship was being sealed by a religious ceremony, disturbing and embarassing those present and making fun of what is a sacred service, is quite another thing. And a more deplorable feature of the thing is that women—married women and mothers—were goading the boys on. The boys knew no better, and it is obvious, to their shame, those few women did not. Names are known to us but withheld from publication, the boys, as is natural, letting out the personale of their instigators.

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Hot Blast Heater will more than pay for the stove.

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The up-to-date line of Genral Dry Goods, Gent's Furnishings, Boots & Shoes, Fancy Goods, Notions and Smallware, Jewellery and Watches, etc.

We can "fix you up" in short order. if your wants are within the above named list.

Kfoury Bros.,

Opposite the Alexandra Hotel.

On the Way to Bellegarde

By TRYNTJE DU BOIS

Copyright, 1903, by T. C. McClure

In going from Macon to Geneva there are two routes, the one by Nantua and the other by Bellegarde. Both are so charming and so picturesque that the choice between them is sometimes nearly heartrending.

It was on a cold, bright, late autumn day in November that a pretty girl, apparently an American, started to get into the Bellegarde train. Waiting as if to enter the same compartment stood a man well loaded with valises. Perhaps it was because he also was an American that when he saw her helplessly struggling on the steep, ladder-like steps he immediately put forth a strong hand and raised her gently to the level above.

Perhaps it was because she was not positive as to what he was that, barely bending her head in acknowledgment of the courtesy, she stepped swiftly over the bouillotes, seated herself in the farther corner and turned a steadfast gaze far and away.

He seized the strap and swung himself upward after her, then banged the door and jerked up the window. The

"IS MY HAT ON STRAIGHT?" SHE ASKED.

latter was stubborn, and ere it was firmly fastened the train had left the station and was speeding fast.

As he seated himself he threw a quick glance at his companion. She was a pretty girl with blue eyes, a lovable nose, a kissable mouth and an irreproachable traveling outfit. A look of amusement crossed his face as he noted the frigidity of her bearing, for he knew enough of human nature to be quite positive that she was thinking of him. Her rigid interest in the scenery on her own side assured him of that fact. He unhooked the indicateur and studied it carefully, and when he stood up to throw it on to the bundle rack he felt that her eyes had been turned his way, so he sat down again, folded his arms and waited for time to pass a little. The possibilities of French trains are great. Those without tempers gain them; those with tempers lose them—in both cases one speaks.

She appeared unalterably fixed in her determination, but nevertheless he waited quietly, hopefully.

Each looked out of their own window. The Jura mountains were massing themselves one against another in a reckless desire to become Alps as soon as possible, and the Albarine was running from one side of the track to the other as if in all its previous course of existence it had never seen a railway train before.

Suddenly they were swallowed up in a tunnel, and the girl gave a quick, startled cry.

"It's very short," he said politely.

She did not answer.

They came out into the light again and stopped at Artmore. He let down the window and leaned out, that being the favorite recreation of the continental traveler. The village was overflowing with soldiers, cockades, bands and wine.

"It's the day of the lot drawing for the army," he said as he drew in his head and raised the sash again. His tone was disinterested in the extreme.

"And that's Mont Colombier on your side," he added.

She looked at Mont Colombier and said with a chill haughtiness, "Thank you."

The valley of the Albarine was beginning to merge into the grander valley of the Rhone, the latter river sweeping broadly beside the railway, while the Alps, increasing with each nearer view, loomed heavily above.

"The finer view is on this side," he remarked kindly. She did not turn her head.

"I'll sit on that side if I ever return this way," she murmured.

The train stopped at Culoz, and he left the car and smoked a cigarette on the platform of the gare.

When he climbed in again she glanced at him about halfway to his knees, and he felt he had made some progress.

"The next is Seyssel," he announced cheerfully; "the half on the opposite bank is in Savoy."

She looked across at the Savoy half of Seyssel, and he contemplated her full face for two seconds.

"How interesting!" she commented coolly and turned to the French half.

He pulled his mustache, and the color in his eyes deepened with an unmasguised mixture of amusement and interest.

Another tunnel.

"Our lamps seem to have been forgotten." (His voice.)

"Evidently." (Her voice.)

He knew from the sound that she had turned toward him to speak.

Then they came into the daylight once more and rolled swiftly above the Vezeronce.

"We really ought to have a lamp," he said anxiously. "The tunnels are many between here and Bellegarde."

She looked at him furtively, and he caught her eye and smiled openly.

"Don't be frightened, though," he said, with ready reassurance. "I am a married man."

Some curving lines crept between her eyes and lips.

"I'm married, too," she responded.

They exchanged glances.

With a roar the train plunged into darkness again.

When it flew forth a chance passing cinder would have perceived that he had changed his seat to one by her side; also that her face was flushing.

"Do you know," he said, "when I got in I was fairly frightened at your lofty bearing."

"Were you?" she said. "How nice! I wanted to frighten you. I've read that is the proper feeling for ladies to try to inspire when they find themselves alone with a man."

"Are you often successful?" he queried.

She bit her lip. Then:

"No," she answered frankly.

He took her hand in his.

"Tell me," he said earnestly, "were you ever successful?"

She hesitated, and her hesitation was suddenly swallowed in another roar of engulfing blackness.

"Go on," he whispered. (Whispers rush in where angels fear to tread.)

"Well," she replied slowly, "once before today—only once, mind you—I went through a tunnel with a man"—

She stopped.

"Oh, the unfeeling brute!" he cried impetuously.

The train came forth to the sunlight once more.

"Is my hat on straight?" she asked demurely.

"Yes, it's straight," he said, "but it's meant to go a little tippy, isn't it?"

"Hand me the mirror out of your valise," she said. "I think I'd better see for myself."

He stood up and proceeded to seek the article demanded.

"I suppose I may as well haul them down. We get off at Bellegarde, you know."

"Yes," she replied. "And I do hope, dear, that I never in all my life shall be so mad again as I was at you when I got on to this train."

He kissed her, laughing.

"You were mad," he said. "You were just awfully mad. I wondered if you'd ever speak to me again."

"I don't care," she said, smiling and pouting at once. "I wanted to go by Nantua, and you knew it."

Blaine and Conkling.

The first speech I heard Mr. Blaine make after I entered the senate was at the called session of 1879, when he replied to Senator Hill of Georgia on the amendments proposed by the Democrats to the army appropriation bill which prohibited the appointment of supervisors and United States marshals to be present at the polls. He was not an orator, but a strong, incisive and attractive speaker, who prepared himself thoroughly and was quick to see the most vulnerable point of attack in the enemy's lines.

The seat of Roscoe Conkling, Blaine's most inveterate enemy, was on the Republican side of the aisle in the senate chamber, while Blaine occupied a seat on the same row, but some distance east of that occupied by Conkling. The debate had become very warm, and as Blaine, in his excitement, advanced toward Conkling and the Democratic side of the chamber, shaking his fist defiantly at his opponents and hurling invectives at the Confederate brigadiers, as he called them, Conkling, forgetting for the moment Blaine's turkey gobbler speech in the Thirty-ninth congress, when they were both members of the house of representatives, suggested another point to his old enemy, which Blaine accepted with alacrity, and this was the only time in fifteen years when the two had spoken to each other.—George G. Vest in Saturday Evening Post.

If It Doesn't Swamp It.

Bubblestock—Do you think we'll be able to float all of the new issue?

Old Soundshare—You ought to, there is no lack of water.—Brooklyn Life.

LOVE IS BLIND

By Martha McCulloch-Williams

Copyright, 1903, by T. C. McClure

John Haley came down the back steps, the model and pattern of angry dejection. At sight of him Mrs. Corson frowned. She did not need to be told her daughter Helen had refused Johnny's hand for the eleventh time.

Mrs. Corson wanted Johnny in the family. He was such an all round good fellow and well to do, to say nothing of how beautifully his farm dovetailed with the Corson acres. When he came abreast of her she could not help saying, "Well, of all idiots in the world you and Helen are certainly the most idiotic."

"I have been a fool," Johnny admitted savagely, "letting a girl keep me dangling after her five years. Helen wasn't fifteen"—

"She has less than the sense of fifteen now, and so have you," Mrs. Corson interrupted impatiently. "You

SOBBING OUT HER LOVE AND PENITENCE.

have stuffed her head so full of novels and poetry she's clean beyond plain, everyday common sense."

"How can I help it?" Johnny said in a voice of deep injury. "I didn't know. I wanted only to show her I was liberal."

"Oh, you are imbecile!" Mrs. Corson broke in. "As if that would go with a high strung girl. Of course Helen wants her own way—and gets it most of the time. But she thinks she wants to make great and solemn sacrifices for the man she loves. If she can't do that she can't love him. If you were to have smallpox or lose your farm or break your back—anything, indeed, but break your neck—she'd want to marry you out of hand."

"Think so?" Johnny asked, grinning faintly.

"I don't think—I know!" Mrs. Corson retorted confidently.

"I reckon I am stupid; seems like I ain't had my right senses except in horse trading never since I've been courting Helen," Johnny said, the grin deepening.

"Oh, go along home!" Mrs. Corson retorted. Johnny stood for a minute like one lost in thought, then squared his shoulders, brought his heels well together, said in a loud, strained voice: "Goodby, ma'am. I'll write. You're mighty near all the mother I've ever known. I'll never forget your goodness whether I fetch up in South Africa or the Klondike. No, I shan't come over again. The sooner I'm off the better." Then in a quick, husky whisper, as he bent to kiss her cheek, "You listen out for accidents about day after tomorrow."

Perhaps Johnny did not know the obdurate Miss Helen was standing at the window, well screened by the venetian blinds. He mounted his horse and rode off furiously. As the noise of hoofs died away Mrs. Corson sighed deeply, saying as though to herself: "Poor boy! It hurts me to think of him wandering all over the face of the earth."

"Don't worry, ma," Helen said, flinging open the blinds. "Johnny is not the stuff that makes heroes or martyrs or even travelers. Poor Johnny! If only he was not so hopelessly commonplace I'd marry him—to please you and pa."

"You've thrown away the chance and a mighty good chance," Mrs. Corson said, sighing and shaking her head. Helen laughed merrily. "Why, I can marry him when I please."

She spoke with the conscious power of youth and beauty. Judge then her state of astonishment and despair a week later when she found herself beseeching Johnny to make her his wife and meeting with refusals as steadfast as they were quiet. There had been a serious accident. Johnny was home again, in a darkened room, with his eyes bandaged and the doctor coming every day.

As to what had happened, Johnny would not say a word. The doctor looked grave and hinted obscurely at damage to the optic nerve that might mean total blindness. But plenty of other folk were ready to swear the accident had been no accident, but rather a deed of daring on Johnny's part. He had come upon two rough fellows robbing an inoffensive peddler and had put the robbers to rout, but not before one of them had fired directly across his eyes. He was powder burned on cheeks and forehead—so much was certain.

Johnny, suppliant or angry, to be twisted around her little finger, was one person; Johnny, stern and resolved, putting her away in spite of pleading, very much another. All at once Helen awoke to the knowledge that she loved him. She had rushed to him at the first word of trouble, meaning only to sympathize and console. It was his voice, pathetically brave, still more pathetically full of renunciation, which had shown her what was in her own heart. "No; I can't let you stay, Helen," he had said, letting her hand fall. "I know you too well. You are so sorry for me you might come to love me. Why, I've seen you often and over get fond of a lame dog. Ever since this"—a sort of gulp at the word—"happened I have been so glad you didn't care for me, because I love you so well I won't let you ruin your future. I'm a common, crossroads sort—nothing like your fine gentlemen, but at least I can play you fair."

Then Helen, by turns hot and cold, had knelt and laid her head on his shoulder, sobbing out her love and penitence. She could feel Johnny swallowing hard. But he held obstinately by what he had said. It was the same the next day, the next and the next.

At the end of a week Papa Corson took a hand. "You are trying hard to tie a millstone around your neck," he said unfeelingly. "I might not object to that so very much if only the millstone was willing. Johnny Haley has got enough to keep two people out of the poorhouse. But I've a mighty strong notion he don't want you. Unless you want to make yourself a laughingstock you'll keep out of his way."

Helen had not been spoiled all her twenty years for nothing. She listened, growing angrier and angrier all the time. But she turned away without a word and ten minutes later had bundled her mother into the phaeton and was driving like mad toward the country town. The business that took her there was soon transacted, and then the horses found their heads turned toward the Haley farm. There Helen burst in upon Johnny, locked her hand in his and said tremulously over her shoulder to a man who followed in her wake with Mrs. Corson on his arm: "We are ready, Dr. Lansing. Please marry us quickly, no matter what Johnny says. He—he may not be quite right in his mind."

Johnny almost sprang up. Helen's hand shook so he knew she needed support. His eyes were still bandaged, but the curls on top of his head seemed to wink at the minister, who stood twiddling the license uncertainly.

"Let her go, parson!" Johnny called out joyously, drawing Helen a little closer. He made the responses in a suspiciously strong voice and at the end tossed his blinders to the other side of the room.

"Helen! Sweetheart! Wife!" he cried. "I'd have to see you right now, even if it cost me my eyes. But I'm not blind nor going to be, even though that cannon cracker did singe my eyebrows"—

"It is I who have been blind all these years," Helen interrupted. Then catching the twinkle in her mother's eyes: "I understand now. You two conspired to make me see."

The Kaffirs Thought It a Joke.

I once took some Kaffirs from their desolate homes in the more desolate gorges beyond the mountain ranges to the more civilized south. Like most savages, they looked with stupid indifference at the marvels about them, and once only were they excited by an incident which opened their eyes to what they considered a most extraordinary and unnatural state of things.

They were descending a road when one of them chanced to remark that he was hungry, and the English "sahib" bought him some food at a wayside shop. The Kaffir saw the money change hands.

"How is this?" he inquired in surprise. "Do you have to pay for food in this country?"

"Certainly."

"What a country!" cried the man in amazement. Then, after pondering awhile, he continued doubtfully: "Suppose a man had no money in this country. He might starve."

"It is quite possible."

The Kaffir shook with uncontrollable laughter. It was the best joke he had ever heard. He then explained the ridiculous system to his companions, and they roared in chorus.—"Where Three Empires Meet."

CAUSES OF COLDS.

One of the Most Common of Them Is Eating Too Much.

The invariable cause of colds comes from within, not without. No one takes cold when in a vigorous state of health, with pure blood coursing through the body, and there is no good reason why any one in ordinary health should have a cold. It may come from insufficient exercise, breathing of foul air, want of wholesome food, excess of food, lack of bathing, etc., but always from some violation of the plain laws of health.

There can be no more prolific cause of colds than highly seasoned foods as well as frequent eating. These give no time for the digestive organs to rest and incite an increased flow of the digestive secretions. Thus larger quantities of nourishment are absorbed than can be properly utilized, and the result is an obstruction, commonly called a "cold," which is simply an effort of the system to expel the useless material. Properly speaking, it is self poisoning, due to an incapability of the organism to regulate and compensate for the disturbance.

A deficient supply of pure air to the lungs is not only a strong predisposing cause of colds, but a prolific source of much graver conditions. Pure air and exercise are necessary to prepare the system for the assimilation of nutriment, for without them there can be no vigorous health. The oxygen of the air we breathe regulates the appetite as well as the nutriment that is built up in the system.

The safest and best way to avoid colds is to sleep in a room with the windows wide open and to remain out of doors every day, no matter what may be the weather, for at least two hours, preferably with some kind of exercise, if no more than walking. One should not sit down to rest while the feet are wet or the clothing damp. A person may go with the clothing wet through to the skin all day if he but keeps moving. Exercise keeps up the circulation and prevents taking cold.

The physiologic care of colds is the prevention of the occurrence. The person who does not carry around an oversupply of alimentation in his system and furthermore secures a purified circulation by strict, sanitary cleanliness, thus placing himself in a positive condition, is immune to colds. A starving man cannot take cold.

A careful diet would exclude the use of all narcotics and all food that is not thoroughly appropriated. An overfed person is worse off than one who is underfed, because the overfed body is taxed to dispose of what cannot be appropriated and, when not properly disposed of, remains only to be an element of danger.—Science of Health.

Poisonous and Harmless Snakes.

There is a certain physiological difference between the poisonous and harmless snakes which exists very plainly in their manner of dentition. All snakes are objects of aversion and dread to mankind, so much so that to be bitten by a snake has at times been so fearful to the victim as to have produced death although the snake was harmless. Such is the instinctive dread with which these reptiles are thought of that it may be desirable to have some easy mode of distinguishing the one kind from the other. This distinguishing characteristic is afforded by the teeth. In all poisonous snakes there are only two rows of teeth, the fang or fangs being arranged either within the two rows or outside of them. The harmless snakes have four distinct rows of teeth, and when the bite shows this kind of wound and not any single deeper or larger puncture there need be no apprehension.

Walking For Malaria.

Obstinate cases of malaria that have withstood the ocean voyages, mountain heights and quinine dosing are said to have been conquered by systematic and continued walking. What the malarial patient wants most to do is to sit indoors, nurse his aches and pains or to lie down and doze. Advocates of the walking cure maintain that fresh air is an antidote not only to the malaria itself, but to the blues, which usually accompanies it. Their advice to the sufferer is to dress up warmly if the weather is damp or rainy and go out to walk. Wear flannel next to the skin, stout shoes and simple hat. If it is warm, dress lightly, but carry a wrap to throw around the shoulders against drafts and too rapid cooling off. When one comes to think of it, there are few maladies on earth that fresh air and moderate exercise are not good for.

What She Thought.

A class of little girls at school was asked the meaning of the word "philosopher." Most of the hands were extended, but one child seemed specially anxious to tell. "Well, Annie, what is a philosopher?" asked the teacher. "A man that rides a philosopede," was the little girl's answer.—Christian Advocate.

A Suggestion Approved.

"Why don't you do something to impress yourself as one of the notable men of your time?"

"That's a good idea," answered Senator Sorghum. "I'll write to some manufacturer this afternoon and find out what it will cost to have a brand of cigars named after me."—Washington Star.

THE DESPATCH

MORRISSEY, B. C.

At the Cheshire Cheese.

United States Ambassador Choate created a little flutter of excitement in Fleet street, London, the other day by invading the precincts sacred to the memory of other times accompanied by Miss Choate, her guest, Miss Saunders, and Mr. Phil-

U, S. AMBASSADOR J. H. CHOATE.

lips, his secretary. The Ambassador, in a silk hat and frock coat, alighted with his party at Wino Office court and proceeded to the Cheshire Cheese, where his arrival startled the only other diner at the place. The Ambassadorial party ate of the historic pudding and drank ale from large brown mugs coeval with the Cheese, obligingly set their names in the visitors' book and departed.

Paying For It.

"Before I was married," said the confirmed pessimist, "I spent my money on candy, and as the result I now have to spend it on my wife's dentist bills."

Deafness Cannot Be Cured

by local applications as they cannot reach the diseased portion of the ear. There is only one way to cure deafness, and that is by constitutional remedies. Deafness is caused by an inflamed condition of the mucous lining of the Eustachian Tube. When this tube is inflamed you have a rumbling sound or imperfect hearing, and when it is entirely closed, Deafness is the result, and unless the inflammation can be taken out and this tube restored to its normal condition, hearing will be destroyed forever; nine cases out of ten are caused by Catarrh, which is nothing but an inflamed condition of the mucous surfaces.

We will give One Hundred Dollars for any case of Deafness (caused by catarrh) that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure. Send for circulars, free.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.
Sold by all druggists, 75c.
Hall's Family Pills are the best.

Money doesn't always bring happiness, but the average man is willing to take chances along with the money.

BILIOUSNESS BURDENS LIFE.—The bilious man is never a companionable man because his ailment renders him morose and gloomy. The complaint is not so dangerous as it is disagreeable. Yet no one need suffer from it who can procure Parmelee's Vegetable Pills. By regulating the liver and obviating the effects of bile in the stomach they restore men to cheerfulness and full vigor of action.

Ellen Terry has a passion for cottages. She owns three, one at Small Hythe, Kent, being one of the finest examples of homely Tudor architecture in England.

Russian Designs on Norway.

It becomes more and more evident that the award of the Nobel prize for literature to the Norwegian poet Bjornstjerne Bjornson was a political act by which it was intended to bring about a reconciliation in political matters between the poet and King Oscar. The two men have overcome their mutual unfriendliness on the subject of the separation of the northeastern part of Norway, which is now generally regarded as lost to the crown of Sweden. Strange as it may appear, the Russian secret agitation has made great headway among the fishing population of that region.

Salaries of Chefs.

A skillful cook commands a higher salary in New York than the average clergyman or college professor. At present French cooking is most in demand. The professional cooks are divided into two classes—chefs and seconds. The chefs receive salaries varying from $3,000 to $12,000 a year. The seconds receive from $1,000 to $1,500.

The Fur Seal.

The fur seal was once a land animal. The baby seals are actually afraid of the water, they would drown if thrown into it and have to learn to swim by repeated efforts. When once they have been taught to swim, however, they soon forget to walk.

Blanks.

He gave his wife a check in blank,
All on a summer day.
And when he next heard from the bank
There was the blank to pay!
—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Brazen Effrontery.

"Aren't you ashamed to be an object of pity and derision?"

"Oh, I don't know," answered Meandering Mike. "Dere ain't nobody puttin' cartoons about me in de paper or makin' jokes because I want to give away libraries an' colleges."—Washington Star.

HE'S WELL KNOWN IN PORT HOPE

Mr. Chas. Gilchrist Declares Dodd's Kidney Pills Cured His Diabetes

He Suffered For Ten Years and Could Get No Relief Till He Tried the Great Canadian Kidney Remedy.

Port Hope, Ont., Mar. 14—(Special)—It has long been admitted that what will cure Diabetes will cure any form of Kidney Disease, and Dodd's Kidney Pills have cured the long-standing Diabetes of Charles Gilchrist of this place.

Mr. Gilchrist is easily one of the best known men in Port Hope. For fifteen years he was Chief of Police and for twenty-two years Fishery Overseer of the Dominion Government. When asked regarding his cure, he had no hesitation in saying it was caused by Dodd's Kidney Pills and nothing else.

"I had Diabetes and Kidney Disorder for ten years," he said. "My urine was like brickdust and I had a terrible backache. I tried doctors, tried everything, but could get no help till I was advised to try Dodd's Kidney Pills. I commenced taking them, soon began to get better and am quite well now.

"If I had not used Dodd's Kidney Pills I am sure I would have been in my grave."

Sound Kidneys take all impurities out of the blood. Dodd's Kidney Pills make sound Kidneys. They are the greatest tonic of the age.

It's an easy matter to gauge a person's wisdom. Draw him into a discussion, and if he agrees with you he is sensible.

Thos. Sabin, of Eglinton, says: "I have removed ten corns from my feet with Holloway's Corn Cure." Reader, go thou and do likewise.

Shakespeare was handicapped because there were no automobiles in his day to blow up and kill the villains in his plays.

A LINIMENT FOR THE LOGGER.—Loggers lead a life which exposes them to many perils. Wounds, cuts and bruises cannot be altogether avoided in preparing timber for the drive and in river work, where wet and cold combined are of daily experience, coughs and colds and muscular pains cannot but ensue. Dr. Thomas' Eclectric Oil, when applied to the injured or administered to the ailing, works wonders.

Dr. Uhle, of the anthropological department of the university of California, has gone to Peru to study the origin and early customs of the inhabitants of the Pacific coast.

TO PREVENT IS BETTER THAN TO REPENT.—A little medicine in the shape of the wonderful pellets which are known as Parmelee's Vegetable Pills, administered at the proper time and with the directions adhered to often prevent a serious attack of sickness and save many all irregularities of the digestive organs they are an invaluable corrective and by cleansing the blood they clear the skin of imperfections.

A set of silver-mounted dueling pistols once owned by George Washington was purchased by a New York dealer the other day at an auction.

Hotel Glass Pantries.

The glass pantries of hotels are in charge of women for the simple reason experience has shown that men smash delicate glassware when they try to cleanse it.

The Monkey.

Its hand and its wonderful intelligence give the monkey advantage over all other lower animals. It cannot well endure cold and temperate climates, and this fact, it is suggested, has prevented the close association with man that would have made the monkey the most useful of domestic animals.

SUNLIGHT SOAP REDUCES EXPENSE

$5,000 Reward will be paid by Lever Brothers Limited, Toronto, to any person who can prove that this soap contains any form of adulteration whatsoever, or contains any injurious chemicals.

Ask for the Octagon Bar. 215

CEDAR FENCE POSTS good and sound seven feet long, three to five inches small end, in car load lots—Address C. McLean, Williams, Minnesota, U. S. A.

Cross?

Poor man! He can't help it. He gets bilious. He needs a good liver pill—Ayer's Pills. They act directly on the liver, cure biliousness. J. C. Ayer Co., Lowell, Mass.

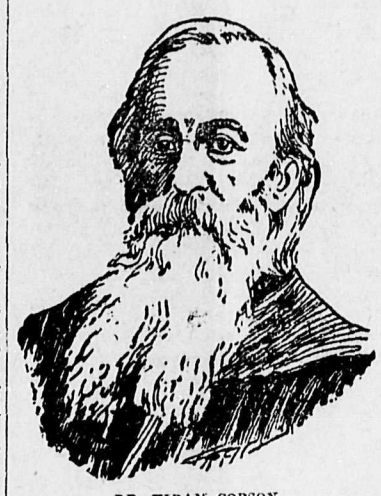
Want your moustache or beard a beautiful brown or rich black? Use **BUCKINGHAM'S DYE**

FIFTY CTS. R. P. HALL & CO., NASHUA, N. H.

DR. CORSON.

"Greatest Living Authority on Browning" Pays a Visit to Canada.

A most picturesque figure and one of great importance in the world of literature has recently been before the Toronto public. Hiram Corson, professor of English literature at Cornell University since 1870, the author of a score of volumes, said by Dr. Goldwin Smith to be the greatest living authority on Browning, has concluded a course of lectures for the Conservatory School of Expression with interpretative readings from the greatest English poets. During this course, his talk were such as one reads about, and hears once or twice in a life-time. When he



DR. HIRAM CORSON.

reads, there is a subtle, thrilling quality in his firm resonant voice, which at once soothes and stirs, and the difficult repetition of "Let the King Reign," in the "Song of the Knights," as the close of each stanza was lifted from monotony into an echoing affirmation of the soul's devotion.

Dr. Corson is 76 years of age, and resembles the artist G. F. Watts in features. As he sits with long grey beard and skull-cap, Merlin himself is suggested, even to the quaintly jewelled forefinger. A dry and pleasant humor frequently drew smiles and laughter from the audiences. Our portrait is from the painting by J. Colin Forbes, lately of Toronto.

Color Blindness.

Congenital color-blindness is due to an unknown condition of the retina, or the nerve centries, or both. Instead of three primary sensations of color being perceived, as in normal, one is absent, and people thus constituted are either red-blind or green-blind.

The seven colors of the spectrum, as seen in the rainbow, are violet, indigo, blue, green, yellow, orange, and red. To a red-blind person the appearance of the spectrum is short at the red end, therefore the general impression is green, and blue for the other three; between these is a neutral band, which is white. To a green-blind person the spectrum is not shortened, but it appears yellow at one end, and blue as before, with a neutral band. So certain colors, as it were, drown the rest.

Professor Delboeuf, a Belgian, who suffered from this, and has written lucidly upon it, actually corrected his vision by inventing a wedge-shaped glass, with graduated scale, which he filled with purple fuchsine, or chloride of nickel, to tone down the excessive colors. He tells with what joy he saw for the first time the true colors of shrubs, flowers, and the landscape.

Useful Piece of Furniture.

"They are going to have a bureau of information at the corner drug store during the convention," said Mrs. Perkins.

"Wonder if we couldn't get it after the convention is over," mused her husband.

"Get it! Get what?"

"The bureau of information. We need one in the house. I could keep my handkerchiefs in it. Nobody ever knows where they are now."—Judge.

Sleep For Insomnia.

Patient—Can you give me something for insomnia? Physician—I can recommend something, which amounts to the same thing. Patient—For heaven's sake, tell me at once. Physician—There is, in fact, only one sovereign remedy for sleeplessness, and that is sleep. Three dollars, please.

Waited Too Long.

Old Employee—I've been getting the same salary here for fifteen years, and—

Employer—Yes. Well?

Old Employee—Well, it's pretty hard to live on so small a salary.

Employer—But you've proved that it's just as difficult to die on it.—Catholic Standard and Times.

At the Zoo.

The Monkey—What makes the giraffe look so smiling this morning?

The Kangaroo—Oh, some one just gave him a chocolate drop, and it tastes good all the way down.—Philadelphia Bulletin.

Easily Achieved.

"How did Wiggins manage to get a reputation for being so wise?"

"By confining himself to two words. He waits till one of his superiors expresses an opinion and then says, 'That's so.'"—Washington Star.

A Short Cut to Health

If you want to enjoy vigorous health take

BEECHAM'S PILLS

They are a veritable short cut to lasting and perfect health.

Prepared only by the Proprietor, THOMAS BEECHAM, St. Helens, England.
Sold Everywhere in Canada and U. S. America.
In boxes, 25 cents.

CHAMBERLAIN

IS THE PREFERENTIAL 10c CIGAR You'll Enjoy Every Bit Of It.

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'ROYAL HOUSEHOLD'

A Perfect FLOUR For

BREAD and PASTRY

Sold-- in original packages only-- by all dealers.

OGILVIE'S-- Millers to H. R. H. The Prince of Wales.

Do You Want SOME ONE TO HANDLE YOUR SHIPMENTS TO CONSIGN YOUR GRAIN TO A RELIABLE FIRM PROMPT SERVICE AND CAREFUL ATTENTION ?

If so, the undersigned wants your business and will endeavor to give satisfaction.
Cash advanced on consignments. Reference: Union Bank of Canada.
The oldest established Grain Commission Merchant in Winnipeg.
Grain Exchange, Winnipeg.

S. SPINK

Denmark Is Short of Surnames.

Denmark suffers from a quite mediæval paucity of surnames, and so inconvenient is this fact becoming that the government has announced its intention of presenting a bill to the legislature sanctioning and encouraging the adoption of new surnames. Such names as Hansen, Petersen and Sverensen are overwhelmingly frequent. It is even said that there are towns of 30,000 inhabitants among whom there will not be found more than twenty different surnames, as many as a thousand different people having the same surname. In these days of records and various registrations, to say nothing of business relations, the comedies of error arising from such a state of things must be numerous. — London Globe.

B & C

LONG HIP

A POPULAR CORSET FOR 1904

STYLE

253

NO BRASS EYELETS

MANUFACTURED ONLY BY

BRUSH & Co.,

TORONTO, - ONT.

Of the sixteen children born to the late Professor Mommsen four are dead, one is a physician, and another sits in the Reichstag for Dantzig.

Severe colds are easily cured by the use of Bickle's Anti-Consumptive Syrup, a medicine of extraordinary penetrating and healing properties. It is acknowledged by those who have used it as being the best medicine sold for coughs, colds, inflammation of the lungs, and all affections of the throat and chest. Its agreeableness to the taste makes it a favorite with ladies and children.

Belle Applegate, an American singer, once employed at the Dresden opera, will go to the royal theatre at Weimar.

Lifebuoy Soap—disinfectant—is strongly recommended by the medical profession as a safeguard against infectious diseases. 22

In a divinity essay written by an English schoolboy appeared the following passage: "And He sed unto Moses, Come forth; but he come fifth, and lost the job. Morral, Git up urly."

If your children moan and are restless during sleep, coupled when awake with a loss of appetite, pale countenance, picking of the nose, etc., you may depend upon it that the primary cause of the trouble is worms. Mother Graves' Worm Exterminator effectually removes these pests, at once relieving the little sufferers.

Russian newspapers insist that one war will not end it. Possibly Japan will be willing to quote them rates on half-dozen lots if they must have more.

A girl is always proud of her new hat until she meets another girl with one that's more freakish.

W N U No. 472

99 per cent.

of the people who buy

Cheap Groceries

are dissatisfied. Leave Your Order with Us and get

THE BEST

. . . at honest living prices.

The Crow's Nest Trading Co.

A. McBEAN, Manager. Morrissey Mines, B.C.

Three Great Offers

.. to our .. subscribers

HOW CAN WE DO IT ?

OFFER NO. 1.—$2.00 for $1.45.

Despatch, 6 months, and **Success**, one year, - **both $1.45.**

OFFER NO. 2.—$3.00 for $2.15.

Despatch 6 months, **Success** and either **Everybody's** or **Leslie's Monthly** one year, 3 for **$2.15.**

OFFER NO. 3.—$4.00 for $2.95.

Despatch 6 months, **Success**, and **Everybody's**, and **Leslie's Monthly**, one year, 4 for **$2.95.**

SPECIAL ARRANGEMENT.

A Word About These Club Rates.

WE desire to increase our circulation by 100 new subscribers during the next six weeks. Can we do it ?

We are not losing money by giving these remarkable rates; no. We get a discount on the price of these great standard monthlies, and you get the benefit of it. Will you take advantage of this opportunity to get these well-known magazines—three of the best in America—and your own local paper, at such easy rates ?

Success, Everybody's and Leslie's Monthly are standard $1 magazines too well-known to the magazine reader to require description. In Offer No. 3 the three magazines are given along with The Despatch for less than the price of the magazines singly. On receipt of cash from old or new subscribers we will send The Despatch, and the magazines will come to your post-office address each month, all charges prepaid. Do not delay. Write name plainly, and remit to

The Despatch,
Morrissey Mines, B.C.

.Hotel Windsor.

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First-class Accommodation.

Hot and Cold Baths.

Commercial Sample Rooms.

Billiard and Pool Room.

GEO. MILLETT, - - Manager.

The Despatch

is being Read. . . That is why it is of advertising value.

PUBLIC NOTICE

PUBLIC NOTICE is hereby given that the Crow's Nest Southern Railway Company will at the expiration of thirty days after the first publication of this notice in the Provincial Gazette apply to the Lieutenant Governor of British Columbia in Council for his assent to an agreement dated the 4th day of April, 1904, whereby the Crow's Nest Southern Railway Company conveys to the Morrissey, Fernie & Michel Railway Company that portion of their line of railway between Station 497-06 near Swinton (said station being 950 feet north of the South line of Lot 2315 as measured along the centre line of the Crow's Nest Southern Railway as now constructed) and the mines of the Crow's Nest Pass Coal Company, Limited, at Morrissey, in all a distance of 5.064 miles.

THE CROW'S NEST SOUTHERN RAILWAY COMPANY. G. G. S. Lindsey, Sec'y.

Dated, Toronto, April 4th, 1904.

Through the influence of President Palma, Sir William Van Horne, of the Canadian Pacific railway, is about to close a deal for the purchase of the old Viebac penitentiary, located opposite Morrow Castle, at the entrance of Havanna harbor, for the erection of a hotel that will cost $1,000,000. It will be the most sumptuous and modern hotel structure in the world, and will be equipped especially for winter tourists.

A telegram from Toronto has warned Winnipeg that, according to a clairvoy-ant, three more terrible fires are to come this year, and one of them will be in Winnipeg. "Kit," in the Mail and Empire, published the clairvoyant's prediction.

A party of about 50 Chinese arrived here last Friday from the coast and were taken on a special train to Raymond, where they will take up small irrigation farms for sugar-beet cultivation. Their baggage was placed in a box car and when a few miles from Lethbridge was found to be on fire, and totally consumed.—Lethbridge News.

Monday was Slavonic Day in Fernie. In the afternoon Victoria Ave. presented a crowded appearance, rivalling the biggest celebrations ever given in the town. Three Slav. societies took part. They were : The First National Slavonic Society, The Pennsylvania Slavonic Society and the Roman Catholic Slavonic Society.—Free Press.

More Snow Slides.

A number of snowslides have occurred on the mountain slopes around here in the last week or so. A number of our residents beheld the one that was heard by almost every person in town on Saturday afternoon last. It happened at about 3:30, the roar being much like a train on the C.N.R. line near by, and many who heard the noise did not notice that it was at anyway unusual sound. Others, possibly not so attentively preoccupied, looked about when they heard it, surmising the source as the noise seemed louder and somewhat different to the train. They saw the slide coming down the mountain side across the valley to the west of town about a mile and a distant, a cloud of snow particles and dust rising and rolling on downward as the mass of snow, rock and dirt descended, with increasing size and deepened roar.

The slide came down three narrow ravines, starting near the summit of the mountain in one and the vibration of the slope causing the slide in the two other adjacent ravines almost simultaneously. Though on the same mountain side and not more than a mile from the big slide which caused such a blockade on the Great Northern some weeks ago, this did not descend so far, having spent its force where slope was more gradual some distance from the bottom.

Additional Locals.

A ball as a farewell to departing ladies is to be given in Fernie tonight.

Dan. McKinnon, corpenter, one of the old timers, left on Tuesday for Banff, where he has secured a good position.

R. Evans, who has been president of the local union as well as checkweighman, left this week. L. Marx was appointed to take the place of Mr. Evans, place as president of the union and also his position at the scales.

Weekly School Report.

III. Reader—Nina Batt, Agnes Gourlay.
II. Reader—Luther Clare, Marg't. Miller.
II. Primer—James Batt, Elsie Clare.
I. Primer—Mary Pechnik, Valentine Powell.

E. C. ASHLEY, Teacher.

The Dog Laughed.

The proprietor of a Third avenue store owns a little black kitten that cultivates a habit of squatting on its haunches, like a bear or a kangaroo, and then sparring with its fore paws, as if it had taken lessons from a pugilist.

A gentleman took in to the store the other evening an enormous black dog, half Newfoundland, half collie, fat, good natured and intelligent. The tiny black kitten, instead of bolting at once for shelter, retreated a few paces, sat erect on its hind legs and "put its fists" in an attitude of defiance. The contrast in size between the two was intensely amusing. It reminded one of Jack the Giant Killer preparing to demolish a giant.

Slowly and without a sign of excitability the huge dog walked as far as his chain would allow him and gazed intently at the kitten and its odd posture. Then, as the comicality of the situation struck him, he turned his head and shoulders around to the spectators, and if animal ever laughed in the world that dog assuredly did so then and there. He neither barked nor growled, but indulged in a low chuckle, while eyes and mouth beamed with merriment.—New York Telegraph.

For Little Girls.

Some one has suggested a few things that every girl can learn before she is twelve. Not every one can learn to play or sing or paint well enough to give pleasure to her friends, but the following "accomplishments" are within everybody's reach:

Shut the door, and shut it softly.

Keep your own room in tasteful order.

Have an hour for rising, and rise.

Never let a button stay off twenty-four hours.

Always know where your things are.

Never let a day pass without doing something to make somebody comfortable.

Learn to make bread as well as cake.

Never go about with your shoes unbuttoned.

Punishment of Tantalus.

Put an ordinary chair, front downward, on the ground. Now ask some one to kneel on the lower back bar and to recover with his mouth a piece of candy or small article placed on the back of the uppermost part of the chair.

It seems very simple at first, but if the person attempting the experiment is not very careful to crouch in such a way that the center of gravity falls back of the chair seat the chair will give him an unpleasant tumble.

A Dish of Happiness.

Take one large spoonful of usefulness, one cup of love for mother, another cup of love for your little brothers and sisters, a pound of wishes to make others happy, a saltspoonful of wishing to be happy yourself, mix well together and see if it doesn't make the nicest kind of an afternoon for anybody.

29 Apr