THE DESPATCH

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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

Fishing Tackle

See our window for fine assortment of up-to-date

Fishing Rods, Nets, Lines, Flys, Hooks, Leaders, Baskets, Stringers.

See our adv. next week for FIRE WORKS.

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

Story of Fernie Fire.

The How it was done. Weak Water Power Blamed. Many Business Hit Hard. Majority well Insured, Rebuilding.

Fernie has been the victim of the fire demon at last, and nine-tenths of the business portion of the town has been destroyed.

The fire broke out in the general store of C. Richards at 3 a.m. Friday, and by 8 a.m. only ashes and smouldering embers marked the place where stood practically all the business blocks of the town, the Northern hotel, Robbin's furniture, Sheppard & Elliott's hardware, Roger's tobacco stand, the Free Press, and, at the other end, the Central hotel, being the only business houses of the central portion remaining.

The following is the lucid description given in the Free Press fire edition Friday evening of the progress of the flames:

The fire had gained some headway before it was noticed, and in the absence of a regular fire alarm considerable time elapsed before many of those most directly interested were on the scene. The chemical engine did not reach the fire for probably 20 minutes after the first alarm was given. H. Wilkes claims the chemical engine did good work in Richard's store but that he had no one who understood it to assist him after he became overcome with the smoke. The hose was quickly attached to the water main, but, to the utter chagrin, of everybody, it was found that the pressure was almost entirely off, so much as to render this means entirely useless. Mitchell's tailor shop caught as the flames gained headway. Then the Fernie Drug Store and the Victoria hotel on the north side, and the Todd block, the office of Drs. Corsan & Bonnell and Richard's warehouse on the south side. Then a few moments' breathing space followed the crucial point when a little water would have saved the entire north end beyond Wood st. The water almost entirely failed, so much so that bucket brigades could not secure sufficient water to fill their buckets, and most of the water so used was secured from tanks in connection with house stoves. It was felt by many at this time that, even under these adverse conditions, the fire might be confined to the Victoria block as little breeze was blowing and a gentle rain was falling. The crowd could do nothing but idly await developments. The walls of the three-storey Victoria went down in a whirl of roaring flames and heat so intense that Cameron's house and the Muskoka hotel burst into flames. The remainder of the story is easily told. Quickly the fire shot across again and the coal company's office was in flames, then the Fernie hotel was burning.

The fiery demon raged northward up both sides of Victoria Ave. The Crow's Nest Trading Co.; the three well-stocked stores of the Trites-Wood Co., and then the Royal hotel on the west side. McEwing & Slinn's bakery; Fred Stork; J. D. Quail's hardware; Sinkbeil's boots and shoes, and the Hill block, where Liphardt's jewellery store is situated on the east side. Still the demon was unappeased. The Bank of Commeroe across Cox street ignited, then Cuthbert's block followed suit, which was followed by Christ church. A big fight ensued here which resulted in saving F. J. Watson's residence and the hotel Northern. That was the end of the fire on the west side. In the meantime Burn's block was burning and the numerous small buildings leading to the Salvation Army were in flames. Here heroic efforts partially saved W. Ingram's house, which checked the flames in that direction.

The wind shifted into the west and the flames leaped across the lane into the Alberta hotel block, levelling that building, Pollock's wholesale liquor, the Waldorf hotel, Cody's house, J. Brown's house and the Gem restaurant, where the fire died for lack of fuel. The fire had previously taken the Chinese quarter and the Carosella liquor store back of Quail's. The Calgary Cattle Co., in the Turner block, caught early from the Victoria, and the Central hotel had a narrow shave. And that was the fire, on the anniversary of the Frank slide.

Nearly the whole of six business blocks were consumed, the total loss exceeding half a million dollars. The insurance will amount to about a quarter of a million.

The cause of the fire is unknown, but it is thought to have originated from a defective electric light wire in Richard's store.

An estimate of the individual losses with insurance is as follows:

The Trites-Wood Co., building and stock loss $120,000, insurance $80,000.

C. Richards, general merchandise, loss $40,000, insurance $28,000.

F. J. Mitchell, tailor, loss $3,500, insurance $2,000.

J. L. Gates, Alberta hotel, stock loss $3,000, insurance $1,000.

Bank of Commerce, loss $8,000, insurance not known.

Fred Stork, tinware, $3,000, insurance $2,000.

Crow's Nest Trading Co., loss $31,000, insurance $21,000.

Alberta hotel block, belonging to Levasseur estate, loss $20,000.

J. D. Quail, hardware, loss $40,000, insurance $7,000.

Sinkbeil, shoes and trunks, loss $14,000, insurance $6,000.

Pollock Wine Co., loss probably ten thousand.

A. W. Bleasdell, drugs, loss $8,000, insurance $4,000.

A. K. Farquharson, Muskoka hotel, loss $3,000, insurance $2,000.

P. Burns & Co., meat merchants, loss $4,000, covered by insurance.

Fernie Drug Store, purchased last week by Hazlewood & Suddaby, loss $8,000. insurance $4,000.

T. Whelan, Muskoka hotel, stock and fittings, loss $5,000, insurance $2,000.

Victoria hotel building, owned by Mitchell of Cowley, loss $12,000, some insurance.

W. W. Tuttle, Royal hotel, loss $30,000, insurance $10,000.

S. F. Wallace, Fernie hotel, loss $15,000, insurance $7,000.

J. F. Jarvis, Victoria hotel, stock, loss $2,500, insurance $1,500.

A. J. Purdy & Co., fancy goods, loss $18,000, insurance $2,000.

Crow's Nest Pass Coal Co., loss $8,000, some insurance.

McEwing & Slinn, bakers, loss $3,700, insurance $800.

P. Carosella, loss $8,000, insurance $4,000.

The Fort Steele Brewing Co., about $3,000 loss in kegs, pumps, etc.

W. F. Cuthbert, building and stock, loss about $7,000, insurance $2,000.

J. Aeillo, loss $2,500, insurance $1,000.

A. C. Liphardt, loss $4,000, insurance $3,000.

Jos. Jean, stock in the Waldorf hotel, loss $2,500, insurance $1,000.

The Hill block owned by A. C. Liphardt, F. J. Watson and w. w. Thompson. loss $2,500, insurance $1,500.

There are also a number of smaller losses, such as law and medical office contents, etc., not mentioned above.

Fire at Michel.

Reports of fires, both at home and abroad, are becoming very frequent. Following the Fernie conflagration of Friday last came reports of a big fire at Michel on Wednesday night. At first it was said the new big hotel was destroyed, but later it was ascertained that the report was not true. The big bunk and boarding house near the hotel and big store was burned down. The Trites-Wood Co.'s store was badly scorched. but was saved by extensive bucket brigade work, and the hotel was also in danger but not so badly scorched as the store.

J. J. Hill vs. Coal Co.

His Growing Interest Not Admitted. A Fight to Get Control. Will the Coal Co. be Forced to Allow Him?

The struggle now going on between the man back of the Northern Securities Company and the Crow's Nest Pass Coal Company is one of great interest to every resident of Morrissey Mines. How long it will last is a matter of uncertainty, but, from present indications, we have no reason to believe that the works here will be closed down for very long on this account, and a few days hence may see the heralding in of the looked-for growing and humming time, such as no coal camp in this district has seen before.

It is evident that J. J. Hill has for some time been anxious to get control of this company and has been taking advantage of every opportunity to accomplish his purpose. The recent find of good coal up here has not lessened his desire. The question is suggested, does Hill want to buy this Morrissey colliery and coal areas alone? Would this be sufficient for him, and would the Coal Co. sell this rather than enter into a war against his schemes for complete control?

A meeting of the directors of the coal company is to be held this month, and something may drop.

The following regarding J. J. Hill and control is taken from the Toronto News of April 23rd:

The story of the domination of the Crow's Nest Pass Coal Company by the Northern Securities Company will not down. A New York advice is to the effect that J. J. Hill is planning to control the coal fields of Southern British Columbia, including those of the Crow's Nest Company. The Hill interest in the latter concern was (as already noted in this column) declared at the Northern Securities meeting the other day to be 41 per cent. The New York letter adds:

"It is surmised, though not admitted, that Mr. Hill engineered a deal whereby part of the stock owned by a Toronto firm was taken over at considerably below the market price during a period when the firm in question needed the money much more than it needed the stock. The Hill holdings are probably growing slowly. No stock has been taken into the Northern Securities Company for many months, but no one knows whether or not private interests identified with this group of capitalists have bought further into this stock or not. When Mr. Hill goes heavily into a stock he generally does it because he either wants or expects to get control."

An eventual removal of the American duty on Canadian coal is limited, as is also a possible ultimate increase of the company's capital.

License Commissioners Meet.

A meeting of the license commissioners of the district was held in the Court House, Fernie, on Monday evening last, with the three commissioners, Messrs. Whimster, Shaw and Bleasdell present. The purpose of the meeting was to consider the licenses of the Fernie fire victims, applications being in for renewals of six hotel and two wholesale liquor licenses. Five of the former and the two latter were granted temporary licenses, which are required to be renewed when the applicants have rebuilt or secured permanent quarters. The application of J. L. Gates for hotel license was held over, it being understood that the Levasseur estate did not purpose rebuilding.

A despatch to the Rossland Miner states that the Northport smelter will start up this week.

DECORUM IN CHURCH

REV. DR. TALMAGE DELIVERS A GOOD-NATURED REBUKE TO OFFENDERS.

REFINEMENT IN THE CHURCH

Prevalent Lack of Reverence in American Churches Gently Scored By the Preacher From an Illuminating Text—Reasonable Etiquette in the House of God Should at Least Equal That of Ordinary Worldly Relations.

Entered according to Act of Parliament of Canada, in the year 1901, by William Hanly, of Toronto, at the Dep't of Agriculture, Ottawa.

Los Angeles, Cal., March 13.—This sermon is a good natured rebuke to the prevalent lack of decorum among the worshipers in our American churches and a plea for the observance of a certain reasonable etiquette, equal at least to that which we observe in our worldly relations. The text is I. Timothy iii., 15, "That thou mayest know how thou oughtest to behave thyself in the house of God."

Are you a parent? Have you ever dressed up your little children and sent them forth alone to visit when they were about ten or twelve years of age? Then you have known the anxieties of a mother or father as to their social behavior. Before they go you say: "Now, son, be careful about your manners. When you enter Mrs. So-and-so's home take off your hat and place it upon the hall rack. Be careful and don't handle the vases in the parlor, and don't squirm on your chair. When you are at dinner be sure and keep your hands off the table, and don't spill the food upon the tablecloth, and ask for a second helping of anything or talk with your mouth full. When Mrs. So-and-so passes you a plate say 'Thank you.' Remember, my boy, that your mother's home is to be judged by your table manners." When the child leaves the house your mind follows him and stays with him all day long. And, oh, the pride that sweeps into the parental heart when, next day, you meet your friend, at whose home your little children dined, and she congratulates you in these words: "We had such a lovely children's party yesterday. And, Mrs. So-and-so, I want to tell you how well your children behaved. Your boy was a perfect little gentleman, and your daughter a little lady." Ah, such congratulation as that is as a sweet savor to the maternal heart.

If refined social manners are essential in the home, they are equally important in the house of God. So essential are they to a consecrated Christian life that Paul wrote a long epistle to his young lieutenant, Timothy, concerning them. In this letter, wherein are found the words of the text, the great apostle tells how bishops and their wives should act, and also how deacons and deacons' wives. But to-day, instead of my showing how our ministers and church officers should behave in the house of God, I would preach a sermon on church manners directly to the pew. I would try to inculcate the reverential spirit with which our congregations should assemble for worship. I would try to teach this reverence because more and more in this irreverent age there is a tendency to look upon church buildings as places fitted for secular enjoyments rather than as sanctuaries consecrated to the presence of Jesus Christ. "The Lord loveth the gates of Zion more than all the dwellings of Jacob." No man ought to place foot in God's sanctuary unless he can do it with the solemn feeling of Habakkuk, who declared, "The Lord is in his holy temple; let all the earth keep silence before him."

First the church building is the trysting place where God promises to meet his children at certain times. That means it is a place of rendezvous, where you have an appointment to commune with Christ at least twice every Sunday and perhaps once or twice during the week. One inference from that fact is that when a congregation assembles on the Sabbath day the worshipers should always be on time and be ready to lift their voices in praise at the first word of the first line of the doxology, as well as with bending head to listen to the last word of the last line of the benediction.

There is not one tardy church member in a thousand who would show the implied disrespect in not keeping an appointment with an earthly ruler which they frequently show to their Heavenly King. Suppose we should take a trip east and stop in the Capitol at Washington. Suppose while sojourning there one of the California Senators or Congressmen or a member of the Cabinet made an appointment for us with the President of the United States. Suppose that a polite note was sent us by the President's private secretary informing us that we might be received to-morrow morning at the White House at 11 o'clock. What would we do? Would we sit up to-night until very late, as some of us are accustomed to do every Saturday night? Would we arise very late to-morrow morning, about half-past 9, and have breakfast about 10 o'clock, as some of us are accustomed to do every Sunday morning? Then when the clock's minute hand is pointing to a quarter of 11 would we start to dress and at the last moment turn the house upside down and empty all the bureau drawers because we could not find our gloves or hatpins or a clean handkerchief, as some of us are accustomed to do every Sunday morning? Then would we rush across Lafayette square over to the White House and get there twenty minutes late, as some of us regularly and systematically always come to the church service late, where we are to meet God?

Oh, no! That is not the way we should act if we had an appointment with the President to-morrow morning. We would positively see that our clothes were all right before we went to sleep to-night. Then we would go to bed early, so that our minds would be clear and alert and we could remember all that the President might say. We would not only be on time, but a little ahead of time. At ten minutes of 11, instead of ten minutes after 11 o'clock, we would be standing before the President's private secretary presenting our cards for an audience with the Chief Executive of the American people. In the same way if you wish to get your chief spiritual blessings from Christ you must keep your tryst with him. You must start your public worship on time. You must, in your church manners at least, show to your Heavenly King the same respect you would accord to an earthly potentate. A spiritually live church is one whose worshipers always assemble on time. One of the surest signs of a spiritually dead church is the tardiness of the church members, who always expect their seats to be saved until at least the second hymn has been sung, and often until the collection plate has been passed. The pews should be filled on time, just as the organist at the hour sharp should be in her place at the ivory keys and the minister in his place behind the sacred pulpit.

Behaving yourself aright in church implies a second act, which is just as important as promptness at church service. A church member should be in his place when the service starts as surely as he should be at his seat when the train starts. But he should do more than sit down when the minister takes his place. He should, first of all, kneel and render obeisance and homage to the Heavenly Father, whose tryst he, the worshiper, has come to keep. The very first act of a guest in a home is to go and pay his respects to the host or hostess. The very first act a worshiper should perform when in church is to pay his respects to the Christ, who, in a spiritual sense, is the head of the temple in which the church member has come to worship.

The Episcopalian rector begins his service in this wise: "Lord, I have loved the habitation of thy house and the place where thine honor dwelleth." When we enter the house of God, do we one and all feel that we are coming into the presence of the Lord? If we do, would we come laughing and talking and nodding to each other, like a lot of schoolgirls entering their class rooms? If we do, would there be so much whispering among the members, both in the pews and in the back of the church? If we do, would there be so much turning around to watch others who happen to come in late, and a disposition to laugh when anything goes wrong? People who have visited European courts write that there the king is first and last in the thoughts of all the waiting courtiers. As soon as the king enters the room, all the waiting nobles rise and bow. When the king speaks, the waiting nobles listen. When a messenger enters, he not only kneels, but when he leaves the throne room he never turns his back upon the seated king. When we enter the sanctuary of God, which is filled with the presence of God, do we bow as before a king? Do we try to keep our face always toward the divine face? Do we earnestly try to make the prayers of the psalmist our prayer? "Let the words of my mouth and the meditation of my heart be always acceptable in thy sight, O my Lord, my strength and my redeemer." The church of God ought to be something more sacred than a concert hall or a theatre. It ought to be a place where a joke and a cachinnation and a chitchat should be just as much out of place as a minstrel show would be at a funeral by the casket of the dead.

O man and woman, ever keep the face of Jesus Christ before you when you are in the house of God! Every church building dedicated to the worship of God is in very truth his house, in which his presence is manifested as surely, though not so visibly, as in the Shekinah of the Tabernacle. Always enter the house of God in the same spirit that the little child of Rev. Charles T. Brady, an American missionary, showed when he entered a great European cathedral. The father was compelled to return to his boarding place for something he had forgotten. He left his little boy in the nave of the church to await his return. When the father came back he found his child standing in the middle of the great church in awe, looking around as though he was expecting some one. The mellow sunlight streaming through the stained glass windows fell upon his curly head and made him look like a little angel. When the child heard his father's returning footsteps he turned his inquiring eyes upon his parent and said: "Papa, where is Jesus? Where is Jesus?" Childlike, he felt that the house of God implied the presence of Christ. So, with childlike faith, when we assemble to worship Christ, we must come with this holy question upon our lips: "Where is Jesus? Where is Jesus?" If we come in such a spirit a great deal of the irreverence exhibited by some of our modern congregations would forever cease.

Behaving oneself aright in church implies not only due respect to the four walls of the edifice or to the habitation of the divine presence, but also due respect to God's ministers who preach in the sacred pulpit and due respect to God's musicians who sing in the church choirs. When the members of a church choir arise to sing the praises of God they become part of that mighty host who in every Christian land on earth and in the heavenly mansions are occupied with the same theme. When the minister rises to preach he comes as a messenger from God to utter the words that the Holy Spirit has commissioned him to speak. The truly consecrated Christian minister is a representative of the Most High and is entitled to the deference that was paid to the representatives of the European kings when they entered the United States Senate and were given the foremost seats, as I saw them file in when Vice-President Garret A. Hobart took the oath of office preceding the inauguration of President McKinley. They were not welcomed as men. They were honored in their official capacities as personal representatives of the British, the German, the Italian, the Russian and the Austrian thrones. Never forget when you criticise the preacher's message that you may be criticising the very words that God has given him to deliver to you.

"Not criticise the church music or the minister's preaching! Why," some one says, "that is almost an impossibility. Some church choirs smash every law of musical harmony. Some ministers are absolutely stupid. They are impracticable men—men of no force, without any two logical, consecutive thoughts." That is true, my brother. Some choirs are noted more for their discords than their musical perfections. Some ministers' mental depth it does not take a very long line to fathom. But I can give you this as my own personal experience—I never entered any church with the spirit of God in my heart, to try to consider the leaders of that service, God's representatives, without receiving great spiritual good out of that service. In contrast to this statement I never entered a church building with the spirit of criticism in my heart but I found something to criticise about the minister and the service before I got through with it, and, furthermore, when I did enter a service in the spirit of criticism I always found that I received more harm from that service than good. If William E. Gladstone, with the greatest brain in all England, could sit Sunday after Sunday in the little church of Hawarden and get spiritual food from young, inexperienced rectors who came there to break for him the "bread of life," surely you can afford to honor the ministers of Jesus Christ as God's representatives.

But behaving yourself aright in church implies not only due respect to God's presence, in whose sanctuary you assemble, and to his representatives there, but also due respect to the strangers who come in to worship with you at your church altars. It not only means that we should bow before God's altars and in reverential tones say, "Our Father," but it also means that we should give a warm, loving, Christian welcome to God's children who would sit by our side. It means that no church is a consecrated Christian church unless all the men and women alike, whether clothed in silk or in homespun, whether rich or poor, whether master or servant, shall be cordially greeted with an open church door and an open church pew.

But, though Christian etiquette in the house of God should mean much, how many churches are sinfully trying to become the churches of class instead of the churches of a great Christian democracy? Can we not, one and all, be large hearted enough to know that there is only one true gospel aristocracy, and that belongs to the noble serving class which Jesus described when he said, "Whosoever will be chief among you, let him be your servant?" As you would never be rude to my child because you love me, so may we in our church etiquette never cast a slur upon God's children. May we never jostle or push any one away from us! We should all belong to the gospel clan. We should feel that we are all brothers and sisters in Christ and that, therefore, by the gospel fireside there shall be plenty of room for all the members of the gospel family.

Lastly, refined and consecrated church behavior is demonstrated as much in the way a congregation disperses as in the way it assembles. If I make a social call upon you and you are polite and respect me, you do not try to show your impatience even though I do stay a little longer time than I ought. You do not gape and yawn and take out your watch again and again to look what time it may be. You do not get up and go out into the hall and put on your overcoat and then hold your hat in your hand as though you were ready to run away at the first opportunity. If you acted thus I would certainly take the hint and leave as soon as possible. Neither should you be rude in church etiquette.

During the last part of the sermon you should not be sighing and turning around to watch the clock. During the last hymn and the last prayer you should remember that you are there to sing the praises of God, to hear his message or to commune with him, and you should not meanly steal that time away from him to button up your coat and fix your wraps and put on your gloves. From the beginning of the service to the end you should honor the church, the church altar, the sermon and the music, because in so doing you are honoring Christ.

As we began with the words, "That thou mayest know how thou oughtest to behave thyself in the house of God," let us close with the psalmist's words which he wrote for the temple when David sang, "I was glad when they said unto me, Let us go into the house of the Lord," he meant it. Let us prove by our actions and our observance of church etiquette that public worship is not a drudgery and a repulsive slavery, but a joy, a happiness and an opportunity for continuous gospel pleasure. Let us worship "the Lord in the beauty of holiness" with refined and consecrated church manners.

Agricultural Notes.

It is claimed that rye yields more nitrogen to the soil than does clover or any of its kind except the lupin.

In transplanting from the hotbed into flats use rich soil in the latter to push the plants along.

Plowing sandy soil compared with merely disking has proved profitable in tests with oats. The use of nine to ten pecks of seed per acre gave better results than the use of a smaller quantity.

SCHOOL OVERWORK.

Goldwin Smith on Longevity—Plain Living, Bodily Exercise, No Overwork—Proper Stimulus in Public Schools.

Mr. Goldwin Smith, writing in The Ladies' Home Journal on "The Reason for My Eighty Years," ascribes his longevity and his ability at the age of eighty still to do work in part to his not having been overworked at school, and adds:

"I probably, however, owe something to plain living and bodily exercise, as well as to immunity from overwork. At the school at which I first was, though it deemed itself first-class, the diet was such as I suppose an American boy would scorn. Our breakfast was bread and butter and a cup of tea. Our dinner was one helping of meat with vegetables, and one helping of pudding. Our supper was the same as our breakfast. The food was good of its kind. During the four years and more which I spent at that school I was never in bed for sickness, nor do I remember that any one of my schoolmates was. At college I did not overwork myself. I never worked at night. But I took regular exercise, almost always on horseback. When an examination approached I rather reduced than increased my amount of reading, thinking that freshness and nerve would be worth more to me in the trial than the little additional amount of knowledge. I may add that, though I have never lived by rule, my general habits have been such as to preserve what my early advantages had given me. I have always taken plenty of exercise; indulged a little, in my own country, in field sports; and traversed Switzerland and the Tyrol with my knapsack. It has been my habit to work early in the morning, not late at night."

"I see mention," continues Mr. Smith, "made of some parents who, being warned that their children were in danger of being made sick by overwork at school, declined to interfere, saying that sickness might be cured, but want of education could not. What is education? Is it not preparation for life? How can a child be well prepared for life when the physical energy necessary to sustain mental effort is impaired? Besides, however highly we may value education, character, after all, is the main source both of usefulness and happiness, and character can hardly fail to share the weakness of an overwrought and enfeebled frame."

Mr. Smith then dilates on the misgivings of our public school system. "In the first place," he says, "it is mechanical. It must deal with all children alike, regardless of differences of constitution, bodily or mental, and of special destination in life. There is a hackneyed story of a minister of education in France, that happy land of administrative uniformity, pointing to a bell in his office and saying that when he rang that bell the same lesson commenced in all the public schools of France. The story may be assumed to be apocrypha, but its moral deserves consideration.

"In the second place, the system is unparental. Dr. Rice, in his work on 'Public School System of United States, dwells repeatedly and emphatically on this fact. He says that in some cases the indifference of parents is such that they will not take the trouble to ascertain whether the school-rooms to which they send their children are in a proper sanitary condition. Ordinary parents, thinking that the State has taken the training of the child out of their hands, are apt to discharge themselves of the responsibility for the formation of the character, and even to take part against a teacher who attempts the application of discipline. An American, and one of the upper class, has been heard to say that his children were guests in his home.

"In the third place, the public school is necessarily devoid not only of religion, some form of which is still for the mass of children the ordinary channel of moral principles, but it is also without moral training of any kind beyond obedience to the order and regulation of the schools. This defect becomes more serious when so many of the teachers are women, by whom boys after a certain age can hardly be well controlled. The consequence seems to appear in the manner of boys. We are continually reading of cases of juvenile crime, sometimes of a first-class kind; and dime novels, though they may be responsible, for a part of this, can hardly be responsible for the whole. The original public school in Scotland or New England was not unparental; it certainly was not unreligious; and we may be pretty sure that its discipline was strong.

"Desire of rising in life," he says in conclusion, "which, if it is not the actual teaching, forms the pervading stimulus of the system, is in itself desirable and laudable. It has vastly contributed to the wealth, progress and greatness of the industrial and commercial republic. But we cannot all climb over each other's heads. The lot of the mass of us must be cast in the station in which we were born, and to imbue children in general with the opposite notion would be to sow the seeds of general discontent.

"There is a rather critical question, which I should like to see treated, with regard to the relation of the public school system to manual labor of the unskilled kind and to domestic service. Is a pupil of the public school often found engaged in either? Is it not generally necessary to look to importation from abroad for both? I do not venture to say anything positive on this subject, having no statistical information before me.

"There is in Canada—I do not know whether there is in the United States—a growing tendency on the part of those who can afford it to resume parental privilege and duty by resorting to voluntary schools."

A Dangerous Lake.

Lake Erie is the most dangerous of all the great lakes both for vessel property and human life.

Postgraduate Course.

Mrs. Richmond—Is your daughter going back to the cooking school this year?

Mrs. Bronxborough—No; I'm going to keep her home until she learns to cook some dishes that we can afford to eat. —Judge.

A Careful Student.

A good story is told in the London papers of an Oxford freshman who was asked early in the beginning of the term whether he had proved a certain proposition in Euclid. "Well, sir," he replied, "proved is a strong word. I rendered it highly probable."

How She Studied It.

"She claims to have studied music."

"Well, she has—after a fashion."

"How is that?"

"Why, she has studied the pronunciation of the names of the great composers."—Brooklyn Eagle.

Felt His Importance.

A boy, having left school, started to work in a factory. At the end of his first day's work he returned home, evidently feeling quite a man. Taking off his hat and coat, he threw them on the floor, with a meaning look at his sister.

"Look here, Jim," said she; "hang your clothes in their proper place."

"Hang them up yourself," he replied. "Who do you think's keepin' ye?"—London Standard.

Ingenious and Effective.

"Three new families have moved into the neighborhood," she said, "and I want to find out who they are, but it would be beneath my dignity to go chasing about the neighborhood. I'll just invite Mrs. Gossip to dinner."

A Certain Significance.

"Do you regard money as the supreme test of success?" asked the man with the artistic temperament.

"No," answered the practical person, "but the absence of it is a pretty sure sign of failure."—Washington Star.

Lacemaking.

The birth of lacemaking dates back to the days of Greek maidens who watched the spider make its web and copied the pattern with fine threads of flax. The art has developed to the point of producing brussels point, which is so delicate in texture that the dryness of the air makes the threads brittle; therefore the makers of the finest kinds have to work in damp cellars, using magnifying glasses. On the altar cloths and vestments of the church will be seen the most beautiful of the old rose point as it was made by the nuns in their convent cells and dedicated to the use of the church. Every one is familiar with the painting of "Queen Bess, the Dress Lover," which shows her with high ruffles embroidered with seed pearls. The portraits of Queen Charlotte display this keenest of lace lovers in hoops of balloon-like flounces of her priceless lace. Queen Victoria preferred to lay away in lavender boxes the piles of inherited laces.

THE DESPATCH

MORRISSEY, B. C.

A SAFE DIET RULE.

Eat the Smallest Amount of Food That Will Preserve Health.

How shall one determine how much food to eat? Too much mystery has been thrown about this subject. Let your sensations decide. It must be kept in mind that the entire function of digestion and assimilation is carried on without conscious supervision or concurrence. It should be entirely unfelt and unknown, excepting by the feeling of bien etre which accompanies and follows its normal accomplishment. Satiety is bad. It implies a sensation of fullness in the region of the stomach, and that means that too much food has been taken. The exact correspondence in a healthy animal between the appetite and the amount of food required is extraordinary. As a rule, the meal, unless eaten very slowly, should cease before the appetite is entirely satisfied, because a little time is required for the outlying organs and tissues to feel the effects of the food that has been ingested. If too little has been taken, it is easy enough to make it up at the next meal, and the appetite will be only the better and the food more grateful.

No one was ever sorry for having voluntarily eaten too little, while millions every day repent having eaten too much. It has been said that the great lesson homeopathy taught the world was this—that whereas physicians had been in the habit of giving the patient the largest dose he could stand, they have been led to see that their purpose was better subserved by giving him the smallest dose that would produce the desired effect. And so it is with food. Instead of eating, as most people unfortunately do, as much as they can, they should eat the smallest amount that will keep them in good health.—Roger S. Tracy in Century.

The Explanation.

"He says he moves in the best society."

"So he does. He owns a furniture van."—Smart Set.

Jane Poultney, aged 95, who recently broke her neck by falling downstairs, was the widow of Edward Poultney, who was the founder and governor of a rescue home for boys on the site now occupied by Dr. Barnardo's home at Stepney.

We have no hesitation in saying that Dr. J. D. Kellogg's Dysentery Cordial is without doubt the best medicine ever introduced for dysentery, diarrhoea, cholera and all summer complaints, sea sickness, etc. It promptly gives relief and never fails to effect a positive cure. Mothers should never be without a bottle when their children are teething.

With Lord Roberts ends the line, instituted in 1674, of British Commanders-in-Chief. Of the eighteen who have consecutively held office, nine were English, three Irish, two Anglo-Irish, two Scotch, one French, and one German.

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.

Not for many years have such dense shoals of sprats been met with in the Wash, and the extraordinary cargoes that have been landed recently have caused a slump in the food market, so that the catches have been sent away in trucks for manure at 16s per ton.

Ayer's

Your doctor will tell you that thin, pale, weak, nervous children become strong and well by taking Ayer's Sarsaparilla. Small doses, for a few days.

Sarsaparilla

The change is very prompt and very marked. Ask your doctor why it is. He has our formula and will explain.

"When 12 years old, for many months no one thought I could live because of thin blood. But, in a few weeks, Ayer's Sarsaparilla completely restored me to health."
MRS. E. BUCKMINSTER, Vineland, N. J

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

for The Children

Biliousness, constipation prevent recovery. Cure these with Ayer's Pills.

POPULAR OTTAWA MAN IN LUCK

Dodd's Kidney Pills Cured Him of Stone in the Kidneys.

Mr. S. A. Cassidy, the Well-known Sportsman, Tells Why He is Grateful to the Great Canadian Kidney Remedy.

Ottawa, Ont., Mar. 21—(Special).—Few people in the Capital are as well known and popular as Mr. "Sam" Cassidy, proprietor of the Bijou Hotel, Metcalf Street. As a hunter and fisherman of more than local reputation, he has become known to followers of the rod and gun all over the country, and many of the members of parliament who make an annual sojourn here are counted among his personal friends.

The news, therefore, that he has found a complete cure for a dangerous malady will give general satisfaction. Speaking of it he says:

"My friends all know that I have been troubled for years with Stone in the Kidneys; that though I consulted the best physicians and tried nearly every remedy I could think of, I was unable to get better.

"Some time ago a friend told me Dodd's Kidney Pills would cure me. As a last resort I tried them and they have cured me. I cannot imagine more severe suffering than one endures who has stone in the Kidneys, and I feel the warmest gratitude towards Dodd's Kidney Pills."

If the disease is of the Kidneys or from the Kidneys, Dodd's Kidney Pills will cure it.

In preparation for the reception of convalescent officers of the army and navy, the requisite changes at Osborne are being rapidly effected. The mansion and park, it will be remembered, were given for this purpose by King Edward.

YOU CAN'T BE ATTRACTIVE

An Offensive Breath and Disgusting Discharges, Due to Catarrh, Blight Millions of Lives Yearly. Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder Relieves in 30 Minutes.

Eminent throat and nose specialists in daily practice highly recommend Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder, as sure, permanent, painless, in all cases of Cold in the Head, Tonsilitis, Headache and Catarrh. It gives relief in 10 minutes and banishes the disease like magic. Sold by all druggists. 28

An electrical engineer of London has lost his life at Tamney, County Donegal. While he and his companions were standing on a pier, a huge wave swept in, and he was carried out to sea and drowned.

There never was and never will be a universal panacea, in one remedy, for all ills to which flesh is heir— the very nature of many curatives being such that were the germs of other and differently seated disease rooted in the system of the patient—what would relieve one ill in turn would aggravate the other. We have, however, in Quinine Wine, when obtainable in sound, unadulterated state, a remedy for many and grievous ills. By its gradual and judicious use the frailest systems are led into convalescence and strength by the influence which Quinine exerts on nature's own restoratives. It relieves the drooping spirits of those with whom a chronic state of morbid despondency and lack of interest in life is a disease, and by tranquilizing the nerves, disposes to sound and refreshing sleep—imparts vigor to the action of the blood, which, being stimulated, course through the veins, strengthening the healthy animal functions of the system, thereby making activity a necessary result, strengthening the frame and giving life to the digestive organs, which naturally demand increased substance—result improved appetite. Northrop & Lyman of Toronto, have given to the public their Superior Quinine Wine at the usual rate, and, gauged by the opinions of scientists, the wine approaches nearest perfection of any in the market. All druggists sell it.

Carpenter's Mate William Proctor, 30, of H. M. gunboat Cockatrice, and a native of Devon, has been killed by falling down a stair at Greenock.

"Jack," the G.W.R. dog stationed at Reading, collected £50 last year for the G.W.R. Servants' Widows and Orphans Fund, which supports 1,357 widows and 434 orphans.

London and Carlisle are now coupled up with underground telegraph cables, and the system is being rapidly pushed into Scotland, and not a day too soon.

London is shortly to be provided with motor omnibuses.

Illuminated street names are suggested for London.

Several men have been fined in Monmouthshire for being helplessly drunk on rhubarb wine.

For a Lincolnshire farm for which the owner paid £24,000 thirty years go, £4,000 is now the highest offer.

Liverpoof magistrates suspect that telephones are being used by betting men, and these are to be suppressed in drinking shops. What next?

The Lord Mayor of Manchester says that when he was a lad he earned only 1s 6d a week, 1s 5d of which he took home to his mother.

PAGE "ACME" NETTING

150-foot roll, 4 feet high.....$4.75
150-foot roll, 5 feet high..... 5.50
150-foot roll, 6 feet high..... 6.50

For poultry and garden. Better than old style. Of local dealer or us. Freight paid.

THE PACE WIRE FENCE CO. LIMITED 253
Walkerville Montreal Winnipeg St. John

AN OLD INDIAN LEGEND.

Tradition of the Origin of Wheat, Corn and Tobacco.

"I have been favored with an Indian tradition concerning the origin of tobacco, Indian corn and wheat, which, although you may have seen it before, I shall relate," said the poet laureate of all the Pascagoulas.

"At some distant period two Indian youths, pursuing the pleasures of the chase, were led to a remote and unfrequented part of the forest, where, being fatigued and hungry, they sat down to rest themselves and to dress their victuals. While they were thus employed the spirit of the woods, attracted as it is supposed by the unusual and savory smell of the venison, approached them in the form of a beautiful female and seated herself beside them. The youths, awed by the presence of so superior a being and struck with gratitude for the condescension which she had shown them in becoming their guest, presented to her in the most respectful manner a share of their repast, which she was pleased to accept and upon which she regaled with seeming satisfaction.

"The repast being finished, the female spirit, having thanked them cordially for their attention and informed them that if they would return to the same place after the revolution of twelve moons they would find something which would recompense their kindness, disappeared from their sight. The youths, having watched the revolving moons and having returned at the appointed time, found that upon the place on which the right arm of the goddess had reclined an ear of Indian corn had sprung up, under her left a stalk of wheat, and from the spot on which she had been seated was growing a flourishing plant of tobacco.

NEW YEAR'S CUSTOMS.

French families always make a special point of being reunited at the New Year.

The Romans always make it a practice to appear in new clothing on New Year's day.

The peasants of Italy hail the New Year by beating wildly on frying pans and shovels.

The custom of making gifts at the New Year is supposed to have originated with the ancient Romans.

On New Year's eve Chinese merchants pull down their old advertising posters and put up new ones.

In Greece the father of a family, however poor, must give his wife and each child a New Year present of money.

Scotsmen regard the taking of money on New Year's day as a very risky proceeding, even though it be in payment of a debt.

In Germany if millet and herrings only be eaten on New Year's day it is believed that money will be plentiful all through the year.

In Japan at the New Year business generally is suspended, both private and public. The jinrikisha cooly is the only man who works.

Coal In Folklore.

Probably most policemen could have answered the question of the magistrate who asked a burglar in court why he carried about pieces of coal. Among other coal folklore is the burglar's firm faith that the possession of a piece confers good luck, and when searched in the police station it is usually found in his pocket. A belief in coal as a talisman is said to have been held by the early Britons, and it is certainly frequently found in their burial places converted into personal ornaments, such as beads, etc. Believers in dreams maintain that to dream of coal is a certain sign of coming riches. Then, too, there is the speculum or mirror of divination—that caused such a sensation in the sixteenth century—of Dr. Dee, which subsequently formed part of the Strawberry Hill collection. It was formed of cannel coal, though the doctor pretended to have received it from the angels.—London Chronicle.

Her Hand.

Suitor—Will you give me your daughter's hand, sir? Mr. Candid—Certainly; I shall be very glad to get rid of it, for it's always in my pocket.

A little Sunlight Soap will clean cut glass and other articles until they shine and sparkle. Sunlight Soap will wash other things than clothes. 18

Are You Building? If so, use

EDDY'S IMPERVIOUS SHEATHING

The Best Building Paper Made.

It is very much stronger and thicker than any other (tarred or building) paper. It is impervious to wind, keeps out cold, keeps in heat, carries no smell or odor, absorbs no moisture, imparts no taste or flavor to anything with which it comes in contact. It is largely used not only for sheeting houses, but for lining cold storage buildings, refrigerators, dairies, creameries, and all places where the object is to keep an even and uniform temperature, and at the same time avoiding dampness.

Write our Agents, TEES & PERSSE, Winnipeg, for samples.

The E. B. EDDY CO., Limited, HULL.

TRY OGILVIE'S

"Royal Household,"

A Perfect Flour

FOR

BREAD and PASTRY

Sold in Original Packages Only By All Dealers.

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

THE MINISTER'S WIFE.

She Has Her Trials and Sorrows, but Also Her Reward.

The minister's wife exercises the statesmanship necessary to maintain a well ordered and cultured home on a small income—a home constantly under inspection by the whole parish. She sets a fashion in becoming dress which tones up the taste of many of her parishioners whose husbands' incomes are two or three times as large as the minister's salary. She is the pastor and the actual head of the too numerous women's and children's organizations in the church, and she manages to keep most of the jealousies of their leaders from coming to the surface. She listens sympathetically to the confidences of the young women of the congregation, and the small wedding fees which occasionally fall into her lap are meager wages for all the time and thought she has given and the teas she has served to bring about these weddings—services which her neighbors may laugh at, but which are the most delicate and valuable of all ministries when they issue in happy homes.

She knows the pains, the joys and the sorrows of motherhood, and she has strengthened the courage of many a shrinking wife faltering on the threshold of an unknown realm. When she has closed the eyes of the darling of her heart in the last sleep she goes out to cheer weary watchers by sick beds and to give her silent sympathy to mourners who will not be comforted. She holds her queenly way in poverty, trial and not seldom under unkind and unjust criticism, and as she grows older a light radiates from her patient face which moves discerning friends who otherwise would pity her to say, "Verily, she has her reward!"—Congregationalist.

She Was Too Enthusiastic.

"Teaching to me," said an enthusiastic young schoolmistress, "is a holy calling. To sow in the young mind the seeds of future knowledge and watch them as they grow and develop is a pleasure greater than I can tell. I never weary of my work. My thoughts are only of"—

"I am very sorry," interrupted the young man to whom she was talking, "that you are so devoted to your profession, Miss Clara. I had hoped that some day I might have asked you—in fact, I called tonight—but I hardly dare go on, in the light of what you"—

"You may go on, Mr. Smith," said the young lady softly. "I am a little too enthusiastic at times perhaps."

Usual Kind.

Muggins—Is that an upright piano next door?

Ruggins—Give it up. All I know is that it's a downright nuisance.—Philadelphia Record.

Wasteful Extravagance.

"Jim Brownlee is going to give the swellest dinner they've ever had at the club."

"An expensive one, eh?"

"You bet it is! They're going to have eggs in three different styles!"—

BLAIR'S GOUT AND RHEUMATIC PILLS

THE GREAT ENGLISH REMEDY.

TESTIMONIAL from the Late SIR SAMUEL BAKER, the famous Nile Explorer:—

"Newton Abbot, Devon. Dear Sirs—I have delayed my thanks as I wished to test the effect of Blair's Pills by a sufficient interval of time.

"For ten years I had suffered acutely from Gout and life had lost its attraction owing to the uncertainty of health and the sudden visitations of the enemy which prostrated me for months, or weeks, according to the virulence of the attacks

"Blair's Pills have rendered me immense service, as I no longer fear an attack of Gout.

"For the last twenty months I have been comparatively free, as one or two attempted visitations have been immediately stamped out by the assistance of Blair's Pills.

"Truly yours, (Signed) SAML. W. BAKER."

LYMAN, SONS & Co., Toronto and Montreal.

J. W. DRYSDALE, Neepawa, Man.

B & C

LONG HIP

A POPULAR CORSET FOR 1904

STYLE

253

NO BRASS EYELETS

MANUFACTURED ONLY BY

BRUSH & Co.,

TORONTO, - ONT.

Dizzy?

Appetite poor? Bowels constipated? Tongue coated? Head ache? It's your liver! Ayer's Pills are liver pills, all vegetable. Sold for sixty years. J. C. Ayer Co., Lowell, Mass.

Want your moustache or beard a beautiful brown or rich black? Use

BUCKINGHAM'S DYE

PUTT GTS. R. P. HALL & CO., NASHUA, N. H.

George Thomas Bodmen, a clerk in the employ of Donald Currie & Co., was remanded at the Mansion House upon a charge of stealing curios to the value of £1,000, the property of the firm.

General and Lady Audrey Buller have sold their London house, and henceforth Sir Redvers will lead the life of a country squire at Crediton, Devonshire.

Pity for the poor parson! During the past ten years over one hundred Church of England clergymen have been admitted to the English workhouses or pauper lunatic asylums.

W N U No 473

Morrissey Despatch

MORRISSEY MINES, B.C.

E. J. EACRETT, - - 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, MAY 6, 1904.

A YEAR OLD THIS WEEK.

Last Sunday, May 1st, was the anniversary of the opening of Morrissey Mines townsite. This town is now a yearling, and one has only to look at the large, commodious, expensive buildings here to realize what a healthy yearling it is.

Twelve short months to accomplish this! It is certainly something of which to be proud.

Here we have many different business houses serving the public in varied lines. Dry goods' merchants, hardware, merchants, grocerymen, confectioners, gent's furnishers, bakers, barber, white laundryman, druggist, doctor, lawyer, and the finest hotel accommodation in the province, barring the coast cities.

To know our business houses we refer you to the columns of the Despatch, as all who are enterprising and have the interest of the town at heart show it by patronizing the local paper.

Our town is bound to go ahead. It cannot be stopped. We have the resources, the industry, and the situation. There is every reason to believe that in three years towns of importance at present in B.C. will be outdistanced and outgrown by this youngster, which will be by that time one of the busiest towns of the Kootenays.

Who can tell what this town will be when two years of age? Some things we can forsee as the result of another year's progress: school, jail, electric light, improved water works, good roads and sidewalks, a good English-speaking mining population, and work for a large number of such men. This is a modest view, but some, more hopeful, may see a more busy centre, a great growth in population, extensive building operations, and general boom as the result of favorable outcomes to some present undeveloped schemes.

Morrissey Mines is a yearling and a healthy one.

The Japs, by the two recent land victories, have again proved worth of being allies to the British.

* * *

The acting-general manager of the coal company cannot make any statement at present regarding the situation, he says.

* * *

It is evident that the outcome of the present difficulty, in either event, will see the beginning of that rapid growth and humming time here.

* * *

The Morrissey route is the only proper route to the Flathead. Week after week more men who know express their belief and knowledge that this is true.

* * *

G. G. S. Lindsey, managing director of the coal company, denies that there is anything in the story of J. J. Hill seeking dontrol. We do not take his K.C.ship's denial seriously.

The Toronto clairvoyant would have helped Fernie none had she warned them, even if they had faith in such prophecy. They depended on a squirt gun and a mud-clogged water pipe to stop a blaze in a fire-trap town.

* * *

Without any intention of soft-soaping anyone or every body, as that is out of our line, we can state our belief that there it no other small town in the province where could be found a more gentlemanly, courteous, and intelligent body of men, taken all in all, than are the citizens of Morrissey Mines.

* * *

The Fernie fire should open our eyes to the need of proper fire protection in Morrissey Mines. We have a water main but no hydrant and no hose. The pressure is weak that it would be of no use anyway. We want that pipe fixed, those leaks stopped to which we referred last week, the pressure increased, and hydrants put in. If the Coal Co. will do that we can depend on our citizens procuring hose and other apparatus for fire use.

* * *

The blame for the Fernie conflagration can be laid on the Coal Company. The water supply failed, and little more could be expected with a waterworks system such as they have there. A four-inch main is by no means adequate for decent fire protection in a town the size of Fernie, but to have that small pipe half clogged with mud is truly an abominable condition. There is no excuse for it. A predicament as realized Friday morning could have been fore seen by any intelligent person acquainted with such matters. The decrease in the water pressure when the coke is being cooled at the ovens has been so marked and the power has so frequently failed that such dependence on the water-supply in case of a fire has been sadly misplaced. The remedy will likely be applied now, and a larger main put in.

Nelson a Distributing Point.

Nelson. B.C., April 28.—Advices have been received from F. W. Peters, Assistant Freight Traffic Manager for the Western lines of the C.P.R., from St. Paul, to the effect that Nelson has been made a distributing point for the Kootenays. The wholesalers of the city have been agitating for a long time to secure the concession. The fact that it has been secured is hailed with satisfaction by the people generally. Its effect will be to make Nelson the wholesale centre for East and West Kootenay.

In order to obtain the consent of the Great Northern Railway Mr. Peters was compelled to make a special trip to St. Paul. Considerable of the credit for securing it is due to Harry E. MacDonell, the General Freight Agent for the C.P.R. in the Kootenays.

It is said that the effect of the concession will be to largely increase the number of wholesale houses snd to add to the business of those already located there.

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 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.

Chas. Farrell is in Moyie on business this week.

Meth. service in the Alexandra hotel Sunday at 3 o'clock.

Another wedding will take place in the upper town shortly.

John Moffatt, of Fernie, was in town a few days this week.

Mr. and Mrs. Dallas, of Grand Forks, are the guests of C. Vahey.

Mrs. John Maison, of Cowley, Alberta, is the guest of Mrs. Chas. Simister.

Mrs. D. Clark returned Wednesday evening from a ten days visit in Nelson.

T. Richards is suffering from the effects of a bullet passing through his finger as it was hurrying from the barrel of a rifle.

A cyclone struck the office Monday morning, but it did not affect us materially, as we had nothing to apologise for. The cap fitted.

E. Mace has had his tonsorial building moved across the street onto the lot, which he recently purchased, east of the Crow's Nest store.

LOST—On the railway track, Somewhere between the new town and the tipppe, a bent-stem pipe, with amble mouthpiece, in yellow case. Finder will confer a favor by leaving same at this office.

Rev. J. H. White, Superintendent of Methodist missions in B.C., visited Morrissey on Tuesday, and left Wednesday morning, with Rev. G. E. Smith, to attend the sessions of East Kootenay district meeting held in Cranbrook on Wednesday and Thursday of this week.

The P. Burns Co., whose meat market went up in the big Fernie smoke, opened up the same day in temporary quarters, the Salvation Army building. The mottos and banners on the wall are in some instances quite appropriate, such as "Ask and Ye shall Receive," "Worthy is the Lamb," and "Died for Sinners."

The Coal Co., we understand, have sufficient fire apparatus in their possession that fire could be extinguished at Tonkin should it start. Query: how many people know where it is and would manipulate it in case of fire. It might be wise for some of the permanent residents of Tonkin to get a few lessons in the use of the hose, and no doubt the officials would be pleased to give such instructions.

The news of the Fernie conflagration did not reach Morrissey Mines until about eight o'clock that morning, when word came from the Junction. Fernie is only ten miles distant, but the mountains blocked the vision of flames to some who might have been aware of the blaze otherwise. A number from here went down to view the remains, however, among the number being Messrs. Clark, Tranter and ye editor first contingent of foot, followed by Messrs. Hansen, Lawe, Rogers, Farrell and Stewart by C.P.R. transport, and another contingent of foot composed of Mrs. H. Oldland and E. F. Ashley-Cooper Saturday morning, after which came W. Forrest. On Sunday two cavalry, Messrs. Huber and Mitchell, galloped down to the front at Fernie, also. W. J. Blundell took the express down Friday evening.

Many amusing stories are told of the looting and attempts to prevent it during the fire at Fernie. Several men that afternoon were suffering from sore feet, having injured those extremities while paying forcible attentions to foreigners who were trying to get away with goods at the morning fire. Others had used their fists on frequent occasions, the "old town" residents by common instinct taking it for granted that anything they could carry away was licensed loot, and only force could deter them. The goods piled up ouside by those saving it from the burning buildings was walked off with as speedily as possible, and many men let goods burn that they could have saved from the flames, rather than have the articles stolen. The police have since raided and searched many houses in the foreign quarter, and arrested a number of suspects,

Many of the citizens of Tonkin express their dissatisfaction with the new mail service.

A few of the youny people of Morrissey Mines got together on Monday evening to make arrangements for giving a dance Wednesday night. About seventy-five invitations were sent out on Tuesday, but, owing to the short notice and the wet night, as many did not respond as would have otherwise. However, there was a nice number present, about twenty couple, and the dancing was much enjoyed. Mr. Staebler, the pianist, put up excellent music, and on every side could be heard compliments to his waltzes especially. Refreshments were served about midnight, the program of twenty-four numbers being then half over, after which the dancing was continued until 2 o'clock. The general impression is that it was one of the best that has been.

Another Slavonic celebration at Tonkin this week has resulted in damage to the company's houses and gave a big scare to the people all around. Constables Tranter and Beadown came down from Fernie, where the latter was on duty connected with the extra fire force, and they investigated the affair on Wednesday. It appears that a part of the celebration program was the blowing up of a Slav. house, but the preparations were interrupted before the fuse was ignited, and the men ran away. Warrants were sworn out for two of them, Mike Gorck and John Garbar, Gorck being arrested, but not so Garbar, who left town. The witnesses against the prisoner failed to appear at the hearing before the J.P., so the man was acquitted.

Going in from Morrissey

T. M. Turner with another prospector and old mountaineer who is very familiar with this district, went into the Flathead from Morrissey Mines this week, outfitting at the Crow's Nest Trading Co.'s store on Tuesday. They are staking claims for a party of Montreal capitalists. The locator is the man who blazed the C.P.R. trail through here some years ago, and he expresses himself strongly in favor of the route up the ravine from here to the Flathead. They expect pack-horses to be sent here shortly for their use over this trail.

Football Club Organized.

A meeting was held in the Gourlay House on Friday evening last for the purpose of forming a football club. Enthusiasts to the number of twenty were present.

The following officers were elected:—President, J. Kay; Sec'y-treas., W. Hoffman; Managing Committee, Messrs. Ross, Henderson, Gorrie, Eacrett and Perkins. The season membership fee was fixed at $1.00. An arrangement was made for the immediate purchase of a ball, and on Thursday evening there was to be a turnout on the grounds to put things in shape for practice.

The Canadian Bank of Commerce.

HEAD OFFICE TORONTO.

Paid-up Capital, $8,700,000. Reserve Fund $3,000,000.

HON. GEO. A. COX, PRES. B. E. WALKER, GENERAL MGR.

Savings Department

Deposits of $1.00 and upwards received and interest allowed at current rates. Depositors are subject to no delay when depositing or withdrawing funds.

FERNIE BRANCH, E. H. BIRD, Manager.

MINERS, Lumbermen, and working-men of all classes get the greatest value by buying at

THE PIONEER STORE

Jos. Aiello, prop.

Tony Caravetta

Successor to F. Moncuso.

A full line of

...Groceries

Next door to the Western Hotel.

Wood and Coal Delivered

To any part of the district. Baggage transferred from the Junction. All orders for draying promptly filled if left with

"Bill" the Drayman.

MORRISSEY MINES.

Meat Market.

MORRISSEY MINES.

Fresh and Cured Meats, Fish, Game and Poultry.

Your Trade Solicited.

R. W. Rogers.

The fuel saved in one season by a

Strathcona

Hot Blast Heater will more than pay for the stove. It gives these results because it burns the gas half of the coal. For sale at

Patmore's

Everything in

Fishing ...Tackle

can be supplied by us. Letter Orders filled per RETURN MAIL or EXPRESS.

Sheppard & Elliott,

HARDWARE FERNIE, B.C.

.. The ..

Western Hotel

MORRISSEY MINES

SPECIAL RATES TO BOARDERS

Our Liquors and Cigars are **The Best.** Try Them.

T. Rader & Co., Props.

We are Here with the Goods.

That is why our trade is rapidly increasing in Fernie and this locality. Our stock of Poultry, Fresh and Cured Meats is complete, and everything is clean and up-to-date. Orders by mail receive our prompt attention.

Fernie Branch

Calgary Cattle Co.

Have You Heard Hbout It?

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.

Buy Your

Drugs

and

Stationery

.. at ..

E. C. WILLSON

Drug Store

HONEST ABE, U. S. M.

He Writes Some Poetry For Uncle Josh White, Who Is In Love With a Widow.

[Copyright, 1903, by C. B. Lewis.]

I FOUND Uncle Josh White at his farmhouse gate the other day as I drove up with a letter, but I noticed when I was yet a quarter of a mile away that his white locks and venerable whiskers had been dyed a jet black by the village barber. Uncle Josh is seventy-two years old and has 500 wrinkles on his face, and the black hair and whiskers made him look too funny for anything.

"Hello," I said as I drove up, "but what's become of Uncle Josh? I don't remember to have seen him lately."

"Uncle Josh is around, I guess," he answered, with a pleased look.

"Glad to hear it. Didn't know but he'd gone out west. Just give him this letter and my best respects."

"Abe, don't you know me?" he asked as he took the letter.

"You are Uncle Josh's boy Jim, I reckon."

"Look again."

"By John, if it ain't Uncle Josh himself! Well, well! Say, Uncle Josh, if you only had a bat on your shoulder I'd say you were going out to play 'two old cat' with the kids. Gone right back to thirty years old, and as good looking a chap as can be found in the country. How did you do it?"

"Abe," he said as he stroked his whiskers and kept one eye on the house, "I was waitin' for you. You are a truthful man. Mebbe you know what my true age is, but I want to ask you how old I look jest as I stand here? If you was a stranger what would you guess my age to be?"

"I'd say from thirty to thirty-five, Uncle Josh—not a day more."

"Wouldn't you say forty-five?"

"Never. I'd allow up to thirty-five and then bet two to one."

"Then that settles it, and they may blow till they can't blow no longer. It's the hair and whiskers, Abe. I've had 'em fixed up a bit, and Sarah and Bill have been jumpin' on me about it. They both say I look to be ninety and that I hain't got the sense of a hen to go and color up. I couldn't see that I looked over forty, and you say that I don't look over thirty-five, and they may talk and be hanged to 'em."

"And what's in the wind, Uncle Josh?" I said as I gave him a wink.

"Kin you keep it, Abe?"

"Of course."

"Then it's the new widder that's moved on to the old Frazer farm. Seen her yit?"

"No."

"Waal, she's a daisy. Only thirty-five, handsome as an alarm clock and wuth $10,000. Abe, I'm on her trail."

"Shoo, Uncle Josh!"

"On her trail, Abe, and bound to overhaul her. I stopped there the other

"ABE, DON'T YOU KNOW ME?" HE ASKED.

day to see if she wanted to buy any hogs, and I fell in love with her before she had opened her mouth. Her name is Snyder now, but I'll make her change it to White within a year or break my back a-tryin'. I've told Sarah and Bill so, and they are makin' things mighty hot for me. They say I've got one foot in the grave and won't live a year, but you see how little they know about it."

"And so you are going to propose to the Widow Snyder, eh?" I asked when I had got my breath back.

"Jest as shore as turnips is turnips, Abe, and I ain't goin' to waste much time about it either. I want to begin courtin' right away, and that's where you come in."

"But I can't court for you."

"I don't want you to. The day I called the widder and me talked mostly about hogs and cows, but she let it drop that she loved poetry and had a tender feelin' for poets. You are a poet, Abe, and a gol durned good one."

"And you want her to fall in love with me? I see."

"You don't see nuthin' of the sort. I want you to do me the biggest favor on earth by writin' me some poetry and lettin' me pass it off as my own. I ain't offerin' you money down, but I'm sayin' that from the day I marry the Widder Snyder your hay, oats, butter and taters won't cost you a red cent. Sarah and Bill have gone to town today, and you jest come in for a glass of milk and a piece of pie and start that courtin' off for me."

Half an hour later I had turned the wheel and ground out:

You may tell me of mountains and valleys and streams,
Of dells midst the tall whispering pine.
Of meadows that charm and waters that roll
As the sun in the west doth decline;

You may sing me the song of the sad nightingale;
You may sing me the sweet robin's lay;
You may capture the notes of the gray meadow lark
And praise up the notes of the jay;

You may tell of the rose as it blooms by the door;
You may talk of the tulip and pink;
You may cull me the choicest and rarest of blooms,
But I shall continue to think

That nothing on earth can compare with my Jane.
Oh, would that I now stood beside her
To show to the world the tu-mul-tu-ous love
I've got for the widder named Snyder!

Uncle Josh had sat beside me at the kitchen table as I wrote, sometimes trying to read a line without his glasses and again gazing into vacancy and uttering long sighs. When I had finished I read the poem to him and asked how he liked it.

"Abe," he replied as he brought his fist down on the table, "the Widder Snyder is mine from this hour. There hain't no widder on earth who kin stand up ag'in sich poetry as that. It'll wobble her from head to heel, and all I've got to do is to foller it up by askin' her to have me. By thunder, Abe, but I'll put them verses ag'in any man's million dollars and win out. If I'd sot down and tried for a million years I couldn't have done half so well."

"Were your hair and whiskers dyed when you called at the widow's?" I asked as he followed me out to the gate.

"No, Abe, and I'm a leetle bothered about that. She'll see in a minit that there has been a change, and mebbe she'll ask about it. I don't want her to think I'm vain, you know, but what can I tell her?"

"That you were struck by lightning. It always turns white hair black. Tell her that a thunderbolt knocked you down while you were splitting rails."

"I'll do it, Abe. It did thunder the other day, and she must have heard it. Yes, I was knocked over by a blamed big thunderbolt, but all the harm it did was to turn my hair and whiskers black and set me back to thirty-five years old. There ain't no flies on you, young man."

Uncle Josh was to copy and send the poem off that afternoon, and he thought he should have an answer in a couple of days. He did have one. Two days later he stopped me at the barnyard and beckoned me into the barn. I noticed that he was pale and agitated, and I feared that Sarah or Bill might be seriously ill.

"I've got an answer from the Widder Snyder," he said as his chin quivered.

"Oh, I see! Well, what is it?"

For answer he took from his pocket a folded sheet of foolscap and handed it to me. A woman's hand had used a pencil to write:

You may tell me of donkeys and asses and sich,
Of men who have wheels in their head;
You may sing me the song of the old gander goose
Or the calf who is ill in his bed;

You may tell me of meadows and valleys and rills;
You may talk of the surf on the shore;
You may send me a car load of roses and pinks
And tempt me with pansies galore,

But I shall still think as the days flee away
And the winds of old winter doth sigh
That the fool of a man who taketh the cake
Is the fool who resorts to the dye.

"Abe, what does it mean?" tremblingly asked Uncle Josh as I handed him back the paper.

"It means that the Widow Snyder doesn't want to become the Mrs. White," I replied.

"She turns me down, does she?"

"She does."

"And I go back to seventy-two years again, don't I?"

"I guess you do."

"And you won't mistake me for my son again?"

"Not hardly."

"Waal, I'll go and git soft soap and hartshorn and wash off this dye and let the Widder Snyder go to Texas. And—and"—

"And what?" I asked.

"You kin go there too."

M. QUAD.

The Trouble.

"I wonder why Mr. Oldbow goes to see Miss Frocks after she has rejected him so emphatically," remarked Hojack.

"Just to pass away the time," suggested Tomdik.

"But the reason he was refused was that he had already passed away too much time."

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.

Sorry He Spoke.

Auntie—Whom do you love best?

Dolly—Mamma.

Auntie—Who next?

Dolly—You.

Auntie—Who next?

Dolly—Baby.

Father (from the background)—And where does daddy come in?

Dolly—Two o'clock in the morning.—Buffalo School No. 56 Weekly.

Not In Congress.

"The Bill before the house."
—New York Evening Journal.

His Reward.

"I thought," he said, "that I knew how to make love."

"And don't you?"

"Well, it didn't seem to work right when I told Rose she was the only girl I had ever loved."

"What did she say?"

"She said she'd never marry a liar."
—Chicago Post.

The Gentlewoman.

A woman to be well dressed must, first of all, be exquisitely neat and clean. Her clothing may not always be of the handsomest, but there is something in the way in which she puts on her clothes, in her careful attention to detail, that marks her as the well dressed woman. Even though others outshine her in the costliness of their attire, there is something so fresh and unsullied in her appearance that she has a greater charm than her more expensively dressed sisters. The neat woman never neglects her daily bath. She pays scrupulous attention to her hair and scalp. Her teeth are well cared for, and her hands, clean and white, with well kept nails, become the gentlewoman.

When asked for an opinion remember that a compliment is really wanted.
—Atchison Globe.

Holding Her Down.

Miss Loveylipz—He said my mouth was like "a cleft honeycomb." Wasn't that sweet?

Miss Chellus—M-m, yes, but a honeycomb doesn't look very neat or pretty when it's split open, you know.—Philadelphia Press.

A REQUISITE FOR THE RANCHER.—On the cattle ranges of the west, where men and stock are far from doctors and apothecaries, Dr. Thomas' Eclectric Oil is kept on hand by the intelligent as a ready-made medicine, not only for many human ills, but as a horse and cattle medicine of surpassing merit. A horse and cattle rancher will find matters greatly simplified by using this Oil.

A man named Goridge, one of the oldest residents of Fforestfach, near Swanseaj has just d'ed at the age of 96. He had been sackmaker, miller, butcher, sailor, farmer, smuggler, and he took part in the Chartist riots.

Lever's Y-Z (Wise Head) Disinfectant Soap Powder is a boon to any home. It disinfects and cleanses at the same time. 30

Among the new pieces to be presented at the Leeds Triennial Festival next October are the cantatas, zie: "Everyman," by Walford Davies; "The Witch's Daughter," by Mackenzie; and "A Ballad of Dundee," by Chas. Wood.

A CURE FOR FEVER AND AGUE.—Parmelee's Vegetable Pills are compounded for use in any climate, and they will be found to preserve their powers in any latitude. In fever and ague they act upon the secretions and neutralize the poison which has found its way into the blood. They correct the impurities which find entrance into the system through drinking water or food, and if used as a preventive fevers are avoided.

A troupe of Russian dancers were loudly hissed at the Bordesley Palace, Birmingham, the other night. "You cannot blame us, but the government," said the leader in broken English, and then the hisses were turned into cheers.

Those whom neglected coughs have killed were once as healthy and robust as you. Don't follow in their paths of neglect. Take

Shiloh's Consumption Cure The Lung Tonic

right now. It is guaranteed to cure. It has cured many thousands.

Prices: 25c. 50c. $1 S. C. WELLS & Co. LeRoy, N. Y., Toronto, Can. 308

FOR MORNING WEAR.

Some Smart Shirt Waists Made of Substantial Materials.

Plain shirt waists of sicilienne, cheviot and broadcloth are worn beneath tailor made coats. They have longer shoulders and more fullness than formerly.

One of the most useful things to possess is an unlined skirt of white cloth well cut and well fitted. This may be used winter or summer with fine white waists and a pretty white hat.

For dinner or restaurant wear nothing in the way of a white waist equals the blouse of cream net incrusted with narrow lace insertion or applique. This is made very full, with a transparent yoke and a collar and very much puffed sleeves set into a deep tight cuff of lace.

The three-quarter coat is seen in walking suits in conjunction with the kilted skirt. It blouses and is belted in with a wide band of crinkled suede leather.

Of the trimming for winter gowns the colored Paraguay laces with raised

A NEW SHIRT WAIST.

effects are quite suitable for smart wear and are most effective on cloth and woolens with a smooth surface. Some of these laces are woven in two distinct colors, and others form a frame of medallion shape to surround the daintiest little embroidered sprays. A few of these motifs of lace and embroidery are quite sufficient to trim a bodice, and they are also used on coatees and boleros, and especially on smart waistcoats of pale colored cloth.

The illustration shows a new shirt waist having a deep yoke which gives the long shouldered effect.

JUDIC CHOLLET.

Struck Him Unfavorably.

Mr. Gaswell, who had come recently into the possession of a considerable fortune, had decided to erect a large office building and was discussing the plans with an architect.

"As to the floors, now," said the architect, "you would want them in mosaic patterns, I presume?"

"I don't know about that," responded Mr. Gaswell, dubiously scratching his jaw. "I hain't got any prejudice against Moses as a man, and he certainly knowed a good deal about law, but when it comes to laying floors it kind o' seems to me I'd ruther have 'em unsectarian-like. Don't strike you that way?"

Willing to Help Him.

"My husband is so poetic," said one lady to another in a car the other day.

"Have you ever tried rubbin' his j'ints with bartshorn liniment, mum?" interrupted a beefy looking woman with a market basket at her feet, who was seated at the lady's elbow and overheard the remark. "That'll straighten him out as quick as anything I know of, if he ain't got it too bad."

His Drawback.

"They tell me," said the junior partner, "that the man to whom we have been sending so many bills belongs to a rather fast set."

"Well," answered the senior partner, "he may belong to the fast set, but he's a slow settler."—Exchange.

Fugitive Poems.

Poet's Little Boy—Why do you call them "Fugitive Poems," papa? Poet—Because when I begin to read them my listeners generally flee.—Chicago Record-Herald.

A Grand Success.

Mrs. De Style—I've got ahead of Mrs. De Fashion for the first time. Husband—How? Mrs. De Style—At Mrs. De Fashion's last party two of the guests fainted, but at my grand reception last night the crush was so great that six of the ladies had to be carried out, and one had to have a doctor.

The Count Not Cruel.

"You wouldn't marry me for my money alone, would you?" the heiress asked.

"Ah, no," replied the count. "That would be cruel, and I have a kind heart."—Chicago Record-Herald.

She Had to Forgive.

Mrs. Winks—Mrs. Ayres and her husband have had a dreadful quarrel just because she gave him a letter to mail and he carried it around in his pockets for a week. Isn't it too silly of her? Mr. Winks—Maybe that would make you mad too. Mrs. Winks—Oh, John, I wouldn't lose my temper over a little thing like that. Mr. Winks—I'm glad to hear you say it, my dear. I just recall that I've still got that letter you gave me last Wednesday.

Escaped Her Notice.

"How did you like the way the minister animadverted upon our colloquialisms last Sunday?" asked Mrs. Oldcastle.

"I didn't notice it," replied her hostess. "Me and Josiah were crowded out of our own pew and had to set where we couldn't see him when he wasn't standin' up."

The Spinster Aunt's Opinion.

Carrie—Do you think a woman is justified in marrying a man she doesn't know? Aunt Jane—She certainly wouldn't be justified in marrying a man she did know.

Nothing In It.

"I understand, professor, that Miss Squawker is coming to you to cultivate her voice. Is there anything in it?"

"Not for her."

No Other Course.

Tess—I don't see why she should go and marry that old man for his money.

Jess—Why, how else could she get it?
—Philadelphia Press.

The Doctor's Orders.

Dedelia—Phat are yez doin' takin' the lock off the cupboard dure, Pat? Are yez chrazy?

Pat—No, darlint; the dochtor tould me today thot I must quit boltin' me food, and I'm goin' to obey insthructions.

Sir John Noce Moore, a former Lord Mayor of the City of London, died recently at his residence in Russell Square, after an illness of some duration. He was born in Stockport in 1826.

Sudden Deaths on the Increase.—People apparently well and happy to-day, to-morrow are stricken down, and in ninety-nine cases out of every hundred the heart is the cause. The king of heart remedies, Dr. Agnew's Cure for the Heart, is within reach of all. It relieves in 30 minutes, and cures most chronic cases.—91

A big work in connecting the north and south of the Thames has been begun by the London County Council in the acceptance of a tender by a London firm at £1,088,484, for the construction of the Rotherhithe tunnel.

Rheumatism — What's the Cause?—Where's the Cure?—The active irritating cause of this most painful of diseases is poisonous uric acid in the blood. South American Rheumatic Cure neutralizes the acid poison. Relieves in 6 hours and cures in 1 to 3 days.—90

The Right Honorable J. Powell Williams, M.P. for South Birmingham, who had a fatal apoplectic seizure at the House of Commons recently, was the son of the late Mr. Joseph Williams, and was born in 1840.

Eighty Years Old — Catarrh Fifty Years. Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder cures him. Want any stronger evidence of the power of this wonderful remedy over this universal disease? Want the truth of the case confirmed? Write George Lewis, Shamokin, Pa. He says:—"I look upon my cure as a miracle." It relieves in ten minutes.—89

The Sussex County authorities know something. They have kept on fining the scorching motorists, until now they have enough to buy a motor for the chief constable. Great scheme!

USEFUL AT ALL TIMES.—In winter or in summer Parmelee's Vegetable Pills will cope with and overcome any irregularities of the digestive organs which change of diet, change of residence, or variation of temperature may bring about. They should be always kept at hand, and once their beneficial action becomes known, no one will be without them. There is nothing nauseating in their structure, and the most delicate can use them confidently.

Bradford corporation is anxious to stop the street crying of newspapers on Sunday. Can't hear the bookies whispering the odds on account of this noise.

Mr. Cornelius Lundie, of Cardiff, who is still hale and hearty, enjoys the distinction of having lunched at Abbotsford with Sir Walter Scott, the novelist.

A Smiling Face

signifies robust health and good digestion. You can always carry a smiling face in spite of care and worry if you keep your liver right and your digestion good by using

Beecham's Pills

Sold Everywhere. In boxes 25 cents.

Plot of Mrs. Bowser

She Makes It Decidedly Interesting For Mr. B. For One Evening by Hauling Him Over the Coals, to His Great Astonishment.

[Copyright, 1903, by C. B. Lewis.]

THERE was a certain atmosphere surrounding Mr. Bowser as he came home the other evening that warned Mrs. Bowser of trouble to come. As a matter of fact, several things had annoyed him during the day, and on the street car coming home a drunken man had insisted on recognizing him as a long lost brother, and a loafer had stepped on his feet and then called him a liar.

It was only natural that he should blame Mrs. Bowser and hold her responsible, and all through the dinner hour he was casting about for an excuse to open his batteries. Mrs. Bowser was watching the thermometer, and they had no sooner reached the sitting room than she said:

"Mr. Bowser, the gas bill came in today, and it is $1 more than last month. This extravagance on your part has got to stop or I shall know the reason why. You seem to be doing your best to drive me to the poorhouse."

"Wh-what's that?" exclaimed Mr. Bowser as he looked at her and wondered if he heard aright.

"I went down cellar the other day after you had gone," she continued, "and there were two gas jets blazing away as if the rats were holding a festival. You lighted them and left them. That's just your way. You are the most careless, extravagant man I know of, and you'll have to make a change for the better or there will be trouble in this house."

"You—you are talking to me?"

"Yes, sir, I'm talking straight to you, and I hope you won't lose a word of what I say. That last ton of range coal is nearly out. Did you sell part of it to the neighbors or encourage

"YOU SIT RIGHT THERE AND LISTEN TO ME."

tramps to throw it into the street? I'm sure that you are responsible in some way that it didn't last longer."

"Woman!" shouted Mr. Bowser as he finally got his breath. "Have you been hit on the head and had your senses knocked out of you?"

"No, sir, I haven't," she replied in decided tones. "You sit right down there and listen to me. How does it come that the butcher has sent in a bill for a balance of 19 cents? Don't squirm around and look as red as a boiled lobster, but give me a straight answer. Did you stop and buy a sausage to eat at the office? Have you been sending pork chops to some distressed family and keeping it a secret from me?"

"I won't be talked to in this manner!" he said as he blustered up.

"As your wife I have a right to talk to you and shall exercise it. Mr. Bowser, four months ago I bought four dozen clothespins at 2 cents a dozen. Today I counted them up and found only forty-five. I want to know what has become of the missing three. Have you thrown them at cats, sold them for fuel or loaned them to some builder to make scaffolding for a skyscraper? The money value is not great, but the loss of three clothespins goes to show that you have no care how soon we bring up in some charitable institution. Answer me without dodging."

Mr. Bowser couldn't answer at all. He had been "jumped on" so suddenly and so vigorously that he was like a man headed up in a barrel. The cat, who had been asleep under the lounge to prepare for a night's promenade around the neighborhood, woke up as Mrs. Bowser began to talk, and she was so tickled at seeing Mrs. Bowser having the best of it that she grinned in Mr. Bowser's face and narrowly escaped a tremendous kick launched in her direction.

"And there's another thing," continued Mrs. Bowser after a moment of waiting. "A pane of glass in one of the kitchen windows has been cracked. Who cracked it? Don't tell me that the cook did it by accident or that some boy threw a stone from the alley. You are morally responsible for all the windows, and you must be on hand to protect them. Did you break that pane to spite me and help along your waste and extravagance? Did you take a sledge hammer and stand off and deliberately pound and whack and smash until you had succeeded in cracking it from top to bottom?"

"By thunder, woman, but I—I"—stammered Mr. Bowser as he realized that a revolution had broken out and was likely to be a success.

The cat sat up beyond reach of his foot and purred and grinned for Mrs. Bowser to go on and fire more grapeshot, and presently there was more to be heard.

"There are some few things I am going to do this winter, and I want to tell you in advance and warn you not to raise any row with me. We need three or four fire escapes around the house, and I'm going to buy 'em. I don't propose to be burned up in my bed at night, no matter how you feel about it. Then I shall take dumbbell and other exercises for my rheumatism. The doctor has ordered it, you know. He says if I could take boxing lessons it would be a good thing, but I haven't made up my mind about that yet."

"Are you—you Mrs. Bowser?" asked a hoarse voice as she paused for breath.

"I am, sir. I am Mrs. Bowser, wife of Mr. Bowser, and I am talking to him and to no one else. There is a sale next week by auction of antique furniture, and I shall attend. This house needs a table of the Louis XII. style, a cabinet of the Louis XIII. make and a sofa and a few chairs to show that we are up on Louis XIV. If I can pick up any old masters in cracked frames at the same time I'm going to do it."

"Good Lord! Good Lord!" whispered Mr. Bowser as he wriggled around in his chair, while the cat got under the piano to whisper to herself:

"Gee whiz, but ain't the old man having a hot old time in this old town tonight!"

"I shall also look around for a nice milk cow," resumed Mrs. Bowser as she walked up and down the room. "We use two quarts of milk per day, and by buying a cow for $40 and paying out $3 per week for her keep I figure that we would save about $500 per year. I was reading yesterday that every family ought to keep a hog, as hogs never eat anything beyond the fish bones and potato peelings, which are generally wasted, and I shall buy one and save about $250 a year on our pork. We will also need a few hens. I believe you paid a dollar apiece for those you bought two or three years ago and that they all turned out roosters and we never got an egg, but I know I can do better than that. The hens can be had for about 50 cents apiece, and we can build a henhouse of Roman architecture for $75. We will then have our own eggs and not be swallowing microbes every day."

"I forbid it, woman—I forbid it!" shouted Mr. Bowser as he jumped up and waved his arms around.

"Man, do you know who you are talking to?"

"I say I forbid it!"

"But that won't make any difference. I am Mrs. Bowser; you are simply the husband of Mrs. Bowser. When I don't know enough to run things around here I'll step down and out, and you may try it. And there's another thing I wish to speak about. Your father is all right in a way, but I don't want him coming around here and thinking he can run me or my house. I shall submit to no dictation from him."

"Has the end of the world come at last?" asked Mr. Bowser of himself as he pinched his leg and remembered how often he had inveighed against his mother-in-law.

"And now about clubs," said Mrs. Bowser as she paused before him. "You belong to two or three, and they are always working you for a soft thing. I propose to join four or five, and I think I can hold my own. I want something to take up my evenings and use up my spare cash. It is quite likely I shall be asked to deliver recitations and essays, and the name of Mrs. Bowser may come to be known in the land. You have had many opportunities, but you have not accomplished anything yet."

"And this to me—to me—to me!" gasped Mr. Bowser as he glanced at the cat and saw that she was almost in convulsions.

"And one more thing, Mr. Bowser. You are one of the most careless men in the world, as I have often observed. Should you lose your purse with 15 cents in it on the street car or in a store don't come home and expect any sympathy from me. I have told you that you can't be trusted even with a quarter to go to the butcher's for a pound of bacon, and if you will persist in your careless ways you must take the consequences. I think that is about all tonight. Let me see! No, there is one more thing. If I come home and find that you have given away one of my dresses or cloaks to some lazy old tramp I'll not buy you another garment of any sort for a year."

"And she talks—she talks—she talks!" groaned Mr. Bowser.

"That's quite all, and now I have business in the library, and you needn't sit up for me. It is sixty miles to your father's house, and the train leaves at 10 o'clock in the morning. Should you decide to go my lawyer and your lawyer can easily arrange about the alimony. Good night, Mr. Bowser, good night."

Two hours later Mrs. Bowser came softly into the room to find Mr. Bowser asleep in his chair with the cat on his knees. They had gone to sleep while wondering where he was at, and the look still remained on his face.

M. QUAD.

A Comparative Success.

"You say your flying machine was a comparative success?"

"Yes," answered the inventor. "It got into the air and back to earth without spilling anybody or breaking any machinery."—Washington Star.

Easily Explained.

The Cop—By Jove! The folks here live pretty high, don't they?

The Cook—Oh, yes. I gave them to understand that they'd have to if they wanted to keep me.—Brooklyn Life.

WHAT WOMEN ARE WEARING

Return to 1830 Styles—Figured Silks and Accordion Plaitings.

White cloth is as fashionable as ever, but it is only for the well to do on account of the rapidity with which it soils.

We have returned to the 1830 styles in matters of dress, as witness the full skirts and the deep pointed waistbands. Old fashioned silks, flowered or plain, are trimmed with frayed out ruches of pale blue or pink.

Loose hanging boleros of black chiffon velvet are trimmed with dainty gold thread tassels and bands of embroidered lace.

Both large and small spots and even velvet brooches are coming into favor. Velvet gowns of every kind are seen for both day and evening wear.

Soft chine silks, together with flowered muslins and mulls, make charming gowns and blouses for evening wear. They are particularly becoming to young girls.

Accordion plaited black crepe de chine made with a wide girdle and a

GOWN OF IVORY CLOTH.

handsome jeweled buckle is a very useful as well as becoming afternoon gown.

Zibelines and similar materials are again much used, as well as long haired, thick vicunas. Invisible checks, stripes and other quiet patterned fabrics are smart.

The picture shows a gown of ivory cloth trimmed with narrow fur and spotted velvet. JUDIC CHOLLET.

Not Guilty.

"To what do you attribute your longevity?" asked the reporter.

"My which?" queried the oldest inhabitant.

"Your longevity," repeated the reporter.

"Never had it. As far as I can remember I ain't never had such a complaint."

A Long Time.

"Eternity," said the country exhorter who wanted to make things clear, "is forever and forever and five or six everlastings on that. Why, brothers and sisters, after millions and billions of centuries had rolled away in eternity it would still be 100,000 years to breakfast time."

Diagnosing His Disposition.

"There's old Blithers. He takes such a jaundiced view of the world," remarks Gilworthy.

"Not always," says Migglebury. "He only gets those pessimistic moods on him when he has been drinking."

"Same thing, in effect. He takes a demijohndiced view."

A MODEL HOUSEWIFE.

She Must Have Good Temper, Patience and Domestic Knowledge.

Good temper, patience and a knowledge of domestic matters come first in the list of requirements for a model housewife.

The mistress of a family commands daily a small realm of which she is queen. Let her rule with justice, meekness and quietness. The most self governed person will always govern best, and we would have fewer servants if they were all under the firm and patient training of an employer who understood what their duties really were and required the best fulfillment of them compatible with the frailty of human nature.

On the mistress of the house devolves the task of providing food for her household. When she is a "model" it is her care that no waste nor ignorant misuse squanders the property of her husband and that nothing is lost by carelessness or bad cookery.

She takes care that there is no lack through fault of hers nor any drawback to domestic comfort through injudicious rule, no neglect caused by love of idle pleasure.

It is the watchful eye of the mistress that keeps the home beautiful with the freshness of cleanliness and the calm of repose, and through her vigilance alone will the servants prove faithful in the performance of their duty.

It is her thoughtfulness that provides, often her self denial that purchases, the comfort of others.

The model housekeeper today combines the useful virtues of our grandmothers with the charm and graces of a more cultivated and intellectual period.

THE CHARM WORKED.

A Story Which Reveals the Key to Good Housekeeping.

The Germans have a story which the home loving people love to repeat. A father when his daughter became a bride gave her a golden casket, with the injunction not to pass it into other hands, for it held a charm which in her keeping would be of inestimable value to her as the mistress of a house.

Not only was she to have the entire care of it, but she was to take it every morning to the cellar, the kitchen, the dining room, the library, the bedroom, and to remain with it in each place for five minutes, looking carefully about. After the lapse of three years the father was to send the key that the secret talisman might be revealed.

The key was sent. The casket was opened. It was found to contain an old parchment on which were written these words: "The eyes of the mistress are worth a hundred pairs of servants' hands."

The wise father knew that a practice of inspection followed faithfully for three years would become a habit and be self perpetuated; that the golden casket and the hidden charm would have accomplished their mission.—Philadelphia Telegraph.

CULINARY CONCEITS.

Because of the odor as well as the stomach avoid frying bacon or using lard in the chafing dish.

To keep celery fresh cut off the tops and put in a large preserving jar. Screw on the top tightly and set in a cool place.

Lemon and water cress are ideal garnishing for broiled squabs over which a little butter and minced parsley have been spread.

Many people complain that onion renders a salad impossible for them. Some of them are not disagreeably affected by a half teaspoonful of the juice.

Tart apples and crisp celery cut up in equal quantities and mixed with hickory nut meats make an excellent salad. Serve on lettuce hearts with a mayonnaise dressing.

When tea has been put into the teapot it should at once be filled up with boiling water. It is a great mistake to put only a little drop of water on the leaves first, filling the pot afterward.

Care of the Hair.

Women make a mistake when they go on the theory that the frequent shampoo is detrimental to the hair, says a writer in the Washington Post, quoting a hairdresser. In fact, some such advice has appeared in print from time to time, but the theory is absurd, since above all the hair must be clean to be glossy. Then one should take the trouble vigorously to brush the hair each night before retiring. But the same brush should never be used twice without cleansing. Since it is necessary to have more than one brush, it is well to have them vary, short and long bristles, as this aids in ridding the scalp of that loose, fine dandruff so ugly to see scattered through the hair. In brushing the hair the strokes should be firm and long. Violent, spasmodic brushing is not only irritating to the scalp, but disastrous to the hair as well.

A Mourner.

Mike—Did ye attind Casey's funeral? Pat—Oi did. Mike—Was ye wan av th' mourners? Pat—Oi was; somebody stole me hat.

THE TOO KIND MOTHER.

She Does an Injustice to Both Herself and Her Daughters.

It is all very well for a woman to look after the interests of her children, and it is perfectly natural for her to want to have the best of everything for them. But if the accomplishing of these desires means the mother's giving up everything that gives her any pleasure and making herself merely a family drudge for the honor and glory of her offspring it should not be done.

Many a mother will not buy herself a new gown for fear she would be taking money that could be used to better advantage in arraying her daughters in festive costumes. Mother doesn't "care about going out anyway, and the girls do, so they might just as well have the things." That is the way it is with everything, and before very long mother arrives at the starthing stage of not having even a "company" gown for the house, while the daughters have really more than they need and make the contrast between the appearance of their mother and themselves all the more noticeable than if they were all dressed more alike.

The daughters are relieved of all household duties that they may keep their hands in good condition and have time for learning to appear accomplished. Very few girls, if any, can be brought up this way and still be true women in the proper meaning of the word. The "too kind mother" is not nearly so common as she used to be, and let us hope that in a few more years she will have passed into utter oblivion and a new mother, who believes in equal rights between mother and daughters, reign in her place.—Pittsburg Chronicle.

SOILED LINEN BAG.

Made of a Towel With Colored Border and Fringed Ends.

The pretty and serviceable soiled linen bag shown here was made of an ordinary towel having a colored border and fringed ends. The ends are simply

TOWEL LAUNDRY BAG.

turned over and frilled on to a small hoop which keeps the bag in shape. The sides are sewed in a seam, and a ribbon loop provides a means of hanging up on a hook.

The Growing Boy.

Few people take the trouble to think about the boy who is leaving childhood behind him, but he requires as much care as his sister of the same stage. People say he is clumsy and awkward, that his feet and hands are all out of proportion, and they quite ignore the fact that this "ugly duckling" will very probably develop into the "swan" of society. The growing boy is exceedingly sensitive, though you may not think it, and to be ridiculed for his changing voice or roughly reproved for his unintentional awkwardness is almost agony to him. Praise and encouragement will bring out the best that is in him. No lad with conscientious instincts would dream of doing a mean action no matter how much his playmates may try to goad him on, but nagging and "scolding" parents will do a great deal to hurt his pride and crush his spirit. If his conduct merits reproof administer a quiet word or two in private and then let the matter drop. He will see and understand that you trust him and will try to live up to your standard.

Fried Bananas.

A variation in fried bananas for a dessert is to fry them croquette fashion. The skin is removed, and they are cut in two, leaving square ends so they will stand upright. They are then rolled in flour and fried in hot fat. An excellent sauce to serve with them is a little currant jelly diluted with boiling water and added to it a little shredded candied orange peel. A lemon sauce may be used if preferred. The liking for cooked bananas seems to be a cultivated one, but it is worth while to encourage the taste, for the fruit as a food is wholesome and nutritious.

The Silver Lining.

"Maud's husband has an awful temper. About once a week he gets crazy mad and tears up her best hat."

"Oh, how nice!"

"Nice?"

"Of course, you silly thing! Doesn't he have to get her a new one next day?"

"I hadn't thought of that."—Cr

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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.

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Troubles of Her Own.

"I asked her if she would scream for her mother if I kissed her."

"What did she say?"

"She said her mother was fully capable of doing her own screaming."—Houston Post.

The Gentleness of Seals.

Hundreds of seals made Nelson Island, in the south Shetland group, look black as night as we approached. They disported themselves in the water and played upon the shore. In wonder, not alarm, they stared at us as we drew near in a small boat. We leaped on shore among them. Still they looked at us in dumb curiosity. I was as much impressed as were the seals and stared as hard at them in an answering wonder.

"Come, old fellow," said young Sobral, approaching one of the large seals with outstretched hand.

It edged away a few feet.

"Move on, then," he said, smacking it on the back with his open hand.

It edged a little farther away, looking over its shoulder with an injured air. But it made no attempt to seek safety. A mere plunge into the water would have brought freedom from any danger. Several leopard seals were shot by our party, and their fellows gathered around them, wondering why they lay so motionless and staring at us with wide, pathetic eyes.

IT MADE LEMAITRE SIGH.

A Gesture and an Accent That He Could Not Reproduce.

The Figaro relates the following anecdote about Frederic Lemaitre: "He had acted with marvelous success in a play by D'Ennery and Marc Fournier when one evening after the second or third performance he was suddenly addressed by a stranger, 'How much will you take to be ill tomorrow, the day after tomorrow and for a month?'

"Lemaitre dragged the unknown under a street lantern and looked at him. He was a well known writer. 'It is you" said the actor. 'Why do you wish me to be ill?'

"The other hesitated slightly as he explained his strange proposition. He was inspired by an insane hatred toward Marc Fournier and had sworn to avenge himself on his enemy by all conceivable means. 'Help me to wreck his drama,' he concluded, 'and I will make you rich. I have the means to do it. You earn a great deal. I will give you ten times as much for six months longer than your piece will last. Will you agree?'

"Lemaitre had quickly recovered himself. He seized the man by the collar, shook him hard for a minute and then, with a vigorous kick, thrust him away, crying: 'How much will I take? Thirty pieces of silver, Judas!'

"An old actor who told the story added, 'How often has Frederic Lemaitre sighed in my presence when he recalled the episode, "Alas, I shall never be able to reproduce the gesture and the accent of that moment!"'"

Do Not Sleep on Your Left Side.

When a patient complains of a bad taste in his mouth every morning on waking up, says a physician, the first question I ask him is as to the position he assumes when going to sleep. An immense number of people sleep on the left side, and this is the most common cause of the unpleasant taste which is generally attributed to dyspepsia. If a meal has been taken within two or three hours of going to bed, to sleep on the left side is to give the stomach a task which it is difficult in the extreme to perform. The student of anatomy knows that all food enters and leaves the stomach on the right side, and hence sleeping on the left side soon after eating involves a sort of pumping operation which is anything but conducive to sound repose.

The action of the heart is also interfered with considerably, and the lungs are unduly compressed. It is probable that lying on the back is the most natural position, but few men can rest easily so, and hence it is best to cultivate the habit of sleeping on the right side. It is very largely a matter of habit, and the sooner it is acquired the better for the sleeper and the worse for the physician.

TENDER HEARTED TED.

A Thoughtful Little Boy Who Was Sorry For an Apple Tree.

While looking at an apple tree whose fruit
hung thick and red
Thus spoke a gentle lad whose name was
Tender Hearted Ted:
"How very, very weary of your burden
you must be!
If I had such a heavy load I'm sure
'twould tire me.
I think of you at night,
I think of you by day,
And now I've come to help you in my
tender hearted way.

TENDER HEARTED TED'S LOAD.

"And first I'll fill my pockets full, and
then I'll fill my blouse,
And then I'll take the apples home and
put them in the house.
I like to help the apple tree whose fruit is
ripe and red;
I like to share it's heavy load," said Tender Hearted Ted.
"I think of you by day,
I think of you at night;
I'm glad to do my very best to make your
burden light!"
—Annie Willis McCullough in Youth's Companion.

6th May