THE DESPATCH

VOL. II. No. 24. MORRISSEY MINES, FRIDAY, MAY 13, 1904. WHOLE NO. 50.

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...HOTEL

THE MINER'S HOME . . .
. . . WHEN DOWN TOWN

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F. S. CIGAR STORE,
Two doors South of Post Office.
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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

Mr. Lindsey Makes Statement.

The managing director and 3rd vice-president of the C.N.P. Coal Co., G. G. S. Lindsey, of Toronto, is in the district for a few days prior to the hearing of the explosion suit cases at Nelson which begins on the 25th inst.

We are in receipt of a report of the statement made in Fernie by Mr. Lindsey regarding the recent unexpected closing down of the mines here. Al-he did not care to state what the exact causes for the present suspension of work were, he was very emphatic in denying the correctness of our surmises in regard to this matter. There was no truth, he said, in the report that J. J. Hill was trying to secure control of the Crow's Nest Pass Coal Co. This report evidently grew out of the dissolving of the merger by the supreme court of the United States. By its decision the Northern Securities Company was ordered to redistribute the Great Northern Ry. and Northern Pacific Ry. stocks to its shareholders.

A large percentage of the residue of the Northern Securities Company's holdings consisted of Crow's Nest Pass Coal Company's stock transferred to it by J. J. Hill, and which represented his interest in the Coal Company purchased some time previous. This stock being the property of the Northern Securities Co. necessarily increased the number of holders of this stock and materially decreased Mr. Hill's personal holding, instead of increasing it as commonly reported. No man would receive the report that J. J. Hill sought to control the Coal Company, or did control it, more incredulously than Mr. Hill himself.

Continuing, Mr. Lindsey stated that the mines were closing temporarily for reasons of an entirely private nature that, for business reasons, he could not make public. The matter would doubtless adjust itself shortly, when the facts would probably be made public. The Coal Creek and Michel mines were running and would continue to do so as far as he knew.

Has its own Electric Light Plant.

A Northport despatch to the Rossland Miner states that the smelter as now running is better equipped than ever to handle the Le Roi ores. Extensive repairs on the furnaces have been made, a new up-to-date sampler and crusher have been installed and the big refinery starts off with a greater capacity and better facilities than ever before in its history. The recent burning of the Northport electric light plant, which left the city in darkness, did not affect the smelter, as it has a complete plant of its own.

The Big Boundary Merger.

Referring to the big merger in the boundary country, by which the Dominion Copper Co.'s mines and smelter, the Athlestane Jack Pot, the Morrisson, the Stemwinder, the Sunset, and the Emma have come together under the name of the Montreal and Boston Consolidated Mining and Smelting Co., with a capital of $7,500,000, the Boundary Creek Times says: "The head principals of the company, Messrs. Munroe and Pemberton, are expected to arrive here tomorrow or Monday. A payment has been made on the Brooklyn and Stemwinder deal. The balance of the money for the western shareholders in the other properties involved in the deal is in the bank at Spokane.

"It is beyond doubt now that the big deal which Mr. Munroe and his associates have been working on the last two months has gone through, and that operations at the smelter will begin in a very short time."

Approves of Morrissey Route.

At a recent meeting of the Fernie Board of Trade, Jas. McEvoy, mineralogist of the Coal Company, said that the only practical way for a wagon road to the Flathead was via Morrissey.

Incorporation Progressing.

The incorporation question was discussed by the Mr. G. G. S. Lindsey, managing director of the C.N.P. Coal Co., of Toronto, and the Fernie Board of Trade. The Co. desire their land, including "old town," east of the C.P.R. track to be outside the limits, and their new general office building to be exempt from taxation for twenty years. The erection of the office building will not be commenced until the incorporation question is settled. The company will be taxed on the houses in the park. Lots in blocks in the new corporation, but outside the present townsite, are to be taxable only as each individual lot is sold by the company.

The general impression is that the agreement will be ready shortly and the scheme put through as speedily as possible.

To Benefit Whole Kootenay.

It is understood that the new freight rates will not show an increase over those at present in vogue to points outside of Nelson, but in some instances, possibly, there will be reductions. The smaller merchants, who do not receive their merchandise in carload lots, it is claimed, will be considerably benefited by the new rates, as they will reap the advantage of the carload rate as far as Nelson.

On all supplies for mines, such as candles, powder, machinery, etc., the rate on carload lots will be the same as at present.

The concessions which the railroads are making, it is claimed, are for the general benefit of the Kootenays, one object of which, however, is to have a central distributing point, or as a matter of fact, two distributing points, for Rossland will secure practically the same rates as Nelson.

It is probable that the Kootenay merchants in outlying towns will be able to purchase their goods cheaper than at present; for the reason that many kinds of products will be brought to Nelson in carload lots, and can be distributed from there cheaper than they have been procured for hitherto.

To Organize Football League.

Invitations have been sent out to football clubs along the Crow and as far as MacLeod on the prairie to send delegates to a meeting to be held in Coleman on Monday, 16th inst, for the purpose of forming a football league.

The league will probably comprise Fernie, Michel, Coleman, Blairmore, Frank, Pincher Creek, and MacLeod.

For Fire Protection.

The Crow's Nest Pass Coal Co. have decided to install an up-to-date system of fire protection at their collieries, says the Fernie Free Press, and have placed an order for 6000 feet of standard 2½-in. cotton rubber-lined fire hose, together with nozzles and other appliances. The total amount of hose will be equally divided between the Morrissey, Fernie and Michel mines. The Coal Co. placed the complete order with the Gutta Percha & Rubber Mfg. Co., Toronto, through Mr. A. G. McKenney, the B.C. representative who has been in town for several days.

It is said that about twenty men a day are arriving in Poplar, and the rush is expected to continue all summer.

Government Offices Moved.

As the result of an order-in-council the government offices of this district are to be moved from Fort Steele to Cranbrook, the change to take place Monday, the 16th inst.

J. F. Armstrong, the government agent, has received official instructions from Victoria to be ready for the transaction of government business in Cranbrook on and after the 16th. The entire staff will move, including J. F. Armstrong, government agent; A. C. Nelson, assessor; J. Hislop, mining recorder; J. F. Smith, H. S. Clark and Miss Tanhauser, clerks, and Mr. Liddicoat, jailor.

Arrangements have not yet been made for the erection of new office buildings in Cranbrook. A vacant school-room will be utilized temporarily for government headquarters, while the police station and the second story of the Leask block will serve as court rooms.

Shortage Has Been Explained.

No little sensation was caused by the report of W. B. Ganong's arrest in Winnipeg on Thursday last. Mr. Ganong was the manager of the Royal hotel, Fernie, and was well-known for his courteous and gentlemanly manner, his many friends never having occasion to suspect him of any deceit whatever until this boomshell dropped.

The arrest was made at the instigation of W. W. Tuttle, proprietor of the hotel, who observed a large shortage in the accounts and telegraphed to Winnipeg to have Mr. Ganong brought back from Winnipeg, where he had since the fire gone on a trip, charging him with the theft of certain money.

Mr. Ganong denied the charge, and on his arrival in Fernie an understanding was arrived at in the choice of two men to examine the books and study out the matter of the shortage. The two chosen were Messrs. McQuaig, sec'y. of the Trites-Wood Co., and Davey, of Grand Forks. These gentleman went over the books, and located the trouble. It was a clerical error, the cause being satisfactorily explained. The men investigating the matter completly exonerated the accused from any wrongdoing whatever.

He Left Town.

The following, regarding the social event in the upper town Tuesday evening, is contributed:—

A shadow mantles the community. The gloom which has fastened itself upon us by recent commercial events has been intensified by the departure of one of society's leading constellations. Not often is individuality so asserted as in the person of Mr. John Chappell since he came here to reside.

In honor of the high esteem and the abundance of unrequitted love that distinguished this worthy citizen, a few friends, in response to personal invitations, gathered at the Gourlay House, which had been generously tendered for the occasion, to bid a pleasant farewell.

As in spiritual matters many are called but few are chosen, so it was that of the many invited but few found it convenient to join in the last tribute of respect to Mr. Chappell.

Fortunate were those whom circumstances permitted to assemble. Mr. Chapelle was the host Royale, and, as always has been, the beau ideal. Ancient chivalry seemed to have been reincarnated in his person. His guests were most assiduously attended to. His gallantry to the ladies was compared only to that of Lord Chesterfield. Sparkling wit and brilliant repartee was showered in rich profusion on the assemblage.

At the solicitation of the company Mr. Chapelle danced. His dancing was superb, graceful, rhythmical and bewildering in its lightning rapidity. All were enchanted.

But greater riches were in store for the votaries of pleasure. In response to

(Continued on last page.)

A LOST WIFE

A NOVEL.

BY MRS. H. LOVETT CAMERON,

Author of "Worth Winning," Etc.

"Is it likely, aunt, that I should have gone away to London, and written as I did to poor papa, if I had not meant to do it And you cannot suppose that I should be so base as to ignore all that has happened, and go back to him just because I am very poor?" I added, indignantly.

"But he knows nothing about it—absolutely nothing," cried my aunt, throwing up her hands in despair. "I took possession of your foolish note instantly and burnt it. No one had seen it but your poor dear father and myself—no one knows what made you rush off in that insane way. One can easily make up some plausible reason to tell the servants. Let us say that it was business, that some friend was taken ill; anything will do to put off questions and surmises. Mr. Curtis need never know anything about it. For Heaven's sake, Freda, don't be such an idiot as to tell him! Even if you are not romantically in love with him, he will give you a wealthy home, and you have nothing but starvation or hard work to look to elsewhere. Do not fly in the face of Providence, my dear. I am sure it is bad enough that the wedding will have to be put off six months at least; it wouldn't be decent before, but you can stay with me till then, though I am sure this sad death is a sore trial for me," and the good lady began whimperingly to wipe her eyes; "and all the breakfast from Gunter's that was to have come down had to be counter-ordered and all. Oh, dear—oh, dear!" and Aunt Selina dissolved into downright sobs, less over her brother-in-law's death, I fear, than over the collapse of the wedding festivities, and the breakfast from Gunter's in which she had taken so lively an interest.

"I must do what I think right," was my only answer, with, I fear, a hardening of the heart towards my relative's outburst of grief.

"You are an ungrateful, undutiful, headstrong girl," gasped Aunt Selina, between her sobs; and then she fled from the room, slamming the door behind her with some show of temper.

I was left alone, gazing disconsolately out of the window. I was too filled with my own many very serious sorrows and anxieties to have much sympathy with my aunt's fictitious and imaginary grievances.

By-and-by the messenger returned from Eddington. He brought no note in answer to mine, only a verbal message.

Mr. Curtis had left Eddington last night; but Mrs. Featherstone would do herself the honor of calling upon me during the course of the afternoon.

Mrs. Featherstone! what had she to do with it I wondered. Suddenly I recollected how Captain Thistleby had seen her pass by in her victoria as we were coming out of the hotel in the Strand! Of course she had seen us; and equally, of course, she had seized upon the incident eagerly, to do me an evil turn with her brother.

She might have saved herself the trouble of slandering me, had she known how determined I was to *break off my engagement with him.* But she did not know it, and she was probably now gloating over the chance that had thus placed me at her mercy. I augured no good from her proposed visit to me, and I confess that I looked forward to it with a good deal of trepidation.

About three o'clock the Eddington carriage drove up to the door, and my unwelcome guest alighted from it.

Mrs. Featherstone sailed in, attired, as usual, in brilliant raiment. There was a prevalence of blue and scarlet in her dress, which reminded me forcibly of the coloring of a cockatoo. She made me a cold bow, and sat down at some distance from me. I saw at once by her bent brows and pinched lips that it was to be war to the death between us. I accepted the position at once, and took the initiative.

"To what am I indebted for the honor of this most unexpected visit, Mrs. Featherstone? I had wished to see your brother."

"Mr. Curtis has gone to town."

"And in his absence I do not see that any one else can fill his place," I answered.

"In his absence, Miss Clifford, I bring you a message from him. I have no doubt that my visit is unwelcome, and I assure you it is a most painful one to myself; but I have never yet been known to shrink from a duty, however unpleasant—"

"Pray deliver your message, Mrs. Featherstone," I interrupted, impatiently, "and spare me a description of your own sensations."

Mrs. Featherstone bowed.

"My message," she said, with a scarcely-concealed triumph of manner, "is that under the circumstances of your extraordinary visit to London, it will be quite impossible for my brother to fulfil the matrimonial engagement which existed previously between yourself and him."

"Under what circumstances, pray!" I cried, flushing up hotly and angrily—a display of weakness of which my adversary was not slow to take advantage.

"Pray calm yourself, Miss Clifford. Temper and angry denials, are alike misplaced and useless in this case. The facts, unfortunately, are but too certain, and tell too strongly against you."

"I am at a loss to understand you," I said, falteringly, and feeling suddenly sick at heart; for I remembered how Mark had said that Clara Featherstone had a venemous tongue, and would do me an injury if she could.

"I will explain myself, then," she said, glibly, and with a growing satisfaction in voice and manner—"I will explain my meaning beyond a possibility of your mistaking it. I saw you, Miss Clifford, coming out of a low-looking inn near the Strand, at an early hour in the morning, in the company of Captain Thistleby, a man of profligate and dissipated reputation."

"Indeed? I imagined him to be a great friend of your own, Mrs. Featherstone," I interrupted, quickly, for, like a watchful adversary, I was not slow to take advantage of the weak points of my enemy's method of attack.

Mrs. Featherstone waved off my remark with disdain.

"There are many men, Miss Clifford, with whom a lady may claim acquaintance in society, but with whom, nevertheless, she would be very sorry to be seen walking about the streets of London alone! But that has nothing to do with the point. Suffice it to say that you were alone with Captain Thistleby; that I saw you get into a cab, and drive off—I should be sorry to say where—and that I then turned back and made inquiries at the wretched-looking inn out of which you had come. I found that, as I had but too much reason to suspect, you had been closeted with a gentleman for some hours in a private sitting-room. I need not tell you how shocked and horrified my whole moral nature was at such a fearful revelation of wickedness! My duty, however painful it might be to perform, was now plain to me. I took the evening train to Narborough, and laid the whole case before my unhappy brother. I am thankful to say that, under Heaven, I have been the instrument of saving him from cherishing a viper in his bosom. When, at my entreaties, he consented to make inquiries, and found that you had been missing from home the night before the morning I had seen you in town, he was forced to acknowledge with me, that nothing was wanting in the complete chain of evidence which proved your utter condemnation. He has only stayed to follow your poor father to the grave, as a mark of respect for his long friendship and esteem for him, and he left Eddington last night, and does not mean to return to it for a long time. I think I have said quite enough upon this subject, Miss Clifford."

"*Quite enough—too much indeed,* Mrs. Featherstone," I answered. "I have heard you to the end without interruption, and I may say that, although my conduct can be perfectly well accounted for, I disdain to make any explanations of it to you. I should, however, wish you to know that I have had no intention of marrying your brother for some time back; that on going up to London somewhat suddenly, I left a letter for my poor father telling him of my intention—that I went to join Mrs. Thistleby, in Paris, and should have been under her protection now, had not my father's sad death recalled me; and, finally, that I sent for Mr. Curtis to-day in order to tell him that I wish to break off my engagement with him."

"That is easily said," said my enemy, scoffingly. "As if any one would believe all that when you are left without a penny!"

"You need not add insult to injury, Mrs. Featherstone."

"I shall wish you good-morning, Miss Clifford," she answered, rising, to my no small relief. "And I may also add another wish for your benefit; that you may be given the grace of repentance!"

And then my temper forsook me utterly. I turned upon her, white and trembling, and absolutely furious.

"Who are you," I exclaimed, "who dare to talk to me of repentance? Go *home, woman, and ask God, upon* your knees, to forgive you. For if malice, and hatred, and evil-speaking, and slandering, and traducing your neighbor be sins, then do you most assuredly stand in need of repentance and forgiveness! You that are rejoicing to yourself, because you think that you have encompassed the ruin of an unfortunate girl, whose only crime is that hitherto she has been successful and happy; go home and pray that you may never, in your turn, find yourself at the mercy of a hard-hearted and pitiless fellow-creature!"

And then Mrs. Featherstone passed out of the room, and answered *me* never a word as she went.

CHAPTER XX.

It was the day before my final departure from Slopperton. My aunt had already gone home, and the following morning I was to go up to her house in London, where she and Mr. Carr had offered me a shelter until I could find something to do.

"Something to do" meant in my case going out as a governess, or as a companion, or as a pupil teacher in a school—earning my living, in short, by any of the dismal and uninviting methods in which alone it has been decreed that a lady may do so and retain her claim to the name. I had secretly determined to go out as a housemaid, or as a charwoman, sooner than live long upon the bread of charity.

Mr. and Mrs. Carr were rich and childless, but it had not occurred to the worthy couple to offer me a permanent home. Aunt Selina was a fair-weather friend; as long as fortune smiled upon her relatives she was filled with gushing and affectionate interest in them; but no sooner did the world turn its back upon them, and adversity and poverty come to them, than she drew in the strings of her heart and of her purse simultaneously, and wasted no more either of her substance or her feelings upon them.

She had made a great favor of offering me a temporary home, even; and had I anywhere else to go, I would not have accepted her offer. But to go to Bella was now forbidden to me. If I were to be with Bella, then Mark would know where I was, and so knowing, might find me out; and my one hope in life now was that I might never see nor hear of him again. I was determined to become lost forever to him. Our only safety was in absolute separation from each other. So, with many a pang, I tore up my dear Bella's loving and kind letters, and left them all unanswered. Once I left Slopperton, I knew that she would never be able to find me, for she knew neither my aunt's name nor address.

Well, the last day at Slopperton had come; there had been a sale of the furniture, and the proceeds had paid off all our little bills, and defrayed *the expenses of my mourning* and left me a few pounds to begin my new life with. The house was bare and dismantled; there were bills up in the windows; and my solitary box stood ready packed and strapped in the hall.

Old Sarah went about weeping, for she too was to depart on the morrow, and begin life afresh. I had dragged a kitchen-chair into the dining-room, and was sitting there miserably enough by the dying embers of the fire, pondering over the gloomy prospects of my future life, when a sharp knock at the door aroused me, and, to my amazement, young Charley Flower walked suddenly into the room.

"Mr. Flower!" I exclaimed, standing up in utter bewilderment at the sight of so unexpected a visitor, "what on earth brings you here?"

"Oh! pray forgive me, Miss Clifford, I couldn't help coming. I have only just heard of your loss, and that you are turned out of your home, and all; and oh!" looking suddenly away from me round the bare, carpetless, furnitureless room—"oh, I am so sorry for you!"

"And you came to tell me this?" I cried, placing both my hands heartily into his; "just to tell me you are sorry for me? How good of you, Mr. Flower! Do you know yours is the first disinterested sympathy in my troubles anybody has *given me yet?" and the tears so long* driven back into my heart welled up suddenly into my eyes.

"Well, I mustn't let you think I am quite disinterested, either, Miss Clifford," said my visitor, somewhat hesitatingly. "The fact is, that—that, Miss Clifford—oh, Freda!"—suddenly lifting his eyes in honest earnestness to my face—"surely you must know that I love you!"

"Oh, I am so sorry!" I murmured.

"Why should you be sorry?" he cried, eagerly—having once broken the ice, Charley apparently found no difficulty in proceeding—"Why are you sorry, if I can make you happy? I have heard that your engagement with Mr. Curtis is at an end—and no wonder, for you never loved him, I know—and now you are free, and you are also in trouble, and have no one belonging to you, and I am pretty well off, Freda, and can afford to give you a comfortable home. I would leave the army; and I know I could make you happy, if you will let me try——"

"Stop, stop! not so fast!" I cried, interrupting the category of his hopes and intentions; "wait one minute, Mr. Flower. If you know that my engagement with Mr. Curtis is broken off, you do not perhaps know that there is a dreadful slander about me that——"

"Oh! yes, I do," he interrupted, quickly: "*don't say anything more* about that. I have had a letter from Mrs. Featherstone, telling me the whole story at great length."

"She wrote to you?" I exclaimed, in horror-struck tones.

"Yes—the she-fiend!" and Charley Flower ground his teeth and his fists together, as though he would like to murder her.

"And in the face of her letter you are here asking me to marry you, Mr. Flower?"

"Do you suppose I believe one word of what that woman says? It's all a tissue of lies from beginning to end. You don't suppose a woman like that could make me believe any harm of you, do you? And it is just because of her spiteful letter that I have come to you now, so soon, without waiting any longer after your poor father's death; just because I see how lonely and friendless you must be, darling, to be at the mercy of that woman's evil tongue, and how much you need some one to silence all such calumny against you, and to fight your battles for you."

"Oh! Charley, how good you are! How I wish I could love you as you deserve!" And then I burst into a flood of tears.

In a minute the young fellow was kneeling by my side, stroking my hands and my hair, and soothing me by every fond and loving word.

But I pushed him back firmly but gently.

"No, no, Charley," I said through my tears, "I must not let you waste any more love upon me, my poor boy. I don't know how I can ever thank you and bless you for all your goodness and your love to me. If I had not loved any one else I must have loved you—out of sheer gratitude. But alas! I can give you back nothing but tears and blessings—for I have no love to give you—it has all been given away long ago."

He rose from his kneeling position at my side, and walked two or three times the length of the room and back before he answered me, and *then he stopped suddenly in front of* me with a very white face.

"Will you tell me the truth about this, Freda?" he asked, gently.

I nodded.

"It is Mark Thistleby—the man who was at Eddington the night of the ball—whom you love, is it not?"

"Yes," I answered softly under my breath; whilst a hot blush covered my downcast face, at the thought of how much shame and how little pride there could be for me now in the avowal of my love.

There was a little pause, and then Charley spoke again; this time coldly and sternly:

"Tell me the truth, then—has he behaved badly to you? Has he treated you like a blackguard? for by heaven if he has——"

"Oh, no, no!—a thousand times, no!" I cried, looking up at him suddenly, as he stood before me, an angry picture of avenging young love. "What can make you think such a thing? He has been everything that is good to me always. He is the noblest of men; but—but, alas! we can never be happy. He is no way to blame; but——"

And my voice faltered.

"Hush, my darling; say no more. Do you suppose I want to cross-question you, or to wring your secrets from you? It is enough that I know that no one has behaved badly to my darling."

And then he suddenly bent over me and took me in his arms.

"I will not bother you any longer," he said somewhat brokenly, "though I love you very dearly, I will never trouble you again, only give me one kiss, before I go, from your sweet lips!"

Dear, noble-hearted Charley Flower! I think that even Mark would have forgiven me that I granted him his last request; that I put up my arms suddenly round his neck, and gazed into the honest blue eyes that were dimmed with tears, and put up my face for his parting kiss.

"Good-bye," he said, huskily, turning away suddenly to the door. "If ever you want a friend, Freda, do not forget that you have one in me—and God bless you."

Before I could answer he was gone, and with him seemed to go at once all the sunshine and the light which his unexpected entrance had brought into my lonely and desolate life.

And yet I was happier for that visit—happier to think that one more honest heart in this desolate world loved me, and was true to me, than I had known of.

Poor Charley Flower! It was not so very long afterwards that he was drowned in a dreadful collision between two ships in the Channel—bravely devoting his own life to saving those of the perishing women and children about him. When I read of *his noble death in the papers—a hero* in his last hours—I wept tears of heartfelt sorrow over his sad yet glorious end, and felt proud to think that such a man had once loved Freda Clifford.

CHAPTER XXI.

Russell Square, on a foggy winter's morning, is not a particularly cheering spot, yet there it was that I stood, looking out of the drawing-room window of one of the houses on the north side of the square, one day about two months after my father's death.

The square was filled with opaque yellow fog, through which the bare trees in the garden looked gaunt and weird; a fine drizzle was falling, and a few passers-by hurried along under umbrellas. I stood leaning against the window frame, with some open letters in my hand, and looked miserably and hopelessly out.

My Aunt Selina came bustling into the room, with her new black silk dress all crisp and fresh, and her cap-ribbons flying out behind her. She looked rosy and comfortably well-to-do. She stooped down and stirred the fire into a cheerful blaze.

"Any news, Freda?" she said to me; but before I could answer her, Uncle Carr, who was stone deaf, and never heard ordinary conversation interrupted her and claimed her attention. He was seated in a low arm-chair, drawn well up to the fire, and had been awaiting her reappearance from the lower regions impatiently.

"What have you ordered for dinner, Selina?" Next to eating his dinner, hearing about what he was going to eat, was Uncle Carr's chief solace during the twenty-four hours.

"Sole au gratin, mutton cutlets, oyster patties, and roast pheasants," shouted Aunt Selina.

"Eh?" and up went the ear trumpet. Aunt Selina repeated the menu down it.

"No soup?" inquired her husband in an aggrieved voice.

"Oh, yes; hare soup."

"Have you got the port for it, my dear? and what sauce for the cutlets?"

Being satisfied upon these two all-important points, Uncle Carr subsided into himself, nodding his head, and giving vent to low chucklings of pleasure at intervals—indicative, probably, of the delights of anticipation which he was experiencing.

Her husband's curiosity being appeased, Mrs. Carr turned again to me.

"Any news this morning, Freda?" she asked again. "I see you have some letters."

"No," I answered glancing down at the papers in my hand; "there is nothing new. The lady in Hampshire is suited with a governess, and the one in South Kensington has gone back to the music-teacher who taught her little girls last year. Everything falls through!" I added, with a sigh.

Aunt Selina gave a grunt expressive of disapprobation.

"And to think that you might have been living on ten thousand a-year now, if you had chosen!" she said, angrily, as she drew forth an enormous bundle of knitting—a counterpane for a bazaar—and settled herself down to it.

"And probably as miserable as I am now!" I answered, with a very sad smile.

"I've no patience with such sentimental rubbish!" exclaimed my aunt. "And pray what do you think of doing now?"

"Well," I said, doubtfully, "there's an advertisement in The Times for a bookkeeper in an hotel wanted."

"Impossible!" cried Aunt Selina; "pray remember that you have got relations, Freda. I am not going to allow you to disgrace your family. Why on earth don't you sit down and write to Mr. Curtis!"

"And ask *him* to take me back, aunt? No, thank you! I think that would be disgracing myself and my family far more than if I were to sweep a crossing."

"What nonsense you talk! You needn't put it in that way. If you were just to say to him that you could not get any occupation and were in want of money, he would write off by return post and propose to you again—see if he wouldn't. I am sure you had much better humble your pride a little than starve."

"I am not starving, aunt—thanks to you," I answered, smiling pleasantly; for when one is eating a person's bread, one feels bound to be as grateful as one can for the gift, however grudgingly it may be bestowed.

"You would be if it wasn't for me," is Aunt Selina'a ungracious rejoinder.

I sighed and walked wearily *across the room towards the door.*

"Where are you off to now?" asked my aunt, looking up sharply from her work.

"I thought I would go out; I might go to that office again and hear of something new," I answered listlessly, as I left the room; Aunt Selina launching forth more invectives against my "ingratitude" and my "obstinacy" after me as I sent.

In truth, I had no object in going out at all, unless it was to get out of reach of my aunt's revilings, and out of the sight of her well-furnished, warm-carpeted house, where I felt choked and stifled, as though I had no business there.

I was sick of governess offices and agencies; I would go to them no more. I would go into a shop or into a hospital and offer myself as a housemaid, I thought—anything to escape from Aunt Selina's charity, and to eat the bread of dependence no more.

I wandered along aimlessly and miserably in the damp foggy air, until chance brought my wandering footsteps into Pall Mall. Here suddenly my passage was arrested by a small crowd collected on the pavement which blocked the way. There were the usual ingredients—a tall policeman in the middle, a red-faced, noisy-voiced cabman haranguing and swearing, and a small, weeping woman, whom the engine of the law was grasping firmly by the arm, whilst a group of idlers, dirty men and lounging errand-boys, had crowded close round, eager to hear what it was all about.

"I tell ye I wants my money, and I will have it, or I'll know the reason why!" shouted the cabman, brandishing his fist within six inches of the woman's face.

"But how can I pay you if I've lost my purse?" sobbed the woman.

"You had better come along with me, my dear," was the only solution suggested by the maker of peace.

I don't know what irresistible impulse made me suddenly stop short and listen to what was going on.

"She's drunk, that's what she is!" suggested a bystander; and indeed it did not look unlike it, for the woman, whose face was hidden in her handkerchief, was swaying herself backwards and forwards as if in a paroxysm of grief.

(To be Continued.)

THE DESPATCH

MORRISSEY, B. C.

The Marquis of Tullibardine is helping to raise a troop of the Scottish Horse in Tiree, and already a score of men have given in their names. A smart recruiting party caught the eye of the impressionable Gael, but there's no blytheness among the girls over the new departure.

Warrior Woes.—Through damp, cold and exposure many a brave soldier who left his native hearth as "fit" as man could be to fight for country's honor, has been "invalided home" because of the vulture of the battle ground—Rheumatism. South American Rheumatic Cure will absolutely cure every case of Rheumatism in existence. Relief in six hours.—98

The Arctic expedition ship Windward, which brought Nansen back to Europe some years ago, has now joined the Dundee fleet as a whaler. It is useful at any rate this time.

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.

The government has decided to fortify the Island of Foronsay, at the extravagant price of £6,000, and when the work is completed the safety of the West Highlands will be assured.

THEY ADVERTISE THEMSELVES.—Immediately they were offered to the public, Parmelee's Vegetable Pills became popular because of the good report they made for themselves. That reputation has grown, and they now rank among the first medicines for use in attacks of dyspepsia and biliousness, complaints of the liver and kidneys, rheumatism, fever and ague and the innumerable complications to which these ailments give rise.

It is now the turn of Braintree, Essex, to be overrun with rats. It is common experience to have to get up of nights and beat them off the bed. Cheerful exercise!

A MEDICINE CHEST IN ITSELF.—Only the well-to-do can afford to possess a medicine chest, but Dr. Thomas' Eclectric Oil, which is a medicine chest in itself, being a remedy for rheumatism, lumbago, sore throat, colds, coughs, catarrh, asthma, and a potent healer for wounds, cuts, bruises, sprains, etc., is within the reach of the poorest, owing to its cheapness. It should be in every house.

From gay to usefulness—One of a pair of chestnuts that pulled King Edward through the streets of Swansea twenty years ago now hauls coal about the streets.

In Utah they do not appear to see anything singular about plural wives.

It is said that the Japanese have no swear-words, but the Russians probably more than make up for the deficiency.

At Blackburn Sarah Evans, a girl of 11, was found drowned in a canal, and the only explanation given of the sad affair is that the child had been scolded for playing truant.

Ayer's

You know the medicine that makes pure, rich blood—Ayer's Sarsaparilla. Your mother, grandmother, all your folks, used it. They trusted

Sarsaparilla

it. Their doctors trusted it. Your doctor trusts it. Then trust it yourself. There is health and strength in it.

"I suffered terribly from indigestion and thin blood. I found no relief until I took Ayer's Sarsaparilla. Four bottles permanently cured me."
MRS. F. R. HART, Mt. Kisco, N. Y.

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

for

Rich Blood

Ayer's Pills are gently laxative. They greatly aid the Sarsaparilla.

When Danger Signals

your liver out of order, constipation, or your stomach not working right, it's a sign of distress which, unheeded, will lead to trouble—it is time to take

Beecham's Pills

Sold Everywhere. In boxes 25 cents.

THE MEMORANDUM HABIT

Slaying the Ghost of Forgotten Things—Method In the Day's Rush.

The "complexities of modern life" has become a stock phrase with writers and speakers, but no other words will expressively describe the mad rush to and fro from duty to pleasure which characterizes the daily life of the majority. In woman's realm especially this intermingling of work and play means a continuous network of marketing and morning club, visits to the dentist and the dressmaker, hunting up a music teacher for Maude and writing an acceptance to the Grundy's dinner invitation, with a charity meeting and two afternoon teas to attend before it is time to return home and dress hurriedly for dinner.

Sometimes it all goes through successfully only to be spoiled by a tiny white button, or, rather, the lack of a stitch taken in time. More often really important matters are forgotten at the proper time only to be remembered at the most inopportune period, while the sins of social omission cause many a bad quarter of an hour to the busy woman. That she finally succumbs to nervous prostration is no wonder, but it is not work which causes the final blow so much as worry. Between the desire to eliminate some of the nonessentials and the constant efforts of recollecting the multiform engagements life is one long struggle after the unattainable.

A simple device and some will power in the beginning are really all that is necessary to slay the ghost of forgotten things. Look at man, stalking through life serenely, and take pattern. The consciousness of a notebook to remind him of things to be done and the time of doing gives him a sense of reserve force which is not possessed by his better half.

This effectual device may be called the memorandum habit and is simply a question of pockets and persistence. A place in which to carry the notebook and the art of continually using it are all that is required. No more good brain matter wandering aimlessly through space hunting for the lost idea, no more time wasted seeking for "who," "which" and "where." The morning and street dresses can easily be fitted with pockets, while with reception and dinner gowns a chatelaine may be worn which will serve to note whatever is necessary.

A little practice will enable one to acquire the habit of noting every item and then glancing occasionally over the various lists. The material things will have been relegated to their proper place, not allowed to consume more than their share of the busy woman's time and thought. Then, if the rush of life be maddening, there will at least be method in the madness.—Table Talk.

When to Rest.

It is the besetting weakness of womankind, and particularly of American womankind, to "keep going," as the phrase runs, just as long as the bodily strength will permit and long after the common sense limit of endurance has been passed. Doctors and nerve specialists in particular admit that a very large proportion of their patients, and by far the most hopeless ones, are women who, worn almost to extinction in the social treadmill, have nevertheless declined to heed nature's ominous warnings and so have finally been compelled to yield supremacy to that ogre of modern times—nerve prostration. Society women, however, are not the only victims, for there are many to be found among the ranks of the toilers and the housewives, and these are in the most pitiable case of all, for the reason that circumstances often will not permit them to rest when they would.—Exchange.

St. Valentine Fun.

A game of cards most appropriate for St. Valentine's day is hearts and should be played by an even number and with partners. A unique way of choosing partners is to get large candy hearts, the peppermint and checkerberry candies that every one has loved in childhood. On each of these paste a strip of paper on which is written the name of one of the famous lovers of story. Romeo will play with Juliet, Francesca with Paolo, Dante with Beatrice and so on. Distribute these "sweethearts," with the request that the soul mate of each be found, and for prizes give an embroidered heart shaped doily and an embroidered broom case, heart shaped also.

After Dinner Cheese.

After dinner cheeses are usually what are called strong varieties—that is, those in which putrefactive processes have begun. The best known and most frequently used are stilton, roquefort, brie, camembert and gorgonzola. Any one of these varieties may be used with propriety, according to individual taste. Thick water biscuits are usually served with an after dinner cheese.

None knows the weight of another's burden.—Herbert.

Eggsactly.

If the egg corner holds through the next presidential campaign some of our spellbinders will have reason to congratulate themselves on the fact.—Atlanta Constitution.

PAGE FENCES Wear Best

It is the fence that has stood the test of time—stands the heaviest strain—never sags—the standard the world over. Order through our local agent or direct from us. 201

THE PAGE WIRE FENCE CO. LIMITED Walkerville, Ont. Montreal, Que. St. John, N.B. Winnipeg, Man.

IT MEANS OSTRACISM.

Foul Breath and Disgusting Discharges, Due to Catarrh, Make Thousands of People Objects of Aversion. Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder Relieves in 10 Minutes and Cures.

Hon. George James, of Scranton, Pa., says: "I have been a martyr to Catarrh for twenty years, constant hawking and dropping in the throat and pain in the head, very offensive breath. I tried Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder. The first application gave instant relief. After using a few bottles I was cured. Sold by all druggists.

Use Dr. Agnew's Heart Cure For Heart Stomach and Nerves. 30

Holbeach, Linrolnshire, Board of Guardians have admitted into the workhouse an old man named Robert Black, who has saved nine lives from drowning, but who from ill-health was unable to work, and was obliged to seek shelter. He was in possession of a medal and a watch presented to him for saving life.

How Dr. Von Stan's Pineapple Tablets Give Instant Relief.

They're handy to carry—take one after eating—or whenever you feel stomach distress coming on—sufferers have proved it the only remedy known that will give instant relief and permanent cure—no long tedious treatments with questionable results—best for all kinds of stomach troubles. 35 cents.—96

The coroner of Hackney says that when an inquest is necessary on a very old person there it is found that they have been in a workhouse or the infirmary. There are here suggestions about the ordinary life at Hackney that are no gilt-edged testimonial.

Too Many People Daily With Catarrh.—It strikes one like a thunderclap, develops with a rapidity that no other disease does. Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder is the radical, quick, safe and pleasant cure that the disease demands. Use the means—prevent its deep-seating and years of distress. Don't dally with Catarrh. Agnew's gives relief in ten minutes. 50 cents.—97

Mrs. Hannah Coleman, of Cleeve, near Yatton, Somersteshire, has just celebrated her 103rd birthday. The old lady, who retains her faculties and keeps wonderfully well, is attended by her widowed daughter, who is herself nearly 80. Seems a very nice, healthy place, does Cleeve.

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 incresed 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.

Thomas Gilbert, aged 45, the Essex magistrate who suicided lately at Birkenhead after an ineffectual effort to shoot an actress, was looked upon as considerable of a mystery in the Colchester district, near which he at one time resided.

China isn't particularly interested, but it would like to dump Russia into the wash and run it through the wringer.

KNOWN TO THOUSANDS.—Parmelee's Vegetable Pills regulate the action of the secretions, purify the blood and keep the stomach and bowels free from deleterious matter. Taken according to direction they will overcome dyspepsia, eradicate biliousness, and leave the digestive organs healthy and strong to perform their functions. Their merits are well known to thousands who know by experience how beneficial they are in giving tone to the system.

In a London court recently a young gentleman of 19 admitted kissing a girl of 14 while they were catching moths in the garden after dark, and now every girl in that district who knows enough to come in when it rains is hard at work studying rapid method moth cultivation.

Shirt waists and dainty linen are made delightfully clean and fresh with Sunlight Soap. 4B

'Just The Loveliest Bread'

"I had just the loveliest bread from my baking with your ROYAL HOUSEHOLD FLOUR; it couldn't have been nicer as white and light and sweet as anyone could wish for."

The above is an excerpt from a letter received from a user of—

OGILVIE'S

ROYAL HOUSEHOLD

FLOUR

We've got lots of somewhat similar communications—we'd like very much to have you try this Flour, and write us yourself stating what YOU think of it.

Every user becomes a most valuable advertiser in some manner, perhaps only by telling friends of the results obtained.

Your Grocer keeps it or will get it for you.

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.

Burglars have stolen the plate used in the Holy Communion service from the Priory Church of SS. Peter and Paul at Dunstable, Bedfordshire. Nothing is sacred in the eyes of the bold, bad burglars.

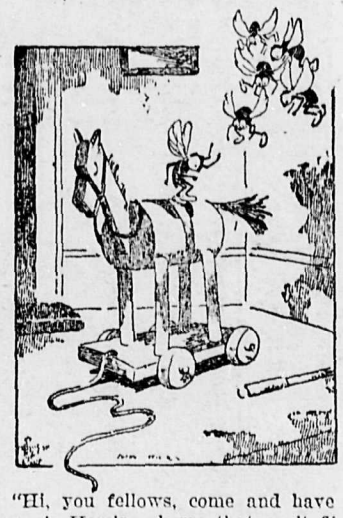
Love may intoxicate a man, but marriage sobers him.

A woman isn't necessarily a thief because she hooks a dress.

A Pair of Misers.

Mr. and Miss Dancer were reputed the most notorious misers in the eighteenth century. The manner in which this couple were found after death to have disposed of their wealth was even more strange than could have been their method of acquiring it. The total value was £20,000, which was thus disposed of: Two thousand five hundred pounds was found under a dunghill, £500 in an old coat nailed to the manger in the stable, £600 in notes was hidden away in an old teapot, the chimney yielded £2,000 stowed in nineteen different crevices, and several jugs filled with coin were secreted in the stable loft.

Fun at Hand.



"Hi, you fellows, come and have a game! Here's a horse that can't flick his tail."

Billings' Thermometer.

"Billings has a thermometer that invariably runs to extremes. When the temperature is at zero, Billings' thermometer always goes several degrees below. When the July heat reaches 90, Billings' thermometer indicates 95."

"Where does it hang?"

"I don't think hanging has anything to do with it. It's the way it lies."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

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., Montreal and Toronto
The Bole Drug Co., Winnipeg.
The Martin, Bole & Wynne Co., Winnipeg.

B & C

LONG HIP

A POPULAR CORSET FOR 1904 STYLE

253

NO BRASS EYELETS

MANUFACTURED ONLY BY

BRUSH & CO.,

TORONTO, - ONT.

Liver Pills

That's what you need; something to cure your biliousness, and regulate your bowels. You need Ayer's Pills. Vegetable; gently laxative. J. C. Ayer Co., Lowell, Mass.

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

BUCKINGHAM'S DYE

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

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 13, 1904.

A BENEFICIAL CHANGE.

The removal of the government offices from Fort Steele to Cranbrook is, to our belief, a wise and just action on the part of the government executive. Morrissey Mines is not old enough or big enough to have any claim for the honor and obvious benefits to be derived from being the district capital, so we are not sore about the change. It has been a matter of more concern to Fernie and Cranbrook. With all due regard to the progress, growth and ambition of the former town we repeat that Cranbrook is the best location in the district for the government headquarters.

The loss to Fort Steele is regretable, but we hope that town will prosper and forge ahead so much from its attractien as a summer resort and picnic ground, though it cannot boast Cranbrook's banana crop or the lately conferred honor of being the district capital, that it will not deplore the gevernment's action.

We were told recently that Fort Steele will now be more of a poet's retreat than ever, since the order-in-council has been passed, so this should be a consolation. There must be something doing up there yet, however,—in the printing office at least—for we notice Bro. Grace continues to turn out The Prospector, with a full front page too, and in his last week's production appears to keep a stiff upper lip. He says:

"It has been known for some time that the offices were to be moved, and it was expected that it would be done before this. The reason for moving is obvious to all. It has become a necessity in the interests of the people of Southeast Kootenay, especially to the towns along the line of the Crow's Nest branch. Fort Steele has many permanent resources that will always make it a place of interest."

Where is "half way" on the incorporation agreement?

* * *

Something should drop soon that would be of interest to Flathead prospectors and investors.

* * *

Selfishness rules the earth, and, in all ages, only those people have had a measure of justice who were in a position to compel it.

* * *

Considering the market value of fresh hen fruit in this district, it is surprising that more people do not go into the cultivation of the egg plant.

* * *

The recent order-in-council should be a balm for the sores in Cranbrook which were caused by the result of the last provincial election and the government estimate appropriations.

* * *

The Coal Company are getting practically all they want by the terms of the Fernie incorporation scheme. The Ferpeople know that they are getting it put all around them, but are powerless to help themselves. The big fellow wins out.

* * *

The exhibition of the new general office plans and the promise to commence work on the building "the next morning after the incorporation question is settled," is a masterstroke of adroit diplomacy. "If you'll be a good little boy you'll get this nice stick of candy."

* * *

The word of the managing director of the coal company is that the mines here will resume operations soon, and, although we believe the residents here are entitled to more explanation, we hope those private reasons will prove satisfactory and that the interests of the public are not being ignored by the manoeuvres and tactics of the big corporation.

Li Hung Chang's Prophecy.

Just after the Boxer hostilities Li Hung Chang visited the Russian legation every day, and was believed to be in sympathy with Russia in her occupation of Manchuria. It was suggested that the powers would never allow Russia to acquire Manchuria. "And Japan?" added Ms. Ackermah—"what will Japan say?"

The old man snarled, "What can Japan say? Are not the Mikado's soldiers the best equipped in the world? They are being disciplined today for some great trouble that is to come. No one knows the resources of the Japanese empire. Her navy is increasing, her regular army is immense, and her regiments in reserve are without number. She is preparing."

"Do you mean that Japan will someday fight Russia?"

"Russia took Port Arthur after Japan had taken it from the Chinese. There is a term in your country—'Get even.' I heard General Grant, the greatest soldier in the world, use it. That is all I want to say."—C. A. Ackermah in Harper's.

FERNIE NEWS.

From the Free Press.

R. A. McMordie has accepted a position with the Fernie Lumber Company. He left for the prairie on Wednesday on business connected with the company.

A number of C.P.R. officials including W. White, 2nd vice-president and general manager of the western division, R. R. Jamieson, J. G. Taylor and a number of other officials, passed through Fernie last Thursday on a regular trip of inspection. They went to the coast over the mainline and returned by the Crow's Nest. They remained in Fernie about 9 hours. While here they visited the mines at Coal Creek and looked over the new site for the depot north of the present site.

H. W. HERCHMER SHERWOOD HERCHMER

Herchmer & Herchmer,

BARRISTERS, SOLICITORS, ETC.

Offices over Burns & Co's Butcher Shop
Victoria Ave. Fernie, B. C.

THE RUSH IS ON...

They are going into the Flathead Coal and Oil fields. The Flathead country 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 Ir article. . .

The Crow's Nest Brewing Co., Ltd.

MORRISSEY, B.C.

OF LOCAL INTEREST.

W. Almund, of Cowley, is the guest of C. Simister.

"He Left Home" is not from Pickwick Papers.

Mrs. G. Smith left on Tuesday evening for a visit to Michel.

A. D. Drummond visited our fire-stricken neighbor Tuesday.

Wm. Shaw spent the early part of the week on a visit to Moyie and Fernie.

The water supply was shut off early in the week owing to repairs to a leak up above.

Geo. Millett, of the Windsor, took a run down to Cranbrook one day this week.

Presbyterian service will be held in the Eagle Cafe next Sunday morning at 11 o'clock.

F. C. Lawe went down to Fernie Tuesday morning, returning on the local that evening.

The little misses White, of Fernie, spent a couple of days this week with Mrs. W. J. Blundell.

H. L. Staebler, of Fernie, put in his appearance here on Wednesday, on his regular music class duties.

Miss E. Nomeland left on Saturday for Galt, Ontario, where will visit her aunt, Mrs. Jamieson, for some time.

J. C. Ross, of the Presbyterian Mission here, occupied the pulpit of Knox church, Fernie, Sunday morning.

The pipes and fire apparatus at the upper town have been put in good repair, and Tonkin residents feel a little easier.

Mrs. Ritches, of Spokane, who has been spending a few weeks with her mother, Mrs. D. Willis, leaves on Saturday for her home.

Mr. Dober, manager of the Trites-Wood Co.'s store at Michel, was down a few days this week looking over the stock in the Big Store here.

The safes and vaults in the Fernie fire all came through the ordeal safely, except that in one or two instances the books were somewhat damaged.

R. E. N. Coulson, violinist at the Central hotel, Fernie, was down on Tuesday to furnish music for the dance in the upper town that evening.

A number of local sports have been down to the Elk angling recently. Fair catches are reported, but the fishing will not be real good until after the high water.

Some fellows, with intense regard for gaudy colors, embraced the barber's pole in front of his shop the other day, and so endearingly that it gave way. They left it in the road.

John Watt, who has been engaged for the last few months in the wood business here, left on Tuesday for Poplar, where he expects to remain this summer. Mr. Watt has had considerable experience as a prospector, and has not abandoned that vocation. He has the stamp of a man we would like to see make a good strike, and we wish him every success and good fortune.

This is delightful weather, and Morrissey Mines is a charming place to enjoy it. Clear blue sky, radiant sunshine, sparkling snow-capped mountains, deep green slopes; rippling rivulets; rushing streams; broadened river; soft, cool banks; sprouting grass and budding trees. We have it all, and within a mile of the finest hotel accommodation in the Kootenays. Big game on the hills, small game in the valley, excellent trout in brook and river.

Football practice was commenced on the recreation grounds Monday evening, the new ball having arrived and the grounds being in fair shape. The club desires to announce that there will be field practice each Monday, Wednesday and Friday evening until further notice, as many are unable at present to be on deck every evening. It is expected that there will be a large turnout each of these evenings. All who are familiar with the game or desire to become so are cordially invited to kick or start their development into chronic kickers.

Victoria Day, the 24th, will soon be here. The Big Store has a supply of fireworks.

J. C. Ross will conduct Presbyterian service in the Meth. church, Tonkin, on Sunday evening.

Mrs. R. W. Rogers returned from Fort Steele on Saturday, accompanied by her mother, Mrs. Kershaw, who is here on an extended visit.

G. G. S. Lindsey states that the closing down of the Morrissey mines was only a temporary arrangement and that they will be in full swing shortly.

Mrs. Addison, of Grand Forks, is now spending a season with her daughter, Mrs. C. Vahey. N. Addison, a brother of Mrs. Vahey, took a run over here for Sunday.

Rev. G. E. Smith leaves today to attend the Methodist Conference at New Westminster, which opens on May 19th. Mrs. Smith accompanies him as far as Cranbrook, where she will stay during his absence.

Miss Bettschen, of Cranbrook, formerly of Regina, Assa., was the guest of Mrs. J. Gillis at the Junction on Sunday. A number of old friends here were pleasantly surprised by her visit to our town that afternoon.

The plant and property of the Crow's Nest Brewing Co., at Morrissey, consisting of brewery building, machinery and stock, and one and one-sixth acres of land, was sold by public auction on Tuesday, by order of the deputy-sheriff. The Fort Steele Brewing Co. is the purchaser, the price paid being $2,500, subject to a mortgage of $1600 held by Lillian Harvey of Fort Steele. There are upwards of $1800 in bills against the company, and it is expected that about fifty cents on the dollar will be realized by the creditors.

On Monday evening about forty guests assembled at the home of Mr. Chas. Simister to witness the marriage of Mr. Mark Gaskell, of Tonkin, to Miss Annie Jenkins, of Broughton, South Wales. The ceremony was performed at 7 o'clock, Rev. G. E. Smith officiating, and after it was concluded the happy crowd sat round the richly laden table enjoying the many good things provided. About 9:30 a program of songs, recitations and speeches was commenced, which lasted a couple of hours. Those taking part had seemingly caught the spirit of the occasion and rendered the various numbers in a manner worthy of the general appreciation manifested. The bride, who was gowned in a navy blue voile, was attended by Miss Rhoda Simister, dressed in navy blue eolienne, while the groom's best man was Mr. W. Hamar. The presents were numerous and costly, showing the esteem in which the young couple were held by their many friends.

No fatalities occurred in the big fire, but a number of severe burns and bruises were dressed at the hospital as the result of injuries received by fire fighters.—Fernie Free Press.

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Hot Blast Heater will more than pay for the stove.

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Kfoury Bros,

Opposite the Alexandra Hotel.

THE PERPLEXING INITIAL

By CHARLES SLOAN REID

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The roar of the river as its waters tumbled over the rocks drowned the sound of footsteps, drowned even the sigh of the breeze among the tree tops. A dense shadow lay over the gorge, for the sun was behind a cloud.

The fish in the stream had not been biting to suit a young fisher woman, and she had thrust her pole into the bank and gone aside to carve something in the bark of an old beech. Laboriously she worked away and at length had completed a single large A.

A man approached along the river trail and stood directly behind the girl, watching her work. A flush passed over his face when he saw the letter the girl had carved, and he frowned. Then he coughed, and the girl was startled. She turned quickly around.

"You, Amos?" she exclaimed.

"Me, Marth," was the answer.

"Why didn't ye whistle or somethin' 'fore ye got so close?"

"Wanted to see what ye're doin'."

Marth's face reddened slightly.

"Well?"

"Well, I see ye've got that schoolteacher in yer mind."

"'Tain't so. Now, I wonder what put that in yer head?"

"I see ye're fixin' to carve his name."

Marth looked up at the letter in the bark, then looked at Amos in silence.

"Don't reckon ye can hardly deny it," continued Amos jealously, "for I don't reckon ye could say that letter stood for anybody else around these parts but Aldrich; so I put it up ye're a-thinkin' a right smart about that same schoolteacher."

"Amos Underwood, ye haven't got a grain o' sense. Ye can't see two inches afore yer nose." Marth's eyes were dancing.

"I reckon ye think so, Marth. But I think I know what's what when a girl carves a chap's name on a tree. Marth, girl, I think ye might have spared me this kind o' thing, an' me thinkin' of ye the way I do. Ye might have waited till I was—till somethin' had happened to me. Then I'd allers thought ye loved me."

SPRINGING THROUGH THE OPENING, SHE CALLED HIS NAME.

Marth glanced again at the letter in the bark, then back at Amos, and looked disgusted.

"I never said I was a-thinkin' one mite about the schoolteacher, have I?"

"Not with yer mouth, but ye've said it up there with yer pocket knife." Amos pointed at the big letter in the bark.

Marth turned a steady gaze, full of fire, upon the man's face for a moment, then let her words fly.

"Amos Underwood," she snapped, "ye're the biggest gump I ever saw. I hate ye. I despise ye. Now, ye go. And I do hope the revenues will get ye this very night."

"Marth, I"— Amos had taken off his hat.

"No ye don't!" Marth stamped her foot. "Ye've said enough. Go!"

She pointed up the trail, and Amos moved slowly away.

Marth had wound up her wash line by the time Amos had gone from view, and she turned toward the old beech again.

"The crazy," she murmured. "He couldn't remember his own name started with A. Well, he's gone, and I'm glad of it. I do hate a man that can't see with his eyes open."

The girl followed the trail to the top of the ridge, then turned off to the left and went toward a cabin on the side of the mountain.

As the afternoon dragged along Marth went over and over in her mind the scene on the river bank, and at each rehearsal she softened a little toward Amos until at last each return of the wish she had uttered deepened her regret, for in a superstitious way she feared that her wish might bring the officers into that part of the country, and Amos would indeed be in danger.

But Marth kept herself busy all the while, trying to drive out of her mind the scene and her words under the branches of the old beech.

At dusk she milked the cows, then went to the spring for a pail of water. As she stood and began slowly to dip the water from the rocky basin with a long handled gourd her quick ear caught the sound of hoof beats against the stones, and she turned her head and peered through the woods to the right of her. Just across a shallow ravine a trail led around the side of the mountain, and on this trail Marth's eyes could now see three shadowy horses and riders, and there was a gleam of polished metal which told the girl that each rider had a gun strapped to his back.

For a moment Marth's heart stood still. She knew she was gazing upon the dreaded revenue officers, and her thoughts flew to Amos, more than three miles away down the ravine, where he would soon be at work in the distillery.

The girl sat motionless until the riders had passed a bowlder which protruded from the hillside. Then she seized her pail and ran up the trail to the cabin. There was but one thought in her head. Amos must be warned and saved at any cost. Saddling a small mule which she led from the stable, she leaped upon his back, dragged a shotgun up after her and rested it upon the animal's neck. Then she set off along a trail which diverged from that taken by the officers.

The mule was soon urged into a trot, and this pace he was forced to keep up down the rugged, water worn trail through the darkness of the deep woods. Marth sat like a statue on the animal's back, with her ears strained to catch the least sound and her eyes wide open for any sign of the officers. The murkiness of the woods seemed to hold no terrors for her. She was thinking of the unrighteous wish she had uttered to Amos.

At last she reached a high rock overlooking a bluff, and she stopped and listened intently. Then, slipping down from the saddle, she crept into a laurel thicket on one side of the rock and after a few minutes came out in the glare of a furnace fire. She was at the doorway of Amos Underwood's stillhouse. Springing through the opening, she called his name. Amos turned quickly, and his hand grasped the butt of a revolver, but when he saw Marth he allowed his chin to drop to his breast, and his hand fell limply to his side.

"Have ye brought 'em, Marth?" he asked.

"No, Amos, but they're comin', an' I've come all the way here to warn ye so's ye could save yerself. I'm sorry for what I said, though I didn't reckon I'd ever own it."

"Marth, I—I reckon, then, ye do love me some, though ye did start to carve"—

"Amos, jest plain Amos, on that tree. I reckon A stands for Amos, don't it, crazy?"

"Marth, I've been a gum fool! But I'm powerful happy right now."

He extended his arms toward Marth, but the girl backed away.

"No time for that, Amos. Don't ye hear them hoof beats?"

The moonshiner caught the girl's hand, and together they sprang into the laurel. Five minutes later they stood on the rock above the stillhouse and listened to the work of destruction that was being carried on by the raiders' axes.

"Well, ye're safe anyhow, Amos," whispered Marth, and Amos, catching her in his arms, tousled her hair with his chin.

Lady Dundonald.

Lady Dundonald, says M. A. P., was Miss Winifred Hesketh, daughter and heiress of the late Robert Hesketh, a rich Welshman, and owner of Gwrych Castle, Debingshire. "In appearance, Lady Dundonald is a tall, fine, handsome woman, with dark hair and a fresh-colored complexion. She has never posed as either a wit or a beauty, but she is an excellent wife and mother, and does some pleasant entertaining at her big house in Portman Square. She has two sons, and three beautiful daughters. The eldest girl, Lady Grizel, is soon to be a bride, and the Ladies Jean and Marjorie Cochrane are two charming children, in what may be termed the chrysalis stage. Lord Dundonald—now in Canada—has soldierly qualities that are known to all the world. But he is also a skilful mechanic and a born inventor. He has designed a new gun carriage, invented a clever little instrument for warming the hand, called an instra, and is said to have thought out a plan for giving a supply of pure water to soldiers on the march. Lord Dundonald is known to have an unbounded admiration for Napoleon, his mind and character."

A Rejected Recipe.

Edith—Just think! Here's a new thought professor who teaches that one can become beautiful by persistently thinking herself beautiful.

Irene—Oh, pshaw! We could point out so many instances to the contrary. —Smart Set.

FACE IN THE CROWD

By Keith Gordon

Copyright, 1903, by T. C. McClure

After awhile she came to look for him when the train stopped at the Fifty-third street station in the morning—the tall, broad shouldered man with the aggressive chin and determined mouth. She felt vaguely disappointed when she did not see him.

Insensibly he became the touch of romance in the dreary monotony of her days, five and a half out of seven of which were spent in Wall street, a place where the advantages of being a woman are not glaringly apparent.

Often during the flagging afternoons of summer, when business was dull and the hands of the clock approached 5 but slowly, she would sit resting her face on her hands and wondering about him. Who was he? What was he? Was he married or single?

The noise of the street blow, dulled by distance until it was as dreamy as the humming of bees at noonday, droned softly in her ears a sort of living melody, and her thoughts defied office hours and went far afield in a fantastic search for the reality about him among the crowd of possibilities.

Over and over she gave him a local habitation and a name, but these changed always with her mood. No name that she could hit upon seemed to express his personality, and she finally discarded them all and thought of him only as The Man.

The weeks melted into months, but her interest in him did not flag. Rather it became deeper as time went on. Curiously enough, it was what might be termed the nonessentials that baffled her. About the man himself—his character and what he would do in any given emergency—she felt the same assurance that she did about herself.

She had decided that he was a lawyer, though precisely why she thought so she could not have told. Then one day she saw him with a child, a girl of ten, who bore a certain fleeting resemblance to him.

He was married, then! An almost imperceptible sigh escaped her. Then, as the absurdity of the matter dawned upon her, she laughed softly to herself. What difference? Josephine and Marie Louise had never dampened her affection for Napoleon. She even began to feel a mild interest in the lady.

Sometimes, for two or three weeks at a stretch, they would not encounter each other. It was after one of these breaks that, watching him as he entered the car, her interest and satisfaction at seeing him again shone all unconsciously in her face, and his glance was arrested by it.

As the faint color touched her cheeks under his gaze he looked casually away. For a moment he had thought her some half forgotten acquaintance from the welcome that he had surprised in her eyes, but her quick annoyance as she returned to her reading forbade that idea.

She did not look toward him again, but more than once his keen, blue eyes rested upon her as she sat there, slim and straight, with masses of pale brown hair piled upon her small head. After this he, too, began to watch of a morning. A habit is very easily formed!

Then for weeks he disappeared. The girl wondered anxiously what had become of him. Had he gone abroad? Mayhap he was ill—or dead! At the thought she shrank like one hurt, for he had become, in a whimsical way, a part of her life. He had become as near and dear as only ideals can be.

When he did appear one morning, towering above a crowd of lesser men like a god, there was a new gravity in his face which held her attention even before she noticed that he was in mourning.

That, then, was what these weeks of absence from business meant. Sickness and suffering and death. His wife undoubtedly, from the sorrow and oppression that he showed. The quick sympathy that she felt hovered in her soft, wide eyes as they rested briefly upon his face. And he, reading that look, felt a curious thrill.

Long since he had begun to regard her with a sort of tacit, silent friendship. "The little girl with her soul in her face," as he once described her to a friend, shaking his head deprecatingly at the thought of a woman like her having to wrestle with the world. She seemed to him too exquisite for the ups and downs of such a life.

He watched her surreptitiously now, wondering idly who she was and whether he should ever meet her. There was a way—he might follow her and bestow a quarter on the elevator boy, and the thing would be done. But the coarseness of such methods repelled him. She seemed the sort of a woman who would resent that kind of thing.

Moreover, in his heart of hearts and in spite of his bigness and worldliness, he was a fatalist. If it were written from the beginning it would occur! No man could dabble in the affairs of fate!

It was nearing the end of the third year. He took the same train now with a regularity which made her suspicious. The results of chance were never so unerring. Intention was apparent.

But through it all save at unexpected moments when the curtain would lift for a second and an unintentional glance betray a deeper knowledge they regarded each other with the baffling, impassive eyes we keep for the unknown. No twentieth century romance ever moved so slowly.

Then Billy Stoughton, who in this particular case was the instrument of fate, awakened one morning with an unaccountable but imperative yearning for Broadway. Five years earlier an equally compelling desire had landed him on the ranch, where he had bided contentedly enough up to that particular morning. The evening of the next day found him in Denver, from which place he proceeded with as much haste as the railroad facilities would permit to New York.

On the day of his arrival he planned to dine with Renwick, the closest of his college friends. He had just time to catch him by telephone before he left his office, which he did, arranging to meet him at the elevated station and go up town with him.

The first effervescence of their meeting over, Stoughton's beaming eyes roved over the other passengers. A slight figure at the far end of the car held his glance. He looked again to be sure.

"Pardon me a minute, Jack," he said, rising and making his way toward the girl, with whom a moment later he was shaking hands cordially and talking with the ease of long friendship. Presently he returned to Renwick, and as he did so a revealing look passed between the two. A bridge at last!

"It's Natica Alston, a cousin of mine, you know," he explained to Renwick. "Tough luck they had, I tell you. But she's a plucky girl. She has earned her own living now for four years."

"Will you present me?" demanded Renwick eagerly.

"Certainly. I'll take you up there with me. Natica will be glad to receive any friend of mine."

"Thank you, old fellow; thank you." Renwick paused awkwardly. He seemed to have something else to say, but scarcely knew how to say it.

"When I said—asked you to introduce me—I didn't mean the usual thing. I'm going to ask you to do something queer and to do it without asking too many questions."

"What kind of a mystery is this?" inquired Stoughton. "If I didn't know that there isn't a grain of romance in you I should certainly think"—

"Now, don't think—there's a good fellow," soothed Renwick. "Just follow instructions. Tell Miss Alston all about me, and mind that you tell her everything good that you can or I'll wring your neck, and make an appointment for me to call. Don't make any mistake. I want to see her and see her alone. I don't want you there."

When poor, mystified Bill Stoughton broached the subject to Natica her behavior was doubly mysterious. No, she didn't want to know anything about him. Then a moment later:

"Did you say he is a bachelor?" (Innocently.) "I thought he was a widower."

Stoughton, indignantly, "I thought you knew nothing about him?"

"I don't, but he wore mourning."

"That was for his mother."

* * * * * * * *

In the dim little parlor of the small apartment where she and her mother lived they met for the first time alone save for the dead and gone Alstons that looked down upon them from the walls. Surely never was such a first meeting before.

When the maid ushered him in, Natica, looking rather more like a lily than usual in her long, soft black gown, rose with every intention of greeting him in the most formal manner. Then a most unlooked for thing occurred.

For a moment they looked into each other's eyes. Then he stretched out his hands toward her, and she placed hers in them. A moment later she was swept up into his arms as if she had been a child as he murmured softly, "My dear, dear love!"

"What shall we tell mamma?" wailed Natica in despair a half hour later. "How can we ever explain ourselves?"

"We can't," replied Renwick comfortably. "We might just as well resign ourselves to being thought mad. It all comes from the ridiculous superstition that in order to know people you must talk to them."

And then—well, then they forgot the world and its opinions to talk of far lovelier things.

Papa's Sage Conclusion.

"Papa," piped little Willie, "which is it better to be—a big toad in a little puddle or a little toad in a big puddle?"

"It's better to be a big toad in a big puddle" answered the ambitious father.

You May Find It Hard to Stop Him.

When you are alone with a man and the conversation languishes, get him to talk about himself. You won't find it difficult.—Somerville Journal.

RESULT ALL THAT COULD BE ASKED

Dodd's Kidney Pills Cured Strain Caused by Heavy Lifting.

William Sharam Tells of His Precarious Condition, and His Happy Release From It.

Murray Harbor South, P.E.I., Apr. 4.—(Special.)—William Sharam, who keeps a general store here, is one of many hundreds in Prince Edward Island who have been rescued from chronic sickness, and made sound and well by Dodd's Kidney Pills. Mr. Sharam, who is always glad to say a word for the remedy that did so much for him, relates his experience as follows:

"I strained my back with heavy lifting, and the result was urinary and Kidney trouble, that left me in a very weak state, and at times I got so weak that I almost fainted, and could scarcely hold up.

"After trying several other medicines without relief, I concluded that it was a Kidney Disease I had, and would find the cure in a Kidney remedy, and decided to try Dodd's Kidney Pills.

The result was all that could be asked. I used ten boxes all told, and can now enjoy sweet sleep without being disturbed as heretofore, and my old troubles were banished."

Dodd's Kidney Pills cure all Kidney ills from Backache to Bright's Disease.

Dew baths are a fad in New York, which always did like cheap pleasure notwithstanding its desire to create the impression that it never has to think about the money end of its fun.

Free and easy expectoration immediately relieves and frees the throat and lungs from viscid phlegm, and a medicine that promotes this is the best medicine to use for coughs, colds, inflammation of the lungs and all affections of the throat and chest. This is precisely what Bickle's Anti-Consumptive Syrup is a specific for, and wherever used it has given unbounded satisfaction. Children like it because it is pleasant, adults like it because it relieves and cures the disease.

No, Cordelia, the relict of a man who died from hay fever isn't a grass widow.

Lever's Y-Z (Wise Head) Disinfectant Soap Powder is better than other powders, as it is both soap and disinfectant. 34

While the Dreyfus case remains unsettled France does not mean to be entirely overshadowed even if there is a big war in progress. 6

Should Russians still find it disagreeably cold at Port Arthur, it is not because Togo is not doing his best to make it hot for them.

What a jolly old world this would be if all men practiced what they preach.

Some men have a keen sense of humor, judging by the pointless stories they tell.

If a woman has a pretty face no man on earth can tell you what kind of clothes she has on.

Port Arthur does not appreciate those little favors that Japan is sending on the half-shell.

The man who manages to keep out of debt, out of jail and out of politics is a little above the average.

In pronouncing General Pflug the P is silent, but unless he makes good we may transform F into the silent letter.

If this strain keeps up the Czar may feel inclined to raise his own salary.

A woman is almost as much afraid of a mouse as a man is of a millinery bill.

The Warminster guardians, thanvs to newspaper publicity, have received many applications from the unemployed of London, and have handed them over to the farmers in want of hands.

The Hon. Talbot Rice, the vicar of Swansea, says that if he had more money he could preach sermons, as begging letters for church work now occupy a lot of his time.

In 228 trades unions in England, with a membership of 560,000, 6.7 per cent. were unemployed at the end of last year, as compared with 5.5 per cent. of 224 trades unions with a membership of 552,415 at the end of 1902.

The thousands of people who write to me, saying that

Shiloh's Consumption Cure The Lung Tonic

cured them of chronic coughs, cannot all be mistaken. There must be some truth in it.

Try a bottle for that cough of yours.

Prices: 25c. 50c. $1. S. C. Wells & Co. LeRoy, N.Y., Toronto, Can. $10

BOWSER WRITES A PLAY

He Imparts the Plot to His Wife, but Does Not Like Her Suggestions, Which He Thinks Are a Bit Sarcastic

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

INSTEAD of sitting down to his evening paper and cigar in placid enjoyment, Mr. Bowser was nervous and uneasy, and now and then he looked at Mrs. Bowser in a furtive, inquiring way. She knew that he had something on his mind, but she asked no questions, and dinner had been over a full hour when at last, after walking up and down the room for ten minutes, he said:

"I expect you'll sneer and ridicule, as usual, but I am writing a play for a friend of mine and should like to talk with you a little about the plot."

"I shall be more than willing to talk," she replied as she repressed her astonishment with an effort. "Your friend is an actor, I take it?"

"He's going to be. He's been reading up for the last six months."

"What do you mean by reading up?"

"Why, he's been reading books which tell a person how to become an actor. He's also bought a wig and a sword. If he gets the right sort of play, he's bound to be another Edwin Booth in time."

"I see. And you have promised to write him the right sort of play. That's kind of you. Have you got a plot to match the wig and sword?"

Mr. Bowser didn't exactly like her tone, but after a glance at her he passed it by and replied:

"I think I have struck it the first time, though some little changes may be necessary. I will tell you the plot as I have outlined it. The scene is laid in Rome in the year 1125. The hero is named Kybiffo. He is a young man who has dared to aspire to the hand of a princess, and the emperor has ordered him out of the country. He refuses to go. He not only refuses, but he asserts that he will remain and marry the Princess Dogolsky. That's where the first act opens."

"Does he put on his wig and draw his sword as he refuses to go?" asked Mrs. Bowser.

"He don't, but I can put that in. How do you like the names?"

"Why, Kybiffo sounds very romantic, and Dogolsky is something new and

SHE KNEW THAT HE HAD SOMETHING ON HIS MIND.

ought to make a hit. When Kybiffo is in a hurry to speak to her he can abbreviate her name to Dog, and on her part she can shorten his to Ky or Ky-Ky."

"Have you started into the funny business already?" asked Mr. Bowser as the red began to show in his face.

"Of course not. How many other characters have you?"

"Well, there's the emperor, the empress, twelve guards, two executioners, three lion keepers, four ladies of the court, a hunchback and a fellow named Damito. He is also in love with the princess, and the emperor favors his suit. I've got to get rid of Damito somewhere in the third act, but I have not settled on just how to do it. Would it look stagy to have him hurled from the edge of a precipice?"

"Who would do the hurling?"

"I thought of introducing a man from Chicago, a fellow who had suddenly gone crazy and was hankering for gore."

"I'm afraid it would look rather stilted. If you are looking for a novelty why don't you have him caught in a cheese press and squeezed to death?"

"Woman, don't trifle with me!" exclaimed Mr. Bowser as he started up with a glint in his eye.

"But I am not. In writing a play you want to get away from old lines. They have been hurling men and women from precipices for the last hundred years. You have simply to get him into the cheese press in a natural manner. He can take it for a telephone box or a bathtub. However, we can let that go tonight. After Kybiffo refuses to leave Rome what happens?"

"The emperor sends twelve guards to give him the bounce."

"And does he overcome the twelve?"

"He does and leaves every one dead on the stage. I've been thinking that perhaps I had too many dead men lying around at once. Would you reduce the number?"

"I think I should," mused Mrs. Bowser, with her chin on her hand. "It seems to me that I would let at least two get away to go back to their wives and children. I'd be satisfied with ten dead men at once. Does your man Kybiffo stay right there in the slaughter house or go somewhere else to wipe the blood from his sword and rearrange his wig?"

"By thunder, woman, but don't you start in to guy me!" shouted Mr. Bowser as he stood up and towered over her. "I was a fool to expect any help from you, but I won't stand"—

"I had no thought of guying you. Your hero must make some decided move after the ferocious conflict, and I was wondering what it was to be. He shouldn't stay and be seized by a fresh guard."

"He don't stay, of course. The princess, who has seen all from an open window, rushes in and beseeches him to fly from her father's vengeance, and he flies—that is, he consents to go to the house of a man named Bogstoff and wait until there is a chance to bear his ladylove away. He goes just as a new guard of thirty men rush in with orders to kill him on the spot. That's the end of the first act."

"What's the climax?"

"Why, he flies in one direction and the princess in another."

"Doesn't he fall over a chair and she over a sofa?"

"Is that meant for sarcasm?" asked Mr. Bowser as a dangerous light shone in his eyes.

"Of course not. You must have a climax—something to take the breath away, you know, and put the appetite on edge for the next act. If you don't have any falling over chairs or bumping against doors, the end will be rather tame. Where does the second act open?"

"In the house of Bogstoff. Kybiffo is there, and Bogstoff's daughter makes love to him and tries to cut the princess out. She uses a thousand little acts to cajole him, but he turns her down."

"Does he have on his wig and sword at the time?"

"I—I dunno. Should he have them on?"

"By all means. No actor can be a hero without a sword and wig. What does Boggy's daughter do when he refuses her his hand?"

"His name is Bogstoff, madam, and I would thank you to remember it," stiffly replied Mr. Bowser.

"Well, Bogstoff, then. I like the names of your characters as affording excellent opportunities for abbreviation. Kybiffo can be called Ky, Damito can be called Dam, Dogolsky can be called Dog, Bogstoff can be called Boggy, and so on and so on. It was real cute in you to think of such names. Well, what follows?"

"The scheming girl, whom I have not yet named, but shall probably call Hellino"—

"There's another good abbreviation," chipped in Mrs. Bowser.

He glared at her for half a minute, doubtful what course to take, and then continued:

"The scheming girl threatens to commit suicide, and when Kybiffo smiles at the idea she starts for the door with a rush. Damito, who knows her father well and wants to borrow $50 in cash, is about to enter, and she is just in time to fall upon his sword and have it pierce her heart."

"How came he to have his sword drawn and ready to do the piercing act?"

"How came he? It don't make any difference to the audience as I can see. That was a time when everybody went around with a drawn sword in his hand, you know."

"Well?"

"As Hellino lies dead her father rushes in, and here is a great point. Damito at once accuses Kybiffo of her murder, and the father believes him. He rushes for his sword, and while he is gone the two rivals taunt each other and begin to fight. When old Bogstoff returns he takes a hand in, and our hero would have been done for by the two but for the princess suddenly rushing in and using her dagger to even things up."

"But how does she happen to appear at such a critical moment?" asked Mrs. Bowser.

"Because I make her."

"Oh, I see! And does she kill any one with her jewel hilted dagger?"

"She kills old Bogstoff, while her lover wounds Damito."

"Very good—very good! And then I suppose you have the wounded Damito conveyed outdoors and laid on the street car track so as to make it appear that he has been struck by a car?"

"I have nothing of the kind, madam. On the contrary, I have the princess take him to her house to nurse until he is well again. That's my second great point. Her action makes Kybiffo insanely jealous, and he goes to live in a cave in the mountains. He declares that he will give her up, but"—

"But he lives on roots and barks and cannot efface her memory from his heart," finished Mrs. Bowser.

"Yes, that's about the way of it," sheepishly replied Mr. Bowser, who was rapidly losing confidence in his powers as a dramatist.

"And what else?"

"I—I haven't got any further. How do you like the outline?"

Mrs. Bowser clasped her hands and stared into vacancy for a moment. Then she broke forth into hearty laughter. She couldn't have helped it if there had been a dagger at her throat.

"Madam, what's this?" shouted Mr. Bowser as he sprang up.

She tried to answer, but she couldn't. She went into hysterics and laughed by turns, and after surveying her for three or four minutes he realized that he had been humiliated. He turned and kicked over two chairs and walked down the hall and donned his hat and overcoat. Then he went out and banged the front door behind him and wandered through the darkness of the streets. His dignity had suffered, and he was speechless as he entered the house several hours later and quietly went to his room. M. QUAD.

Not a Happy Simile.

"Your husband says that he has been working like a dog," said the next door neighbor.

"Does he?" rejoined the woman with the dingy gown and the tired look. "The only canines I ever got acquainted with put in their time barking at nothing, racing around without any special object in view and sleeping about two-thirds of the time in a nice warm corner close to the stove. It is a rather unfortunate comparison."—Washington Star.

Not to Be Thought Of.

Mrs. Newlywed—Yes, Harry has only one fault, dear fellow! He will smoke cigarettes.

Mrs. Oldgirl—Why don't you break him of it?

Mrs. Newlywed—And leave me nothing to scold him about? No, indeed!—Cincinnati Times-Star.

Admonished.

Lowspeads (despondently)—I might just as well be dead. What good am I anyway? Why, I believe that I've been refused by every girl in town!

Henpekke (excitedly)—Touch wood! Touch wood quick, or your luck will change!—Smart Set.

Revenge.

LAST WINTER.

Said the plumber to the coal man,
"Say, I want a ton of coal."
Said the coal man to the plumber:
"Do you really? Why, how droll!"
Said the plumber to the coal man,
"Well, perhaps an eighth will do."
Said the coal man to the plumber,
"There are scores ahead of you!"

THIS WINTER.

Said the coal man to the plumber,
"Are you busy, then, today?"
Said the plumber to the coal man:
"Am I busy! I should say!"
Said the coal man to the plumber:
"All my water pipes is froze.
Will you kindly come and clear them?"
And the plumber thumbed his nose!

—Somerville Journal.

Old English Customs.

Sir Walter Besant's study of old English customs shows that the doctors of several centuries ago prescribed for fevers "a cold water affusion" with drinking of asses' milk. When the queen was ill in 1663 they shaved her head and applied pigeons to her feet. Powdered mummy for a long time was considered to be a specific against diseases. It is said that the reason it went out of use was that dealers took to embalming bodies and then sold them for genuine ancient mummies.

The Fierce Caterpillar.

A more harmless, inoffensive creature does not crawl than the common garden caterpillar, yet this small worm will put up an appearance so fierce upon occasion as to frighten its enemies away. Soft and pulpy, with no defensive or offensive weapons, this destroyer of cabbages and lettuces will bluff itself into a veritable armored cruiser and frighten many more formidable insects into ungovernable flight. Its method of procedure is like this: Immediately anything approaches, the slow moving, fat caterpillar raises its hairy body, wags a formidable looking head and looks the essence of strength and defiance, so much so that it requires a bird of a particularly valiant disposition to attack it.

Carried It to an Extreme.

"So Jiggers has been arrested for arson. Such a genial, joking chap too."

"Yes. I suppose he got into the habit of making light of everything."—Boston Globe.

Twelve Leafed Palm.

The Egyptians used to use a twelve leafed palm for a Christmas tree because a palm will put forth one new leaf a month, and the twelve leaves were a sign of the complete year.

Born to It.

"Some scientist has made the discovery that every one is born left handed.

"Well, I can go even farther than that. I maintain that every one is born with a predisposition to say 'I done it.'"—Chicago Record-Herald.

Doings In Jericho.

Pap Perkins, Postmaster, Tells About a Deacon and a Hog.

[Copyright, 1906, by C. B. Lewis.]

ONE of the events in the history of Jericho, and one that for a time made every inhabitant hold his breath, was what was called the hog case. One morning Deacon Abernethy Carter, widower, set out to drive a fat hog from his farm to the village, a distance of two miles, to make a sale to the butcher.

The way was up hill and down, with many paths and lanes leading off the main road, and, of course, the hog acted like any hog would. He made a bolt off the main highway whenever chance offered, and by the time half the journey had been accomplished and deacon and hog had arrived in front of the Widow Green's the good man was swearing mad, and the hog was looking for more trouble.

The deacon had once paid his attentions to the widow with a view of mak-

"DEACON CARTER, I'LL HAVE THE LAW ON YOU."

ing her his second wife, but as they had disagreed on religious matters he had ceased to call. This fact made the widow's heart rankle, and she was biding her time to get even. When she stood in her door and saw the deacon and the hog approaching she realized that her opportunity had arrived.

The front gate stood open, and as the hog arrived opposite he rushed in. There were beds of pineys and pinks and hollyhocks, and the hog proceeded to devastate them. The deacon, who was armed with a club, did his best to prevent damage, but his best didn't count. The widow looked on for a moment and then called out:

"Deacon Carter, I'll have the law on you and make you smart for this!"

"But ain't I trying to get the blamed hog out?" he shouted in reply.

"No, you're not. You drove him in here a-purpose to spite me because I wouldn't marry you!"

"Nobody ever asked you to marry me."

"You as good as asked me, but I found out you was stingy and mean, and I sent you packing. Don't try to lie out of it."

"I wouldn't ask you to marry me if you was the last woman on earth! Head off that hog and help me get him out."

"Head off your own hog. You could have kept him out if you had wanted to, and I'll make you pay for all the damage he's done."

It took the deacon fifteen minutes to get the hog back into the road, and while running up and down the garden he made use of pretty strong language, though none too strong for the occasion. At intervals, as he rushed about, the widow would call out:

"Deacon Carter, you are swearing like a pirate, and swearing 's ag'in the doctrines of religion."

"I'm not swearing," he would shout back, "but I'll be hanged if I don't knock the head off this infernal old hog if he don't head out of this!"

No sooner had the deacon disappeared down the road with his hog than the widow put on her bonnet and started out among the neighbors to relate the adventure. She not only laid her damages at $50, but she could name over fifty different swear words used in her hearing by the deacon. In two days it was known for five miles around that Deacon Carter had fallen from grace, and at the end of a week the widow preferred charges against him in his church and had him brought up for trial.

The town was pretty evenly divided on the question, while the deacon only asked for a fair trial. The first charge was that the deacon had steered the hog into the widow's yard out of spite; the second that he had been profane in her presence. As to the first charge the deacon said:

"Brethren, there are those among you who have set out to drive a hog along the road. Nature made the mule obstinate and the hog perverse. If the wind bloweth where it listeth, the hog goeth where he pleaseth until you can head him off with a club. From my house to the Widder Green's is a mile. In that mile the hog had bolted on me about thirty times, and to the best of my recollection the strongest word I used was 'sugar.'"

There was a murmur of sympathy and admiration as the deacon paused, and it was evident that he had the people with him.

"I didn't see the gate standing open," he continued, "but the hog did, and though I fetched him a whack over the snoot with a club he rushed into the yard. I ain't denying that he toyed with the flower beds. He just gamboled among the hollyhocks and rolled among the pinks and pineys. The widow stood there and might have headed him off, but she made no move to do so. It took me a quarter of an hour to git the hog out, and I ain't denying that I used strong language while chasing him up and down."

"Language to make my blood run cold," said the widow as a shiver passed over her, but the majority seemed to feel that the occasion warranted strong language.

"I can distinctly remember all the profane words I made use of," said the deacon in tones of contrition, "and I am deeply grieved that they should have slipped out when they did. You see, the widder was twitting me at the time the hog was acting up, and the two things together were too much for me. Yes, I was profane, and I admit it."

"The profanest words I ever heard in all my life," said the widow, "and you all know how my dear, departed husband used to swear."

"Then you admit the charge of profanity to be true?" was asked of the deacon.

"I do, brethren. Yes, sir, I made use of such oaths as 'by Jim,' 'gaul durn it,' 'durn your hide,' 'gee whiz' and —and"—

"And what?"

"It's an awful word, brethren, an awful word, and I wouldn't say it again if I was driving two hogs and met two widders. I didn't even use it last year when I was stung by fifty hornets all at once."

"Was it so bad that you can't repeat it?"

"I'd rather not. I'd rather plead guilty and take my punishment."

"But I'll tell what it was!" exclaimed the Widow Green as she bobbed up. "He was trying to head off the hog, and the hog ran between his legs and flung him down, and as he lay there kicking on the grass he shook his fist at me and called out, 'By thunder!'"

All eyes were turned upon the deacon, and he bowed his head in shame and humility.

"If a man can be deacon in a church and swear like that, then I want to know," continued the widow.

A little later on she knew, as did all the rest of Jericho. The findings in the case were written out and announced:

"As for the charge of spite, we find that no person driving a hog is morally responsible for the direction taken by the animal.

"As for the charge of profanity, we find that Deacon Carter made use of one term closely approaching it, but as he was laboring under great excitement at the time, and as he did not repeat it later on, we find no real grounds for the charge and announce his record as clear."

And when the widow heard of her failure to down the deacon she held up her hands and gasped:

"Well, if swearing is allowed, then I'll say gosh all fishhooks!"

M. QUAD.

The Cause of It.

Algy—I admit it frequently takes me some time to make up my mind, but—

Miss Flip—Ah, naturally! You must lose time trying to locate it.

Unnecessary Emphasis.

"Why are you smiling so broadly, Henry?"

"I was just thinking of the good times I had."

"When, Henry, dear?"

"Before we were married, of course."—Cleveland Plain Dealer

No, Indeed Not.

Five-year-old Melvin had often been punished for making noises that disturbed the slumbers of his infant sister. After one such occasion the house was shaken by a clap of thunder.

"There!" he exclaimed exultingly. "I s'pose that'll wake the baby, but mamma can't whip the thunder."—New York Times.

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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.

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

Dated, Toronto, April 4th, 1904.

The Northwest Contractor Healthy.

The Northwest Contractor is the name of a new monthly published in Winnipeg and devoted to all matters of interest in building trades. It contains much interesting reading matter, and, judging from its extensive advertising patronage, much be a financial success. They announce that, owing to the unparalled patronage which they have received from the advertising public, they have decided to reduce the subscription rate to one dollar for the purpose of giving their advertisers the advantage of the increased circulation caused by the reduction.

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The Tallest Cathedral.

The most remarkable and striking feature of the new Liverpool Cathedral will be the height of the vaulting of the nave and choir—measured in the barrel vaulting, 18 ft., and in the high transept, 140 ft.—which cannot fail to produce a very magnificent effect. No cathedral in the country approaches its height. The nearest is Westminster, the nave of which has a height of 102 ft., while York measures 99 ft., Salisbury 84 ft., and Lincoln 82 ft. The "whispering gallery" of St. Paul's Cathedral is 100 ft. from the floor.

The Rocky Mountain Oil Company have struck oil on their property near the Flathead reserve east of the summit. Their 1,300-foot well is reported to have a flow of 550 barrels a day.

prolonged applause a song was modestly consented to. In tones rich and mellow was rendered that famous and at all times popular song, The Girl I Left Behind Me. With a pathos which recent experience had implanted in his heart, the tender refrain was borne to the enraptured listeners and called forth tears from many an eye. The fifteen verses were far too short to the spell-bound admirers. They clamored for more, and got it.

The resourcefulness of the honored gentleman was not exhausted. After dancing to good music the company was served an excellent repast, which afforded the host an opportunity to express the sentiments which prompted him to arrange his own farewell. His remarks in part were as follows:

"Ladies and gentlemen, most gladly do I welcome you here this evening. This large, responsive gathering will long linger in memory's cherished store. Since my residence among you I have entertained only kindly feelings; yea, my heart has gone out to some, and, go where I may, I never can or wish to forget friends left here behind. Here am I tonight four thousand miles from home, and now am about to sever these tender associations formed in Tonkin by a removal of twelve miles. Can you wonder that my eye is dimmed and my heart saddened."

The rest of Mr. Chappell's remarks were smothered in the expressions of regrets, the swelling emotions being past all restraint. After a general tax to pay the expenses of his farewell gathering, the guests sadly and with chastened spirits departed to their various homes, to dream of securing patent rights on personal farewells.

—*X.Y.Z.*

Sand.

Boy—My mother says there was a pound of sand in the last box of prunes you sent up.

Grocer—Well, you tell your mother that was the best scrubbing sand. She is a good customer, and I threw it in.—Philadelphia Record.

The Dog Laughed.

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

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

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

For Little Girls.

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

Shut the door, and shut it softly.

Keep your own room in tasteful order.

Have an hour for rising, and rise.

Never let a button stay off twenty-four hours.

Always know where your things are.

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

Learn to make bread as well as cake.

Never go about with your shoes unbuttoned.

Punishment of Tantalus.

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

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

A Dish of Happiness.

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

13th May 1821 1904