The Marysville Tribune.

VOL 1. NO. 25 — MARYSVILLE, BRITISH COLUMBIA, APRIL, 19, 1902. — $2.00 PER YEAR

Canadian Bank of Commerce.

Hon. Geo. A. Cox, President. B E. Walker, Gen. Man'gr.

Paid up capital, $8,000,000. Rest, $2,000,000 Total resources, $65,000,000.

A general banking business transacted. Deposits received.

London. "England" Office 60 Lombard Street.

Cranbrook Branch HUBERT HAINES, Mgr.

G. H. MINER,

Wholesale and Retail

Hardware Merchant.

Mining Hardware a Specialty.

Remember the Address.....

G. H. MINER,

Pioneer Hardware Merchant,

CRANBROOK.

Central Hotel Dining Room.

Under the New Management of Mrs. J. Lindsay and Miss Jacquish, they beg to Announce that they have taken charge of the Dining Room of the Central Hotel and propose to run it in a First Class manner.

The Big Store.

The Big Stock.

The Big Bargains.

Fort Steele Mercantile Co., Ltd., Cranbrook.

A Proof....

of the business we are doing is the amount of goods we are using. Besides our big opening stock we received a big car just three days before Christmas. This has been sold and another car has been ordered and should arrive about the first of February.

Don't forget that our Mr. Miner does fine repairing and upholsteing

OUR MOTTO: Honest Goods, Honest Prices, Honest Dealing.

The Kootenay Furniture Company Ltd.

J. P. FINK, Manager. Cranbrook

FALLS VIEW HOTEL,

Head Quarters for Mining and Smelting Men. New House, New Furniture Home-like and Comfortable.

CHARLES EARLY,

Proprietor,

The Royal Hotel

MARYSVILLE, B. C.

This hotel is now open and ready for guests.

D. McMillen, formerly with the Cranbrook Hotel, is the proprietor, and he proposes to have

A FIRST CLASS HOUSE

A CONDUCTOR KILLED.

William Hughes Meets His Death at Blairmore.

From the Herald—

Last Saturday William Hughes, one of the oldest conductors on the C. P. R., met his death while cutting off some cars in the Blairmore yards. He had gone beetween two cars to cut off two freight cars and the caboose, and succeeded in pulling the pin, when he must have slipped and fell. The three cars passed over the middle portion of his body, and when found he was horribly mangled. The remains were taken to Albany, N. Y., for interment.

The deceased lived in Medicine Hat and left a wife and seven children. He had served for a long time as spare passenger conductor on this division, and was a man well liked by all who knew him.

A strange coincidence is coupled with Mr. Hughes' death. Mrs. Hughes and her sister both lost their husbands by violent deaths within the period of two months.

Peace Is Wanted.

Is it peace? That is the question which every citizen of the British Empire is asking himself.

That great American general Grant said "War is Hell" and so it is, not only for the vanquished but for the victors also.

If peace can be established on equitable lines, so that the Boers and the Britain can live in harmony on much the same lines as the French and English do in our own Dominion, all will be well and another Empire will be added to the Anglo Saxon race and the admixture of Dutch blood will, as it has done in the United States, add the good qualities of that frugal, hard working race to future generations. The fact of peace being restored in South Africa will in a great measure help the rest of the world. The feeling of uncertainty will be blotted out, and in our own country many aching hearts, anxious as to the safety of near and dear ones, will be set at rest and the lives that are being wasted in fighting on the veldt will once more be able to be devoted to the industries of peace and will add to the wealth of the country, instead of being an expense The following are the latest peace proposals.

The Hague, April 14.—From those close in touch with the Boer leaders here it appears that the latest secret dispatch from South Africa outlines the peace proposals now under discussion at Pretoria. They closely follow the summary given on Saturday last to the Evening News of Edinburgh, with the following additional details:

The Boers accept a British lord commissioner, with a Boer executive, both to be resident at Pretoria.

The country to be divided into districts, with British district officers and a Boer committee chosen by polling by the burghers, the veto right to be reserved to the British government. The majority of the British officers must be conversant with the Dutch language.

Johannesburg to be retroceded to the British, with a complete British civic organization.

A war indemnity of at least 10,000,000 pounds to be distributed by fixed committees.

Disarmament to occur when the first batch of Boer prisoners is sent back to South Africa.

No war tax to be levied.

Both languages to be recognized in the schools and courts and in official documents.

The expense of garrisons in South Africa to be borne by Great Britain.

The present Boer leaders to be retained in office as far as possible.

I. O. O. F. ANNIVERSARY.

The Cranbrook Brethren Will Properly Observe the Day.

From Cranbrook Herald.

April 26 is the 83d anniversary of Odd Fellowship in America, and the day will be duly observed in Cranbrook by the members of Key City lodge. Arrangements have been made to hold the services at the Baptish church at 2:30 p.m. Sunday, the 27th. Rev. Auvache, the pastor, will deliver the annual address. All Odd Fellows in town, whether they are members of Key City lodge or not, are invited to meet at the lodge room promptly at 2 o'clock on that day, and prepare to march to the church in a body.

A special feature of the day will be the reference to the Odd Fellows home, which is to be built in British Columbia in the near future. This is a move in which every Odd Fellow should take a deep interest, and it is to be hoped that on that day their interest will take material form.

Invalided Home.

Halifax, N. S., April 7.—H. H. Gardner of Nelson, B. C., and J. B. Henderson of Cranbrook, B. C., two invalided members of South African Constabulary, arrived by the Corinthian this morning and left for the west this afternoon. Henderson had suffered with fever and Gardner was kicked by a horse. They say Canadians are thought well of by Imperial officers in South Africa.

DEVELOPMENT IS NEEDED

Fortunes Can Easily be Made.

MANY RICH CLAIMS ON THE ST. MARYS

Only Capital is Needed for Development and then Marysville will be a Mining Centre.

Now that spring is nearly with us, and that the snow is quickly leaving the hills, we may look for a season of great activity throughout the whole of South East Kootenay.

The division of South East Kootenay into the Eastern and Western ridings has not only divided the district geographically but it has divided its resources. The Eastern riding of South East Kootenay is essentially a coal country and we might say, in passing, one of the greatest coal countries in the world. The Western riding, which is naturally of more interest to us as we live in it is a precious metal mining country and a great one. Of course our end of the district has other resources besides its mines, it has timber farming and ranching industries but mining is undoubtedly its main stay. It follows therefore that all who are interested in the growth of our district should do all in their power to advance the mining interests in the district, if not as actual prospectors or working miners, at any rate by letting the outside world know that South East Kootenay has treasures untold lying in her boosom awaiting only the miner's pick with the strong arm of capital behind it to give it to the world. Time of course is needed for the development of any country and our district is no exception to the rule. We waited many years for railway communication with the outside world now, we have got it and South East Kootenay is not a bad place to get at from any of the great centers of capital. The point however is to let the capitalists of the east and of Europe know what we have. True a great many of them do but there is lots of room to educate them still further along these lines. Therefore we say don't "hide your light under a bushel," but let the outside world know, in any way you see fit, of the greatness of South East Kootenay's resources, of her boundless mineral wealth and of her magnificent climate. You can do this by telling your friends about it when writing east or to the old country, you can do it by sending your friends your local paper and other papers published in the district. It matters not what means you take but keep the greatness of South East Kootenay constally before such people on the outside as you can get at.

PRESS ASSOCIATION.

Officers are Elected at the Halcyon Springs Meeting.

Halcyon, B. C., April 12.—Halcyon Hot Springs press association organized today by the election of F. J Deane, of the Kamloops Sentinel, president; Fred Simpson, Cranbrook Herald, vice-president; Thomas McNaught, secretary-treasurer. These officers with W. K. Esling, Trail, C. F. Smitheringale, Slocan, E. A. Haggan, Revelstoke, W. B. Wilcox, Phoenix, constitute the executive committee. David B. Bogle, Victoria, David Carley, Nelson, and F. J. Deane, were appointed a committee on legislation. A special meeting will be called in a month or two.

East of the Kootenay.

From the Ft. Steele Prospector.

James Nelson came down the Estella mine on Monday. He reports that work is progressing favorably at the mine.

There will be considerable activity on Wild Horse creek this summer. Preparations are now being made for extensive work ground sluicing and hydraulicing. The owners of claims and leases are looking cheerful.

The owners of the Carrie Nation group of claims, situated on Horseshoe canon six miles from Fort Steele, commenced active operations on Monday. A large amount of supplies have been shipped to the mines, and it is the intention of the owners to fully develope the property during the current year.

Robert Dore, owner of the Grace Dore, a nickel proposition on Wild Horse creek about three miles from the town of Fort Steele, was in town on Thursday. He reports that the property is looking well and that recent assays gave returns of from nine to fourteen per cent nickel. Developments consists of 85 feet of open cuts. 40 feet of tunnel and a shaft 22 feet deep. The ledge is a true fissure, having a width of from four to six feet, with three feet of goodore. The ore carries high values in nickel and cobalt, with small values in gold, silver and iron.

IN MASONIC CICLES.

Cranbrook Lodge Visited By the Deputy Grand Master.

Cranbrook Herald—

An emergency meeting of Cranbrook lodge, No. 34, A. F. & A. M., was held last Saturday evening. The occasion was an official visit from E. E. Chipman, deputy grand master of the grand lodge of British Columbia, who, in company with H. Byers, of Nelson, district deputy of district No. 6, has been visiting the lodges in South East Kootenay. Although Saturday night is not the best time for holding meetings of this nature, yet a goodly number of the craft were present, including visitors from Fort Steele and Moyie. After the deputy grand master had been introduced to the lodge, the second degree was exemplified for his benefit, which brought forth words of praise from both the grand lodge officers for the manner in which the work was put on, and congratulations on the advancement of the order in Cranbrook since their last visit over a year ago.

After the closing of the lodge the members repaired to the Cranbrook hotel where a neat supper awaited them. This was followed by a short toast list, and at the hour of 12 those present retired to their homes.

The saw mills of this vicinity have cut about 75,000 ties this spring and there are over 50,000 more to deliver before the first of June. That represents a lot of money for Cranbrook.

Moyie News.

From the Movie Leader—

A Liberal association is soon to formed in Moyie.

Frank Guindon is preparing to work his placer ground on the west side of the lake this season.

Mrs. P. J. McMahon returned from Spokane last Saturday. She was visiting with her sister Mrs. Marsden, at Coeur d'Alene City.

G. H. Miner, the hardware king of East Kootenay, was in town the first of the week.

Mr. and Mrs D Dill's little boy was severely bitten by a dog this week. The brute was killed and the boy is getting along as well as can be expected. Moyie has too many worthless dogs and a lot of them should be killed.

James Curoin expects to leave for California in a few days to remain for some time. He is interested in some mining property near the Oregon line.

The 831 anniversary of Odd Fellowship will be celebrated by Wildey lodge of Moyie by a service in their hall on Sunday, April 27. This service will take place at 1 o'clock sharp and will be conducted by Rev Fortune of Cranbrook. The Odd Fellows of Moyie extend a cordial invitation to everybody to attend.

The old school building has been moved alongside McMahon Bros.' store building and will be used in future as a fire ball. Chief Rickers and the boys who so ably assisted him are entitled to no small amount of credit for their good hard work.

Park, Mitchell & Co.'s tie camp was started this week. The ties will be taken out between Aldridge and Yahk siding. George Reed is foreman.

The sawmill of the Moyie Lumber company was started today in full blast on its season's run. There are about five million feet of logs to be worked up into lumber. There are a sufficient number at the mill to keep it running until such time as the upper lake is free of ice and the logs can be brought down. The planer will also be run steadily.

Victor Desaulnier of the Central hotel, and Miss Marie Boissonneau were married in Berlin, New Hampshire, on Easter Monday, March 31. Since their wedding they have been visiting in the east, but are expected in Moyie on today's train. Mr. Desaulnier has large interests both in Moyie and in the Coeur d'Alene and is one of the town's most substantial citizens. He is to be congratulated on the step he has taken and his bride for her choice of a partner for life.

The North Star.

Cranbrook Herald—

George Goldsmith returned from the North Star last Saturday, where he has been at work with a diamond drill the past few months. Speaking of the property Mr. Goldsmith said: "The North Star looks good now. A vast amount of development work is being done and a number of new ore bodies have been shown up. The Star will continue to be one of the surest dividend payers in the Kootenays. Great activity is seen about the mine, and fifty men are employed. Everything is working satisfactorily and the hill will be a busy place this season."

Mr. Goldsmith will leave for the Lardeau in a short time to look after his extensive interests there. He, in company with John Leask of this city, own one of the largest galena propositions in British Columbia and they expect to do something with it this year.

FUTURE IS BRIGHTER

Work is Rapidly Progressing on the Smelter.

A BUSY SCENE IS NOW PRESENTED

And a Most Sincere Confidence in Marysville is Now Fully Restored.

A walk over the grounds of the smelter company is sufficient to instill any more enthusiasm over the future of Marysville. The work going on presents a wonderful scene of activity, and many men are laboring deligently to bring about the completion of South East Kootenay smelter. The seven roasters are rapidly nearing completion, and already the masons have started on the great stacks for each.

The arrival last week of several cars of the iron and machinery gave a new impitus to the work, and many more men were added in consequence. The pillors for the furnaces have been put in place, and all is ready for the brick work. The crushers for the sulphide building has been unloaded. It weighs just twelve tons, and is a heavy piece of machinery to handle. A number of the wheels and shafts for this building have arrived and will be put in place in a short time.

As was stated last week, it is the intention of the company to put in more roasters and another furnace, and the contract for grading the ground for the addition to the roaster building has been in the hands of Mr. Laurie, who has had teams at it for the past week. Work on the roasters will be commenced as soon as those now under construction are completed, and they will be rushed forward as rapidly as possible.

It does not require an experienced eye to see that the Marysville smelter is rapidly becoming a reality, and that the talk of those who would belittle the enterprise has fallen flat. If the material arrives as is now expected, there will be nothing to delay the work from now on, and in all probability everything will be in readiness for blowing in by July 1.

Naturally, throughout the town, there is a better feeling. Confidence has been fully restored, and business men and property owners now appreciate the fact that they have invested wisely in Marysville, as the permanency of the place is assured beyond all question. The hard times of the past winter are now but an unpleasant dream and with the advent of summer, comes the sun shine of hope and confidence that has dispelled for all time the chill of disappointment. The success of the smelter is assured, and the town is assured. There will be no let up from now on, and when construction is started on the road up the valley, Marysville will then be one of the best towns in the entire district.

Fernie News.

From the Free Press—

P. Burns & Co. have commenced work upon the erection of their slaughter house. It will be located about a mile south of the town at the intersection of the Coal Creek road and the railway.

The new town of Morrisey is experiencing its growing time, there being upwards of twenty-five cottages under construction within the limits of the the Coal company's townsite. The two hotels outside the limits of the town are both doing a good business. They are catching considerable business from Fernie and their proprietors profess to be fully satisfied with the outlook for the future.

P Lund, of the contracting firm of Breckinridge & Lund, who have the contract for the construction of the spur to the Morrisey mine, as well as other work for the Coal company, was in Fernie yesterday. He says his firm has about completed the work which it has in hand, but that it will be several months before the connection with the British Columbia Southern is effected.

E. E. Chipman of Kaslo, D. G. M. of the Masonic Grand Lodge; H. Byers of D. D. G. M., and A. Moffat of Cranbrook, D. D. G. M., arrived in Fernie on Thursday. They proposed paying an official visit to the local lodge, but in some manner the communication went astray and the visit was not paid. The party left for Fort Steele on Friday. The visitors held a levee at the Royal Hotel wher they received a number of local craft men and some who were not craftsmen.

The Fernie football club is in receipt of a challenge from the Pincher Creek club for a game to be played at Pincher Creek on May 24th. The challenge will receive the attention of the local club. The Marysville boys are also after a game with Fernie some time this month.

Subscribe For THE TRIBUNE

FACE TO FACE TALKS

BY THE BUSINESS MANAGER

Fakir and Sucker.

T. R. McKEOWN.

Oh, see the fakir!

What is the fakir doing?

The fakir is preparing another nice little ad for the mail order papers offering "solid gold diamonds absolutely free."

Why does the fakir offer these things absolutely free? Because he needs the money, my child; you will observe he simply "offers" them, just as you sometimes offer your little sick brother a piece of your candy when you know he is so sick he capnot eat it.

From whom does the fakir expect the money? The fakir expects the money from the sucker.

Will the sucker give it to him? He will. The principal duties of a sucker are keeping a sharp lookout for all fakirs so as to send all the ready money he (the sucker) can spare to the fakir "by return mail."

Why do you call the sucker's money 'ready?" Because he is always willing to bite at any fakir's bait.

Does the fakir run when he gets the sucker's money? No, he dosen't have to, my dear. The sucker would catch him before he got very far, and then he would force more of his money upon him.

Then the fakir does not have to run after the sucker, but speaking about running I will add that sometimes the fakir runs a paper himself, but oftener the fakir runs the man who runs the paper.

By the way, what is a fakir? A fakir is a person who expects something for nothing.

And does he get it? He does.

And what is a sucker? A sucker is a person who, likewise expects something for nothing.

And does he get it?

He does—in the neck.

As to Erecting a Church.

Marysville, B. C. April 15th, 1901.

Dear Editor.—I have noticed with pleasure your interests and thought for the welfare of Marysville. In a previous issue of your paper, you have very wisely drawn attention to some improvements in and about our pretty and prosperous town that would be of great advantage to the community. It is therefore with some degree of faith that I beg to suggest another impovement to this rapidly growing community.

No doubt every person has already realized the need of a church building and of regular service among so fastly increasing a population consisting largely of men.

Service is now offered to the people of Marysville.—Your humble servant has been sent in here under the auspices of the Knox College missionery society who have assumed all risks on behalf of the missionary. His business is to look after the spiritual interests of this community. This can be done better in a building set aside for that particular use.

By the kindness of Mr. McMillan we were able to hold service in the Royal hotel last Sabbath, but this was at the inconvenience of many who make the Royal their home while here.

The people of Marysville showed their appreciation of the humble effort both in the number that turned out and the substantial offering of $5.45, which was very good considering the circumstances of the situation.

Marysville is a growing place and promises to be the centre of a prosperous mining and ranching community. It can therefore become a centre of influence for good. Will you help it to be such? Will you encourage godliness, purity faith and good will? Let this be a time of rallying the good forces that are in us and let it find expression in the material form of a church building not gorgeous but simple, that will accomodate with some degree of comfort the many sympathizers of truth, justice and peace. A place where we can covenant aney with the true God as we beging life anew in this glorious country teeming with God's bounties.

The expenses connected with putting up a building that will accomodate us should not be great. Many men who are well acquainted with building have asserted their willingness to put in an hour or so in the evening after supper. This with the sympathy expressed by the business heads of the smelter and from many other quarters ought to encourge us to go ahead.

I therefore take the liberty to ask all those who are interested in the cause of God at Marysville to meet in Mr. Reid's drug store on Monday Evening April 21st. Hoping to see an attendance equal to that of Sunday evening, and thanking the people of Marysville and the Tribune for your kind indulgence. I remain your humble servant

Dan W. S. Urquhart.

Missionary.

The Tribune $2.00 a Year

MARGARET OF NEW ORLEANS

AN IDEAL CHARITY REALIZED.

"I wonder if it idealizes her?"

We stand beside the statue of this famous woman, Margaret of New Orleans, and, after the manner of strangers, conjecture on what we for the first time see.

"Not at all," a voice answers in the soft southern tongue. "It looks just like her."

"Ah, thank you. You live here?"

"I was born here. This is my home."

"You were here during the war and yellow fever and everything? And was Ben Butler so dreadful? And have you seen Cable?"

A nod answers each one of my young companion's impetuous queries.

"How delightful!" concludes my friend, but the lady shakes her head and taps her fan lightly on the girl's soft cheek and says musingly: "It did not seem as if I would live through it, but I have, and now comes one who calls my trials 'delightful.' How cruel!"

"Ah, pardon! But I was thinking of that charming man who wrote the delicious 'Mme. Delphine.' I was thinking how perfectly lovely it must be to live here and know him—and then to live in a city that has had such a history—it is so romantic. And can you tell us anything about Margaret?"

"This little space—'Margaret place,' it is called—it is a pleasant spot to rest in."

With this invitation, given more in looks than in words, we seated ourselves near our new acquaintance on the settees in the little park. The perfume of March roses overhang the city; we forget in its deliciousness the signs of decay that in portions of that quaint old town imparts a pensive melancholy to its beauty. Near by us in the green grass is a pool set about with a low border of cactus; a mimic fort, with all its bristling thorn guns out, and its blossom floating from the ramparts, which are guarding from such fierceness only a lazy fleet of water lilies, under the shade of which there is a whirl of goldfish. A stone footbridge crosses the pool and spans the river of cactuses. It is a very odd and tasteful device, this pool, and the little park in which it is placed is unique in its way. There is nothing overdone, neither neglected. It is a well kept, refreshing, simple setting for the statue itself.

"She was a working woman—a servant here. When I first remember her I was living near here, and she was taking care of the cows in a stable that stood almost on the very spot where her statue stands now. She was working then for the sisters of the asylum. She fed and milked their cows and sold milk in a cart about the city. She was a strange looking person—remarkable in her appearance. I think now as I recall her she had a broad forehead, serious eyes, a pleasant, broad smile, a rather short, stout figure. I do not suppose she ever in her life wore any dress better than a guinea blue calico; she always wore heavy shoes and a black straw bonnet trimmed with a neat band of black over the top. From my residence I could see her many times a day while she was at her stable work or coming back and forth with her milk cans.

"What was her name? Her name was Margaret Haggery; she had been married and at that time was a widow. Her husband and little child died just after she came to New Orleans; so we learned after she became famous. She was alone and poor in a strange country and went to work in the stables for a living. Somehow everybody liked Margaret; her smile was sweet and her words shrewd. The children called her Margaret, and she knew their names and answered their salutations along the street as she drove by in the milk cart.

"After some years Margaret had saved enough to buy a bit of ground that had on it a small bakery. The place was sold for a trifle, but now Margaret was in royal trim—a landowner and a manufacturer; for she opened the shop and began bread and pie making for the neighbors. Presently there was a large bakery built; soon bread carts were running over the city bearing the words 'Margaret's Bakery.' It became the fashion to buy at Margaret's place. During war, pestilence and disaster Margaret's fires were never out, and the delicious rolls kept up their weight and quality, no matter what else in life failed. Then she began running her free bread carts during the fever panic. No one went hungry who was within sound of her cart wheels. From that time on no one need go hungry in New Orleans—those too poor to buy were given a loaf fresh and white as the best, and it was given heartily, with a 'God bring thee better times!' There was no distinction in Margaret's favors. She gave to white and black, of any church or none. 'Are you hungry?' that is all that was necessary. 'Here is bread; take it with God's blessing.' There have been in this city dread days, which seemed as if God and everybody had failed us but Margaret; days when she almost literally fed the city. During the yellow fever panic Margaret began her noble work of taking the children from the homes of death and putting them into a house under good care, supporting them herself in every particular. Soon the one asylum grew into many; the dozens of her little charges were numbered by hundreds—and at the time of her death thousands. At the gate of every orphan asylum in the city Margaret's bread cart, with its smoking rolls, was seen daily; at every charitable institution whatsoever she took the privilege of giving her bread freely, and Margaret's name headed the list for every charity.

"Our grand Charity hospital, one of the most famous in the world, was largely the gift of Margaret. You must visit that hospital. It will make you better all your life for having seen it. Right through the trees there, at the right, do you see that magnificent building with its four galleries running around the first four stories of the house? Its gate tells in golden letters that this is a children's home, given by Margaret, where to the end of time orphans will be cared for and educated by her bequests. Many of our cemeteries contain in form of handsome tombs Margaret's simple but munificent thoughtfulness. Here you know all are buried above ground in crypts or ovens of masonry, and when you visit our cemeteries—as strangers always do, for there are no burial places like these in America—you will see stone tombs, containing one, two or four dozen bodies maybe, inscribed, 'Given to the Little Sisters of the Poor by Margaret.' 'The Strangers' Tomb, Given by Margaret.' I suppose Margaret spent more money for the city than the richest man in the history of the state, and of the sympathy and discernment of the needs of the poor the half could never be told. She spent nothing on herself. A clean blue calico, stout shoes, a black straw bonnet, a knitted jacket or shoulder shawl, an iron bedstead in a room without even a rocking chair and overlooking the bakeshop, sufficed for her. She had no time to enjoy real luxuries. As long as there was a weeping child or a friendless woman in the city what time had she to fold her arms in a rocking chair? While there were unburied, coffinless forms could she adorn her home of the living? And so it happened that to the end of life Margaret spent neither time, care nor money on herself. She forget there was such a mortal as Margaret.

"And when one day the news went around that Margaret was dead the great city arose and put on mourning; the business houses were closed; all the employments of the city stood still. The day of the burial thousands of her little orphans followed her bier as mourners; every church sent delegations of honor bearers; the public school children joined in the throng; the houses were draped along the line of march; all the bells in the city tolled; civic and military joined in the procession with ecclesiastics; there never was here a funeral like Margaret's.

"Afterward it was found that her possessions had been so disposed that had death come at any moment the affairs of this life were well and intelligently wound up. There were no personal effects of value, but even her few garments she left to the poor, and with the proceeds of her wise investments her charities are royally endowed.

"This statue is the gift of the city, to show in this public way the esteem in which she is held. It is very like Margaret. The motherly figure, seated with one arm encircling a standing child at her side; the untrimmed dress, coarse shoes, the little crocheted shawl about her shoulders are homely, but who would change them for finer clothing? The smooth hair, with its old fashioned French parting; the strong chin, the pleasant mouth, the serious eyes—is there not something fascinating in the contradictions of the face?

"Did you ever see such a head on a woman's shoulders? Massive, wonderful! That is the head of a statesman and financier, while its mouth, with its pleasant smile, telling of the tact and natural suavity of Margaret's character, proclaims the elements of a born diplomat. Yet, look again at the broad, massive brow, and see the earnest, loving eye that speaks of a true womanhood; look once more at the coarse garments and you will see that poverty added her load to the ordinary burden of womanhood, while ignorance, bereavement, affliction, loneliness join hands with poverty against this soul. But the massive brow conquered, the untaught brain triumphed, and under the leadership of the sad, gentle eyes gave to the suffering what might, had she been a man born in other circumstances, have been the gain of nations and the glitter of the trapping of a diplomat.

"When I consider what Margaret did for one city under such desperate disadvantages, I wonder what she could have done for the world if all the environments had been right. I was thinking of that as I looked, in passing for the hundredth time, at the strong, fascinating face this morning, when your question met my ear.

"Yes, it looks like her, and there will never be another in marble like it to the end of time. She was a grand character—tender, strong, original, pitiful, helpful, wise."

He Knew What They Would Do.

Sir Charles Locock, who was the physician attending Queen Victoria at a certain period of her reign, was once commanded by her majesty to proceed to Berlin and report on the condition of her daughter, the crown princess. On the return trip, stopping at Dover for a hasty luncheon, he was enabled to snatch a glass of poor sherry and a piece of questionable pork pie.

After the train had pulled out and Sir Charles had been locked in his compartment he began to feel drowsy and to fear that faintness was overtaking him. Immediately he thought to himself:

"They will find me in a faint on the floor and bleed me for a fit, and I need all my blood to digest this pork pie."

Thereupon he hurriedly drew out his pencil, wrote on a piece of paper and stuck it in the band of his hat. Then he resigned himself to the deep sleep that came upon him. He did not wake until the train had pulled into the London station, and, still dazed by his slumber, he jumped into a carriage and was driven home.

The grins of the servants and the exclamation of his wife were followed by the inquiry from one of the children, "Oh, papa, what have you got in your hat?"

Then he remembered his experience on the train. Taking off his hat, he removed the large white paper on which he had scribbled this petition to the general public:

"Don't bleed me. It's only a fit of indigestion from eating some confounded pork pie!"—Youth's Companion.

Old Mailbox.

Among the treasures held by the Antiquarian society in Portsmouth, N. H., there is an old box the history of which is given on a label which it bears.

The box is of tin, painted green, and shows signs of much usage, which is not surprising when one considers that it carried the United States mail between Portsmouth and Boston during the Revolution. It is about 9 inches long, 4½ inches wide and a little more than that in height.

It was carried on horseback by Captain John Noble, otherwise known as Deacon Noble, who was post rider until 1783.

This box contained all the mail and made every week one round trip, occupying three days in the journey—from Portsmouth to Boston the first of the week and three days at the end of the week from Boston to Portsmouth. The distance between the two places is a little more than fifty miles.

How Things Usually Come.

"Do you believe that all things come to him who waits?"

"No," answered the hustler decisively. "Pretty nearly everything that a man doesn't want comes to him who waits, but the things worth having come to him who gets up and humps himself."—Chicago Post.

Advice.

Suitor—Sir, you are undoubtedly aware of the object of my visit?

Father—I believe you desire to make my daughter happy. Do you really mean it?

Suitor—Unquestionably.

Father—Well, don't marry her, then.

Hazarding a Guess.

Minnick—I wonder why artists invariably depict Cupid even in the coldest weather without any clothes at all.

Sinnick—Probably to show how easy it is for love to grow cold.—Philadelphia Press.

Nothing In It For Him.

"Can't I help you with your work, my man?"

"Wot's the use, mum? I wouldn't git paid no more if you did."—New York World.

WHY ELI DID NOT BET

The Story of a Cruel Deception.

"There, you've druv 'im out, mister," said the portly landlord of the Golden Pig regretfully, "and it's the first time 'e's been in for more than a fortnight."

"Druv 'im out!" replied the stranger scornfully. "Wot call's 'e got to take offense just because I suggested a little wager? If 'e didn't want to take it on, all 'e'd got to do was to say so."

"Wagers is a sore p'int with Eli just now," explained the landlord. "'E'd as lief kill a man wot mentions 'em as look at 'im, wouldn't he, gentlemen?"

Thus appealed to the company, with apprehensive glances toward the door through which the irate Eli had disappeared, nodded acquiescence.

"All I can say is if 'e's a fair specimen of the in'abitants of Wiltham they are a sociable lot," remarked the stranger sarcastically.

"It don't do to judge a community by an individule," replied the landlord impressively and with some warmth. "Besides, as I said before, wagers is a sore p'int with Eli."

"Lost some money?" queried the stranger.

"Twenty pounds," replied the landlord.

"Twenty pounds," came in a confirming murmur from the rest of the company.

The stranger whistled.

"'Ow came 'e to risk such a lot?

"Well, if you're not in a 'urry"—

"Be careful," interrupted one of the company warningly. "'E might come back any minute."

"Fill up all round at my expense," said the stranger, "and let's 'ear it."

The landlord complied and, leaning over the bar, commenced his narrative.

"Eli, as you know, drives the bus between this village and the town of Hopston, and one night 'e came down with a good lookin' young woman of about twenty-six sittin' on one side of 'im on the box and Pete Miller's lad the other side. Eli and the lady got into conversation, and Tim Miller kep' 'is ears open. Of course Tim 'adn't oughter 'ave listened, but then, the way some parents bring up their offspring is scandalous.

"'Coach drivin' these days ain't the job 't was, is it?' asks the lady.

"'Suits me well enough,' ses Eli.

"'Couldn't make a fortune at it, though,' she remarks.

"'No, I s'pose not.'

"'Drivers never put any money by, so I 'ear.'

"'Don't they though,' ses Eli, getting excited, for 'e was very proud of 'is savin' abilities.

"'No, do they?'

"'I wouldn't mind bettin' I can show yer a bankin' account the right side of £20.'

"Eli was always ready for a wager in them days when 'e felt pretty certain of winnin'.

"'Sir,' says the lady 'autily, 'I don't bet.'

"'I'm sure I beg yer pardon,' ses Eli humbly.

"'I 'aven't taken offense,' she replies, smilin'. And, accordin' to Tim Miller she made 'erself wonderful nice to Eli after that.

"She told 'im she'd come down to Wiltham for a few weeks for 'er health and that she'd got to find lodgin's somewhere. Eli said 'e knew just the place as would suit 'er, and when the bus got in 'e took 'er to 'is aunt's, old Widder Mullins'.

"Well, after that, it was surprisin' 'ow anxious Eli became about 'is aunt's 'ealth. Until Miss Walters came—Walters was the young woman's name—'e didn't go near Widder Mullins three times in a year, but after she came if you asked Eli to sit down and 'ave a chat, 'e'd say, 'I should like to, but, yer see, my poor aunt's gettin' very old and decripit-like, and it's my dooty to look after 'er. Dooty first, my boy; dooty first.'

"Well, the natural result was that one day, about a fortnight after Miss Walters' arrival, 'er and Eli got engaged. 'E came in 'ere after 'e left 'er that night and was that excited 'e couldn't 'elp tellin' us all about it.

"'When's the weddin'?' I asks.

"'Three weeks from today,' ses 'e.

"'That's early,' I ventures.

"'Not too early,' 'e replies.

"'Means to make sure of yer, Eli,' foolishly remarks Ben Tipper.

"At that Eli got in a rage, an' pickin' Ben up as though 'e'd been a feather, he began to dust the glasses and things off the tables with 'im.

"We calmed 'im at last, but after what 'ad 'appened it seemed risky on the part of Mr. Robert Cookson, a toffish young man, who, like Miss Walters, 'ad come down for 'is 'ealth, to offer to bet Eli Benson as Miss Walters wouldn't become Mrs. Benson on or before the date 'e'd named.

"'Done!' ses Eli 'otly. 'Wot's the amount?'

"'Oh, anything yer like!' replied Mr. Cookson.

"'Say £20,' ses Eli with a sneer, for 'e didn't think the stranger possessed that much. Everybody looked at Cookson, expectin' 'im to draw in, but, to our surprise, 'e pulled out 'is pocketbook and takin' from it four five pound notes laid 'em on the table in front of 'im.

"Eli turned pale and said 'e must 'ave time to think it over. He got up and walked out. Just outside the door who should 'e meet but Miss Walters 'erself.

"'Wot's the matter?' we 'eard 'er say as she noticed 'is red face. 'E told 'er wot 'ad 'appened.

"'Why didn't yer bet?' ses she. "'Is £20 and yours would just come in 'andy to furnish a decent 'ome.'

"'But,' ses Eli, astonished, 'I thought bettin' was agenst yer principles. That's why I wouldn't take 'im on.'

"She laughed and said: 'Why, yer silly goose, I said I never bet myself, but I didn't say ye wasn't to. But there, I see wot it is, ye can't trust me. Ye're afraid I shall jilt yer,' and she began to whimper.

"Eli protested strongly, and, 'avin' dried 'er eyes, marched back into the bar and, lookin' straight at Mr. Cookson, ses proudly: 'I shall be pleased to take yer on, sir. I'll draw £20 from the bank in the mornin', and tomorrow evenin' we'll both deposit that amount with the landlord 'ere—that is, unless ye'd like to turn tail now—the £40 to be paid by 'im to the winner three weeks from tomorrow.'

"Sure enough, the next night they both turned up and 'anded me £20 each—Cookson's in notes and Eli's in gold.

"After the money 'ad been paid over Eli was took bad—at least that was wot 'e said, though nobody could see anything the matter with 'im. Anyhow, 'e arranged with 'is assistant to drive the coach and said 'e'd have a week or two at 'ome.

"Up to the day before that fixed for the weddin' 'e never let Miss Walters out of 'is sight—yer see, 'e was afraid Cookson might try to kidnap 'er so as to prevent the weddin'—but that day Eli and 'is intended 'ad a bit of a tiff about Eli's eye, she sayin' she could never marry a man with one eye—Eli 'adn't got a glass eye then.

"'Wot yer mean?' ses Eli. 'Why didn't yer think of that before? Yer can't throw me over now just because of that.'

"'Yer silly,' ses she, 'I don't want to throw yer over. I only want yer to get a glass eye put in yer 'ed.'

"'Well, I won't,' ses Eli, obstinatelike.

"'Then yer won't marry me,' she replies. 'And wot's more, you'll lose yer £20.'

"The upshot was Eli decided to go to Hopston that afternoon—the day before the weddin', remember—and buy the glass eye, but 'e was in a bit of a fix about leavin' the gell unprotected. 'Owever, 'e set 'is brain to work—and soon 'it on a plan.

"'E come in 'ere and made 'imself very agreeablelike to Cookson and then asked 'im if 'e'd care to go round and 'ave a look at the 'orses. Cookson, wishin' to be civil, sed 'e would. So off they went, and when they got inside the stable and Cookson was criticisin' the horseflesh, Eli slipped out and locked the door. Cookson then began to make a din, but Eli went and found the stable boy, and, givin' 'im a tanner, ses, with a nod toward the stable door:

"'Remember, ye're deaf today, Joe.'

"Joe winked and sed 'I am.'

"Eli went up to town on the next bus. As it 'appened, so did Tim Miller, and when Eli went into the optishun's shop Tim stood outside the door listenin'—it don't say much for Tim's bringin' up, but I'm obliged to record the facts.

"'I want a glass eye put in to match this one,' ses Eli, pointin' to 'is only eye.

"'Yes, sir,' ses the shopman, reachin' down a box marked 'green.'

"'Wot's it say on that box?' asks Eli, with a glint in 'is eye.

"'Green,' ses the counter jumper.

"'Young man, I want no insults,' ses Eli, gettin' in a rage.

"'It matches your own, sir,' ses the young man.

"'It'll match yours tomorrow p'raps,' ses Eli, landin' the poor chap one square between the blinkers. 'I'll 'ave you understand that my eye is blue, not green. Blue, blue, blue! Just fit me with a blue eye, and tell your master you're color blind.'

"When Eli got back to Wiltham, as proud as could be of 'is odd eyes, 'e went straight up to Widder Mullins' to see if Miss Walters was all right. The old woman met 'im at the door.

"'She's gone!' ses Widder Mullins, tremblin'.

"'Gone!' he gasps. 'Where?'

"'Don't know. She's took 'er bag with 'er, though.'

"Then Eli raved like mad, threatenin' to kill 'is poor old aunt and Mr. Cookson and anybody else 'e could think of. 'E quite thought Cookson 'ad lured Miss Walters away, and off 'e rushed to break the stable boy's neck for loosin' 'im out.

"Well, when 'e got to the stables 'e couldn't find the lad. 'Fastened 'imself in so as to escape me,' thought Eli, and takin' out 'is key 'e unlocked the door.

"To 'is surprise out came Cookson, lookin' pretty fierce, but seein' Eli meant murder 'e passed by and said nothin'.

"Eli nearly went crazy over the loss of Miss Walters and the £20, which, as the weddin' didn't come off on the day fixed, I duly 'anded over to Mr. Cookson at the appointed time.

"'E's been lookin' for 'er ever since, but 'asn't found no trace of 'er. Mr. Cookson left Wiltham the day 'e got Eli's £20.

"That finishes the explanation of why wagers is a sore p'int with Eli," concluded the landlord.

"Reddish brown 'air, thick mustache same color, gray eyes, scar on left cheek, about 5 foot 8 'igh, thirty or thirty-two years old," murmured the stranger slowly.

"That's 'im," said several voices.

"Dark 'air—almost black, big brown eyes, two pretty rows of teeth, 'ight about 5 foot 4," continued the stranger, gazing abstractedly into the cloud of smoke he blew from his lips.

"That's 'er," came from the company eagerly.

"Man and wife," said the stranger.

"Wot!" shouted the landlord. "Do you know 'em?"

"I do that!" replied the other sorrowfully.

"'Ow?" came from a dozen voices.

"Well, you see, they came to my village about six months back and played a very similar trick upon a friend of mine—a very near and dear friend of mine," said the stranger.

"'Imself, I'll bet!" whispered Ben Tipper, and the company filed silently out of the bar, out of respect for the stranger's evident grief.—Penny Pictorial Magazine.

The Owl In Poetry.

Much unnatural history has been written of the owls, and unfortunately most people have their ideas of them from the poets. The owl is not moping, nor mourning, nor melancholy, neither is he dolorous nor mournful. He is neither grave monk, nor anchorite, nor pillared saint. Poets write by day and owls fly by night, and doubtless Mr. Gray and his school have their opinion of owls from staring at stuffed specimens in glass cases, or at the birds of wisdom surprised in the full light of day, when they will be seen blinking, ogling, nodding and hissing at each other, very unlike representatives of Minerva.

Christopher North is the only author who has done justice to the owls, or justice to the poets, for the matter of that, by his denunciation of their epithets and false images. He knew well that the white owl never mopes, but holds its revels through the livelong night, when all else is hushed and still.—Cornhill Magazine.

Success of One Piece of Music.

Very few know anything about Suppe, the composer of "Fatinitza" and several other popular operas and the father of the "Poet and Peasant" overture. The latter was composed to an entirely different piece and fell flat; the author then tried it at intervals of six months and a year with two other plays, and no one found it pretty. Lastly, because there was not time to write a new overture, it was used with a long forgotten farce called "Poet and Peasant." The farce was successful, and people endured the overture. Then somebody asked permission to publish it in a journal, arranged for the piano. Soon everybody was playing it. Then a music firm bought of Suppe for $25 the right and published the score. They made a clear $40,000 with it.

Point of View.

First Sparrow—What are those men pushing and fighting so much about?

Second Sparrow—I suppose some one has scattered a handful of corn there.—Chicago News.

A THIEVES' MARKET.

ONE OF THE PROMINENT PLACES IN THE CITY OF MEXICO.

Any Policeman Will Show You the Way to It and You May There Purchase Stolen Goods by the Single Piece or by the Carload.

If you want to know the time in the City of Mexico; if you need household goods, objects of art or of personal adornment; in fact, if there is anything you desire from a pincushion to a redhot stove—just ask a policeman.

He will point the way to the thieves' market without any more idea of laws that deal with those who receive stolen goods than if you had asked him the way to the best hotel in the city or to one of the theaters or to the National palace. The official of the law will not hesitate to tell you that it is directly across the street from the National palace, east of the Zocalo—the park of the peons—and that if you are timid about the size of the load you wish to take there the gate is large enough to drive the biggest truck through without inconvenience. It is a very simple matter to find the thieves' market.

It is no small establishment, but a city institution, with a court as large as a city block, and it is crowded from morning to night with those who are looking for bargains without the slightest idea of moral wrong in buying stolen goods. Indeed it is stated that now and then persons find property once belonging to them exposed there for sale at prices so reasonable that it would be absurd to go to law about it and lay up against the delightful convenient "manana" the trouble of appearing in court.

The market is just what its name implies—a thieves' market, where moths do not corrupt, because there is always a stream of purchasers for goods at ridiculous prices. Nothing remains in stock over a few days. Spread out on tables or piled high on the ground can be found samples of almost anything, for the Mexican ratero is not particular what he steals. The thieves do not themselves act as the salesmen, for this would be dishonest even to the Mexican mind. They dispose of their plunder either for a lump sum or take a commission from the sellers.

There is no assortment of goods as to class or kind. It is a case of pick and choose. Crockery, cutlery, tinware and cooking utensils are the main staples, for the Mexican is careless, and the thieves of his kind find this sort of plunder easy to get and with a ready market. The proprietor of one of the well known local restaurants admits that nearly all his knives, forks and table linen come from the thieves' market. He makes it a point regularly to visit there to replenish what may have been stolen from his own place.

But it is perhaps in the line of curiosities, books and objects of art that the thieves' market is most interesting. The libraries of the monks, scattered in the war of reform, are represented now and then. The thieves, of course, know nothing of the value of the books.

Recently a folio of Shakespeare, bound in vellum, in splendid condition, notwithstanding the long ago date of its publication, was picked up by a book lover for $1.50 in Mexican silver. Several bibliophiles of the United States have regular agents in the thieves' market, and it pays them.

With Maxmilian and his court many rare works of art came to Mexico. In the rush away from Mexico these were left behind. Within the last month a fan, beyond doubt by Watteau, was bought in the thieves' market for $8. The painting is still bright, the lace exquisite and rare, and the ivory sticks, inlaid with gold, are still intact.

Mexico's many wars have made the country an arsenal of obsolete weapons. Swords, guns and firearms from the time of Cortes to the present decade can be picked up in the thieves' market for little or nothing. Some of them, outside of their value as curios, are of intrinsic worth, as an American discovered not long ago. He bought for a trifle an old sword, tarnished and dirty. The style of the hilt pleased him. When he had it cleaned, he found that scabbard, hilt and blade were inlaid with rich gold of marvelous artistic design

The Last Nickel.

The Philadelphia Record tells of a little Sunday school boy who always receives a nickel from his father to place in the collection plate. Last Sunday his father gave him two nickels, saying, "One is for the Lord, and the other is for yourself." As it was too early to start for Sunday school the little boy sat on the porch steps, playing with the two nickels. After awhile he dropped one of them, and it disappeared down a crack. Without a moment's hesitation and still clutching the remaining coin in his clinched fist, he looked up at his father, exclaiming, "Oh, pop, there goes the Lord's nickel!"

Dolls.

The ivory doll of the Roman child was too costly for the ages that followed the fall of the empire. For many centuries dolls must have been chiefly of home manufacture. The first shop made dolls after the middle ages were the jointed wooden dolls of the Netherlands. These were known in England and in this country, too, in colonial times as "Flanders babies."

There is a good deal of quiet satisfaction in seeing somebody else run against fresh paint.

There is one admirable thing about a dog—he always acts natural.—Atchison Globe.

RIDING IN CHINA.

Using the Donkey, the Shentzu and the Wheelbarrow.

Here comes a gorgeously clad lady riding a donkey, her husband by her side. She rides straddle legs, but round her is drawn an embroidered petticoat, displaying all its beauties when riding, her face is painted and powdered, her lower lip is one large daub of vermillion, and her wonderfully dressed hair is shining with grease and gum. She wears no hat, however hot the day, but she carries a fan or an oil paper parasol, and she looks very glum as the barbarian passes, for he is not supposed to see her, though very probably she stoops and chatters to her lord and master once he is well out of the way.

Next there comes a shentzu—that is, a long chair with a hood hung between two mules walking tandem fashion. Sometimes there is another gayly dressed woman in it, sometimes a magistrate or other grandee, but oftenest of all come the shrieking, creaking wheelbarrows, the universal vehicle of China.

The wheel is in the middle, and there is a seat on either side, and the way those tortured wheels cry out is excruciating—the air is full of the sound. The Chinaman cannot be prevailed upon to grease them. In the first place, he is economical and would not waste the grease, and in the next he looks upon a silent wheel with suspicion. "Would you have him going like a thief?" he asks plaintively.

Nevertheless these wheelbarrows are the only wheeled vehicles, and a cooly will wheel two men and their baggage easily. The bishop of northern China declares he has traveled thousands of miles on a wheelbarrow.

THE FIRST CAMERA.

It Was Invented by an Italian In the Sixteenth Century.

The camera was invented by an Italian named Baptista Porta, though it was not at first used for photographing. It was in reality merely a dark room, into which the light was admitted through a little round hole in one side. The rays of light coming from objects outside of this room entered it through this aperture and made a picture on the other side of the room glowing in all the beauty and color of nature itself, but rather indistinct and upside down.

This dark room was contrived by Porta about the middle of the sixteenth century. He improved it later by placing a glass lens in the aperture and outside a mirror which received the rays of light and reflected them through the lens so that that image upon the opposite wall within was made much brighter, more distinct and in a natural or erect position. This was really the first camera obscura, an invention which is enjoyed to the present day, being situated often upon a hilltop, where a picturesque country surrounding may be reflected through a lens which is placed in the center of the conical roof.

Now, our modern photographic camera is merely a small camera obscura in its simplest form, carrying a lens at one end and a ground glass screen at the other. It is, however, often much more complicated in its construction.

Shopping in Athens.

In his volume on "Modern Athens," George Horton says that shopping in the Greek capital is a more elaborate, time consuming and minute process even than with us. "The oriental method of doing business still prevails. The dealer sets a price, the buyer another, and often three or four hours of patient will contest pass before a compromise is reached. The patron asks, 'How much is this piece of silk?' 'One dollar a yard,' is the reply. 'Thirty cents' is offered. The merchant is thrown into something resembling an apoplectic fit. He swears by his father's soul that it cost 95 cents.

"The lady takes a seat with a sigh and after twenty minutes inquires innocently, 'Finally, 30 cents?' 'Never! But to keep you and not lose your custom, you may have it for what I paid, 95 cents.' 'You poor thing!' sighs the lady sarcastically. There are a dozen or more women sitting about the store. When finally the proprietor comes down to a price that one is willing to pay, she rises, receives her bundle and departs, declaring good naturedly that she had been swindled and that she will never come back again."

A Question of Ownership.

"Are you the man who advertises 'Own your own home?'" said the dejected looking caller.

"I am," answered the real estate dealer.

"Well, I'd like to get the recipe."

"The what?"

"The recipe. The modus operandi. I want to know what to do to own my own home. Our cook has a temper like a raging lion and muscles like Hercules. If you can, tell me how to dispossess her. Money's no object."

A BURSTING BOILER.

How It Looks When a Locomotive Is Blown Up.

"I am one of the very few persons who ever saw a locomotive blow up," remarked an old railroad man to a reporter the other day. "Generally the men who witness the explosion of a steam engine are so dead when the smoke has cleared away that they are never able to give an account of the disaster.

"Like many other accidents, the one I saw was the result of carelessness—low water in the boiler—for the engine had just come from the shops and was in complete repair. It was on the Baltimore and Ohio railroad in West Virginia a number of years ago. I was on a locomotive some distance behind the one which exploded and was looking ahead out of the cab window, so that the ill fated engine was immediately before my eyes. Suddenly I saw the machine rise in the air. It seemed to me to be about as high as the telegraph poles beside the track, which, as you doubtless know, are not so high as telegraph poles in the city. Then came a cloud of dense black smoke and dust, which hid the engine from view, and almost simultaneously I heard the roar of the explosion.

"Both the engineer and the fireman were killed, and the locomotive was fit for nothing much but the scrap heap when it fell to the ground. The crown sheet over the firebox had blown out.

"The strange thing about the explosion was that no white steam was seen. You know that perfectly dry steam is invisible, being like the air, and before it had time to condense it was probably smothered by the cloud of smoke and dust raised by the bursting of the boiler."

PREPARED CHALK.

How to Prepare an Effective and Economical Dentifrice.

Practically all the tooth powders of commerce have the same base—prepared chalk. This is mixed with some saponaceous compound, flavored a little, put up in an attractive bottle or jar and, behold, a tooth powder costing from 15 to 50 cents per vessel, according to the place you buy it and the celebrity of the name on the label.

For 15 cents enough tooth powder to last a family a year can be put together. Buy the chalk in bulk and with it some ground castile soap, which all druggists sell. Put them together in the proportion of one-eighth soap to seven-eighths chalk, mix well and fill any and all the empty tooth powder jars or bottles that you may have around. If flavoring is liked, it is easy to add a little wintergreen or peppermint.

So with the various antiseptic and disinfecting solutions that, attractively bottled and judiciously advertised, coax pennies unnecessarily out of our purses. There is no better cleanser and general sweetener than a saturated solution of bicarbonate of soda. Fill a pint or a quart bottle, if you want to, with clear water and add bicarbonate of soda got from the druggist, not the grocer, until the liquid will take up no more. Keep this on your toilet shelf and use it as a mouth wash, etc.

When it comes to an antiseptic fluid, any surgeon will tell you that there is practically nothing in materia medica better than salt and water. It is always at hand and is safe and effectual.

An Ample and Sweet Revenge.

A young Englishman who had been repeatedly and unnecessarily annoyed by the St. Malo custom house officials made up his mind to get even with them. The last time he had crossed he had brought a ferret over with him, and a minute or so before landing he transferred the creature to a black bag, which he carried with extreme care and an evident desire not to attract attention. This immediately fetched one of the douaniers, and he swooped down on it with joyful alacrity.

Our young Englishman pretended not to understand the official until the Frenchman made his meaning clear by unmistakable signs. Then he slowly and reluctantly unlocked the bag. The douanier plunged in his hand, and—but my pen (let me put it down to my pen) refuses to adequately describe the dramatic scene that ensued. Suffice it to say that the bare recital of it was balm to my wounded spirit. I only hope it was our friend at the custom house who made the ferret's acquaintance. Revenge is sweet

What Two Scotchmen Did.

In the early days of California two Scotchmen emigrated thither. One of them, an enthusiastic lover of Scotland, took with him a thistle, the national emblem. The other took a small swarm of honeybees. Years have gone. The Pacific coast is, on the one hand, cursed with the Scotch thistle, which the farmers find impossible to exterminate; on the other hand, the forests and fields are laden with the sweetness of honey, which has been and still is one of the blessings of the western slope of the Rocky mountains.

Fatigue and Disease.

You will find in every day's practice that fatigue has a larger share in the promotion or the permission of disease than any other single casual condition you can name.—"Memoirs of Sir John Paget."

IS YOUR CHILD IN DANGER ?

Croup, Bronchitis, Whooping Cough and Severe Chest Colds are Threatening.

It is the old story of wet feet, exposure to cold and dampness and chilled bodies. Towards night the hoarseness comes and the hollow, croupy or tight chest cough. Then mother's anxiety, for she knows the danger and the suddenness with which the little ones are sometimes snatched away. When you think of the thousands of times that Dr. Chase's Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine has saved the lives of the little ones it is scarcely to be wondered at that mothers look upon it with confidence and satisfaction.

DR. CHASE'S SYRUP OF LINSEED AND TURPENTINE

It is an ideal medicine for children because it is remarkably pleasant to take and is perfectly free from Morphia. It is one of the few remedies for diseases of the throat and lungs which thoroughly cures the cold as well as the cough. There are other preparations of linseed. Be sure you get Dr. Chase's Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine, with portrait and signature of Dr. A. W. Chase on the bottle. Price, 25 cents; family size, three times as much, 60 cents. All dealers, or Edmanson, Bates & Co., Toronto.

THE MARYSVILLE TRIBUNE

MARYSVILLE, B. C.

"For Ways That Are Dark," Etc.

"Some years ago," says the advertising agent of a tobacco firm quoted by the Philadelphia Record, "I wished to introduce among the Chinese a two for five cigar that my people were heavily interested in, and I decided to draw up a little card extolling this cigar in Chinese characters.

"I sought out Lo Hen Wong in San Francisco, a very intelligent fellow, and got him to write me a few sentences in praise of my article. I had what he wrote lithographed and distributed the cards by thousands in all the Chinatowns of the United States. They were inscribed with a picture of the cigar, and below were the words: 'Smoke this cigar. It is the best on the market, and two for five is its price.'

"That, at least, is what I thought was the meaning of the Chinese characters. I found out, some six months later, my mistake. The words Lo Hen Wong had written and which I had had lithographed were: 'Don't smoke this cigar. It is not good. But the Gong company's cigarettes, for sale in every Chinatown at 3 cents a package, are excellent.'

"Lo Hen Wong had got $10 from me for his work, and I don't know how much he got from the Gong company. We distributed many thousands of the cards before we got on to the trick that had been played on us."

As One Being.

Edith—I hear that you and Fred are quite interested in one another.

Bertha—Don't you tell a soul, Edith, but really I believe Fred and I were made for each other. We have played golf together three times, and we never have quarreled, except two or three times when Fred was clearly in the wrong.

He Wasn't It.

"My dear Miss Billmore," sadly wrote young Hankinson, "I return herewith your kind note, in which you accept my offer of marriage. You will observe that it begins 'Dear George.' I do not know who George is, but my name, as you know, is William."—Chicago Tribune.

Unless a man settles down he is seldom in a position to settle up.

Tell the Deaf.—Mr. J. F. Kellock, druggist, Perth, writes: "A customer of mine having been cured of deafness by the use of Dr. Thomas' Eclectric Oil, wrote to Ireland, telling his friends there of the cure. In consequence I received an order to send half a dozen by express to Wexford, Ireland, this week."

Many a young man leaves the farm because there is no place like home.

MINARD'S LINIMENT Relieves Neuralgia.

The great trouble with first love seems to be that it is seldom the last.

TAKE NOTICE.

We publish simple, straight testimonials, not press agent's interviews, from well known people.

From all over America they testify to the merits of MINARD'S LINIMENT, the best of Household Remedies.

C. C. RICHARDS & Co.

There are men who can take one glass and stop—provided you treat first.

CANADIAN NORTHERN

SHORT ROUTE FAST TIME TO ALL POINTS

VESTIBULE TRAINS

Through dining and sleeping cars

WINNIPEG TO ST. PAUL

With close connection for Chicago and all points in Ontario, Quebec, Maritime Provinces Eastern and Western States and Pacific Coast.

For Further Information apply to any Canadian Northern Agent

Winnipeg City Ticket, Telegraph and Freight office, 431 Main St. Tel. 891. GEO. H. SHAW, Traffic Manager

CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY TIME TABLE

	LV	AR.
Sault Ste. Marie, Owen Sound, Toronto and East via Lakes, Monday, Thursday and Saturday	8.00	
Tues., Fri., and Sun		10.15
Montreal, Toronto, New York and East, via all rail, daily	16.00	10.15
Rat Portage and intermediate points daily	8.00	18.05
Molson, Lac du Bonnet and intermediate points Thurs. only	7.30	18.30
Portage la Prairie, Brandon, Calgary, Nelson and all Kootenay and all coast points, daily	15.30	14.30
Portage la Prairie, Brandon and intermediate points daily except Sunday	7.30	22.30
Gladstone, Neepawa, Minnedosa and intermediate points, daily except Sunday	7.30	22.30
Shoal Lake, Yorkton and intermediate points, Mon., Wed., and Fri.	7.30	
Tues., Thurs., and Sat.		22.30
Rapid City, Hamiota, Minnota, Tuesday, Thur. and Sat	7.30	
Mon., Wed., and Fri.		22.30
Morden, Deloraine and intermediate points daily except Sunday	8.20	15.45
Napinka, Alameda and intermediate points, daily except Sunday via Brandon	7.30	
Tues., Thur., and Sat.		22.30
Henboro, Souris and intermediate points, daily except Sunday	9.05	15.45
Napestone, Reston, Arcola and intermediate points, Mon., Wed., and Fri. via Brandon	7.30	
Tues., Thur., and Sat. via Brandon		22.30
Crobyshire, Hirsch, Benfait, Estevan, Tues., Thurs., Sat., via Brandon	7.30	
Tues., Thur., Sat., via Brandon		14.30
Gretna, St. Paul, Chicago, daily	14.10	13.35
West Selkirk, Mon., Wed. and Fri.	18.30	
Tues., Thurs., and Sat.		10.00
Stonewall, Teulon, Tues., Thur., Sat.	12.20	18.30
Emerson, Mon., Wed., and Fri.	7.50	17.10

J. W. LEONARD, Gen. Supt. C. E. McPHERSON, Gen. Pass. Agt.

RAW WINDS AND WET WEATHER

cause the Colds that cause Pneumonia and Consumption.

Shiloh's Consumption Cure

cures the cold, heals the lungs and makes you well. SHILOH cures Consumption and all Lung and Throat Troubles; and Coughs and Colds in a day. Positively guaranteed. 25 cents.

Write to S. C. WELLS & Co., Toronto, Can., for a free trial bottle.

Karl's Clover Root Tea Cures Headache

You can't convince a dyspeptic that to be good is to be happy.

MINARD'S LINIMENT Cures Dandruff.

It shows an abiding faith in mankind when someone advertises for a lost umbrella.

Mrs. Celeste Coon, Syracuse, N. Y., writes: "For years I could not eat many kinds of food without producing a burning, excruciating pain in my stomach. I took Parmelee's according to directions under the head of 'Dyspepsia or Indigestion' One box entirely cured me. I can now eat anything I choose, without distressing me in the least." These pills do not cause pain or griping, and should be used when a cathartic is required.

GEMS FROM THE POETS.

A great and fatal weight on him doth lie,
The greatness of his own nobility.
—Seneca

Some there be that shadows kiss;
Such have but a shadow's bliss.
—Shakespeare.

A soul without reflection, like a pile
Without inhabitants, to ruin runs.
—Young.

There is no vice so simple but assumes
Some mark of virtue on its outward parts.
—Shakespeare.

How's This?

We offer One Hundred Dollars Reward for any case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Props., Toledo, O.

We, the undersigned, have known F. J. Cheney for the last 15 years, and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions, and financially able to carry out any obligation made by their firm.

WEST & TRUAX, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O. WALDING, KINNAN & MARVIN, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O.

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Price 75c per bottle. Sold by all druggists. Testimonials free.

Hall's Family Pills are the best.

If you are fixed for life the insurance companies will fix you for death.

SOZODONT TOOTH POWDER 25c

Distance of manner does not lend enchantment to a young man's view of a pretty girl.

JONES' INVENTION.

His Queer Smoke Consumer That Consumed Too Well.

"About a year ago," said a Chicago patent lawyer, "I secured a patent on a smoke consumer for a client of mine named Jones. He came into the office the other day, and I asked him what he was doing with his invention.

"'Well,' he said, 'I haven't had much success with it. It's hard work to get a thing like that introduced. Last spring after a lot of arguing I got a west side laundry firm to try it, with the understanding that I was to take it out at my own expense if it didn't give satisfaction. After it had been in use a month or so I thought I'd go over and see how it was working.

"'As I approached the laundry I saw that there wasn't a bit of smoke rolling out of the stack. In fact, it was almost impossible to see from the outside that there was a fire in the furnace. It made me feel mighty good to see that the thing was working so well, and I went into the office full of confidence.

"'"Well," I said to the senior partner, "how do you like your smoke consumer?"

"'"I have been going to write to you about that," he replied. "We want it taken out."

"'"What's the trouble?" I asked him.

"'"You agreed to take it out at your own expense if it wasn't satisfactory, you know. We have the contract in writing."

"'"That's all right. I'm not denying that I agreed to take it out, but I'd like to know what's the matter with it. I looked at it just now, and it seemed to be consuming the smoke all right."

"'"Oh, it consumes as far as that's concerned, but since the smoke has quit rolling out of the stack a lot of our old customers seem to think we've shut down here, and they're taking their laundry somewhere else."

"'"Yes," the junior partner added, "and I can't imagine where we ever got the fool idea that we ought to help stop the smoke anyway. It would be just as sensible for a saloon keeper to go around preaching temperance."

"'So I had to take the consumer out, and I've decided to give up trying to introduce it among the laundries.'"—Chicago Record-Herald.

Too Much.

"Slave," said Abdul Hamid to his grand vizier, "have the American comic papers arrived?"

"They have, O incandescent light of the world, brother of the moon and first cousin to the comets," answered the official.

"Bring them hither."

It was done, and after one glance at them the sultan kicked his best hookah out of the window, ordered his favorite dancing girl bowstrung and threw the papers at the head of the grand vizier.

"Is it not enough," he roared, "to have the foreigners coming here and collecting money through thy carelessness without having my majestic self and my enlighted realm mixed up in the annual Thanksgiving jokes again?"—Baltimore American.

Warning to Smokers.

A Georgia man who has been an inveterate smoker all his life has just died at the age of ninety-nine. It is not stated whether his trouble was smoker's throat or the tobacco heart, but it is an impressive warning.—Kansas City Journal.

TO WEAK WOMEN EVERYWHERE.

MRS. MAXWELL TELLS HOW MUCH PAIN AND SUFFERING MAY BE REMEDIED.

A Very Interesting Statement by an Elora Lady—She Has Found a Panacea for all Female Weakness and Wants Every Woman in Canada to Know of it.

Elora, Ont., Jan. 13.—(Special)—Mrs. Maxwell of this place has written for publication a very strong letter in which she claims that Dodd's Kidney Pills have cured her of Female Weakness after she had tried almost everything else.

This good lady, according to her statement, suffered for a long time with kidney trouble, enduring the greatest pain, with a dizziness and headaches that made her very ill. She was passing through what is always a critical period in every woman's life, and her troubles were considerably increased by this. Indeed, her life was for a time in great danger.

She says she used Dodd's Kidney Pills with the most remarkable results, being almost instantly relieved and in a very short time completely restored to good health.

She is very grateful, and in her letter she says: "I cannot find words to express my gratitude to God for my marvellous cure. Dodd's Kidney Pills are the greatest medicine in the world, especially for those of my age.

"I could scarcely move hand or foot I was so dizzy, and vollent pains would shoot through my whole system, but now, thanks to Dodd's Kidney Pills I feel well and smart."

This case and its cure has created quite a sensation and Mrs. Maxwell's full and frank statement of the matter has been the subject of a great deal of comment.

Dodd's Kidney Pills seem to be an infallible cure for Diseases of Women as well as for Rheumatism, Diabetes, Bright's Disease and all Kidney disorders.

GEMS FROM THE POETS.

A day, an hour, of virtuous liberty,
Is worth a whole eternity of bondage.
—Addison.

Oh, what authority and show of truth
Can cunning sin cover itself withal!
—Shakespeare.

In person grafted in a serious trust,
Negligence is a crime.
—Shakespeare

Your words are like the notes of dying swans,
Too sweet to last.
—Dryden.

TEETHING BABIES.

A Trying Time For Mothers When Great Care and Watchfulness is Necessary.

There is scarcely any period in baby's early life requiring greater watchfulness on the part of the mother than when baby is teething. Almost invariably the little one suffers much pain, is cross, restless day and night, requiring so much care that the mother is worn out looking after it. But there are other real dangers frequently accompanying this period that threatens baby's life itself. Among these are diarrhoea, indigestion, colic, constipation and convulsions. The prudent mother will anticipate and prevent these troubles by keeping baby's stomach and bowels in a natural and healthy condition by the use of Baby's Own Tablets, a medicine readily taken by all children and which, dissolved in water, may be given with perfect safety to even a new-born infant. In every home where these tablets are used baby is bright and healthy and the mother has real comfort with it, and does not hesitate to tell her neighbors. Mrs. C. J. Delaney, Brockville, says: "I have been giving my fifteen-months' old baby Baby's Own Tablets whenever necessary, for some months past. She was teething and was cross and restless. Her gums were hard and inflamed. After using the tablets she grew quiet, the inflammation of the gums was reduced and her teeth did not seem to bother her any more. An improvement in baby's condition was noticeable almost at once, and I think there is no better medicine for teething babies." Baby's Own Tablets can be procured from druggists or will be sent post paid at 25 cents a box by addressing the Dr. Williams Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

A GUARANTEE—"I hereby certify that I have made a careful chemical analysis of Baby's Own Tablets, which I personally purchases in a drug store in Montreal. My analysis has proved that the Tablets contain absolutely no opiate or narcotic; that they can be given with perfect safety to the youngest infant; that they are a safe and efficient medicine for the troubles they are indicated to relieve and cure."

(Signed)
MILTON L. HERSEY, M.A.Sc.,
Provincial Analyst for Quebec.
Montreal, Dec. 13, 1901.

Crows devour the eyes of the dead, when the dead have no longer need of them. But flatterers destroy the souls of the living and blind their eyes.—Epictetus.

Turner's Toast.

Turner, the painter, was a ready wit. Once at a dinner of artists and literary men a minor poet, by way of being facetious, proposed as a toast "the health of the painters and glaziers of Great Britain."

The toast was drunk, and Turner, after returning thanks for it, proposed "the health of the British paper stainers."

The laugh was turned against the poet.

Ungallant.

A Marysville schoolma'am was teaching her class the mysteries of grammar.

"Now, Johnny," said she, "in what tense do I speak when I say, 'I am beautiful?'"

The little fellow answered quick as a wink, "The past."

He Caught the Car.

The man dashed down the street after the retreating State street car.

Every muscle was strained; his breath came in quick gasps; the beads of moisture stood out upon his forehead. His feet were working like the pedals on a bicycle. He only touched the ground in the more altitudinous places.

"I'll—catch—that—street—car," he gasped, "or die."

Faster went the street car. Faster went the man.

He overturned fruit stands and aged blind men in his wild career. He knocked down children and trampled upon them. But onward he rushed. He collided with a baby buggy. The baby was knocked into the street. The mother of the child picked it up. She pointed a finger at the disappearing form of the man. "Murderer!" she hissed through her clinched teeth.

He draws nearer to the car—nearer yet.

He reaches out his hand.

He touches the rail on the rear platform.

He gives one last convulsive effort.

He is on the car.

He sinks breathless into a seat and mops his brow. The conductor touches him on the shoulder.

"Git offen here!" speaks the conductor. "We're a-goin' to ther barn. No more cars tonight."

Ate $25,000 Worth of Liver.

Among the many poker stories afloat a good one is told concerning Dutch Hank, a well known player of Rochester, N. Y. Hank went into Daly's place, in New York city, one day and sat in a game, winning $25,000 with very little trouble. Then he rose to go, thinking it was time to stop. Daly shook hands with him and asked him what was his hurry. Hank said he would have to go to a Dutch restaurant he knew where they always cooked liver in a way that he particularly liked.

"Oh, if that's all," said Daly, "just stay here. We can serve the liver just that way, and you can go right on playing."

Dutch Hank had left some friends outside waiting, but he said he would stay and eat the liver. He sat down and ate and played. His $25,000 soon went back to Daly in a turn of luck. Hank went out without a cent.

"What kept you so long?" his friends demanded.

"Well, you don't suppose a man can eat $25,000 worth of liver in a minute, do you?" was the retort of Hank.

The Tempter Won.

When the late Baron Nordenskjold was at Ceylon on the way home from his journey along the northern coast of Siberia, he received a telegram from the Russian government asking him whether he would accept from the czar a certain decoration as an appreciation of his services to Russia. For many days the famous explorer wavered, as he was a member of Bjorsterne Bjornson's Antidecoration club, whose members were solemnly pledged never to accept any decoration from anybody. Nordenskjold, however, could not resist the temptation, so he replied to the telegram in the affirmative.

It is not hard to imagine his disappointment when, upon reaching home, a friend of his, a high official, told him the following: "The Russian government was well aware of your antagonistic views in regard to decorations and had, therefore, placed in readiness 300,000 rubles to be paid you in the event of your refusing to accept the insignia, but before paying that sum they wanted to try your firmness. Russia is certainly grateful to you for your failure to live up to your pledge."

The Lamps of the Sea.

Many kinds of jellyfish are phosphorescent at night and present a wonderfully beautiful appearance when slowly moving through the water, and it is this phosphorescence which has given them the poetic title of "the lamps of the sea." They are not less beautiful in the daytime, for most of the species are striped or tinted, some being melon shaped, with rows of fringes dividing the sections. The tentacles are often plumed, and, while waving about in graceful curves, attract or gather in the food of the animal. The "Portuguese man-of-war" is probably the best known, as well as most attractive in form, of the whole family.

His Gift.

Mrs. Wyles—Did your husband give you anything for a birthday present?

Mrs. Styles—Indeed he did.

"Did it have your name on it?"

"Yes, and my husband's name too."

"That's just like selfish men. He must share the gift with you."

"But he didn't."

"What was his name doing on it then?"

"It wouldn't have been any good without it. It was a check."

Looked the Part.

"Is Squiggs a camera fiend?"

"I don't know, but he certainly looked like it in the first snap shot his wife took of him."

Few men ever reach the top, probably because the top grows away from the average man as fast as he climbs.—Chicago News.

ALMOST A MIRACLE.

WROUGHT IN THE CASE OF A CHARLOTTETOWN LADY.

Her Doctor Said She Was in Consumption and Held Out No Hope of Recovery—Today She is Well, Strong and Active.

From the Islander, Charlottetown, P. E. I.

Statistics published from time to time show the number of deaths occurring throughout the country from consumption to be as great as the number caused by all other preventible diseases combined. It is no wonder, therefore, that the medical fraternity has at last awakened to the fact that the most urgent means must be taken to prevent its further spread and to teach the public that while the disease is readily communicated from one person to another, it is not necessarily inherited, though the tendency to it may be. It is therefore of the utmost importance that people with weak lungs should take the greatest care of themselves to prevent consumption taking a hold upon them. Pure, out-of-door air, lots of sunshine, wholesome food and a good tonic medicine to keep the blood rich, red and pure, will enable anyone to resist the inroads of the disease. As a blood forming tonic, there is no medicine the equal of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. These pills where freely and fairly used, will strengthen the weakest constitution, and have cured many cases of consumption when taken in its early stages. Proof of this is given in the case of Mrs. Abram Henry, of Charlottetown, P. E. I. To a reporter of the Islander who called upon her, Mrs. Henry said: "A few years ago I found myself growing weak and pale and emaciated. I took various medicines on the advice of friends, but none of them appeared to do me any good, and two years ago my condition became so much worse that I was obliged to take to my bed and call in a doctor, who said that my lungs were affected, and that I was going into consumption, and he told my mother, who was mostly in attendance upon me, that my recovery was very doubtful. I grew gradually weaker and weaker. I could not sit up for five minutes; my lungs pained me; I coughed severely, lost almost all desire for food, and when I did eat I found it difficult to retain food on my stomach. I fell away in weight from 148 pounds to 100 pounds, and I do not think any of my friends expected to see me get better. But some of them urged me to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and I decided to do so. I began by taking one pill a day, for my stomach was very weak, but I was soon able to increase this to three pills a day, and finally as my strength was increasing under their use, I took nine pills a day. The change which came with the use of the pills was little short of miraculous, and so marked and rapid that inside of two months after I began their use, I was able to leave my bed and move about the house, and soon after I was able to walk about in the open air and make short visits to my friends. On one of these occasions I met the doctor who had attended me, and he asked me what I had been taking that had made such an improvement. I replied that I had been taking Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and he said 'all right, continue them; they won't hurt you anyway.' Well, I continued taking them until I had used seventeen boxes, with the result that I never felt better than I do now—not even in my girlhood days. It is more than a year since I stopped taking the pills, and you can see for yourself what they did for me. I may say, too, that my weight has increased to 137 pounds. I am not anxious for publicity, but when I think of what the pills did for me, I believe I ought to sacrifice my own feelings for the benefit of some other poor sufferer."

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills have produced such remarkable cures as the above because they are wholly unlike ordinary medicines, which only act upon the symptoms. These pills go direct to the root of the trouble, making new, rich blood, and giving increased strength with every dose. In this way they cure consumption in its early stages, also such diseases as paralysis, rheumatism, St. Vitus' dance, heart trouble, neuralgia, dyspepsia, chronic erysipelas, and all the functional troubles that makes the lives of so many women miserable. The genuine pills are sold only in boxes bearing the full name "Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People." If you do not find them at your dealers, they will be sent postpaid at 50 cents a box or six boxes for $2.50 by addressing the Dr. Williams Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

A man has to be a financier to palm off a hard luck story as collateral for a loan.

You can take a lazy man to task, but you cannot make him work.

If everyone knows that you are a chronic kicker it is not wise to complain about having stubbed your toe.

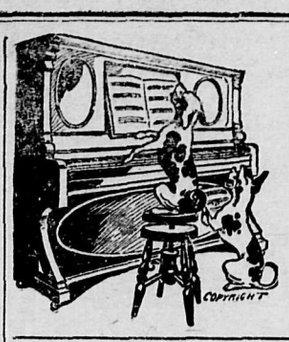
Wall street continues to be the favorite winter watering place.

Sozodont

Good for Bad Teeth
Not Bad for Good Teeth

Sozodont - - - - 25c.
Sozodont Tooth Powder - - 25c.
Large Liquid and Powder - 75c.
All stores or by mail for the price. Sample for the postage, 3c.

25c.



It's Really Remarkable

how little some people know about the tone quality of a piano, and yet it is tone quality and durability of same that make piano value.

In the

WILLIAMS

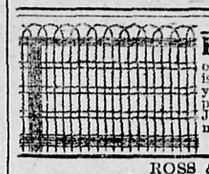
upright you get a quality and volume of tone that are not duplicated elsewhere except in the concert grand.

The cost need not worry you.

We make terms to suit.

We handle all makes of organs and usually have a number of good organs and pianos, slightly used, for sale cheap.

Forrester & Hatcher,
Y. M. C. A. BLOCK, - - - - - - - WINNIPEG.



Page Metal Ornamental Fence. We now make fence that is ornamental, very showy and surprisingly cheap. It is just what is wanted for door yards, division fences in town lots, grave yards, orchards, etc. It is 20 cts. PER RUNNING FOOT. Just think of it. Let us send you full particulars. We also make farm fence, poultry netting, nails and staples.

The Page Wire Fence Co., Limited, Walkerville, Ont. 8

ROSS & ROSS, General Agents, Box 633, Winnipeg, Man.

A few years ago Blue Ribbon Ceylon Tea was unknown, today it is a household word. Why?

GEMS FROM THE POETS.

To men
Pressed by their wants all change is ever welcome.
—Jonson.

Oh, what a world of beauty fades away
With the wing'd hours of youth.
—Dawes

As custom arbitrates, whose shifting sway
Our life and manners must alike obey.
—Lord Byron.

Life is not the living, merely,
Till the spectre points the grave;
But the fostering sincerely,
Of the talent nature gave.
—Aubrey Lanston.

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 diseases 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 a 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, courses throughout the veins, strengthening the healthy animal functions of the system, thereby making activity a necessary result, strengthening the frame, and giving life to the digestive organs, which naturally demand increased substance—result, improved appetite. Northrop & Lyman, of Toronto have given to the public their superior Quinine Wine at the usual rate, and, gauged by the opinion of scientists, this wine approaches nearest perfection of any in the market. All druggists sell it.

Men set up the drinks and the drinks upset the men.

Minard's Liniment Cures Burns, Etc.

The sporting editor says that in baseball as in cookery the best batter takes the cake.

A DINNER PILL—Many persons suffer excruciating agony after partaking of a hearty dinner. The food partaken of is like a ball of lead upon the stomach, and instead of being a healthy nutriment it becomes a poison to the system. Dr. Parmelee's Vegetable Pills are wonderful correctives of such troubles. They correct acidity, open secretions and convert the food partaken of into healthy nutriment. They are just the medicine to take if troubled with indigestion or dyspepsia.

What's done cannot be undone applies to other things than a hard-boiled egg.

In washing woollens and flannels, the soft soap made from Lever's Dry Soap (a powder) will be found very satisfactory.

The fact that a fool is funny does not indicate that he is possessed of wit.

SOZODONT FOR THE TEETH 25c

An infant prodigy at 4 may be a fool at 40.

Many a well bred girl discovers that her first cake is dough.

So give today that thou shalt be able to give tomorrow.—Danish proverb.

MINARD'S LINIMENT for Sale Everywhere.

Every day in thy life is a leaf in thy history.—Arabic proverb.

There are cases of consumption so far advanced that Bickle's Anti-Consumptive Syrup will not cure; but none so bad that it will not give relief. For coughs, colds, and all affections of the throat, lungs, and chest, it is a specific which has never been known to fail. It promotes a free and easy expectoration, thereby removing the phlegm, and gives the diseased parts a chance to heal.

The unrighteous penny corrupts the righteous pound.—German proverb.

When you grind your corn, give not the flour to the devil and the bran to God.—Italian proverb.

Alloway & Champion

BANKERS AND BROKERS

WINNIPEG.

Write to us for prices of SCRIP.
Get our List of Lands.
Stocks and Bonds Bought and Sold.
We can furnish the exact amount of Scrip for any payment on Dominion Lands. Do not pay cash.

SUNLIGHT SOAP

One ounce of Sunlight Soap is worth more than Two ounces of impure soap.

REDUCES EXPENSE

Ask for the Octagon Bar. If your grocer cannot supply, write to LEVER BROTHERS, LIMITED, Toronto, sending his name and address, and a trial sample of Sunlight Soap will be sent you free of cost.

MEN AND WOMEN $12.00 A WEEK BONA FIDE SALARY

to represent us appointing agents. Some to travel, others for local work. Rapid promotion and increase of salary. Ideal employment, new brilliant lines; best plans; old established House.

Bradley-Garretson Co., Ltd., Brantford, Ont.

Cold Analysis.

"That man is one whom I would trust with a million dollars."

"So would I," answered Senator Sorghum. "A man could get enough commissions out of handling a million dollars to keep him satisfied. But how about $10,000 or $20,000?"

In Use.

Mamma (at the breakfast table)—You always ought to use your napkin, Georgie.

Georgie—I am usin' it, mamma. I've got the dog tied to the leg of the table with it.

When a man borrows a saddle, he always changes the stirrups. Ever know a man to put them back?—Atchison Globe.

THROW OUT THOSE OLD BATTERED FACES

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The Smelter City
Of East Kootenay

Marysville has a smelter building
Marysville has two saw mills.
Marysville will be a payroll town.
Marysville is growing rapidly

If you would prosper buy property in Marysville NOW.

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"Successor to McBride Bros."

The Oldest Established Hardware Dealers in East Kootenay.

Cranbrook, B. C.

Post Office Store
C. E. REID & CO.
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We have Fine Perfumes, Soaps and Etc. Toilet articles and Sundries. Also a Large Stock of stationery.

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East Kootenay -:- -:- Bottling Co

AERATED WATERS of all kinds. Syrups, Champagnes, Ciders, Ginger Ales Etc. Soda Water in siphons. The most economical way to handle it.

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I have the only White Laundry in Marysville. Give the White Man a chance and don't boost the Chinaman.

E. LONDON

Chas. P. Campbell.

East Kootenay's Leading Undertaker and Licensed Embalmer, Coffins, Caskets, Shrouds and all Funeral Furnishing constantly on hand.

Telegraph and Mail Orders promptly attended too. Open day and night.

Post Office Box 127 Cranbrook and Marysville, B. C.

Subscribe For The Tribune $2.00 a Year.

NOTICE

We the undersigned Handley & Wolf wish to notify our many customers and the public that on and after the 21st day of March 1902, that the partnership heretofore existing between us is disolved by mutual consent. Mr. Handley will collect all bills and pay all debts of the said firm.

Paul Handley.
J. W. Wolf.

Dated Marysville, B. C. March 21st, 1902.

JOHN HUTCHISON,
(HUTCH.)

NOTARY PUBLIC.

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Townsite office Marysville.
Office at Cranbrook, also.

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Winter Schedule Effect on October 13th.

A New Feature
Tourist Sleeping Car
on
Crows Nest Section

Leaves Kootenay Landing East bound Tuesday and Friday.

Leaves Medicine Hat Westbound Sunday and Wednesday.

For Time tables and full information call on or address nearest local agent.

E. J. COYLE, A. G. P. A. Vancouver, B. C.
C. E. COLEMAN. Agent, Cranbrook
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COSMOPOLITAN HOTEL -:- -:-

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CRANBROOK, B. C.

The Handsomest Dining Room in East Kootenay
Good Table and every accommodation.
American drinks Leading brands of Liquors and Schlitz Famous Beer dispensed by the popular bar tender, Chas Armstrong.

Beale & Elwell,

Notaries, Insurance, and General Agents.

Kimberly Townsite Representives
Marysville, B. C.

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The Marysville Tribune

SIMPSON & HUTCHISON, Publishers.
J. HUTCHISON, Business Manager.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION,
Invariably in Advance:

One Year,	$2 00
Six Months,	1 00

The Tribune is published in the Smelter City of East Kootenay. It gives the news o Marysville and the district and is worth Two Dollars of any man's money.

LOCAL FLOAT

Clean up your yards.

How is your printing.

Dan Evans left for Cranbrook on Tuesday.

Dr. King came up to Marysville on Thursday,

No amount of knocking can ingure Marysville.

Dr. Bonnelle of Fernie visited town this week.

George Laurie, of Cranbrook, was in town Thursday.

Mr. Lawler of Moyie, is visiting friends in town.

Very heavy rain visited Marysville on Friday night.

Walter Martin of Kimberley, was in town this week.

Paddy O'Brien drove down to Cranbrook on Tuesday.

Insurance is not a luxury it is a necessity. See Hutch.

Miss Bennett was visiting friends in Kimberley this week.

Ed. Taylor of Kimberley, visited Marysville on Friday.

Fred Mitchell took in the ball at Cranbrook on Tuesday.

Geo. Russell of the North Star mine visited town on Monday.

Prof. Highwarden returned from Cranbrook on Wednesday.

G H. Miner of Cranbrook drove up from Cranbrook on Sunday.

A special train came up on Friday to pick up ties along the track.

Mrs. P. Lund, of Cranbrook, was a Marysville visitor Thursday.

L. Ernst, of Nelson was one of the Marysville visitors Thursday.

Dan Howe of the North Star mine visited Marysville on Monday.

Mr. and Mrs. Norman Hill drove down to Cranbrook on Friday.

Harry Drew of Kimberley, paid Marysville a visit on Thursday.

Roads are in splendid condition between Cranbrook and Marysville.

Fred E. Haines of the Tribune, took in the Masonic ball at Cranbrook.

R. E. Beattie, Cranbrooks druggist, came up to Marysville this week.

Dr. Archibald of Kimberley, took in the ball at Cranbrook on Tuesday.

Miss Woods of Cherry Creek, took in the ball at Cranbrook on Tuesday.

Dannie Barlow left on Wednesday for to work at the North Star mine.

Marysville has one of the most beautiful town sites in British Columbia

Jas. Findley of the Sullivan mine near Kimberley visited town on Tuesday.

Miss Dudley of Kimberly, visited Cranbrook on Tuesday and took in the ball.

The prospects for Marysville were never brighter than at the prerent time.

Tom Christain of Cranbrook is in town erecting a building for Pieper & Currie.

Miss Ryan and her nephew, Earl Ryan, visited with Mrs. McMillan this week.

R. Braidy, night operator of the C. P. R. visited friends in Kimberley on Thursday.

Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Leask and son of Cranbrook, visited Marysville on Saturday.

Mrs. G. W. Hull, who has been very dangerous ill during the past week is slowly recovering.

G. W. Hull returned to Marysville on Tuesday after his present trip to Grand Forks and Republic.

Marysville with the smelter running will be next July one of the busiest towns in the district.

Chas. Early returned from Spokane on Saturday. He is now busy burning another kiln of brick.

G. O. Madigan, government boiler inspector for British Columbia visited Marysville on Saturday.

Paul Handley drove down to Cranbrook on Wednesday and bought up a lainer for Laurier's mill.

L Sage of Cranbrook, paid his first visit to Marysville Thursday. He thinks that Marysville will be a good point.

G. P. Thompson, solicitor of Cranbrook, was in town Thursday. Mr. Thompson has opened a branch office in Marysville and will visit this town each week.

Dan W. S. Urquhart, B. A., of Knox College Missionery Society, has been appointed missionery by that society for the Presbyterian church. Services were held in Kimberley at 3 o'clock and at Marysville at 8 o'clock.

For Insurance, see "Hutch."

Who says Marysville is behind the times.

Ed. Elwell of Kimberley, visited town on Wednesday.

Two car loads of iron arrived for the smelter company on Tuesday.

Divine service will be heldin the Central hotel dining room at 8 o'clock.

Mrs. Jas. Findley of the Sullivan mine was visiting Mrs. G. W. Hull, who is very ill.

F. Clapp of the East Kootenay bottling company of Cranbrook was in town this week.

J. P. Fink, manager of the Fort Steele Mercantile company was in town on Sunday.

C. E. Reid returned on Tuesday after spending Sunday with his family at Cranbrook.

J. F. Armstrong of Fort Steele was in town on Saturday to select the government lots.

Mr. Jaffray came up from Cranbrook Thursday for a brief visit to the Smelter City.

Mr. Burns who has been engaged by the smelter company left for Medicine Hat on Tuesday. His many friends wish him success.

FOR SALE.—A Restaurant and Grocery business as a going concern in Cranbrook. Also a Two Story house and lot cheap and on easy terms. See "Hutch" the Real Estate man.

Buy shares in the British Columbia coal company, 25c. each. Remember now the Crow's Nest coal shares jumped from $1 to $88. See Hutch. Only 5,000 for sale in East Kootenay.

Tim Farrel arrived this week from Moyie, where he is very extensively interested in several mines. One of them which is well known is the Society Girl. He is doing some assessment on several of his claims on the Sullivan hill and the North Star.

General News.

At Oak River, Man., fire destroyed the hotel and Todd's store.

Col. McDonnell of Regina, will have command of one of the 4th contingent regiments.

Wheat seeding is in progress in the Territories.

Oil has been struck at Cameron Creek Alberta.

Mr. Carnegie has offered Port Arthur $10,000 for a library.

A strong flow of gas has been discovered at Medicine Hat.

A Hitch in the Negotiations.

It is rumored that a hitch in the Boer-British negotiations is likely to take place owing to the Boer demands being too strong.

The Rt. Hon. A. J. Balfour announced in the British house of commons that he had nothing to make public in the peace negotiations.

Business at Victoria.

Victoria, April 8.—There was another stormy session of the Royal commission today, President Dunsmuir being on the stand all morning. The redistribution bill was finally passed through the house this afternoon.

Robert Green's resolution urging the government seriously to consider the establishment of a refinery for silver and lead passed, Messrs. Taylor and Green being the principal speakers. Col. Prior said it would cost $300,000, and the biggest difficulty lay in securing a market.

Hon. Joseph Martin secured the passage in committee on the Hospital bill of a amendment providing for aid to all hospitals which treated free patients and did not make the denomination of the patient a test of entrance. The opposition voted with him, the government being in the minority. This was Prentice's bill.

Cranbrook News.

From the Cranbrook Herald—

It is reported that N. Hanson expects to ship lumber down the Kootenay to Wardner, where connections will be had with the C. P. R.

The C. P. R. have resumed their Lardo service commencing April 14, to twice a week, Mondays and Thursdays, on the present schedule.

Mrs. G. R Leask received the sad intelligence on Tuesday that her sister, Mrs. D. J. Cameron, of Biwabik, Minn., had died that day.

Emil Banks, of Fort Steele, who came over to enter the St. Eugene hospital and be operated upon by Dr. King, has sufficiently recovered to leave the hospital.

William Gordon, book keeper for Guthrie & Co., has so far recovered from his recent illness as to leave the hospital, and is now at the Cranbrook with his wife and child.

C M. Keep, formerly of Fort Steele but now cashier of the Kendrick State bank at Kendrick, Idaho, was in town over Sunday. Mr. Keep says that the states of Idaho and Washington are enjoying a great boom this year, and that the Thunder mountain district in Idaho promises to be one of the greatest mining camps in the world.

Tom Norman of North Bay will arrive in Cranbrook on May 1 to take the position of accountant with Supt. Jamison. For the past year he has been in charge of the office of the general superintendent at North Bay. D. C. Coleman, who held this position under Mr. Bury and has continued under Mr. Jamison, will leave for North Bay after Mr. Norman's arrival to assume the duties there in the office of the general superintendent.

A Valuable St. Mary's Property.

From the Herald—

A short time ago The Herald reprinted from the Marysville Tribune an article reviewing the mines and prospects of St. Mary's valley. Inadvertently the Tribune failed to mention the Emerald Phoenix group, owned by M. J. Halpin, of Kaslo, and to which Mr. Halpin refers in a letter to The Herald. This group is situated north of the John Bull group and adjoining the Malchite group on the southeast. Samples of Carbonate ore taken from the Emerald last summer assayed 33½ per cent copper. The Herald takes pleasure in rectifying the error of omission and knows that the Tribune will do the same.

The Mineral Market.

East Kootenay Stock.

	Asked.	Bid.
Crow's Nest Coal,	$	$350.00
North Star,	26	24
Sullivan,	10	9

Silver-lead Quotations.

New York, March 14:

Bar Silver,	54 1-2
Mexican dollars,	43 1-2
Lead,	4 12 1-2
Copper,	12 50

London, March 14.—Silver, 25 1-8d; copper, £54 s, d; lead, £11 8s, 6d.

Goods at Cost

Having sold my place, I will dispose of my Stock at cost. Bargains for everybody.

FRANK McCABE,
Manager.

:-: THE ELEVATOR :-:

McNEILL & CLAYTON

General Stock of Fresh Groceries, Fine assortment of Fancy Biscuits and the best line of Confectionery in the town. Give us a call.

G. R. LEASK,

THE CONTRACTOR.

Good Work. Good Material and the Price.

Marysville, B C,

Marysville Livery

PAUL HANDLEY, Proprietor.

Teams and Drivers, Pack Horses and Saddle Horses furnished for any point in the district.

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DOUGLAS LAY, A R. S. M.
Licensed Provincial Assayer

Late analytical chemist and control assayer to the North Mine company, limited.

Every Description of Mineral Analysis. Prompt Attention to Samples by Mail and Express.
Office and Laboratory.
Kootenay St. Nelson, B. C.

N C. McKINSTRY

Feed, Sale and Livery Stable-Pack Horses Furnished at any time.

Will take Contracts for any kind of teaming.

Marysville - - - - B. C.

Marysville Hotel.....

Bale & Small, Props.

The Pioneer Hotel of the St. Marys Valley

ALSO FIRST CLASS DINING ROOM IN CONNECTION.

If you wish to prosper

Don't forget to patronize the merchants of the district.

PELTIER, Of Cranbrook,
Is the nearest wholesale dealer in
Liquors, Hay and Oats,
TO THE TOWN OF MARYSVILLE.

Pieper & Currie,

Dealers in Paints, Oils,
Glass and Wall Paper.
Painters, Paper Hangers and Decorators,
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P. BURNS & CO.,
Wholesale and Retail
MEAT MERCHANTS.

Fresh and Cured Meats, Fresh Fish, Game and Poultry.

We supply the best. Your trade is solicited. We have markets in all the principal towns of British Columbia.

Send to---
REID & CO., Cranbrook,
For overalls, boots and shoes, rubbers, underwear, hats, caps, and everything a man wears

Marysvilles' Clothing Store.

Call and see Our Stock of Miners' Supplies in Heavy Shoes and Rubber Hip Boots. Also a New Stock of Gent.'s Furnishings.

NORMAN HILL
Marysville, B. C

W. F. GURD,

Barrister, Solicitor, Etc.

Cranbrook and Marysvill, B. C.

CHINESE LAUNDRY

Clothes Washed at the Lowest Prices and Good Work Guaranteed.

KWONG FHONG.

W. F. TATE,
Watchmaker and Jeweler.
Official Watch Inspector for the C. P. R.
Cranbrook, B. C.

NOTICE.

Notice is hereby given that all persons cutting Green or Dry wood on the townsite will be prosecuted unless they can produce a permit from the Townsite agents. Permits may be obtained by applying at the townsite office and paying 50 cents a cord in advance. By Order.

The Marysville Townsite and Development Company.

Simpson & Hutchison,
Sole Agents

East Kootenay Hotel
Cranbrook.

PETER MATHESON, Proprietor,

When you are hungry and want a good meal. Go to the East Kootenay.

When you are tired and want a rest. Go to the East Kootenay.

When you are thirsty and want a drink. Go to the East Kootenay.

In fact when you are in Cranbrook. Stop a the East Kootenay.