J. F. Armstrong

The Marysville Tribune.

VOL 1. NO. 11 MARYSVILLE, BRITISH COLUMBIA, FEBRUARY, 1, 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.

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Complete for house or hotel. Stoves, Carpets, hardware and Wall Paper.

We are pioneers and the largest general dealers in the district. G. H. GILPIN,

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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

THE CENTRAL HOTEL

HANDLEY & WOLF, Props.

Hotel and Restaurant of Highest Order

The rooms are all Newly Furnished and Our Tables are supplied with the best the market affords. This department is under the management of J. WOLF.

The bar is furnished with all the best brands of Liquors, Wines and Cigars and is under the management of J. McDONALD.

FALLS VIEW HOTEL,

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

CHARLES EARLY, Proprietor. F. K. BERNARD, Manager.

News of the Mines.

The Phoenix mines will ship 1000 tons of ore a day to the Granby smelter for treatment, and expect to increase it to 1500. That means 50 car loads a day a the present time.

The North Star expects to increase its force of men in a short time.

The Sullivan will resume operations next week.

It is reported that in all probability the St Eugene will resume sometime in May or June.

The rise in the price of lead looks good to the people of South East Kootenay.

Smelters and refineries mean the upbuilding of British Columbia.

Too many people on the coast and too many political fossils in the eastern provinces look upon mining as wild speculation instead of a legitimate industry that deserves every encouragement and protection.

St. Marys valley will be covered with prospectors the coming season.

Many properties in this district will be developed next season that have been allowed to remain idle the past two or three years.

The people have faith in the Pay Roll and in all probability work will be resumed on this property in the spring.

South East Kootenay is a poor field for wild cat men. That game is played out in this district. If you have anything to sell it must show merit. A piece of rock and a little hole in the ground, accompanied by a long talk will no longer be accepted as a mine. A good showing of work and rock is the best combination to exhibit to buyers.

There will be renewed activity on the Perry creek placers next season.

Several properties around Marysville will be developed next season, owing to the erection of the smelter. Reduced cost of treatment will start work on several properties.

The government should not fail to extend the road up the St. Marys this coming season. It is badly needed by the claim owners in that section.

Deep placer working are liable to bring back to the Wild Horse some of its old time fame. The work is in charge of experts and the results are looked for with no little interest by the people of this district.

The long drawn out strike at Rossland on the LeRoi has been settled by a compromise. The men will return to work and the union will not be discriminated against by the LeRoi management. Negotiations are being carried on with the other mines effected by the strike, but no settlement has yet been reached.

Elko News.

Elko, B C, Jan. 27.—The cold snap struck here last week and made the interior of the hotels popular places.

George Hoggarth has built an addition to his hotel.

McIntosh & Jones have added a music hall to their hotel.

The concert given by Rev. Dunn at the Melbourne hotel was quite a success and quite a sum was raised.

Postmaster Holbrook is adding new boxes to the postoffice.

George Pushee was on the sick list a few days last week.

H. L. Stephens is having his hotel papered and rapidly getting things in shape for business.

P. McMahon and Mr. Williams visited Gateway last week.

R. Cox, well known throughout the district is now working at the Melbourne.

Mr. and Mrs. L. M. Mansfield of Jaffray visited Elko last Monday night.

Pieper and Currie, the well known dealers in wall paper and decorators extraordinary for the district, are busy in Elko these days.

Wm. Clark spent several days in town last week assisting Mr. Currie.

C. M. Edwards has gone to the coast for the transaction of some business.

Elko is growing and gives promise of being one of the best towns in the district.

Killed at Elko.

From the Herald—

Alex Gibson, a driver for Toohey Brothers, one of the contracting firms on the north and south line, was killed on the 21st. The accident was due to the rough lock on the load of lumber breaking away on the Elk river hill. The driver was thrown from the load and one wheel passed over his arm, severing an artery. Before medical assistance could be secured he bled to death.

Mr. Anderson, while blowing up some stumps put in three charges of dynamite. Two went off and after waiting some time he started to investigate the cause and got caught in the explosion. He started for Spokane but died of his injuries before reaching there.

J. Roderick Robertson Killed.

From the Herald—

Word has been received that at an explosion at the Murray Hill hotel in New York city several were killed and about 40 injured. Among the fatalities was the death of J. Roderick Robertson, of Nelson, one of the best known mining men of British Columbia.

BIG INDUSTRY BUILDING

The Smelter the Basis of Corroding Works.

LEAD PRODUCTS TO BE PRODUCED

The Sullivan Company's Plans Will Make Marysville a Pay Roll Center.

There is no doubt that Marysville is a progressive and go ahead town. Col. E. Saunders expressed himself as follows to the Nelson Miner.

Marysville in East Kootenay will doubtless have the honor of turning out the first white lead in this province as it is the intention of the Sullivan Group mines, when their smelter and refinery is finished to add corroding works. The company says it can then get about 5 cents a pound for its lead instead of one and one-fifth cents, the present price. Col. E. B. Saunders made this important announcement to a Miner representative last evening.

Col. Saunders has just returned from East Kootenay where he has been looking after the affairs of the company and he said that the intention was to complete the smelter and refinery by June 1st and further on a plant for the corroding of lead would be put in.

"With a new process invented recently in Germany," he said, "the lead can can be corroded in two or three days while formerly the process occupied from three to six weeks. The plant necessary for the new process is not nearly so expensive as with the old method. We have looked carefully into the details of the matter and have conclouded that we might as well get five cents for our lead in the form of white lead as to sell it for considerable less in ore or in the form of pig lead."

Asked as to the progress which is being made with the smelter he replied that the frames of the building for the smelter are all up and that the foundations are nearly completed for the roasters. "Our instructions to those erecting the smelter are to push the work right through the winter no matter what the cost may be. The material for the furnaces is coming to hand and it is being put in position. The fire brick for the furnaces is all on the ground. The calculation is to have the smelter completed and in full operation by June 1st. Arrangements have been made for hauling to the smelter the half million of ordinary brick which were made recently at a point a short distance from the smelter specially for the construction of certain portions of the smelter and lead refinery plant.

"We are putting in an 800-horse-power water and eletrical plant to furnish the power house is completed The water wheels and generators have been ordered and are expected to come to hand any day.

"The tracks of the Canadian Pacific railway have been extended right to the smelter site and all passenger trains going and coming from Kimberley now stop at Marysville."

Asked when operations would be resumed on the Sullivan mine he replied: "On February 1st work will be resumed on our properties, when a force of 20 men will be put to work under Supt. Findley. According to the report of a competent engineer, whom the company employed specially for the purpose, there are 265,000 tons of ore blocked out in our mine ready for stoping. Besides this there must be in the neighborhood of 50,000 tons of ore on the dumps. So you can see that there will be plenty of ore for the 150 ton smelter which we are putting up. At the same time the intention is to do custom work for the other mines of East Kootenay, as we desire to assist in the development of the country. When we find that the capacity of 150 tons is not sufficient for current demands we intend to add another 150 tons capacity to our plant.

"Already we have cut 500,000 feet of lumber at our saw mill which has all been used in the smelter and its accessory buildings. It is being consumed now as fast as it can be cut and hauled Altogether we will have expended over $200,000 when the smelter and refinery begins operations, to say nothing of what has been laid out in the development of the mine.

"The low price of lead has caused us no apprehension, as we feel certain that it will not be long before it will rise again. Besides when all our plans are carried out to a conclusion and we turn the ore into bullion, the bullion into pig lead, and the pig lead into white lead, we are certain of a good profit. We believe in the axiom that the Lord helps those who help themselves," concluded Col. Saunders.

Marysville Loses A Good Citizen.

Joseph Schaich who was the pioneer druggist of Marysville, sold out his business about a month ago to C. E. Reid & Co. of Cranbrook. Mr. Schaich has been managing the business since, but left on Tuesday for Cranbrook, where he will manage R. E Beattie's drug store for a few weeks, after which he will return to his home in Louisville, Kentuckey. The Tribune and the people of Marysville wish Mr. Schaich success and prosperity in his future field of business.

MACHINERY IS COMING.

Superintendent Austin Has Returned From His Purchasing Trip.

Mr. Austin, the construction engineer of the smelter arrived from the South on Tuesday, and a representative of The Tribune had an opportunity of talking with him on the train. During this conversation The Tribune man learned the following facts. That Mr. Austin had been during the past few weeks, in Denver and other American city's purchasing the machinery, castings etc., which will be necessary for the completion of the smelter. While away Mr. Austin bought the Pelton wheeles, four in number, which will furnish the power. He has purchased the blowers, which alone are a large plant. He has purchased the transmitting machinery, the steel flume and other hydraulic apparatus. He has contracted for the roaster and furnaces castings all of which will soon begin to arrive.

Mr. Austin stated that everything is being done that can be done to push the work a head. Each piece of machinery as it arrives, will be put in place and thus add to the construction piece by piece until the whole smelter plant is completed.

Everything connected with the plant will be carried out according to the original plans and the smelter will be ready to blow in on schedule time, that is June 1st.

Mr. Austin expressed himself as very pleased with the wonderful progress made on the construction during his absence under the management of Engineer McKenzie.

Moyie News.

From the Moyie Leader—

A quiet wedding took place at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Lee on South Tavistock street Wednesday evening when Mr H. C. Livesly and Miss Lizzie Lee were united in marriage by Rev. W. L. Sheridan. Miss Mamie Farrell acted as bridesmaid and Mr. Wm. Gallup as groomsman. The Leader joins with the people of Moyie in extending congratulations.

Lancelot Gubbins was in from Lamb creek this week. Lance and "Scotty" McDonald are sinking a shaft on the latter's property.

Chas Diamond passed through Moyie last Wednesday from Kitchener on his way to the hospital at Cranbrook. He is suffering with erysipelas.

There has been excellent skating on Moyie lake this week and it has been taken good advantage of.

Jules Schemehorn, the man who was last seen with the late John A. Currie on the night he was killed and who failed to give a clear account of himself at the coroner's inquest, has enlisted for service in South Africa.

The Moyie postoffice and P. D. Hope's drug store will be moved to the store room in the Kootenay hotel building about the first of February. Mr. Hope says he has already received permission from the government. He will occupy the room formerly occupied by Schaich's drug store.

The cold snap has struck Moyie and the climax for the week was reached this morning when the mercury dropped to 20 degrees below zero. The lake froze over the first of the week and the ice is now about four inces thick.

There is a big demand for lumber in the territories east of here and orders are coming in to the mills in this neighborhood thick and fast. Those in position to know predict a big business for the mills along the Crow's Nest Pass the coming season. From present indications they will be able to get rid of all the lumber they can cut at a better price than they have ever received before. With this in view the mill men are taking time by the forelock and are getting out a sufficient amount of logs for a good long season's run. Messrs. Grant & Sheady will take out in the neighborhood of six million feet of logs this winter for the Moyie Lumber Company. They have between sixty and seventy men and twenty teams employed in this work. Park. Mitchell & Co. have a logging camp established near Swansea and will take out more logs this season than for any previous season since they have been in the country. Such activity in the lumbering business at a time when the mines are closed means much for Moyie. It also goes to prove that Moyie is not depending on the mines alone for its support.

Fernie News.

From the Free Press—

G. J. Bury was in town Wednesday.

Mr. and Mrs. Scott, Cranbrook, registered at the Alberta on Wednesday.

Owing to the illness of Rev. Mr. Holford no Baptist services will be held Sunday.

Fred Burn, bookkeeper for P. Burns & Co., has installed himself in the new office of the company which is handsomely fitted up and conveniently arranged.

A very pretty wedding was celebrated at the mines Thursday evening when W. H. Davis was united to Miss Dick. A number of useful gifts were presented to the young bride and a very enjoyable evening was spent by the numerous guests.

GREAT MINERAL OUTPUT

British Columbia Makes a Good Showing.

PRODUCTION IS LARGELY INCREASED

Material Evidence of the Wonderful Prosperity of Canada's Best Province.

From the Cranbrook Herald.

The bureau of mines at Victoria has issued a bulletin signed by W. F. Robertson, provincial minerologist, giving the mineral output of the province for the year 1901, as follows:

"This estimate is based on the actual returns of a number of the mines, and for those mines from which returns have not as yet been received, the output is based upon their approximate known tonnage for the last year, together with the assays of the ores from the same mines for the previous year. You will note that these are not given as final statistics for the year, which can only be obtained after all returns are in and checked very carefully. These will be included in the annual report of the department which cannot be out for about two months yet. I hand you these figures now rather than wait for the final statistics, as I believe the prompt publication of even an approximate official estimate, making so good a showing, will be of benefit to the province, and is generally desired by investors in our mines.

"I think you will find this estimate conservative, and very approximate, quite sufficiently so to show the progress which has been made in the mining industry during the past year. In calculating the values of the products the usual course has been followed and the average price for the year in the New York metal market has been used as a basis. For silver 95 per cent, and for lead 90 per cent of such market price has been taken. Treatment and ore charges have not been deducted Roughly speaking the increase made in 1901 over 1900 is 25 per cent on gross value of output of the province. This will be a very agreeable surprise to many, as the circulation of reports giving a contrary impression har caused a very despondent view to be taken of the progress of the mining industry during 1901, which does not seem to be warranted by the facts. There is an appreciable drop in the placer gold production, owing to the sudden melting of the snow last spring, causing freshets, and leaving a shortage of water during the latter part of the season.

"The tonnage of ore mined from the lode mines in the past year is about 871 - 832 tons, equal to an increase of 317,036 over the year 1900, a little more than 57 per cent. There has been an increase in the output of all the metals with the exception of lead, the low price obtainable in this province for lead ores having discouraged this class of mining except where accompanied with good silver values. The gross value of the copper output has increased 206 per cent over 1901, while the lode gold has increased 36 per cent and silver 14 per cent.

"The attached forms show the estimated production of the various metals and for the various districts:

		Value.
Gold, placer, ozs	43 214	$ 892 500
Gold, lode, ozs	227 696	4 704 200
Silver, ozs	4 685 718	2 624 002
Copper, lbs	30 736 798	4 951 698
Lead, lbs	50 529 260	1 970 641
Coal, tons	1 529 210	4 587 630
Coke, tons	134 760	673 800
Other metals		309 030
Total value		$20 713 501

"The value of the output of the several minerals, including coal, and apportioned by districts was as follows:

Cariboo and Quenelle Mining division	$ 450 000
Omenica Mining division	20 000
Cassiar district	320 000
East Kootenay, 26 536 tons	2 850 289
West Kootenay	7 362 189
Trail Creek Mining division, 279 084 tons	3 855 556
Nelson Mining division, 103,486 tons	1 110 226
Ainsworth and Slocan Mining divisions, 30,267 tons	2 240 615
Lillooet district, 3 670 tons	56 900
Yale district, 401 008 tons	4 751 458
Grand Forks and Kettle river district, 401 008 tons	4 695 469

Canadian Census Completed.

The official figures of the Dominion census, issued last week, show that the population of Canada is 5 369 666 as against 4 833 239 in 1891, an increase of 536 427 in the figures of the Dominion census issued in the bulletin of last August. By provinces the population is:

	1891	1901
British Columbia	98 143	177 272
Manitoba	152 506	254 947
New Brunswick	321 263	331 120
Nova Scotia	450 396	459 574
Ontario	2 114 321	2 182 942
Prince Edward Isl.	109 078	103 259
Quebec	1 488 535	1 648 898
Territories	66 799	158 941
Yukon		27 167
Unorganized Ter.	32 168	25 546

Don't Want Judgship.

Vancouver, Jan. 24 —There is not enough of a fighting atmosphere in the chief justiceship for Jos. Martin. He to day flatly contradicted the story emanating from Ottawa, that he is applying for the vacancy or for a position on the supreme court bench. He is supporting E. P. Davis.

Fort Steele News.

From the Prospector—

The tunnel of the new placer company is now in 74 feet Sinking commenced on Tuesday All gravel now coming from the tunnel and shaft is being washed

Felix Rocke with a small outfit has gone to Bull river to work placer ground in that vicinity.

Tom Roberts with a small force are working deep placer ground on Weaver creek. It is reported that the gravel is rich, and a considerable amount of the yellow metal is being obtained.

A large number of prospectors and miners in the vicinity of Fort Steele are getting their outfits together in anticipation of an early spring. There is no doubt but there will be a large increase in development of quartz mines during the present year and a number of shipping mines will be added to the list of producing mines.

A contract has been let for 100 feet of tunnel on the Iowa mine situated on Tracy creek. The ore is galena, carrying values in copper and gold. There is about two feet of clean ore in a ledge that is six feet wide, the balance of ledge matter being concentrating ore.

On Friday evening the annual ball in aid of the Fort Steele Diamond Jubilee hospital was held in the opera house. There was a large and representative gathering from Marysville, Moyie, Wasa and Cranbrook, Kimberley, Jaffray, Fish Lakes and other points in the district. The hall was beautifully decorated with evergreens and mottoes and looked cheerful, bright and attractive. The music was under the direction of Mr. E. J. Cann, who acted as conductor of the orchestra, and was ably assisted by Miss Minnie Armstrong, Mr. Lucas and Mr. Neidig and others who kindly volunteered their services. The reception committee consisted of Mrs. E. C. Miller, Mrs. E. Smith and Mrs. J. F. Armstrong, and it is needless to say that their duties were discharged efficiently. Messrs. Smith, Walsh, Galbraith, Watson and Nelson acted as stewards and were most attentive to the assembled guests. Financially the ball was a success and the proceeds will materially assist in reducing the debt on the hospital.

J. A. Harvey is expected to return from a visit to New York about the first of February.

J. Langley has been appointed health inspector and will be stationed at the boundary near Tobacco Plains.

British Columbia News.

A large increase is to be made to the C. P. R rolling stock on the Crow's Nest and Pacific division.

The Crow's Nest Coal company are shipping 40 cars of coke a week to the Northport smelter.

The Payne mine has installed electric drills.

Engineer Blakemore says that the Similkameen Valley coal will give 75 per cent fixed carbon.

The C. P. R will build a new steel bridge across the Kootenay River below Nelson.

The British Columbia Coal company with a capital of $1,500,000 has been formed to aquire all the coal in the Kettle river country.

A. Vulcan smelter is being erected at Ferguson, B. C.

The 6th annual report of the British Columbia agricultural department has been published.

The Granby smelter shipped its initial car load of blister copper on the 20th to a New York refinery.

There will be a rush to the Horse Fly country as soon as spring opens.

H. M. S. Condor is still missing. Both English and American war vessels are looking for her

Rossland's ore shipments last week were 5,910 tons.

Slocan has joined the list of Kootenay towns having a hockey club.

R. A. Bradshaw, one of Slocan's old timers, was elected Mayor of that place last week.

In Nelson children must be vaccinated before being allowed to attend the public schools.

The Silver Glance mine at Bear lake has made a shipment of a car of high grade ore and has another ready.

The pay roll of the Sullivan Mining company which is erecting the Marysville smelter in East Kootenay, was $8,000 last month.

Father Pat," H. Irwin, well known throughout the Kootenay's and Boundary, has returned to England to reside permanently.

Over a thousand tons of ore daily will be sent out by the Granby mines hereafter.

The Bonanza, up above Gladstone, has begun shipments of ore to the Granby smelter

Although the price of copper is still pretty well down—about 12 cents—not a mine in the Boundary country has yet been closed on account of the reduction, nor is there prospect of any.

W. J. Goepel, provincial auditor, came in from Nelson on Monday night to instal the new gold commissioner —Revelstoke Herald.

Subscribe For THE TRIBUNE

The Remaking Of Mr. Watts

And What It Led To.

I very nearly killed a man once—indirectly. As it was, I led to his breaking his arm, cutting his face very badly and spoiling his clothes. It is a horrid confession to have to make, but I want to ease my conscience by setting it down.

One night I was sitting in my little room in the dull little provincial town of Churchly. I was thinking what a dull little provincial town it was. And yet, I mused philosophically, I suppose all the human interests of the big world can be found in Churchly and all the different types of human character if one will only go through the boredom of looking for them, when they are on such a very small scale. Talk of romance, why there is poor Watts!

At that moment Watts came in. He often visited me of an evening. It was not so much that he wanted to see me and to hear my sentiments, but I was almost the only person who would sit patiently by while he aired his two pet subjects—to wit, butterflies and Molly Garton.

And Watts wasn't such a bad fellow either. He had all the makings of a fine man, I used to think, but unfortunately he was the only son of a silly mother. And so she had never sent him to school to be kicked by the horrid, rough boys, but had kept him at home with a tutor, who wore spectacles, and had got into the habit of eternally catching butterflies and moths and things and killing them and putting their little corpses in boxes with their wings stretched out. If he had done it in moderation, one would have excused him. But he didn't. He simply lived for it and for Molly Garton. And the two things were incompatible.

As for Molly herself, I had my ideas about her. She was my sister-in-law, and we had been friends from the days when we had bowled our hoops together in the High street (much to the annoyance of wayfarers) right down to the time of which I am speaking, when we had many a ride and game of hockey in each other's company. So I flattered myself I knew something of that erratic and athletic young lady's mind, and I had come to the conclusion, first, if Watts would cease to be quite such an ass he would make her an excellent husband, and, secondly, that, given that change in disposition, she would not be unwilling to recognize him in that capacity.

Butterfly hunting was not to the fore with Watts tonight. It seemed that that day the lady had rejected him for the second time.

Whereon, seated upon my chair, he made much moan.

"I didn't think you had the remotest chance," I said, when he had finished his narrative. He looked at me blankly.

"Unless," I proceeded, "you make up your mind to do several things."

"What? What?" he said eagerly.

"First," I replied, folding my hands in philosophic calm, "never to talk of beetles and bugs for a whole six months, never to let yourself be seen with that long net of yours in your hand, never to show a soul those little creatures you have stuck pins through."

He gasped, but was silent.

"Secondly," I proceeded, "you must become an athlete."

"I! An athlete!" he exclaimed.

"You must play football," I said, "and be careful to get your shins well hacked."

He gasped again.

"And in summer time," I proceeded, "I think it will be well for you to join the cricket club."

"Impossible!" he murmured.

"It would be desirable also," I went on, paying no attention to the interruptions of the silly man, "if you became a hero. Now, you might save a life from drowning."

"I can't swim," he muttered feebly.

"Then you must learn to swim," I shouted with a sudden emphasis that quite quenched him for a time. "And, above all, you must learn to cycle."

"Oh-h!"

"Do you think," I said with much indignation, "that a well built, active girl like Molly Garton wants to spend her life sewing on the buttons of a wretched fellow who can only handle a butterfly net?"

He looked so miserable as I thundered these words at him that I felt moved to genuine sorrow for him. But I was cruel only to be kind.

"Come now," I said in a gentler tone, "I have known what love is"—here I sighed and thought of my own dear Katie lying under the grass in the churchyard—"and I know it's worth a good effort to win a woman. Let me help you."

"How can you?" he said dismally.

"Tomorrow," I replied decisively, "we start learning the bicycle in my back garden. On Saturday there is a pick up of the Busy Bees, and you come with me to have your shins hacked."

He groaned, but thanked me and assented.

Ah, what weeks they were, those succeeding weeks in which we toiled, Watts and I together, to make him an athlete! I will say nothing of the football, save that he displayed really admirable pluck in the presence of his ladylove; fighting with a ferocity that called down the rebuke of the referee and covering himself with sticking plaster if not with actual glory. But the bicycle! Oh, what weary hours I spent in that garden of mine in frantic endeavor to teach him to ride! He seemed to have a positive genius for doing the wrong thing. Time after time I nearly despaired, and yet at last there came a day when he actually wabbled the whole length of the garden path without any assistance and without a fall.

"Molly," I said, about a fortnight after, "who do you think is going to join our bicycling party tomorrow? Watts."

"Why, he can't ride," she answered.

"Oh, can't he!" said I. "He can ride like anything. He has been learning for weeks."

"Whatever made him do that?" she asked with the least little self conscious change of expression.

"Wanted company, I suppose," I answered in my most matter of fact voice. "He's a great friend of mine you know, and"—

She made a slight gesture of annoyance, from which I gathered that I had said the wrong thing.

"You don't mind his coming, poor chap?" I asked. "He's getting so tired of going about alone."

"He can come if he likes," she said.

From which, being a philosopher, I gathered that she was very pleased he was coming.

And so next day Watts turned up with his bicycle and a splendid pair of new knee breeches and some wonderful thick stockings to cover his skinny calves.

We started for our trip satisfactorily. I lagged a little behind and watched the fun. Watts, grasping his handles with immense firmness and gazing fixedly at the road before him, plied his legs with great vigor in the effort to keep abreast of Molly, who was in a mischievous mood.

But at last came a catastrophe. There was a point where the road forded a tolerably wide, shallow brook, while by the side a couple of planks and a single handrail made a bridge for foot passengers. Molly rode in front, and, giving a half turn of her head, which revealed to me a broad smile and a twinkle of mischief in her eyes, she went straight as an arrow over the planks. I saw poor Watts hesitate for a moment. His bicycle staggered. Then, gathering himself up with a mighty effort, he rode on to the bridge. Then came a crash, a plunge, a loud shriek from Molly and in a moment I was in the water extricating Watts from a confused mass of spokes and handles and carrying him to the side of the ford. Poor chap! I am bound to say that he was very plucky. He only gave one groan, but he looked ghastly pale. The blood was running fast from a cut in his forehead, and I quickly saw that his arm was seriously injured.

I called on Molly that evening, after I had left Watts with his head bound up and his arm in a plaster. She looked white and seemed intensely anxious to hear news of him.

"I just dropped in," I said casually, "as I thought you might like to know"—

"How is he? How is he?" she asked.

"Well, I think he will pull through all right," I said slowly, "but it is a bad smash. His arm is broken and his head is horribly cut. But he is plucky about it."

I saw her lip quiver; then, with feminine quickness, her manner changed.

"Whatever made the poor, silly creature try to cross that plank?" she asked with a lightness that was really admirable.

I looked her full in the face with a blank expression.

"You know as well as I do," I said.

"No, I don't; indeed I don't," she answered with most impressive inaccuracy.

I explained at considerable length why Watts had got his legs hacked at football and why he had got his arm broken while bicycling, and I left her thoroughly miserable to think it all over.

It was late in the afternoon before I could get round to see the invalid next day. I found him in marvelous spirits, with a quantity of beautiful fresh cut flowers by his sofa.

"Who sent these?" I asked.

"Guess," he answered, a radiant smile lighting up all that part of his face that was not hid in bandages. So I guessed. And every day during his convalescence there were fresh cut flowers in his room, and I had to guess who sent them.

And then one day I overtook him as he walked feebly down the street with his arm in a sling. He told me he was thinking of dropping in to tea at Western Lodge. Now, Western Lodge is where Molly lived, and it was a very nice place. So I asked suavely, "May I come too?"

"Oh, yes, of course, if you like," he replied in such a dismal and disgusted tone that I laughed and went away without another word.

But as I sat in my chair that night, thinking over things in general and particularly meditating on the fact that, just for want of a candid friend, a really fine fellow may do nothing but catch insects all his life, a little note was brought me.

It ran thus:

I have caught my last butterfly. Unique specimen. Priceless value. I had to chase it on a bicycle. Dear old boy, how can I ever thank you enough! WATTS.

—Penny Pictorial Magazine.

Bees Not Using Their Stings.

There are a number of honey making bees which apparently do not use their stings or in which the stings are atrophied and too blunt to hurt. Some are very small, so diminutive that they are called mosquito bees. They gather quantities of honey, of which Bates, in one of the forests on the Amazon, took two quarts from one of the nests. In Jamaica, where some of these amiable bees are also found, they are called "angelitos," a name given them by the original Spanish settlers in honor of their good temper.

Some Australian dwarf bees—also "angelitos" so far as human beings are concerned—do not use their stings, perhaps because they are not sharp enough to hurt, but deal with their enemies something after the manner of the Quaker on board ship who refused to use a gun, but threw the Frenchmen overboard. An enemy is held down by several of the bees, who gradually put him on the rack by pulling his limbs out tight and keeping them so for as long as an hour, by which time the prisoner "dies a natural death."

Bumblebees are popularly supposed not to sting. The males have no stings, but the females have, at any rate in the common bumblebee. There are so many sizes in a bumblebees' nest—large females, small females and males—that it is a safe speculation not to take the risk, though bumblebees are very easy going creatures and only sting when pressed or hurt.—Spectator.

Breaking Them to the Yoke.

Mr. Edward Lisle, whose "Observations on Husbandry" was published in 1757, describes the method employed by his "oxhind" or cattleman to break cattle to the yoke. "He yoked two of the steers, being two yearlings, together, and so suffered them to walk about the ground where there were no pits or ditches for them to receive hurt by. He also tied together the bushy parts of their tails, the reason of which was because they should not be able to turn their heads to each other, so as to strike one another with their horns, or by bending their necks too much by endeavoring to face one another and then striving break their necks." In this condition the oxhind let them go on the ground, if without holes or ditches, all night, or else turned them into an empty open barn so yoked and thus treated them two or three times before he worked them.

To Cure Pork Without Brine.

To 100 pounds of meat take two quarts of salt, three pounds of brown sugar and three ounces of saltpeter. Pulverize the last as fine as possible and mix thoroughly with the salt and sugar. Now rub a small quantity of the mixture on the rind side of the pork, the remainder on the flesh side, rubbing it in well. Pack in a box that will allow the drippings to run off. Rub each piece well as you put it in the box. After thirty-six hours take out and apply two quarts of salt in the same manner and pack again. Leave it for three or four weeks and then smoke. See that the meat is not frozen when applying either the mixture or the salt. It is said pork is better when cured in this way than when brine is used.

At Salta, in Argentina, a list of boys and girls who have failed to attend school regularly is published in the newspapers.

There are 3,000 words used alike in French and English without variation in spelling.

Doctors' Vacations.

"What a contrast the legal profession presents to the medical in respect to holidays," said a well known New York physician the other day. "A medical man rarely, until he has attained the highest position, thinks of taking a clear two months and the greater number regard themselves as exceptionally fortunate if they get a clear three weeks, whereas lawyers and judges take their three months at a stretch, and as much as another month more at odd times.

"A doctor of thirty-five whom I know has been trying in vain for five years to eve a theater. Another told me lately that he had not been out of New York city save for a day for five years. As for myself, since I took my degree thirty years ago I don't think I've had a year's vacation, taking it all in all, up to the present time, and I'm now sixty-five years old. Very few outside the medical profession realize what a terribly exacting service it imposes."

A RAPID PROMOTION

By W. R. ROSE.

The day was one of October's rarest. The car windows were all open and the swift motion created a pleasant draft that carried no suggestion of coughs or colds with it. It was car No. 511 of the main line, and the conductor was No. 381.

He was a pleasant appearing conductor, was No. 381, young and well built, with bright gray eyes and his cap tilted back on his head in true boyish fashion. He was an alert conductor, too, and keenly alive to the responsibilities of his place. He helped old ladies and children aboard, he made the passengers sit closer, he kept a sharp supervision over all the details.

There was a tall man with gray hair and a white mustache on the back platform, a very well dressed man, who seemed deeply interested in the trip. He had boarded the car while No. 381 was inside collecting fares, and, as this collecting process took some time, the gray haired man had a chance to make a study of the roadbed as the car rumbled along. He was looking over the platform rail when No. 381 tapped him lightly on the shoulder.

"Fare, please."

The gray haired man slipped his fingers into his change pocket and drew out a half dollar. As he pushed it toward No. 381 he slightly turned his head.

"George!" He couldn't repress a little start of surprise.

"Hello, father," said No. 381 as he thrust the coin into the proper pocket. "Tickets?"

"No," replied the gray haired man with some sharpness. He stared hard at No. 381 as he counted out the change and thrust it into his hand.

"Transfer?"

"No," snapped the older man.

"How are you, father?"

"Well enough. How is it with you?"

"Fine," laughed No. 381. Then he looked a little wistfully at the gray haired man. "I wouldn't mind shaking hands with you, father. It's four years, you know, since I had the chance."

The old man slowly put out his hand, and No. 381 gave it a warm pressure.

"Getting down to the husks, George?"

"Husks, father? Oh, I remember now. You allude to the unfortunate young man in the Sunday school lesson, the young man who lived on husks and tended swine. Yes, yes. But there have been no husks on my menu, father, and the end seat car hog is the nearest approach to the porkers. No; I get three good meals a day and carry home my $12 every Saturday night." He laughed as he said it, his eye on the interior of the car.

"But can't you get something better than this?"

"Haven't tried. You see, this was the best I could do after being thrown out of a better job by the burning of the bicycle factory, and I promised the trolley superintendent that I would stay in the employ of the road at least a year if they'd take me on, and just six months of it have passed. Change here for the Ellinwood belt line."

The old man followed No. 381 with his keen gray eyes that were very much like the conductor's, though deeper set, and a new light came into them.

"You are married, George?"

"I wrote you that I was, father."

There was a little silence.

"And I have a little boy, father, three years old. I wish you could see him. Why can't you? We live at No. 37 Cornwall street, close to the end of this line. You'd be very welcome, father."

The face of the old man hardened, and he shook his head.

"I have very little time," he said. "I am here on important business."

"Very well," said No. 381 quietly. "You'll be welcome any time." Then he added: "I take the down car here. Good-by." He leaped off, caught the rail of the approaching car, waved his hand and was gone.

The old man sighed as he turned back. Somehow he seemed to have lost all interest in the condition of the roadbed.

When the end of the line was reached, he stepped from the car and looked about him. Then he walked over to the starter's little station.

"Will you kindly direct me to No. 37 Cornwall street?" he said.

Ten minutes later the gray haired man knocked at the door of the little cottage on Cornwall street. A neat young woman responded. It was not a favorable hour for calling, but the young woman bore a trim appearance, her hair was nicely arranged, and there was an air of refinement in her greeting that the old man liked.

"This is the home of No. 381, I believe," he said as he raised his hat—"I mean of George Glazier."

"Yes, sir, but he is not at home. He will not be home until 6."

"I have come some distance to see him," said the gray haired man.

She looked at him with a new interest. He was an old man, and she fancied he looked tired.

"Will you come in and rest?" she asked in her gentle voice. "Perhaps you can leave a message."

"Thank you," he said and followed her into the pleasant little parlor. His keen gray eyes traveled about the room and returned to the woman. "I beg your pardon," he said, "but would you mind giving me a little of your time?"

She looked at him wonderingly and then seated herself.

"You can't really be happy here," he said abruptly.

She started at the suddenness of the remark.

"I do not know what you mean," she said.

"I mean that this little house, this lonesome neighborhood, the lack of nice clothes, the fact that your husband is but a poorly paid employee, the desire for those things that just a little money would secure, must make you discontented at times."

Her color rose. She held her dimpled chin a little higher.

"Do I look discontented?" she asked. "Could I be discontented with so much to be thankful for? We have our health, we have a cozy home, we have our little Stephen."

"Eh!" cried the old man. "You have what?"

"Our boy, our baby boy. His name is Stephen."

"His name is Stephen," the old man repeated and was silent for a moment. Then he gently added, "May I see him?"

"He is asleep," replied the young mother. Then she looked at the gray haired man a little severely. "I trust," she said, "that your business with George is not planned to make him discontented. I think you will fail. We are both agreed that George isn't appreciated at his true worth—at least I have tried to make him think so. But he is doing the best he can. What could he expect? He came out of college without the slightest knowledge of what earning a living meant, and then he met me. Perhaps we were wrong, but we were young, and George braved his father to marry me. Well, it was something of a struggle, but we met it with courage, and we never despaired."

She threw a defiant little look at him as she uttered the last words.

"I had no desire to hurt your pride," said the gray haired stranger. "If I did, I beg your pardon. Lonely old men grow peculiar, you know. But, here, I fancy I can explain a little of the business that brought me to your home. I came to the city to buy a controlling interest in the company that employs your husband. I have been looking over the property and in doing so ran across him. I—I liked his appearance, but at the same time I am free to say that to my mind he is not the man for the place." He paused and cleared his throat, the young woman steadily regarding him. "He told me that he had promised to remain in the employ of the company a year. I suppose he will keep his word?"

"He always keeps his word."

"Does he look for promotion?"

"Yes. He hopes to be made a starter at the barns when the year is out."

"Yes. Well, as I have made up my mind that he is not the man for conductor, I mean to offer him something a little better. If he shouldn't care for the startership, how would barn boss or assistant superintendent suit him?"

The young woman smiled faintly.

"There is no question about it," she said.

"Perhaps he would like the superintendency?" the old man added.

"He would," murmured the young woman.

"Very well," said the gray haired man. "Between you and me we will consider him successively promoted through all these grades." He leaned a little forward. "The fact is," he slowly said, "I am going to make him secretary of the newly organized company at what I think he will consider a very attractive salary." He paused and looked sharply at the young woman, who had turned her eyes from him and was staring intently at the pretty carpet. "Are you laughing over there?" he asked.

"No," she quickly answered. "I'm crying."

Then she arose and crossed over to the old man and took his hand and bent down and lightly kissed his cheek.

"This is very, very good of you, Father Stephen Glazier," she softly said.

"Pooh, pooh!" he cried. "And you knew me all the time and yet had never seen me?"

"I knew your voice the instant you spoke," said the young woman. "It is just like the voice of George."

The old man looked anxiously toward the inner door.

"Isn't that boy Stephen awake yet?" he asked.

That evening George's smiling wife met George at the door and put her arm about his neck as she stopped him in the hallway.

"Why, what is it, Millie?"

"We have a visitor, dear."

"Is—is it father?"

She slipped away from him and opened the parlor door, and George looked in.

The old man was sitting in the coziest chair in the dimly lighted room, and on his knees, with his sunny head pillowed against his breast, sat the little boy.

As the keen gray eyes rested on George's smiling face the old man held up his hand.

"Hush!" he whispered. "Stephen's asleep!"—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

How Mme. Roland Died.

How she bore herself on her journey along the via dolorosa of the revolution, which led from the Conciergerie to the Place de la Guillotin, the world knows. No recorded pilgrim of the long train that fared that way in those heroic days showed a sublimer indifference to its terrors. A spectator who saw her as she passed the Pont Neuf wrote of her as standing erect and calm in the tumbril, her eyes shining, her color fresh and brilliant, with a smile on her lips as she tried to cheer her companion, an old man overcome by the fear of approaching death.

At the foot of the scaffold she asked for pen and paper to write the strange thoughts that were rising in her. When the executioner grasped her arm to assist her in mounting the steps, she drew back and begged that her companion might be allowed to precede her. The custom of the guillotine allowed her, as a woman, the privilege of dying first, but she wished to spare the infirm old man a scene that would augment his fears. Sanson objected.

"Come, citizen," she urged him with a smile, "you cannot deny a lady her last request."

Her wish was granted.—Editor of "Her Private Memoirs."

Varieties of Kisses.

Some one with plenty of time on his hands has conceived the idea of hunting through the works of all the well known English novelists for the purpose of gathering all the adjectives with which to qualify the word "kiss." The result of his labor is that kisses can be as follows: Cold, warm, icy, burning, chilly, cool, loving, indifferent, balsamic, fragrant, blissful, passionate, aromatic, with tears bedewed, long, soft, hasty, intoxicating, dissembling, delicious, pious, tender, beguiling, hearty, distracted, frantic, fresh as the morning, breathing fire, divine, glad, superficial, quiet, loud, fond, heavenly, devouring, ominous, fervent, parching, nervous, soulless, stupefying, slight, careless, anxious, painful, sweet, refreshing, embarrassed, shy, mute, ravishing, holy, sacred, firm, hurried, faithless, narcotic, feverish, immoderate, sisterly, brotherly and paradisaical. The task seemed interminable, and he gave up at this stage.

A Mushroom's Growth.

A mushroom's method of growth and propagation is popularly considered to be a first class mystery. It is not such, however, from the scientific point of view. On the contrary, it is very well understood how the seeds or spores are developed on the underside of the fungus, microscopic and of vast numbers, a single agaric often having as many as 10,000,000. These myriad germs, when they land upon suitable ground, send forth numerous fine cottonlike threads, which bring nourishment to the spore. Fattening upon the food it gets from the earth in this way the embryo swells into a fleshy kernel, like a knot amid the network of filaments about it. From this kernel the mushroom in all its parts is developed before it shows above the ground.

Warned.

Of a certain Scottish professor the following story is told: Among his students was a young man from the highlands who, before he left his country home, had taken to himself a helpmeet for life. One morning he entered the college classroom rather late, and the professor asked him the cause of his unwonted unpunctuality. Bashfully the young man explained that that morning his wife had given birth to a son and heir.

"Oh, in that case it's all right!" said the teacher, making the usual stereotyped reply. "Only see it does not happen again."

The Tertiary Epoch.

The so called mesozoic epoch was brought to a close by the cataclysm due to contraction and consequent crumbling of the earth's crust which upheaved the Rocky mountains and Andes on this hemisphere and the Alps, Pyrenees, Balkans and Himalayas on the other side of the world. Incidentally to this tremendous alteration in the face of the earth all the giant reptiles were wiped out of existence. This event opened what is called today the tertiary epoch. It is in the tertiary epoch that we live now. At the beginning of this epoch the only reptiles which survived were the snakes, lizards, turtles and crocodiles, all of them resembling closely those of their kind which exist today.

A PANTHER'S BEQUEST

How Clyde Brown Found a Fortune and Won a Girl.

In a large mining town in the far west there lives George Randolf, a mining king, who by nature is as stern and arbitrary as men are apt to be when they acquire sudden riches. In addition to his gold, he possessed a rare treasure in the person of his daughter Bessie, as sweet a seventeen-year-old maiden as ever lived.

Pretty Bessie did not lack for lovers, and quite as naturally the favored one was the very one that her father objected to.

Clyde Brown was frank spoken, with an honest, manly face, a true, loving heart and little else.

"Why, Elizabeth"—her father always called her that when displeased—"how can you forget that we are descended from the Randolfs of Virginia? Just a little longer, daughter—a year or two at the most—and we will go east and live as other people do. Then my jewel may find a worthy setting."

"I want no one but Clyde, papa," protested Bessie tearfully.

But tears made no impression on the hard heart of George Randolf.

However, he condescended to give a conditional consent to their union—such an absurd condition that people laughed and shook their heads, and Bessie's merry face grew grave.

"When you can show the possession of a hundred thousand dollars you can have her," he said grimly in answer to Clyde Brown's manly petition. "Until then I'll hear no more about it."

"You can never do it," sobbed Bessie when they stood alone in the moonlight by the road a few moments later, while her father watched angrily from the window. "Fortunes are wonderfuly made in these mines sometimes, but none will fall to us."

"Don't be discouraged, my precious Queen Bess," Clyde returned, with all a liver's unreasoning fondness. "Only trust in me through all and wait for me, no matter what may happen. Will you promise me that?"

"Indeed I will, dearest! You knew that I would before you asked," she murmured. "But do not try me too much, for father is as hard as a rock."

"I must go away for awhile, my darling. Somewhere in yonder endless chain of mountains a fortune is waiting for me. I feel it—I know it as well as if it were already in my grasp," he answered in solemn earnestness.

"God grant that it may be so," she added.

And then she walked slowly to the house, to her father's great relief.

The next morning Clyde left the town fully equipped for a prospecting tour, and quite alone excepting the three large dogs which followed sedately at his heels.

For some time the prize which he sought eluded him, but it came to him at last in a strange manner.

One day, after following the course of a noisy, shallow stream into a narrow valley hemmed in by lofty mountains, he camped at the foot of a gigantic tree near the water.

The dogs whined uneasily and sniffed at a hole among the roots of the tree, but he called them away and went on building a fire to cook supper from the loose wood and branches around.

"Now that the fire is ready," he mused aloud, "I wonder if I'll find any game hereabout."

As if in answer a half grown deer came down to the stream on the opposite bank not many rods away.

It stopped, with one foot upraised, and looked at the dogs with startled eyes. The next instant the report of Clyde's rifle rang out, the deer leaped into the air, sprang forward and fell into the stream, from which it was soon dragged by the dogs.

But the echoes made by the report had not died out among the hills before another sound aroused them again.

It was the scream of an angry panther from the mountain behind him, and it was instantly answered by another on the right and yet another far down the valley on the left.

Clyde heaped the dry limbs upon the fire, and the dogs, usually as brave as lions, whined piteously as they skulked close to his feet.

He waited in breathless anxiety for several minutes, but could hear nothing except the crackling of the fire, which now threw a wide circle of light, and the night wind among the trees.

Soon, following a magnetism which he could not account for, he fixed his gaze upon a tall tree near the base of the mountain and encountered the glare of two fierce yellow eyes.

A panther was crouching there upon a long limb, every nerve of his body in motion as he prepared for the fatal spring.

To aim and fire at him was the impulse of a second, and the tawny brute sprang outward, with a snarl of rage and pain, and fell squarely into the fire.

There was an unearthly shriek, a smell of burning hair, a shower of coals and lighted wood, then the brute stood, wounded and blinded, near the tree.

"At him, boys, at him!" cried Clyde.

And the dogs closed on him; but, wounded as he was, he was more than a match for them.

He killed one and sent the others howling to a safe distance before their master could surely aim the second bullet, which quieted him.

He was not an instant too soon, however, for there came another terrific scream, this time from the tree directly over his head.

"I'm ready for you now!" he cried, coolly sighting another panther directly between the scintillating eyes.

He fired and sprang aside, while the animal fell, struck the ground with a heavy thud, clawed the earth and air convulsively for a few seconds and then lay quite still.

"This is getting interesting," muttered Clyde grimly, eying the two huge, tawny bodies, the dead dog and the skulking living ones, while he threw fresh wood upon the scattered fire and peered in every direction.

"Meow! Meow! Sst-t-t!"

He turned sharply to see the heads of two panther cubs thrust out of the hole near the tree, their ears laid close to their round heads and their eyes sweeping the scene in fierce inquiry.

"Ha, ha! A regular family party I've stumbled on," laughed Clyde. "S-s-s! Seek 'em, boys!"

And the dogs pulled one kitten out to his death, while the other scrambled back in the hole.

Suddenly there was a slight noise in the edge of the forest, and two half grown panthers came cautiously into the circle of the light, sniffing the air uneasily and evidently afraid of a trap.

The smell of the scorched hair and the blinding glare of the fire puzzled them.

But Clyde did not wait for them to become satisfied of the safety of an attack. He fired two shots in quick succession, killing one animal and badly wounding the other, which the dogs attacked at once.

When the sharp, short fight was over, one dog limped back to receive the praise of his master, while the other lay dead beside its dead foe.

"You and I are alone now, Brave, my boy," said his master, patting the dog's head. "Well, when daylight comes we'll see after that little varmint in the hole."

The night passed without further molestation, but Clyde kept the fire burning brightly while he busied himself in skinning three of the panthers—the one which had sprung into the fire being worthless.

Two were monstrous brutes—male and female, evidently the parents of the smaller pair as well as the kittens.

After a generous breakfast of roasted venison he enlarged the hole with his pick and shovel, and, after examining his revolvers, crept in cautiously with a lighted torch, while the dog remained outside protesting against such foolhardy conduct by dismal yelps and whines.

The cavity under the spreading roots was deserted, but a larger opening led into the rocky mountain side, and through this the astonished young man crept, to find himself in a natural cavern.

He soon discovered and killed the kitten, but could find no signs of any more.

The floor of the cave was covered with bones, and a neatly made nest of sticks and leaves was in the corner.

But Clyde did not notice these; he was examining the rocky sides, which were of a peculiar veined grayish stone.

There was a smile of satisfaction on his face when he had finished this examination, and when he crept forth into daylight again he muttered, tweaking Brave's ears until the dog yelped in pain and wonder:

"Queen Bess is mine, Brave! There's gold enough there to satisfy even George Randolph, I should say, and I claim it as the panther's bequest."

George Randolph could say no more, although he insisted on visiting the panther's den to see for himself.

"Some folks are lucky," he admitted reluctantly. "If that mine is worth one hundred thousand dollars, you can have her, for a Randolf never goes back on his word."

That was only a year ago, and the mine has already netted its owner over $500,000.

But he regards as a dearer prize the loving wife who rules his heart and home—his Queen Bess.

The Light of Life.

"Love, unrest and sorrow always journey together." You have heard the old proverb, therefore sometimes the love of my son makes me sad. Sometimes love begins too well to end well. You know that the fact of one's own life having been unhappy makes one tremble for the happiness of those we love. It seems to me as if life was composed of dreads born of love; directly a woman loves she dreads for the happiness of the loved one. You see, the past gives us regret, the present sorrow and the future fear—at eighteen one adores at once, at twenty one loves, at thirty one desires, at forty one reflects.

However unhappy one is, in time, not at once, one lights a little torch called patience to guide the footsteps. It flickers at first and threatens to go out, but with care and perseverance it can be kept alight. Sometimes a shroud envelopes it, but as time goes on it gathers strength and brightness and its rays shine out all down the hill of life. Then we know that it will last till in God's good time comes the greater light.—Violet Tweedale in "Her Grace's Secret."

The Paris Smile.

One of the most charming things in Paris is the smile with which the working class and the selling class meet their employer and their victim. If one could only make the American saleslady and servant understand that its value is above rubies in the domestic routine! The smile is one of the secrets of French mercantile success, especially with the Americans. They smile and we buy, and reasoning from this hypothesis it will be seen that their smile is worth many millions of dollars per annum.—Argonaut.

BEAUTY SPOTS.

Try lemon juice for whitening the neck. Apply it with a linen cloth.

After the head has been shampooed, whenever possible, give the head a sun bath.

A writer states that oily hands may be made comfortable and touchable by wetting them once or twice a day while clean with cologne, alcohol or toilet vinegar.

A good circulation is essential to the growth of the hair as well as to its color and fineness. A frequent, vigorous brushing with a stiff brush is the best method of obtaining this.

A writer upon the complexion says the best way to treat freckles, a sure cure in all but very obstinate cases, is to touch them night and morning with a camel's hair brush after dipping it in lemon juice.

For a greasy skin nothing is better than the combination of an ounce of dried rose leaves, half a pint of white wine vinegar and half a pint of rosewater. Let the vinegar stand on the rose leaves for a week, then add the rosewater. Use a tablespoonful in a cup of distilled water.

A Geological Fallacy.

Probably the most wild and unjustifiable of all the crude beliefs respecting geological resources is that which holds to the conviction that by going deep enough the drill is sure to find something of value, no matter at what point the work of boring is commenced.

There are numerous wise persons in every community, estimable, influential and in the highest degree public spirited who are convinced that the question, for example, of finding coal in their special locality is simply a matter of the depth to which the explorations are carried. Rock oil and natural gas are recognized as desirable products in every progressive community, and every such community contains persons in other respects intelligent who are ready to stake their own fortune and that of their nearest friends on the belief that oil and gas are everywhere underneath the surface and that their sources can be tapped with the drill provided only there is sufficient capital to keep up the process of drilling long enough.

Professional Shoppers.

Professional shoppers are employed by a certain large firm of London drapers to test the abilities of shop assistants. This firm owns over thirty large shops and employs nearly 1,000 assistants. To find out whether every customer is politely served a number of lady customers are employed to call at the various shops. They are told to give as much trouble as possible and sometimes to leave without making a purchase after looking at nearly everything in the shop. Should the unfortunate assistant's temper not be equal to the strain, or should a single word be said that might offend, a report will infallibly reach headquarters and lead to the dismissal of the sorely tried handler of silks and ribbons.

No Chance For Him.

"Just one," he pleaded.

"Only one?" she asked coyly.

"Only one," he said.

"You will be satisfied with just one little one?"

"Yes," he answered, drawing her closer.

But at this she broke away.

"In that case," she said coldly, "you are utterly lacking in the modern accumulative spirit that brings prosperity, and I do not feel that my future would be safe in your hands."

Saddest Words of Tongue or Pen.

"It's too bad about your son being hurt so seriously in that football game, Mrs. Willikins. I'm as sorry as I can be for you."

"Yes, it's a dreadful thing. If his injuries should prove fatal, it wouldn't be right for Myrtle to go to the game on Thanksgiving, and she's got such an elegant costume especially for it."—Chicago Record-Herald.

The Reconciliation.

"I un'stan's," said Miss Miami Brown, "dat you done made reffunce to me as a coon."

"You does me wrong," answered Mr. Erastus Pinkley. "My regards foh yoh is sech dat if I was to make any comparisons dar wouldn' be nuffin' mentioned but chickin' or possum."

An Impertinence.

"I think," she said earnestly, "that a woman who truly loves a man always has his best interests at heart."

"Perhaps," he quietly answered, "but"—

"What were you going to say?"

"If that's the case, what makes her marry him?"

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.

"AN UNBROKEN ENVELOPE."

Sturdy Sense of Duty Shown by Young American Workers.

Those who are not in touch with the lives of working men and women can scarcely realize what it means for either sex to bring home his or her wage in an "unbroken envelope." Saturday night means freedom to spend, a taste of pleasure, a bit of fun. It would lift the estimate of human character if to those who do not have to measure their income by their labor it could be told how many thousand lads and tired bright eyed girls carry to their homes those tight sealed little treasures to be dispensed for the family good. The sweetheart must wait, the door of the theater remain closed, the coveted new clothes be abandoned, until the rent is paid, the fuel is stored, the younger children clothed and mother kept from worry. The young lives erect themselves like pillars to uphold the roof and stand guard until they can without self reproach pass on to their own homes.

A juster estimate of the possibilities of single lives would, I imagine, engender a broader view of probable happiness and influence in the minds of many a waiting or disappointing young heart, and surely a juster estimate of their value in our families and a higher tribute of praise for what they achieve would sweeten the years as they roll. A girl cannot say even to the mother for whom she remains unmarried, "I have laid aside all else for you." The fragrance of the sacrifice would vanish with the speaking, and even the most selfish woman would be ashamed to accept what so often is taken day by day without a word of regret or contrition.

If to live for others without personal claim or award and to make the chief result of endeavor an impersonal harvest of relief and comfort to lives more or less dependent on the worker is a noble life—and who will gainsay this?—then the laurels of many a good son and brother, of many a daughter and sister, should be the greenest and most imperishable which crown men and women.

Shagreen, now made from the skins of sharks and rays, was a name originally applied to a substance made from the hides of horses and asses.

The coming man has often a bill to collect.

Everybody is wishing they had a pull when a little push is the very thing they want.

MINARD'S LINIMENT Relieves Neuralgia.

The man who gets out the weather reports easily distances all other authors as a writer of fiction.

The Brightest Flowers must fade, but young lives endangered by severe coughs and colds may be preserved by Dr. Thomas' Eclectric Oil. Croup, whooping cough, bronchitis, in short all affections of the throat and lungs, are relieved by this sterling preparation, which also remedies rheumatic pains, sores, bruises, piles, kidney difficulty, and is most economic.

The stage hand is not noted for rowdyism, but he occasionally raises a scene.

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.

Rich people are never liars. They are just enthusiastic.

CANADIAN NORTHERN

SHORT ROUTE TO ALL POINTS — FAST TIME

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.

Excursion Tickets via Great Lakes 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	6.00	
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	18.00
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	16.30	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, Miniota, 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
Hamboro, Souris and intermediate points, daily except Sunday	9.05	15.15
Pipestone, Reston, Arcola and intermediate points, Mon., Wed., and Fri. via Brandon	7.30	
Tues., Thur., and Sat. via Brandon		22.30
Frobyshire, Hirsch, Bainfait, 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.	15.30	
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.

A MIDNIGHT ALARM.

How a Brave Man Lost His Nerve In a Lonely House.

As he is 6 feet 2 and is fully up to the American standard of physical courage, it is amusing to hear him tell about it.

"The folks went away on a three weeks' visit," he relates. "That's an awful big house of ours, you know, and I remained there as the sole custodian. It had been burglarized twice within my memory, but I own up right now that I used to feel a little squeamish when I turned in anywhere from 12 to 2.

"One night it was just after 1 when I clicked off the electric light. The wind was blowing half a gale, and even when there is a dead calm late at night you can hear all kinds of sounds and imagine as many more. I had a miniature howitzer under my pillow, and I recall that I grabbed the gun three different times, sat up in bed, heard my heart bounding and was ready to turn loose as soon as I made up my mind where I ought to shoot.

"By 3 I was in a doze and had ceased to strain my ears for noises when there came a 'bang' that raised both me and my hair. Honest, it was the most startling thing I ever went against. I forgot I had a gun. I rolled from the off side of the bed and dropped to the floor like a ton of pig iron. I made as good as a mile in 4:30 on my hands and knees, reached the hall, went down stairs in three jumps and a fall, went to the corner with all sails set, met a policeman and together we hurried back.

"He carried his revolver in his hand, and I seized a $400 vase as a weapon as we passed through the hall. Just as we reached the top of the stairs there was that blood curdling 'bing' again. I dropped the vase into the hall below, and he dashed into my room, turned on the light and investigated. What do you think he found?"

"A burglar?"

"No. I had left my banjo keyed up taut and two of the strings had snapped." —Detroit Free Press.

Wouldn't Stand For It.

He was a little, fat, sawed off German, and he called at the corner grocery for the purpose of paying a bill of a few weeks' standing. After taking his money the grocer handed him a cigar and said:

"Now you are square, Fritz."

"Guess dot I vos?" queried the German.

"You are square, I said," replied the grocer.

"I vos schvare, was I?" exclaimed the puzzled Fritz.

"Yes, you are all square now," said the grocer.

Fritz was silent for a moment; then his face flushed, and, bringing his fist down on the counter, he exclaimed:

"Py chimmeny! I vill haf no more peeseness mit you. I pay mine pill like a shendleman, and you make a choke mit me—you say I vos schvare ven I know I vos roundt as a parrel alretty. I dond like dem chokes. My peeseness mit you vos done."—Chicago News.

MINARD'S LINIMENT Cures Dandruff.

No century has ever begun on a Wednesday, Friday or Sunday, and the same order of days is repeated every 20 years.

SOZODONT FOR THE TEETH 25c

A chestnut tree, planted by the Prince of Wales, now King Edward of England, grows beside the tomb of Washington, at Mount Vernon.

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.

A wise man speaks well of his friends, and of his enemies he speaks not at all.

Mr. Thomas Ballard, Syracuse, N.Y., writes: "I have been afflicted for nearly a year with that most-to-be-dreaded disease, dyspepsia, and at times worn out with pain and want of sleep, and after trying almost everything recommended, I tried one box of Parmelee's Vegetable Pills. I am now nearly well, and believe they will cure me. I would not be without them for any money."

A man who loved and won says that the best man at a wedding isn't the groom.

A HEARTY LAUGH.

The Wonderful Effects It Has Upon the Human System.

"Laugh and grow fat" is a saying as old as the hills. It has long been an accepted fact that humor is a promoter of digestion and merry words the deadliest foes of disease. Dr. J. E. Kennedy, editor of the Iowa Health Bulletin, writes an interesting article on the value of laughter, in which he shows it is not only a remedial agent, but is also a valuable preventive against a host of diseases. The physical effects of laughter are thus put down by Dr. Kennedy:

Laughter increases the blood circulation.

It enlarges the heart.

It expands the lungs.

It jiggers the diaphragm.

It promotes the dioculation of the spleen.

In other words, laughter stirs up the vital regions of the body, gives them healthful exercise and produces a mental exhilaration which acts upon the system much as a brisk walk in a crisp atmosphere does upon the appetite. As strong allies to laughter Dr. Kennedy gives the following directions for mental peace of mind:

Beware of theologians who have no sense of mirth. They are not altogether human.

Keep your chin up.

Don't take your troubles to bed with you. Hang them on a chair with your trousers or drop them in a glass of water with your teeth.

Dr. Kennedy has surely hit the nail on the head. If his prescription and advice are followed, his own bills will be decidedly cut down.

In the Far North.

"Hi," yelled the walrus, "look out for that pot hunter! He's after you!"

"I don't give a wrap!" replied the humorous seal as he disappeared below the waves just in time.

Technical.

Bretto—Manager Grooves did not accept my play, but he praised it very highly. He spoke particularly about its wealth of atmosphere. I wonder, by the way, what he meant.

Scorer—Perhaps it was his way of saying that the play was mostly wind.—Boston Transcript.

Shiloh's Consumption Cure

Cures Coughs and Colds at once. It has been doing this for half a century. It has saved hundreds of thousands of lives. It will save yours if you give it a chance. 25 cents a bottle. If after using it you are not satisfied with results, go to your druggist and get your money back. . . . .

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

Karl's Clover Root Tea corrects the Stomach

Bricks are now being burned by electricity, which promises to revolutionize the industry by greatly reducing the labor and cost. The wet clay is put into a covered iron mold which holds 1000 bricks, a strong current is turned on and in a short time the bricks are dried and burnt, and are ready for sale.

CRYING BABIES.

The Cry of An Infant Is Nature's Signal of Distress.

Babies never cry unless there is some very good reason for it. The cry of the baby is nature's warning signal that there is something wrong. Every mother ought to get to work immediately to find out what that something wrong may be. If the fretfulness and irritation are not caused by exterior sources, it is conclusive evidence that the crying baby is ill. The only safe and judicious thing to do is to administer Baby's Own Tablets without the slightest delay.

For indigestion, sleeplessness, the irritation accompanying the cutting of teeth, diarrhoea, constipation, colic, and simple fevers, these marvellous little tablets have given relief in thousands of cases and saved many precious baby lives. Do not give a child so-called "soothing" medicines; such only stupefy and produce unnatural sleep. Baby's Own Tablets are guaranteed to contain no opiate or other harmless drugs; they promote sound, healthy sleep because they go directly to the root of baby troubles. Dissolved in water these tablets can be given to the youngest infant. Mrs. Walter Brown, Milby, Que., says:—"I have never used any medicine for baby that did as much good as Baby's Own Tablets. I would not be without them."

Baby's Own Tablets are for sale at all drug stores, or will be sent direct on receipts of price (25 cents a box) by addressing the Dr. Williams Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

The dressmaker may rip and tear and still not be mad.

SOZODONT TOOTH POWDER 25c

There is a vast difference between second thoughts and second-hand thoughts.

So rapidly does lung irritation spread and deepen, that often in a few weeks a simple cough culminates in tubercular consumption. Give heed to a cough, there is always danger in delay. Get a bottle of Bickle's Anti-Consumptive Syrup, and cure yourself. It is a medicine unsurpassed for all throat and lung troubles. It is compounded from several herbs, each one of which stands at the head of the list as exerting a wonderful influence in curing consumption and all lung diseases.

It's a lucky thing for the average man that he doesn't know some of the things that other people know about him.

MINARD'S LINIMENT for Sale Everywhere.

John D. Rockefeller has purchased a 2000-acre tract of land along the banks of the Hudson. He intends erecting a million dollar palace, constructing waterfalls, artificial lakes, miles of fine roadway, and when completed will present it to his son. It is a fine thing to be the son of an oilocrat.

What Any Clever Youth Would Do.

"She said I might kiss her on either cheek."

"What did you do?"

"I hesitated a long time between them."

Those "Off" Days.

There are days when every single thing you try to do goes wrong;
You cannot even twist your necktie right;
You cannot get your hair to part exactly as it should;
Your breakfast will not coax an appetite.
Every finger that you have seems to be made into a thumb;
Your brain cannot be brought around to think,
And everything you try to do goes just the other way,
And then you stick your pastebrush in the ink!

There are days that come to all of us when matters take a twist;
The very morning paper makes us mad;
We do not like the way the sun comes slinking from the east;
We vow our luck's the worst we ever had.
The man we want to pleasantly impress does not appear;
Instead there comes some one from whom we shrink,
And, taken altogether, life is such a hollow thing;
'Tis then you stick the pastebrush in the ink!

Now, that's the fiercest climax to all these unlucky things;
It coaxes all our swear words to the front;
To jab the blasted inkwell with the idiotic brush
Will make a man arrange a swearing stunt,
And then it is the jingles fail to jingle as they should,
And pointless jokes are all that one can think;
Of all unlucky days the hoodoo settles on the one
That sees us stick the pastebrush in the ink!
—Baltimore American.

A Display of Avarice.

On the occasion of giving a concert Mme. Sala engaged Paganini at a fee of 50 guineas, says the Golden Penny. The next day she repaired to the violinist's house and handed him the sum in gold, the sight of which filled the great player with such violent emotion that he plunged his fingers among the bright pieces, which he poured over his arms and hands as though they were water. Despite this display of avarice, however, he returned the fee to Mme. Sala.

THE MOON'S CHANGES

THEY HAVE NO INFLUENCE WHATEVER UPON THE WEATHER.

Some Superstitions That Still Exist Upon the Subject—Moon Theories That Are Mere Survivals From a Past Credulity.

A belief prevails that the moon's phases and changes have a controlling influence over the weather, but so great an authority as Professor C. A. Young of Princeton has assured us that the moon has absolutely nothing to do with the weather.

Such a belief is in the strict sense of the word a superstition—"mere survival from a past credulity. It is quite certain that if there is any influence at all of the sort it is extremely slight, so slight that it cannot be demonstrated with certainty, although numerous investigations have been made expressly for the purpose of detecting it. We have never been able to ascertain, for instance, with certainty whether it is warmer or not or less cloudy or not at the time of the full moon. Different investigations have led to contradictory results.

"As to the supposed connection between 'changes of the moon' and changes of the weather, it should be enough to note that even within the United States the weather changes are not simultaneous (in Kansas and Maine, for instance), as they should be if they were due to the changing phases of the moon. Since, however, a change of the moon occurs every week, every weather change must necessarily occur within about three days and a half of lunar change, and half of them ought to fall within about forty-five hours, even if perfectly independent.

"Now, it requires only a very slight prepossession in favor of a belief in the effectiveness of the moon's changes to make one forget a few of the weather changes that occur too far from the proper time. Coincidences enough can easily be found to justify a pre-existing belief."

From a very remote antiquity, in the twilight of natural astrology, a belief arose that changes in the weather were occasioned by the moon. That the belief still exists is clear to any one who is acquainted with current literature and common folklore. In fact, it must be admitted that even intelligent and well informed people have been known to accept the theory.

The idea that the weather is affected by the changes in the moon is still held with great vigor in England, and one of our proverbs is, "So many days old the moon is on Michaelmas day, so many floods after." If it rains on St. Swithin's day, we are told to expect rain for forty days after. An equally wise prediction is that if Christmas comes during a waxing moon we shall have a very good year, and the nearer to the moon the better, but if during a waning moon a hard year, and the nearer the end of the moon so much the worse.

Another belief is that the condition of the weather depends upon the day of the week on which the new moon chances to fall. New moon on Monday, or moon day, is everywhere held as a sign of good weather. Friday's new moon is much disliked, while Saturday is unlucky for the new and Sunday for the full moon.

In Scotland the farmers believe that a misty moon is a misfortune, and an agricultural maxim among them teaches that

If the moon shows like a silver shield,
You need not be afraid to reap your field,
But if she rises haloed round
Soon we'll tread on deluged ground.

Another weather guide connected with the moon is that to see "the old moon in the arms of the new moon" is reckoned a sign of fair weather, and so is the turning up of the horns of the new moon. In this position it is supposed to retain the water which is imagined to be in it and which would run out if the horns were turned down.

The country people in Scotland foretell the changes of the weather from the changes in the appearance of the new moon. If she "lies sair on her back," it is a sure sign of bad weather, or when her horns are pointed toward the zenith.

At Whitby when the moon is surrounded by a halo with watery clouds the seamen say that there will be a change in the weather, for the "moon dogs" are about. There is also a belief prevalent among sailors and seafaring men that when a large star or planet is seen near the moon or, as they express it, "a big star is dogging the moon," this is a certain sign of stormy weather.—Exchange.

The United States has now the third largest Hebrew population of any country in the world. One in every 70 is a Jew.

In the year 1750 the Lord Mayor of London died of jail fever caught during the assizes at Newgate. Jail fever was a form of typhus.

Australia now breeds considerably over double as many sheep as the United States, the numbers being 100½ millions to 39¼ millions.

Minard's Liniment Cures Burns, Etc.

The revolver's claim to being a sociable weapon lies in the fact that it never goes off by itself.

Ill fitting boots and shoes cause corns. Holloway's Corn Cure is the article to use. Get a bottle at once and cure your corns.

In courtship affection is often overdone; after marriage it is apt to be rare.

All men have not reached a ripe old age when they begin to fall off.

Sozodont

Good for Bad Teeth

Not Bad for Good Teeth

Sozodont . . . 25c
Sozodont Tooth Powder 25c
Large Liquid and Powder 75c

25c.

HALL & RUCKEL, New York.

The creature most tenacious of life is the common sea polyp. One may be split into half a dozen sections, making as many animals. They may be turned inside out, when they apparently enjoy themselves just as well as before. If two be divided and placed end to end, the result will be a monster, having a head at each extremity.

CROSS QUESTIONED.

M. B. CONNICK RELATES HIS EXPERIENCE WITH BRIGHT'S DISEASE AND DODD'S KIDNEY PILLS.

Suffered With That Dread Malady for Fifteen Years—Treated by Five Different Doctors—Literally Rescued From Death by Dodd's Kidney Pills.

Middleton, P. E. I., Dec. 30.—Mr. M. B. Connick, the well known blacksmith of this place, known all over the Island as the man whom Dodd's Kidney Pills saved from death as by a miracle has often been interviewed regarding his case and is ever ready to supply the facts.

"I had been a victim of kidney trouble for fifteen years before I took Dodd's Kidney Pills," said Mr. Connick in a recent conversation.

"Did you know it was Bright's Disease, Mr. Connick?"

"Not at first I didn't; but when I found it out I was startled, I can tell you. In those days, you know, Bright's Disease was incurable. I went to five different doctors. They could do no good. Finally my wife and I went together to one who told us right out there was no use taking our money. I could not be cured. I felt that it was all over."

"How did you come to take Dodd's Kidney Pills?"

"Well, one day a customer and I were talking of the death of a neighbor, and my customer said he was quite sure if he had taken Dodd's Dodd's Kidney Pills he would have been cured. That set me thinking. For the last six years I had been forced to hire a man to do my work. Well, I began to take Dodd's Kidney Pills, and before I had finished the third box I was again at work. I can shoe a horse as well today as ever I could in my life."

"Do you mean to say that three boxes of Dodd's Kidney Pills cured you of Bright's Disease of fifteen years' standing?"

"Yes, sir, that's exactly what I mean. I was so stiff and sore I could not stoop to pick up anything—couldn't put on my shoes. If my wife was here she would tell more about Dodd's Kidney Pills than I can."

Mr. Connick is now 57 years old and the picture of health and strength.

THE CREATION OF EVE.

Little Agnes' Idea as to the Bone Connected With That Event.

Little Agnes had been a regular attendant at the Sunday school last winter. The other day the school opened again after the vacation, and the teacher decided to have a general review of all the ground covered by the primary department. She stated, very properly, at the beginning:

"Children," said she, "after Adam was created, how was Eve brought into the world?"

A half dozen hands went into the air.

"Willie Smith may answer," said the teacher.

"Made outen a bone frum Adam."

"Now, children, that is correct. And from what bone was woman created?"

There was an awful silence in the classroom. Finally little Agnes' hand went up like a shot.

"You may answer, Agnes."

Her decision came quickly.

"The jawbone," said she.

Signs of His Calling.

"I think," said the old man, "Bill wuz cut out fer an election manager."

"Why so?"

"Well, I can't git it outen his head that twice one ain't ten."—Atlanta Constitution.

MUSIC MAY BE MURDERED on a good piano—the piano is not to blame; but you can't get any music out of a poor piano. If you want a really good piano at lowest possible cost, try the

WILLIAMS'.

We are selling from $250 to $500, according to grade.

Its matchless musical quality, its purity of tone, its durability, all commend it.

All makes of organs for sale, also some good organs and pianos, slightly used, very cheap.

FORRESTER & HATCHER,
V. M. C. A. Block. . . WINNIPEG.
Eldredge "B" Sewing Machines.

Eddy's Parlor Matches

For Sale Everywhere

Try our Parlor Matches. They produce a quick LIGHT without any objectionable fumes. : : . . . . . :

THE E. B. EDDY CO., LIMITED, HULL, CANADA.

The Year Just Closed Has Been the Most Successful in the History of

THE GREAT-WEST LIFE ASSURANCE CO.

IN BUSINESS IN FORCE
PREMIUM INCOME
INTEREST EARNINGS
INCREASE IN ASSETS

It Stands Unrivalled.

A cool head is better than cool feet.

FAGGED OUT.—None but those who have become fagged out know what a depressed, miserable feeling it is. All strength is gone, and despondency has taken hold of the sufferers. They feel as though there is nothing to live for. There, however, is a cure. One box of Parmelee's Vegetable Pills will do wonders in restoring health and strength. Mandrake and dandelion are two of the articles entering into the composition of Parmelee's Pills.

Nothing is wholly bad. Even a pawn ticket has redeeming qualities

---

If your children are troubled with worms, give them Mother Graves' Worm Exterminator; safe, sure, and effectual. Try it, and mark the improvement in your child.

Many a man gets to the top by using the elevator instead of climbing the ladder.

If we could see ourselves as others see us all oculists would have to work overtime.

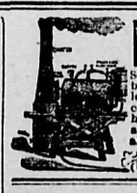
Darkness of Ocean Depths.

How far does sunlight penetrate beneath the surface of the seas? has been asked many times, and now the camera has answered the question. By exposing the most sensitive photographic plates at various depths it has been ascertained with definiteness how much sunlight there is in the water each descending foot.

There is a point at which no action of light is found, and that point is 600 feet under the surface. Below that is absolute darkness, and the only way in which the most delicate plate can be effected in that black abyss is to send down an electric light with it.

Spanish Mandora.

The favorite instrument in Spain is the mandora of the guitar family. It is usually provided with six pairs of wire strings.



RIPPLEY'S COOKERS.

Sell from $10.00 to $45.00. Made of boiler steel. No flues to rust or leak. Can't blow up. Guaranteed to cook 25 bu. feed in 2 hours, and to heat water in stock tanks 200 feet away. Will heat dairy rooms. Catalogue and prices mailed free.

RIPPLEY HARDWARE CO., Box 350 (U.S. Fact'y, Grafton, Ill.) London, Ont.

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.

Too many cooks may spoil the broth, but experience will teach you that one can do the same.

The doctors are the pillars of society.

All some people do for a living is breathe.

The fellow who is out after the dough only sometimes misses the cake.

The verse writer is not necessarily versatile.

When a man fails he will tell you that he is a victim of circumstances.

W. N. U. No. 358.

If you are a lover of good tea, buy a package of 50¢ Blue Ribbon (it has a green label) and you will have a treat.

REGAIN YOUR HEALTH

How many men are suffering miseries for the want of a simple remedy? They do not live; they simply exist. In the faces of thousands can be read the story of a wasted life and blighted hopes. Joys and pleasures are unknown to them because there vitality is being sapped. Varicocele, wasting drains have exhausted nature's electrical forces and left them wrecks upon the shores of life.

Dr. McLaughlin's Electric Belt

Is the grandest remedy of the age for building up wrecked humanity. It fills the exhausted nerves and organs with the fire of life. If you will use it while you sleep for two months it will restore youthful vigor to every organ of the body. It is the only electrical body appliance in the world to-day that will infuse the life force into the weakened parts.

It is curing thousands. I can furnish you with testimonials from those whom I have cured. Perhaps some of them your neighbours.

Read these Encouraging Cures

I am still wearing it, and will tell you about the result. I have gained about fifteen pounds, and my back does not bother me now.—D. GRIBBIS, Guelph, Ont.

Your belt has helped my nerves, and I have gained in flesh, and my joints are looser.—CLAUDE COOPER, Box 182, Chatham, Ont.

Before using your Belt I was given up by eight doctors, and was reduced to 98 pounds, and confined to my bed as weak as an infant. It is now five months since I started the use of the Belt, and am completely cured, and have gained 62 pounds.—T. N. BROWN, Collingwood, Ont.

I have been wearing your Belt nightly for nearly a month. I am using it for constipation, and I am also applying the suspensory with good results.—W. F. GRAHAM, Pettipiece, Man.

The pains and weakness have left my back, and to tell the truth I have no pains or aches at all since using your Belt.—T. J. PATRICK, Rockton, Ont.

CAUTION—If you value your health, do not accept an imitation of my Belt. There are many on the market. Old style, blistering scorchers, whose only merit is their ability to burn and scar the flesh, are being offered with a cheap imitation of my Cushion Electrode. But it is a sham. Don't accept it. The best is none too good when you want your health, your vigor; so avoid imitations. The cushion electrode is my special invention. Without it all electric belts blister and burn holes in the flesh and can do no good. I take the other belts in trade.

FREE BOOK—Every man who admires the perfection of physical strength should read my beautifully illustrated book. It tells how strength is lost and how I restore it with my Electric Belt. I will send this book, closely sealed, free upon request if you will send this ad. If you are not the man you should be, write to-day.

DR. M. B. McLAUGHLIN, 130 YONGE STREET, TORONTO, ONT.
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Marysville, B. C.

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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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Chas. P. Campbell.

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We the undersigned Adams & Langley wish to notify our customers and the public that on and after the 10th of January 1902 that the partnership heretofore existing between us is dissolved by mutual consent. Mr Adams will continue the business and assume the liabilities of the said Adams & Langley. For Mr. Adams we solicit a continuance of the generous patronage accorded us by our numerous customers.

L. M. Adams.
J. B. Langley

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Good Table and every accommodation.
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The Marysville Tribune

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

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION,
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One Year,	$2 00
Six Months,	1 00

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

LOCAL FLOAT

For Insurance, see "Hutch."

G Leask visited Marysville Tuesday

Jack Tonny drove to Fort Steele on Sunday.

Wm Trout returned from Spokane Tuesday.

E H Small returned from Cranbrook on Tuesday.

E J Peltier, "Old Pelt," was in Marysville Tuesday.

Go to Frank McCabe for fresh and good groceries.

Mr. Bernard is slowly recovering from his illness.

Sleighing is good between Marysville and Cranbrook.

Peter Woods of Cherry Creek was in town this week.

C. E Reid arrived in Marysville on Tuesday's train.

When you think of insurance you think of "Hutch."

Rev Bowering came up from Cranbrook on Tuesday.

Charles Early has completed burning another kiln of brick.

Edward Elwell came down from Kimberley on Wednesday.

The first skating on the Marysville rink was last Saturday.

Mrs. Bereautt of Kimberley is visiting friends in Fort Steele.

Rev. Reid held service at Kimberly last Sunday morning.

If you want to get good warm clothing for cold weather, go to Hill.

G. H Miner, the pioneer hardware man came up from Cranbrook Tuesday.

Dr. O Hagan left for Lethbridge on Tuesday, he will be away about a week.

David Bale, father of the ever cheerful Alfred, visited Marysville Wednesday.

Fred Pieper the wall paper king of East Kootenay is back in Marysville again

Mrs. John McDonald came in from Spokane on Saturday to join her husband here.

Dick Joyce visited Marysville on Monday. He says that Marysville looks good to him.

Work has been rather slow on the smelter works this week owing to the cold weather.

Mrs. Bennett returned from Moyie on Tuesday, where she has been visiting her daughter.

Rev Reid of Fort Steele held service in the Falls View hotel at 8 o'clock last Sunday evening.

George Leitch, one of the lumber princes of Cranbrook, paid Marysville a visit on Thursday.

Mrs. and Miss Dudley accompanied Mr. Dudley as far as Marysville on his return to Cranbrook.

Miss Ethel Bennett returned from Kimberley on Saturday, where she was visiting Miss Dudley.

Robert Naubert, brought down from St, Marys lake 105 pounds of fish. They were principally lake trout.

P. Fossom of Moyie, has taken a position as cook at the Central hotel, during the absence of Wm. Bryant.

Mr. Dudley of Cranbrook, came up on Saturday on a short visit to his wife and family at Kimberley. He returned to Cranbrook on Sunday.

Mr. Squarebriggs has disposed of his new house and lot to William Small. Mrs. Small and family of Cranbrook, will arrive shortly to join him.

Walter Martin payed some of his Kimberley friends a very pressing visit on Sunday evening. Walter wants to know who says Kimberley isn't all right.

L. M. Adams the Marysville butcher, is erecting an addition to the premises which he now occupies. Mr. Adams says that business in his line is very good.

Dr. Archibald of Kimberley was a Marysville visitor on Wednesday. He went to Cranbrook to meet his brother who is passing through on his way from the East.

Dr. Bell, government veterinary surgeon, visited the town on inspection last Saturday He is more than surprised with the growth and prosperity of the town.

Norman Hill has leased the part of the Peltier block which was used as a drug store by Reid & Co. and will use it as a store. Mr. Hill says that business is all right in Marysville.

The coldest weather that Marysville has witnessed this winter so far was Monday morning last. The thermometer registered 25 below zero. That is quite a change in Marysville's beautiful weather.

N. Hansen the "Poo Bah" of Wasa was in town Wednesday and Thursday.

C. P. Periard, of Kashut, Quebec, payed Marysville a visit. He also called at The Tribune, and expressed his opinion to the effect that he hoped that Marysville would be a prosperous town.

The Central hotel has something to say this week. The restaurant is in charge of J. Wolfe, and the bar is looked after by John McDonald This fact insures the best in both departments to the public.

A Big Contract.

N C. McKinstry has secured the contract for hauling 500 000 brick from the brick yard to the smelter. This is a big contract, and Mr. McKinstry intends to get to work at once so that he will be able to take advantage of the good sleighing.

A Bachelors Ball.

The members of the "Bachelor Brotherhood" who board at the Royal hotel will give a dance next Friday night, and are arranging for a good time for everybody. Mr. and Mrs. McMillan have agreed to turn over the house to the brotherhood for that evening, and the bachelors propose to take advantage of this opportunity. Messrs. Fox and Liddicoat have been delegated to design a brotherhood necktie for the occasion.

Dance at the Falls View.

A very pleasant dance was given by Messrs. Studdard and Duncan in honor of Mrs. M Kenzie at the Falls View on Wednesday evening. About twenty couples were in attendance. The music was furnished by Prof. Highwarden and Mr. Duncan and by Mr. and Mrs. McMillan, About 12 o'clock a lunch was served, after which dancing was resumed and kept up until about 2 a. m. An exceedingly pleasant evening was spent by all.

The King's Insurance.

Toronto, Jan. 26 —If Edward VII were to die before the coronation it would mean, in addition to the passing of the world's greatest monarch, that nearly $15,000,000 insurance money would be paid to his heirs and to the business men in England.

This immense sum, with the exception of $3,000,000 which King Edward carries on his own life, and nearly three millions placed by persons who have an interest in his royal existence, has been carried by the English companies in favor of the infinite number of tradesmen against the King's coronation. The merchants and tradesmen of the great metropolis are spending millions in money, counting on immense profits during the fete week in which the King is to have the crown placed upon his head as the culmination of the most magnificent ceremony the world has known. If this ceremony should not take place many of the traders would be financially crippled and bankrupted, on which they pay large premiums.

RAILROAD WRECK.

One Man Killed and Another Seriously Injured.

From the Herald—

While a freight train was going west last Friday afternoon, a broken flange threw one car off the track, carrying with it several others. None of the train crew were injured, but two men beating their way in a car of coal were caught in the wreck. T. Miller was buried beneath an avalanche of coal and smothered to death. His companion, William Weterhold, received internal injuries of a serious nature. The remains of Miller were left at Creston for burial and Weterhold was brought to Cranbrook and placed in the St. Eugene hospital for treatment.

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

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Marysville . . . B. C.

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Present office and laboratory at the North Star Mine, near Kimberly, B. C. Prompt attention given to sample by mail or express.

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.

FRANKLIN TRADING CO.

Groceries Good and Cheap.
We also carry a Large Stock of Underwear, Gloves, Rubbers and Mackinaws.

FRANK McCABE,
Manager.

For Everything you want in Gent.'s Furnishings, go to

NORMAN HILL

Marysville, B. C.

You can tell a man's breeding by the cut of his coat,

Tailor made clothes are "cut" others are "chopped"

CROWN TAILORING CO.S garments are "cut" to fit the form.

C. R. PALMER,
Office Cranbrook. Agent.

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L. B. VANDECAR, Proprietor.

Refitted throughout. Newly Furnished Rates $1.00 a day and up. Miner's and proprietor's head quarters.

East Kootenay Hotel
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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 at the East Kootenay.

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

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PRACTICAL Horse Shoes, Carriage and Wagon Blacksmith, Plows repaired, Woood Work done, Horses Shod with Spring-heel, Side-calks and Bar-shoes for weak quarters and corns, Cracked Hoofs, Copper Plated. All my work strictly First Class and Satisfaction Guaranteed.

Marysville Hotel.....

Bale & Small, Props.

The Pioneer Hotel of the St. Marys Valley

THE DINING ROOM

Will be in charge of Mr. and Mrs. S. A. Slinn after Dec. 16th who will do everything possible to please the guests.

The Royal Hotel

MARYSVILLE, B. C.

This hotel is now open and ready for guests.

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

A FIRST CLASS HOUSE

If you wish to prosper

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

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TO THE TOWN OF MARYSVILLE.

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"THE ELEVATOR"

McNEILL & CLAYTON.

Yes in spite of the extremely cold snap we are still at our post and ready to fill all orders at short notice.

French and Canadian Sardines

Postum Cereal, Grape Nuts, Cox's Gelatine, Magic Soda, Prices Baking Powder. Goods delivered any where in the city.

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For overalls, boots and shoes, rubbers, underwear, hats, caps, and everything a man wears