J J Armstrong

The Marysville Tribune.

VOL 1: NO. 6 MARYSVILLE, BRITISH COLUMBIA, DECEMBER 28, 1901. $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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Pioneer Hardware Merchant,

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100 boxes Batgers peels. Nothing finer.

We also have some fine Stilton Cheese we are curing Will be ready for Christmas.

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Those furnishing hotels and homes in Marysville should see our stock before ordering elsewhere.

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Manufacturers of Rough and Dressed Lumber

Lumber Quoted in Car Load Lots F O B Marysville

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Has just opened a full line of Drugs, Chemicals, Sundries, Etc. Fine Soaps and Perfumes. The best brands of Cigars and Tobacco. Latest Newspapers and Periodicals.

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Send to---

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

Movie News.

From the Movie Leader—

True to the reputations gained by the Movie Miners' Union, their second annual ball last Thursday was crowned with success, There was nothing lacking; the committee, consisting of Messrs. Wm. Mills, H. C. Livesly and Cameron Clark, saw that everything was provided for. Good taste was displayed in decorating the hall. The charter was placed at the head of the hall and was draped with bunting and ever-greens. Underneath were the letters W. F. M. On one side encircled with a border were the words "Welcome to All" and on the opposite side were the miner's pick, shovel, hammer neatly arranged. On the 18th of December, 1896. just two years ago last Thursday, Moyie Miner's Union No. 71 was organized. The membership on that date was 34; to-day it is considerably over the 200 mark. During the two years it has paid out in sick benefits $1,400, and has now between $800 and $1,000 in cash on hand and investments. The union has attained a standing in this community which can be pointed to with pride. It has never encountered the slightest trouble, and it is safe to say that there is not a union in the entire province which has more harmonious relations with the employers of its members.

C. P. Campbell, the undertaker, was in town Thursday. Mr. Campbell says he has buried 81 persons within two years, which shows that business in his line has been brisk.

A. Leitch, the Cranbrook lumber king was in town Tuesday.

D. Wilson, inspector of schools, was in town this week. He was well pleased with the way in which the Moyie school was conducted.

The trial of the Crown vs. G. R. Muir for throwing sawdust in the lake came up last Saturday morning before Chief Magistrate Armstrong. W. F. Gurd represented G. R. Muir, the defendant, and H. W. Barnes conducted the prosecution. The prosecution contended that Parks, Mitchell & Co., were in the habit of throwing sawdust in the lake, which is contrary to law. Mr. Gurd contended that the saw mill was situated on a bay, not on running water, and that a boom was used for the purpose of preventing the sawdust from floating out into the lake. Mr. Armstrong has not yet rendered his decision in the case.

John McTavish, a miner employed at St. Eugene, and Miss Nellie Waltehead were married in Cranbrook Thursday morning. They will make their home in Moyie. Both are popular young people and have a host of friends here.

Fernie News.

From the Free Press—

L M. Mansfield, book keeper for the McNab lumber company, was in town Wednesday.

G Johnson, formerly of Fernie, who is now interested in good mining propositions in the Lardeau country will likely winter here.

Henry Abby, son of the machinist at McNab's saw mill at Jaffray, had his left arm broken last Friday. He was brought here and the fracture was reduced by Dr. Higgins.

A brakeman named John Bremner, who lives in Cranbrook, had a very narrow escape in the yard here Wednesday. He was turning a switch and attempted to step on the foot board of the engine. He missed connection and in falling grabbed the brake beam and was dragged under. While under the engine he let go of the brake beam and did a stunt that will stop his growth for some time Nearly the whole length of the big engine passed over him when he was "hunched" up between the rails. He was taken out between the drivers without a scratch.

T. J. Hennessy and P. McEwan, of this town, enlisted at Pincher, for the third contingent, and left for Halifax Wednesday night, where they will embark for South Africa.

Outlook is Not Bright.

From the Movie Leader.

The present outlook for an early resumption of work at the St. Eugene mine is not at all bright. Manager Cronin has returned from his trip to California. When asked yestetday as to the probable situation after the first of the year he said it was anything but promising. He said the company had kept quite a number of men employed doing developement with the hope that conditions would improve and that they would be able to operate the mine at a profit after the first of the year. These hopes are now shattered, as the price of lead and silver have been steadily falling, and in his opinion it may be considerable time before they again reach the figures at which they were during the year 1901. As a consequence after the first of the year the force at the mine will be materially decreased.

At the annual meeting of the St. Eugene Consolidated Mining Co., which was held in Toronto last month, the acting board of directors was unanimously re-elected. Following is a list of them: George Gooderham, T. G. Blackstock, John A Finch, Georgr Sumner, E P Heaton, James Cronin, J. C. Drewry, W. G Gooderham, A. E Gooderham, W H. Beattie. Mr. Cronin was re-elected manager.

Subscribe For THE TRIBUNE

WORK TO BE PUSHED

No Delay in Getting in Supplies

FIRE BRICK AND CEMENT IS READY

Everything Looks Lovely at the Smelter Grounds and Work is Progressing Rapidly.

Word was received yesterday by telegraph from Spokane by Foreman McKenzie to push the work of getting out the timbers for the trestle of the smelter site spurs. No time will be lost in getting the track ready so that supplies may be brought right up to the many buildings now under construction Several cars of cement and fire brick have reached cranbrook and will be brought up to Marysville as soon as they can be handled. The gravel is being placed on the ground for the concrete foundations, and the trenches for the heavy foundations have all been excavated, and this branch of the work will be under headway in a few days.

The frame for the sulphide house is now going up. This building will be 60 feet high and is located just east and north of the roasting sheds. Work on the other buildings is progressing rapidly, and all of the structures are now assuming shape. The office building is nearly enclosed, and is going to be an handsome addition to the company's grounds. Each week now makes a vast difference in the appearance of the place, and people who were familiar with the conditions two weeks ago, would be strangers now.

Naturally the people in Marysville are greatly pleased with the condition of affairs. They see in these great structures rising up with such careful precision the basis of prosperity for Marysville and this part of the district and they know that with the smelter building, a new railroad under construction up the St Marys Valley, the North Star and Sullivan properties running, and hundreds of men developing properties in the territory tributary to this town. Marysville will be a good place to tie to next summer and for the future.

There will be money made in this town next year, and people who fail to get in on the ground floor will realize when it is too late, what a mistake they have made.

Fort Steele News.

From the Prospector—

Mr. Ralph Elton, well and favorably known in Fort Steele, was married on the 30th of November at Pincher Creek to a Miss Harmer, a young English lady The happy couple will take up their residence at Frank, N. W. T. We wish them many years of happiness and prosperity.

Doctor Kennedy, of Fort Macleod, who was here as medical examiner for the third contingent is an old friend of Indian Agent Galbraith. It is 22 years since they met at Macleod and a great change has taken place in the Kootenays and the Northwest Territories.

We regreat to announce the death of William L Tompkins, late teacher of the Fort Steele public school, at Louisville, Kentucky, where he went for a change of climate. Previous to his leaving for Kentucky Mr. Tompkins was at the Fort Steele hospital where he was carefully attended by Dr. Brodie and Nurse Ruth, and during his stay there apparently was rapidly improving. Much against the wishes of his medical attendant he decided to make an effort to go to milder climate, and on his way was obliged to rest at Fernie for a week where he was under the care of Dr Carson. Shortly after his arrival at Louisville he died, and it is thought by his friends that the trip there was too trying on his weak constitution. Mr. Tompkins was born near Grafton, Ontario, and began life as a newspaper reporter. He did work on a few of the papers in Ontario, principally on the Trenton Courier and the Telegram, Toronto. Before coming to British Columbia, he taught in several of the schools of Ontario. His first teaching experience in the Province was in the Fraser valley. He took charge of the Fort Steele public school as principal about two years ago and proved himself faithful and painstaking. His death is universally regretted. He was comparatively a young man of about 30 years of age. He was married and his wife left for Ontario a few months ago to visit relatives.

Royal Hotel Open.

The Royal hotel is now open to the public and a very good hotel it is. The rooms are large and airy and nicely furnished. The dining room is one of the best in the district and the cooking is excellent. The dining room is in charge of Mr. and Mrs. E M. Lowler. late of Moyie, at which place they made an enviable reputation as caterers.

Hughie McMillen the genial proprietor is to well known in the district to need introduction. He is the same old Swede as he was in Cranbrook. The Royal will always be one of the leading hotels of the St. Marys Valley.

The North Star.

The following circular letter has been issued by the board of directors of the North Star mine from Montreal: To the share holders of the North Star Mining Company, Limited: Gentleman, your directors regret that difficulties have arisen with the miners on the question of wager, which will result in the temporary closing of the mine, and the discontinuance of shipments for the present. In consequence of the present low price of lead, it has been considered advisable to reduce the dividend to 1 1 2 per cent for the quarter ending November 20. This dividend is payable on the 15th of December next. The directors are glad to state that the financial position of the company is excellent. The company has an accumulation of cash amounting to $230,000 with no liabilities, and a large plant which has been maintained in a high state of efficiency. It is the intention of the directors as soon as the question of wages is satisfactorily arranged, to continue vigorous exploration work for the discovery of additional ore bodies, which together with those now existing will be available for future shipments."

Crow's Nest Southern.

Late advices from the Crow's Nest Southern say that construction is making good progress. Grading is almost finished on the portion of the line from Jennings north to the international boundary line, and track laying will shortly be commenced.

North of the boundary line there has been some delay, occasioned principally by reason of difficulties experienced in getting the permission of the government for right away, etc. Now, however, comfortable camps have been erected and work is making good progress. It will take six months to finish the road on this side of the line. Operations will be carried on all winter, as there will be but little snow or frost to interfere. The contractors claim that it is difficult to secure enough men. They say that they are paying fair wages, have comfortable bunk houses for the accommodation of the men and that the food is plentiful and of good quality. Owing to the alien labor law men cannot be brought from Spokane and other cities to the south of the line, and on the other hand it costs too much to bring workmen from eastern Canada.—Fernie Free Press.

The Copper Situation.

Copper opened in London on Dec. 27th. at 78 6 1 decline owing to the fears of fresh selling in view of the expected break in the amalgamated company, but the price hardened, as few warrants were available. Seven hundred tons sold at 49 1 2 pounds to 50 1-4 pounds, During the afternoon 200 tons were sold at from 50 1 4 pounds to 51. The fortnightly stocks have increased 172 tons.

Cranbrook News.

From the Herald—

Bert Richards left yesterday afternoon for Ottawa and Montreal. While absent he will have an operation performed on his injured eye, and an artificial optic inserted.

J. R. Costigan, who recently moved with his family back to Calgary, won new honors in his old home by a brilliant speech at a banquet of the Old Timers'.

The Granby Consolidated company has installed a briquetting plant to handle the fine dust of its furnaces. It is the first plant of its kind in British Columbia.

George Hillard returned to Cranbrook yesterday for the purpose of enlisting in the third contingent. He has been in Manitoba the past summer and has concluded to go to Africa.

Dave Griffith, the wild horse veteran, was in town yesterday and brought over the usual grist of gold dust. Mr. Griffith is interested in the work of going to bedrock on the famous Wild Horse creek and he is of the opinion that they will strike good diggings when they reach pay dirt.

J. Schaich and Norman Hill of Marysville drove down Wednesday to see Cranbrook and her people.

It is said that the new road from Fernie to Jennings, a distance of 106 miles, will be completed next March.

C. R Brown, of the North Star mine, was in Cranbrook Tuesday on his way to Spokane for a few weeks vacation.

Talk to Cranbrook.

The telephone line between Marysville and Cranbrook is finished and it works well. The terminal at this end is located at the Royal hotel. At the other in the Cranbrook hotel. The telephone connection is a great convenience to the people of both places, and is appreciated.

Trail Smelter to Close.

The Trail Smelter expects to close down for a month. That step is necessary to permit the rock crusher now in use being replaced by a modern machine of double its capacity. Most of the apparatus has been delivered. The plant employs 600 men, but the shut down has been expected as the importance of the improvements is realized. With the new crusher in position the output can be substantially increased. The Rossland mines will not ship to Trail until the new machinery is set up.

Send The Tribune to your Friends

A HAPPY NEW YEAR

Some of the Leading Events of the Past.

AN IMPORTANT TWELVE MONTHS

And the Future Looks Bright for the Great Smelter City of East Kootenay.

We cannot look into the future and probably it is better for us that we cannot, but we can, all of us, look back over the past. At this time when the year 1901 has passed by and when 1902 is just springing into life it is interesting to look back over the events that have made history during the year just past. Ninteen Hundred and One will always be remembered as an eventful year, because it has been a year full of action the world over. Let us review a few of the events that have taken place during the year of grace 1901. The events that are without doubt the most important are those which plunged the two greatest nations in the world into the deepest mourning. Nineteen Hundred and One saw the death of the rulers of two great Anglo-Saxon nations the one from natural causes, the other by the hand of an assassin. "Victoria the good," died in 1901 after reigning sixty years, and more over the British Empire, and William McKinley was shot, without a chance to defend himself, during his second term as president of the United States. The Anglo-Saxon race has been in the turmoil of war during the whole of 1901. Great Britain in South Africa and the United States in the Phillipines Islands. Let us hope that 1902 will see these two great nations at peace with the whole world. The arts of peace have been represented by the great expositions at Glasgow and Buffalo. At both these great expositions Canada has more than held her own not only as an agricultural and mineral country but as a manufacturing nation.

Science has made great studies. Wireless telegraphy is an accomplished fact, messages having been transmitted from Europe to this contenant, and by the way, it is interesting to remember that Newfoundland was the first place on the American continent to receive a cable message from Europe and the other day was the first place to receive a wireless message across the Atlantic. Perhaps not during 1902 but certainly within a very few years that great commercial route, the Panama Canal will be an accomplished fact. A waterway that will bring all parts of the world closer together, a work that is undoubtedly the most important science the building of the Suez Canal. Canada, during the past year, has made rapid strides as have the other British Colonies. The tour of the Prince of Wales, (then the Duke of Cornwall and York,) has done great things towards linking the Empire closer together. The good feeling existing between the people of Canada and the citizens of the United States is distinctly in evidence and is a good omen for the future harmonious relation of these two great people.

British Columbia has been somewhat handicapped by labor troubles and by the low price of the minerals produced in the province but happily both these draw backs seem to be on the wane and we may, without being too sanguine, look forward to great provincial developments in 1902.

South East Kootenay has made wonderful strides during the year just past. No part of the district exists but that this can be said of. The placer mines of Perry creek have been developed until they are now on a paying bases. The mines of Wild Horse, Tracy and other creeks on the East side of the Kootenay have been worked during the year to advantage. Moyie and the country tributary to it has shown signs of more riches and has proved to the world that the St. Eugene, great mine though it is, is not the only mine in Moyie country.

The Norsh Star and Sullivan mines have been working more or less steady. New placer ground has been discovered at Lamb Creek. Iron in paying quantities has been located at Bull river and on Baker mountain and many other mineral developments have been recorded.

The past year has been a progressive year for the towns in the district. Nearly all of which show a material growth in their population. Perhaps the greatest event of 1901 was the birth of Marysville, that sturdy infant just five weeks old that bids fair to rival some of her old sisters in population and importance. Ninteen Hundred and One has been an eventful year, we know not what 1902 has in store for us, but however that may be the publishers of The Tribune wish the readers of this paper and the people of Marysville and the district a Happy New Year.

North Star.

The North Star will open up again and run with a full force on Monday the 29th. This is good news to the people of the district. We hope to be able to announce that the Sullivan and St. Eugene will followed suit in the near future.

FACE TO FACE TALKS

BY THE BUSINESS MANAGER

Motto for the week—Ring out the old ring in the new, ring out the false ring in the true

Ninteen Hundred and One will, next Wednesday, be a thing of the past therefore it is in order that the business manager should wish the readers a happy New Year and many of them. A little fatherly advice at this season will perhaps not be out of place. First don't swear off, you know you won't keep it and a resolution broken is worse than a resolution not made. If you must swear off, swear off not paying you subscription to The Tribune.

Pasted over the desk of the chief reporter of this paper are the following instructions, which the reporters are expected to follow in the preparation of "copy":—

"All brides are 'lovely, beautiful, and accomplished,' except they be old widows, and then they are 'amiable and cultivated.' All merchants who advertise are enterprising, wide-awake, and a credit to our city.' The names of those who do not advertise must not on any consideration appear in our paper.

"All old lawyers are 'worthy of a place on the bench.' Young lawyers are 'promising and silver tongued.' Doctors are 'eminent'; farmers are 'highly intelligent.' Candidates who put their announcements in our paper are 'gaining ground every day.' Those who do not announce are 'likely to be defeated.' Under no circumstances must these rules be broken.

Fond Father—"Willie, there is about to be an addition to the family, which would you rather have a little baby brother or a little baby sister?"

Little Willie.—If its all the same to mamma I'd sooner have a little rocking horse.

The cutting below is from the "Cornish Times," Liskeard,

COATH—At Chagford, on the 25th, ult., the wife of Robert P. Coath, jun., of twins, son and daughter this time, two sons last.

What next?

How Charley Swore Off.

THURSDAY, JAN. 2.

"Have a drink old man."

"No more of that for me. I've sworn off."

FRIDAY, JAN. 3.

"Take one on me, Charley."

"I'll take a cigar, if you don't mind. No more booze for me."

SATURDAY, JAN. 4.

"Hello Charley! Have a shot."

"Sorry, old boy. I've quit. I know enough to let it alone."

SUNDAY, JAN. 5.

"Come in Charley. Just got a bottle of 20-year old stuff. It's fine, I tell you."

"I've quit drinking entirely, but as this is a special case, I will take just one."

MONDAY, JAN. 6

"come up boys. Got a little girl up to the house Every body take one, and cigars don't go. Get in line charley."

"I don't care to drink any thing, but of course can't refuse to drink to the health of the baby. Give me rye and soda. Here's to the baby."

TUESDAY, JAN. 7,

"Hello charley, where are you going?"

"A little blow out down town. One of the boys got a case of champagne. There will be a hot time to-night."

WEDNESDAY, JAN. 8TH,

Nine o'clock a. m. "Say, bar tender, Give me a collins. This swearing off business is tough work."

Steamboats For the Kootenay.

Arrangements are being made for placing a steamer on the Kootenay. She will run as far as Portal or Crow's Nest Landing and connect with the Great Northern line from Jennings; and it is expected that a large amount of freight will be shipped to Fort Steele by that route. Hay, grain, oats and lumber will be the return cargo. A good business can be done during the season of navigation. The terminus will be Wasa.—Fort Steele Prospector.

The New Bell.

The Smelter company has purchased a time bull, and on Christmas day it was hung. The honor of ringing it the first time was accorded to Mr. Austin, the expert, and exactly at 12 o'clock noon he grasped the rope. Immediately the woods were filled with the sonorous tones of Marysville's first bell, and startled deer on the adjacent mountains raised their heads in alarm and then dashed to hidden retreats. It is said that the ringing of the bell can be heard at Cranbrook, Fort Steele and North Star mine.

Royal Hotel Opening.

The Royal hotel will have its opening on the 13th of January. H. D McMillen, the manager is arranging for a big time, and there is no doubt but that he will succeed.

RESPONSIBILITY

No stream from its source
Flows seaward, how lonely soever its course,
But what some land is gladdened! No star ever rose
And set without influence somewhere! Who knows
What earth needs from earth's lowest creature?
No life
Can be pure in its purpose and strong in its strife
And all life not be purer and stronger thereby!
The spirits of just men made perfect on high,
The army of martyrs who stand by the throne
And gaze into the face that makes glorious their own,
Know this, surely, at last! Honest love, honest sorrow,
Honest work for the day, honest hope for the morrow—
Are these worth nothing more than the hand they make weary,
The heart they have saddened, the life they leave dreary?
Hush! The sevenfold heavens to the voice of the Spirit
Echo, "He that o'ercometh shall all things inherit!"

—Lytton.

THE STORY OF A SONG

By Mrs. HERMANN KATZSCHMAR.

Only a little worn black book, so small that it could be carried in one's pocket, and yet the faded writing tells the heart secret of a lone poet's life. It might still have lain at the bottom of that musty pile of manuscript if I had not found my way into the old obscure shop one afternoon of that never to be forgotten summer in Vienna. And so I give it to the world. "What should I do without you, my beloved confidant! You are not to me pages of lined paper between two covers, but my inner self, to whom I unreservedly pour out my longings and aspirations. To you only can I 'give sorrow words' to voice my deepest joy. It makes no difference to you, dear little journal, that I am short of stature and of sight, round shouldered, awkward in my manner and my gait. What care you that my face is plain and my speech halting? Those outward signs that make the man foremost have never troubled you. You know the real Franz Steinert, his weakness and his strength and are ever ready to receive his confidence, and you shall have it, best of friends. To you I'll think aloud.

"Have you forgotten that this is Jan. 31, and I am twenty-one? Think what a long, uphill climb life has been to that little lad old Holzer taught to play and sing! Aye, but think again of all the joy that music has brought to him! How proud my dear old master was of all I did! I can remember once he gave me Bach's 'Heart Ever Faithful' for a theme, and when I improvised and modulated into different keys he cried out with delight, 'The boy has harmony in his finger ends.'

"What do I not owe you, faithful friend and teacher? Were you not the first to place within my hand the key to the deep hidden mysteries of tone? I am convinced that today will be the red letter day of my life, for the count's patronage must bring success. I wonder if he dreamed what his generous offer meant to me.

"I tried to stammer my gratitude, but human speech fails to show what is in the heart. Only the language music speaks can adequately tell of disappointments, lofty desires, hope's fulfillment. The count laid his hand upon my shoulder as I played, and then I came to know at once that he felt the thanks I could not utter.

"By the calendar it is a month (though I can scarcely believe it) since that morning, when, trembling, I tried to make a careful toilet for my first visit to my noble patron's, where I was to give lessons in music to his daughters. My threadbare waistcoat and frayed linen never showed so plainly. I was an hour inking the seams of my coat and paring the edges of my cuffs. Finally I started for the palace, my heart thumping so loudly against my ribs that, when I haltingly finished my inarticulate greetings to the count, I feared to hear him ask the lackey, 'What is that pounding?'

"While I was vainly struggling to command breath and words a fairylike apparition stood beside me. Her father said, with loving accent, 'My daughter,' but inwardly I questioned, 'Can anything so exquisite be material flesh and blood?' There seemed to be a gleam of sunshine in the half darkened room. I looked and found it was her smile. I heard a tender cadence, a strain so beautiful it could only come from heaven. Dumb and motionless I listened for it again, and then I knew it was her voice.

"How can I tell even you, my inner self, of all her graciousness of manner throughout these weeks, of all her love for what is best in music, of her keen appreciation of a thought expressed in tone?

"Days, weeks, months have passed, I'm told, and yet I could count time only by two hours each week. How short they are to hold the whole of life! Can I be—I, who never looked with love upon a woman until now, and she as far above me as the stars, although not sharp and glittering like those distant orbs, but sympathetic, kind and true, my Lady Caroline!

"What could have moved her so this morning? She seemed oppressed, and as she finished playing Beethoven's favorite 'Andante' tears filled her eyes.

"'I love it and seem to feel it in my heart,' she murmured, 'but when I play it sounds so cold, so harsh. Tell me the secret of your touch, my master,' and she lifted up her eyes beseechingly to mine.

"For a minute's space I could not answer, for there rose before me my miserable, starved childhood, so unutterably different from the life of her who questioned me. I shivered as I seemed to see an ill clad boy of twelve, in the early dawn of a bitter winter's day, making his way to the practice room where no warmth nor ray of sunshine ever penetrated, and where his numb fingers could hardly call forth the tones he loved, and so hungry that even his loved music could not bring forgetfulness of that gnawing hunger.

"A wave of pity filled my heart for that desolate little lad, as though he were some other than myself, as I recalled the piteous letters he would write to his brother, begging a few kreutzers with which to buy an apple or a bun to keep body and soul together, and, looking down upon this dainty child of fortune as she still questioned me with those dark eyes of heaven's blue, I stammered:

"'You would know the secret of my touch? I studied it in a school whose name I pray you may never comprehend—the school of poverty. The masters who taught me all I know may come to you in later years, and, if they do, their training, hard though it may be, will give you all you long for in your music.'

"Oh, little book of mine, words are too poor to tell the sympathy, the encouragement in her voice—her face. If God had only made her nearer to my level—what am I saying? Would I, if I could, drag her down to my poverty, my hedged in life? No, never! She is my star, my queen, whom I shall ever worship.

"While I stood trembling before her, speechless with love, she spoke again:

"'Surely you have something to say to me, my master?'

"Hesitatingly, I drew a slip of paper from my pocket, saying: 'Yesterday I was uneasy, restless, and in the evening, to bring sleep, I walked many miles. Returning weary, I stopped at a little wayside inn, and as I sat at table idly turning the leaves of a book some one had left there this line caught my eye: "Hark, hark! The lark at heaven's gate sings." And instantly a melody sang itself to the words, and I was compelled to write it down. I searched my pockets for a bit of paper, but could find none, so I used the bill of fare. Will you pardon me that I bring it to you just as it is?'

"Then, without more words, I played it to her—played as I never had before. She sat near me, and when I paused she did not speak, but with her eyes said, 'More!'

"'This I wrote and thought of you,' I whispered, and I played 'Who Is Sylvia?'

"When I rose to go, it was my lady's turn to tremble. 'I—I'— she stammered, and in her confusion I grew strangely self possessed, 'I long have wished to ask you why—why, as you have dedicated so many of your noble works to others, I alone am left unnoticed. Do you not think me worthy?' She glanced up shyly, while hot blushes overspread neck and brow. My voice sounded far away as I said:

"'My lady, do you not know that everything I have ever done is already dedicated in my heart to you?'

"The blow has fallen, little speechless comforter. She is going from me. These few lines which she has written take from me sunshine, life, and thrust me into that outer darkness whence there is no escape:

"'Dear Master—In three days we leave for Hungary to pass the summer. Will you not come and give one more lesson to your pupil? C. E.'

"Mein liebschen, thou art gone and hast taken with thee all save honor! I did not speak, though thou didst question me with thy sweet eyes, but yet my soul communed with thine, and it did seem that thy heart answered mine. Heart's dearest, couldst thou read aright thou must have seen and known for months how dear thou art to me. I do not speak thy name alone within this little room without falling upon my knees in reverence for thy goodness.

"Canst thou divine the pang it cost me that I must let thee go and never say 'I love thee?' And yet, through all the bitter pain one thought brought comfort—rapture. It was this: That I, so poor that I dare not tell thee in words the worship that I feel, yet have the power within me to express my love for thee in never dying song. Yes, yes! Immortal beloved, in my heart there sings for thee a song of songs that will live when we are gone; will live to tell the world the sacredness of man's love for woman, of my love for thee.

* * * * * * *

"How many days I have neglected you, dear little book. I am so weary, so tired of this hopeless struggle, that something within me cries, 'Take courage, it is not for long; your work is nearly done!' God grant it may be so, and yet that night, when underneath her window I stooped and lifted to my lips this faded rose her hand had thrown me and read these words wrapped round the stem, I felt life held no deeper bliss:

"'Beloved, I know well now the masters who taught thee so long ago the secret of thy thrilling touch and tone, for they are daily with me. Their names mean life and they are called experience and love. What can I say to thee of thy dear song, whose melody still fills my soul, save that it tells me all I longed to know, and leaves me comforted though broken hearted?'

"I read again and yet again her dear confession. I pressed it to my heart, my lips. Those first days when my Caroline had gone my song kept ever ringing in my ears—the song that was to tell her how I loved—adored.

"At last there came a time when even love could bear no more. 'I must, I will go and sing my song to her' I cried in my despair. 'At night, when all is hushed and still beneath her window, I can ease my heart.'

* * * * * * *

"It was past midnight when I crept through the garden gate. Silently I stood awhile beneath her window. Far off a nightingale sang in the forest depths. Yearningly I stretched my arms and breathed, 'Where the darkling streams are creeping, dearest, let us go.' Then love touched my voice and carried it on wings of glory unto my desire.

"All the stars keep watch in heaven
While I sing to thee,
And the night for love was given;
Dearest, come to me.

"A power from above filled me as I sang my swan song to my beloved. Was I awake? Was I not dreaming? I feel again the thrill with which I saw the outer blind move slowly back, and in the moonlight, grave and pale, there stood my Lady Caroline. Although I heard no word, I knew 'farewell' was on her lips and in her tear dimmed eye.

"She stood an instant; then, as she reached to draw the blind that was to shut her face from me forevermore, there fluttered from her hand and dropped down at my feet this crushed white rose.—Chicago Tribune.

Managing a Husband.

Every unmarried woman has said: "I'd like to own that man for one day. I'd teach him to behave." But have you noticed that when they marry they don't seem to manage any better than others?—Atchison Globe.

Cheapening.

Jones—I've just been doing something that always makes me feel cheap.

Smith—What is that?

Jones—Comparing my salary with what I think it ought to be.

A Real Martyr.

She—Yes, she is a woman who has suffered a great deal because of her belief.

He—Indeed! And what is her belief?

She—That she can wear a No. 3 shoe on a No. 4 foot.

The Eight Hour Day.

The eight hour day is not such a new thing. On April 2, 1792, the town of Partridgefield, Mass., now Peru, voted "to grant £150 for repairing highways in said town, to be worked out 2 thirds in June next, at 3s 6d per Day, and the other third in September at 3s per day. Eight hours in a day to be Deemed a Day's Work."

She Agreed With Him.

Husband—But you must admit that my taste is better than yours.

Wife—Yes, of course it is.

Husband—I'm surprised to hear you say so.

Wife—Oh, there's nothing remarkable about it! The mere fact that you married me and I married you proves it.—Answers.

Probably.

Willie—Pa, what are false eyes made of?

Pa—Glass.

Willie—But what kind of glass?

Pa—Oh—er—looking glass, I suppose. Now run off to bed.

IMPOSING ON EDITORS.

Curious Instances of Failure of the Editorial Memory.

Among magazine editors that particular kind of a memory which recognizes instantly any literary thing which it has seen before is developed to the limit of its capacity. Very rarely can a story be republished, even in a slightly garbled form or after an interval of many years and not be recognized and spotted by some outside editor, even if it has slipped past the censorship of the staff. The method usually followed by people who attempt to pass off old stories as original is to copy some practically unknown story by a famous author, leave out a little, add a little, and yet save enough that is good to make their version stand out from the ordinary run of the manuscripts which are declined every day by the magazine editors.

Some years ago one of the larger monthlies published a poem by a well known poet who died more than a century ago. As printed, it had been sent in by an unknown contributor from the west. This poem so struck the editor that he printed it, surrounded with a series of drawings by one of his best and most expensive illustrators. When he was informed by his friends of the true origin of the poem, he made a resolution to accept no contribution from authors of whom he had no personal knowledge, and for a year or two strictly maintained that policy. A somewhat similar case occurred recently, when a paper in this state published a poem by Keats and duly printed the poet's name beneath the title. A number of western papers reprinted the poem, giving credit to John Keats in the — —.

The use of extracts from magazines in newspapers and other magazines is not objected to by most of the large publishing houses, provided that the extracts are short ones and that a regular credit and copyright notice is printed either at the top or bottom of the article. In spite of this generally understood permission so many cases occur when material is used and no credit given that a regular printed form is kept on hand in most of the large establishments to be sent out in such cases as come under their direct notice, cases which mount up in the course of a year to a large number. A warning is usually enough to make the offending editor publish a note acknowledging his omission in the next issue of his paper, and it is very rare that these slight offenses have to be followed up any further.

POULTRY RAISING.

As a rule few old hens lay late in the fall or early winter.

Indigestion is very often taken for cholera among fowls.

There is no better absorbent for the poultry house than plaster.

The hen lays only when she is capable of supplying the materials for forming an egg.

All arrangements for ventilation should be made so that if necessary the house can be closed in cold or stormy weather.

A hen that is long and boat shaped and also fairly deep is likely to show staying qualities. She should also have a deep chest.

If an abundance of good sharp grit is kept constantly within reach of the fowls, many diseases from indigestion will be avoided.

It is not the large hen that always lays large eggs. Some of the breeds that lay large eggs are small, as the Spanish and Minorca.

Scalded sweet milk and cooked rice will stop diarrhea in fowls, but don't feed sloppy food while the fowls are in this condition.

The usual causes of roup are cold, dampness and exposure. Although apparently contagious, the outbreak and spreading of the disease are due primarily to the surroundings.

In nearly all cases turkeys to bring good prices should be shut up ten days or two weeks and be given all that they will eat of a good fattening ration. Cornmeal and sweet potatoes boiled together fatten very rapidly.

The Absentminded Don.

One of the finest instances of absence of mind on record is that furnished by a certain Oxford don, whose "scholarly abstraction" frequently landed him in difficulties.

Dining out one night he suddenly became immersed in thought, and for a time sat gazing at his plate, evidently deeply engrossed in some mighty problem.

Now it happened that his left hand neighbor, a portly dame, had a habit of resting her hands on the table, palm down and fingers closed.

Suddenly the professor awoke from his brown study, seized his fork, plunged it into the plump paw reposing to the left of his plate and, beaming genially through his glasses, remarked, "My bread, I think!"—Tit-Bits.

Partial Punishment.

The man who had rocked the boat and turned it bottom upward was clinging desperately to its slippery keel.

Half an hour passed away.

"I can't hold on any longer!" he gasped.

"Then suppose you let yourself down and wade out," suggested the other man, who had been standing on the ground all the time and apparently struggling to keep his head above water. "It's only four and a half feet deep here, I am sorry to say."

The Wasp.

It is said that the male wasp does not sting. But as the male and female wasps wear the same kind of polonaise and look as much alike as twins the only way to distinguish their sex is to catch one. If it stings, it is a female; if not, it is a gentleman wasp.

Two Likes.

"I like your nerve!" gasped the beautiful girl, struggling against the inevitable.

"And I like you cheek!" chuckled the young man as he continued the osculatory exercise.

And He Read Too.

Prospective Editor—I am going to call my new paper The Blood.

Other Fellow—Why?

Prospective Editor—So it will start off with a good circulation.

Being asked one day what one should do in order to become an efficient piano player Liszt replied laconically, "One must eat well and walk much."—Ladies' Home Journal.

Of Passing Interest.

Oxford University has voted to do away with the Sunday afternoon sermons.

The railway companies of Great Britain pay on an average £1,300 a day in compensation for damage.

In size, not counting colonies, the European powers stand in this order: Russia, Germany, France, United Kingdom, Italy.

Several pairs of pigeons which a scientist has observed in Paris have raised their young in nests made entirely of hairpins collected on the baths of the Luxembourg.

AN EAST SIDE LANCE

PEN PICTURE OF ONE OF THE UNIQUE FUNCTIONS OF NEW YORK.

The Grand March a Very Serious Affair—Waltzers Resemble Horizontal Windmills—A Continuous Stag Reception at the Bar.

With the approach of cold weather and the closing of the Coney Island resorts east sidedom resorts to the giving of balls. Then in nearly every east side saloon the walls are decorated with placards announcing that the "Merry Monarchs" or some other popular organization "will give their annual ball at So-and-so's hall on the night of ——. Tickets admitting gent and lady, $1."

A ball on the east side is a serious affair, especially to the floor committee. It is their annual appearance in full evening dress, and the occasion is a grave, even a trying, one. Besides, they have large and ornate badges of office to wear.

At 10 o'clock in the evening the ballroom presents itself a wide, shiny space hedged with gaping chairs, the balconies which look upon it dressed with greens, paper sunbursts and flags, with probably a crayon portrait of the founder or patron of the association beaming its length from a bower of smilax. On a platform at one end is a cluster of music stands and perhaps a fat man or two tentatively extracting tones from a 'cello or French horn. In the rear of the chair rows on one side tables closely arranged extend into dimness, a patch of them in strong light form an alcove which incloses a bar without end. Glasses are being noisily stacked upon it.

Singly, by twos and in groups the guests of the ball arrive. A tall girl in a dress too short before appears on the edge of the floor, gazes shyly around and then vanishes. Three youths in black "cutaway coats" and white satin cravats, with flat, wet hair, parade past the chairs. One of them pushes another abruptly against a pillar.

"What's the matter wit' you?" demands the victim querulously, and then the three seat themselves at a table and make fun of a waiter. Girls of all ages in coveys drift down the alley behind the chairs. Their costumes are striking and collectively a discord in color. A stout woman puffs along towing a pair of curious youngsters and followed by dutiful daughters. She reaches one of the tables and there goes into camp, issuing rations of pretzels and a single glass of beer. A steady stream flows through the door and is dammed up at the edge of the floor, which appears to be forbidden ground. Slowly they trickle off in pairs down the sides of the room, and dots and dashes of people close up the chair line. Floor committeemen appear, all hurrying, with pale, anxious faces. A slow waltz starts, heard faintly at first, then loud and persuasive. A couple begin to twirl in a corner; two braver spin into the center of the floor; others join them. Soon the room is twirling, and the ball is begun.

The waltz on the east side is unique. It consists mainly in spinning around in one spot, and progress is slow. Sometimes a curious lope is introduced to the waltz measure to facilitate change of spinning ground, and occasionally there appear a couple who can go all round the room in a succession of whirls. But this is not the orthodox way. The whole movement on the floor is rotary. There is no blending of motion, and the impression is that of a multitude of horizontal windmills all going at the same time.

When the waltz ceases, the dancers move in a solid mass toward the tables. Frothing beer glasses coat the bar, and there is a flying of white coated waiters. Two or three more dance tunes are played, and then begins a significant gathering of the committeemen at the end of the room. They are mingling with a group of women gowned gorgeously in white and colors, while around them collects a watchful crowd. Gradually the group which is the center of attention forms into a huddled line of couples, and the man in the front rank looks back often. Then with a crash the band launches into a march, the line steps out sedately, uncoiling from the crowd, and the "grand march" is on. This is a very serious ceremony and is performed with religious care to the conclusion of the last evolution.

When the march is over, there is sometimes a speech by the president of the association heard by a respectful ring, but ignored by the crowd, which is now jostling, running and swarming over the floor and about the tables. Girls gather and giggle by the pillars and are teased by the boys, who push about in noisy companies. Children race and sprawl. Stout mothers banked against the walls alternately laugh and fret over defiance of their authority. Everywhere is the waiter with dripping beer glasses ringed about his fists. In the barroom there is a continuous stag reception. A couple of stout politicians with flushed faces are holding a levee, and young men with political aspirations surround them, buy beer for them and listen respectfully to their utterances. Smoking is permitted everywhere, and by midnight the lights are mere luminous balls in the haze.

The ball is still gayly going forward at 8 o'clock, but by 4 only a few couples are appearing on the floor, though many are still seated at the tables. The floor committee, with their badges folded away in their pockets and their shirt fronts soiled and broken, have stolen away at an hour becoming to their dignity. Some of the lights go out, and the waiters bring fresh rounds of beer reluctantly. The band has packed up its instruments and is now lined along the bar resting from its labors. A popular song is started, and the chorus is vigorous. A second song receives less ardent support. An unsteady youth attempts a cakewalk on the floor. Then a large man with a forbidding countenance orders all the lights out, and the ball is over.

Peter's Pence.

Offa, a Saxon prince, to secure the favor of the sovereign pontiff, engaged to pay a yearly tribute to the treasurer of the Vatican. In order to raise the promised sum Offa was forced to impose a tax of 1 penny on each householder whose annual income was as much as 30 pence. This imposition being afterward levied on all England was commonly denominated as "Peter's pence." Hence the expression.

In Illinois wages not yet earned cannot be assigned. Courts hold that such assignment would be illegal and void.

Our greatest glory is not in never falling, but rising every time we fall.—Confucius.

Love and Gold.

The English papers are telling a story of Daniel O'Connell, the Irish statesman. His great rival was Sergeant Tom Gould, pronounced Gold. Tom was a confirmed old bachelor, but when over eighty years of age proposed to and was accepted by a girl of eighteen. He announced his engagement to O'Connell in verse, concluding thus:

So you see, my dear Dan, that, though eighty years old,
A girl of eighteen fell in love with old Gould.

To which O'Connell replied:

That a girl of eighteen may love gold it is true,
But, believe me, dear Tom, it is gold without U.

A DREARY EXISTENCE

THE LONELINESS OF THE ENGLISH LIGHTHOUSE KEEPERS.

At the Bishop Station the Sentinel That Lights the Waves Lives In Almost Utter Isolation—A Service With Few Enticing Features.

During the storms that rage intermittently around the English coast in winter the landsman's mind turns in sympathy toward those who in ship or lifeboat are fighting the waves for dear life. But how often does he give one thought to the men who immure themselves in the lighthouses that stud the coast?

"I would rather spend my life in a penal settlement than be a lighthouse keeper," declared a man to the writer after a visit to the Bishop lighthouse, off the Cornish coast. "A convict does see a little of the world he lives in, but a lighthouse keeper sees nothing but a dreary expanse of water. I am not surprised that many of them should lose their mental balance."

The visitor to the Bishop lighthouse did not overcolor the picture. It was only the other day that one read of the Longships lighthouse, also off the coast of Cornwall, having been completely isolated for many weeks in consequence of fearful storms. The keepers had been reduced to smoking coffee, hops and tea leaves, though, fortunately, they had not wanted for food.

The keepers of the famous Eddystone lighthouse not infrequently find themselves in a similar predicament. In a gale the waves that buffet themselves against this wonderful monument to the engineering skill of the country are of such stupendous magnitude that they rise to a height of 200 feet and sweep right over the lantern. To those cooped up inside the sound of these waves is like that of a battery of guns at close quarters. "At such times the house shakes like a tree with a man on the top of it," was the graphic description of one who spent many years of his life there.

The new Eddystone is the roomiest and most comfortable of all our rock lighthouses. A sectional view of it shows the various compartments, commencing at the bottom with the water tank; then the entrance, the two oil receptacles, the storeroom, the crane, the living apartment, the low light, the bedroom and the service room in the order named. Formerly only two keepers were employed in the lighthouse, but a grim incident resulted in their number being increased. One of the two men died. So fierce ran the seas that the remaining keeper could not get the body of his late comrade to the shore. For a month the tempestuous weather continued, and for a month the surviving keeper lived alone with the body as his only companion. He was afraid to cast it into the waves, for he might be accused of murder.

Keepers of rock lighthouses do not last long. The incessant pounding of the waves against the building, the loneliness, the want of fresh air and exercise reduce the men to a state of nervousness that is sometimes pitiful to behold. They require a fortnight's leave every six weeks, but this liberal allowance does little to improve their physical state. A medical man whose duty it is to pay periodical visits to one of these lighthouses confesses that there is no remedy for the ills peculiar to the keepers except retirement.

The utter isolation of the silent sentinels of our coast is well illustrated by the case of the Bishop lighthouse aforementioned, which stands right out in the Atlantic. Not once in a year is it calm enough for the superintendent to land his stores at the lighthouse steps. They have to be hauled up by means of a windlass from above. A visitor bold enough to visit the place is "admitted" in a similar way. He places one fot in a noose at the end of a rope, which is thrown down to his boat, and, gripping the rope firmly above his head, he is drawn up to the "see off," as the plinth around the lighthouse is called. Thence he climbs up a perpendicular ladder to the door of the house.

Superstition adds a terror to the life of the men in this lighthouse, for the first structure was washed away bodily, and the keepers believe that the rock is haunted. A fear of a different kind keeps the men of Muckle Flugga lighthouse, the most northern point of Scotland, on the tenterhooks of a terrible suspense. On three occasions the huge black rock on which the lighthouse stands has been shaken by an earthquake.

There is something comical, though characteristic of the stiff necked Scot, in a story which comes from a neighboring lighthouse which is the charge of two families. They live on a desert island. From year end to year end they never see a visitor except the man who brings their stores. Eighteen months ago the heads of the two families quarreled, and ever since they have ceased to speak.

At the shore lighthouse of Ushinish the keeper's family has to travel 40 miles to "kirk." It is no reflection on their piety to add that they are not regular attendants.

A lighthouse keeper receives a maximum wage of £75 a year, out of which he has to supply his own rations. These consist of such unappetizing edibles as tinned beef and hard biscuits, usually washed down with weak tea and condensed milk. No intoxicating liquors are allowed.—London Mail.

The children of different countries have different tastes, but tin swords are wanted all over the world.

The Tartars owe their alphabet to the Christian missionaries known as the Nestorians.

The Professor at Home.

"Grandpa," said Dot, who had been puzzling her brains over something she was reading, "what is 'food for thought?'"

"Head cheese my child" replied the professor.

Bad Anyway.

Mr. Jack—A new pipe always makes me sick.

Mrs. Jack—And your old ones always give me a headache, so why don't you stop smoking?—New York Journal.

Her Dearest Friends.

Maud—I wonder why Irene can't talk two minutes without dragging in the young man she's engaged to.

Mabel—Force of habit, I suppose. I've always understood she had to drag him into the engagement.—Chicago Tribune.

As It Is In Boston.

"Did you ever kiss a man?" asked the Chicago girl.

The Boston girl blushed.

"Really, that is so vulgar, you know," she said.

"Maybe it is, but did you?" persisted the Chicago girl.

"I should hate to think it was a kiss," replied the Boston girl, "but since I have become engaged I have tried osculation."—Chicago Post.

A Delicious Dish.

Gotham—My wife is resourceful, I tell you.

Church—So I heard.

"Why, the very next day after we were married she cooked up a most delicious dish, and what do you suppose it was made of?"

"Couldn't guess."

"Rice and old shoes."—Yonkers Statesman.

Why Carrie Wouldn't.

Beatley—I wonder if Carrie cares for me at all?

Snow—You have some doubt about the matter?

Beatley—Well, yes. She refuses to smile upon me; she won't look at me!

Snow—Perhaps she knows she couldn't look at you without laughing.—Boston Transcript.

Certainly Most Extraordinary.

"Most remarkable case."

"What is?"

"Why, the case of those two women we just passed. They've lived in adjoining flats in the same building for nearly a year and they're still on good terms with each other."—Chicago Post.

Consolation.

The Professor (Boston)—How very dull this would have been if I had not brought my volume of Browning!—Scribner's Magazine.

Not Funny to Him.

Reggy—Bah Jove! I did feel offended at Miss Wose last night.

Freddy—What now, deah boy?

Reggy—Why, as I entered thaw daw I heard her say, "Here is where thaw joke comes in."

Ill Timed Pleasantness.

"Cheerfulness is riches."

"Oh, no. If you can't pay a bill, being cheerful about it only makes the other man madder."—Detroit Free Press.

GREAT MEN IN DISGUISE.

Some of the Amusing Adventures Encountered Incognito—Some Excellent Tales Told by the Late Rev. H. R. Haweis.

The late Rev. H. R. Haweis, the highly-gifted and popular incumbent of St. James', Marylebone, used to tell an amusing story of a strange old couple who for many months were regular attendants at his church.

Plainly dressed and insignificant in appearance, they were quite content to take obscure seats at the back of the gallery, until by accident it was discovered that the modest and retiring couple were the rich and eccentric Duke of — and his wife.

When on the Sunday following the discovery of their rank they took their usual seats at the back of the gallery, one of the officers of the church went to them and, with a profound bow, begged to be allowed to conduct "their graces" to a more suitable part of the church.

The detected Duke looked for a moment at his wife with dismay on his face, and then, saying: "Come on, Sarah; they've found us out," walked out of the church with her, and never entered its doors again.

Of all the Royalties of Europe not one loves more to escape from the circumstances of his rank than the Archduke Francis Ferdinand, heir to the throne of Austro-Hungary; and his happiest days are spent in long, solitary rambles in the country, dressed like a peasant, and fraternizing with casual pedestrians and wayside innkeepers.

One day last summer he was hobnobbing with the host of a small inn on the road between Neustadt and Oldenburg, when a well-to-do tradesman of the latter town drove up and bidding him keep an eye on his horse, entered the inn for refreshment. When he emerged a few minutes later, he gave a small coin, a krone, to the young man who was dutifully holding the reins, and who equally dutifully thanked him.

A few weeks later the tradesman was walking along the Ringstrasse, in Vienna, when a Royal equipage dashed past with an escort of cavalry. Of the two occupants of the Imperial carriage he recognized one as his Emperor, Francis Joseph, and the other, to his amazement and consternation, was the peasant to whom he had offered a krone for holding his horse.

M. Casimir-Perier, when he was President of the French Republic, took a great delight in dressing as an ouvrier or as a clerk, and escaping from the ceremonial of his daily life for long bicycle rides in the country. On one occasion he was cycling near Pontsur-Seine when he halted at a small wayside inn and asked for luncheon.

"I have nothing in the house," the landlady said: "but the best thing you can do is to ride to the butcher in the village you passed through a mile down the road and bring back a kilogramme of steak."

This was an adventure after the President's own heart; and mounting his bicycle again he quickly returned with an appetizing steak, and was soon eating one of the most enjoyable meals of his life.

One of the best of these stories is told of M. Le Royer, when he was President of the French Senate. When, during one vacation, he was traveling with M. Lepere, the French "Home Secretary," in Italy, the President amused himself by posing as his companion's valet.

Whenever the travelers alighted at an hotel M. Royer would explain to the manager that his master was a man of high station, Minister of the Interior, in fact; and he would busy himself in seeing to the rooms, looking after the luggage, and generally discharging the duties of a zealous servant.

As a very natural consequence M. Lepere was treated with the utmost deference at attention, while M. Royer had to be content with the attention due to his assumed character; but when the bills were presented, and the President escaped for four francs a day, while the Minister had to pay twenty, the "valet" felt amply rewarded for his amiable deception.

Christening Under Difficulties.

A good story is told by a well-known clergyman, at present in the diocese of Christ Church, New Zealand. Some time ago he was in charge of a large and scattered parish, parts of which he visited at rare intervals in a small steam launch. Sometimes whole families of children were found to be unchristened, and the reverend gentleman had his hands full of clerical work of this and kindred sorts. At one visit a settler invited the minister up to baptize his children, but when he arrived no children could be found, and the ceremony had to be postponed till next time.

On his next visit the settler was in waiting on the bank and before the clergyman had time to land burst out: "Come on; I've got 'em."

"Got what?" gasped the priest.

"Got the children," was the reply.

The clergyman followed the settler to his house, and there, shut up in hencoops, were the young hopefuls, who were brought out one at a time and duly christened.

Tramline 54 Miles Long.

The Argentine Republic has the longest tram line — namely, that from Buenos Ayres to San Martin, a distance of fifty-four miles. It is worked by horses, which are less expensive than steam or electricity out there.

CHILDREN LOVE TO TAKE IT

And it Cures Them of Coughs, Colds, Croup, Bronchitis, Sore Throat and Whooping Cough.

Because it contains turpentine some people imagine that Dr. Chase's Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine is disagreeable to the taste. On the contrary, it is sweet and palatable, and children love to take it. They soon learn that, besides being pleasant to take, it brings immediate relief to soreness, irritation and inflammation of the throat and lungs. At this season of the year all mothers desire to have in the house some reliable medicine to give when the children catch colds, or awake in the night with the hollow, croupy cough which strikes a chill to every mother's heart. You can rely absolutely on Dr. Chase's Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine. It has stood the test.

DR. CHASE'S SYRUP OF LINSEED AND TURPENTINE

There are other preparations of linseed and turpentine put up in imitation of Dr. Chase's. Be sure the portrait and signature of Dr. A. W. Chase are on the bottle you buy. 25 cents a bottle; family size, three times as much, 60 cents. All dealers or Edmanson, Bates & Co., Toronto.

THE MARYSVILLE TRIBUNE

AN ECCENTRIC DINER.

The Tall Story That Is Told of a Parisian Gourmet.

Paris is par excellence the city of gourmets and cranks, and many a story concerning them has added to the gayety of the nations. Here is one of the latest, told by a well known French head waiter: One of the regular customers of a famous Parisian restaurant used to be a short, thin, shy and shabbily dressed man whose name no one knew, but who gave out that he was a butter dealer, for which reason he was called the butter man at the restaurant in question.

He ate next to nothing, but his soup tureen, filled with a soup specially prepared for him, was always put before him. He took a few spoonfuls and had it taken away. Next came a whole fillet of beef, from which he cut the tiniest slice. Then followed four quails or a large chicken, of which he ate one mouthful, together with two lettuce leaves and one radish. His dessert was four grapes—never a single one more—and a cup of coffee. A bottle of the best claret and another of the best champagne were served with the repast, but he only wetted his lips with a drop from them and let them go. He took two of these meals a day, and the price for each meal was 120 francs.

But this was not all. Every time the butter man got up from his extraordinary meal he gave 40 francs to the head waiter, who put his food on his plate, since the guest did not like to handle spoons or dishes; 20 francs to the waiter, 10 francs to the woman cashier and 5 francs to the porter. Thus each meal came to 200 francs. The head waiter of the restaurant often did slight errands for him, buying his cigars, etc., and took them to the Grand hotel, where the butter man lived. The little old man would then open the drawer of a wardrobe filled with heaps of bank notes of from 100 francs to 600 francs in value and with an enormous mass of goldpieces. "Pay yourself," said the owner, and the head waiter did so, putting the bills before his patron, who never deigned to look at them.

One day the mysterious millionaire went away and was never seen again.

Beware of Ointments for Catarrh That Contain Mercury,

as mercury will surely destroy the sense of smell and completely derange the whole system when entering it through the mucous surfaces. Such articles should never be used except on prescriptions from reputable physicians, as the damage they will do is tenfold to the good you can possibly derive from them. Hall's Catarrh Cure, manufactured by F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, O., contains no mercury, and is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. In buying Hall's Catarrh Cure be sure you get the genuine. It is taken internally, and made in Toledo, Ohio, by F. J. Cheney & Co. Testimonials free.

Sold by Druggists, price 75c per bottle.
Hall's Family Pills are the best.

Don't wait for opportunity to call on you. Go and meet it half way.

SOZODONT TOOTH POWDER 25c

The druggist who sells soothing syrup is guilty of taking hush money

MINARD'S LINIMENT Relieves Neuralgia.

A boy never tells his troubles to a man who wears whiskers.

Dear Sirs,—I was for seven years a sufferer from Bronchial trouble, and would be so hoarse at times that I could scarcely speak above a whisper. I got no relief from anything till I tried your MINARD'S HONEY BALSAM. Two bottles gave relief and six bottles made a complete cure. I would heartily recommend it to anyone suffering from throat or lung trouble.

J. F. VANBUSKIRK.

Fredericton.

If a man thinks only of himself he hasn't much use for brains.

SLEEPLESSNESS is due to nervous excitement. The delicately constituted, the financier, the business man, and those whose occupation necessitates great mental strain or worry, all suffer less or more from it. Sleep is the great restorer of a worried brain, and to get sleep cleanse the stomach from all impurities with a few doses of Parmelee's Vegetable Pills, gelatine coated, containing no mercury, and are guaranteed to give satisfaction or the money will be refunded.

Writing a Book.

The following confession of a novelist as to the method in which he wrote one of his books is not without interest. He had had the story outlined in his notebook for a long time and ought to have been able to write it, but did not feel able. Then one day he happened to think of it again and saw, almost as if it had been a stage scene, the little tableau with which the book was to close—one of those ends which are also a beginning. So he began to work and in a short time had completed the first three chapters. Then, for no reason that he can give, there was a jump, and he wrote the chapters which are now numbered XXI and XXII, the last in the book. Then he went back and wrote straight on from IV to XVII.

The story had been with him so long that it was the easiest thing in the world to write it, and so he got through this part of the work with remarkable celerity. In the eighteenth chapter nothing happens. Every day for a fortnight he rose, breakfasted and tried to write that chapter; every night he tore up a big pile of manuscript which he knew to be hopelessly bad. Then he got desperate. The chapter should be written and should stand, whether good or bad. He wrote it and left the house because it was bad and he had resolved not to tear it up. Next day he wrote chapter XIX, and on the morrow he rewrote chapter XVIII and somehow or other contrived to get into it all that he had failed to get before. Then he wrote chapter XX, and the book was completed.—London Post.

The Equality Line.

"All people," remarked the earnest citizen, "are born equal."

"Perhaps," answered the deliberate friend, "but they don't stay equal any longer than it takes for their parents to provide them with clothes and playthings."—Exchange.

Interesting Statistics.

Of London's 596,030 houses, 553,019 are inhabited.

Water pipes underlie 1,819 miles of London's streets.

London has 49 fires yearly for 100,000 inhabitants; Manchester, 59; New York, 144.

The death rate of Valparaiso is 64.6 per 1,000 — a world's record. London's is 21.

The average Londoner owns £158 worth of house property; the average Irishman £12 worth only.

Liverpool has the highest death rate for children in the world, 46 out of 100 dying before a year old.

In Paris people give on an average 3s. 6d. a head yearly to hospitals. This is 6d. more than the average given by Londoners; but in New York the average subscription is 7d. only.

Western Australia's Agent-General.

Mr. Henry Bruce Lefroy, the newly-appointed London Agent-General for Western Australia, bears names long associated with the progress of that colony. His late father, Hon. A. O'Grady Lefroy, C.M.G., was for 36 years its treasurer under the old Crown colony system of government, while his grandfather, the late Colonel Bruce, commanded the forces there for many years, and was twice acting Governor. Born at Perth, Western Australia, in 1853, Mr. H. B. Lefroy was educated at Rugby, and returned to Australia in 1872. He entered Parliament on the adoption of responsible government, became Minister of Education in 1897, and held the portfolio of mines at the time of his new appointment.

Words of the Wise.

The true use of speech is not so much to express our wants as to conceal them.—Goldsmith.

It is a wise man who knows his own business, and it is a wiser man who thoroughly attends to it.—H. L. Wayland.

Calamity is the perfect glass wherein we truly see and know ourselves.—Davenant.

STILL ANOTHER TRIUMPH.—Mr. Thomas S. Bullen, Sunderland, writes: "For fourteen years I was afflicted with Piles; and frequently I was unable to walk or sit, but four years ago I was cured by using Dr. Thomas' Eclectric Oil. I have also been subject to Quinsy for over forty years, but Eclectric Oil cured it, and it was a permanent cure in both cases, as neither the Piles nor Quinsy have troubled me since."

Anyway, the pocket in a woman's dress is about as easy to find as the inside pocket in a man's vest is to get at.

Use the safe, pleasant and effectual worm-killer, Mother Graves' Worm Exterminator; nothing equals it. Procure a bottle and take it home.

TRAVELS OF THE EYE.

The eye of an educated person averages 2,500 miles of reading in a lifetime.

MINARD'S LINIMENT for Sale Everywhere.

The average man would feel bored a good deal oftener than he does were he not accustomed to associating with himself.

The never-failing medicine, Holloway's Corn Cure, removes all kinds of corns, warts, etc; even the most difficult to remove cannot withstand this wonderful remedy.

A genius is a man who can make other men believe he knows more than they do.

$15.00

Ladies' Special 14k gold filled Hunting case guaranteed to wear for 25 years, with either Waltham or Elgin movement. A splendid watch for a school teacher or nurse.

$15.00

Gent's Special open face, 14k gold filled case guaranteed to wear for 25 years, with either Waltham or Elgin movement. A good reliable time-piece for any man. Sent to any address. Money cheerfully refunded if unsatisfactory and returned at once.

D. R. DINGWALL, Ltd

Two Stores 424 584 MAIN ST.

Too Realistic.

"Look here," said a Suffolk farmer to a friend, "I'm going to kill my pig, but I owe so much pork to my neighbors that I shall have none left for myself if I pay it all back. What would you do?"

"Quite easy to trick 'em," said the friend. "Kill your pig and leave it hanging outside until late at night, so's every one can see it. Then take it in and say some one stole it. Stick to the tale, and you'll be all right."

The farmer followed instructions, and the kind friend watched his chance and stole the pig. The poor farmer came around next morning to tell what had happened.

"Somebody's stolen my pig!" he cried.

"Good!" said the friend. "Stick to it, and the neighbors 'll believe you, sure enough."

"But it was stolen, I tell you!"

"Excellent!" quoth the friend. "Just you stick to the tale."

"You confounded ass!" yelled the farmer. "Don't you understand? It was really stolen!"

"Superb!" laughed the delighted friend. "You ought to have been an actor, so you ought."

That Suffolk farmer slammed the door and went away fuming.

A Fact.

Mr. Jones—Madam, let me tell you that facts are stubborn things.

"What a fact you must be," replied his wife.—Exchange.

ANOTHER STARTLING OTTAWA CASE, A LETTER FROM MR. S. A. CASSIDY.

Following the Report of G. H. Kent's Cure of Bright's Disease by Dodd's Kidney Pills, An Ottawa Paper Calls Attention to Another Remarkable Cure.

From the Ottawa Citizen.

A representative of the Citizen recently learned of a remarkable cure of a well-known resident of Ottawa who has suffered for years with a terrible affliction. The well-known resident is Mr. S. A. Cassidy, and the affliction was stone in the kidneys. The Citizen representative called on Mr. Cassidy to verify the reports of his recovery and found them to be true. He is the proprietor of the Bijou hotel, Metcalfe street.

He is known by almost everybody and is liked as generally as he is known. His hostelry is between the main entrance to Parliament Buildings and the principal thoroughfare of the city, and it is not to be wondered at that he has more than a nodding acquaintance with the gentlemen who hold the destiny of this country in their hands.

When old residents of Ottawa are in a reminiscent mood and talk of the good old sporting days, they always associate the name of Sam Cassidy who took an active part in sport 20 years ago. He was a fast runner, and jumper of local renown, and took an active part in all lines of sport. Today he is forty years old, and tips the scale at 250 pounds.

The intimate friends of this robust man have known that for the past ten years he has been a sufferer from a disease that baffled medical skill, and that he has lingered between life and death on many occasions since he was first attacked. At the initial stage of the disease he was taken with violent cramps in the left side of his stomach, and the best skilled physicians could afford him very little relief. The attacks were of about two weeks' duration, and when he left his bed he was reduced in flesh and was almost a physical wreck. Some years ago an eminent physician diagnosed his disease as "Stone in the Kidney," but even after the diagnosis the physicians were unable to effect a permanent cure. Today he is a well man. He has found a remedy that has banished the disease—a remedy that has cured where medical aid was ineffectual.. The remedy is Dodd's Kidney Pills, and Mr. Cassidy feels so elated over his release from the excruciating suffering that he has given the following statement over his own signature to a well-known Ottawa newspaper man.

Ottawa, Aug. 8, 1901.

Dear Sir,—I want you to publish for the benefit of others who are suffering as I have suffered for years about how I was cured of Stone in the Kidneys. My friends all know that I have been a martyr to this disease for years. They know that besides consulting the best physicians in the city and trying every kind of remedy I could think of, I was unable to get better. Some time ago a friend of mine told me that Dodd's Kidney Pills would cure me. As a last resort I tried them and they have cured me. This is the first year in a great many that I have not been confined to my bed with the disease. I could not imagine more severe suffering than one endures who is afflicted with Stone in the Kidney, and I feel the greatest gratitude to Dodd's Kidney Pills, for they have cured me. Anyone who has suffered need suffer no more.

S. A. CASSIDY,
Ottawa, Canada.

D. L. Moody on the Educated Man.

What do you consider the chief characteristic distinguishing an educated from an uneducated person?

1. The educated man has greater ability to grasp new truth and facts.

2. The uneducated man is more likely to be unbalanced by new schemes and isms.

3. The educated man has a broader mind, and is more open to the opinion of others.

What special advantage does the college-trained man gain over the self-made man, so-called?

1 The educated man has the advantage of being able to think more systematically.

2. He has at his control a mass of facts, and he is trained to see the fallacy in false schemes.

Things You May Not Know.

Only 24 doctors reach the age of 70 for every 42 clergymen.

When the serfs were freed in Russia, the Government paid on an average of $15 for 20,700,000 of them.

Germany holds the record for the first daily paper. It was printed in 1524.

Four bushels of potatoes contain the same amount of nourishment as a bushel of wheat.

A boy baby a month old can expect but 42 years of life. When he is five years older, his chances of living have increased to 51 years 6 months.

London is the most expensive port in the world. Ships which can discharge in three days at Liverpool or New York take 14 in London, owing to lack of facilities.

A Little Surprise.

What can it be in this basket? The card says, "Miss Mabel Dean," and that's who I am. But it's so big for an Easter basket. This knot never will come, I guess. But the scissors will open it. It can't be all eggs. My! I hear something in there! I guess it's a joke.

No, 'tisn't. Mamma! O mamma! Do come and see. I know they're from grandma. Three tiny white bantams, and oh, the cutest egg! Isn't the rooster a little general? Oh, you dear, sweet chickabiddies! And all my own! Now I'll have Easter eggs the whole year.

Unless the engagement is broken off the wedding is likely to come off.

FRAIL LITTLE ONES.

Their Hold Upon Life is Slight, and Mothers Have a Great Responsibility.

Every baby—every little one—requires constant care and watchfulness, and when a trace of illness is noticeable, the remedy should be promptly applied. The little ones are frail. Their hold upon life is slight. The slightest symptom of trouble should be met by the proper corrective medicine. Baby's Own Tablets have a record surpassing all other medicines for the cure of children's ailments. They are purely vegetable and guaranteed to contain no opiate or poisonous drugs such as form the base of most so-called "soothing" medicines. For sour stomach, colic, simple fevers, constipation, all bowell troubles, the irritation accompanying the cutting of teeth, sleeplessness and similar symptoms, these Tablets are without an equal. They act directly upon the organs which cause the troubles, and gently but effectively remove the cause and bring back the condition of perfect, hearty health. Every mother who has used these Tablets for her little ones praises them, which is the best evidence of their great worth. Mrs. David Duffield, Ponsonby, Ont., says: "Baby's Own Tablets are a wonderful medicine. I think they saved my baby's life, and I gratefully recommend them to other mothers. Ask your druggist for Baby's Own Tablets. If he does not keep them send 25 cents direct to us and we will forward a box prepaid. We have a valuable little booklet on the care of children and how to treat their minor ailments which we will send free of charge to any mother who asks for it. The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

EXTRAVAGANT IN COMPARISON.

The traveler in China, who pays from 1 to 3 cents a day to a number of coolies to tote him several hundred miles across the desert, pays an extravagant price for the transit as compared with the man boards a limited train in New York city for San Francisco, which is operated by an engineer, fireman, conductor and brakeman, whose salaries range from $75 to $100 per month.

PALE YOUNG GIRLS

HOW THEY MAY GAIN BRIGHT EYES AND ROSY CHEEKS.

The Story of a Young Girl Who Suffered from Headaches, Dizziness and Fainting Spells—Her Health Became so Bad That She Was Forced to Give Up School.

Miss Catherine McLellan is a young lady well known in Charlottetown, P.E.I., and greatly esteemed among her acquaintances. Like so many other young ladies throughout the land, Miss McLellan fell a victim to anaemia, or poorness of blood, and although several medicines were tried, she found nothing to help her until she began using Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. Miss McLellan tells the story of her illness as follows: "I am now 18 years of age, and for a considerable time suffered much from anaemia. My blood had almost turned to water, and I was very weak and pale; in fact could not undergo the least exertion. My appetite failed me; I suffered from headaches; if I stooped I would become dizzy, and frequently I suffered from fainting spells. I tried several kinds of medicine and doctors prescribed for me, but instead of getting better I was gradually growing weaker, and eventually had to discontinue going to school. About this time I read the testimonial of a girl whose condition was similar to mine, who had been cured by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. I then decided to try these pills, and have every reason to be gratified that I did so, as they have completely restored my health. Every one of the symptoms that had made my life so miserable have disappeared, and I am now enjoying as good health as any girl of my age could wish, and I shall always have a good word to say for Dr. Williams' Pink Pills.

Miss McLellan further stated that while she was not desirous of publicity in matters of this kind, she nevertheless felt that her experience, if known might be the means of bringing health to some other sufferer, and it is this very praiseworthy motive that has induced her to give the above statement for publication.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills make rich, red blood, and give tone to the nerves. It is because of this that they bring bright eyes, rosy cheeks and light footsteps to girls who have been weary, pale and listless and had begun to feel that life was a burden. Pale and anaemic girls everywhere should give these pills a fair trial as they are certain to restore health and strength. See that the full name "Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People" is on the wrapper around every box. Sold by all dealers, or sent postpaid at 50c a box, or six boxes for $2.50, by addressing the Dr. Williams Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

CHINESE ACCOUNT OF DELUGE.

There has been discovered in China a curious picture, evidently of great antiquity, which is supposed to represent Noah's ark resting on the top of Mount Ararat. As is well known, the religious literature of almost every nation and race contains an account of a deluge, but a Chinese manuscript recently unearthed follows very closely to the story recorded in the Bible.

FISH THAT TURN HEADS.

Only two fish can turn their heads independently of their bodies. These are the garpike and the seashore.

Close to a Fool.

A farmer was working in his field when a sewing machine man came along.

"Good morning," said the sewing machine barker.

"Mornin."

"Your corn seems to be pretty yellow."

"Yaas; I planted yellow cawn."

"You don't seem to have more than half a crop."

"Waal, I planted it on the halves."

"You seem pretty close to a fool."

"Yaas; there's only a fence between us."

When the sewing machine man came to, it required the services of two doctors to get him into such shape that he was able to make the next town.

What Paris Drinks.

The Parisian drinks in a year 1.89 gallons of alcohol, 3.07 gallons of beer, 1.48 gallons of cider and 44.9 gallons of wine. This gives a daily average of .0387 pint of alcohol, .067 pint of beer, .0334 pint of cider and .99 pint of wine.

Safe Transit.

Mrs. Crimsonbeak—Here's an account of a party traveling 10,000 miles without losing his trunk once.

Mr. Crimsonbeak—Oh, I know; the party was an elephant.—Yonkers Statesman.

...THE...

NEW PIANO

Occupies a large space in your thoughts; Be sure you get a WILLIAMS and it will last you a lifetime. We can help you to purchase by our easy payment methods. We guarantee pleasure to those who listen to the dulcet tones of a

WILLIAMS' PIANO

so rich, pure and lasting.

FORRESTER & HATCHER

Y. M. C. A. Blk., Portage Ave., Winnipeg.
Organs and Eldredge "B" Sewing machines.

To those who are used to thin flavorless teas Blue Ribbon Ceylon will be a revelation. Try it and be convinced.

To Sick and Nervous People

and Men and Women with Back Pains, Rheumatism, Nerve Weakness, Indigestion, Constipation, Liver, Kidney or Bladder Trouble.

My Electric Belt has restored health and strength to thousands of nervous, debilitated, and pain-worn men and women. You also can be cured if you will grasp the opportunity I offer. Read what the cured say. Electricity, as furnished by my Belt, cures by giving back to the weakened nerves, muscles and organs the vitality they have lost, reducing inflammation, developing the full vigor of health and removing the effects of overwork, exposure to weather, and long continued sickness.

PAY WHEN CURED.

To those who have trusted and been betrayed by seductive promises; to those who have swallowed pailfuls of pills and liquid medicines without result except a damaged stomach and increased pain and weakness, and to those who have worn so-called electric belts, which either burned and blistered the body or gave no electricity, I offer a positive cure by means of my Electric Belt. It gives a stronger current than any other, and is guaranteed not to burn nor blister.

DR. McLAUGHLIN'S OFFER

I am not giving Belts away. I am offering to cure first and be paid after you are cured. I have an Electric Belt which DOES CURE, and any honest person who will secure me can have my Belt and pay me when cured. Can anything be fairer than that?

SPECIAL NOTICE—If you have an old belt which has blistered you or gave no electricity, I will allow you in exchange half the price of mine.

CALL TO-DAY—Consultation and test FREE.

FREE BOOK—If you can't call, write for my beautifully illustrated 80-page book and letters from the cured, sent sealed, free. Address, enclosing this ad.,

Office Hours 9 a.m. to 8.30 p.m. DR. M. B. McLAUGHLIN, 130 Yonge St., Toronto

A Cautious Statistician.

"How large a permanent population has Crimson Gulch?" inquired the tourist.

"Well," answered Broncho Bob, "we've got about 407 living here, but with so much hoss stealin' an' brace faro goin' on I wouldn't allude to anybody as bein' particular permanent."

A Born Musical Genius.

Joshua Straw—Our boy Silas is goin' t' be a musishun, er I miss my guess.

Mrs. Straw—Dew tell!

Joshua Straw—Yes, siree! You jes' ort t' see him prick up his ears when he hears you blow the dinner horn.

Keeping Vegetables.

Vegetables should never be put into the cellar, as many of them contain acids which will absorb the poison of the ground air, and if eaten will prove very unhealthy, and if allowed to remain will rapidly decompose and fill the air which arises to the upper rooms with a poison that will undoubtedly cause much mischief. Potatoes should not be exposed to the sun, but kept in some dry place where the light and air can always strike them.

Parasites of the Tiger.

In speaking of the minute parasites which are found in the hairy part of a tiger's foot a scientist says: "They constitute one of the most wonderful curiosities I know of in the animal world. The parasites are so small as to be almost invisible to the naked eye, and yet each is a perfect counterpart of the tiger—head, ears, jaw, legs, claws, body, tail, all are there.

A Liquid Glue.

An excellent liquid glue that is very tenacious and almost dampproof can be made by dissolving glue in nitric ether and adding a few pieces of caoutchouc. The solution must be allowed to stand a few days and frequently stirred. As the ether will only dissolve a certain amount of glue there is no danger of getting it too thick.

Meat in Norway.

You don't see fresh meat in Norway any more frequently than in Japan. There is an abundance of ham, bacon and other cured meats and odd things like reindeers' tongues and haunches from polar bears sent down from the arctics, but very little beefsteak roast beef or mutton.

The etiquette that makes us do an insincere act is an etiquette to be avoided. Honesty of action is the foundation of the finest manners.—Ladies' Home Journal.

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.

ANOTHER LEANING TOWER.

The famous leaning tower of Pisa has a rival in the Temple tower of Bristol, in England. It is a square towes of early gothic architecture. All its parts still preserve their normal relative positions without cracks or fissures. The tower, which is about 115 feet high, is five feet out of the perpendicular at the summit.

Very many persons die annually from cholera and kindred summer complaints, who might have been saved if proper remedies had been used. If attacked do not delay in getting a bottle of Dr. J. D. Kellogg's Dysentery Cordial, the medicine that never fails to effect a cure. Those who have used it say it acts promptly, and thoroughly subdues the pain and disease.

WOMEN PREFER THE OLD.

It is a noteworthy fact that the Japanese man quickly discards his inconvenient and unseemly robe, but the Japanese woman seldom exchanges her picturesque kimono for the dress of other women about her.

Minard's Liniment Cures Burns, Etc.

No one ever yet managed a love affair and anything else successfully at the same time.

There are more dumb waiters than dumb barbers.

DOGS OF ALASKA.

The dogs of Alaska are called malamutes. They are a cross between a dog and a wolf, and work in harness soon after their birth. They do not bark, but have a peculiar howl. They have long hair, and can sleep in the open with the thermometer 60 degrees below zero. Their usual food is fish and seal blubber. They are fed once a day, usually at night.

STRICTLY ONE PRICE.

"RYRIE BROS." IS A STRICTLY ONE PRICE JEWELRY HOUSE. FROM THIS RULE THERE IS ABSOLUTELY NO DEVIATION WHATEVER FROM JANUARY TO DECEMBER, NOT EVEN TO THE EXTENT OF A 10C. PIECE.

This, in conjunction with our system of marking all goods in plain figures, makes it just as easy and safe for a child to shop at "DIAMOND HALL" as the most experienced connoisseur.

TRY OUR MAIL ORDER DEPARTMENT. WE REFUND MONEY IN FULL IF DESIRED.

RYRIE BROS., COR. YONGE AND ADELAIDE STREETS. TORONTO.

AGENTS WANTED

WANTED, Agents for the sale of Hardy Russian apples, currants, gooseberries, ornamental trees and seed Potatoes. Every salesman has exclusive territory. Sample outfit free. Good pay. We are one of the oldest established firms in Canada. Appply now. PELHAM NURSERY CO. Toronto, Ont.

N. B. Catalogue free. Farmers can make good money during their slack season. P. N Co.

WANTED—PARTIES TO DO KNITTING for us at home. We furnish yarn and machine. Easy work. Good pay. Hand Knitters also wanted. Send stamp for particulars to STANDARD HOSE Co., Dept. H, Toronto, Ont.

Don't Be Idle—We will supply you with work to be done at home. $10.00 per week easily earned knitting sox. We supply machine and material, and pay for work as sent in. Write to-day. The People's Knitting Syndicate, Limited, Toronto, Canada.

ASK FOR **MAPLE LEAF RUBBERS and OVERSHOES**
COST NO MORE AND WEAR BETTER

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.

WEIGHT OF CORK.

Cork weighs fifteen pounds per cubic foot, gold 1,155 pounds.

HOW TO CURE HEADACHE.—Some people suffer untold misery day after day with Headache. There is rest neither day or night until the nerves are all un-strung. The cause is generally a disordered stomach, and a cure can be effected by using Parmelee's Vegetable Pills, containing Mandrake and Dandelion, Mr. Pelley, Wark. Lysander, P. Q., writes: "I find Parmelee's Pills a first-class article for Bilious Headache."

IRON STOVES UNKNOWN.

In Paraguay all the houses have brick stoves, built in them, so there is little or no necessity for iron stoves.

SOZODONT FOR THE TEETH 25c

Nearly nine-tenths of the wine in the world is produced in the countries bordering on the Mediterranean.

MINARD'S LINIMENT Cures Dandruff.

Many a man is able to climb to success because his wife holds the ladder.

Youth is really the only thing worth having—and it is about all the average youth has.

Some people spend a lot of time in regretting things that never happen.

The Greek government has secured a monopoly of the picture postal card business, and has issued cards with 64 different views of famous cities and other scenes.

The Marysville Tribune

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

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION,
Invariably in Advance:

One Year,	$2 00
Six Months,	1 00

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

LOCAL FLOAT

Did you swear off?

A Happy New Year.

Get in line for hockey.

For Insurance, see "Hutch."

M. Quain visited Cranbrook last Sunday.

Henry Bruelette was in town Saturday.

E. H. Small spent Christmas in Cranbrook.

Norman Hill visited Cranbrook on Sunday.

Thos. Christian went to Cranbrook on Monday.

Chas. Early walked into Cranbrook on Monday.

Patronize home industry. See Hutch for insurance.

"When you think of Insurance you think of Hutch."

V. Liddicotte drove down to Cranbrook on Monday.

E. H. Small and Will Small returned from Cranbrook on Thursday.

Miss Deborah Forest spent several days in cranbrook this week.

What is the matter with this weather? It looks good to everybody.

Jim Warren left for Spokane on Saturday to spend Christmas.

Wm. Trout has gone to Spokane for Christmas and New Years.

C. Cock of Kent, England was a visitor to Marysville last week.

Handley & Wolfe have fitted up bed rooms in their restaurant building.

Norman Hill spent Christmas with his brother Wm. Hill at Cranbrook.

Jos Schaich left for Nelson on Sunday where he will spend the holidays.

Fred Small has got a dog team in training that promises to be dandies.

A. W. McVittie returned Thursday and is completing his work of surveying the townsite.

charles Early has about 600,000 brick in the kilns, and will keep on until he reaches the million mark.

Mrs. H. D. McMillen is now a resident of Marysville, having joined her husband here this week

The Falls View hotel and the Model Cafe had great dinners on Christmas, and handsome bill of fares.

Pat Finnar and his partner, Mr. Perkins, brought in a load of potatoes from their ranch last Saturday.

The fire fiend consults no one's convenience. Be prepared for fire is an unaccountable quantity. See Hutch.

There is every reason to believe that the C. P. R. will commence work on the St. Marys Valley extension next spring.

William Walsh of Cranbrook, has taken the position as night watchman of the saw mill of of the Smelter company.

Jack Mulligan, of the Manitoba hotel at Cranbrook, was a Marysville visitor last week. He thinks Marysville is all right.

Mrs. Soper, Miss Soper and Harry Drew, came down from Kimberley Friday for a brief visit to the Smelter City.

W. D. Hill of Cranbrook, left for Toronto, Montreal and New York to buy goods for his stores at Marysville, Moyie and Cranbrook.

Geo. W. Hull and Mrs Hull left for Spokane last Saturday to spend Christmas and New Years. Mr. Hull is manager of the Sullivan Group company.

There will be a dance at Kimberley on Tuesday evening and the people of Marysville should turn out enmasse. The Kimberly people will give the visitors a good time.

The city council of Nelson has passed by laws to raise a loan of $10,000 for a high school building and furnishings. another for $5,000 for an isolation hospital and a third for a loan of $5,000 for the installation of a fire alarm system

Murphy & Sawyer have nearly completed their contract for two million feet of logs for the Finch & Jones saw mill company. The men have made good time having taken only sixty day to get out these logs.

The registrar of births, marriages and deaths in British Columbia has issued his report for the year of 1900 According to this there were 1673 births 1404 deaths and 1004 marriages registered during 1900, against 1755 births, 1415 deaths and 872 marriages in 1899.

Fred Hazen was in Marysville on Tuesday on his way to spend Christmas with friends in Cranbrook. He reports the Hardscrabble looking better than ever. A seam of white quartz six feet wide carrying native copper has been encountered, Fred is a genuine prospector and deserves success.

The snow still stays with us.

A. Vance spent Christmas in Cranbrook.

Al. Bale visited Fort Steele this week.

Mr. Wilson the blacksmith, has been ill during the past week.

The saw mill has had a number of slight break downs, but is now running steadily.

J. D. McBride, the well known hardware merchant, was in town Thursday taking orders.

Albert Gordon, clerk in Roadmaster Erickson's office, was in town Thursday paying off the men at work on the spur.

The Royal hotel will have its opening on the 13th. H. D. McMillen, the proprietor says that it is going to be made a most enjoyable event.

T. Kennedy, one of the leading merchants of Cranbrook visited Marysville Thursday and invested in a lot. Mr. Kennedy thinks Marysville has a bright future.

J. C. Squarebriggs, formerly in business near Edmonton, has spent considerable time in this portion of the district, and is of the opinion that there is a great future for South East Kootenay. He is now living in Marysville, and thinks everything points to a good town here.

The Price of Lead.

New York, Dec. 20.—Beginning to-day the new and reduced price for lead will go into effect. At a meeting of the executive committee of the American Smelter and Refining company it was decided to cut the price of lead from 4 37 1-2 cents a pound to 4 cents. This action was practically agreed upon at a recent conference of the lead producers of Idaho and Utah in this city. The management of the smelting company have therefore decided to put the reduction into effect as an experiment to determine whether there will be a larger quantity sold at a smaller price than before. Officials of the company state that the producers felt it would be for their best interest to make the reduction.

Is Boosting Drewry.

The Moyie Leader has gotton out its office blunderbuss and is after the Fort Steele Prospector and Fernie Free Press for their opposition to J. C. Drewry as a candidate for the local house. Drewry is not a bad fellow, but just at this time it looks as if Ed. Smith, the present member, suited the people pretty well.

A Pleasant Dance.

A most enjoyable dance was given at the Falls View hotel, on Christmas night. There was a large crowd present and every one had a good time Messrs. Early and Bernard did everything possible to give the guests a happy Christmas.

A Fine Publication.

The Fernie Free Press has issued a christmas number that is a peach. It is in book form, handsomely bound, and full of interesting reading matter and views of Fernie and that section. The publication is a credit to Editor Hacking and Manager Wallace, and should bring them a lot of shekels. What is more the people of Fernie should be proud of a bunch of fellows that can get out such an annual The Tribune congratulates you, gentlemen

White Laundry

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

E. LONDON

JOHN WILSON

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.

Chas. P. Campbell.

East Kotenay's Leading Undertaker and Licensed Embalmer, Coffins, Caskets, Shrouds and all Funeral Furnishings contantly on hand.

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

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

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A Short Sacrifice Sale of Chinaware.

I will dispose of my stock of China at a bargain for a few days Call and see us when in Cranbrook

Beattie, The Druggist.

THE FRANKLIN TRADING COMPANY,

FRANK McCABE, Manager.

This is not our building. We expect to have one like it by August 16. In the mean time we want you to come in and buy your

Groceries and Clothing

Because we have got the goods and our prices will suit you. And say, by the way, we will have some nice

FRUIT AND VEGETABLES

During the coming week Fraser anp Adams will lead the debate. It will be hot from start to finish.

P. BURNS & CO.,

Wholesale and Retail

MEAT MERCHANTS.

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

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

MARYSVILLE

The Smelter City
Of East Kootenay

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

If you would prosper buy property in Marysville NOW.

SIMPSON & HUTCHISON
SOLE AGENTS

Offices, Marysville and Cranbrook.

COSMOPOLITAN HOTEL

J. R. DOWNES, Prop.,

CRANBROOK, B. C.

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

Beale & Elwell,

Notaries, Insurance, and General Agents.
Kimberly Townsite Representives
Marysville, B. C.

JOHN HUTCHISON,

(HUTCH.)

NOTARY PUBLIC.

All kinds of papers drawn and Registered
Insurance and Mines
Townsite office Marysville.
Office at Cranbrook, also.

DOUGLAS LAY,

Licenced Provincial Assayer. Late Analytical Chemist and Control Assayer to the North Star Mining Company Limited,
Present office and laboratory at the North Star Mine, near Kimberly B. C. Prompt attention given to sample by mail or express.

Canadian Pacific

Winter Schedule Effect on October 13th.

A New Feature
Tourist Sleeping Car
on
Crows Nest Section

Leaves Kootenay Landing East bound Tuesday and Friday.

Leaves Medicine Hat Westbound Sunday and Wednesday.

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

E. J. COYLE, A. G. P. A. Vancouver, B. C.
C. E. COLEMAN. Agent, Cranbrook
J. S. CARTER, D. P. A., Nelson, B. C.

Diamonds, Jewelry,

Silverware, Gold Ware,
Everything for Xms.

W. F. TATE,

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

XMAS. PRESENTS AT HILL'S.

Fancy Silk Suspenders, Silk Handkerchiefs, Ties and Etc.

Also Fur Coats and Seal Skin Caps.

A MERRY XMAS. TO ALL

NORMAN HILL

Marysville, B. C.

"The Asp for the Breast of the Poor."

Such was once the needle aptly called, but since the advent of the Singer Sewing Machine, needlework is so easily and quickly done that every women votes it a pleasure. 'Singers" are sold on easy monthly payments.

C. R. PALMER, Agent for East Kootenay.
Cranbrook, B C.

The Royal Hotel Cranbrook.

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 Cranbrook.

PETER MATHESON, Proprietor.

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

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

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

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

Manitoba Hotel Cranbrook.

T. WELLMAN, Proprietor.

The Manitoba Hotel is one of the best in South East Kootenay. Call upon us when in Cranbrook.

G. R. LEASK,

THE CONTRACTOR.

Good Work. Good Material and the Price.

Marysville, B C.

W. F. GURD,

Barrister, Solicitor, Etc.

Cranbrook and Marysvill, B. C.

Marysville Livery

PAUL HANDLEY, Proprietor.

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

Marysville and Kimberly

HOTELS OF MARYSVILLE.

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.

FALLS VIEW HOTEL,

CHARLES EARLY, Prop'r.

This hotel will be one of the largest in the district and will be run as a first class establishment. We will pay special attention to the comfort of our guests.

DINING ROOM WILL BE FIRST CLASS

BEST OF LIQUORS AT THE BAR

Model Restaurant

Handley & Wolfe, Props.

OPEN DAY AND NIGHT Our tables are set with the best market affords

Twenty-one Meals for $7.00

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.

PELTIER, Of Cranbrook,

is the nearest wholesale dealer in

Liquors, Hay and Oats,

TO THE TOWN OF MARYSVILLE.

Pieper & Currie,

DEALERS IN

Paints AND Wall Paper

Painters, Paper Hangers and Decorators,

Marysville and Cranbrook.

Dr. W. G. SAWYER,

(Veterinary Surgeon.)

I am prepared to treat all diseases of any kind and to perform any operations on Horses and other domestic animals. Office Paul Handley's stable, Marysville, B. C.

NOTICE.

NOTICE is hereby given that within sixty days from date I intend applying to the Chief Commissioner of Lands and Works at Victoria, for permission to purchase the following described lands in South East Kootenay commencing at the North East corner of lot 2879, thence West forty chains, thence North 40 chains, thence East 40 chains, thence South 40 chains to place of begining.

ALFRED E. BALE.

Nov. 7th, 1901.