The Marysville Tribune.

VOL 1. No. 24

MARYSVILLE, BRITISH COLUMBIA, APRIL, 12, 1902.

$2.00 PER YEAR

Canadian Bank of Commerce.

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

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

A general banking business transacted. Deposits received.

London. "England" Office 60 Lombard Street.

Cranbrook Branch HUBERT HAINES, Mgr.

G. H. MINER,

Wholesale and Retail

Hardware Merchant.

Mining Hardware a Specialty.

Remember the Address.....

G. H. MINER,

Pioneer Hardware Merchant,

CRANBROOK.

Central Hotel Dining Room.

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

The Big Store.

The Big Stock.

The Big Bargains.

Fort Steele Mercantile Co., Ltd., Cranbrook.

A Proof....

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

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

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

The Kootenay Furniture Company Ltd.

J. P. FINK, Manager. Cranbrook

FALLS VIEW HOTEL,

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

CHARLES EARLY,

Proprietor.

The Royal Hotel

MARYSVILLE, B. C.

This hotel is now open and ready for guests.

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

A FIRST CLASS HOUSE

BRIDGE FOR MARYSVILLE

Public Improvement that is Greatly Needed

BIG BENEFIT FOR THIS SECTION

It Would Save Time and Distance For Everybody Around Here.

One of the things that will help to build up Marysville is the proposed bridge across the St. Mary's river.

The importance of this public work cannot possibly be over estimated

The distance, that not only the people of Marysville but the Perry creek people also, have to travel to reach the railroad, as things are at present is out of all reason and the people of this district should use every fair means to induce the government to inaugurate work on the bridge at the earliest possible moment.

The people of Marysville driving to Cranbrook have, at present, to go by way of the St. Eugene mission so as to cross the river, the distance being twenty one miles where as if the bridge were built twelve miles would be all that would have to be travelled. The people of Perry Creek have at present to go to the mission also to get to Marysville, whereas four to six miles would be the distance if the bridge were built.

We are well aware of the fact that the government is a great body and that "great bodies move slowly," but the urgency of this case should make them "get a move on" for once. The people of this district pay their taxes and they have a right to air their views and to insist on a reasonable amount of recognition on the part of the government.

The next thing wanted, and it should be constructed at the same time as the bridge, is the short road from Cranbrook to Perry Creek. Last fall the proposed route of this road was walked over by several Cranbrook citizens, and a road not more than six miles in length could be built at no great expense from Cranbrook to Six Mile creek.

These matters of public works which are necessary should be matters of interest to all good citizens and we trust the people of Marysville will pull together and use their best efforts to induce the government at Victoria to build this very necessary bridge and this very necessary road.

BIG MILL AT WARDNER.

A Strong Company Arranging to Put in a Plant There.

From the Herald—

Arrangements have been about completed to put in a big saw mill plant at Wardner. It is understood that Golden parties are largely interested in the enterprise, and that the mill will be built for the purpose of handling timber on the upper Kootenay and its tributaries The C. P. R. will be asked to build a spur to the steamboat landing and the North Star will handle the product that is to go up or down the river.

McMahon--Soper.

From Cranbrook Herald.

Mr. Frank McMahon of Moyie, and Miss Soper of Kimberley, were united in marriage at Moyie, Wednesday, April 9, 1902, by Father Coccolo.

Mr. McMahon is one of the proprietors of the Kootenay hotel, and a "jolly good fellow" with a host of friends who will wish him well in the sensible move he has taken. The bride has lived in Kimberley for several years, and has a large circle of acquaintances throughout the district.

The happy couple were remembered by their friends in a most substantial manner.

Marysville Ready For Foot Ball.

A meeting of the Marysville foot ball club was held on Monday evening in Norman Hill's store. A large crowd assembled at 8 o'clock and the principal business was to organize. N. C McKinstry was elected to the chair and Dr. O'Hagan Secretary for the present meeting. The first business transacted was to elect officers. The following officers were elected :

Patron, G W Hull.
President, M. A. McKenzie.
Sec.-Treas., F. W. Mitchell
Executive Comittee, N C McKinstry, F. E. Haines, A. Bales, S Liddicotte.
Captain, Norman Hill.

It was decided that the membership fee be $1.00.

It was also decided to hold a meeting every Monday evening after practice.

There is no donot that Marysville can get a good team and there is no reason why the town should not support a team. All of our players are strange to each other yet, but nevertheless they are commencing to play the game. All the boys need is lots of practice Arrangements are being made so as to have a match with Cranbrook or some other town on the 24th of May.

Subscribe For THE TRIBUNE

SHOCKED BY LIGHTNING.

Three Railroad Men Have a Queer Experience at Kitchener.

From the Herald—

Last Monday, while Conductor Hunt's train was at Kitchener, a big rain storm came up accompanied by heavy thunder and flashes of lightning. It became necessary to chain a car, and W. Wilson and J. Bremner, two of the brakemen, and the car repairer at Kitchener, got the heave chain out of the caboose and with it over the shoulders of the three of them started down the track. The storm seemed to have increased and the sky was overshadowed with heavy clouds. Suddenly there was a crash and a mass of brilliant fire seemed to dart from the heavens, centering upon the chain carried by the railroad boys. All three were prostrated and it was some time before they fully recovered. Their bodies were burned in places and their systems were filled with electricity. Each one carried a watch and on examination later that day Mr. Tate found that all of them had been highly magnetized by the shock.

Fred Dumont, who was down the track about half a mile, saw the flash and he said it presented a brilliant spectacle, but that he was filled with fear as he saw the stream of fire reach down to where the men were carrying the chain, as he thought they had been killed when they dropped.

None of the victims care to repeat the experience, although they all escaped without serious injury.

Fernie News.

From the Free Press—

Fernie is to have a new furniture house. The members of the new mercantile concern are W. O. Robins and H. H. Brewer, the latter being formerly connected with J. D. Quail. Work has already been commenced upon the business premises, the site of which is between the Northern hotel and Martin O'Reilly's dry goods house on Victoria avenue.

A meeting of the Fernie gun and rifle association was held on Tuesday evening at W. P. Cuthbert's for the purpose of organizing for the season. The following officers were elected: T. R McIlmoyle, president; O. N. Ross, vice-president; J S. T. Alexander, secretary-treasurer; E. L Wrigglesworth, captain. Another meeting will be held at the same place on Tuesday evening next.

Dr. Williams of Elko arrived in town on Monday evening. He has almost completely recovered from the effects of the accident which gave him so close a call for his life two weeks ago.

The East Kootenay Bottling Works, of Cranbrook, has decided to establish a branch in Fernie. Machinery for the local branch is now on the way and is expected to be in operation for the first of the summer trade. The opening of the Fernie branch will mean the expenditure of over $3,000 upon the plant.

There was considerable excitement upon the arrival of the east bound train last evening. It appears that a man boarded the second-class coach at Creston Junction. He was taken off the train at Cranbrook, where he was held by Dr. King as a smallpox suspect. Dr. Bonnell, medical health officer, was advised by wire to have the coach side-tracked at Fernie and the passengers in it vaccinated, so as to minimize the the possibility of infection. Accordingly Dr. Corsan and Officers Barnes and Henderson were on hand when the train pulled into the depot. The coach was side-tracked and the work of vaccinating the passengers therein commenced. All submitted their arms to the doctor with but two exceptions. Informations were laid against them by Dr. Corson, under the health act, and they were locked up in the car for the night. They will be given the option today of complying with the provincial regulations or spending sixteen days in the detention hospital.

Death of N. McL. Curran's Mother.

Ottawa Citizen: Mrs. J. B. Curran passed away on Saturday evening at the residence of her son in law, Mr. J. B. Fraser, 30 Cooper street. Deceased, who was the relict of the late J. B Curran of Kingston, was in her 85th year. She was of Irish descent, and a lady of many sterling qualities of heart and mind. The other members of her family are Rev Canon Curran of Algiers, Africa; Neil Curran of British Columbia, and Harry Curran of Chapleau. The funeral will be private.

Electric Light.

The Sullivan Group Mining company are about to install an electric light plant in connection with the smelter. Their first object in doing this was, of course, to light the smelter buildings, but they are willing, provided that a large enough number of the citizens will take the light, to put in a large enough plant to light the town also.

Electric light is not only the most convenient light that there is but it is also the safest.

In a wooden town, such as Marysville is likely to be for some years to come the safety of electric light cannot be over estimated. We would advise everyone who has a building in the town to light it with electric light if they are given the opportunity.

HARD FOUGHT BATTLE

Many Canadians Killed and Wounded.

WONDERFUL BRAVERY OF THE MEN

South East Kootenay Names Among Those Who Were Killed and Wounded.

London, April 4.—There was severe fighting all day long March 31 in the neighborhood of Hart's river, in the southwestern extremity of the Transvaal between part of General Kitchener's forces and the forces of Generals Delarey and Kemp, resulting in the repulse of the Boers after heavy losses on both sides.

The Canadian Rifles especially distinguished themselves, one party, commanded by Lieutenant Bruce Carruthers, holding its post until every man was killed or wounded.

Lord Kitchener's official report, dated from Pretoria yesterday afternoon, says:

"General Kitchener (Lord Kitchener's brother) sent Colonels Kier and Cookeson from Vriekult, western Transvaal, March 31, to reconnoiter toward Hart's river. They soon struck the track of guns, and carried on a running fight for eight miles, following the track through the bush. Emerging on a plain large Boer reinforcements advanced against their flanks, forcing the British troops to take up a defensible position, which they hastily entrenched. Fighting ensued at close quarters until the Boers were repulsed on all sides. Delarey, Kemp and other leaders vainly attempted to persuade their men to renew the action.

"Fifteen hundred Boers participated the engagement but they had suffered too heavily and cleared away to the northwest and south. The British losses also were severe. The Canadian Rifles especially distinguished themselves, one company, commanded by Lieutenant Bruce Carruthers, holding its post until ever man was killed or wounded. Others of the forces showed great steadiness, allowing the Boers to advance within 200 yards of them, and repelling them with a steady rifle fire."

Ottawa, Ont., April 4.—Lord Minto has received the following cable from Cape Town concerning the casualties in the engagement of the Second Canadian Mounted Rifles on March 31:

"Daschpoort, Kleinhart's River, March 31.—Lieutenants R. H. Ryan and W. G Loudin, formerly of the Northwest mounted police, are dangerously wounded, along with Lieutenants G. B. McKay of Montreal and R. F. Markham of New Brunswick. Noncommissioned officers and men killed, 9; wounded 40.

The following is the list of casualties:

Sergt. JOHN CAMPBELL PERRY, son of John Perry, Galt, Ont.

Corporal ALFRED SHERITT, mother is Jenette Sheritt, Brantford, Ont. Deceased is the well known bicycle champion rider.

Private W. T. PETERS, Cranbrook, B. C., next of kin, Mrs James Daws Peters, London.

Private W. VOLLRATH, Revelstoke, B. C., next of kin, Chas. Vollrath, Armstrong, B. C.

Private M. G. HUSTON, London, Ont., next of kin, his mother, Mary A. Huston, St. Mary's, Ont.

Private C. N. EVANS, London, Ont., next of kin, his father, James Evans, Port Hope, Ont.

Private W. P. K. MILLIGAN, Peterboro, Ont., next of kin his mother, Margaret Milligan, Clare, Ont.

Corp. W. A. KINSLEY, Toronto, next of kin, father, Henry Kinsley, Selkirk, Ont.

Private T. B. DAY, next of kin, D. C. Day, father, Shallow Lake, Ont.

Private A. WEST, Montreal, next of kin, J. West, father, Couldhurst, Eng.

Private D. H. CAMPBELL, Brandon, Man., next of kin, Dougal Campbell, Foss, Ill.

Privates West and Campbell were dangerously wounded in the engagement and died later.

Private S. McLeod Howard, Montreal.
Private S. M. Lissert, Cranbrook, B.C.
Sergt. A Milne, Calgary.
Private J. C. Grafius, Cranbrook, B. C.
Shoeing Smith W. H. Hunter, Winnipeg.
Private J. C. Fisher, Vancouver, B. C.
Private L. Stratton, Moosomin, N. W. T.
Private, B. Hodge, Virden, Man.
Private F. W Dennehey.
Private Chalmers, Calgary, N. W. T.
Amoonos Derrah, St. John, N. B.

Slightly Wounded

Sergt. C. R. Othen, Brandon, Man.
Sergt. Thos. Western, Portage la Prairie.
Private A. Fortey, Winnipeg.
Private J. Simons, Nelson, B. C.
Private P Hendy, Rossland, B. C.
Private Alex. McDonald, Cranbrook B. C.

Private H. Hawes, Halifax, N. .
Private J. N. Biswanger, Halifax, N S.

Tenth Canadian Field Hospital—Severely wounded: Private John Grant Gunn, London, Ont.

Cranbrook Heroes in Battle.

Last Sunday the news was received of the battle fought where Canadian troops won glory for the Union Jack by giving their lives for the cause. Among those killed and wounded Cranbrook had four sons, and the intelligence of the disastrous results carried sadness to many hearts in this town.

William Peters, who was killed, had been a fireman on the Crow for some time, and was well known in this district.

S M. Lissert, J. C. Grafius and Alex McDonald had worked at the lumber mills in Cranbrook for quite awhile and had many friends here.

Some Dividend Payers.

Rossland Miner: Early in March the Ymir Mines, Limited, paid a dividend which makes the total of the profits distributed among its shareholders $28,000. The North Star, of East Kootenay paid 1 1 2 cents per share a few days ago. This company has divided $373,000 among those who hold its stock certificates. It has a reserve of about $200,000 in its treasury. On March 20th, the Sunset divided $6,000 among its stockholders, making its total profits circulated $36,000. The Rambler-Cariboo declared a dividend of one per cent. payable April 1. This company will now have distributed about $138,000 among its shareholders.

GIVING LAND AND MONEY.

The V. V. & E. Road Gets a Big Slice of Public Bonus.

Killed :

Vancouver, B. C., March 31.—It is reported that a contract was entered into today between the Dunsmuir government and McLean Bros., contractors of this city, for the construction of the Coast-Kootenay railway.

A cash subsidy of $4000 per mile is to be given and a bonus of a million acres of land. Norman and Hugh McLean are in Victoria today fixing up the deal. It is understood that the contract will be submitted to the legislature in a joint bill with McKenzie and Mann's Canadian Northern scheme.

The Coast-Kootenay road will connect with the Hill system at both ends. At the coast end it will join the Great Northern system now under construction fram Liverpool, on Fraser river, opposite New Westminster, to Ladner, and with a ferry system from Ladner to Sidney, on Vancouver island. Connection with Victoria will be had by means of the Victoria & Sidney railway, while a branch will be run from the mouth of the Fraser to Vancouver. In the Boundary country the line will make connection with the Hill system to Spokane, known as the V. V. & E., and Washington and Great Northern.

This contract with the McLeans is practically a victory for the V. V. & E., as the McLeans obtained a charter for that line, and have been fighting bitterly in recent years against great odds and powerful opposition to get government aid.

The sudden reversal of the Dunsmuir government's opposition to V. V. & E. is believed to be owing to the fact that it hopes to secure a favorable opinion from the public on the bill embracing both the Canadian Northern and the Coast-Kootenay schemes, which it could not do with the McKenzie and Mann contract alone. It is considered a clever move.

Fort Steele News.

From the Prospector—

Things are beginning to hum on Wild Horse creek. The placer mines located on the creek will be extensively operated this year.

Considerable interest is being centered on the big iron deposits on Bull river.

Grundy Aukus has a small force at work on the Viking property which is situated on Tracy creek.

H. Haines, manager of the Bank of Commerce, and C. W. Matthews, representing R. G. Dunn & Co., were in town on Saturday last.

Mr. and Mrs. R. Fraser were in town Monday.

Jules Hurel, Tobacco Plains, was at the Imperial Tuesday.

D. Griffith was down from Wild Horse Tuesday. He reports active preparations going on among the placer mines

Rev. D. McKay Reid left on Wednesday's train for Wetaskawin, Albt.

A. Grez run across two bears while cutting wood on his island ranch.

Work at the Estella mine is being prosecuted with energy. The tunnels are to be run several hundred feet so that progressive work shall be kept ahead of the levels already drifted.

Several good catches of trout were made by local fishermen during the past week.

Mrs. R. O. Jennings and Miss May Jennings returned from a visit to Fernie on Thursday.

L. W. and Mrs. Patmore and H. Kershaw returned from a visit to Fernie on Friday.

The shipments of ore from the mines in the vicinity of Slocan for the year to date are as follows: Arlington, 771 tons; Enterprise, 180 tons; Ottawa, 7 tons; Neepawa, 60 tons; May, 5 tons; Pay Streak, 5 tons; total, 1,028 tons.—Western Mining World.

WILL ENLARGE SMELTER

Another Furnace and More Roasters Planned.

COMPANY EXPECTS BIG BUSINESS

And the Pay Roll Will be Very Largely Increased In Consequence.

The Cranbrook Herald has the following regarding Mr. Hull's statement as to plans to enlarge the smelter.

G W. Hull, general manager of the Sullivan Group Mining and Smelting company, the company that is building the smelter at Marysville, came down on Tuesday's train enroute to Grand Forks and Republic. Speaking of the work at Marysville, he said everything was progressing in a most satisfactory manner, "Just as soon as we have the roasters completed that we are now building, work will commence at once on four more, and another furnace thus giving 11 roasters and three furnaces, and a capacity of 225 to 250 tons a day. And, as the needs rise, that will be increased from time to time."

This is evidence of the fact that Marysville is bound to be a permanent place, and that no money is to be spared to make the smelter a big winner. This will be good news to the whole district, and will have a beneficial effect on mining generally in South East Kootenay."

Cranbrook News.

From the Cranbrook Herald—

This will have a tendency to liven up Wardner and give it a permanent industry, thus bringing better times to the town.

Elko will have a great celebration this year. The citizens will hold a meeting in a few days to make arrangements for the event. The people in that town will do it right. Of that there is no doubt.

Superintendent Jameson's family are expected in a few days. The C. P. R. house on the hill is being put in readiness for their arrival.

Dr. Harvey of Montreal, has been in town the past week. He will go to Victoria to take his examination for the province and will then return to Cranbrook and be associated with Dr. King in the practice of medicine.

It is stated that Constable Morris, in paying his laundry last week, in a moment of absent mindedness, wrote the name Ping Poug on the face of the check and the Chinaman presented it at the bank. As the features of the Chinaman and the name was familiar, the check was promptly paid.

Captain Armstrong, one of the best known river captains in British Columbia, was in Cranbrook Sunday. He will operate the steamer North Star on the Kootenay again this season, and will not take her through to the Columbia as he had expected. He expects to find business in the lumber and produce traffic.

J. L. Gates, who is now managing the Victoria hotel at Fernie, was in town yesterday. He had been visiting his old home at Kimberly, and was pleased to notice evidence of activity in the surrounding mines. "The resumption of work on the North Star and Sullivan is bound to make things lively in that part of the district. Marysville looks all right and is bound to be a prominent town and a prosperous one."

Are Almost Extinct.

Rossland Miner: The superintendent of the Rocky Mountain Park, Banff, Alberta, reports that the buffalo in the park continues to thrive, and the increase has been most satisfactory. The herd now numbers thirty head, being an increase in three years to fifteen. In the United States, too, only a few buffalo are left. With the exception of a score in Yellowstone Park, a few small scattered herds in Montana and one or two other western states, the buffalo in the United States have passed away. Where formerly there were millions of these lords of the prairies now there are probably less than five hundred on the entire continent It seems a pity that more of them could not have been saved. They were slaughtered indiscriminately and the result is practical extinction.

Smelter at Sandon.

Rossland Miner: A site has been procured for the proposed smelter at Sandon which J. Ryan is promoting. It is just outside the city limits and well adapted for the purpose. The Sandon people are giving the enterprise every encouragement. The design will be what is known as the Vulcan type, the same as that which has been erected at Ferguson, and the Sandon people are with interest watching how that one will turn out. If Mr. Ryan's proposed smelter does not eventuate there is a disposition now to erect one anyway, if the Vulcan system proves a success at Ferguson.

AND YOU AWAY.

Bells that over the meadows ring,
Flowers that make the May,
But how can the world of the summer sing
And you away, away?

And you away, my dear,
With the sigh and the falling tear,
What can the green world sing or say,
And you away, away?

Morning there on the hills supreme,
Earth in its rosy ray,
But how can earth of the morning dream
And you away, away?

And you away, my dear,
With the sigh and the falling tear,
What can the green world sing or say,
And you away, away?

—Frank L. Stanton.

A Highwayman's Juliet

A Celebrated Author's Weird Fancy.

By ARTHUR T. QUILLER-COUCH.

The house in question was what Peter the Scholar (who corrects my proof sheets) calls one of the rusinurby sort—the front facing a street and the back looking over a turfed garden, with a lime tree or two, a laburnum, and a lawn tennis court marked out, *its white lines plain to see in the starlight.* At the end of the garden a door, painted dark green, led into a narrow lane between high walls, where, if two persons met, one had to turn sideways to let the other pass. The entrance to this lane was cut in two by a wooden post about the height of your hip, and just beyond this, in the highroad, George was waiting for us with the dogcart.

We had picked the usual time—the dinner hour. It had just turned dark, and the church clock, two streets away, was chiming the quarter after 8 when Peter and I let ourselves in by the green door I spoke of and felt along the wall for the gardener's ladder that we knew was hanging there. A simpler job there never was. The bedroom window on the first floor stood right open to the night air, and inside was a faint candlelight flickering, just as a careless maid will leave it after her mistress has gone down to dinner. To be sure, there was a chance of her coming back to put it out, but we could hear her voice going in the servants' hall as we lifted the ladder and rested it against the sill.

"She's good for half an hour yet," Peter whispered, holding the ladder while I began to climb; "but if I hear her voice stop I'll give the signal to be cautious."

I went up softly, pushed my head gently above the level of the sill and looked in.

It was a roomy place, with a great half tester bed, hung with curtains, standing out from the wall on my right. The curtains were of chintz, a dark background, with flaming red poppies sprawling over it, and the farther curtain hid the dressing table and the candles upon it and the jewel case that I confidently hoped to stand upon it also. A bright Brussels carpet covered the floor, and the wall paper, I remember—though, for the life of me, I can not tell why—was a pale gray ground, worked up to imitate watered silk, with springs of gilt honeysuckle upon it.

I looked around and listened for half a minute. The house was still as death up here—not a sound in the room or in the passages beyond. With a nod to Peter to hold the ladder firm I lifted one leg over the sill, then the other, dropped my feet carefully upon the thick carpet and went quickly around the bed to the dressing table.

But at the corner, and as soon as ever I saw around the chintz curtain, *my knees gave way, and I put out a* hand toward the bedpost.

Before the dressing table, and in front of the big glass in which she could see my white face, was an old lady seated.

She wore a blaze of jewels and a low gown, out of which rose the scraggiest neck and shoulders I have ever looked on. Her hair was thick with black dye and fastened with a diamond star. Between the two candles the powder showed on her cheek bones like flour on a miller's coat. Chin on hand, she was gazing steadily into the mirror before her, and, even in my fright, I had time to note that a glass of sherry and a plate of rice and curry stood at her elbow among the rouge pots and powder puffs.

While I stood stock still and pretty well scared out of my wits she rose, still staring at my image in the glass, folded her hands modestly over her bosom and spoke in a deep, tragical voice:

"The prince!"

Then, facing sharply around, she held out her thin arms.

"You have come—at last?"

There was not much to say to this except that I had. So I confessed it. Even with the candles behind her I could see her eyes glowing like a dog's, and an uglier poor creature this world could scarcely show.

"Is the ladder set against the window?"

"Since you seem to know, ma'am," said I, "it is."

"Ah, Romeo! Your cheeks are ruddy—your poppies are too red."

"Then I'm glad my color's come back; for, to tell the truth, you did give me a turn just at first. You were looking out for me, no doubt"—

"My prince!" She stretched out her arms again, and, being pretty well at my wits' end, I let her embrace me. "It has been so long," she said—"oh, the weary while! And they ill treat me. Where have you been all this tedious time?"

I was not going to answer that, you may be sure. By this time I had recovered myself sufficiently to guess what was near the truth—this was a mad aunt of the family below, and that the game was in my hands if I played with decent care. So I met her question with another.

"Look here," I said, "I'm running a considerable risk in braving these persecutors of your'n. Hadn't we better elope at once?"

"I am ready."

"And the jewels? You won't leave them to your enemies, I suppose."

She turned to the dressing table, lifted her jewel case and put it into my hands.

"I am ready," she repeated. "Let us be quick and stealthy as death."

She followed me to the window and, looking out, drew back.

"What horrible, black depths!"

"It's as easy," said I, "as pie. You could do it on your head. Look here!" I climbed out first and helped her, setting her feet on the rungs. We went down in silence, I choking all the way at the sight of Peter below, who was looking with his mouth open and his lips too weak to meet the curses and wonderment that rose up from the depths of him. When I touched turf and handed him the jewel case, he took it like a man in a trance.

We put the ladder back in its place and stole over the turf together. But outside the garden door Peter could stand no more of it.

"I've a firearm in my pocket," whispered he, pulling up, "and I'm going to fire it off to relieve my feelings if you don't explain here and now. Who, in pity's name, is she?"

"You mug! She's the original Sleeping Beauty. I'm eloping with her, and you've got her jewels."

"Pardon me, Jem," he says in his gentlemanly way, "if I don't quite see. Are you taking her off to melt her or marry her? For how to get rid of her else"—

The poor old creature had halted, too, three paces ahead of us and waited while we whispered, with the moonlight that slanted down into the lane *whitening her bare neck and flashing* on her jewels.

"One moment," I said and stepped forward to her; "you had better take off those ornaments here, my dear, and give them to my servant to take care of. There's a carriage waiting for us at the end of the lane, and when he has stowed them under the seat we can climb in and drive off"—

"To the end of the world—to the very rim of it, my hero."

She pulled the gems from her ears, hair and bosom and handed them to Peter, who received them with a bow. Next she searched in her pocket and drew out a tiny key. Peter unlocked the case, and, having carefully stowed the diamonds inside, locked it again, handed back the key, touched his hat and walked off toward the dogcart.

"My dearest lady," I began, as soon as we were alone between the high walls, "if the devotion of a life"—

Her bare arm crept into mine. "There is but a little time left for us in which to be happy. Year after year I have marked off the almanac; day by day I have watched the dial. I saw my sisters married and my sisters' daughters, and still I waited. Each had a man to love her and tend her, but none had such a man as I would have chosen. They were none like you, my prince."

"No, I dare say not."

"Oh, but my heart is not so cold. Take my hand—it is firm and strong; touch my lips—they are burning"—

A low whistle sounded at the top of the lane. As I took her hands I pushed her back, and, turning, ran for my life. I suppose that as I ran I counted forty before her scream came, and then the sound of her feet pattering after me.

She must have run like a demon, for I was less than ten yards ahead when Peter caught my wrist and pulled me up on to the back seat of the dogcart. And before George could set the horse going her hand clutched at the flap on which my feet rested. It missed its grasp and she never got near enough again. But for half a minute I looked into that horrible face following us and working with silent rage, and for half a mile at least I heard the patter of her feet in the darkness behind. Indeed, I can hear it now.

Nonsensical Beliefs.

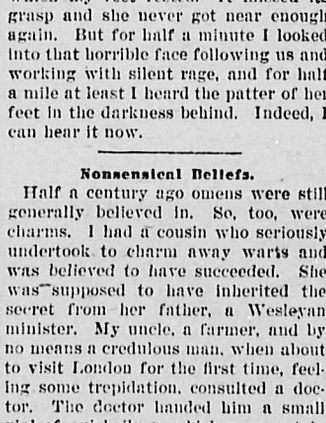
Half a century ago omens were still generally believed in. So, too, were charms. I had a cousin who seriously undertook to charm away warts and was believed to have succeeded. She was supposed to have inherited the secret from her father, a Wesleyan minister. My uncle, a farmer, and by no means a credulous man, when about to visit London for the first time, feeling some trepidation, consulted a doctor. The doctor handed him a small vial of quicksilver, which was certain if kept in the pocket to avert all harm.

Doubtless the doctor laughed in his sleeve, for doctors were then getting incredulous, and I remember it being commonly said of another practitioner that he believed neither in God nor devil. Nearly twenty years later, when a cousin who, born a Wesleyan, had turned Quaker and came up to London to the annual gathering of that body, he showed me, with a smile, the identical vial of mercury. His mother, good soul, had borrowed it from her brother so that her son might likewise benefit by it.—Westminster Review.

The Stubborn Man.

You think it shows strength to be stubborn and unforgiving, but it's a mistake; it shows weakness. The meanest soul in the world can pity himself and nurse his troubles; he gets a sort of enjoyment out of it. It's awful easy, too; it ain't necessary to have any particular talent, nor anything but the commonest brains; in fact, it ain't necessary to have much of anything but a selfish disposition.—Eleanor C. Reed, in "The Battle Invisible."

Different.



"My dear children, don't you know it's wicked to play ball on the Sabbath?"

"Who's er playing ball? We's going ter golf, we is."

As He Passed Out.

"Yes," said the man who had been sent to break the news to the widow, "he died without a struggle."

"Then," she replied, "somebody must have been kind enough to keep the bottle full and within easy reach."—Chicago Record-Herald.

NERVES.

The modern malady of love is nerves.
Love, once a simple madness, now observes
The stages of his passionate disease
And is twice sorrowful, because he sees,
Inch by inch entering, the fatal knife.
O health of simple minds, give me your life
And let me, for one midnight, cease to hear
The clock forever ticking in my ear,
The clock that tells the minutes in my brain!
It is not love nor love's despair, this pain
That shoots a witless, keener pang across
The simple agony of love and loss.
Nerves, nerves! Oh, folly of a child who dreams
Of heaven and, waking in the darkness, screams!
—Arthur Symons in Saturday Review.

Priscilla's Peculiarity

"Odd to hear from him again, after all these years! I wonder what made him write directly he reached Southampton!"

Priscilla Baberley glanced inquiringly from the open letter in her hand to the mirror over her drawing room mantelpiece as though her reflection might possibly answer the query.

The wistful melancholy of her expression was due to an illness which had left her almost totally deaf; though the fact was scarcely noticeable, thanks to the knowledge of lip reading she had acquired, and when this means failed she resorted to the use of an ear trumpet, or an ingeniously constructed fan.

"Oh, dear! If only I hadn't been deaf; men have a horror of deaf old maids! But I needn't let him know just at first—he always spoke distinctly and was clean shaven, which means a great deal to me now. I'm sure I can manage it," she resumed meditatively. "I will set him talking of his campaigns."

She crossed the room and touched the bell.

"Catherine," she said to the maid, "Major—I mean Colonel Ewart will be here presently. Send up hot toast with the tea and extra cream."

A moment after the maid held aside the heavy plush portiere and a tall, military looking man, with a flowing gray beard and mustache, filled up the doorway.

"Good gracious—a beard as well!" Miss Baberley murmured, horror stricken, as she caught up her fan and went to meet him, holding it gracefully to her lips.

"Ah, major—colonel, I mean"—she corrected herself agitatedly—"delighted to see you! It's like your good nature to call so soon. How you have altered! I should scarcely have known you."

"You haven't changed in the least degree," he said gallantly, shaking her hand between both his. "Why, it seems only yesterday that we said 'goodby' at your sister's garden party."

His tone was gruff, but hearty, and somewhat above the normal pitch, and she managed to catch a word here and there as she watched his lips anxiously, holding the fan to her own.

"Yes—er—I have a little garden here," she rejoined hesitatingly. "But come and sit down. I want to hear all about yourself and your campaigns. Of course I learned a great deal from the papers, but it isn't the same as a personal narrative, so you must just tell me from the very beginning." She seated herself opposite him, her eyes still fixed on his face.

"Really, Celia—I may call you the old name, may I not?—there is nothing to tell, just the usual changes from hill stations to the plains, and vice versa; then the outbreak, which we quelled after some sharp fighting and losing some of our best fellows, and that's all. You don't suppose," he resumed in a lower tone, "that I've come here, directly I set foot in the old country, to talk about my campaigns?"

She heard the note of interrogation and dropped her eyes rather disconcertedly, murmuring an unintelligible monosyllable.

"I want to talk something far more interesting," he continued softly—"that concerns you as well as myself. You've no idea what pleasure it is to see you again—and to find that you—that you are not married."

"Really?" she exclaimed after a slight pause, cleverly simulated surprise in her tone.

"Yes, it has always been in my thoughts," he rejoined eagerly, his courage rising. "I should have spoken before I went away, but do you remember remarking once that you never intended to marry unless the man who asked you had something more to his credit than a banking account. That was why I exchanged and went abroad. I did think of writing when I was out there, but until these frontier affairs were quite settled I thought it fairer not to ask you to tie yourself to me, as if I'd been hit it might have been a blow to you. Of course that was taking for granted you cared a little for me." And he concluded smiling rather shamefacedly.

"Indeed!" She smiled also, feigning astonishment.

"Now, confess, Celia, this is not altogether a surprise to you. Even if it is—you do not find it disagreeable?"

"Dear me—how strange!" she exclaimed hesitatingly, after a slight pause, still keeping her eyes fixed on his face, while she bit the tip of her fan nervously.

She broke the silence at last with a little regretful sigh.

"Is that all? It is most interesting."

"Ah, Celia," he sighed, "you are just as tantalizing and stand-offish as ever—but—I like you all the better for it." And he leaned forward with an admiring glance at the fair face and shapely head, crowned with neat dark brown coils.

"Yes, may people have told me the same," she replied complacently, catching the end of his sentence, and, noting the appreciative glance, she concluded that he alluded to the modern style of hairdressing she had adopted.

"But you needn't be stand-offish with an old—er—admirer," he added quietly and reproachfully.

"I—I beg your pardon—what did you say?"

"Oh, nothing, nothing," he responded hastily, fearing he had been too precipitate. "What a charming room this is!"

"Now you must have some tea," she said, after rather an awkward pause, laying down her fan, and moving to the table. "Being an old maid I'm rather fussy, so you must not talk while I'm making it—it distracts my attention," she added with a forced little laugh.

He watched her with growing pleasure as her hands busied with the cups, the lamp rays touching the gold in her hair.

"It's like old times, watching you make tea, Celia. I wish it would be my privilege always."

"I told you not to talk," she said with playful severity.

"But I must. Don't be so tantalizing, dearest. I'm not to touch tea till I've had your answer, till you've promised, in fact—" his voice dropped to an earnest whisper, and he crossed the room to her side, "to be my wife."

She glanced at him bewildered.

"Er—er—in fact, of course, scarcely in theory," she said vaguely.

"Celia," he exclaimed, "what on earth do you mean?"

A dead silence followed. She saw by his face that something was wrong, and her agitation increased when he commenced to pace restlessly about the room, muttering to himself in an undertone:

"Ever since I've been abroad I've lived and worked in the hope of one day winning you, but now it seems as though"—

She looked up puzzled. "What did you say?" she asked desperately. "I did not quite catch it, but it is your own fault. I told you not to talk while I *made tea—two lumps of sugar, isn't* it? You see, I've remembered the correct number—and half the cream jug—you were always terribly greedy, colonel! There!" She handed him the cup and caught up her fan. "Now you must begin all over again. I don't think you've lost the spice of humor." And she flashed a nervous little smile over the top of the fan.

"Celia," he said slowly, raising his voice till it rang through the room, "this is not a time for joking."

The anger in his tone and his hurt expression frightened and bewildered her; with a gesture of despair she turned away.

"If only it hadn't been for the mustache!" she murmured, half audibly.

"Mustache!" he exclaimed eagerly, hopefulness staring into his tone. "Is that your only objection? How I wish I had known before I came! But I'll have it off directly."

He was standing beside her again, and now he rested his hand on her shoulder; but she shrank from his touch and turned away, half crying and wringing her hands.

"I thought I could have managed, but I shall have to tell. I can't go on like this," she sobbed.

"Tell me what? That there is some one else?"

He turned abruptly away, and flung himself in the armchair, burying his face in his hands.

"Just my luck," he said brokenly. "But it's hard after all this time, and now when it seemed all plain sailing to hear that—that—I have a rival. But," reproachfully, "you needn't have kept me so long in suspense, Celia."

A moment's silence followed. Then she left her seat and walked to the fireplace and stood looking down at him, toying nervously with her fan.

"I can't hear what you say," she said at last desperately, flinging the fan from her. "I should have told you—I am deaf, but I couldn't bear to use my ear trumpet just at first, because I thought you would regret having come. I know men have a horror of deaf old maids."

She laughed hysterically as she produced the trumpet from the little bag at her side and adjusted it.

"It was just my silly pride," she continued quickly, "and I thought I could manage with my fan. You see, it has this tube in the center, which carries the sound through my lips—and then—I understand lip reading—if it hadn't been that your mustache conceals yours"—

"Is that all?" he interrupted eagerly, starting up and placing his hands on her shoulder. "There isn't anybody else?"

"Anybody else, where?" she asked, bewildered.

"I mean any one you care more for than me—whom you intend marrying?"

"N—no—" she faltered, the color rushing into her cheeks; "but what an odd question."

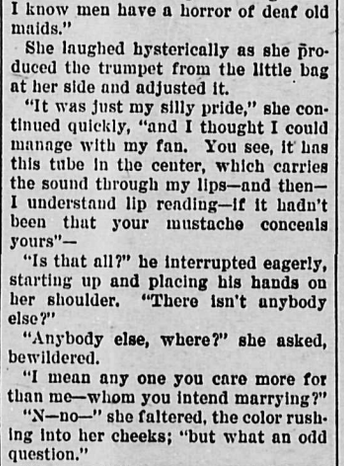
"Not at all," he answered delightedly. "Can't you guess, Celia, what I have been asking you, or—" and his eyes twinkled merrily—"shall I begin all over again?"

But it was scarcely necessary, for though she blushed still deeper she did not now resist when he took her hands in his.—Mainly About People.

England's Early Coins.

When England was being made into mincemeat and blocks of real estate by the Saxons and Danes, silver and brass were in use as currency, but the Normans subsequently installed the aristocratic metal and left the democratic brass to take care of itself. Gold was first coined by Henry III. and copper made into British coin in 1672. Tin was used for coinage in 1680, and the *national farthing* was made of this Cambrian product, with a stud of copper set in the center. In 1690 and 1691 tin halfpence were issued in considerable quantities. The only pure gold coins issued in English history were those of Henry III.

Misunderstood.



"Good morning, Mrs. Stubbs."
"The best money could buy, Mr. Price."

Only Working.

Hamomlet (the actor)—Odds, sirrah, what do you mean by hugging my chorus girls?

Scribbler—Why, what are you kicking about? Didn't you hire me as a press agent?—Ohio State Journal.

FOUR HARD VILLAINS

A CASE OF DRINK, KNOCKOUT DROPS AND ATTEMPTED ROBBERY.

The Brazen Game In Which Detective Bob Pinkerton Finally Took a Hand and What Happened After He Made His Break.

Bob Pinkerton, the famous detective, once told this story with great relish:

"I was traveling from Chicago to New York. We'd only been out from Chicago for about half a dozen hours when my attention was attracted by the peculiar conduct of a party of four well dressed and somewhat larky young men in the smoking compartment of the car on which I was riding. From the beginning of the journey I had noticed that these young chaps had been observing me pretty strongly, and I caught a couple of them pointing to me and nudging each other—I saw the thing out of the tail of my eye—when the conductor approached my seat and addressed me by name.

"Therefore when I happened to catch sight of a little game that was going on among the four in the smoking compartment I kept them in good view, although I didn't suppose they knew I was watching them. I saw that a quart bottle was being passed around among them pretty freely. Now, there was nothing unusual about that, of course, but I immediately formed strong suspicions when I observed that three of them were only pretending to take their drinks of liquor out of the glass the porter provided, while the fourth, a young fellow who had a lot of exceedingly valuable jewelry scattered about his person, was actually gulping the liquor down at a great rate and was obviously becoming foolishly intoxicated. Now, it naturally struck me as a queer thing, the cautious and furtive way the three young chaps emptied their glasses into the spittoon when the fourth young fellow wasn't looking, and in view of the latter's possession of so much fine jewelry it looked like a fair calculation that they didn't mean any good to him.

"Finally, when the fourth man was very much intoxicated, to judge by his boisterous manner, I saw the three who had been dumping their drinks tip each other the wink, and then one of them, after looking around with great furtiveness, pulled a small vial out of his vest pocket.

"I am free to say that I possessed quite a degree of inward excitement over the prospect of nipping such a brazen piece of 'knockout' work right during the accomplishment thereof. The young man with the vial signaled to one of his pals, and the pal poured out a stiff drink from the fresh bottle which the porter had just brought in. Then the young fellow with the vial dropped about ten drops therefrom into the glass of liquor. Now, you might suppose that it was up to me right then to 'cut in,' but it wasn't. A man can't get the full punishment prescribed for handlers of 'knockout' drops until he has actually served the stuff to his victim, and I was so sore upon this party of three robbers that I wanted to have the best case possible against them. So I kept my hand out of the business until I could see the end of the play. The youth who had used the 'knockout' drops handed the doped glass of liquor to the intoxicated chap who was manifestly to be the victim of the three, and he took it greedily and gulped it down. Then he gradually ceased his boisterous talking, rested his head back on the cushion of his chair and, with his mouth wide open, apparently yielded to the effects of the 'knockout' fluid.

"As soon as he had succumbed—I saw it all through a glass pane in the partition between the smoking compartment and the body of the car—the three exchanged significant glances, and then they leaned over their apparently unconscious companion and began to strip him of his jewelry.

"I reached the door of the smoking compartment in two jumps.

"'Pretty coarse work, sons,' I said, just showing them the gun I had in my hand, but not levelling it at them, 'and I am surprised that you should be so foolish as to think that you could get away with the goods in such a raw way. Now, I've seen the whole game from the beginning, and the three of you are to consider yourselves corralled, as perhaps you know my name is Pinkerton, and I have the authority to put you under arrest.'

"The young fellow who was being robbed when I broke in slumbered on with his mouth wide open, and the other three looked terribly alarmed. Their faces got red, and they began to reproach each other.

"'I told you he was Pinkerton,' one of them said bitterly.

"'I didn't want to get mixed up in this job, anyhow,' said another.

"'Even if Pinkerton wasn't on the train you idiots ought to've known how this train is watched,' said the third.

"'Say, what are you going to do with us?' all three inquired of me at once.

"'I'm going to take the bunch of you off the train at the next stop and make complaint against you,' I replied, 'and I can give it to you pretty straight that you're all in trouble and a whole lot of it.'

"Then the 'unconscious victim' couldn't hold in any longer. He jumped up and let out a roar that drowned the screeching of the engine's whistle, and then he fell back into his chair and held his sides and shrieked. The other three likewise toppled into their chairs and just moaned with joy.

"Oh, well, it didn't need any end on collision to make me see how those four young reprobates had fooled me. I saw it then, all right, while they fell back in their chairs and rocked themselves in their glee. They offered me a drink out of the quart bottle. It contained tea, secured by the porter from the dining car. The user of the 'knockout' drops pulled the vial from his pocket and drank off the contents right before me and smacked his lips and remarked that he hadn't tasted such rattling good cistern water for several months.

"The four young scamps were university lads on their way east for a bit of a trip. They had recognized me from pictures of me published in the Chicago papers as soon as they got on the car, and they had fixed the scheme up on me. I bit, and I bit hard, and that's all there is about it. I didn't say a word, but silently *conducted the four of them to the buffet* car and told them that it was all on me."—Boston Herald.

Excusable.

Ostend—Paw, what is a "white lie?"

Paw—It is one a woman tells when she says, "This is so sudden!" to a suitor who has been calling around for five years.—Chicago News.

GOOD TIMES OF OLD.

Elaborateness of Modern Functions Spoils the Fun.

"Did you ever think how complicated good times are nowadays?" asked one middle aged man of another. "Remember what good times we used to have without any previous spread or ceremony? Well, those days were worth living in. When I watch my children trying to enjoy themselves, it positively makes me tired, everything is so studied, so elaborate, so mechanical.

"Take my daughter Grace, for instance. She receives an invitation to an 'informal whist party.' What does she do? Does she act pleased and dance around as her mother would have done twenty-five years ago? No, indeed. 'Oh, bother! What shall I wear? If I go, I've simply got to get a new gown,' is what she says, and for the next week she is breaking her neck to get the rig ready. The affair comes off, and she comes home and half the time says she was bored to death. The fault isn't with her, for the next day a gang of her friends comes in, and by scraps of conversation which drift to my ears I know they were all bored. She is about the average type of girl, and, no use talking, she isn't having the fun her mother had. If she is invited to a really formal function, it's enough to turn the whole house upside down. She doesn't get any real pleasure out of it at all aside from the excitement either.

"It's the same with my son John. But I won't go into details about John; only when he even takes a girl to the theater his pocketbook looks as if an elephant had stepped on it afterward. There's violets and carriages and a dozen other fool things, while if it's anything more pretentious than the theater—well, my checkbook suffers. Don't care about the money if the boy really had a good time, but he doesn't.

"It's all right to talk about this being the age of the young person, but it's not. We used to get up simple impromptu little affairs, invite a congenial crowd and no tomfoolery about it. Even a picnic now is a state banquet in comparison with the good old larks we used to have. These poor, blase, modern youngsters may be pushing us old fellows to the wall a bit with their precocious cleverness; but, oh, my, they are missing a lot just the same. Say, do you remember that little dance at"—

But at this point in the conversation the middle aged man struck a reminiscent mood, so any more ideas which he happened to possess on the modern good time were left unsaid. But there is a lot in what he did say, now isn't there?

PICKINGS FROM FICTION.

Love and a cough cannot be hidden.—"The Eternal City."

To some temperaments a danger sign is an irresistible lure.—"The Strength of the Hills."

Marriage is not the end of love, but it is the true end of a love story.—"Rosalynde's Lovers."

Uncertainty is the only certain element in the life of a man whose brain is not petrified.—"Elder Boise."

We are all puppets of our Lady Vanity, who pulls the strings and leads us many a dance.—"Our Lady Vanity."

The wider your understanding and the greater your charity the more patiently you will live and let live.—"The Van Dwellers."

Is it well to return and test the materials of the bridge which has just carried thee over the flood in safety?—"She Stands Alone."

There is something that is much more scarce, something finer far, something rarer, than ability. It is the ability to recognize ability.—"The Philistine."

All workers like to be bothered a little. *It is a wise woman who does not bother* them too much. The attention is flattering as long as it is not annoying.—"The Westerners."

The heart of a man is always ready to admit a ray of sunshine, and it takes only a small one, after all, to dispel the shadows when love dwells therein.—"The Portion of Labor."

It's just the worst part of ordinary life that one is fettered with a ready made identity, often a horrible misfit, in the choosing of which one has no voice at all.

A Queer Marriage Custom.

The Scandinavian bridegroom gives his betrothed a prayer book and many other gifts, which usually include a goose. She, in turn, gives him, especially in Sweden, a shirt, and this he inevitably wears on his wedding day. Afterward he lays it away, and under no circumstances of state or poverty will he wear it again while alive. But he wears it in his grave, and there are Swedes who earnestly believe not only in the resurrection of the body, but in the veritable resurrection of the betrothal shirts of such husbands as have never broken their marriage vows. The Swedish widower must destroy upon the eve of his second marriage the wedding shirt his first wife gave him.—Woman's Home Companion.

Some English Ideas.

According to The Canadian Gazette a woman in England said not long ago to one who came from the city of Quebec, "I suppose you frequently see the falls of Niagara?" "Oh, yes," was the reply. "I often take a morning walk there before breakfast," adding, "It is only about 500 miles."

According to another story, at the time of Queen Victoria's jubilee in London a lady of rank sent an invitation for a garden party to some Canadians. It was a very pleasant letter and very kindly expressed, and she ended by saying, "Please come in your native dress."

Lost the Hundred.

Willis—What *makes you so blue*, Wallace?

Wallace—Why shouldn't I be blue? A fellow offered a hundred dollars for a case of catarrh he couldn't cure, and I let him try his hand on me.

"Well, what of it?"

"Why, he cured me, confound it!"

The Braver Sex.

"I am afraid," said a certain small boy's mother, "that you are overeating. Aren't you a little apprehensive?"

"No," was the answer after due deliberation. "I'm not afraid. You know ladies are naturally timid."

Apprehensive.

Jack—You seem afraid to pop the question.

Billy—No. I'm afraid to question "pop."

Hindsight.

Casey—Well, ye can't prevint what's past and gone.

Cassidy—Shure, ye could av ye only acted quick enough.

Casey—How could ye?

Cassidy—Shtop it befoor it happens.

A Neighborhood Advantage.

"Don't the tramps ever visit your street?"

"No; there's an employment agency on the corner."

A TALE OF MONTANA.

Involving a Traveler, a Hackman and the Latter's Advice.

"Some time ago," said a Cleveland man, "business carried me on a swinging trip through the west. I was due to make Helena, Mon., on a certain afternoon, and the connection from Ogden was a bad one. We arrived at Butte about 5 a. m., and the train for Helena left there at 6 o'clock from another station. Red eyed and hungry, I descended to the dreary platform and gathered unto myself a hackman. He assured me he knew of a good place where I could get breakfast, and that part of his tale was true, for he drove me to a very good chophouse, where an excellent meal was served me. So good indeed was the coffee that I lingered over it until he bade me hasten lest I lose the train.

"As no other train left there for Montana's capital city until late in the afternoon I did as I was bid. On the hack was my steamer trunk, and soon the entire outfit drew up at the station platform exactly four minutes before the train was to start. As I alighted the hackman advised: 'Better get your ticket, captain, while I get the trunk down. You haven't much time left.' Sound advice that, which I saw the force of and hastened to take.

"Returning with the pasteboard in my hand, I was surprised to find the hackman seated on my solitary piece of baggage. 'Here, you,' I remonstrated, 'look lively there! I want to get that trunk checked!'

"Without moving he replied: 'You'd better pay my bill first. It's five dollars.'

"'What?' I gasped. 'I don't want to buy the trap.'

"'That's what it is,' he made firm answer, and then he added: 'No pay, no trunk check. Sabe?'

"With that he arose and stretched himself. He was a bit taller and a bit bigger round, but I wasn't sure of the outcome. I felt I might, and then again I felt I mightn't. He noted my hesitation and took out his watch and turned the dial toward me. It wanted exactly one minute of train time. 'I've the same doubt, captain,' he remarked quietly as he ran his experienced eye up and down my figure. 'You might do me or I might go through you, but one thing's certain—whichever way it came out you'd miss that train.'

"This, too, was sound advice, and I took it and he five dollars, and then, with his willing and able assistance, both my trunk and myself made that train. Ten miles from Butte a fallen bowlder blocked us, and there we lay all day. Both morning and afternoon trains rolled into Helena that evening as one. Ever since I have wondered if I had but known of *that bowlder's presence* in advance whether I would have taken the later train in triumph or have gone to a hospital for repairs."

Buffoonery In "Hamlet."

The buffoonery once tolerated in provincial theaters is illustrated in an anecdote set forth in the memoir of Barry Sullivan, Wright, who was the First Gravedigger, prepared himself to take the house by storm by having incased his person within a dozen or more waistcoats of all sorts of shapes and patterns. When about to commence the operation of digging the grave for the "fair Ophelia," Wright began to unwind by taking off waistcoat after waistcoat, which caused uproarious laughter among the audience.

But as fast as he relieved himself of one waistcoat Paul Bedford, the Second Gravedigger, incased himself in the cast-off vests, which increased the salvos of laughter, for as Wright was getting thinner Paul grew fatter and fatter.

Wright, seeing himself outdone, kept on the remainder of the waistcoats and went on with his part quite crestfallen.

His Ideal Hotel.

When Li Hung Chang was in New York in 1896, he was much impressed by the splendors of the Waldorf, in which he and his entire suit had rooms. One day he sent for the manager of the hotel and asked him, with the engaging directness which characterized his intercourse with occidentals, his age, his salary and presently the cost of the building. When he had satisfied his curiosity in regard to various details of hotel management, he said to Mr. Boldt, "I want you to come back with me to China and build me a hotel just like this."

"Why," Mr. Boldt asked in surprise—"why does your excellency wish to have such a hotel as this?"

"So that I may have hot water whenever I want it," said Li Hung Chang.

MAKE A TEST OF THE KIDNEYS

Decide For Yourself By a Simple Experiment if You Have Kidney Disease.

Scores and hundreds of people who are complaining almost daily of backache, pains in the limbs, not unlike rheumatism, and stinging, scalding sensations when urinating, do not know that they are in reality suffering from kidney derangements. Gradually they become thinner and weaker, experience more or less puffiness under the eyes and swelling of the limbs, and feel chronic disease fixing itself upon the system.

It is not necessary for you to undergo an expensive examination to find out if the kidneys are diseased. You can make the examination for yourself. Take a clean glass vessel and allow some urine to stand in it for twenty-four hours. If at the end of that time there are deposits in the bottom of the vessel you can be certain that the kidneys are not in healthy working order. This test, accompanied by the symptoms referred to above, are indisputable evidence of kidney disease.

Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills

There is no longer any question about the efficiency of Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills as a prompt, through and lasting cure for every form of kidney disease. Their combined action on the kidneys and liver enables them to cure chronic and complicated diseases which cannot be touched by ordinary kidney medicines. You can depend on Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills every time. One pill a dose. 25 cents a box, at all dealers or Edmanson, Bates & Co., Toronto.

THE MARYSVILLE TRIBUNE

MARYSVILLE, B. C.

LAUNDRY LINES.

Iodine stains may be removed by wetting them thoroughly with strong ammonia water.

Cold starch is improved if there is added to every tablespoonful of starch half a teaspoonful of borax dissolved in a pint of water.

Every housekeeper should know that soap, as it is an alkali, sets vegetable and other stains and that therefore all stains should be removed before articles are put in the washtub.

Black lace may be washed in warm water to which a little borax has been added in the proportion of a teaspoonful to a pint. This lace should never be dried by the fire, as it will turn rusty. To sponge it use an old black kid glove.

If discolored linen articles are boiled in blue water two or three times, then put into clear water and afterward rinsed in blue water in which a small piece of whiting has been placed, it is said, it will will make them look worth your trouble.

To prevent black stockings assuming a greenish hue after being washed a few times, use in washing them a soap free of soda, and to the last rinsing water add a teaspoonful of good vinegar. Wring and clap into shape. A hot iron has a tendency to destroy the color, more particularly if they are damp.

Correcting a Misapprehension.

Ned--Miss Stuyvesant told my sister that you asked her to marry you twice.

Tom--No; I didn't. I asked her twice to marry me once.

The race troubles will continue in the country as long as men bet on the wrong horse.

God hates a coward and the devil loves a traitor.

Try It.—It would be a gross injustice to confound that standard healing agent—Dr. Thomas' Eclectric Oil, with the ordinary unguents, lotions and salves. They are oftentimes inflammatory and astringent. This Oil is, on the contrary, eminently cooling and soothing when applied externally to relieve pain, and powerfully remedial when swallowed.

Life is full of trials and the lawyers are glad of it.

Love thy neighbor as thyself and justice will have sway on earth.

Messrs C. C. Richards & Co.

Gentlemen,—Last winter I received great benefit from the use of MINARD'S LINIMENT in a severe attack of LaGrippe, and I have frequently proved it to be very effective in cases of Inflammation.

Yours,
W. A. HUTCHINSON.

Never say fail.

Truth is its own reward.

Falsehood never fails to fail.

"Truth is stranger than fiction."

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 more or less 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.

Troubles come when least expected.

Be prompt in keeping your appointments.

"Promise but little, and fulfil what you promise."

CANADIAN NORTHERN RAILWAY

SINGLE FARE

For the Round Trip to

WINNIPEG BONSPIEL

Feb. 17-22.

For further particulars apply to any Agent Canadian Northern Ry.

GEO. H. SHAW,
Traffic Manager.

CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY TIME TABLE

	LV	AR.
Sault Ste. Marie, Owen Sound, Toronto and East via Lakes, Monday, Thursday and Saturday	3.00	
Tues., Fri., and Sun		10.15
Montreal, Toronto, New York and East, via all rail, daily	16.00	10.15
Rat Portage and intermediate points daily	8.00	18.00
Molson, Lac du Bonnet and intermediate points Thurs. only	7.30	18.30
Portage la Prairie, Brandon, Calgary, Nelson and all Kootenay and all coast points, daily	16.30	14.30
Portage la Prairie, Brandon and intermediate points daily except Sunday	7.30	22.30
Gladstone, Neepawa, Minnedosa and intermediate points, daily except Sunday	7.30	22.30
Shoal Lake, Yorkton and intermediate points, Mon., Wed., and Fri. Tues., Thurs., and Sat.	7.30	22.30
Rapid City, Hamiota, Miniota, Tuesday, Thur. and Sat	7.30	
Mon., Wed., and Fri.		22.30
Morden, Deloraine and intermediate points daily except Sunday	8.20	15.45
Napinka, Alameda and intermediate points, daily except Sunday via Brandon	7.30	
Tues., Thur., and Sat.		22.30
Hemboro, Souris and intermediate points, daily except Sunday	9.05	15.15
Pipestone, Reston, Arcola and intermediate points, Mon., Wed., and Fri. via Brandon	7.30	
Tues., Thur., and Sat. via Brandon		22.30
Strobysbire, Hirsch, Benfait, Estevan, Tues., Thurs., Sat., via Brandon	7.30	
Tues., Thur., Sat., via Brandon		14.30
Preston, St. Paul, Chicago, daily	14.10	13.35
West Selkirk, Mon., Wed, and Fri	13.30	
Tues. Thurs., and Sat.		10.00
Stonewall, Teulon, Tues., Thur., Sat.	12.20	18.30
Emerson, Mon., Wed., and Fri	7.50	17.10

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

Shiloh's Consumption Cure

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

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

Karl's Clover Root Tea corrects the Stomach

Breaking It Gently.

"Well, John, how are things going at home?"

"Why, sir, the magpie's dead."

"Poor Jack! What took him off?"

"We think, sir, it was eating too much horse meat."

"How's that? Where did he get the horse meat?"

"I am sorry to tell you, sir, that both the carriage horses died."

"The horses dead! What ailed them?"

"It must have been overwork drawing water to the fire."

"Fire! What fire?"

"Why, sir, the hall was burned to the ground."

"Great heavens! How did that happen?"

"It caught fire from the funeral torches, sir."

"Whose funeral?"

"Your mother's, sir."

"My poor mother dead! How long was she ill? What was the matter?"

"Well, sir, she never held up her head after your father's death."

"My father too! Tell me the cause. Speak, man!"

"He took to his bed as soon as he heard the bad news, sir."

"Bad news! What do you mean?"

"That the vessel that held his whole fortune had been lost at sea."

Now, Here's a Man—

"What," asked the dreamer, "would you do if you could be a king for a day?"

"Me?" answered the practical man. "I'd borrow enough money to live on for the rest of my life."

Young folks in the country often make love at a rattling gate.

Truth doesn't always come uppermost at the start, but it gets there sooner or later.

Man is as positive as woman is contrary.

Give a man an inch and he wants a tumbler full.

MINARD'S LINIMENT Relieves Neuralgia.

Common sense in an uncommon degree is what the world calls wisdom.

Falsehood travels faster than truth, but while falsehood dies, truth lives forever.

How's This?

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

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

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

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

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

Hall's Family Pills are the best.

Whatever you do in business remember that it is originality that wins.

Never judge the cigars a man smokes by those he gives his friends.

THEY NEVER FAIL.—Mr. S. M. Boughner, Largton, writes: "For about two years I was troubled with Inward Piles, but by using Parmelee's Pills, I was completely cured, and although four years have elapsed since then the have not returned." Parmelee's Pills are a bilious and a specific for the cure of Liver and Kidney Complaints, Dyspepsia, Costiveness, Headache, Piles, etc., and will regulate the secretions and remove all bilious matter.

The wise man acts only after careful deliberation. His mistakes are few.

If money talks, a dollar ought to say many wise things. It has cents enough.

MINARD'S LINIMENT for Sale Everywhere.

Burke as a Bore.

The most eloquent essay carefully prepared beforehand when delivered by one wanting the orator's gifts may as a speech be an utter failure. Burke is perhaps the most striking example of this He simply drove everybody away. This is well and amusingly described by Lord Erskine to the American embassador, Mr Rush, who had asked him about Burke's delivery.

"It was execrable," said he. "I was in the house of commons when he made his great speech on American conciliation, the greatest he ever made. He drove everybody away. I wanted to go out with the rest, but was near him and afraid to get up. So I squeezed myself down and crawled under the benches like a dog until I got to the door without his seeing me, rejoicing in my escape. Next day I went to the Isle of Wight. When the speech followed me there, I read it over and over again. I could hardly think of anything else. I carried it with me and thumbed it until it got like wadding for my gun."

Money Talks.

"Words fail to express my love," he said.

"My tongue at the task it balks!"

"Well, if you need help," she replied, with a smile,

"Remember that money talks."

The Amateur.

"Yes," said the person who had attended the party, "Miss Keepounder was there, and we had to beg and beg her to play."

"And did she play?"

"Oh, yes. I thought for a time that we would have to beg and beg her to stop."

QUEBEC FARMER HAS HARD TIME

STRICKEN AND HELPLESS WITH WORK TO BE DONE—DEPRIVED OF THE POWER TO WORK.

Peirre Lussier of Lac Weedon Was Indeed in an Unfortunate Plight —He Expresses His Thanks For a Complete Restoration to Health and Strength.

Lac Weedon, Quebec, Jan. 20.—(Special).—Pierre Lussier is a farmer who like every other husbandman has much work which must be done in its season. Many of a farmer's duties will not admit of a postponement; they have to be attended to promptly, and poor Mons. Lussier had not the strength to do these toilsome tasks. He had no children to help him on the farm, and as vigorous and trained arms are necessary, he was feeling very downcast on account of his inability and weakness.

He had one of the worst forms of Kidney Disease, and this reduced his strength to that of a mere child. The pain he had to bear was very great, and always seemed to come on him worse just at the time that he had some important work to do.

He had suffered in this way for over twenty years, sometimes better sometimes worse, but always sick and suffering, and constantly growing worse, till for the last two years he was unable to do anything.

He decided to try a treatment of Dodd's Kidney Pills, and from the very first dose he began to improve. After he had used eight boxes he was well enough to work again, but he kept on using the pills till now he is well and strong.

For years he could not walk a quarter of a mile without assistance, but recently he walked eight miles without resting. He says:

"I owe it all to Dodd's Kidney Pills, which have done wonderful things for me."

This cure of such a severe case of over twenty years standing is regarded by our people here who know the facts as little short of a miracle.

Baseball pitchers, letter carriers, and preachers are all judged by their delivery.

The same opportunities make a hero of one man, and an ass of another.

A CONSOLIDATED CROP.

Why the Detroiter Could Not Buy the Farmer's Apples.

It was a Detroiter who was hunting for apples in northern Michigan, and, having got track of something extra, he drove out several miles to see the farmer. There were apples in plenty, and the buyer started in to do business. He was checked up almost at once, however, by the farmer, who said:

"Stranger, did you take notice of my daughter Hetty at the house?"

"Why, yes, I say a very smart looking girl," was the reply. "If she is your daughter, I must congratulate you. How many barrels of Spies did you say you had?"

"Yes; Hetty is a smart gal and a good gal," mused the farmer without reference to the apple question. "There are about six fellers around here who are shining up to Hetty."

"Yes; a girl like her is never without a lover," said the buyer. "She'll be stepping off before you know it. I should say you had at least twenty barrels of fall Pippins."

"But Hetty's a-lookin' a leetle higher—a leetle higher. She ain't satisfied to marry no farmer's hired man. She kind o' feels that she belongs among the style. Did you notice her walk?"

"I noticed that she had a very graceful glide for a country girl. How many Seek-no-furthers do you think you've got?"

"And her hair is done up same as they wear it in Chicago," chuckled the father as he proudly straightened up. "Mebbe you didn't notice her feet, but she only wears No. 4 shoes, and they've got high heels on."

"Yes; I see. But what about the apples? How many Greenings have you?"

"And Hetty's jest as good as she is purty. She has never caused us an hour's trouble. If any one is looking for a wife, they might go a heap farther and fare worse."

"But I'm not looking for one," replied the buyer. "I'm here to buy apples."

"You didn't hear about Hetty, then?"

"No."

"And you didn't come out to get a look at her?"

"No. I'm here to buy your apple crop."

"Hetty would make some man a mighty smart wife. There ain't many like her."

"Yes; she's a fine girl, no doubt, but I couldn't marry her if I wanted to. I've got a wife and three children."

"Oh, you have! Why didn't you say so at once?"

"Because I didn't know that it made any difference. Have you many Snows?"

"You can go right on, stranger—right on," said the farmer, with a wave of his hand.

"But I'm here to"—

"Yes; I know. I've got the biggest apple crop in Michigan, and you want to buy 'em, but you can pass right along. The apples and Hetty go together this year, and you can save your breath to carry you out of the gate and into your buggy!"

HOUSEHOLD HINTS.

Glass, if washed in cold water, will be brighter and clearer than if washed in hot water.

A pan of lime set on the shelves near jellies, fruits and jams will prevent their molding.

To clean mahogany wash it with warm water and soap. Then apply beeswax and sweet oil and polish with chamois.

A little kerosene oil judiciously applied with a flannel cloth will do wonders toward renewing the youth of a sewing machine.

In bottling pickles or catchup boil the corks and while hot you can press them in the bottles, and when cold they are sealed tightly.

A large rug of linen crash placed under the sewing machine will catch threads, clippings and cuttings and save a deal of sweeping and dusting.

Chinese and Japanese matting may be much improved by sponging with strong salt and water, but the wet must not be allowed to sink through.

The best disinfectant for use in the bathroom is copperas. Dissolve a couple of pounds of it in about a gallon of hot water and pour a portion hot down all the drains. It is easily handled and has no odor.

PICK UP USEFUL TRICKS.

Animals Learn to Do Things That Serve Their Purposes.

"Animals show great aptitude in learning things that are of peculiar interest to them in the struggle for existence," said a gentleman from one of the nearby parishes, "and I have been very much amused at times at the little things they do in an effort to comfort themselves and to make life's burden as light as possible. They are very astute at times.

"We have an old bay horse which is an expert when it comes to slipping the bridle, and even since we have discovered his peculiar trick it is almost impossible to keep him hitched on account of the proficiency he has acquired by long practice. He is one of the best natured horses I ever saw, and it is the easiest thing in the world to catch him. Really, he will meet you half way in the pasture if he thinks you are coming after him. He probably does this because he delights in slipping the bridle and getting away from you and probably causing you to walk several miles after sunset. For a long time I could not understand the ease with which he would slip his bridle and get away.

"I was always extremely careful about the throatlatch and would buckle it up so tight that it would seem almost cruelty to animals to force it any farther. In spite of this precaution, in a short while after the horse was hitched he would slip the bridle, leave it dangling from the post and gallop playfully down the road. Frequently I would have to walk miles in order to get back home. I finally concluded to make a closer study of the fellow in order to find out just how it was he could slip his head through a throatlatch that had been buckled so tightly under his neck. I learned how it was. He had a way of swelling the muscles of his throat and neck until there was probably a difference of several inches at the point where the throatlatch circled his neck near the head. He would keep his throat in this abnormal condition until he was hitched and the rider was out of sight. Then he would relax the muscles, rub his head against the post until the top of the bridle slipped over his ears, and then, because of the laxity of the throatlatch, it was an easy matter for him to pull his head through the frame of the bridle and skip out.

"In spite of the discovery, the old bay still slips the bridle, and I suppose he always will. He seems to enjoy it more than anything else in the world, and I never punish him for it now, as this is really the only fault he has. But it is very trying to one's patience when a fellow is forced to splash through the mud for several miles, and after dark at that."

Busy Man.

"Did you marry an industrious, hard working man?" said Miss Cayenne.

"Yes, indeed," said the girl with the picture hat. "Harold is never idle. He plays golf all summer and whist all winter."—Washington Star.

PEEVISH CHILDREN.

Make the Mother's Life One of Care and Worry—How to Keep Baby Healthy and Happy.

Indigestion is one of the most common diseases of infancy, and it is also one of the most serious, for unless it is controlled the constitution will be weakened, other diseases will find easy lodgement, and the child's whole future will be imperilled. At the first sign of indigestion, or any trouble of the stomach or bowels, Baby's Own Tablets should be administered. They act with promptness and perfect safety in strengthening the stomach and removing the offending material. Mrs. W. C. Tefft, Markham, says: "Up to the time my baby was a month old, he was a perfectly healthy child. Then his stomach began to trouble him. He looked pinched and starved; his tongue was coated and his breath offensive. He vomited curdled milk, and was also constipated. After taking his food he would scream with pain, and although he seemed always hungry his food did him no good. He was so restless and sleepless that I was almost worn out. Medicine seemed to do him no good until we gave him Baby's Own Tablets. I gave him the tablets and they helped him almost immediately, and in a very short time he began to gain in weight and is now rosy and healthy. Baby's Own Tablets cured my baby when nothing else helped him, and I would not be without them in the house."

This is the only medicine for little ones that gives an absolute guarantee of purity. Milton L. Hersey, M.A. Sc., (McGill) one of the best known analysts in America, says:—"I have made a careful chemical analysis of Baby's Own Tablets. My analysis has proved that the Tablets contain absolutely no opiate or narcotic; that they can be given with perfect safety to the youngest infant, and that they are a safe and effective medicine for the troubles they are indicated to relieve and cure."

Such an endorsement from so high an authority, stamps Baby's Own Tablets as the safest, the surest and the most reliable medicine for the ills of children.

Baby's Own Tablets are good for children of all ages. They reduce fever, cure colic, prevent and cure indigestion and constipation, check diarrhoea, sweeten the stomach, allay the irritation accompanying the cutting of teeth, and promote sound, healthy sleep. Guaranteed to contain no opiate. Crushed to a powder or dissolved in water, they can be given with absolute safety to the youngest infant. Sold by all dealers at 25 cents a box, or sent postpaid on receipt of price by addressing the Dr. Williams Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

A Saxon New Year's Custom.

Many curious customs and associations cluster around New Year's day. The Saxons in "ye olden tyme" used to dance around an apple tree on New Year's eve, singing a song, to insure a good crop, and bells were rung to announce the death of the old year and usher in the birth of the new. In other parts of England at midnight the house door facing the west was opened to let out the old year, while the door facing the east was opened to welcome the blithe new year.

Incense is mentioned in A. D. 496 as used in Christian churches, the occasion being the baptism of Clovis of France.

A wise man never interferes with a woman who is minding her own business.

The fact that Columbus was laughed at encourages a lot of fools.—Atchison Globe.

LIVER TROUBLES.

LIFE FULL OF MISERY TO SUFFERERS FROM THIS TROUBLE.

Its Symptoms Made Manifest By a Coated Tongue, Bad Breath, Bad Taste in the Mouth and Pains Extending to the Shoulders.

From the Brockville Recorder.

Sufferers from liver troubles find life one of almost constant misery, growing worse and worse unless prompt steps and the proper remedy be taken to restore the organ to its natural condition. Mrs. Joseph Leclaire, of Brockvill, was such a sufferer, but has been happily released from the trouble by the only medicine known to thoroughly restore this important organ to its normal condition, once disease has fastened upon it. To a reporter, Mrs. Leclaire willingly gave her story for publication. She said:—"For a long time I suffered severely from complications of the liver and dyspepsia. I would awake in the morning with pains under my shoulders and in my stomach. My tongue was heavily coated, and I had a horrible taste in my mouth, especially on arising in the morning. I was constipated, and at times my head would ache so badly that I could scarcely let it rest on the pillow. There was such a burning sensation in my stomach at times that it felt as though there was a coal of fire in it. The pain was especially severe after eating, and for months my life was one of misery. A friend advised me to take Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and I did so. After using the first box, there was a material improvement, and in the course of a few weeks longer I felt that I was completely cured. My tongue was cleared, the bad taste left my mouth, the pains disappeared, and I am as well as ever I was. Before taking the pills I suffered from bronchitis at times, but it has never since troubled me. I can recommend Dr. Williams' Pink Pills to anyone who suffers as I did."

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills restore health and strength by making new, rich red blood, thus strengthening every organ in the body. They do not act merely upon the symptoms, as ordinary medicines do, but go directly to the root of the trouble. In this way they cure such diseases as liver and kidney troubles, rheumatism, paralysis, St. Vitus' dance, heart troubles, sick headaches, anaemia, and the irregularities that make the lives of so many women one of constant misery. Do not be persuaded to take any substitute; see that the full name "Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People" is on the wrapper around every box. If in doubt, the pills will be sent postfor $2.50, by addressing the Dr. Williams Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

When a man is paid for playing he calls it work.

When a bee loses its temper, look out for a stinging retort.

Many a woman's popularity is due to what she forgets to say.

Anxiety is the poison of life; the parent of many sins and of more miseries. Why, then, allow it, when we know that all the future is guided by a Father's hand.—Blair.

Corns cause intolerable pain. Holloway's Corn Cure removes the trouble. Try it and see what amount of pain is saved.

It's funny that a horse can go a mile by only moving four feet.

Some men are like dice—easily rattled, but hard to shake.

MINARD'S LINIMENT Cures Dandruff.

Success at first doth many times undo men at last; many may say that they had never been unhappy if they had not been happy.—Venning.

The girl who poses for artists always leads a model life.

The superiority of Mother Graves' Worm Exterminator is shown by its good effects on the children. Purchase a bottle and give it a trial.

The manners which are neglected as small things are often those which decide men for or against you.

Thorough Dramatic Criticism.

Two young men sat through the first act at a local theater, then adjourned to a neighboring tavern for refreshment. The acting was bad and would have excused the use of stimulants by any but the players. When about to re-enter the building, only one could produce his return check.

"It's all right," said he of the check airily. "You remember him. He's with me."

"Yes," answered the gatekeeper, more doubtful than polite, "but he may have given his check to some other person."

"But he didn't," was the convincing reply. "He's a stranger here and hasn't an enemy in the city."

The gate opened wide.

Wrong Shop.

New Floorwalker (in department store)—What are you looking for, sir?

Customer—Small adz.

Floorwalker—We have no newspaper department. Next street north.

Tracing Him.

African Missionary—Had you the Rev. Mr. Jones staying at your hotel about three weeks ago?

African King—Don't know, but I'll get the butler to look over the menu cards and see.

To waterproof shoes make a mixture of suet, four parts; olive oil, sixteen parts; wax, one part; spermaceti, one part.

No Heat, No Fire.

"Of course you have your furniture insured?"

"No; I don't see the use of it."

"Your flat is fireproof, eh?"

"Seems to be. There's never the slightest suspicion of heat in it."—Philadelphia Press.

An Old Sport.

Mrs. Newwed—Are you fond of sports?

Mrs. Coyne—I love one.

Mrs. Newwed—Football?

Mrs. Coyne—No; my husband.—Boston Herald.

A Happy Home

is made happier by a piano or organ of satisfactory quality. Beyond ordinary comforts are the delights of music. We sell the celebrated

WILLIAMS' PIANO

and a number of makes of organs; besides, we usually have a number of good instruments, slightly used for sale. Our prices and terms will not impoverish you.

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

It is poor economy to buy ordinary tea when Blue Ribbon Ceylon can be had at a reasonable price.

HERE IS STRENGTH.

Are you suffering from Nervous Weakness, Kidney, Liver or Stomach Complaints, Rheumatism, Pains or Aches in any part of your body? Do you feel yourself growing old too soon? If you are a man with the weakness that results from youthful folly or abusing the laws of Nature, I can cure you if you will use my

DR. McLAUGHLIN'S ELECTRIC BELT.

The product of years of study, the realization of the fondest dreams of the weak and worn invalid. It is not a toy belt, but a powerful, life-giving Electric appliance, which is now recognized by the highest and best in the medical profession as the only certain means of restoring power to weak and vital organs. The strength is quickly restored and losses corrected. Rheumatic pains are quickly dispelled and all functions of the body developed and made strong. It sends the blood with a gladsome bound through the veins, carrying health to the body and happiness to the heart of the despondent sufferer.

Pay When Cured.

I know there is no better way to prove my confidence in the wonderful curative power of my Belt than to cure you before I ask you to pay for it, and as I DO KNOW that it will restore strength in every instance I am willing to cure first and ask my pay afterward. So if you are weak, breaking down, or sick in any manner come to me, tell me your trouble, and let me cure you. When you are cured you can pay me. This offer is open to any man who will secure me. All I ask is that the man asking me to take his case under these terms gives me evidence of his honesty and good faith.

CAUTION. Beware of old style, burning electrode Belts, which are using an imitation of my cushion electrodes. My office contains hundreds of these old belts, discarded as useless and dangerous by persons whose bodies have been seared and scarred by the bare metal electrodes. I will make special terms to anyone having one of these old back-burners.

FREE BOOK My New Illustrated Book tells about my Belt and how it cures the weakness of men and women. It is worth reading. I will send it closely sealed, free, upon request. Call, if possible, and I will explain my Belt and what it will do. I will give a free test to every seeker of proof of what my Belt does. Call or write to-day. **FREE TEST**

DR. M. B McLAUGHLIN, 130 Yonge Street, Toronto, Ont.
OFFICE HOURS—9 a.m. to 8.30 p.m.

MEN AND WOMEN $12 00 A WEEK BONA FIDE SALARY to represent us appointing agents. Some to travel, others for local work. Rapid promotion and increase of salary. Ideal employment, new brilliant lines; best plans; old established House. *Bradley-Garretson Co., Ltd., Brantford, Ont.*

NOT THE COMMON KIND.

Mrs. Homer—Are the pictures you bought in Europe all landscapes?

Mrs. Neurich—My goodness no! They are every one oil paintings.

Minard's Liniment Cures Burns, Etc.

RETURNED.

Nora—You oughtn't to let those men blow kisses at you like that.

Dro—I don't. I blow them back every time.

Monkey Brand Soap will clean a house from cellar to roof, but won't wash clothes.

Poetry is music in words; and music is poetry in sound; both excellent sauce, but they have lived and died poor that made them their meat. —F. Fuller.

An engagement ring on the finger is worth two in the pawnshop.

The brightest people are not always the ones who cast reflections.

Dr. J. D. Kellogg's Dysentery Cordial is a speedy cure for dysentery, diarrhoea, cholera, summer complaint, sea sickness and complaints incidental to children teething. It gives immediate relief to those suffering from the effects of indiscretion in eating unripe fruit, cucumbers, etc. It acts with wonderful rapidity, and never fails to conquer the disease. No one need fear cholera if they have a bottle of this medicine convenient.

A man may smile, and smile, and still be a temperance advocate.

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.

Sulzer's Rape gives Rich, green feed at use a ton

SPELTZ—What is it? Catalog tells.

BUY NO ATHERN GROWN SEEDS

FARM SEEDS

1,000,000 Customers

Proudest record of any seedsman on earth, and yet we are reaching out for more. We desire, by July 1st, 50,000 more patrons and hence this unprecedented offer.

$10 WORTH FOR 15c

We will mail upon receipt of 15c in stamps our great catalogue, worth $100.00 to any wide awake farmer or gardener, together with many Farm Seed samples positively worth $10.00 to get a start with, upon receipt of but 15 cts. in Canadian stamps.

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Marysville has a smelter building
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Post Office Store
C. E. REID & CO.
Druggists and Chemists

We have Fine Perfumes, Soaps and Etc. Toilet articles and Sundries. Also a Large Stock of stationery.

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East Kootenay Bottling Co

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

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

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

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

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NOTICE

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

Paul Handley.
J. W. Wolf.

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

JOHN HUTCHISON,
(HUTCH.)

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Winter Schedule Effect on October 13th.

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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.
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Good Table and every accommodation.
American drinks Leading brands of Liquors and Schlitz Famous Beer dispensed by the popular bar tender, Chas Armstrong.

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The Marysville Tribune

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

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION, Invariably in Advance:

One Year, - - - - - - - $2 00
Six Months, - - - - - - - 1 00

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

LOCAL FLOAT

Clean up your yards.

How is your printing.

Who says Marysville is behind the times.

Work on the smelter is progressing very rapidly

M. N. Wright payed Marysville a visit this week.

Ed. Elwell of Kimberley, visited town on Wednesday.

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

W. F. Gurd visited our town on business on Saturday.

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

E J. Peltier of Cranbrook, visited Marysville on Sunday.

Geo. Leitch of Cranbrook, visited Marysville on Saturday.

Dr. O'Hagan returned from Lethbridge on Saturday.

There are very few idle men in Marysville these days.

Tommy Turley of Cranbrook, visited Marysville on Tuesday.

John Duncan left on Friday to work at the North Star Mine.

Prof. Highwarden has removed his barber shop to Kimberley.

A very heavy fall of snow visited Kimberley on Monday night.

Mr. and Mrs. E. J. Peltier and child visited Marysville this week.

Despatcher Chapman, of Cranbrook was in town on Sunday.

J. L. Gates, of Fernie, visited Marysville and Kimberley this week.

C E Reid returned on Saturday after spending a week in Cranbrook.

Rev. Auvauche, Baptist minister of Cranbrook, visited Marysville on Saturday.

Harry Riley left yesterday to take charge of a machine at North Star Mine.

Mr. and Mrs. McBride and daughter of Cranbrook, visited our town on Saturday.

The smelter company are putting in their new weigh scales near the spur this week.

J. P. Fink of the Fort Steele Mercantile company of Cranbrook, visited us on Sunday.

Mr. McCarter, of Reid & Co.'s store of Cranbrook, was a Marysville visitor Thursday.

R. Dudley of Kimberley, left for Fernie, on Monday to take a position with the C. P. R.

One of the first rain storms of the season visited us on Sunday evening and all day Monday.

Mr. Laurier shipped a car of lumber to Cranbrook on Tuesday. What is the matter with Marysville?

Better weather than this section is enjoying at the present time cannot be found in British Columbia.

J. Wolf and Mrs. Soper of Kimberley, drove down to Cranbrook on Saturday and returned on Sunday.

A provincial detective has unearthed a horse stealing syndicate in western Manitoba and Assiniboia.

Elgar Holmes, bookkeeper for the Fort Steele Mercantile company of Cranbrook, came up on Tuesday.

Quite a number of the citizens were enjoying themselves fishing this week They all seem to have good luck.

Mrs. Lawlar, cook of the Royal hotel, returned from Moyie on Saturday, where she had been visiting friends.

Mr. Fraser, the diamond drill expert for the North Star mine arrived Friday and McKinstry drove him up to the mind.

Rev. Beacham, English church minister of Cranbrook, came in on Tuesday and held service in the Royal hotel on Tuesday evening.

The Main Street merchants have displayed commendable enterprise by cleaning up the street in front of their stores. As a consequence the town looks very much improved.

Frank McCabe has opened a butcher shop in the rear part of his store, and is prepared to supply the demand of the public. The citizens of Marysville wish Mr. McCabe success in his new venture:

W F Forrest, Superintend of railways for Manitoba and British Columbia arrived on Saturday. He says Marysville has one of the best townsites and is also one of most prosperous towns in Manitoba or British Columbia.

F. E Simpson made the first sale of improved reality in Marysville this week. He sold Frank McCabe's store and property to Albert Mallor, of Nelson, who takes possession next Saturday. Mr McCabe will move back to Wardner, where a company is putting in a big mill, and in the meantime proposes to dispose of his stock at cost.

Dr. Archibald of Kimberley, was in town Friday.

John McDonald, of the Central hotel, who has been ill with his lungs at Fort Steele returned on Tuesday. Mr. McDonald was glad to get back to Marysville.

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

G. W. Hull left last Tuesday for Grand Forks and Republic. He will return on Monday. Next week he will leave with Mrs. Hull for their former home at Toledo, Ohio. He expects to go to Washington before he returns to confer with Senator Turner.

NEW GOLD DIGGINGS.

Reported Discovery Near Head of Kootenay Lake.

A report comes from Kaslo that word has been received there from parties that gold exists on Cooper Creek, three miles from Lardo. Proulx, Ulvin, and other men this spring gave the creek a diligent search, with the result that they have come to the conclusion that gold does exist in paying quantities. They are now organizing a company and will give it a practical test. Proulx and Ulvin are very reticent, but they are incorporating a company under the title of the Cooper Creek Gold Mining Co. They have a force of men working on the ground and have located nine claims. They are building a dam and will carry all the waters of Cooper Creek in a flume past the ground they intend working. A scow load of lumber left Kaslo a few days ago along with other supplies, for the new company. This lumber was specially cut by the Kootenay lake sawmill.

The gold is decidedly coarse and very often a pan of dirt from the surface yields 25 cents. There is considerable truth in the report as numerous prospectors are going into the camp Cooper creek, from the canyon to the railway track, a distance of half a mile, has been staked. People around here are awaiting patiently for the company to finish the dam and make the test. If everything turns out as first reported the stampede to Thunder Mountain and Cariboo will not be in it. About 20 years ago Colonel Fry at the mouth of Fry Creek panned out a large sum. A slide came down and covered his diggings and work was suspended.—Slocan Drill.

HOSPITAL TO FATHER PAT.

British Columbia Will Be the Final Resting Place.

A Montreal despatch says arrangements have been completed for the shipment of the remains of "Father Pat" Irwin to British Columbia. It is stated that the family of the deceased will erect a hospital some point in British Columbia, probably New Westminster as a memorial of the deceased.—Trail Creek News.

A Pertinent Question.

Representative E C. Smith has asked the Attorney General the following questions:

1. What amount was paid to the Government Agent at Fort Steele, re the meeting of License Commissioners in Fernie on the 3rst of December, 1901?
2. What amount paid out in connection with this meeting, and to whom paid?

General News.

There was an anarchist plot in Italy against King Edward.

There may be three regiments in Canada's fourth contingent.

A $30.000 station may be erected in Port Arthur by the C. P. R.

Flood damages in Tennessee will reach many millions. Twenty-eight lives were lost.

Great destitution exists amongst the native women and children around Cape Nome.

Alfred Pilkey is the new publisher of the Lardeau Eagle. He starts in right, and sets a good gait.

It is said to be taking 1000 men to keep Dawson warm these cold days. The Alaska Yukon Mining Journal quotes one of the leading wood dealers of Dawson as follows: "Of the 2000 men 200 are sawing wood in the city and the others are engaged in making roads and trails and cutting the wood in the hills, while the others are occupied in hauling it to town, and selling it to consumers. Four foot wood sells for $10 to $15 a cord and men in town charge from $3 to $8 for sawing it.

The Sandon Paystreak gives Premier Dunsmuir a dressing down that cuts like a sabre and must sting like a hornet. The article is frank, and the charges made are of a nature that would make a guilty man cringe like a slave and an honest man demand reparation.

Says the Paystreak: It is reported that F J. Deane is to take the editorial management of the Nelson Miner. The Crows Nest Coal company will still own the plant. They have put up $5000 cash for the linotype machines formerly used by the Tribune.

The Golden Era has joined the ranks of the departed. The past winter has been a hard one on newspapers run on the peanut stand policy. A newspaper is like any other business, it must be run on business principles.

Cooper creek, in the Lardo country, is the latest placer field, and considerable excitement has been aroused over some of the finds. Some of the pans are reported to have run as high as 25 cents.

British Columbia News.

Excellent progress is being made in the development work now being conducted in the Le Roi mine. The contractors are pushing ahead in the shaft and in the drifts at the lower levels.—Rossland Miner.

Victoria, B. C. March 31.—Sir Henry Strong, chief justice of Canada, will retire from the superior court in September, having applied to be relieved to the minister of justice. Justice Taschereau will take his place.

Several of the smaller towns in the Kootenays are planning to give race meetings on the Queen's birthday in conjunctionwith other sports.

From the annual report of the Crows Nest Coal company we learn that the net profits for the year, after paying all operating expenses and all charges of every kind, amounted to $270,848.39 After paying dividends at the rate of ten per cent. per annum the balance of $28,142.89 was carried forward to the credit of profit and loss; 1,312 men employed during the year; 636 coke ovens have been constructed with a capacity of 1,000 tons of coke per day Of the sum of $2,256,548 06 expended by the company during the year, $911,407.15 were paid out in wages and $346,092 41 for freight. The operations for the coming year will be on a much larger scale than that of the past year.—Western Mining World.

Goods at Cost

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

FRANK McCABE,
Manager.

:-:THE ELEVATOR:-:

McNEILL & CLAYTON

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

G. R. LEASK,

THE CONTRACTOR.

Good Work. Good Material and the Price.

Marysville, B C,

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PAUL HANDLEY, Proprietor.

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

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DOUGLAS LAY, A. R. S. M.

Licensed Provincial Assayer

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

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

N. C. McKINSTRY

Feed, Sale and Livery Stable-
Pack Horses Furnished at any time.
Will take Contracts for any kind of teaming.

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Marysville Hotel.....

Bale & Small, Props.

The Pioneer Hotel of the St. Marys Valley

ALSO FIRST CLASS DINING ROOM IN CONNECTION.

If you wish to prosper

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

PELTIER, Of Cranbrook,
is the nearest wholesale dealer in

Liquors, Hay and Oats,
TO THE TOWN OF MARYSVILLE.

Pieper & Currie,

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

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

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

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

Marysvilles' Clothing Store.

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

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Marysville, B. C

W. F. GURD,

Barrister, Solicitor, Etc.

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Clothes Washed at the Lowest Prices and Good Work Guaranteed.

KWONC FHONG.

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

NOTICE.

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

The Marysville Townsite and Development Company.
Simpson & Hutchison,
Sole Agents

East Kootenay Hotel Cranbrook.

PETER MATHESON, Proprietor.

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

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

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

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