THE MORRISSEY MINER

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MORRISSEY, B. C.

You Get Your Money's Worth Here

Australian Hotel . . . . .

H. L. Stephens, Prop.

Morrissey - - - - B. C.

. . . THE . . .

London and Liverpool Co.

Fernie, B. C.

Departmental Store

DEPARTMENTS

1 Clothing
2 Mens Furnishings
3 Mens Boots and Shoes
4 Ladies & Childrens Boots and Shoes
5 Staple and Fancy Dry Goods
6 Millinery and Fancy Goods
7 House Furn'shgs, Carpets, Linoleums
8 Furniture
9 Crockery and Glassware
10 Groceries
11 Hardware, Stoves and Tinware

Our Groceries Have Arrived

We wish you to call and inspect them and see if you are satisfied with our selection. If you are not, then we are not, and will continue to add to it till we have what you want. We solicit a fair share of your patronage in this line, and if fair dealing and correct and reasonable prices will bring you, we shall accommodate you.

J. A. Gillis . . . THE CASH STORE

MORRISSEY DEPARTMENT STORE

Our stock is rapidly thinning out under the pressure of

Greatly Reduced Prices

You can depend on every article you buy at this store Unreliable goods will never find place here. You'll find the best or nothing, and value for value. You'll find our prices down to the buy-without-question mark.

R. HIRTZ, Proprietor

Windsor Hotel EUGENE WALTER Proprietor

A First Class Hotel in a First Class Town

RATES: ONE DOLLAR PER DAY

BEST OF WINES, LIQUORS AND CIGARS

J. MECREDY,

DRAY AND EXPRESS

Wood and Coal For Sale

I am in shape to give careful attention to any business in my line. Satisfaction guaranteed. We make a specialty of safe transportation of all goods.

THE STRIKE IS STILL ON

And the Situation Remains Unchanged.

BUSINESS IS SUFFERING

Commissioners Arrive in Fernie Today and an Adjustment Is Now Looked For.

THE MINERS STATEMENT OF WAGES

The strike situation remains unchanged. There are hopes expressed of an early settlement but as yet, so far as the public is advised, there is nothing tangible on which to base those hopes. Manager Tonkin has been to the coast, but was expected to return yesterday. Labor Commissioner King is still at work on the ground, and the committee appointed by the Miners' association will arrive in Fernie today. In all probability the true basis of the trouble will be ascertained, and every legitimate effort made to adjust the difficulty. Gradually this section of the province dependent to a great extent upon the coal and fuel supply of Fernie, is feeling the effects of this suspension, and if some action is not taken soon to relieve the situation, no one can tell what the results may be

Mr. Dougherty's View.

George Dougherty of Greenwood, president of district No. 6, W. F. M., who has been at Fernie for the last two weeks investigating the coal strike situation, went to Nelson Wednesday and will return to Fernie on Sunday to meet the committee of investigation appointed at the recent mining conference at Victoria. Mr. Dougherty in an interview with the Nelson News, said last night that he had just received a wire from John Keen, the chairman of the committee, stating that they would arrive in Fernie on their mission on Saturday evening and would at once get to work. J A Baker of Slocan City, the British Columbia member of the executive board, W. F. M., left for Fernie Wednesday and Mr. Dougherty will join him there. Deputy Minister of Labor King is still on the ground and a large amount of material has already been obtained to lay before the committee once they get to work. Mr. Dougherty said that when he first went to Fernie Manager Tonkin met him at once and offered him every facility for obtaining information. The company's payrolls were placed at his disposal and any explanations he required were forthcoming. Mackenzie King also had full access to the books and had obtained his information direct from the company on the one hand and from the employes themselves and the union representatives on the other.

"One result of our joint work," said Mr. Dougherty, "has been to draw the management and the men much closer together. Outside of this the situation remains practically about the same, as both parties are now awaiting the arrival of the committee. Some of the minor grievances have already been overcome. The company has gone out of the store business since the first of the month, and that is one matter that has taken itself out of the way. I think that there will be no difficulty about the men obtaining proper halls for meeting in for the future, and I believe that when the committee go into some of the other matters, the revision of the wages for instance, that a satisfactory settlement will be arrived at. Pending the deliberations of the committee I do not care to make any detailed statement as to the results of my own investigation, all I care to say just now is that I do not think the parties are as far apart as they were, or as the public imagined. I will return on Sunday to Fernie so as to be on the ground when the committee gets to work, and I am satisfied whatever information is asked for will be promptly furnished by both sides.

Mr. Dougherty added that Manager Tonkin had already agreed to meet a committee of the men from each mine, and if necessary a committee from the district union, so that the labors of the investigating committee will be considerably lightened, and there is very good reason to believe that a satisfactory settlement will be reached as a result of their mission.

Men's Statement of Wages.

The press committee have a communication in last week's Fernie Press that contradicts Manager Tonkin's statement of wages paid, although they fail to make a general average, but take only a few cases. Here are some of their statements:

J. Ballusky worked 18 shifts, earning $173 20. He had the following backhands:

M. Kovalik 27 days @ $2 50	$ 67 50
H. Smith 5 days @ $2.50	12 50
G. Erison 1 day @ $2 50	2 50
J. Teman 7 days @ $2.50	17 50
Total for backhand labor	$100 00

Now this man had nothing stopped out of his earnings to pay these men. Had their earnings been deducted from his net earnings there would have been a remainder of $73 20 for his 18 shifts instead of $173.20 as given by the company due bill.

Wm. Murray worked 20 shifts, earning $143.65. Now $51.30 of this amount is given as consideration for which nothing is shown. He employed three backhands for 20 days each at $2.50 per day making a total for backhand labor. Take $150 from $143.65 and poor Murray is in debt to the backhands to the amount of $6 35 after working 20 days for nothing But this would not do to put before the public so the company generously deduct $33 20 to pay for 60 days work instead of $150 For what purpose this is done we cannot tell.

Phil Christopher 16 shifts:

To mining 113 tons @ 40c per ton	$45 20
To 13½ yds. entry @ $2 per yd	26 65
To 3 days company work @ $3	9 00
Total earning	$80.25

The company give a total $102.85 What is that $22 given Christopher for? Again the company deducts $39.00 for backhand labor instead of $60. Why was not the full backhand earnings stopped from Christopher? $60 from $80.85 leaves $20.85, pay 50 cents for smithing leaves $20 35 for 16 shifts, or an average of $1 27 per shift—a magnificent sum for the dangerous occupation of coal miner.

John Spok worked nine days in No. 3 mine earning $20 40. $22 50 the company deducted for backhand labor so for the privilege of working for the Crows Nest Pass Coal company nine days he paid them $2.10. In fact to pay these backhands their proper days compensation he started on company work in preference to digging coal.

The statements prove conclusively that the net earnings do not show all reasonable deductions since in many cases no backhand labor is deducted at all. On the point of wages we believe the contract men have just room for kicking, and we cannot see how we materially weaken our cause by raising this question. The miners at Morrissey under the objectionable rate for the reasons shown. No greedy coal miner expects a larger average than $4.50 for eight hours work. As long as the management ignore the union and refuse their officers audience misunderstandings will never be cleared up. The secretary of Gladstone Union and also of the District board has asked time after time for an audience and were invariably refused.

Mr. Dougherty has not satisfied himself as to the accuracy of the net earnings in the company's book because he *was deceived as the public were by Mr.* Tonkin's figures in your last issue. The union officials however have not been idle for the past week. With much labor the January statements have been collected in the three camps and in order to save space the results have been boiled down. The officials of the union will take an affidavit as to their accuracy before Mr. Tonkin himself. Again you seem to believe that only contract miners are kicking about wages. This is not the case, but all company men, all outside men and all coke oven men as well.

Taking 73 of the Fernie miners' due bills for January after smithing and blasting expenses are deducted we find that 18 men earn $100 and over, 22 earn under $100 and over $75, 14 earn under $75 and over $60, 25 earn under $60.

NOTES FROM THE MINES

Items of General Interest From the Coal Center.

Charles Spense, the genial store clerk at the mines, left here for a trip through the Edmonton district on Monday night. He was joined by W. E. Stewart of Michel.

Owing to the strike we have not many men left in camp now. About 40 left on Sunday last for Montana.

The school house was packed on Sunday last at divine service, the Rev. Connor preached a very eloquent sermon. As our school house is too small for any sized gathering we hope that Rev. Connor will soon have his new church in operation. The lumber is ordered and many willing hands only wait until it comes to commence work.

We are pleased to record the birth of a son to Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Moore on Tuesday morning, at their residence here. We trust Mrs. Moore's recovery will be speedy.

The new foundations for the coke ovens will soon be completed. Foss & McDonell, the contractors, are pushing the work on fast, so that when the snow goes the brick layers can open up.

"Yah, Yah, Fritz is the next one." He goes to Wisconsin to fetch his bride. Get your can ready, boys, and look out for the wire act then.

W. E. Batt of the mine, was down to Lethbridge on Tuesday. He reports open weather on the prairie.

Dr. Higgins was a visitor to the mine a few days this week, assisting Dr. Wilson.

George Petrie, timekeeper for Foss & McDonell, was a visitor to the Macleod district this week.

ABOUT THE FUEL QUESTION

How It Effects the Mining Situation.

COMPETITION NEEDED

An Interesting Article On This Subject From a Well Known Mining Man.

FAVORS OPENING THE COAL RESERVE

Mr. Mackenzie, the late manager of the Le Roi mine at Rossland, in an interview at Spokane touched upon the question of the fuel supply as it effects the mining industry. After speaking of the disabilities inflicted on various properties and smelters by the blockade in the Crows Nest country, he said:

"*A great demand is going up from* the people of the province that the government throw open the reserve coal lands. The Crows Nest Pass Coal company has a virtual monopoly of the coal and coke industry. The Canadian Pacific railway has vast tracts of coal lands, but it is under agreement with the Crows Nest company not to open them for six years yet.

"If the government will open the vast tracts of coal lands which it is reserving it will mean competition in the business. More companies will control and develope mines, and the consumers will not depend on one source for their supply. The mining industry will never be on a satisfactory basis in the province until this is done. A strong delegation it at the capital now working for the passage of a law opening these lands. Conditions are becoming desperate, and the residents of British Columbia are united in demanding relief.

"One thing is certain. The Northport smelter will never be sure of an ample supply of coal and coke until the J. J. Hill road builds from Morrissey to Fernie, or coke furnaces are established at Morrissey. At present the cars of fuel must be switched from the Canadian Pacific to the Great Northern branch, and on the first scarcity the Canadian Pacific heads all the fuel to the smelters on its own road and in which it is interested, and sends no fuel *by way of Jennings and Spokane to the* Northport smelter."

When there is so great a mass of people vitally interested in the assurance of a steady and ample supply of fuel, there should be no room for doubt as to the course which those in authority will take. If the public business was conducted on business lines, and "grafting" rigidly excluded, as should be the case, the ministers would not lose one instant in adopting the policy for which Mr. Mackenzie's practical knowledge leads him to pronounce so distinctly. It is surely nothing short of iniquitous that the interests of so great a section of the province should be so dislocated at the dictation of a selfish few. The people of British Columbia are certainly long suffering or there would be something like a rebellion among them.

JUST A FEW REMARKS

F. J. Smyth of the Moyie Leader, seems to labor under the impression that The Miner editor is trying to stir up politics, and includes Old Man Simpson of the Cranbrook Herald, in the same accusation. You are mistaken, Brother Smyth. The Miner and Herald are simply commenting on conditions as they exist, and when you awake from the sleep of winter you will perhaps realize that these are strenuous times politically in this district, and events are rapidly shaping that will determine the battle lines later this summer. Often the most interesting features in a political campaign are the underground preliminaries, and at the present time there are many silent skirmishes in South East Kootenay.

Up to the present time the only names that have been seriously discussed in this district as candidates for the provincial parliament are those of W. Blakemore and Fred Stork of Fernie. Mr. Blakemore is looked upon in a favorable light on account of his experience and general knowledge of the needs of the district. But politically Stork seems to be the stronger of the two, and will undoubtedly be the candidate of the Liberal party, unless conditions undergo a material change between now and nomination time.

In this district the labor vote is the key to the situation, and the man who expects to sit in parliament hall at Victoria as a representative of the Fernie district will have to be a man who will meet with favor in the eyes of the unions. They will have a vote strong enough to dictate elections if they stand together, and this strike will have a tendency to solidify them in this direction.

The name of J. A. Harvey as a candidate for the local house is not being received with favor in Cranbrook. It is said that the people of that thriving town hold Mr. Harvey responsible for many of the sins of omission and commission of the recent governments at Victoria, by which Cranbrook has had to suffer. One man from that town who visited Morrissey a short time ago, said: "I am a Conservative, but if my party nominates Harvey I will vote for the Liberal candidate."

If the men, or their leaders, will get together with Mr. Tonkin and the government representatives, without a doubt a settlement will be effected that will prove satisfactory to both sides. And it is the duty of the men to do all they can to raise the strike consistent with the righting of any real wrongs they may have suffered. But they should not hold out, or the men permit their leaders to hold out over any fancied wrongs. The people of the province are as to one man in the opinion that the Crows Nest Coal company should pay good wages for work done, but they will have no sympathy for strikes that are based on wrong motives. The whole province is suffering from this trouble. Not only is it demoralizing present business, but it is having a demoralizing effect upon plans of capitalists who were ready to invest in mining here, but are now deterred by the demonstrated uncertainty of the fuel supply. What British Columbia *wants is a settlement and resumption* of work, and they want it as quickly as it can be accomplished.

The lead market, and the reports of what is said to be the supply on hand, *looks very encouraging to the lead sec*tions of British Columbia. If the Dominion parliament will give the protection asked for by the lead miners of this province, this industry will soon be independent of the American Smelting trust, and a permanent market will be established. This will mean that the lead producing districts will blossom forth as a rose once more, and prosperity will be an assured fact.

Great Lumber Year.

When in Nelson last week C. E. McPherson, general passenger agent of the Canadian Pacific western lines, gave some information regarding the situation in Manitoba and the Territories that will serve as an eye-opener to residents of the Kootenays who have not grasped the real situation. He is reported as saying that in Manitoba and the Territories along branch lines the train service would probably be doubled. That is, where a tri-weekly service was in force now a daily service would be commenced next month and maintain for at least some time to come. This change was made imperative by the enormous influx of settlers this year. This first lot to come were already commencing to arrive. They were almost entirely Americans, well used to the conditions they would meet and quite capable of taking care of themselves. When he left Winnipeg arrangements had been completed to handle a large batch of first comers, and it would take about 3000 cars to bring them and their effects west.

Orders had already been issued to give lumber shippers into the Territories from British Columbia and from the east preference as far as possible, and a large amount was now being rushed in. This was necessary in order to provide dwellings for the new settlers and shelter their stock.

"I do not think," said Mr. McPherson, "that your lumbermen can commence to supply the demand for lumber. I know that many mills have started up in this section, but I doubt if the men in the business realize what a demand there will be this summer. Under the circumstances prices are sure to be high and as quickly as the lumber is shipped in it will be snapped up. There is, of course, no timber in the Territories and practically no large amount of lumber on hand, so that no matter how large your cut may be this year there will be no difficulty of disposing of it, to say nothing of your home consumption, which, I understand, will be very good this year."

Many shrewd residents of the Kootenays have already foreseen the enormous demand for lumber that would naturally result from the influx of settlers to the Prairie province and the Territories, and large areas of timber lands have been picked up as the result. In several instances their forethought has had its reward in sales to milling companies. Under existing conditions it is not surprising that land carrying good timber is in great demand, and the values are *rising with a rapidity that is only equal*led by the magnitude of the market afforded for the product. The question of freight rates does not enter into the matter seriously, as a figure is realized for finished lumber that gives the milling concern a handsome profit. A few years of such progress in the Territories will see several lumber millionaires envolved in the Kootenays, and many more or less substantial fortunes established.

BIG RAILWAY CONTRACT LET

Great Northern To Change Its Main Line.

WILL TAKE TWO YEARS

New Road Will Connect With Morrissey and Jennings Branch Near the Boundary.

IT WILL HELP BRITISH COLUMBIA

From latest reports it would appear that the long talked of cutoff between Columbia Falls and Jennings, Montana, on the main line of the Great Northern railway, will soon be under active construction. This cutoff, which when completed will form the main line of *the Great Northern, will leave Colum*bia Falls, and striking north will skirt the southern boundary of Alberta and eastern British Columbia, a territory rich in coal and timber, which has been only awaiting transportation facilities to place it at once in the front ranks as a wealth producing section. The new line will join the Jennings-Morrissey branch at Rexford, a point seven miles south of the International boundary line and 54 miles south of Morrissey. From Rexford the branch will be used to Jennings, which means that 40 miles of the new road is already completed. The line will afford a direct outlet to the rich agricultural country in the Tobacco Plains section, and will prove a most potent factor in the development of the coal and oil territory of the upper Flathead, which is most easy of access from the south.

A Great Falls dispatch says the following about the proposed line:

The Great Northern has awarded the contract for the immediate construction of the Columbia Falls cutoff to Siems & Shields of St. Paul. Mr. Shields is on the ground and will sublet the 70 miles of heavy work to Spokane and other contractors. Among them is Contractor Twohy of Spokane, who is on the ground. Alex M. Lupfer, chief engineer of the Montana Central, will have charge of construction. The line leaves Columbia Falls and strikes northwest through the Tobacco Plains country to meet the Jennings branch, seven miles south of the boundary. It will take two years to complete the cutoff, which will eventually become the main line of the Great Northern. The line is 17 miles longer than the present line between Jennings and Columbia Falls, but eliminates sharp curves and heavy grades, so better time can be made.

It crosses the Cabinet mountains 1000 feet lower than the present main line of the summit.

The new line will have maximum grades of 13 feet to the mile, as against 85 feet on the present line. It will leave Kalispell off the main line, and will bisect a country rich in timber and mineral resources. One effect of the transfer of Mr. Lupfer from here is the change of the engineering headquarters of the Montana Central to Havre, where it will be under the charge of Resident Engineer McNeill of the Great Northern.

Kalispell, Feb. 27.—The railroad north from Columbia Falls to the boundary line in the coal fields will be built this spring. Siems & Shields have the contract. Contractors Shields, Twohy and Galvin arrived in Kalispell Wednesday night and five others last night. Engineer Lupfer will also arrive tonight, and in company with contractors will go over the line preparatory to asking bids on building the road. From unofficial sources it is learned that headquarters of the contractors will be in Kalispell and that when work is once well started on the road north, work will then start on the southern line to Jocko, on the Northern Pacific. Nothing definite along the line can be learned until Engineer Lupfer arrives.

Get After the Octopus.

There should be a movement inaugurated in every town in South East Kootenay to get a monstrous petition to send to parliament asking for protection for the lands in the Elk valley and Flathead country against the greed of the C. P. R. The people have some rights in the premises, and they should exercise them, and not sit in a supine manner and permit their heritage to be taken from them by a corporation that has taken everything in sight *from* Montreal to Vancouver that was worth having up to the present time; and now that the energy of a people has made the Elk valley a commercial entity, the C. P. R. is reaching out its tentacles for what land that it has not already corralled. A petition of this character would be signed by every man in the district who is not either directly or indirectly under the control of this railway company.

TEN YEARS' TRIAL.

The Story of a Soldier's Struggle.

By Brigadier General CHARLES KING.

Then came State Senators Brent and Foster to see Colonel Cresswell, who was "opposing the administration" even though politically in accord. It was an off year for the legislature, and the eyes of many a senatorial possibility were following the tottering footsteps of a silvery haired statesman who would probably never resume his seat in the senatorial tank at the north wing at Washington. The vacancy would be filled by the governor, and who, said these gentlemen in the confidence of the executive—who so likely to succeed to the toga as the brilliant and distinguished Colonel Cresswell provided he did not kill his own chance by further embarrassing the governor? Cresswell bit. "It would put the governor in the roll of an intimidator," said the emissaries, "to openly commission Mr. Langdon. Of course we *may need him* and all that and have every appreciation of him, but it won't do to fly in the face of the people. Let them think they are having their way, but quietly, you understand, work things so as to have ours." And Cresswell was at least sufficiently profound a statesman to see the political wisdom of their position, especially when coupled with that hint as to the senatorial succession. So he conferred with Langdon and saw and talked with "the boys," one or two at a time. Every business body seemed to feel by *this time they must have Langdon to* instruct and command their company, but the few in the confidence of the administration knew that in the present condition of affairs he could never be commissioned. Langdon saw it himself, smiled and after the politicians had talked until they were tired and the boys remained obdurate arose in meeting, said 20 words and solved the problem. "I withdraw as a candidate for captain and submit my name as a recruit," said he. There was a moment of amazement and silence, then a burst of applause. Then somebody in the confidence of Langdon moved the rules be suspended, a ballot taken at once, and Mr. Langdon was declared unanimously elected to membership. He signed the enlistment papers already prepared, was sworn in and announced as a private in the Brentwood rifles amid the tumultuous *cheers of that gallant organization.* Then First Sergeant Potts arose and smilingly said he'd served a good while in that capacity, liked the company, liked the job and wanted to learn *more about it. The best way to learn* was to watch it properly done by an expert. "We've learned that by experience," he said and therefore asked as a favor to be allowed to drop the lozenge from over his chevron and fall back to a vacancy among the duty sergeants and then called upon the presiding officer of the meeting and commanding officer of the company to name as his successor the man of all others he and the company believed best fitted to fill the bill and got no further, for the boys "caught on," as *they said, and further* remarks were drowned in an uproar of applause, in the midst of which the lieutenant commanding, the old sergeant and the new first sergeant, Langdon, were shouldered and borne in triumph about the room, and the reporters of The Examiner and Sun rushed to their respective offices.

It was useless now for The Sun to hurl denunciation at the governor or at the rifles. The law was supreme. Only the governor could make Langdon an officer, but even the governor could not make him a sergeant. The law gave the appointment of sergeants and corporals to the commanding officer of the company alone, and while Governor X. *would* not oppose the wishes of so many citizens and voters by granting Langdon a commission neither would he interpose against the wishes of scores of others by demanding, as urged by The Sun and the strikers, "the resignation of the insolent officer who had dared to thwart the wishes of a community." The Banner rejoiced and applauded. The Examiner was silent. The Seattle might need that company any moment, and every man with mob law in view and every citizen pledged to law and order knew instantly what it meant that the rifles had failed to fill the vacancies. The lieutenant commanding would figure as head of the company, but its instruction, its discipline, the work of preparation and finally its command in the event of a fight would all devolve upon its gritty first sergeant, Eric Langdon.

They were borne in triumph about the room.

Two evenings later Cresswell, with *anxious eyes, looked up at the window* of the second story room over his offices on Thayer street, the main thoroughfare of Brentwood. It was after 10, but all was darkness there, and Langdon's invariable rule was to return at once from drill and go early to bed, for, winter or summer, he was an *early riser. The clerk and assistant* who formerly occupied those humble quarters had married, moved west to the hills and thrown out his own shingle, and Langdon thankfully had moved in. The street was still alive with people, but the lights in the rifles' armory, two blocks away, had been extinguished before the stroke of 10 at the city hall. In his hand Cresswell held a crumpled half sheet of note paper that had reached him through the mail. It contained only the words: "Your man laughs at warning and defies the people. If he hasn't left this town by midnight, he'll never get a chance again."

By midnight, and it was now after 10! Only that morning in reminding Langdon that the chief of police had not only issued permission, but advised him, to go armed Cresswell had asked him if more warnings had reached him, and the new first sergeant took from his breast pocket a little note. It was a woman's hand that penned this note. "For God's sake don't disregard this. You do not know what minute may be your last if you insist on staying here. These men are desperate." Cresswell had read it with compressed lips and advised its being given at once to the police. Far and wide the edict of the employees had gone forth if assurance that the old wages would be restored from and after Nov. 1 fail*ed to reach them by noon Oct. 28* every man would quit work, and no man would be allowed to attempt it. More than once Cresswell had noticed strange, unprepossessing faces among the loiterers along the block. More than once men had called on one pretext or other at the office and were furtively interested in the survey of the premises, but the police well knew the barroom blackguards who had threatened vengeance on Langdon for his interference in behalf of the soldier they were beating to a jelly, and in person at least they dare not act "It isn't among the slums alone you have enemies, Langdon," said Cresswell. "The bitterest foes a man has to guard against are those who have done him injury, and the men I'm after are those who put up that safe robbery and gained your discharge. Oh, for an hour of Channing!"

They knocked and hammered for two minutes without response.

But that was vain.

Channing, he who commanded the respect and confidence of the yards and shops of the Big Horn, was sauntering discontentedly in the Riviera, doing as *his doctors bade, utterly homesick,* utterly unable to appreciate or understand what he saw and only wishing himself back in the cab of a Baldwin, whirling "the limited" over the prairie 60 miles an hour. Channing knew every mother's son in the Brentwood yards by name. The new incumbent knew not one of them. Channing argued, Burleigh bullied, and clash was inevitable. The management of both roads had announced in unequivocable terms that they would not yield to the demands of the men. The mayor of Brentwood was sorely frightened. The governor had been requested to order troops to the scene and over owe the would be strikers and very properly refused. For it is our good American policy in dealing with enemies or insurgents, white, red or brown, mobs, Indians or Tagalogs, never to show fight until practically forc*ed into it. The railway companies in* anticipation of the strike had gathered some hundreds of workmen across the Missouri ready to be rushed by special train to Brentwood, but neither the police, posses nor militia had been mobilized.

Pondering anxiously over the situation, Cresswell was walking slowly homeward up Thayer street. He had been talking with the mayor and certain city fathers at the Brentwood and now wished to see Langdon, but Langdon evidently wasn't home, and the town clock had struck the quarter. The office door was closed and doubtless locked, and Cresswell's keys were in his workaday pockets at the house. Confident of meeting Langdon, he strolled on toward the armory and became suddenly aware of the division superintendent of the Big Horn talking with two of the boys. Cresswell *didn't like that official, but for reasons* of his own preferred to make much of him. He stopped and held out his hand.

"Oh, good evening, Mr.—er—ah—Colonel Cresswell," stammered the railway man in some confusion. "I didn't see you. I'm glad to see you. Can you tell me where I can find Mr. Langdon? I've knocked and hammered at the office, and these gentlemen say that he went straight home half an hour ago."

"It is true," said one of the young soldiers. "I saw him go in there just before 10 o'clock."

"Odd!" said Cresswell. "Suppose we walk over, Mr. Superintendent."

They did, and they knocked and hammered for two minutes without response, and then Cresswell bethought him of the rear door.

"You wish to see him personally?" queried he of the official, with doubt in *his tone.*

"Yes. The road sent me an important message. I may as well tell you—confidentially, of course. They want him to go to that meeting that's in full blast at this minute. They think the men will listen to him."

"I see," said Cresswell, with sarcastic emphasis. "Having kicked him out into the cold for another man's crime, they want him to help them out of another scrape. You must feel gratified at being the bearer of such a message. However, come on. We'll try the back."

An alley parallel with Thayer street divided the block, and Cresswell's office buildings covered about half the lot. Wood, coal and ice were delivered by way of that alley, which accounted for the worn path to the open cellarway, but not for the footprints in the snow on the steps leading up to the back door. Cresswell tried the knob, and the door was fast. But who left the cellar steps uncovered? "Have you a gun?" he asked, and the superintendent fal*tered*, "Yes."

Gripping his own revolver, a faithful friend of Kentucky days, Cresswell cautiously descended the steps and felt his way through the dampness and dark. He had no match, and fighting would only reveal him to prowlers if there were any. He knew the premises thoroughly and quickly reached the lower hall and the stairway to the ground floor above him. It was dark as Erebus, and he, breathing heavily, felt his way up the creaking flight until within reach of the top. Then *something fell with stunning force and* danced before his eyes, and he went crashing back the way he came, bounding, rolling and sliding till he brought up senseless and bleeding at the foot of the stairs.

CHAPTER XIII.

Noon of Oct. 28 struck on the deep toned bell of the city hall, Brentwood's pride, and sharp at the sound every hand in the railway shops, sheds and yards followed suit and went out. So did the fires in the furnaces in the *course of the night, for no man* succeeded in getting in to replenish them. So did not the trains, freight or passenger, on either Big Horn or Seattle, for the rails were a lather of soap, the boilers a reek of foam. The casualty list in the motive power showed 23 engines "killed," and the only wheels to revolve east or west were those trundling the United States mail, the operatives, with calm sagacity, offering no objection to the running of postal cars, yet firmly opposing everything else. Following the traditions of the Big Horn, the new general manager appeared promptly on the scene, while he of the Seattle sniffed the battle from afar and staid there. Mr. Burleigh came to threaten and command, was promptly hoisted aboard a baggage car and bidden to address the meeting from the rear platform, which he essayed to do, the car speedily gli*ding away with him to the accompaniment* of much derision and many decided catcalls, not to mention a few defunct quadrupeds and doubtful eggs. Mr. Burleigh was given a sample of the running qualities of the fast mail down the winding gorge of the Red Water and spent the night in blasphemy and bitterness of spirit at Gunnison. Not even a farmer's buckboard could he find to take him back. He wired for the trainloads of substitutes across the Big Muddy, and they were ditched ten miles from any town and had to build bonfires out of the wreck until that was used up and then kept warm with a few miles of snow fence that unaccountably went up in flames. The Seattle sent 60 Pinkertons on a special and thereby precipitated a sympathetic strike across the Missouri and the special into the shallows near the eastern shore well up to the Pinkertons' middle. When finally rescued, these amateurs were roosting on car roofs, cold, wet and bedraggled, an object of charity to the countryside. Then came the order for troops, long withheld, and *before it was issued the Brentwood* rifles knew there would be no first sergeant to call the roll. Somewhere about midnight of the 27th, dazed and bleeding, Colonel Cresswell had staggered into the street in front of his office, feebly calling for help. The police found a pool of blood at the foot of the cellar stairs and splashes all along *from near the top, but not a sign of* struggle elsewhere and not a trace of Eric Langdon. Along toward morning Cresswell managed to tell his story, and then the police went and routed out the division superintendent, who told a queer tale. When the doctors heard it, they looked oddly at each other and agreed that it were best that Cresswell shouldn't hear it until he was stronger. It might unduly excite him now. Cresswell said he left the superintendent, Mr. Betts, on guard at the cellar stairway in the back yard, *revolver in hand, and that he should* have seen his (Cresswell's) assailants when they made their escape at the rear, the only way they could have gone. The superintendent said he had met Mr. Cresswell casually on the street, inquired for Mr. Langdon and went with Cresswell to the office to find him. They knocked until they believed that Langdon couldn't be there, and he (the superintendent) desired to search elsewhere, but Cresswell was somewhat persistent that Betts should wait while he went round and tried the back way. Betts went just to oblige the colonel; "didn't like to offend him." The fact was he noticed that the colonel had been drinking a little, and at such times, as was well known, the Kentuckian was apt to be a bit dictatorial and to take offense rather easily. Betts said he knew the colonel had been at the bar of the Brentwood that evening, and after waiting a few minutes just to assure himself the colonel was safely within he hurried away about his own business. Had he heard no sound of fall or struggle? was asked. Not a sound of that kind. He had heard some one moving about in the hall and thought, of course, it was the colonel. In fact, sotto voce, he added he thought so still and that under the circumstances the colonel might later have missed his footing and fallen headlong. It could not be conceived possible that Mr. Langdon *would brutally assault* his friend and benefactor.

Now, Cresswell had taken three or four nips of his favorite beverage that evening, but Boniface swore he was perfectly himself when he left the Brentwood. That might be, said the shrewd and somewhat envious lawyer employed by the Big Horn as counsel, and yet might he be "under alien influences." One of two theories, said the railroad lawyer, could be derived from the facts, and only two. Mr. Cresswell had fallen down stairs under the influ*ence of one of two forces,* Bourbon or a blow. If a blow, who gave it but Eric Langdon? No one else was known to have entered those doors that night. In all the tense, pent up excitement attending the inevitable strike this incident was discussed with bated breath. Men who knew Cresswell and saw him that night knew he was not so far gone in liquor as to fall down stairs and therefore believed the story of assault. Men who knew Langdon swore he was incapable of assaulting Cresswell. What could possibly be his motive? The safe stood securely locked. Desk and drawers were intact. There were no reasons why Langdon should go except the threats, which he held in contempt, and every reason why he should stay. The railway lawyer hinted at renewal of proceedings by Perrigo's bank to recover certain sums with interest. The bank, however, being questioned, reluctantly testified that that incident was closed, satisfactory settlement having been made, and so it had in Langdon's behalf by the big hearted Kentuckian and his friend the mayor. No; nothing but threats against Langdon's life could be heard of as a cause of Langdon's disappearance, nothing whatever until the second day of the strike, when two people appeared who said that if guaranteed protection they would tell something. The something proved to be that an open two horse *wagon drove into the alley just before* 10 o'clock and drove out again about 10:40, when it had two more men in it who were bending over something in the bottom. These two jumped out when it reached the street. They went one way, the wagon the other. Then uprose the solid men of Brentwood save the few whose souls were mortgaged to the Seattle or whose notes were falling due at Perrigo's, and at a meeting held just after dark the first check was given to the widespreading sympathy felt for the strikers through*out the community. Up to this* moment they had practically carried all before them. Property had been carefully guarded by the details from their own number. People had been treated with civility even if denied means of transportation. They were determined, they said, to do nothing to forfeit the good will of friends and fellow citizens. Their grievance was Brentwood's and their oppressors the rival railways. Violence of any kind, said the strike leaders, would be tolerated only as a last resort. Yet here was evidence that even before beginning the strike assault, abduction, possibly murder, could be laid at the strikers' doors. Cresswell still lay in grievous plight, and Eric Langdon could not be found. Then evidence began to accumulate. A two horse farm wagon, such as described, was seen by other citizens driving westward toward the open *prairie. A farmer came in and said* that such a wagon stopped at the ford close to his place about midnight. His wife woke him, saying there was something wrong down at the barn—the horses were stamping and snorting. He hurried thither and found everything secure, but could have sworn he saw a light dancing away from the barn in the direction of the ford as he issued from the house. Curiosity therefore led him to investigate, and surely enough he heard voices. Two men were talking in low tones. One of their *horses had picked up a stone, and,* so tightly was it wedged, they couldn't get it out. He gathered that one of them had been to the barn in hopes of finding a pick. The farmer was on the point of hailing them when the whistle of the night freight sounded away down the valley toward Brentwood, and he heard one of them say, "My God, there's No. 8 now, and we can't flag her this side of the bridge!" then, apparently speaking to some one with in the wagon, continued: "Now, lie still if you value your life! Jump in, Jim, *quick!" And with that the horses* were lashed to a run, and they clattered away up the pike in the darkness. About ten minutes later he heard the freight rumbling along up the valley, and after it had almost got beyond hearing distance to the west there came the short, quick single whistle, the signal for brakes. That must have been somewhere about the long bridge at the big bend. That was something unusual, and, coupled with what he heard the men say, it excited his suspicion. Then when his copy of The Banner told him about Langdon's disappearance he felt sure what it all meant and therefore came in to Brentwood to tell his tale. And it was this that brought confusion to Betts and the Brentwood strikers, for it was now evident that Langdon had been spirited away.

That foul means and force had been *resorted to no one who knew Langdon* could doubt. That railway men were the perpetrators the words overheard by Farmer Hawley gave presumptive evidence and that the abducted man was sorely needed developed in the course of that very night.

Observant of his counsel, the rifles at the first intimation of another strike had kept a guard at the armory, and this guard was increased to a lieutenant and 20 men at noon on the 28th. Moreover, it was made up of men who would fight, and the scouts of the *strikers sent to reconnoiter* and report on the feasibility of again seizing the arms and equipments returned and "reported adversely." Two days later, determined to wipe out the stain of their military misadventure the previous year, fully 60 members promptly assembled at the call and awaited orders at the armory, and still, barring the banishment of Mr. Burleigh in one direction and the presumable taking off of Langdon in the other, no deed of damage or violence had been charged to the strike. The sheriff had eagerly accepted the theory that Langdon himself was Cresswell's assailant and had fled to escape consequences. This "made him solid" with the strikers and warranted a certain inaction. But now the business men had taken matters in hand. The Banner "ripped him up the back," as his friends expressed it, and the governor himself was on his way *to Brentwood, coming up from the cap*ital by a cross country spur of the Union Pacific, and matters were nearing a climax. The Grays were at the station at Gunnison waiting for the troop train, with Major McConville and four companies, feeling its cautious way over culver and trestle from the Missouri. If the strikers refused to disperse at the beck of the governor, would they flinch from the prick of the bayonet? That was the absorbing question. The mayor said yes. The men thundered no, and Brentwood held its breath and waited. Meantime the orders for the rifles were to sleep on their arms at their quarters. It was the policy of wisdom.

(To be Continued.)

A White Man's Choice

By Martha M'Culloch-Williams

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Jimmy Marion was no great shakes. In the mind of Brush Creek Jimmy had but two redeeming qualities. One was being his father's son, the other that he had wit enough to love his father's ward, Cressy Oliphant.

Upon a summer morning Cressy called to him over her shoulder: "Jimmy, do come on! You are the slowest old thing! And you know I hate a man or a horse without lots of go."

They were riding up hill. Cressy's whiplash whined accompaniment to her words. Jimmy had a talent for saying nothing, still as he came within easy hail he piped amiably, "Cress, I been wonderin' all this mornin' if you won't never learn better'n to gallop a horse up hill."

"I've been wondering if you will ever learn anything," Cressy retorted, slashing savagely at a near bush. Jimmy opened his eyes. "Whut's the matter, *cross cat?" he asked. "You come rid*in' with me—nobody didn't make you—an' I've let you pick your own road an' go your own gait"—

"If you've tired of me, I'll go on by myself," Cressy said irritably, half wheeling her horse. Jimmy kept beside her. "You needn't try to run away frum me," he said. "I been knowin' all the way you felt bad, an' I reckon I know whut about."

"You don't! What is it?" Cressy answered all in a breath. Jimmy laughed tranquilly. "I fetched you a letter yistiddy evenin'—a letter frum Charley."

"What business have you to know that?" Cressy demanded. "He's comin' today. That's why I am runnin' away."

"Ef he pesters you, I'll make him go right back," Jimmy said promptly, then his face fell. "But it'll be sorter awkward. Old Charles is all the own *cousin I've got. Pappy an' mammy* think nigh as much of him as they do of me."

"You ought to hate him. Why don't you?" Cressy demanded. Jimmy stared. "Hate him!" he repeated slowly. "Why should I hate him? He can't help bein' whut he is—smart an' bright an' good lookin'—no more'n I can help bein' what I am."

"And whut is that?" Cressy asked crisply. Jimmy drew a deep breath.

"A born fool," he said humbly. "But I got sense enough to know it. All I can do is to be a real white man, an' it ain't white to hate Char—anybody better off."

"You are worse than a born fool—a made one," Cressy cried passionately. "An' you won't stand up for yourself. You won't even say you love me—you drive me to tell you I know it"—

"You can't help but know it," Jimmy broke in. "You been knowin' it ever sence you were knee high. I been fool enough to think sometimes maybe you might fetch yourself to take me—an' the place"—

"I do love—the place," Cressy interrupted, a smile dawning in her stormy eyes. "An' it has belonged to the Marions ever sence the Indians went away.'

"I know," Jimmy said wistfully, "but don't let that bother you, Cress. There's jest us two of the name—Charles an' me. You needn't never leave—the place—no matter whut happens." Then persuasively, "Let's us leave all this talk until next year."

"Charley is not so patient," Cressy said, swallowing hard. "He insists upon a definite answer today."

"I lay he don't get it—not until you are good an' ready," Jimmy said, with a quick smile, patting her hand. Then he ran on haltingly, "Cressy, I love you all I know how, but don't you let that count if—if you love—anybody else."

They were nearing a roadside gate. As Cressy went through it she said, with her head very high: "Go home, Jimmy, an' give Charley his answer. Tell him I don't know—an' I don't want to know."

* * * * * * *

As Jimmy went up the walk he saw his mother at the sitting room window, very white and moaning faintly. He rushed inside. His father met him, all his hale ruddiness changed to ashen gray. Charley had come and sat at Squire Marion's desk, his pen racing over a sheet of legal cap. Without looking up, he called: "Saddle me a fresh horse, Jimmy. The best you've got. The minute this is signed I must ride like the devil."

"What's up?" Jimmy demanded. His father clutched his shoulder, leaned heavily upon it and gasped: "Son, son, we're on the edge of ruin! Charley found out early this mornin' that Gill Magee had run away with all the county money! And me on his bond for $50,000! I trusted Gill like my own brother!"

"There, there, Uncle Jim," Charley interposed. "Walls have ears sometimes, and we must not leave one loophole in this precious document. It's a deed of gift, Jimmy. Uncle Jim makes over to you everything—land, money, *stock and crops.*"

"Whut for?" Jimmy asked, his eyes wide. Charley laughed shortly. "For the best of reasons: to save himself from beggary and keep a roof over his head. But I've written it down for a consideration of $1, love and natural affection. Sign, quick, Uncle Jim. Unless this goes on record before Gill Magee's pranks get wind, it will be worth less than the paper it's written on."

"Oh, it's hard!" the old man moaned. "In my old age too! I never did think I could be brought to any of them coverin' up tricks. I've been so proud to hear folks say, 'As honest as a Marion.' But what else can I do? I'm old—seventy next month! I cain't let my home go! I cain't take my wife to the poorhouse!"

"You'll have me, pappy, no matter whut comes," Jimmy said, lifting his head and throwing his arm about his father's bowed shoulders. So holding him, he moved to where his mother sat, lifted her to her feet and with his free arm drew her to his breast. Then he turned to his cousin and said clearly: "Charley, it was good in you to think of us this a-way. But I cain't see things your way. Now Gill's gone bad, by the Lord, he shan't take old Jim Marion with him. I love the place, every stock an' stone an' red clay hill in it, next to—my own people. But I won't keep it unless I can keep it honest"—

"Are you crazy?" Charley broke in. "I can change the beneficiary in a trice. Say, Uncle Jim, won't you trust me? I'll certainly never take advantage of your trust. Speak quick. We have just three hours' grace, and it will take two at least to get back to the courthouse."

"I—I don't believe I keer to save things except for Jimmy," Squire Marion began brokenly.

Charley sprang to his feet and stepped in front of his cousin. He was *white with anger and apprehension.* In a high shaken voice he cried: "For God's sake, Jimmy, don't doom your father and mother to beggary. It makes me feel like shooting you to hear you quibble and prate when all their comfort, it may be their lives, hangs on the matter of a minute."

"They have got me," Jimmy reiterated. Charley flung up his hands. "You!" he cried, with the intensest scorn. "What are you? What can you do—without money or brains?"

"Work—all day an' all night," Jimmy said sturdily. Charley drew back a step, his face twitching. He bit his lips hard before he went on.

"Another thing, think of Cressy. She will end by marrying you if you keep the place. It is that which has stood between me and winning her. I know it. Remember, I am speaking now against myself. I cannot do less in face of all I owe my uncle and my dear, good aunt. Speak to Jimmy, both of you. If he still refuses to save you, sign this deed and put it in my power."

Mrs. Marion nestled close to her son. Her husband broke away from them and leaned from the open window. Jimmy's eyes followed the father's gaze as it rested upon the familiar fields, the trig barns, the deep, shadowy woodlands belting the clear land. Could they give it up and go away, strangers in a strange land?

Stronger, more insistent was the thought of Cressy. How should a beggar lift eyes to her? No, not a beggar except for work! Somehow the word was a tonic. He faced half about, drew his mother in front of him and said with many breaks: "Charley—I—I—cain't talk with you. But the Lord—help me—to show I—can work with you."

Squire Marion stepped beside his son, linked arms and said: "Ruin or no ruin, Charley, I'll do as Jimmy says. If the money must all go, let it! Lord, what is all the property in the world beside findin' that I've got a real man for my son?"

"The best man in the world," Cressy cried, breaking tempestuously from an ambush of half closed door. "I had to come home right behind you," she panted to Jimmy. "It—it is not true—what he said," nodding toward Charley. "Now you have lost everything else, I ask you to—to take me."

"Amen. The Lord be praised!" Squire Marion said, catching Cressy in his arms. Charley darted away, swearing under his breath. Jimmy? Jimmy put his head upon his mother's shoulder and cried for the first time since he was ten years old.

Jimmy showed the stuff he was made of by working through five hopeless years trying to save the homestead, mortgaged to full value. Cressy helped him, singing about the place, her face always sunshiny, her tempers all blown away. Still there was rejoicing, indeed, when Gill Magee came back from the Klondike with money enough to make good all his luckless sureties had paid. Little Jim, aged four, high in the arms of his doting grandmother, held the canceled mortgage in a candle flame and laughed to *see it burn. Across the hearth the* grandfather looked on with eyes that did not see and murmured brokenly, "The righteous shall not be forsaken nor his seed beg bread."

In Black and White.

One of Atlanta's most prominent bankers has a young son who has already developed a surprising faculty for business.

His father gave him $5, and instead of spending it he handed it back to his father to deposit for him in order that he might draw the interest.

A few days later, however, the youngster saw something he wanted more than he did the interest, so asked his father to please return the money.

This the banker refused to do, explaining that the son had no note for the money, and unless he could prove in black and white that the money had been handed him the $5 was his.

The youthful financier looked both puzzled and unhappy, then his countenance cleared. He called the colored butler.

"John, did you see me give father $5 the other day?"

He was answered in the affirmative. Then he put the same question to his grandmother.

When she, too, said yes, young Machiavelli turned to his father triumphantly:

"There, father, I have it in black and white."

Needless to add, he got the money.—Atlanta Journal.

A Ruskin Thought.

To be content in utter darkness and ignorance is indeed unmanly, and therefore we think that to love and find knowledge must be always right. Yet wherever pride has any share in the work even knowledge and light may be ill pursued. Knowledge is good, and light is good, yet man perished in seeking knowledge, and the moths perish in seeking light, and if we who are crushed before the moth will not accept such mystery as is needful to us we shall perish in like manner. None but the proud will mourn over this, for we may always know more if we choose by working on, but the pleasure is, I think, to humble people, in knowing that the journey is endless, the treasure inexhaustible.—Ruskin.

Lambert's Oaks.

From Lambert's Oaks, formerly an inn, in the parish of Woodmansterne, England, the famous Oaks stakes acquires its name. The house was built by a society called the "Hunter's club," under a lease from the Lambert family. It afterward became the residence of the unfortunate General Burgoyne, from whom it passed to the eleventh Earl of Derby, whose grandson, the twelfth earl, greatly improved it.

THE MAN WITH A LISP.

He Tried to Slay a Bear and Tired Himself Out.

The station agent at Canon City had a half grown cinnamon bear chained up to a post as a pet and a curiosity, and while the train waited there for *the eastbound to come along many of* the passengers crossed the tracks to gaze at the living wonder. Among them was a girl faced man with a lisp, who viewed the bear for awhile and then went back to the agent and asked:

"Thir, I thee you have a bear over there."

"Yes, sir."

"Is it a real bear?"

"Of course."

"If I should kill him, could I telegraph to my ma in New York thath I had thlain a savage monster of the west?"

"You could."

"How much to let me thoot at him thix times?" continued the young man as he fished up a small revolver.

"Twenty dollars for six shots," replied the agent.

"I will accept, and here is your moneyth. Now, then, everybody thand back while I thlay the monster in his tracks."

We moved back, and he advanced to within ten feet of the bear and opened fire. The beast stood broadside on, eating some nuts thrown to him, and while the six shots were being fired he did not even raise his head. One bullet carried away a bit of his fur, but every one of the others went over him.

"Have I thlain him?" asked the young man as he stood with empty weapon in hand.

"He doesn't appear to be slain," replied the agent. "Want to try six more at the same price?"

"No, thir, I guess not. I will go in and telegraph to ma thath I started outh to thlay a monster of the west, but he refused to be thlain and tired me outh!" M. QUAD.

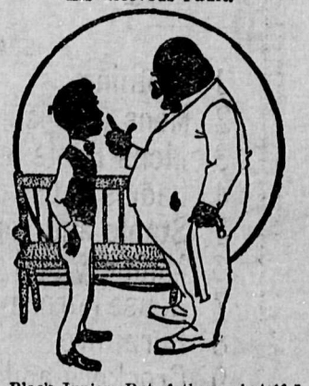
It's a Good Way.

"That's the Chicago way of it," said the western man, with a touch of pride in his tones. "I went into a barber shop on State street eleven years ago to get shaved and went off without my umbrella. I happened to be in town and passed the shop the other day, and I went in and began:

"'Barber, I got shaved here some ten years ago, and I left'—

"'George,' says he to the boy, 'get the gentleman his cane, dress suit case, hatbox and mackintosh and then call a cab to take him to the Palmer House. Hair cut today, sir?'"

His Grievous Fault.



Black Junior—But, father, what if I was at the Flip Flop vaudeville show? I saw you there too.

Black Senior—That's just what I'm going to whip you for.

All Pre-empted.

A gentleman had been absent for some time and during his absence had raised a pretty luxuriant crop of whiskers, mustache, etc. On returning home he visited a relative whose little girl he was very fond of.

The little girl made no demonstration toward saluting him with a kiss, as was usual.

"Why, child," said the mother, "don't you give Uncle Will a kiss?"

"Why, ma," returned the little girl, with the utmost simplicity, "I don't see any place!"

Waste of Material.

He (chuckling over a job of teakettle mending)—Maria, I believe there was a good mechanic spoiled when I went into the law business.

His Wife—I don't know about that, but you spoiled a good bachelor when you got married.

Knew the Effects.

"What has put her in such a nervous state?"

"I can't be sure, but I think it's hearing herself talk."

Ragtime Rhymer.

The blue kangaroo on the wet minaret
Laughed out at the folly of green
To the sad lilypad that it set in a fret,
As it had not a flying machine.
So weep while we creep to the base commonplace
Of the nebulous coffee and bun;
It's rarely we care, though we face the disgrace,
Of the grease spots we see on the sun.

To think Maeterlinck had a spent penitent
When shopping in Kalamazoo!
It was not such a lot, and I meant to dissent,
But what was the poor man to do?
To slam Rotterdam would not blow up Bordeaux,
As the false misogynists cry;
Then why should we try to bake snow when he know
We shall meet in the sweet by and by?

This may, I should say, sound absurd, but I've heard
Greater nonsense by far in my time
And read what is said to be great that I'd state
Did not have either reason or rhyme.
It shows I compose just as well in my cell
As some much cracked up poets still free;
I'm cracked, that's a fact, but some fellow might tell
Them to join me in gay Kankakee.
—Chicago News.

Eskimo Women.

At a meeting of the Anthropological society of Washington evidence was adduced that the tattoo marks on Eskimo women were made for the purpose of indicating relationship.

Buttermilk Griddlecakes.

For buttermilk griddlecakes beat one egg, add pint buttermilk and half teaspoonful salt; dissolve teaspoonful soda in little boiling water; put three cupfuls flour in a bowl and pour liquid over it, beating mass thoroughly; bake in thin cakes on hot griddle.

THE MORRISSEY MINER.

MORRISSEY, B. C.

"No; she's no better," said a woman when the doctor came to visit her husband. "You told me to give him as much of the powder as would lay on a ten-cent piece. I hadn't a ten, but I have him as much as would go on ten ones, and he's worse, if anything."

Messrs. C. C. Richards & Co.

Gentlemen,—Theodore Dorais, a customer of mine was completely cured of rheumatism after five years of suffering, by the judicious use of MINARD'S LINIMENT.

The above fact can be verified by writing to him, to the Parish priest or any of his neighbors.

A. COTE.

Merchant, St. Isadore, Que.,
May 12th, 1898.

That woman doesn't live who can lose at a social card game without getting mad.

Deafness Cannot Be Cured

by local applications, as they cannot reach the diseased portion of the ear. There is only one way to cure deafness, and that is by constitutional remedies. Deafness is caused by an inflamed condition of the mucous lining of the Eustachian Tube. When this tube gets inflamed you have a rumbling sound or imperfect hearing, and when it is entirely closed deafness is the result, and unless *the inflammation can be taken out and* this tube restored to its normal condition, hearing will be destroyed for ever: nine cases out of ten are caused by catarrh, which is nothing but an inflamed condition of the mucous surfaces.

We will give One Hundred Dollars, any case of Deafness (caused by catarrh) that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure. Send for circulars, free.

Address, F. J. CHENEY & Co., Toledo O.

Sold by druggists, 75c.

Hall's Family Pills are the best.

There have been 2,819 people killed and 39,800 injured by the railways of the United States during the past year.

Nurses' Experience.

Medical men say that a good nurse in a difficult case is better than medicine, but when we can get a good nurse and good medicine, the patient stands a much better chance of recovery. The few words of advice given below by nurse Eliza King, are well worthy the attention of all readers:

"I have constantly used St. Jacobs Oil in the various situations I have occupied as nurse, and have invariably found it excellent in all cases requiring outward application, such as sprains, bruises, rheumatic affections, neuralgia, etc. In cases of pleurisy it is an excellent remedy—well rubbed I can strongly recommend it after several years' use and experience. It should be in every household.

Sister Carolina, St. Andrew's Hospital, writes: "I have found St. Jacobs Oil a most efficacious remedy in gout also in sprains and bruises. Indeed, we cannot say too much in its praise, and our doctor is ordering it constantly."

The Bank of England employs about 1000 people, pays a quarter of a million in wages and $35,000 a year in pensions.

If attacked with cholera or summer complaint of any kind send at once for a bottle of Dr. J. D. Kellogg's Dysentery Cordial, and use it according to directions. It acts with wonderful rapidity in subduing that dreadful disease that weakens the strongest man and that destroys the young and delicate. Those who have used this cholera medicine say it acts promptly and never fails to effect a thorough cure.

The Germans are ever keen for foreign trade, and are now teaching the Chinese language to their commercial students. While the Chinese language is very complicated, it has been simplified to a very great degree for the purposes of commercial usage.

Sometimes in our more tolerant and forgiving moods, we don't blame people for what they do; at the same time we cannot help but feel that they ought to have had more sense.

CANADIAN NORTHERN

Winter Tourist Excursions. . .

Through Tickets. Lowest Rates
Best Time to all Points.
OCEAN STEAMSHIP TICKETS.

For full information consult any Canadian Northern Ry. Agent.

GEO. H. SHAW,
Traffic Manager.

CANADIAN PACIFIC

"THE" ROUTE TO

Australasia And the Orient

CANADA'S SCENIC ROUTE

Travel by the C. P. R. and be assured of SOLID COMFORT.

First-class C. P. R. Sleepers on all through trains.

Through Tourist Sleepers - the best

Tourist Rates quoted to all points

East, West, South,
The Old Country,
The Orient,
The Antipodes.

Those desiring information in regard to any part of the world reached by the C. P. R. or its connections are requested to apply to any C. P. R. representative or to

C. E. McPHERSON
Gen. Pas. Agt., Winnipeg.

THE BEST DAY OF ALL.

Two Reasons Why Sunday Always Appeals to the Children.

On weekday mornings father had gone to work when you came downstairs, but on Sunday mornings when you awoke a trifle earlier, if anything—

"Father!"

Silence.

"Father!" a little louder.

Then a sleepy "Yes."

"We want to get up."

"It isn't time yet. You children go to sleep."

You waited. Then—

"Father, is it time yet?"

"No. You children lie still."

So you and Lizbeth, wideawake, whispered together, and then, to while away the time while father slept, you played Indian, which required two little yells from you to begin with (when the Indian You arrived in your warpaint) and two big yells from Lizbeth to end with (when the Paleface She was being scalped).

Then father said it was "no use," and mother took a hand. You were quiet after that, but it was yawny lying there with the sun so high. You *listened. Not a sound came from* father and mother's room. You rose cautiously, you and Lizbeth, in your little *bare feet. You stole softly across the* floor. The door was a crack open, so you peeked in, your face even with the *knob and Lizbeth's just below. And* then at one and the same instant you both said "Boo!" and grinned, and the harder you grinned the harder father tried not to laugh, which was a sign that you could scramble into bed with him, you on one side and Lizbeth on the other, cuddling down close while mother went to see about breakfast.

It was very strange, but while it had been so hard to drowse in your own bed the moment you were in father's you did not want to get up at all. Indeed, it was father who wanted to get up first, and it was you who cried that it was not time.

Weekdays were always best for most things, but for two reasons Sunday was the best day of all. One reason was Sunday dinner. The other was father.

JAPANESE REGALIA.

Royal Emblems Without Which the Emperor Could Not Rule.

The Japanese royal emblems consist of a copper mirror, symbolic of knowledge; a steel sword, symbolizing courage, and agate jewels, representing mercy. The story of their origin was told thus by a Japanese official:

The sun goddess became angry with the earth and withdrew into a cave, plunging everything into darkness. The other deities could not induce her to come out, so began to make a noise as of great rejoicing, which aroused the curiosity of the irate goddess. She finally came to the mouth of the cave to learn the cause of the uproar and was told that they had found a more beautiful goddess than herself. The sun goddess came out then, demanding to see her rival, and the crafty deities held the mirror before her, which drove all her sulkiness away.

The sword was taken by Susenoo, the brother of the sun goddess, from the tail of an eight headed serpent that had been annually devouring a beautiful girl. Susenoo placed eight great tubs of wine in his way and when he was sleeping killed him and took the sword as a trophy.

The sword is kept in an apartment near the imperial bedchamber and called the Room of the Sword. The *jewels have also a room to themselves,* and the mirror is in charge of a priestess. The regalia have the highest sig*nificance in the eyes of the people, and* it is held that no emperor can possibly rule without the three virtues which *they represent. He must, moreover,* hold the actual tokens, and in the imperial code it is enjoined that on the death of the sovereign his heir must take possession of them.

The "Basin" of an Apple.

One end of the apple bears the name of "basin" and contains the remnants of the blossom—sometimes called the eye of the fruit. This part of the apple is deep in some varieties and shallow and open in others. This is the weakest point in the whole apple as concerns the question of the keeping quality of the fruit. If the basin is shallow and the canal to the core firmly closed, there is much less likelihood of the fruit decaying than when it is deep, and the evident opening connects the center of the fruit with the surface.

As It Really Was.

"Lay on, Macduff!" cried Macbeth.

Macduff was motionless.

"What'll be the matter noo?" said Macbeth. "Dinna ye ken that's the cue?"

"I was na sure," said Macduff, "whether ye were just recht in yer grammar. I thought ye meant 'lie on' an' that I wadna stand but it's all recht noo."

And the conflict began.

Quick Promotion.

"I hear your brother is an assistant bookkeeper."

"Yes, indeed. And, do you know, he proved himself so clever that they've passed him over the first and second assistantships and made him third assistant right off."

Never Still.

Mrs. Naggem—And do you love me still?

Naggem (wearily)—I don't know; I've never had the chance!

No one likes to be reminded that there is another side to the story.

One does not have to fall asleep to dream.

Obsidian Cliff.

Obsidian cliff, in the Yellowstone National park, was once neutral ground, where many Indian tribes came to make spearheads and arrowheads. The cliff is hundreds of feet in height and is composed of a substance resembling black glass, small pieces of which are transparent.

The Turkish Turban.

The Turkish turban came in during the reign of John of France. It was sometimes three feet high and as big as a barrel.

HOW RELIEF CAME.

An Interesting Story From An Icelandic Settlement.

From the Logberg, Winnipeg, Man.

The readers of Logberg have long been familiar with the virtues of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills through the well authenticated cures pubished in these columns each week. Many of our readers are also able to vouch for cures which have come under their own observation. This week "Logberg" has received a letter from one of its readers, Mr. B. Walterson, a prosperous farmer living at Bru, in which he gives his own experience in the hope that it may benefit some other sufferer. Mr. Walterson says: "Some years ago I was suffering so *greatly from rheumatism* in my limbs that I was for a long time unable to do any work. I tried in *many ways to obtain a cure, both by* patent medicines and medicine prescribed by doctors, but without obtaining any benefit. I saw Dr. Williams' Pink Pills advertised in the Logberg as being a cure for this trouble and determined to give it a trial. I bought a dozen boxes and before half of them were used I felt a great change for the better. This improvement continued from day to day, and before I had used all the pills I was completely cured. Since that time I have never had an attack of this trouble. After this I used the pills in several other cases and no other medicine has been so beneficial to me. I feel it my duty to publicly give testimony to the merits of this wonderful medicine so others similarly afflicted may be led to try it."

If you are weak or ailing; if your nerves are tired and jaded, or your blood is out of condition, you will be wise to use Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, *which are* an unfailing cure for all blood and nerve troubles. But be sure you get the genuine, with the full *name "Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for* Pale People" on the wrapper around every box. Sold by all medicine dealers *or sent post paid at 50 cents a* box or six boxes for $2.50 by writing direct to the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

When a short young man gets sweet on a tall girl he immediately buys a high silk hat.

An evening call is productive of pleasure either when you come or when you go.

It often takes a round sum to square a crooked transaction.

To Sleep Well

get your stomach and liver acting right. The easiest, quickest and safest way to do it is to use

Beecham's Pills

Sold Everywhere. In boxes, 25 cents.

Blood will tell

When an animal is all run down, has a rough coat and a tight hide, anyone knows that his blood is out of order. To keep an animal economically he must be in good health.

DICK'S BLOOD PURIFIER

is a necessity where the best results from feeding would be obtained. It tones up the system, rids the stomach of bots, worms and other parasites that suck the life blood away.

Nothing like Dick's powder for a run down horse.

50 cents a package.

Leeming, Miles & Co., Agents, MONTREAL.

Floral Pins.

OUR NEW illustrated catalogue, which we send free of charge to any address, offers an assortment of gift articles almost unlimited.

The Pansy Stick Pin shown above has the natural color effects hard enamelled on 14k. gold. The centre setting is a perfect diamond.

We guarantee the safe delivery of this to any address for $8.50.

Ryrie Bros., Jewelers. Yonge and Adelaide Sts., Toronto.

Paid For the Tickle.

At the table of the regent duke of Orleans it was the custom for a guest to drop a piece of gold in a plate from which he had just eaten a dish whose taste he fancied.

Prune Souffle.

To make prune souffle: One cup of prunes stoned and chopped, whites of three eggs beaten to utmost and half a cup of powdered sugar. Beat well together, put in guttered pudding dish and bake slowly twenty-five minutes. Serve with whipped cream or soft custard.

A QUEER EXPERIENCE.

It Made One Man a Believer in the Supernatural.

"I want to tell you a very queer ex*perience I had,*" said the colonel. "It borders so much on the superstitious it throws me somewhat in doubt as to whether I believe in the supernatural. You all know what a fondness I have for driving, and the more spirited the horses are the better I feel to put them on their mettle. Well, a few summers ago I bought a pair of high strung, strongly built bay horses and began to drive them. One Sunday morning I carefully hooked them to my surrey. I personally saw that every strap was well hooked, the chains carefully adjusted and, in fact, every precaution taken to have them so harnessed that there could be nothing to fret them.

"I drove up St. Charles avenue to Washington, out Washington to the railroad crossing, back again to St. Charles avenue and then up to Carrollton until opposite the old Carrollton gardens and there stopped to rest under a tree. We had moved at a pretty good pace, the weather was warm, and I believed that a little rest would do the horses good. I forgot to tell you that I had in the rear seat of the surrey my wife and daughters.

"We stopped just under a tree, on the side of the neutral ground, and there waited. Just then a party of about twenty bicyclists came in sight, coming up the avenue. As they passed us my horses reared and made one plunge. I had the reins in my hand, and the ladies were seated in the surrey. What made me do it I do not *know, nor can I account* for it, but I let go the reins and the horses ran away—ran away, mind you, from the *surrey unhitched. The surrey remained* perfectly still for a moment and then by its own momentum slowly slid *down to the sidewalk. We all got out* without the slightest anxiety whatever. It was perfectly astounding.

"We made a careful *examination of* the straps, the hooks, the chains, the pole, and there was nothing broken, nothing strained, nothing bent—in fact, it was just as if some unseen spirits had carefully unhooked the horses and let them go. The horses were brought back in about two hours. We again made a careful examination of the harness, and I assure you the entire outfit was in perfect condition—nothing broken, nothing hurt or damaged whatever. Now, how can you account for that? I am not inclined to believe in the supernatural, but at times when I think over this incident I do not know what to believe."

ANIMAL ODDITIES.

It is said that the frigate bird can fly an entire week without stopping to rest.

Some of the cats in Liberia are of a bright red tint, and they are very conspicuous in the moonlight.

The cry of a young seal when wounded or about to be attacked resembles that of a child in distress, and tears flow from its eyes.

The common herring is the most difficult of all marine creatures to catch alive for an aquarium. A whale is the most difficult to preserve alive.

Cranes, storks and wild geese fly fast enough to make the trip from *northern Europe to Africa in a week,* but most of them rest north of the Mediterranean.

A fox is dainty as well as crafty and prefers the tongues of lambs for food. He has been seen to chase sheep until they, on becoming tired, hung out their tongues, which he then tears off and eats.

A caterpillar cannot see more than a centimeter ahead—that is to say, less than two-fifths of an inch. The hairs on the body are said to be of as much use as its eyes in letting it know what is going on around.

Her New Jacket.

A naval officer engaged in ordnance duty on a home station was given to talking in his sleep. One night he *awakened his wife by starting up* in bed and exclaiming in accents of pitying distress:

"She *must have a new jacket!* I must manage to get one for her!"

The wife, knowing her husband's slumbers had never before been disturbed by the requirements of her wardrobe, became vastly agitated and gripped him by the arm.

"William! William!" she breathed earnestly into his ear, hope meanwhile rising high in her breast. "Who is she?"

"My three inch gun!" sighed the overtaxed ordnance man.

Different Lines.

She—Women haven't a bit more curiosity than men, I'm certain

He—No, but it is manifested in different lines. For instance, a woman might own a sewing machine without finding out how it is made, but she wouldn't have a seamstress in the house a day without knowing all about her.

Blameless.

Amateur—When I stand on the stage, I see nothing, and I am conscious of nothing but the role I am playing. The audience disappears entirely.

Friend—Well, I can't blame the audience much for

Conservation of Energy.

"What was your idea in having Bertha *learn typewriting?*"

"Well, she was always drumming with her fingers, and I thought she might as well do it to some purpose."

People would get more real enjoyment out of money if it took them as long to spend it as it does to earn it.—Chicago News.

No Danger.

Prof. W. Hodgson Ellis, Official Analyst to the Dominion Government, has proved by analysis that "Sunlight Soap is a pure and well-"made soap, and has a thorough "cleansing power, without danger to "the clothing or skin."

Clothing is worn more in the wash than in use where common soaps are used, and the hands are liable to eczema. Try Sunlight Soap—Octagon Bar—next wash day, and you will see Prof. Ellis is right. No one should know better than he 222

"WELL, THANK YOU."

A Granton Man is now Able to Make this Answer.

Inquiring Friends did not always get such a Cheery Reply because for Many Years Mr. Fletcher Suffered with Lumbago.

Granton, Ont., Oct. 12. (Special)—Mr. John Fletcher, a well-known farmer of this place who suffered for a long time with Lumbago and Kidney Trouble, has at last found a cure

Now, when his friends inquire as to his health, he cheerily tells them that he is well, something which he has not been able to do for a long time, till quite recently.

Mr. Fletcher tells the story of his illness and how he was cured, as follows:

"I was troubled for a long time with Lumbago and Kidney Trouble. My urine was of a very red color. I tried many medicines but could get nothing to help me.

"I consulted the best medical doctors in Granton and St. Mary's, but they could do nothing for me.

"At last one day a druggist in Granton suggested Dodd's Kidney Pills as a cure for my Lumbago. I purchased a box and began to take them right away. The first box helped me and I kept on till at last I was completely cured.

"I am now as well as ever I was and have not any trace of Lumbago about me. I am perfectly sound and I thank Dodd's Kidney Pills for it.

"I recommend them to all my friends, and as for myself I never intend that my house shall be without *them,* for I believe them to be the greatest medicine in the world."

Mr. Fletcher is a man who means every word he says, and is prepared to substantiate the truth of every statement made above.

There seems to be no case of Lumbago, Backache, Kidney Trouble, or Rheumatism that Dodd's Kidney *Pills will* not cure.

A piece of property at the southwest corner of Twelfth and Market streets in Philadelphia was sold recently for $500,000. The lot had a *frontage of 45 feet 9 inches* on Market street, with a depth of 112. This makes the rate per foot about $11,000.

About 300,000 cases of dynamite are used annually at the *Johannesburg* mines.

THE MODERN MOTHER.

Has Ways of Caring for Baby That Our Grandmothers Never Knew.

Many almost sacred traditions of the nursery have been cast aside by the up-to-date mother. Even the once essential cradle is now seldom found in the house blessed by Baby's presence. The modern baby is not fed every time he cries, but when the clock announces the proper time. The doctor approves of this, and baby is better for it, but despite regular hours of feeding, nearly all the disorders of infants are caused by derangement of the stomach and bowels. Mothers' greatest problem is a *treatment of these ills* that will be gentle but effective, and, above all, safe. Mrs. J. W. Bailey, of Head Lake, Ont., *writes from the fullness* of experience when she says' "I have used Baby's Own Tablets for my six months old baby who was troubled with indigestion. The results were beyond my expectations. Words cannot convey to those who have not tried them the worth of these Tablets. I will never again use any other preparation for the baby, as I am convinced there is nothing so good as Baby's Own Tablets."

These Tablets are a gentle laxatide and comforting medicine for infants and children. They are pleasant to take and are guaranteed to contain no opiate. If your druggist does not keep Baby's Own Tablets send 45c to the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont., or Schenectady, N. Y., and a full sized box will be mailed, post paid, to your address.

A woman's idea of a dutiful husband is one who will stay at home and look after the baby while she spends the afternoon shopping.

At the present ratio of progress 70 years will elapse before Pompeii is entirely uncovered. It is thought that as much treasure remains as has been exhumed.

Polo is probably the oldest of athletic sports. It has been traced to 600 B.C.

SYRUP OF FIGS

ACTS GENTLY ON KIDNEYS, LIVER AND BOWELS,

CLEANSES THE SYSTEM EFFECTUALLY;

DISPELS COLDS HEADACHES & FEVERS;

OVERCOMES HABITUAL CONSTIPATION PERMANENTLY.

TO GET ITS BENEFICIAL EFFECTS,

BUY THE GENUINE—MANF'D BY

CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP Co.

LOUISVILLE, KY. SAN FRANCISCO, CAL. NEW YORK, N.Y.

FOR SALE BY ALL DRUGGISTS, PRICE 50c. PER BOTTLE

ASK FOR

Ogilvie Oats

Delicious flavor. Free from hulls. Warranted Pure. Put up in all sized packages.

Ogilvie's Hungarian

As now manufactured. The great FAMILY FLOUR. Insist on getting "OGILVIE'S," as they are better than the Best.

HAVE NO EQUAL.

Housekeepers must find it difficult to decide which PACKAGE TEA is the best—there are so many. If you try

GOLD STANDARD

It will settle all doubts.

Telegraph rates in the United States average double those in Europe.

"KELPION" (A STAINLESS IODINE OINTMENT.)

Endorsed by best English medical journals.

Supplied to British soldiers in South Africa.

For all Throat and Gland Troubles, Lumps, Abscesses, Old Sores, Ulcers, Felons, Skin Diseases, Eczema, Pimples, Stiff Joints, Rheumatism, Lumbago, Sprains, Bruises, Piles, Cuts, Sore Feet, Pleurisy.

Sold by Druggists, 25c. Try it once.

At the state fair in Syracuse there was a race between two flocks of geese, driven by women.

Minard's Liniment for Rheumatism.

An Irish charwoman's sudden and romantic leap into riches has brought suitors to her humble Cork dwelling.

Monkey Brand Soap cleans kitchen utensils, steel, iron and tinware, knives and forks and all kinds of cutlery.

Silence is golden only when applied to the other fellow.

HALCYON HOT SPRINGS

SANITARIUM

Arrow Lake, B. C.

Situated midst scenery unrivalled for grandeur. The most complete health resort on the continent of North America.

Its baths cure all Nervous and Muscular diseases. Its waters heal all Kidney, Liver and Stomach ailments.

They are a never-failing remedy for all Rheumatic troubles.

TERMS—$15 to $18 per week, according to residence in Hotel or Villas.

IMPERIAL MAPLE SYRUP

The quality standard from Ocean to Ocean. Your money back if not satisfactory.

ROSE & LAFLAMME, Agts., MONTREAL.

T. H. METCALFE & CO.

Grain and Commission Merchants.

Highest prices paid for wheat, oats, barley or flax in carlots. Wire or write me for prices before selling. Liberal advances made on consignments and handled on commission. Licensed and Bonded.

P. O. Box 550, Winnipeg, Man.

Blue Ribbon Tea relished from youth to old age Are you drinking it?

Ping-Pong is to be played in a glass house by a Dublin club, which has just been formed for the enjoyment of the game.

There never was and never will be, a universal panacea, in one remedy, for all ills to which flesh is heir—the very nature of many curatives being such that were the germs of other and different seated diseases rooted in the system of the patient—what would relieve one ill in turn would aggravate the other. We have, however, in Quinine Wine, when obtainable in sound, unadulterated state, a remedy for many and grievous ills. By its gradual and judicious use the tranfused systems are led into convalescence and strength by the influence which Quinine exerts on nature's own restoratives. It relieves the drooping spirits of those with whom a chronic state of morbid despondency and lack of interest in life is a disease, and by tranquilizing the nerves, disposes to sound and refreshing sleep—imparts vigor to the action of the blood, which, being stimulated, courses through the veins, strengthening the *healthy animal functions of the system,* thereby making activity a necessary result, strengthening the frame and giving life to the digestive organs, which naturally demand increased substance—result, improved appetite. Northrop & Lyman, of Toronto, have given to the public their Superior Quinine Wine at the usual *rate, and, guaged by the opinions of* scientists, this wine approaches nearest perfection of any in the market. All druggists sell it.

Cleburne, a town in Texas, possesses a gray-brindle tom-cat that is 30 years old. The animal has no teeth, and is unable to mew.

Minard's Liniment is best Hair Restorer.

Things that make a woman cry make a man swear.

Beware of the man who owns a soft, persuasive voice.

As Parmelee's Vegetable Pills contain *Mandrake and Dandelion,* they cure Liver and Kidney Complaints with unerring certainty. They also contain roots and herbs which have specific virtues truly wonderful in their action on the stomach and bowels. Mr. E. A. Cairncross Shakespeare, writes: "I consider Parmelee's Pills an excellent remedy for Biliousness and Derangement of the Liver having used them myself for some time.

Natives of Greenland are a cold and distant people.

A spoiled child is to be pitied because of its fool parents.

You can never tell what a woman in love or a baulky horse will do next.

ALWAYS ON HAND.—Mr. Thomas H Porter, Lower Ireland, P. Q. writes: "My son, 18 months old, had croup so bad that nothing gave him relief until a *neighbor brought me some of Dr. Thomas'* Eclectric Oil which I gave him, and in six hours he was cured. It is the best medicine I ever used and I would not be without a bottle of it in my house."

All the world's a stage and all the women thereon want speaking parts.

He is a wise son who knoweth when his own father will stand for a touch.

Minard's Liniment Cures LaGrippe.

The time comes terribly soon to people when they quit staying out late nights, and join those who lie wide awake in worrying over those who are out.

THREE OF A KIND

all LUCINAS; all have that lovely aroma; all that tasty sweet flavor for which the cigar is noted. All smoke them, and all made by

GEO. F. BRYAN & CO..... WINNIPEG

NO. 9 LIVER PILLS

Entirely vegetable. Used for 20 years by leading Physicians. The best pill for every ill of the human stomach, liver and bowels. Ask your dealer for it or send to FLEMING'S DRUG STORE, BRANDON, MAN.

Platonic friendship is better than love without honorable mention.

But few men are able to see a sea serpent unless they are half-seas over.

Minard's Liniment is the best.

"Conversation is a dead art," says a philosopher. Talked to death perhaps.

Chronic Derangements of the Stomach, Liver and Blood are speedily removed by the active principle of the ingredients entering into the composition of Parmelee's Vegetable Pills. These pills act specifically on the deranged organs, stimulating to action the *dormant energies* of the system thereby removing disease and renewing life and vitality to the afflicted. In this lies the great secret of the popularity of Parmelee's Vegetable Pills.

In the early morning Leeds workmen can travel five miles for a penny by the municipal electric tramway cars.

The Japanese eat more fish than any other people in the world. With them meat is a foreign innovation, confined to the rich, or, rather, to those rich people who prefer it to the national diet.

W. N. U. No. 401.

THE MORRISSEY MINER.

THE MINER PUBLISHING CO

F. E. SIMPSON, Manager.
M. ROCKENDORF, Local Editor.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES:

One Year, in advance, $2.00
Six Months, " $1.00
Advertising rates, $1.00 per inch

BRIEF MENTION.

Albert Mantz, the Fernie brewer, was in town Thursday.

R. Wood, storekeeper at the mine went in to Fernie Wednesday night.

Mrs. R. Hirtz of Elko, was in town this week visiting with her husband.

George Horton, the well known cigar man of Winnipeg, was in town last Saturday.

Superintendent Jamieson of the Crow, went east in his new private car Wednesday.

Milt Kastner, the genial bailiff of Fernie, was up to the mines on business Tuesday.

If you want any books kept or made up, call and see G. G. Moffatt in The Miner building.

Read today's news today, and read it in the Daily News, Nelson's live daily. Jack Gillis sells it.

H. L Stephens and Johnny Lawson went to Fernie Thursday. In the absence of a train they hiked it.

J. N. Bishop of Edmonton, a holder of Morrissey real estate, was in town this week sizing up the proposition.

Quite a number of improvements have been made in the C. P. R. yards this week in the way of leveling up the track.

While the mornings remain decidedly frigid, the days are pleasant with lots of sunshine, and the snow is gradually disappearing.

The west bound train on the Crow was eight hours late Tuesday morning, and Wednesday, by way of diversion, she came in on time.

If there is any truth in the old saying, March is liable to go out like a sick kitten, as there hasn't been a morning this month that the thermometer hasn't been down to the zero mark.

K. J. Higbye is recovering from a severe attack of lumbago, which kept him confined to the house for several days. It don't seem like the same old town with "Jumbo" shut inside.

Church of England services will be conducted (D. V.) by the Rev. Aykroyd Stoney on Sunday afternoon at 2:30 o'clock, in the Methodist church. All are very cordially invited to attend.

R. R. Raymond, formerly a brakeman on the Great Northern run from Jennings up, has succeeded Mr. Robertson as conductor, since the latter's promotion to a passenger run on the main line.

Quite a number of Morrissey people will attend a social dance to be given at Mr. and Mrs. George Haessler's at the mine next Monday evening. Preparations have been made for a jolly good time.

Dan Hayes, the sawmill man, was in town Monday morning. Mr. Hayes says his mill is not running now, as all efforts are being directed toward getting in the immense cut of logs before the snow roads break up.

R. D. Treavor, book keeper for the Hayes Lumber company, was in town last week, getting acquainted with the business men. As Mr. Treavor is a mighty pleasant gentlemen to meet, his task was not a hard one.

There are a number of six month subscribers on The Miner's subscription list, who started with the first issue of this paper. The Miner was six months' old last week, and we would like to see a little coin forthcoming.

A team belonging to A. Sheridan created a little excitement Wednesday afternoon by making a dash for liberty down Broadway. They ran foul of a tree near Stewart's hotel, and were captured before they could get a fresh start. No damage was done.

There remains just about 60 days in which to get busy and strengthen the foot bridge against the high waters of spring. A little precaution now will save the recording angel heaps of work later on, when you have to take to the railway bridge in order to reach the C. P. R. station.

R. J. Elliott of Nelson, was in town Sunday on his way home from the coal lands of the Flathead. Mr. Elliott speaks in the most glowing terms of that section of the country, and when the government reserve is thrown open there will be the biggest rush in there that the province has ever seen.

Brakeman Killed

Harry McBride, a brakeman on the C. P. R, was killed early yesterday morning at Frank, but up to the hour of going to press no particulars could be learned of the sad fatality.

Another brakeman, who name could not be obtained, was injured in the vicinity of Fernie at about the same time, and the cause of this accident is also a mystery. The injured man is in a very serious condition at the Fernie hospital.

Spill at Crows Nest.

A broken rail on the Crow caused a bad mixup to a freight train at Crows Nest Wednesday night. An engine and six car went into the ditch and were considerable damaged, but luckily no one was hurt. The wreck delayed the east bound passenger at Crows Nest over night.

Didnt Unload It.

Monday a carload of machinery was taken to the mine, and as difficulty was experienced in getting men to unload it, an offer of $5 per day was made which brought several Italians to the rescue. When they started to work a large delegation of striking miners waited on them, and after a short parley the Italians quit work and the miners returned to camp. No threats were made or violence offered by the strikers, who conducted themselves in the most peaceful manner. The machinery still remains in the car.

Morrissey Methodist Church.

C. F. Connor, pastor; preaching service, 11 a.m.; Sabbath school (at the mines) 3 p.m.; preaching service (at the mines) 7:30 p.m. All welcome, seats free.

Sunday's subject: "The Unjust Steward"; text, "I Am Resolved." Luke 16 : 4.

Labor Organizer Coming.

C. M. O'Brien, organizer of the A. L. U., will visit Morrissey Wednesday, March 11, for the purpose of making an address and also organizing an union. The meeting will be held in the dining room of the Australian hotel at 8 o'clock p.m., and a cordial invitation is extended to all.

The Canadian Bank of Commerce

Head Office, Toronto.

Paid up Capital, $8,000,000. Reserve Fund, $2,500,000.

HON. GEO A. COX, President. B. E. WALKER, General Manager.

SAVINGS BANK DEPARTMENT.

Deposits of $1 and upwards received and interest allowed at current rates. Depositors are subject to no delay when depositing or withdrawing funds.

Fernie Branch, E. H. BIRD, Manager.

NOTICE

In the matter of the Act respecting certain works constructed in or over navigable waters, being Chapter 92, R S. C., 1886.

Notice is hereby given that one month after date the East Kootenay Lumber company, limited, of Cranbrook, British Columbia, will apply to the governor in council under the provisions of the above mentioned act for approval of plans for the construction of dams and booms in the Kootenay river in South East Kootenay, British Columbia.

Also that the said company have deposited plans of the works proposed to be constructed and a description of the site thereof as required by the said act, with the minister of public works, at Ottawa, Ontario, and with the registrar of land titles at Nelson, British Columbia.

Dated at Cranbrook, B. C., this 11th day of February, 1903.

W. F. GURD,
Cranbrook, B. C.
Solicitor for the Applicants.

D. J. JOHNSON

Carpenter and Builder

A Resident of the Town of Morrissey

GOOD WORK AT REASONABLE PRICES

Saw Mill For Sale

Complete outfit of the Cedar Valley Improvement company's mill at Morrissey, B. C, will be sold at very low figure to the right purchaser. Capacity eighteen thousand feet per day, but has turned out twenty-six thousand with crowding.

MILL IS IN GOOD REPAIR

A dwelling house and office will go with the mill. Write to or inquire of

Cedar Valley Improvement Co.
Morrissey, B. C.

THE BEST BEER IS THE BEST

Drink Fort Steele Brewing Co.'s Beer

It is wholesome and nutritious and is made in the district.

R. T. SIMMS

Contractor and Builder

FERNIE, B. C

Estimates Furnished, The Best of Work

Take The Miner and keep posted on this part of the district,

James Greer

CONTRACTOR AND BUILDER

All Work Guaranteed. See us Before You Build. It Will Pay You

Morrissey, B. C.

Your Local Paper

is a necessity to you, financially and socially. A NEWSPAPER of GENERAL CIRCULATION, containing the latest news of the world, is equally necessary to you. The "up to date man" will provide himself with these two necessaries.

In THE TWICE-A-WEEK SPOKESMAN-REVIEW will be found the very latest news of the world, its matter including information on politics, commerce, agriculture, mining, literature, as well as the local happenings in the states of Montana, Oregon, Idaho, Washington, and the province of British Columbia. In addition, its columns for women, its popular science articles, its short and continued stories, its "Answers to Correspondents," and "Puzzle Problems" combine to form a home newspaper that at $1.00 per year can nowhere be excelled.

Perhaps you have something to sell—a farm, a team, farm machinery. You may wish to buy something. The best possible way to communicate with people who wish to buy or sell is by inserting a small advertisement in the Spokesman-Review. The price is the same in the daily and the Twice-a-Week.

IT DOESN'T COST MUCH—

18 WORDS 1 time.....30c 2 times.....45c 3 times.....60c

24 WORDS 1 time.....40c 2 times.....60c 3 times.....80c

If you wish to reach business men and newcomers, use the DAILY. Farmers, stockmen, lumbermen and miners take the TWICE-A-WEEK.

CITY MEAT MARKET

R. W. Rogers, Prop.

FRESH AND SALT MEATS

Poultry and Game in Season

Meat Delivered to Any Part of the Town.

Graham & Robert Love

Plasterers, Bricklayers and Stonemasons.

HEADQUARTERS - - CRANBROOK, B. C.

We are ready to furnish estimates on all work in our line anywhere in the district. Address all letters to Cranbrook, B. C.

IMPERIAL BANK OF CANADA

Capital (Authorized) $4.000,000
Capital (Paid Up) $2,923,866
Rest $2,485 288

HEAD OFFICE, TORONTO, ONTARIO.

T. R. Merritt, Pres. D. R. Wilkie, Vice Pres. and Gen. Manager. E. Hay, Asst Gen. Manager. W. Moffat, Chief Inspector.

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MORRISSEY, B. C.

ONE THING IS CERTAIN

And that is, that the price of Morrissey real estate will never be less.

The almost countless wealth which will be taken out of the mines surrounding Morrissey will, within one year, double the value of every town lot and every piece of tillable land for miles around and this increase in values will be divided among those who are convinced of the merits of this section and have the courage of their convictions.

It's the doers, not the dreamers, who make money out of investments. Those who hesitate to take advantage of the present low prices asked for Morrissey realty, not only lose time but money also, as they will in the future pay more for lots and make less on them, than those who follow their convictions with cash investments.

An investment of $300 means a profit of at least one hundred per cent within one year.

THOS. CRAHAN

AGENT, MORRISSEY, B. C.