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nge: we did, you know;

To-night your gown's like drifted snow;
The wedding-march peals softly, slow;
For Tom a bridal wreath you wear,
And I—some way I do not care.
I should have cared a year ago—
Yes, people change.
—Helen Nicolay in the Century.

"FOOL'S GOLD."

"Steady, Tom, old boy; careful where you step! Things are bad anough as they are, without anything happening Look out for that stump

Tom and his young rider were alone on one of the Rocky mountain ranges—the "Front Range," it is called, almost in the heart of Colorado. It was late in a mid-winter afternoon and the falking snow nearly blinded them.

The horse stonged every few steps The horse stopped every few steps and looked inquiringly back, as though he had a mind to go no further; but the boy was bright and cheery, patter! Tom's neck, and talked encour-

agingly to him.

Yet the horse was a native of those mountains, and should have been used to such scenes, whereas the boy was a city boy, who, less than three months before had been sitting by one of the most cozy of eastern firesides.
"I really think, Rally" (the boy's name was Raleigh Sayre, but everybody called him Rally), "I really think," his father had said to him, "that it's not right for you to be fooling away your time in that school of mines, now that money is so scare, when you might be, earning some-

"It's only to learn how to earn something for us all when I'm older, father," Rally had replied, "But I'm o nearly through that I think I could earn something now, out in the min-ing country. I'll try it, if you will let me, and I can come back in a year or two and finish my course."
This was the beginning of Rally's start for Colorado; and in the more found enough small jobs to buy a horse to carry him into the mountains, where, as he knew, his chances would

be better.
Ten minutes had passed. Rally had dismounted, and for some time he had been leading Tom about in the dark looking for a good place to camp, when the sweetest music startled both rider and horse. It was the bark of a

"Halloo!" Rally shouted. Instantly a door in some dwelling place was opened, far up the mountain side, and a flood of light poured

"San you give me shelter for the might?" Rally asked, out of breath with his exertion.

"Sure, lad," the man replied, "and that's about all we can give you, too. Central C. H. Gunn This is Camp Starvation. We're going to boil up our old boots to-morrow. But come in, and bring the horse with

> There was no other shelter for the horse, so Rally led Tom into the cabin, which was a cross between a dugout and a rough log cabin, but much larger than such places usually are, with a chimney of stones and mud at the end and a cheerful fire blazing under it. At this fire a second man was cook-

ing something in an iron pot. "You're just in time, young fellow," taugh. "I'm boiling our last ham bone into soup. If you'd come to-morrow you'd had to eat candies, or boiled boot or a clies." moot, or a slice of dog meat."
"Never mind," he laughed.

"I have some cotables in my trunk; some extracts of beef, and such things. A few cats for Tom here, too. Down on your luck?"
"Just slightly!" the man by the fire

answered, in his sarcastic way, "Out prospecting, and got strapped—that's all. Grub all gone, and no money; but if we'd all the money in the world, we couldn't get down to Central City to buy some grub, now this snow's come. That horse of your looks plump and

"Peddin' something?" the first man asked, nodding his head toward the trunk as Rally stepped up to the fire o warm himself.
"No!" Rally laughed. "Nothing at

all. I'm a workman, and carry my, tools in there. That's all."

In due time the ham bone soup was ready, and Rally produced several jars of condensed food from his trunk. after the meal they looked so much happier that Rally was encouraged to

ask their names. "That's Jack Dawson," the sarcastic one replied, "and I'm Bill Nogood. That's not exactly my name, but it fits me like a glove. We're two busted prospectors; that's what we are. Now

I'm Rally Sayre," the boy re-"last from Sunset, in Boulder county; on my way to Contral City, and making a little-circuit over the mountain looking for work."

"Work!" Bill Nogood, the sarcastic "We might go down to

exclaimed. "We might go down to Central City and go to work, I suppose. There's as many as four jobs vacant in Central City, I hear, and not more than 800 men, women and children fighting for each one of them. "And the mountains are full of silver and gold, too, as you can see. I don't know so much about the gold, but as for silver (that's our business, my lad, prospecting for silver), I don't believe there's enough of it in this whole mountain to make a lead quar-

"Hold on!" Jack Dawson haughingly interrupted; "don't forget my bottle of fool's gold. I believe there's enough

copper in that stuff to pay for working it."
"Fool's gold?" Rally inquired.
"That's what we call iron pyrites, you know," Dawson explained, "be cause it has a reddish look and weight cause it has a reddish look and weighs heavy; greenhorn prospectors often mistake it for gold. I've got a bottle of it I panned out here, and if I over get to Cenetral City again I'm going to have it assayed for copper, for it has a coppery look to me."

Rally looked at the bottle carefully, shook it, weighed it in his hand, and held it toward the candle. Then he took out the stopper and poured some of the stuff inte the palm of his hand.

"I forgot to tell you," he said, "and

work I do is assaying, and that I is tooking for minure who want that and of work dome. I have a complete mayor's tit in my truth, and I can if you whether there's any copper in our systims without your going to intent City."

Central City."

The two prospectors helped carry the trank ever near the fire, and looked on in americalment when Rally becan to lift out its contents.

The casta leaked like a chemist's shop, when all the things were laid out on the table.

"Well, you can shoot me with a popular, ladi" Jack Barwen exclaimed. "And we took you for a pedier?"

"You see," said Bally, "I pour your bottle of pyrites into this cruchle, and sidd a little borax, merely to keep it from sticking. Now I put a handful of resin into the furnace, and start my fire—a very hot fire it makes, too."

"This is only to mest it into a solid mass, instand of having it loose, like shot. I keep stirring it with this stick, because there may be several metals in it, and I want them well mixed, now it is melted and thoroughly mixed, and I pour it into this porcelain cup to cond—so...

"Mean I take this tunnamer and chisele."

"Now I take this tmamer and chisel and chip off a piece, which must weigh exactly 77-10 grains troy. Ah! (trying it on the exact) it is a trifle too heavy, so I fale a little of it away.

Now, I chip a small piece of pure silver from this new dime, and the silver must weigh avactly 22 1.10

silver must weigh exactly 23 1-10 grains, or just three times as much as the other metal.

"Next I wrip both of my little chips in this bit of lead paper, which is two mothes square, and very thin. It looks like a bullet now, doesn't it?"
"Now just watch this little cup that large going to put the bullet large. I am going to put the buffet into. It looks fike felt, but it is made of bone ashes, moistened and pressed into this It is the most curious implement I have, and I will tell you more about it presently. We call it a

In a minute or two the little "bullet" was melted into a liquid, and a good deal of the liquid seemed to disappear, still there was a considerable quantity of mosten metal left

in the cup, which Rally then removed from the fire.

"I forgot to ask you," he said to Dawson, while the little lump was cooling, "whether you can get plent. cooling, "whether you can get plenty of this stuff if it proves to be worth anything?"
"Thousands of tens of it," Dawson

nswered, "and right alongside of us. That bottleful was the washings from about two pailfuls of dirt and pounded rock that I got right back of the cabin here. Do you find any copper in

"I'm afraid not," Rally replied, 'but I'll tell you in a few minutes. You see my hump of metal has become amaller. I heat it a little in the fire. and pound it out with the hammer till it is like a thin wire so.

"Now I bend the wire this way, around the file, till it is shaped like a watch spring. This little spring we "Now you keep your eyes on this,

"Now you keep your eyes on this, for this is the last operation, and the one that tells the story. Do you see this tiny cup, like a thimble, with a narrow ailt in the bottem?

"It is made of platinum, and I am going to put my little spired comet into it, put them both into this porcelain cup, cover them with this nitric acid, and hold them over the fire till the acid botts. See, it botts very quickly. The allt in the bottom is to let the silver run out after the acid melts it." The allt in the bottom is to let it."
After allowing the acid melts it."
After allowing the acid to boil a few minutes, Rally poured it carefully into another cup, and laid the little platinum cup on the table. There was a

tiny coil of shining metal in the bottom of it Both the men craned their necks

over the table.
"Is all that pure copper what is left?" Dawson asked, eagerly.
"Not a grain of copper," Rally answered, still watching the cup, "it is

pure gold!"
Gold! They sprang up and waltzed one another about the cahin, and drag-ged Rafly about, too, greatly to the

danger of his instruments.

"Hold on!" Bill Nogood said, presently, suddenly quieting down. "Maybe we're going too fast. Maybe the boy don't know what he's talking about."

Raily laughed again.
"I knew there was gold in the stuff the minute I saw it," he said, "so that was what I gave my attention to. You remember I told you what a curious thing the bone ash cup is—the cupel? curious thing about it is that it absorb any metal melted in it

except gold and silver.
"So when I melted the 'bullet' in it, I knew that what remained was pure gold and silver. Boiling it in nitric acid afterward merely melted away the silver, for no acid will melt gold." "About how much might that stuff that was in the bottle be worth, then?"

Jack Dawson asked. "That is easily found," Rally answered. "The stuff in the bottle we melted into a lump weighs four and one-half ounces—I have just weighed at. The little chip I cut off and assayed is a fair sample of the whole lump, as it was well mixed. This little coll of gold I got out of it weighs—let me coe just 4.62 grains. This is precisely, three fifths of the original weight—so the stuff that was in the bottle is ex-

the stuff that was in the bottle is ex-actly three-fifths pure gold.

"Now the rest of the calculation is very easy," Rally went on. The orig-inal stuff weighs 4.5 ounces. Three-fifths of that is 2.7 ounces. Gold is worth \$20.67 an ounce. Now 2.7 ounces

"It's only doing the fair thing," Bill Nogood answered. "You only found lron pyrites; it was the boy who found the gold. What do you say, lad?" When Rally sent a good big check home, not long ago, he wrote that he hoped to finish his course in the school of mines sometime, but that the mine was too profitable to think of leaving

The bat, hanging upside down, laughs at the topsy-turvey world.

OLD POSSUM'S EXPERIENCE.

ell, children," said the old Father 'Possum to his family, as they were all assembled in the hollow tree which served as their home, "did I ever tell

you about my closest ca:1?" "No," said the youngest, as he cud dled up more closely to his mother. "Do tell us about it," said the oldest son; "it must have been something grand." "It was," said the father, but I did not look at it in that light at the time it happened," and after boxing the ears of the eldest, who was pulling the fur out of his brothers to

amuse himself, he continued: "I was very young and inexperi-enced at the time, and in spite of my mother's warning to me to observe great caution in my rambles at night I paid no attention to her and used no discretion whatever, wandering around at my own sweet will instead of following her instructions, but I came near paying dearly for my disobedience, as you shall hear.

"It was over in the old Marsh woods, the one in which there are two or three saw mills running now. It was on account of the saw mills your mother and I moved here.

"I was the oldest of a family of six, and, therefore, thought I ought to have more privileges than some of my brothers and sisters," at which his eldest son shook his head vigorously, "and sometimes on account of my age was allowed to take a ramble by myself without the rest of the family being along. One night the weather was extra fine and I determined to take a stroll in the woods, but what was my surprise to find that we were absolutely forbidden to go out that night at all and more than that my mother refused to give me any reason why I could not go when I ventured to ask her for permission.

"This enraged me greatly. I treated like a boy, I thought, and I would not stand it, I told myself, and telling my mother I was going for a drink and would be back as soon as I had got one, I started out.

"There was a full moon and the stars were all out in the sky, making it nearly as bright as daylight. I got along nicely, not even stumbling over anything, and having covered a good deal of ground I looked around, and spying a tree full of ripe haws it was not long before I had climbed to the top of the tree and was eating the ripe fruit. I was very careful to eat the best myself, for although I intended taking some of the fruit home with me I was naturally greedy at the time, and instead of reserving the best for the family, as I should have done, I crammed myself so full of the fruit, there being such a quantity of it, that could not bear to leave off after eating my fill, and gorged until I could gorge no longer, so that I could hard-

"Then I hung my tail from one of the branches and went to sleep. I was wakened by a dog barking under the tree and then a gun went bang, and I was so surprised, and badly scared for that matter, too, that I dropped right down to the ground without thinking, and then a boy hit me a whack with a big stick, and holding me up by the tail showed me to his companions and began boasting of what a good shot he

"He thought he had killed me, but one of the others told him I had only been stunned and advised him to prick me with a knife to make sure, but he objected to that, and said he was quite certain that I was dead, and then to make sure he banged me over the head with his club again, and put me in a sack which he flung over his his shoulder and taking the ends in his hands he went on with the rest.

"Now, you see, I had learned ond thing at least from my parents and that was to always pretend to be dead if I was ever captured by any one. I could not move around in the sack for fear of disturbing the boy, but as the sack jolted a great deal I had about decided to gnaw a hole in the end and slip out, had not the dog at that moment jumped up at the sack to get at me, for I think he suspected I was not dead and this decided me not to try to escape in that way, having often heard the old saying, 'it is better to be a live 'possum in a bog than a dead one in the mouth of a dog,' and I kept quiet and tried to think of another plan.

"But I soon gave it up, and then began to think of my poor parents and how they must be worrying about me and so sad did I become that I actually shed tears thinking about what they would undergo when I would never come back. But just then the dog started on again and began backing under another tree and the boy dropped me in his excitement and taking his gun he started to run under

the tree. "I saw the opportunity at once and took advantage of it. The mouth of the sack had not been fastened and I slipped out and into the underbrush without being noticed. It did not take worth \$20.67 an ounce. Now 2.7 ounces of gold, at \$20.67 an ounce, is worth just \$55.76. That is the exact value of the stuff you had in the bottle."

'"Look a here, Bill," Jack Dawson said, "we know a good thing when we see it. A gold mine's a good thing, and we've got one. But a gold mine, and we've got one. But a gold mine, with such a head as this boy's to run it is a better thing. He knows what's what, and we'll need him. I propose we take him in for a one-third partner."

without being noticed. It did not take me long to find my way home and when I arrived my parents could hardly believe that it was myself. They thought I had been captured and had given me up as dead, and when I told them my adventures it was all I could do to convince them of the events that had taken place, but after I had told them all they were so overjoyed at my escape that I did not get the good scolding I should have received.

colding I should have received. "And that, children," said old Father Possum, as he settled down to take a nap, "was the closest call I ever had, and it was only through the ignorance and carelessness of that boy that ever Moral-Always take the advice of those older and wiser than yourselves.

friendship that an individual can display to another is telling him gently of a fault. If any other can excel it. it is listening to such a communication with gratitude and amending the SHEEP RAI: ING

should we not raise m sheep? There are several reasons why we should raise sheep. The following four reasons will be ample to answer the question satisfactorily:

First. There are millions of the human and canine races, now in the world and millions more continually being brought into it, and all so constituted that they get hungry about three times per day, (and the dogs in the night, also.) To allay their hunger they must have at least, a portion of animal food to mix with their vegetable diet. Sheep furnishes one of the best and most healthy meats—mutton. Mutton can be raised as easily and cheaply as beef or pork, and is growing in favor. The present prospect is that there will continue to be millions, yes, thousands of millions of the human race getting hungry three times a day, and these will raise dogs that get hunrgy at any time when there are sheep in sight so that there will be great demand for mutton. There-

fore we should raise sheep. Second. All these millions of the human race (not the dogs) have is have artificial coverings for their bodies, from the cradle to the grave, day and night, to protect them from the elements and accidents. Wool is one of the best, if not the best, material out of which this artificial covering must be manufactured. The sheep produces the wool, and it is a poor sheep whose fleece will not pay its board bill. Thus the sheep pays up its cost annually and the raiser has the carcass for profit. Therefore we should raise sheep.

Third. The sheep is one the best animals to clean up a farm and keep it clean of weeds, brush, etc. It will eat many kinds of plants that horses and cattle will not, and thus destroy trash that would cost the farmer many dollars to hire destroyed. But the sheep will work for nothing here and board itself, or pay its board in wool. Therefore we should raise some sheep.

Fourth. Where there is thin land, or in a hilly section of the country, no stock will contribute to the fertilization of the land as well as sheep if properly managed. Their manure is one of the richest and when left to themselves they will deposit it on the lighest, driest, and most likely, the poorest places they can find.

A-part of the proper management above referred to is, keeping the sheep in yards and stables during the wiuter, where they will manufacture rich fertilizer to be applied wherever the owner chooses. If confined on dry feed with good water easily accesible, they will keep full, fat and feeling well, but if allowed to run out on frozen grass they will not do as well, and they destroy more grass than would keep them through the summer. Therefore owners of hilly land, especially, should raise sheep .- Farmers'

POINTED PARAGRAPHS

Vanity is universal-and it is universally disowned. Love finds a way, even if it has to

stand the furniture man off. The coming man is usually the on who holds your promissory note. The reproaches of a true friend are always just and not too frequent. size of a man's

has nothing to do with his dimensions as a man. Were it not for wine and passion some men would never speak the

Fame never blow der trumpet for a man who is too lazy to raise the wind. The easiest way for a girl to prove that she can't sing is to make the at-

When a girl begins to take a comic calentine seriously she has reached the

It's always well to hury the hatchet -and it's also well to remember the spot where it is interred.

The worst thing about a man who wastes his time is his penchant for wasting the time of other people. It's an easy matter to interest a girl. All you have to do is to talk about matrimony, new bonnets and sleigh

Quality has much to do with the value of some things, but the man with plenty of common sense has no reason to complain.

Some people who don't claim to know very much make better use of their knowledge than others who think they know it all.-Chicago News. In every woman's heart is implanted the love of home.

Love's grand sweet song sounds best arranged as a duet. To add to the happiness of others is

to increase your own. A man can enjoy no better gift than the love of a good woman. It seems a pity that the bridegroom ts never the best man at his own wedding.

According to the latest discovery of science you should never kiss a man on the top of his head; it will make

DICTIONARY GIRLS

A disagreeable girl-Annie Mosity. A sweet girl-Carrie Mel. A very pleasant girl-Jenny Rosity. A smooth girl-Amelia Ration. A seedy girl-Cora Ander. A clear case of girl-E Lucy Date. A geometrical girl-Polly Gon.

Not orthodox-Hetty Rodoxy. One of the best girls-Ella Gant. A flower girl-Rhoda Dendron. A musical girl-Sarah Nade. A profound girl-Mettie Physics. A star girl—Jessie Mine. A nervous girl—Hester Ical. A muscular girl—Calle Sthenic.

A lively girl-Anna Mation. An uncertain girl-Eva Nescent. A sad girl-Ella G. A great big girl—Ellie Phant. A warlike girl—Mille Tary.

What is

CASTORIA

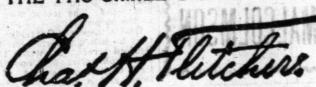
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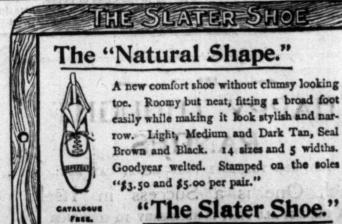
If you ever contracted any Blood Disease you are never safe unless the virus or polson has been eradicated from the system. At times you see alarming symptoms, but live in hopes no serious results will foliow. Have you any of the following symptoms? Sore throat, ulcers on the tongue or in the mouth, hair falling out, aching pains itchiness of the skin, sores or blotches on the body, eyes red and smart, ing pains itchiness of the skin, sores or blotches on the body, eyes red and smart, ing pains itchiness of the skin, sores or blotches on the body, eyes red and smart, ing pains itchiness, as the sum of the secondary stage. Don't dryspeptic stomach, sexual weakness—ladications of the secondary stage. Don't trust to luck. Don't ruin your system with the old fogy tratment—mercury and potash—which only suppresses the symptoms for a time only to break out again when happy in domestic life. Don't let quacks experiment on you. Our NEW METHOD happy in domestic life. Don't let quacks experiment on you. Our NEW METHOD TREATMENT for over 20 years, have been already cured by our NEW METHOD TREATMENT for over 20 years, and no return of the disease. No experiment, no risk—not a "patch up," but a positive cure. The worst cases solicited.

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