

THE CHILD AND THE GROWN-UP.

Every grown-up of us all, whether fathers, mothers, or only maiden aunts or bachelor uncles, owes it to the future to treat the child with the same fairness, the same consideration and the same sincerity that he would show to one of his own size.

Once upon a time there was a small boy who had become something of a terror to his natural guardian because of a never-ceasing activity and a mind of unequalled inventiveness. He had reached the stage when it was common to hear the remark "I don't know what I am going to do with Tommy" floating about the house.

At this juncture, Tommy's aunt, a person who had always found difficulties rather attractive, especially when they presented themselves in the form of an affectionate and lovable, but naughty nephew, took him in hand.

They started out as comrades. She never made the mistake of coming down to Tommy's level, but she made him feel that they were on the same plane. She actually asked the advice of this seven-year-old man, and let him understand that she depended upon him for masculine protection and care.

And Tommy rose to the occasion grandly. He, in turn, consulted her in all his woes and all his plans. There was just one battle royal between them at the very first, by which the (to Tommy) stupendous knowledge that here was a woman who never scolded, never threatened, but who just really meant what she said, was taught. It consumed two hours, but it was worth while.

After that they decided between them that a boy who wouldn't be good just because it was manly and fine and the right thing to do, wasn't worth bothering with, wasn't even worth punishing, and from that time on, Tommy was like putty in the hands of that grown-up.

She even went so far as to consult him upon sundry occasions as to what, in his opinion, should be done to a boy who did certain naughty things of which he had been guilty. The calm, thoughtful, impartial tone in which he once replied to this question, in a voice freighted with childish earnestness, was a thing to remember. He said: "I don't know, Aunt Elizabeth, what do you think?"

GIVE THE GIRLS A CHANCE.

The old fallacy that little girls, "made up of sugar and spice and all that's nice," are naturally sickly, while their brothers, manufactured out of sterner stuff, are well and stronger, is being rapidly dispelled by the constant assertion of our physicians that boys and girls are made up out of the same piece of clay.

Take a little girl and dress her in warm, sensible clothing, with a light, comfortable hat and thick-soled shoes, and send her out-doors in rain and wind and any kind of weather, teaching her that her legs were made to walk with, and arms to swing burdens with, and the girl will grow up as healthy, ruddy and full of life and vitality as her brother.

Take a healthy boy and shut him up day after day in close, heated rooms, pinch his lungs in corsets, fasten a weight of heavy skirts with a number of tight bands about his waist, lace paper soled shoes with high French heels, on his feet; crimp his hair with hot irons and fasten it with forty pins, and place an enormous structure of flowers, velvets, ribbons and feathers on his head, then bind up his hands in tightly fitting kid gloves and never

let him stir out of doors when it is the least damp or when the wind or sun would freckle his complexion—always tell people in his presence that he is a delicate child—a hot-house plant; cram him with bon-bons and pastry at all hours; coddle him, call him baby names; never allow him to speak except in soft, mumbly tones; and finally feed his mind with hysterical love stories giving him false ideas of life, and at sixteen you will have a boy as sickly, sentimental and useless as any girl brought up under like circumstances.

A little girl has the right to the use of her lungs and voice, and to the freedom of her soft, growing little body from strictures; she has the right to plenty of exercise in the wind, rain and sunshine, and all the happiness that goes with an out-of-door life; above all things, she has the right to shape her elastic young thoughts of life after some good, sensible ideals of noble, useful womanhood.

BOBBIO AND IRELAND.

As to the famous Bobbio manuscripts which were among the precious literary treasures destroyed by the recent fire at the National Library of Turin, the Rome correspondent of the Dublin Freeman makes interesting historical notes as follows:

"What particularly concerns other nations in this fire is the destruction of the Bobbio manuscripts, which is its most disastrous consequence. This is the place to which St. Columbanus came—the great Irish missionary of the sixth century—who was repelled by the 'incorrigible barbarism of those Germanic populations' as Alphonse Dautier describes it, 'who, being displeased that the monks should evangelize and clear the country, accused them of putting to flight the game of the forest.' Here, under permission of the early Longobard Kings, he established this Monastery of Bobbio, which afterwards became so celebrated. Bobbio was the ancient centre of learning in this part of Italy, and held that high reputation for many centuries. Among the treasures it possessed at one period of its history, was a series of palimpsests, which were writings on parchment that had been formerly written upon. The older writing had been scraped and erased, and the parchment thus cleaned was turned to account for later writings. Early in the nineteenth century Cardinal Angelo Mai, Librarian of the Vatican, discovered a means of restoring the original script, and thus he discovered some of the long lost treasures of classical learning. It is, I believe, accepted as a truism, that all existing palimpsests came originally from this monastery of Irish monks founded so many centuries ago at Bobbio."

And at that same time that that famous monastery of Bobbio, founded by Columbanus, was a centre of learning in Italy, the saint's native country, Ireland, was a centre of learning for all Europe—an island of saints and scholars—a striking contrast to the condition in the same country today, where, under the rule of England, the Catholic majority of the people are deprived of opportunities of higher learning, while a university richly endowed by State is provided for the benefit of the Protestant minority.—N.Y. Freeman's Journal.

A pious lady of Portsmouth had a husband who was a seaman. He was about to start on a protracted voyage, and as his wife was anxious as to her husband's welfare she sent the following note to the village preacher:—

"Mr. Blank, who is going to sea, his wife desires the prayers of the congregation."

As the old lady was quite illiterate, the minister read the following to the congregation from the slip handed to him:—

"Mr. Blank, who is going to see his wife, desires the prayers of the congregation."

Good News for Canadians.
Dr. SPROULE, B.A.
The Great Catarrh Specialist Explains
HIS METHOD OF TREATMENT



THE GREAT ENGLISH SPECIALIST
CURES ALL FORMS OF CATARRH

Nineteen years ago a young, but highly honored Surgeon in the British Royal Navy astonished his friends by suddenly leaving the service and entering on private practice. That Surgeon was the now famous Catarrh Specialist, Dr. Sproule, B.A. His keen brain had early seen in the then new disease Catarrh a menace to the life and happiness of the civilized world. While other physicians were neglecting it as unimportant, Dr. Sproule studied its nature and the means of cure. He labored in office, hospital and laboratory. He mastered the subject.

As Dr. Sproule had foreseen, Catarrh spread with frightful rapidity. Twenty years ago Catarrh was almost unknown. Now no age, sex or condition is exempt from it. No climate or locality is a cure for it. Catarrh is to be more dreaded than yellow fever or smallpox. It is, in the large majority of cases, the forerunner of Consumption. Vital statistics show that deaths from Consumption in this country have increased more than 200 per cent. in the last five years. Nearly all of these cases have been traced back to Catarrh as their starting point.

Dr. Sproule makes the treatment of Catarrh a specialty. He cures Catarrh, Dr. Sproule, the first to make Catarrh a specialty, has perfected the only scientific, constitutional and PERMANENT cure. The specially advertised so-called "Catarrh Cures" do not and never can cure Catarrh. They often do harm by driving the Catarrh germs deeper into the system. CONSUMPTION, BRIGHIT'S DISEASE, PAINFUL STOMACH DISORDERS are liable to result.

Catarrh is a disease of the mucous membrane, and is curable only through the blood, and by medicine prepared for each case. Medicine that will cure one will often harm another. Dr. Sproule's method drives every germ out of the body and relaxes the head. Stops the hawking and spitting, sweetens the breath, strengthens the eyes, restores the hearing. It purifies and enriches the blood. It invigorates and tones up the entire system. It gives new life, energy and ambition. The hardships of life seem easier to bear. Work becomes a pleasure. The man feels as if made over.

Dr. Sproule's name is revered as that of a benefactor in thousands of homes. If you have any symptoms of Catarrh, the doctor earnestly invites you to write to him and tell him all about it. It will cost you nothing. He will give you the most valuable

MEDICAL ADVICE FREE

He will diagnose your case without charge and tell you just what to do to get cured. Do not delay. In such cases every moment is precious. Do not neglect yourself. Above all do not give yourself wrong treatment. The results may be fatal.

CATARH OF THE HEAD & THROAT.

The most prevalent form of Catarrh results from neglected colds.

- 1 Do you spit up slime?
- 2 Are your eyes watery?
- 3 Does your nose feel full?
- 4 Does your nose discharge?
- 5 Do you sneeze a good deal?
- 6 Do crusts form in the nose?
- 7 Do you have pain across the eyes?
- 8 Does your breath smell offensive?
- 9 Is your hearing beginning to fail?
- 10 Are you losing your sense of smell?
- 11 Do you hawk up phlegm in the morning?
- 12 Are there buzzing noises in your ears?
- 13 Do you have pains across the front of your forehead?
- 14 Do you feel dropping in back part of throat?

If you have some of the above symptoms you have catarrh of the head and throat.

Answer the above questions, yes or no, write your name and address plainly on the dotted lines, cut out and send to Dr. SPROULE, B.A., English Specialist (Graduate Dublin University, formerly Surgeon British Royal Navy), 70 Doane Street, Boston. Be sure and write today

NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

BEST BUY IN
B.C., CANADA, AT
15 CENTS

GREATEST GOLD
DISCOVERY OF THE
AGE IS IN B.C.

The Big Four
Consolidated Gold Mines, Limited.

Capital \$625,000, of which nearly 40 per cent. is now in our Treasury. Shares fully paid and non-assessable.

PAYS TO MINE.

Rossland's large ore bodies are a great success with the concentration system of ore reduction of \$3,000 ore as now proved by Center Star and LeRoi No. 2 Dividends.

Same identical ore and veins now in sight on the BIG FOUR. Large ore bodies.

Assays from \$5 to \$800 in gold, copper, silver, etc., as now on exhibition in the city ore exhibit, causing considerable attention.

We have two miles of railway on Big Four property with water and timber in abundance.

Rossland ore shipments for 1902, 350,000 tons. Shipped for 1903, about 450,000 tons. Total value of Rossland ores mined, \$25,000,000.

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Box 545 Secretary and Treasurer
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And further, LEARN TO DISTINGUISH THE REAL FROM A SHADOW

Canadian Pacific
TIME TABLE

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