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HEADQUARTERS FOR
SOUVENIRS
W. H. WILSON, Jeweler
CRANBROOK.

THE MOYIE LEADER

YOUR GLASSES DO IT
W. H. WILSON, Optician
CRANBROOK.

VOL. II, NO I. MOYIE, B. C., APRIL 11, 1908. $2 A YEAR

JUST ARRIVED

We are unloading today a car of

WHITE BURBANK POTATOES
(FROM WASHINGTON)

If you want good potatoes just send in your order.

CAMPBELL'S

E. G. GWYNNE,

Cigars, Tobaccos, Confectionery
FRUIT, ETC.

FARRELL BLOCK MOYIE

Beale & Elwell.

Fire, Life and Accident Insurance.

Office
CRANBROOK MOYIE, B. C.

THIS IS THE SEASON when we are compelled to use CANNED GOODS owing to the scarcity of fresh fruit and vegetables. Therefore, get the best. Which is Lyon VALLEY BRAND at

J. W. FITCH'S.

YOUR OWN STORE.

Moyie Co-Operative Association, Ltd

$40,000. PAYROLL $40,000.

You have no last month's bill to pay up, so come right in and see what we have for this month.

PRUNES—50 to 60, big beauties, 12½ cts. per pound.
80 to 90, fine, clean and sweet, 10 cts.
25 pound box for $2.25.

COOKING FIGS—10 cts. per pound, 28 lb. box for $2.20.

Terms Cash. Deposit Accounts Opened.

FARRELL BLOCK.

MOYIE'S LEADING HOTEL.

Hotel Kootenay

The best of accommodations for the Traveling Public.

Large and Commodious Sample Rooms. Billiard Rooms.

McTAVISH & CAMERON Proprietors.

20 CENTURY BRAND
TAILORED BY Lowndes TORONTO

Why is it

that 90 per cent of the travellers are wearing

20 CENTURY BRAND

Clothing? Ask

E. A. HILL,

THE FURNISHER.

Imperial Bank of Canada.

Capital Authorized----------$10,000,000.
Capital paid up----------4,925,000.
Rest----------4,925,000.

Savings bank department.

Interest allowed on deposits from date of deposits and credited quarterly.

CRANBROOK BRANCH.

J. F. M. PINKHAM, Manager.

GENERAL FLOAT

Two Cobalt mines are shipping ore to the smelter at Trail.

A Colony of Doukhobors may decide to locate near Nelson.

Frank Cryderman, an old Moyie resident, is now in Baker City, Oregon.

Ten thousand men are again at work in the mining industry at Butte.

The Churchman's Club of Nelson will hold an old fashioned "spelling bee."

The shaft of the Center Star mine near Rossland is down to the 2100 foot level.

D R Young, the first owner of the Moyie Leader, is now publishing a paper on Queen Charlotte Islands.

The covention of the Industrial Workers of the World will open at Chicago next Monday.

A cablegram from London says that M. S. Davys has taken a long lease on the Silver King mine at Nelson.

Chas. E. Reid has sold his drug business in Cranbrook to C. H. Allison of Toronto. Mr. Reid and his wife will move to the coast.

Dr. Higgins of Fernie is now in Chicago taking a post graduate course in surgery. Mrs. Higgins is visiting at Dubuque, Iowa.

Fanny Crosby the writer of so many beautiful hymns celebrated her 88th birthday on Tuesday week. She is now living at Bridgeport, Conn.

Judge Ben B. Lindsey of Denver, known all over the American continent for his splendid work in the juvenille courts, delivered a lecture in Spokane Thursday night.

W. B. Willcox has sold the Phoenix Pioneer to T. A. Love, formerly of Winnipeg. Mr. Willcox has nothing in particular in view and will take a well earned vacation.

Judge Wilson expects to take up his residence at Fernie at an early date. A handsome residence will be built on the Graham property opposite the Baptist church.

It is estimated that between 5,000 and 6,000 men will be given employment in construction work on the Grand Trunk Pacific for for the first 160 miles out from Prince Rupert.

C. O. Damaurez, inventor of the Demaurez Propelling system, is having an experimental boat built at Sand Point, and he is more enthusiastic than ever over the merits of the new invention. Demaurez was once a jeweler in Moyie.

I. O. O. F. Anniversary.

Wildey Lodge No. 44. I. O. O. F. will hold its regular anniversary service on Sunday evening, April 26th. The service will be held at the Presbyterian church and will be conducted by Rev. G. H. Findlay of Trail, who, by the way, is a member of Wildey Lodge. There will be a special song service for the occasion.

Illuminating Facts.

The Hindus who are crowding into British Columbia are mostly Sikhs. When a Sikh is looking for work he pronounes it "seek." When the damp winter climate brings him down with bronchitis he calls himself "sick."

Game Protection.

A meeting is being held in Cranbrook today for the purpose of organizing a Game Protective Association. The movement is a good one.

Ore Struck on Half Moon

Last week the Leader reported a big strike having been made on the Aurora. Right on top of this comes the good news that ore has been struck on the Half Moon property, which adjoins the St. Eugene and is practically within the town limits. Work has been going along steadily on this property for some time and now the tunnel is in some 200 feet. The direction of the tunnel is towards the St. Eugene and it is evidently one of the veins of this mine which has been struck. The Half Moon is owned by a small syndicate, of which the following are the members: J. P. Farrell, Harry Steuart, Wm. Bird, N. W. Burdett, Dan McDonald and Frank Bayliff.

Concert and Play.

On Tuesday next, April 14th, a miscellaneous concert will be given in Morley hall, commencing at 8 p. m. The major part of the program will be occupied by a little farce entitled: "Freezing a Mother in Law." The musical program will come first and will be as follows:

PART I.

1—Instrumental—By Mrs. Patrequin, piano; Mr. Kamm, cornet; Mr. Scott, violin.

2—Chorus—"So Long, Mary," by the Missses Ferris, Dudley, Blackburn, Jamble, Lutner, Conrad, Attwood and Stinson.

3—Solo—"Out in the Golden West," by Mrs. Gilbert.

4—Quartette—"Come Where the Lillies Bloom," by Mrs. Patrequin, Mrs. LaBonte, Mr. Roberts and Mr. McCree.

5—Solo—by Mrs. Patrequin.

6—Chorus—"Stingy Moon," by the girls.

PART II.

FREEZING A MOTHER IN LAW

CAST OF CHARACTERS.

MR. WATMUFF—a henpecked husband who seizes a remarkable opportunity of being released temporarily from the perpetual tyranny of his wife. F. J. SMYTH.

MRS. WATMUFF—wife of above. A lady as much devoted to the memory of her parents as to the task of subjugating her husband. MISS STINSON

FERDINAND SWIFT—a man who believes it is better to "take than to give," whose plans are happily frustrated; K. D. STINSON.

WALTER LITHERLAND—in love with Miss Watmuff and out of love with Mrs. Watmuff, by a strategy wins a wife. Fortune favors the diplomat. PERCY McALPINE.

MISS WATMUFF—a winsome maid well worth the winning. MRS. HERRITT.

The whole program promises to be very interesting, and there will not be a dull moment from start to finish. Tickets are now on sale. Adults, 75 cents; children 25 cents.

Just From Chili.

H. Stephenson and Geo Parker, both of whom worked in the St. Eugene mill for a considerable length of time, came back to Moyie this week after spending over a year in Chili, South America. The boys left again Thurday for Nelson.

NOTICE.

Take notice that after April 10 all wood and coal sold by the undersigned will be for cash only. Money must accompany orders.

WM. JEWELL,
O. F. DESAULNIER.

LOCAL ASSAYS

O. J. Johnson was transacting business in Cranbrook Thursday.

V. Desaulnier was transacting business in Cranbrook Tuesday.

Nathan Smith left this week for his ranch near Didsbury, Alta.

Mr. and Mrs. Barr will leave for Spokane tomorrow for a short stay.

James A. McDougall has gone to Cowley to look after his ranch.

The Cambrian mine is closed down for a few days.

Frank Johnson is on the sick list.

Geo. Whitehead came back from Spokane yesterday.

Harold Chapman is over at Nelson.

Yesterday's payday at the St. Eugene amounted to $40,000.

J. Fleishman was in town yesterday.

Rev. Wm. Boulton was in Cranbrook this week writing on his examination.

W. H. Wilson the Cranbrook jeweler, was in town yesterday and was busy all the time.

There was a splendid time at the dance given by the Club last night.

D. J. Elmer, one of the greatest rustlers on earth, was in town Wednesday.

Mrs. Cline is up from Cranbrook and is spending a few days at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Hawke.

Bruce Attwood has quit railroading and will put in the summer on his farm near Creston.

A son was born to Mr. and Mrs. R. T. Howard at Enderby on April 7th.

Mrs. W. A. Boyd and sister, Miss Tetrault, left Wednesday for their home near Kalispell, Mont.

The wife of Chas. Hanna came home from the hospital at Cranbrook Wednesday.

FOR SALE—wo good, substantial houses and lots on easy terms. Apply to F. J. Smyth.

St. Andrews Presbyterian church. Divine service Sabbath evening 7:30 p. m. Speaker W. T. McCree.

The ice on Moyie lake is becoming honeycombed around the edges, and it will probably break up and go out next week.

Postmaster Smith has installed 16 new boxes in the Moyie post-office, which is a good indication of the increase in business.

COOK—First class experience and reliable, wishes position in hotel or boarding house. Apply J. J. T. Box 404. Nelson.

The ladies of the Methodist church are having a social this afternoon and evening. All who can should attend.

The quarterly official board of the Methodist church will meet on Monday afternoon, April 13th, at 4 o'clock.

Methodist church. Service tomorrow evening at 7.30. The Rev. Wm Boulton will speak on the "First Palm Sunday." Everybody welcome.

Jack Daly is said to be getting along very well under the care of an eye specialist in Spokane, and there seems to be a good chance of saving the sight of one eye.

The C. P. R. announce reduced rates of fare and third between all stations for Easter Holidays. Tickets on sale April 16th to 20th and good to return until April 21.

L. S. Eaton, of Victoria, provincial organizer for the Conservative party, was in town this week in consultation with a few of the members of the executive committee of this part of the riding.

A. G. Monkhouse came back from Spokane Monday. He was down to see about his brother in law, Hugh Cameron, who is in the isolation hospital. Mr. Cameron is able to e up and will soon be out.

A Talk on Fish. . .

There is no fish quite so nice as Acadi Boneless Codfish. It is put up in 2 lb boxes, is lightly salted and all ready for cooking.

Try a box of it, and at the same time do not overlook getting a mess of our choice Labrador Herring and No. 1 Mackerel.

MacEachern & Macdonald

Fire Wardens Meet.

The recently elected fire wardens, Messrs. Dimock, Gibbons and Mackay, have received their commissions from the government agent at Cranbrook. Immediately they called a meeting and thefollowing business was transacted:

The members decided to shortly make a house to house inspection of all stoves, furnaces, flues, etc. They wish to direct that all fires of rubbish to be burned up be set at least 25 feet away from any building, that they be lit during the day time and then only when calm. And in every case they must be watched by the party setting them on fire. Signed,

JAS. L. GIBBONS,
H. H. DIMOCK,
CHAS. A. MacKAY.

Telephones in 30 Days.

The newly organized telephone company in Moyie is making splendid progress, and in all probability the phones will be installed and in working order by the 15th or 20th of May.

Watch Moyie Grow.

Born—To Mr. and Mrs. Jack McKay on Wednesday, April 8th, a son.

A daughter was born to Mr. and Mrs. F. G. Long on Thursday, April 9th.

Dance Easter Monday.

A big dance will be given in Morley hall on Easter Monday, April 20th. Further particulars will be published next week.

There are said the to be nearly 50 cases of smallpox in Spokane.

METAL MARKET.

NEW YORK—Bar silver, 53 cts. Lead, $4.75. Copper, 13 cts.
LONDON—Lead, £13, 17s. 6d.

The Debating Club.

The subject of Socialism formed an interesting topic for the debating society, on Monday eveuing. Mr. Blackburn, vice-president of the society, was in the chair. Messrs. Kelly, Fitch and Lemmon presented the views of the revolutionary Socialists, while on the negative side Messrs. McKay, Roberts and McCree were advocates of co-operation, trades unions and evolutionary Socialism. On motion duly carried it was decided that no vote should be taken, but that the subject should be adjourned for further discussion next Monday evening with a new set of speakers. Subject of debate: "Resolved, that the present Socialist propoganda is for the best interests of Canada."

Soo-Spokane Trains.

When the Soo-Spokane service again goes into effect on April 19 the west bound trains will pass through Moyie at about 5 o'clock in the morning, and the east bound trains at about 9 in the evening. As near as can be learned Moyie will not be on the stopping list. The trains will make as fast time or even faster than last year.

Galliher to Retire.

W. A. Galliher, M. P, will not be a candidate for re-election to the Dominion house. In an open letter he explains that he has made other business arrangments which will necessitate his leaving the Kootenays.

A factor for pure food ante-dating all state and national food laws

DR PRICE'S CREAM BAKING POWDER

No Alum—No Phosphates

Be on your guard. Alum Powders may be known by their price—10 or 25c. a lb., or one cent an ounce.

The REFUGEES

By A. CONAN DOYLE,
Author of "The Return of Sherlock Holmes"

Copyright, 1893, by Harper & Brothers

(Continued)

CHAPTER II.

It was the morning after the guardsman had returned to his duties. Eight o'clock had struck on the great clock of Versailles, and it was almost time for the monarch to rise. Servants, with clothes thrown over their arms, bustled down the passage which led to the antechamber. The young officer, who had been looking wistfully out of the window at some courtiers who were laughing and chatting on the terraces, turned sharply upon his heel and strode over to the white and gold door of the royal bedroom.

He had hardly taken his stand there before the handle was very gently turned from within, the door revolved noiselessly upon its hinges and a man slid silently through the aperture, closing it again behind him.

"Hush!" said he, with his finger to his thin, precise lips, while his whole clean shaven face and high arched brows were an entreaty and a warning. "The king still sleeps."

The words were whispered from one to another among the group who had assembled outside the door. The speaker, who was M. Bontems, head valet-de-chambre, gave a sign to the officer of the guard and led him into the window alcove from which he had lately come.

"Good morning, Captain de Catinat. Who commands at the main guard?"

"Major de Brissac."

"And you will be here?"

"For four hours I attend the king."

"Very good. He gave me some instruction for the officer of the guard. He bade me to say that M. de Vivonne was not to be admitted to the grand lever. You are to tell him so."

"I shall do so."

"Then, should a note come from her—you understand me, the new one"—

"Mme. de Maintenon?"

"Precisely. But it is more discreet not to mention names. Should she send a note, you will take it and deliver it quietly when the king gives you an opportunity."

"It shall be done."

"But if the other should come, as is possible enough—the other, you understand me, the former"—

"Mme. de Montespan."

"Ah, that soldierly tongue of yours, captain! Should she come, I say, you will gently bar her way, with courteous words, you understand, but on no account is she to be permitted to enter the royal room."

"Very good, Bontems."

"And now we have but three minutes." He strode through the rapidly increasing group of people in the corridor with an air of proud humility, as befitted a man who, if he was a valet, was at least the king of valets by being the valet of the king. Close by the door stood a line of footmen resplendent in their powdered wigs, red plush coats and silver shoulder knots. He turned the handle once more and slipped into the darkened room.

It was a large, square apartment, with two high windows upon the further side, curtained across with priceless velvet hangings. In one corner a narrow couch with a rug thrown across it showed where the faithful Bontems had spent the night.

In the very center of the chamber there stood a large four post bed, with curtains of Gobelin tapestry looped back from the pillow. A square of polished rails surrounded it, leaving a space some five feet in width all round between the inclosure and the bedside.

As Bontems passed noiselessly across the room, his feet sinking into the mosslike carpet, there was the heavy, close smell of sleep in the air, and he could hear the long, thin breathing of the sleeper. He passed through the opening in the rails and stood, watch in hand, waiting for the exact instant when the iron routine of the court demanded that the monarch should be roused. Beneath him, from under the costly green coverlet of oriental silk, half buried in the fluffy valenciennes lace which edged the pillow, there protruded a round black bristle of close cropped hair, with the profile of a curving nose and petulant lip outlined against the white background. The valet snapped his watch and bent over the sleeper.

"I have the honor to inform your majesty that it is half past 8," said he.

"Ah!" The king slowly opened his large dark brown eyes, made the sign of the cross and kissed a little dark reliquary which he drew from under his nightdress. Then he sat up in bed.

"Did you give my orders to the officer of the guard, Bontems?" he asked.

"Yes, sire."

"Who is on duty?"

"Major de Brissac at the main guard and Captain de Catinat in the corridor."

"De Catinat! Ah, the young man who stopped my horse at Fontainebleau. I remember him. You may give the signal, Bontems."

The chief valet walked swiftly across to the door and threw it open. In rushed the officer of the ovens and the four red coated, white wigged footmen, ready handed, silent footed, each intent upon his own duties. The one seized upon Bontems' rug and couch and in an instant had whipped them off into an antechamber, another had carried away the silver taper stand, while a third drew back the great curtains of stamped velvet and let a flood of light into the apartment.

They were hardly gone before a more august group entered the bedchamber. Two walked together in front, the one a youth little over twenty years of age, middle sized, inclining to stoutness, with a slow, pompous bearing, a well turned leg and a face which was comely enough in a masklike fashion, but which was devoid of any shadow of expression except perhaps of an occasional lurking gleam of mischievous humor. His companion was a man of forty, swarthy, dignified and solemn. As the pair faced the king there was sufficient resemblance between the three faces to show that they were of one blood and to enable a stranger to guess that the older was monsieur, the younger brother of the king, while the other was Louis the Dauphin, his only legitimate child.

Behind the king's son and the king's brother there entered a little group of notables and of officials whom duty had called to this daily ceremony. There were the grand master of the robes, the first lord of the bedchamber, the Duc du Maine, a pale youth clad in black velvet, limping heavily with his left leg, and his little brother, the young Comte de Toulouse, both of them the illegitimate sons of Mme. de Montespan and the king. Such were the partakers in the family entry, the highest honor which the court of France could aspire to.

Bontems had poured on the king's hands a few drops of spirits of wine, catching them again in a silver dish; and the first lord of the bedchamber had presented the bowl of holy water, with which he made the sign of the cross, muttering to himself the short office of the Holy Ghost. Then, with a nod to his brother and a short word of greeting to the Dauphin and to the Duc du Maine, he swung his legs over the side of the bed and sat, in his long silken nightdress, his little white feet dangling from beneath it, a perilous position for any man to assume were it not that he had so heartfelt a sense of his own dignity that he could not realize that under any circumstances it might be compromised in the eyes of others. So he sat, the master of France and yet the slave to every puff of wind, for a wandering draft had set him shivering and shaking. M. de St. Quentin, the noble barber, flung a purple dressing gown over the royal shoulders and placed a long, many curled court wig upon his head, while Bontems drew on his red stockings and laid before him his slippers of embroidered velvet. The monarch thrust his feet into them, tied his dressing gown and passed out to the fireplace, where he settled himself down in his easy chair, holding out his thin, delicate hands toward the blazing logs, while the others stood round in a semicircle, waiting for the grand lever which was to follow.

M. de St. Quentin, is this not our shaving morning?" said the king.

"Yes, sire, all is ready."

"Then why not proceed? It is three minutes after the accustomed time. To work, sir, and you, Bontems, give word for the grand lever."

It was obvious that the king was not in a very good humor that morning. He darted little quick questioning glances at his brother and at his sons, but whatever complaint or sarcasm may have trembled upon his lips was effectually stifled by De St. Quentin's ministrations. With the nonchalance born of long custom, the official covered the royal chin with soap, drew the razor swiftly round it and sponged over the surface with spirits of wine. A nobleman then helped to draw on the king's black velvet haut-de-chausses, a second assisted in arranging them, while a third drew the nightgown over the shoulders and handed the royal shirt, which had been warming before the fire. His diamond buckled shoes, his gaiters and his scarlet inner vest were successively fastened by noble courtiers, each keenly jealous of his own privilege, and over the vest was placed the blue ribbon with the cross of the Holy Ghost in diamonds, and that of St. Louis tied with red. The black undercoat was drawn on, the *cravat of rich lace adjusted*, the loose overcoat secured, two handkerchiefs of costly point carried forward upon an enameled saucer and thrust by separate officials into each side pocket, the silver and ebony cane laid to hand, and the monarch was ready for the labors of the day.

During the half hour or so which had been occupied in this manner there had been a constant opening and closing of the chamber door, and a muttering of names from the captain of the guard to the attendant in charge, and from the attendant in charge to the first gentleman of the chamber, ending always in the admission of some new visitor. Here, close by the king, was the harsh but energetic Louvois, all powerful now since the death of his rival Colbert, discussing a question of military organization with two officers, the one a tall and stately soldier, the other a strange little figure, undersized and misshapen, but bearing the insignia of a marshal of France, and owning a name which was of evil omen over the Dutch frontier, for Luxembourg was looked upon already as the successor of Conde, even as his companion Vauban was of Turenne. Beside them a small white haired clerical with a kindly face, Pere la Chaise, confessor to the king, was whispering his views upon Jansenism to the portly Bossuet, the eloquent bishop of Meaux. Close to the door Racine, with his handsome face wreathed in smiles, was chatting with the poet Boileau and the architect Mansard, the three laughing and jesting with the freedom which was natural to the favorite servants of the king.

"He becomes harder and harder to amuse," said Racine. "I am to be at Mme. de Maintenon's room at 3 to see whether a page or two of the Phedre may not work a change. Madame is a wonderful woman. She has brains, she has heart, she has tact—she is admirable."

"And yet she has one gift too many—age."

"Pooh! What matter her years when she can carry them like thirty? What an eye, what an arm! And, besides, my friends, he is not himself a boy any longer."

"Very true, but a young man consults his eye and an older man his ear. Over forty, it is the clever tongue which wins; under it, the pretty face."

"Ah, you rascal! Then you have made up your mind that five and forty years with tact will hold the field against nine and thirty with beauty. Well, when your lady has won she will doubtless remember who were the first to pay court to her."

"But I think you are wrong, Racine."

"Well, what then?"

"Then it may be a little serious for you."

"And why?"

"The Marquise de Montespan has a memory."

"Her influence may soon be nothing more. Maintenon is the cleverest woman in France."

"Pshaw, Racine, you know our dear master well, or you should, for you seem to have been at his elbow since the days of the Fronde. Is he a man, think you, to be amused forever by sermons? No, no; it will be the Montespan or, if not she, some younger beauty."

"My dear Boileau, I say again that her sun is setting. Have you not heard the news? Her brother, M. de Vivonne, has been refused the entree."

"From whom had you it?"

"From De Catinat, the captain of the guard. He had his orders to bar the way to him."

"Ha, then the king does indeed mean mischief. That is why his brow is so cloudy this morning then. By my faith, if the marquise has the spirit with which folk credit her, he may find that it was easier to win her than to slight her."

"Aye, the Montemarts are no easy race to handle."

"Well, heaven send him a safe way out of it! But who is this gentleman? His face is somewhat grimmer than those to which the court is accustomed. Ha, the king catches sight of him, and Louvois beckons to him to advance."

The stranger who had attracted Racine's attention was a tall, thin man, with a high aquiline nose, stern, fierce gray eyes, peeping out from under tufted brows, and a countenance so lined and marked by age, care and stress of weather that it stood out amid the prim, courtier faces which surrounded it as an old hawk might in a cage of birds of gay plumage.

Louis possessed in a high degree the royal faculty of recognition. "It is years since I have seen him, but I remember his face well," said he, turning to his minister. "It is the Comte de Frontenac, is it not?"

"Yes, sire," answered Louvois. "It is indeed Louis de Buade, comte de Frontenac and formerly governor of Canada."

"We are glad to see you once more at our lever," said the monarch as the old nobleman stooped his head and kissed the white hand which was extended to him. "I hope that the cold of Canada has not chilled the warmth of your loyalty."

"Only death itself, sire, would be cold enough for that."

"Then I trust that it may remain to us for many long years. We would thank you for the care and pains which you have spent upon our province, and if we have recalled you it is chiefly that we would fain hear from your own lips how all things go there. And, first, as the affairs of God take precedence of those of France, how about the missions?"

"They prosper, sire. There are Iroquois at the Sault and the mountain, Hurons at Lorette and Algonquins along the whole river cotes from Tadousac in the east to Sault la Marie, and even the great plains of the Dakotas, who have all taken the cross as their token. Marquette has passed down the river of the west to preach among the Illinois, and Jesuits have carried the gospel even to the warriors of the Long House in their wigwams at Onondaga."

"I may add, your majesty," said Pere la Chaise, "that in leaving the truth there they have too often left their lives with it."

"Yes, sire, it is very true," cried De Frontenac cordially. "Your majesty has many brave men within his domains, but none braver than these. They have come back up the Richelieu river from the Iroquois villages with their nails gone, their fingers torn out, a cinder where their eye should be and the scars of the pine splinters as thick upon their bodies as the fleurs-de-lis on yonder curtain."

"And you have suffered this?" cried Louis hotly. "You allow these infamous assassins to live?"

"I have asked for troops, sire."

"And I have sent some."

"One regiment. More is needed, sire."

"There are the Canadians themselves. Have you not a militia? Could you not raise force enough to punish these rascally murderers of God's priests? I had always understood that you were a soldier."

"It is just because I am a soldier and have seen something of war that I know how hard it is to penetrate into a country much larger than the Lowlands, all thick with forest and bog, with a savage lurking behind every tree. You are a soldier yourself, sire. I ask you if such a war is an easy task for a handful of soldiers, with a few censitaires straight from the plow, and a troop of coureurs-de-bois whose hearts all the time are with their traps and their beaver skins."

"No, no; I am sorry if I spoke too hastily," said Louis. "We shall look into the matter at our council. And yet you must not look for too much, for Canada has been a heavy cost to us, and we have many calls in Europe."

(To be Continued.)

A Costly Fall.

"She appears to have fallen in love with him."

"Oh, yes, some time ago. But now she's suing him for breach of promise."

"Counting upon getting damages for the fall, eh?"—Philadelphia Press.

The old nobleman stooped his head and kissed the white hand.

SPRING BLOOD IS BAD BLOOD

How to Get New Health and Strength in the Spring.

The winter months are trying to the health of even the most robust. Confinement indoor in overheated and nearly always badly ventilated rooms—in the home, in the shop and in the school—taxes the vitality of even the strongest. The blood becomes thin and watery; or clogged with impurities, the liver sluggish, the kidneys weakened. Sometimes you get up in the morning just as tired as when you went to bed. Some people have headaches, others are low spirited; some have pimples and skin eruption. These are all spring symptoms that the blood is out of condition. You can't cure these troubles with purgative medicines, which merely gallop through the system leaving you still weaker. What you need to give you strength in spring is a tonic, and the one always reliable tonic and blood builder is Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. These pills not only banish spring evils, but guard you against the more serious ailments that follow, such as anaemia, nervous debility, rheumatism, indigestion and kidney trouble. Every dose of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills makes new, rich, red blood which strengthens every nerve, every organ and every part of the body. This is why Dr. Williams' Pink Pills is the favorite spring medicine with thousands and thousands throughout Canada. Try this medicine this spring and you will have energy and strength to resist the torrid heat of the coming summer. Mrs. Jas. Haskel, Port Maitland, N. S., says: "I was troubled with headaches, had a bad taste in my mouth, my tongue was coated and I was easily tired and suffered from a feeling of depression. I got a supply of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and it was not long before they began to help me and I was soon feeling as well as ever I had been. You can get these pills from any medicine dealer or by mail at 50 cents a box or six boxes for $2.50 from the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

"Pa," complained the boy, "so long as I go to the same school with Tommy Tuff I can't be a Christian Scientist."

"What!" cried the pillar of the new church, "why can't you?"

"'Cause it's hard to believe that a punch in the jaw is all my imagination."—Catholic Standard and Times.

Is there anything more annoying than having your corn stepped upon? Is there anything more delightful than getting rid of it? Holloway's Corn Cure will do it. Try it and be convinced.

Jennie—I don't know what to do for this frightful cold. What do most people do when they have a cold?

Bennie—They cough.

Itch, Mange, Prairie Scratches and every form of contagious itch on human or animals cured in 30 minutes by Wolford's Sanitary Lotion.

"The president of our club is an awfully clever woman."

"What did she do?"

"Disposed of her rivals for office by putting them on the nominating committee."—Chicago Inter-Ocean.

Minard's Liniment Cures Dandruff.

DROPS OF RAIN.

Why Moisture in Air Takes Globular Shape When It Falls.

Why does rain fall in drops and not in a sheet of water? How many boys and girls can answer that question? Perhaps those who cannot would like to have the explanation, which can best be given by telling first what rain is, says the Chicago News. The air contains at all times more or less watery vapor, which is evaporated from the ocean, lakes and rivers by the heat of the sun. When the temperature of the air falls below a certain point—that is to say, when the air loses a certain amount of its heat—this vapor condenses into water again.

The particles of water are quite small, and as they form in the air they begin to fall of their own weight, and in falling they meet and unite with other particles, thus forming drops. If the cloud from which they come be near the earth the drops are larger than when it is higher, for there is less air resistance to be met in falling. The higher the cloud, then, on general principles, the more the drops are broken up.

But even if water ever formed in sheets or in a body up in the air, which it does not, it could not possibly reach the earth in that form, for the resistance offered by the air makes it break up into drops. That is the principle of the shot tower, by the way. Melted lead is dropped from an elevated point, and it breaks into shot before it reaches the ground.

An Interesting Bridge.

Visitors to Kandy, in the island of Ceylon, are shown in the neighborhood a beautiful bridge made entirely of satinwood and spanning the river Mahavillagange in one fine sweeping arch. It was constructed by Major Skinner, a clever military engineer, many years ago. One of the most remarkable points about it is the fact that no bolt, screw or nail is used in any part, and, notwithstanding the changes in temperature, all parts remain perfectly in order and position.

DODD'S KIDNEY PILLS
FOR ALL KIDNEY DISEASES
CURES RHEUMATISM
BRIGHT'S DISEASE BACKACHE
DIABETES
Dodd's Kidney Pills are discontinued the use of many other remedies. The public may rely upon this statement. Beware of imitations. Sold only in boxes.

THEIR IDEA OF A LADY.

Little Britishers Have Queer Notions on the Subject.

The following descriptions of a lady were evolved by English school children, and are gleaned from the Graystoke Training School Magazine:

Ada (aged 7): "A lady maris a man and she goes in a carisg or she goes in a motor. Sometimes she is a rich lady, sometimes she goes to a ball, and she has glasses when she can't see; and when her father dies she is a widow."

Bertie (aged 7): "A lady has got a lovely haves (house), and have got some serves and lovely frames and a ring and a lovely long hair, and a pony trap."

Eddie (aged 8): "A lady has a very nice house and she has nice things in it and when she is married she has very nice wrings and then she mite have a nice husband and sometimes he treats her to nice things and then she treats him to nice things and then they be kind to each other."

Lizzie (aged 7): "A lady is something like a man. But she's got long hair and she's got a different face and different clothes and she's got a lot of work to do."

Ernest (aged 7): "A lady is a mother oo as a lot of children and she tries oo as a lot of children and she theat tries) to get rid of her children."

Howard (aged 7): "A lady has not got some trowsers. But a man has got some trowsers. A lady has got some hair. A lady has got long hair."

Ned (aged 7): "A lady is like a Mistress and like a sister and she prhers preaches) to people and tchhs (teaches) about God."

Charlie (aged 6): "A lady is diverent (from a man because a lady has difrent clothers from a man, a lady has Different eyes from a man, a lady has Different body from a man and a lady has Different shoes from a man."

Jack (aged 6): "A lady has A dress and A man hasn't, and A man has A ton hat and A lady hasn't."

Harry (aged 7): "A lady is a maid and sometimes a cook that cooks the dinner, and a lady as a skirt and when a lady isn't married she is called a widow a lady has long air."

Dolly (aged 7): "A lady is a kind Wooman. A lady is a Guynais. A lady is a Ruler. A lady is a kind and gentle wooman to us and gives us clothes."

Jack (aged 7): "A lady is a nice woman because she don't have torn clothes, and she has a woch with her and she has a chane on the woch."

The Food Fads of Royalty.

"Living like a king," is a favorite republican expression to designate the acme of luxury, but as a matter of fact, most modern rulers live very simply. Edward of England's cook receives a salary of $10,000 a year, but he is rarely called upon to prepare an elaborate meal. Both the King and the Queen prefer simple dishes. Plain and nourishing food is what the King likes. He is very fond of oysters, and of vegetable soups. Rowll with toasted bread and asparagus, is quite a favorite dish on the royal table, and His Majesty generally takes a second helping of preserved fruit and toast.

Queen Alexandria is very fond of pastries and sweets. To have the appetite of a dairy maid, she once declared. A cook was brought from Germany to prepare her stewed fruit, for which she has a remarkable fondness, and to which she attributes her unusually fine complexion. She is also very fond of the American "fritter," and until a short while ago an old Virginia cook was employed to make corn fritters, peach fritters, and to prepare egg-plant with batter and butter sauce.

The Queen of the Netherlands is especially fond of chocolate in all its forms, and has a special chocolate chef. Queen Wilhelmina has also decided penchant for all kinds of milk dishes, and for everything made with cream.

King Alfonso of Spain was formerly noted for his liking for highly seasoned French dishes, but his Queen, Victoria, has taught him to like roast beef and Yorkshire pudding, it is said. Spanish dishes, this English Queen of Spain declares, are "too oily and too garlicky."

Boots Away Up.

Again the pendulum of taste has swung, and the opposite extreme has been reached.

The craze for oxfords seems no less, but the desire for high tops seems to be more. The so called Napoleon top on women's boots, the result of the tendency toward shorter skirts for out of door wear, is being made very attractive for walking and general outdoor wear as well, as for the artistic appearance of the boot and the comfort and support of the ankle. The increased length of the leg of these boots gives a narrower and more slender effect to the foot and at the same time offers increased opportunities for elaborate decorative effects. Fancy toppings of leather and cloth are being used in these boots, and both buttons and laces are in use as fastenings.

A new notion in footwear is a boot with a pocket in the top. The Napoleon topped boot worn by women affords an opportunity to engraft a little purse or pocket on the top of the right boot which is large enough to hold a sum of money securely and more conveniently than the time honored stocking receptacle.

The New Veil.

The new veil for windy weather has come in black or white or colored nets and must be big enough to cover the chapeau back and front. It has a little catch that hooks it at the brim of the hat in the back and then is allowed to flow or may be caught right at the back of the neck with the inevitable veil pin.

These veils are for riding, driving or automobiling and are very becoming. When automobiling the ends may be crossed in the back, then brought to the front and pinned under the chin.

Statesmen Wage Earners.

Aside from the lawyers, doctors, clergymen and others who are classed as professional men, merchants and manufacturers, the insurance agents, treasurers and others who work for a stated yearly salary or on commission, there are fifty members of the legislature who come directly from the bench in shop and mill and who work at a trade for a day's pay. This is an excellent showing, and we venture the prediction that in intelligence, honesty and industry these wage earning legislators will be found the peers of any sent by the people of the state to make our laws.—Boston Traveler.

Backache, Headache Internal Pains.

MRS. JOSEPH LACELLE, 124 Bronson St., Ottawa East, Ontario, Canada, writes:

"I suffered with backache, headache and dragging pains for over nine months and nothing relieved me until I took Peruna. This medicine is by far better than any other medicine for these troubles. A few bottles relieved me of my miserable, half-dead, half-alive condition.

"I am now in good health, have neither ache nor pain, nor have I had any for the past year.

"If every suffering woman would take Peruna, they would soon know its value and never be without it."

Dyspepsia and Indigestion.

Mde. Joseph Beaudoin, 59 Rue St. Olivier, Quebec, P. Q., Can., writes:

"Peruna is wonderful for indigestion. I eat whatever I want and no longer feel any oppression. Having had dyspepsia for a long time and having tried various other remedies, I decided to try Peruna and with the fourth bottle of it I was perfectly cured.

"For this reason I recommend it to all those who are suffering with that terrible malady, dyspepsia. I hope that all who are afflicted in this way will take Peruna and Manalin as I did."

Chronic Nasal Catarrh.

Mr. Chas. H. Stevens, 122 Sixteenth St., Detroit, Mich., writes:

"It affords me great pleasure to testify to the merits of Peruna as a remedy for catarrh.

"I suffered for some time with chronic nasal catarrh, but after two months treatment during which time I used seven bottles of Peruna I am pleased to say that I am entirely well, there not being the slightest trace of catarrh left.

"Peruna is without doubt, in my mind, the greatest remedy known for catarrh."

Weak, Tired Feeling.

Miss Marie A. Lesser, 623 W. 20th St., Chicago, Ill., Worthy Secretary I.O.G.T., writes:

"I am glad to give a good word for Peruna, and I hope that all who, like this who are troubled with systemic catarrh as I was for years, will profit by it.

"I had tried many remedies, but none did more than give me temporary relief, and some did not even that.

"I took Peruna at the suggestion of a friend, and was more than pleased and surprised at the results.

"I am now perfectly well and strong. That weak, tired feeling has left me, and I feel like a different person entirely."

The Slavery of Dyspepsia.

It is wonderful how many women in Canada and the United States have been practically made new again by the use of Peruna.

Not the victims of any organic disease, but just a half-dead and half-alive condition.

Miserable dragging pains that keep a woman always from doing her best work, from being her best self, irritable and petulant, perhaps. Maybe a slattern in her household, just because her health is continually impaired. She never feels quite natural. She gets the reputation of being peculiar, or morbid, or ill-tempered.

Her trouble is not a moral one at all. It is simply a physical one. In such a woman will and ambition only becomes transformed into a curse by being mentally.

This is exactly what Peruna has done in a multitude of cases.

Saved from Torture

But they could find nothing to do them any real, lasting good until they tried

GIN PILLS

Many men and women thought they were doomed to suffer all their lives. Their kidneys were badly affected—excruciating pains in the back and hips—terrible Rheumatism and Sciatica every winter. They knew it was kidney disease that caused all the trouble.

Immediately they improved. They stopped—the urine cleared—they grew stronger—their general health picked up—and before they were aware of it, they were well.

GIN PILLS cured them—they will cure YOU. Take them on our guarantee that they must cure or money refunded.

50c. a box—6 for $2.50

BOLE DRUG CO., WINNIPEG.

Never Told a Lie.

It was Washington's birthday, and the minister was making a patriotic speech to the children of the secondary grade.

"Now, children," he said, "when I arose this morning the flags were waving and the houses were draped with bunting. What was that done for?"

"Washington's birthday," answered a youngster.

"Yes," said the minister, "but last month I, too, had a birthday, but no flags were flying that day and you did not even know I had a birthday. Why was that?"

"Because," said an urchin, "Washington never told a lie."—Philadelphia Ledger.

In its initial stages a cold is a local ailment easily dealt with. But many neglect it and the result is often the development of distressing seizures of the bronchial tubes and lungs that render life miserable for the unhappy victim. As a first aid there is nothing in the handy medicine line so certain in curative results as Bickle's Anti-Consumptive Syrup, the far-famed remedy for coughs and colds.

I heard a story lately of a Highlander who had been persuaded to buy a ticket for a raffle.

He won the first prize, a bicycle, but on being told of his good fortune, instead of hugging himself with delight he said:

"Weel, that's just ma luck, buyin' twa tickets whan yin wad 'a done. It's just a saxpence wasted."—Dundee Journal.

PILES CURED IN 6 TO 14 DAYS
PAZO OINTMENT is guaranteed to cure any case of Itching, Blind, Bleeding or Protruding Piles in 6 to 14 days or money refunded. 50c.

An automatic machine has been invented which will lick stamps and place them on letters.

Minard's Liniment for sale everywhere.

ANY PORT IN A STORM.

An Amusing and Lively Game For a Children's Party.

Let the players sit in two lines opposite each other at some little distance apart. Then two members stand between, one of whom is blindfolded; the other in a whisper gives the players on one side of the line the names of vessels—for instance, "the Kentucky," "the Maine," etc. The other side be names as different ports, such as Liverpool, Boston, New York, etc. After doing this he stands beside the blindfolded player, who is termed a "wreck," and cries aloud, "The Kentucky is ordered to the port of Liverpool," whereupon the ship of that name and the port change places, and the "wreck" tries to slip into one of the empty places. Then the player who calls out the changes may give the "wreck" a better opportunity by saying, "London, Boston and New York call for aid from the Kentucky, the Maine and the St. Louis." In the general scramble the "wreck" usually finds a port, and the one without a seat becomes the "wreck."

Hard to Weather It.

Inquiring Friend—So your last venture was a failure. Well, it won't make much difference to you, I presume. You have something laid by for a rainy day, haven't you?

Gifted Tragedian—Yes, but I am prepared to meet a continuous storm.—Chicago Tribune.

Wait.

Gramercy—If their rich uncle acquired a mania for fast motor cars and flying machines, why don't they have him placed under restraint?

Park—They think they'll get a better decision if they bide their time and await developments.—Harper's Weekly.

Pigs' Bathrooms.

"And this is the pigs' bath," said the twentieth century farmer.

"I have heard of hog wash, but I didn't know pigs bathed. Do they?"

"Yes, the modern pigs bathe," he said. "With squeals of rage and disgust he tumbles once a week into a hot bath and is thoroughly scrubbed with stiff brushes dipped into soft soap. This cleanliness keeps him always well, and it increases his weight 20 per cent.

"All our agricultural colleges advise the pig to bathe. By experiments they continually show that baths cause him to fatten faster. The pigs' bathroom is a feature of the twentieth century farm."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Love and Tattooing.

The tattooing craze seems to be among the smart set in London at present time of the South African war, now the rage in the slums among the humbler classes, especially sailors. Threepence for the operation. A tattooer calls the London Society ladies this business thrives on love. He became interested in his studio the other day when a girl had "I love Jim Curly" tattooed on her arm. About 5:30 the next morning the girl knocked at his door and, despite being remonstrated with, said she didn't care if her charges were doubled. "Ere, kiver this up," she cried, baring the tattooed arm.

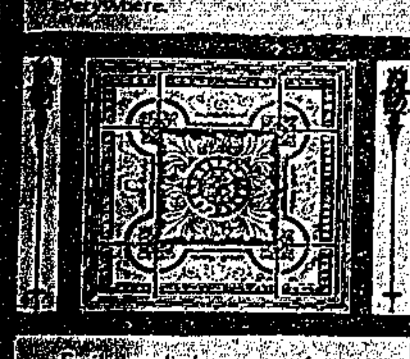
Flooding the Patent Office.

It is undoubtedly a fact that the American will take out a patent on less provocation than any other man in the world. As a consequence the patent office is piling up a handsome fortune, which makes it a valuable holder among the government departments. It has achieved a surplus of $6,000,000 and is growing richer every day. Yankee ingenuity is constantly filling the patent office with records and working models by the hundred thousand.

An Art Find.

An old painting which has been hanging on the walls of the Tavern club of Boston for twenty years has been discovered to be a genuine old master. There none less than the portrait of Cosimo de' Medici, ruler of Florence and grand duke of Tuscany, painted by Giolo Bronzino. The club has been offered an offer of $25,000 for the picture.

METALLIC CEILINGS
Are both artistic and serviceable. Popularly used by practical people everywhere.



Easily applied—most moderate in cost—fire-proof, sanitary and wonderfully durable—with countless designs to select from.
Write for booklet telling all about them.
METALLIC ROOFING CO., LIMITED
TORONTO AND WINNIPEG

Already at It.

"Johnny, where is your sister?"

"Up in her room."

"You quarreled with her yesterday. Go and say sorry; won't you go and ask her if she'll make up?"

"She's makin' up now."—Houston Post.

They Drive Pimples Away.—A face covered with pimples is unsightly. It tells of internal irregularities which should long since have been corrected. The liver and the kidneys are not performing their functions in the healthy way they should, and these pimples are to let you know that the blood protests. Parmelee's Vegetable Pills will drive them all away, and leave the skin clear and clean. Try them, and there will be another witness to their excellence.

"Your husband," he hazarded, "is an inventor?"

She tossed her golden head.

"Yes," she said, her red lip curling, "some of his excuses for coming home late at night are in use all over the country."

State of Ohio, City of Toledo, Lucas County, } ss.

Frank J. Cheney makes oath that he is senior partner of the firm of F. J. Cheney & Co., doing business in the City of Toledo, County and State aforesaid, and that said firm will pay the sum of ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS for each and every case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by the use of Hall's Catarrh Cure.

FRANK J. CHENEY.

Sworn to before me and subscribed in my presence this 6th day of December, A.D. 1886. A. W. GLEASON, (Seal) Notary Public.

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, and acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Send for testimonials free.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.
Sold by all druggists, 75c.
Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

"Gimme two cents," said the boy with the dirty face, "I'd knock ye down!"

"Hit me fer de two cents," said the boy with the torn trousers, tossing the coins aside and squaring off belligerently. "Now come on an' try it, durn ye!"

"Wot's de use?" rejoined the other boy, picking up the coins and backing away. "Ain't no sense in knockin' a feller down when ye kin git de money from him widout doin' it. See?"—Chicago Tribune.

Minard's Liniment Relieves Neuralgia.

THE TOWER OF BABEL.

Ruins of Ancient Structure Found in Babylonia.

Many boys and girls do not know, perhaps, that the archaeologists—the people that are always delving into the past—have, as they believe, located the ruins of the tower of Babel, says the Chicago News. The Birs Nimrud, the "citadel of Nimrod," in Babylonia, they take to be the remnant of the tower or of the temple that was built on the same site.

This ruin seems to correspond more nearly than any other with the conceived notion of the tower. It is of an oblong shape, the circumference being about 762 yards. There is a deep furrow at the eastern end, that part of the tower being not more than fifty or sixty feet in height, while on the western side it rises to a height of 198 feet in a conical shape. On its summit is a solid pile of brick, thirty-seven feet in height by twenty-eight in width and diminishing in thickness to the top, which is broken and irregular and rent by a large fissure.

The bricks are fire burnt, most of them bearing inscriptions, and so firm is the cement with which they are put together that it is almost impossible to get a brick out whole. There are great fragments of brickwork on other parts of the hill where the ruins stand. They are all tumbled together and are converted into vitrified masses, as if they had been subjected to the action of intense fire. All this is strange if not suggestive when taken in connection with the ancient tradition that the tower of Babel was rent and overthrown by fire from heaven.

Non-alcoholic Sarsaparilla

If you think you need a tonic, ask your doctor. If you think you need something for your blood, ask your doctor. If you think you would like to try Ayer's non-alcoholic Sarsaparilla, ask your doctor. Consult him often. Keep in close touch with him.

We publish our formulas
Ayer's
We banish alcohol from our medicines
We urge you to consult your doctor

Ask your doctor to name some of the results of constipation. His long list will begin with sick-headache, biliousness, dyspepsia, thin blood, bad skin. Then ask him if he would recommend your using Ayer's Pills.
Made by the J. C. Ayer Co., Lowell, Mass.

CAUTION IS NEEDED.

Don't Indulge Your Bargain Fads For False Hair.

If you will have false hair—and in this season few are the women who do not have it—then by all means be cautious where you buy it.

Don't indulge your bargain fads in the hair line. The best artificial hair is by long odds the cheapest. Bad skin and scalp disease can be contracted from using hair that is insanitary.

There is such an unprecedented demand for false hair owing to the abnormal proportions of the fashionable coiffure that it is almost impossible for the manufacturers to take the same precautions as formerly. Let unreliable workers slight their tasks of renovating the hair that is brought in to them and dire troubles may result.

If one will buy casual puffs and pompadours, then by all means see that the hair is thoroughly fumigated before wearing. It is much safer, however, only to buy the artificial locks from some one on whom you can thoroughly rely.

Another precaution to be observed is in putting on those puffs, if you will wear them. It is not enough to match the color of the hair, but special pains must be taken with placing the puffs.

Some women seem to think if they have a few loose rolls of hair securely pinned into place on top of their heads that the last word in smartness has been achieved. In point of fact, this pinning may be done so as to make a caricature of the wearer and utterly ruin the contour of her face.

Study your facial lines carefully before arranging your hair, whether false or real, and if you have not the knack of making your coiffure improve your looks then by all means take a few lessons from a skilled hairdresser, who will show you just the right angle at which your hair should go.

This is, after all, the important thing.

HABITS TO ACQUIRE.

How to Save Bills For Specialists, Manuicurists and Others.

There are several good habits that a woman may acquire that save bills for specialists, manicurists, masseuses and others and which insure her looking well, no matter what hurry she may have been in while dressing. To feel that details are not attended to will put a woman at a disadvantage, and she is so constituted that unless she feels herself at her best she never enjoys herself.

It is a very good habit after washing the hands to push back the cuticle from the nails with the towel. This keeps the nails always in good condition and renders frequent visits to the manicure unnecessary.

It is a good habit, too, to rub the ears with a powdered chamois after washing. Who has not seen newly bathed ears shine like a looking glass? And, although there seems consolation in such proofs of recent bath, the shine can hardly be considered pretty.

Consuelo, duchess of Marlborough, is supposed to have a pair of the most perfect eyebrows in the world, and they are frankly admitted to be not natural, but cultivated. It is not a difficult thing to shape one's own brows, and it would seem as though a habit of this kind should be eagerly acquired by most women. One of the best methods of overcoming bushy eyebrows is to shape them between dampened thumb and forefinger after bathing the face or at any time when it is convenient. In this way wonderful results may be obtained.

BEAUTY HINTS.

Massage the scalp well every day and get it loosened up and flexible, so that the hair may receive its rightful nourishment by the blood circulating freely at the roots. This will stimulate the growth and arrest the splitting and breaking. Splitting at the ends always indicates poor nourishment, and nothing but massage will relieve the trouble.

Getting the digestion into proper order remedies not only poor complexion, but clears the eyes. Yellow eyeballs almost always indicate internal trouble, and only internal remedies will improve.

A long, narrow face will look better with a low pompadour and by pulling the hair in a puffy way at the sides of the head. The coiffure should be wide rather than high. With this type of face only low, broad hats should be worn.

Needles and Scissors In Sofa Cushion.

Of the odd sofa cushions in a certain girl's boudoir her fancy work cushion is the oddest. It looks like an ordinary brocaded cushion, but when it is examined on the wrong side a flap is seen. This when opened discloses a pocket. In the pocket are scissors, needles, skeins of silk and a thimble. There is no danger that a visitor who flops herself heavily upon this cushion will arise suddenly and shriek "Ouch!" You see, the needles and scissors are on the underside of the cushion, and the filling is thick.

Protecting the Wax Finish.

Every drop of water allowed to fall on wax finish will leave a white spot. Try protecting the wax with a coat of the following: Zanzibar copal varnish, six parts; boiled oil, six parts; turps, ten parts; all by weight. Mix together well and apply.

Relief For the Croup.

A strip of flannel, folded lengthwise, dipped into hot water, wrung out and then applied around the neck of a child that has croup will usually bring relief in a few minutes.

In the Laundries.

Troy is the greatest of collar, cuff and shirt towns. Therefore it is well equipped with laundries. In these institutions the Methodists provide the fire, the Baptists the water, the Presbyterians the bluing and the Episcopalians the starch.

The man who believes his friends will support him in his adversity can keep from having his faith shattered by not becoming the possessor of an adversity.—Chicago Record-Herald.

A FINE SIGN LANGUAGE

Droll Incident In the Reign of James I. of England.

A TRICK ON AN AMBASSADOR

The Different Interpretations of the Same Acts Performed by a Crochety Spaniard and a Hard Headed and Canny Old Scotch Butcher.

It is said that King James I., on removing to London was waited upon by the Spanish ambassador, a man of erudition, but who had a crotchet in his head that every country should have a professor of signs to teach him and the like of him to understand one another. The ambassador was lamenting one day before the king this great desideratum throughout all Europe, when the king said to him: "Why, I have a professor of signs in the northernmost college in my dominions—viz., at Aberdeen—but it is a great way off, perhaps 600 miles."

"Were it 10,000 leagues off I shall see him," said the ambassador, "and am determined to set out in two or three days." The king saw he had committed himself and wrote, or caused to be written, to the University of Aberdeen, stating the case and desiring the professors to put him off some way or make the best of him. The ambassador arrived, was received with great solemnity, but soon began to inquire which of them had the honor to be professor of signs.

Being told that the professor was absent in the highlands and would return nobody knew when, the ambassador said: "I will wait his return, though it were twelve months."

Seeing that this would not do and that they had to entertain him at a great expense all the while, they contrived a stratagem. There was one Geordy, a butcher, blind of an eye, a droll fellow, with much wit and roguery about him. He was got, instructed to be professor of signs, but not to speak on pain of death. Geordy cheerfully undertook the role. The ambassador was told that the professor of signs would be at home next day, at which he rejoiced greatly.

Next day Geordy was gowned, wigged and placed in a chair of state in a room in the college, all the professors and the ambassador being in an adjoining room. The ambassador was shown into Geordy's room and left to converse with him as well as he could, the professors awaiting the issue with fear and trembling.

The ambassador held up one of his fingers to Geordy; Geordy held up two of his. The ambassador held up three; Geordy clinched his fist and looked stern. The ambassador then took an orange from his pocket and held it up. Geordy took a piece of barley cake from his pocket and held that up. After which the ambassador bowed to him and retired to the other professor, who anxiously inquired his opinion of their brother.

"He is a perfect miracle," said the ambassador. "I would not give him for the wealth of the Indies."

"Well," said the professors, "to descend to particulars."

"Why," said the ambassador, "I first held up one finger, denoting that there is one God; he held up two, signifying that these are the Father and Son. I held up three, meaning the Father, the Son and Holy Ghost; he clinched his fist, to say that these three are one. I then took out an orange, signifying the goodness of God, who gives his creatures not only the necessaries, but the luxuries of life, upon which the wonderful man presented a piece of bread, showing that it was the staff of life and preferable to every luxury."

The professors were glad that matters had turned out so well; so, having got quit of the ambassador, they next got Geordy to hear his version of the signs.

"Well, Geordy, how have you come on and what do you think of yon man?"

"The rascal!" says Geordy. "What did he do first, think ye? He held up one finger, as much as to say, You have only one eye. Then I held up two, meaning that my one eye was perhaps as good as both his. Then the fellow held up three of his fingers, to say that there were but three eyes between us, and then I was so mad at the scoundrel that I steeked my neive and was to come a whack on the side of his head and would ha' done it, too, but for your sakes. Then the rascal did not stop with his provocation here, but, forsooth, takes out an orange, as much as to say, Your poor, beggarly, cold country cannot produce that. I showed him a whang of a bear bannock, meaning that I did na' care a farthing for him nor his trash neither as lang's I ha' this. But, by a' that's guid," concluded Geordy, "I'm angry yet that I didn't thrash the hide o' the scoundrel!"—London T. P.'s Weekly.

The Wily Owl.

A party of horsemen were traveling along Bridge creek, a tributary of Bad Water river, Wyoming, when their horses suddenly shied off the track at the sound of a "rattle." Search was made for the snake, but it was finally found that the sound proceeded from the burrowing owl, which lives in the burrows of the prairie dog, often, it is said, in company with the rattlesnake. Seated on a post the party heard the owl give a third rattle. And whenever they passed the spot it gave warning by its rattle, and the horses always shied off the track in alarm.—American Naturalist.

True Saying.

Think not all wisdom solemn is.
To truest minds 'tis plain
There's much that's not in vain although
It is in lighter vein.
—Kansas City Times.

A Changed Situation.

"One can never tell," said the fallen political idol. "A short time ago I had the mob at my feet. Now they are at my throat."—Philadelphia North American.

Jack and Jill.

Jack met Jill upon the bridge
And kissed her on the spot.
The brooklet murmured down below,
But Jill she murmured not.
—Chicago News.

MAGISTRATE PRAISES ZAM-BUK

Magistrate Rasmussen, of 202 Marquette St., Montreal, writes: "For many years I was troubled with a serious eruption of the skin. This was not only unsightly, but it was at times very painful. I first tried various household remedies, but these proved altogether useless. I then took medical advice. Not one, but several doctors in turn were consulted, but I was unable to get any permanent relief. Some time back I noticed a report from a Justice of the Peace (Magistrate Perry, J.P., for B.C.) who had been cured of a chronic skin disease by Zam-Buk, and I determined to give this balm a trial. After a thoroughly fair test, I can say I am delighted with it. I have the best of reasons for this conclusion, because while everything else I tried—salves, embrocations, washes, soaps and doctors' preparations—failed absolutely to relieve my pain and rid me of my trouble, three boxes of Zam-Buk worked a complete cure. In my opinion this balm should be even more widely known than it is, and I hope that my experience will lead other sufferers who are in despair to try this herbal healer, Zam-Buk."

For healing eczema, running sores, cuts, bruises, burns, boils, eruptions, scalp sores, pimples, spring eruptions, itch, chapped hands, and diseases of the skin, Zam-Buk is without equal. All druggists and stores sell it, 50c box, or postpaid from Zam-Buk Co., Toronto.

"This is the chicken salad," said the caterer's boy, as he delivered the package. "I guess it was your husband that ordered it sent, ma'am."

"Yes," said little Mrs. Bridey, "here's your money. Now, how do you make it?"

"O! I don't know anything about that, ma'am."

"You don't? Why, my husband told me if I paid you you'd give me the receipt."—Philadelphia Press.

A Liniment for the Logger.—Loggers lead a life which exposes them to many perils. Wounds, cuts and bruises cannot be altogether avoided in preparing timber for the drive and in river work, where wet and cold combined are of daily experience, coughs and colds and muscular pains cannot but ensue. Dr. Thomas' Eclectric Oil, when applied to the injured or administered to the ailing works wonders.

"Mildred," said the prudent mamma, "I want you to treat Mr. Ketchley, who called on you last evening, with some consideration and respect. He may not be particularly handsome or attractive, but he is sensible, well connected, highly successful in business and is regarded as one of the coming men."

"I wouldn't mind his being one of the coming men," said Mildred, "if it didn't take him so long to go."—Chicago Tribune.

WHEN BABY IS SICK GIVE BABY'S OWN TABLETS

The little ills of childhood often come very suddenly and often they prove serious if not treated promptly. The wise mother will keep Baby's Own Tablets always at hand and give her little ones an occasional dose to prevent sickness or to treat it promptly, if it comes unexpectedly. Baby's Own Tablets cure all the minor ailments of children and are absolutely safe. Mrs. A. H. Bonnyman, Mattall, N.S., says:—"I have used Baby's Own Tablets for teething, constipation and other ills of childhood, and have found them a safe and excellent medicine." Sold by all medicine dealers or by mail at 25 cents a box from The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

"I don't thank you for recommending that young clerk," exclaimed the indignant broker as they met in the elevator.

"What's the trouble?" queried the jocular banker.

"Why, you said he was as square as a dollar, and he isn't 'square' at all."

"H'm. Neither is a dollar."—Chicago News.

TO CURE A COLD IN ONE DAY. Take LAXATIVE BROMO Quinine Tablets. Druggists refund money if it fails to cure. E. W. Grove's signature is on each box. 25c.

"On your trip abroad did you see any wonderful old ruins?" he asked.

"Yes," she replied, archly, "and guess what?"

"Well?"

"One of them wanted to marry me."—Harper's Weekly.

To whom it may concern: This is to certify that I have used MINARD'S LINIMENT myself as well as prescribed it in my practice where a liniment was required and have never failed to get the desired effect.

C. A. KING, M. D.

Where the Audience Went.

An old fellow who at one time kept an East-end music hall went to Colonel Mapleson for a professional pass for the opera. The colonel, having heard of the old man, honored the card.

"Ah, colonel," said the old fellow, "I allus cusses you when you starts your opera season—you reglar empties my 'house'."

"That be hanged for a tale," laughed the colonel; "the villainous ruffians that infest your den wouldn't be admitted here, I tell you."

"I don't say they would, colonel. I don't say they would," the old man hurriedly explained; "but they're all up here just the same—you'll see 'em all outside—pickin' pockets."—Tid-Bits.

Black Watch
Remarkable for richness and pleasing flavor. The big black plug chewing tobacco.
2267

NARROW ESCAPES FROM DEATH

How a Steeplejack Got Into Tight Fix on Tall Chimney.

A well-known Welshman tells the following story of his childhood—an experience which came within an ace of depriving the world of a useful man. "I was lost. Everybody was looking for me in every nook and corner of the farm. Suddenly my mother came out of the stables, all white and trembling. She had found me sitting in a heap in the straw, with both my fat little arms clasped quite tight round the hind leg of the only unapproachable animal in the stalls—a vicious, unbroken, thoroughbred colt, of whom even the men were afraid. To have picked me up would have been certain death—for me, at least. I had got there safely. I might get back the same way. It was my only chance. So my mother called gently: 'Baby, baby,' then they waited while a century seemed to pass. Then they tell me I staggered out with rosy cheeks and a heavenly smile. At that moment my mother fainted. To regain my feet I must have crawled and scrambled, and clutched the legs and tail of what was nothing more nor less than a vicious wild beast."

A well-known steeple-jack tells the following: "Once I got into a tight fix by an engineer's forgetfulness. I was repairing the top of a chimney stack a hundred and fifty feet high, and my work was nearing completion. I had arranged with the engineer not to fire the boilers until I gave the signal. He forgot, and the stokers set the great furnace going. I was on the opposite side of the stack to that on which the ladders were, and to my utter dismay I found myself cut off from them by intense heat and thick stifling black smoke. The heat and smoke made my head reel. I clutched the small blocking—the extreme top of the chimney—to keep myself from falling, but the stone was so hot that I burned my hands badly.

"To avoid crashing down on the pavement of the mill yard far beneath, I had to incline my body somewhat over the mouth of the shaft. In a few seconds all my hair was singed. Suddenly a thought flashed through my mind. The guy-line below. This is a line used for hauling up small articles, such as tool baskets. It was very slender, but it might bear my weight. To get at it I had to slide over the projecting parapet and feel for the rope 'blind' as it were. But I found it and wrapped my legs round it sailor fashion, and gently let go of the coping. Down, down, I went, 150 feet! My hands were nearly cut to the bone when I landed—but I did land and that was the main thing. The engineer nearly had a fit when I told him."

Here is another personal narrative told by a now famous traveler: "It happened in Algeria. I wanted to reach a place to which no high road led and I could not go by train because I had anticipated my allowance and for the moment was stone-broke and could not raise my fare. So I decided to walk along the railroad. There was a gully to be crossed and the viaduct which crossed it was of a very primitive description. There were planks and sleepers, but nothing else. It was just a question of stepping from one sleeper to the next. I trod very gingerly and tried not to see too much between the sleepers into the gulf below. But it was giddy work, nevertheless. Before I was half across I heard a train overtaking me. There was nothing for it but to drop down between the sleepers and hang on like grim death till the monster had passed over me. Being used to gymnastics at school I managed it, but it was a frightful trial to the nerves, and I shall never forget it to my dying day."

His Little Joke.

There is an amusing story of a Highland soldier who, while lying dangerously ill in hospital, expressed a desire to hear the bagpipes once more before he died. The hospital doctor agreed, as there were only 14 inmates of the ward, and none of them were serious cases.

A regimental piper was found to play the bagpipes, and for a long time he paced the ward playing tunes of the homeland. The next morning the piper called at the hospital.

"Well, doctor," he enquired, "how is my countryman this morning?"

"Very well indeed," replied the doctor; "he went to sleep after your entertainment, smiling happily, and awoke this morning a new man. He will rapidly recover now."

"Good!" said the piper. "Good!"

"But," added the medical man, "the other thirteen patients are dead!"

A Tale of Two Cigars.

It was a moonlight evening, and Jenkins was smoking a fine-flavored Havana, when he met a friend.

"Have a cigar?" he enquired.

"Thanks" said the other gratefully, taking and lighting the proffered weed.

After a few experimental puffs, however, the friend removed the cigar from his lips, looked at it doubtfully and, with a very evident abatement of gratitude in his tone, asked:

"What do you pay for these cigars?"

"Two for thirty cents," replied the original proprietor of both weeds, taking his own cigar out of his mouth and looking at it with considerable satisfaction. "This cost me twenty-five cents and that five cents."

Ancient Counterfeiters.

It is difficult to think of counterfeiters in connection with the golden days of Charles I., but a recent discovery of old coins in the well which is being excavated in the ruins of Scarborough Castle, England, seems to prove that they not only existed at that time, but were frequently in danger from the officers of the law.

The find in question consisted of a large mass of copper or brass strips, two of which coins had been punched, together with a number of imperfectly struck coins. The discovery took place at a distance of 130 feet from the surface of the ground.

H. A. Grueber, the keeper of the coins at the British Museum, to whom a portion of the find was sent, pronounced them to be incompleted farthings of the reign of Charles I. issued between 1626 and 1630. It appears that the right to issue these coins was granted by King Charles to the Dowager Duchess of Richmond and Sir Francis Crane, who no doubt made a considerable profit on the monopoly. The result of this monopoly seems to have been that extensive forgeries took place, and the British Museum's expert is of opinion that the coins found during the excavations at Scarborough Castle are forgeries struck at the time, and that in all probability they were thrown down the well to escape detection.

IT IS PURE!
THIS IS THE PARAMOUNT FEATURE OF
"SALADA"
GREEN TEA
Free From Artificial Coloring, Dust, Dirt and All Foreign Substances.
LEAD PACKETS ONLY Blue Label 40c., Red Label 50c., And Gold Label 60c. per lb. AT ALL GROCERS

To Disperse a Crowd.

Country life had lost its charm for Bill Slocum, so leaving his Yorkshire home he went up to London to join the police force. Something of brains as well as brawn is required of a London "bobby," and William was put through the usual tests.

"Now, my man," said the superintendent, "suppose you wanted to disperse a mob, how would you use your baton?"

"Baton?" echoed the recruit, eyeing his superior as though sorry for his want of tact. "I wouldn't use my baton at all. I'd just take around my helmet and try to make a collection!"—Bellman.

The Flagging Energies Revived.—Constant application to business is a tax upon the energies, and if there be not relaxation, lassitude and depression are sure to intervene. These come from stomachic troubles. The want of exercise brings on nervous irregularities, and the stomach ceases to assimilate food properly. In this condition Parmelee's Vegetable Pills will be found a recuperative of rare power, restoring the organs to healthful action, dispelling depression, and reviving the flagging energies.

"I'll give you a sandwich," said the woman, but without enthusiasm, "though a big, strong man like you ought to work."

"An' lessen the chances of them as really wants work! Not me. In my small way—I'm a philanthropist, mum."—Philadelphia Ledger.

Not a Miracle But Medical Science

Dr. T. A. Slocum, Limited, Toronto, Ont.

Gentlemen:—

"Some time ago I began to lose flesh and failed every day until I had to quit work. My physicians and all my friends said I had contracted consumption. I failed from 165 pounds down to 119. I was advised to go to the Rockies or to the Coast. I went to both places under heavy expense. I continued to fail, and was advised by the doctors to come home as nothing more could be done for me. Hope seemed to have left me.

"I tried Psychine and since starting its use I have gained from 119 to 141 pounds. I have used $10.00 worth of the medicine. I am a well man and I cannot say too much in praise of Psychine. The strongest recommendation would be weak in view of the fact that I believe it has saved my life. It is without doubt the best remedy for run-down conditions and weak lungs.

"I sincerely hope and trust that you will continue your good work of saving run-down people and consumptive from the grave. Wishing you and Psychine continued success, I remain, one of Psychine's best friends."

ALEX. McRAE,
Sault Ste. Marie, Ont.

Almost every mail brings us letters like the above. Psychine will repeat this record in every case. It is the greatest medicine known. At all druggists, 50c and $1.00, or Dr. T. A. Slocum, Limited, Toronto.

"About the greatest man that ever lived in this community was Skinner—broad-minded, big-hearted and brilliant—and yet he died with all his talents and goodness unsuspected."

"How did you come to find out about it?"

"I married his widow."—Pick-Me-Up.

Minard's Liniment Cures Burns, etc.

Bourget and Germany.

Paul Bourget's attack on Germany and Germans has aroused much criticism not only in German newspapers, but in the papers where he expected to receive support. The Paris Revue says that Bourget's words arouse only painful sensations. "When he speaks of the venom of the miserable Kant and of the musical misdeeds of Wagner, he harms himself only and does nothing to lessen the fame of these men of genius. France smiles at the assertion that she is under obligations to Germany for nothing, for it is well known and has been proudly proclaimed by Bourget that his maternal ancestors came from Alsatia and originally from Germany. If for nothing else, France is indebted to Germany, then, for Bourget."

LAUGHTER ANALYZED.

The Observations of a Man With a Sensitive Ear.

"Of course you have heard," said the man with a sensitive ear, "a laugh that jarred. I don't mean," he continued, "so much a laugh at an inopportune time—I imagine we have all heard such laughs—as a laugh the quality of which is unpleasant. There is something contagious in laughter of the right kind, even though you may be the object of it. It bubbles from the well of good humor. There is no hidden thought, or 'arriere pensee,' as the French say, behind it. It is the essence of frankness; it is spontaneous and whole souled, and it cleanses the system of the laughter and, too, of the hearer, like a spiritual bath.

"But there are other kinds of laughter. The sneering laugh is perhaps the most familiar. Then there is a quiet laugh, a sibilant, secretive sort of laugh that is quite as certain to mean mischief. Another laugh, disagreeable in its nature, is the high pitched, nervous cachinnation that comes either from embarrassment or is a mere vocal habit. The worst laugh of all, however, to my mind, is that mirthless sound provoked by the distress or embarrassment of others, and it rasps naturally most of all the object calling it forth. A person laughed at and hurt never forgets the experience."

IS FLAXSEED HARD ON SOIL?

Prof. Saunders and Other Scientists Say It Is no More Exhausting Than Wheat.

The question is often asked, "Is flax a specially exhausting crop?" Leading agricultural authorities say that chemical analyses which have repeatedly been made of this crop, showing the principal elements of fertility taken from the soil during the period of its growth indicate that it is no more exhausting than wheat or oats. Prof. Saunders of the Dominion Experimental Farm, some years ago made a careful study of this question. In a pamplet which he published on the subject, referring to the results of chemical analyses, he said: "The greater part of the straw of wheat, oats and flax grown in the North-West is usually burnt, when the mineral ingredients taken from the land are returned to it in the form of ashes. In the East, where the straw is utilized chiefly for bedding animals, the mineral constituents taken up are returned to the soil with the manure, hence the seed only need be considered. The grain in the case of the wheat crop, takes up a little more nitrogen and somewhat less of phosphoric acid and potash than is taken by the flax seed, while the oat crop takes for the grain a larger proportion of nitrogen, nearly one-third less of phosphoric acid and about one-eighth less of potash. The difference however, in exhaustive effect of these several crops on a rich soil would scarcely be perceptible, and would not justify the opinion that flax is a very exhaustible crop. In some experiments tried at the Experimental Farm at Brandon, Man., in sowing wheat, oats and barley after flax, the results obtained point to the same conclusion."

However, it is not wise to grow flax on the same soil year after year. A farmer having 160 acres of land can have portions of it in flax, wheat, oats and other crops every year and so rotate the crops that flax will not be grown on the same soil two years in succesion. It is better to allow from three to five years to elapse between the sowing of two crops of flax-seed on the same soil. Flax is a particularly suitable crop when land is first broken and also on common sod land broken up, but Prof. Thos. Shaw of the University of Minnesota Agricultural department, says: "No crop north of the corn belt proper can follow wheat so well as flax."

Worms cause feverishness, moaning and restlessness during sleep. Mother Grave's Worm Exterminator is pleasant, sure and effectual. If your druggist has none in stock, get him to procure it for you.

What is the difference between (1) a gardener, (2) a billiard player, (3) a gentleman, and (4) a sexton?

Answer—The first minds his peas; the second minds his cues; the third minds his p's and q's; the fourth minds his keys and pews.—The Catholic Fortnightly Review.

WHAT CAUSES HEADACHE

From October to May, Colds are the most frequent causes of Headache. LAXATIVE BROMO QUININE removes cause. E. W. Grove on box 25c.

Doubly Deficient

Modest but unsuccessful Tyro (who has been flogging the river for hours)—Is there anything I am omitting to do, McWhirr?

McWhirr—I wadna just say that exactly. But I'm thinkin' ye drink varra leetle whuskey for a mon wha's no killin' fush.—Punch.

ENGLISH SPAVIN LINIMENT removes all hard, soft or calloused lumps and blemishes, from horses, blood spavin, curbs, splints, ringbone, sweeney, stifles, sprains, sore and swollen throat, coughs, etc. Save $50 by use of one bottle. Warranted the most wonderful Blemish Cure ever known.

"I am afraid that step is loose," an American once said to the jaunting car driver he had engaged.

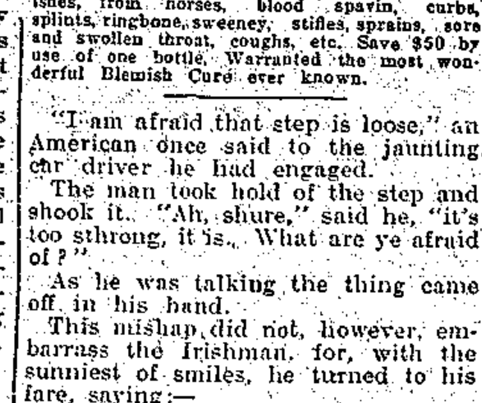
The man took hold of the step and shook it. "Ah, shure," said he, "it's too sthrong, it is. What are ye afraid of?"

As he was talking the thing came off in his hand.

This mishap did not, however, embarrass the Irishman, for, with the sunniest of smiles, he turned to his fare, saying:—

"Shure now, I've saved yer honor from a broken leg!"—Harper's Weekly.

OVERALLS, COATS & SHIRTS



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It means you have bought the best that experienced and modern machinery can produce, measured in Comfort, Service and Satisfaction. Write us if your dealer has not got them.

THE MOYIE LEADER.

Published in the interest of the people of Moyie and East Kootenay.

F. J. SMYTH, PUBLISHER.

UNION LABEL

RATES OF SUBSCRIPTION.

One Year.....$2.00

SATURDAY, APRIL 11, 1908.

THE LEAD BOUNTY.

The Nelson Daily News says it has reason to believe that finance minister Fielding has assented to the proposal of the silverlead mine owners with regard to the extention of the period in which the lead bounty shall be paid and that under the new regulation provisions will be made to raise the bounty limit from £16 to £18. The details of the settlement have not as yet been definitely arranged, but in the course of a few days an authoritative announcement may be expected. Our understanding of the settlement arrived at is that the whole of the unexpected balance of the sum originally set aside for lead bounty purposes, amounting to some $1,750,000, will be made available upon conditions entirely in accord with the requests of the silver-lead mine owners.

It is a dead cinch that a Conservative will succeed W. A. Galliher M. P., in the Dominion house.

The new fire wardens of Moyie are starting out right, and it is up to the property holders to give them every assistance.

The kids are playing marbles and the chirp of the robin is frequently heard—two unmistakable evidences of spring.

Outsiders flock to Moyie for payday like flies gather around a molasses barrell. Yesterday there were many varieties of people here all looking for a slice of our payroll.

Good strikes are reported this week on both the Aurora and Half Moon properties. Thus the day does not seem far distant when Moyie will not be referred to as a "one mine town."

No Hanging for Orchard.

"Harry Orchard will never be hanged, and it is only a question of time until he is allowed to go free," states F. L. Payne of Boise Idaho, the man who arrested Orchard the day after the murder of Governor Stuenenberg of Idaho. Mr. Payne was in Spokane and was recalling some of the scenes of the famous trial with Attorney Fred Miller.

"I wouldn't mind being in Orchard's place myself from now on." stated Mr. Payne. "He dresses better than he ever did before, looks well and enjoys many luxuries.

"Where he gets his money I don't know. He had about $9 when I arrested him, but he seems to have the best of everything now. He doesn't associate with any of the other prisioners. He calls Governor Gooding "Frank" and the governor always speaks to Orchard as "Harry."

"I saw Orchard the day he was sentenced to be hung. He was just getting off a car. He seemed to be at first to be alone. He walked over and shook hands with me and acted like a man who had just returned from a trip with the boys and had had a mighty fine time.

"Orchard may have been sincere in his confession, but I don't believe he was. It is said his attorney can not get him to sign a petition asking for commutation of his sentence, but he will never be hung. Why, at the present time he is sentenced to be hung May 15 and he is also to appear as a witness against Steve Adams about the same time.

"He will never be hung and it

DOCTORS MISTAKES

Are said often to be buried six feet under ground. But many times women call on their family physicians, suffering, as they imagine, one from dyspepsia, another from heart disease, another from liver or kidney disease, another from nervous prostration, another with pain here and there, and in this way they present alike to themselves and their easy-going or overbusy doctor, separate diseases, for which he, assuming them to be such, prescribes his pills and potions. In reality, they are all only *symptoms* caused by some uterine disease. The physician, ignorant of the cause of suffering, keeps up his treatment until large bills are made. The suffering patient gets no better by reason of the wrong treatment, but probably worse. A proper medicine like Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription, *directed to the cause* would have entirely removed the disease, thereby dispelling all those distressing symptoms, and instituting comfort instead of prolonged misery. It has been well said, that "a disease known is half cured."

Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription is a scientific medicine, carefully devised by an experienced and skillful physician, and adapted to woman's delicate system. It is made of native American medicinal roots and is perfectly harmless in its effects *in any condition of the female system.*

As a powerful invigorating tonic "Favorite Prescription" imparts strength to the whole system and to the organs distinctly feminine in particular. For overworked, "worn-out," run-down," debilitated teachers, milliners, dressmakers, seamstresses, "shop-girls," house-keepers, nursing mothers, and feeble women generally, Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription is the greatest earthly boon, being unequaled as an appetizing cordial and restorative tonic.

As a soothing and strengthening nervine, "Favorite Prescription" is unequaled and is invaluable in allaying and subduing nervous excitability, irritability, nervous exhaustion, nervous prostration, neuralgia, hysteria, spasms, St. Vitus's dance, and other distressing, nervous symptoms commonly attendant upon functional and organic disease of the uterus. It induces refreshing sleep and relieves mental anxiety and despondency.

Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets invigorate the stomach, liver and bowels. One to three a dose. Easy to take as candy.

Thinking of Spring Painting, Etc?

THEN REMEMBER

B. H. SHORT,

CRANBROOK, B. C.

Box 33.

Will send competent man to paint, kalsomine or paper your home.

CALDER BROS.

CONTRACTORS AND BUILDERS.

Work by the day or contract. Estimates cheerfully given. All work guaranteed first class.

MOYIE, B. C.

BUY YOUR

Cigars, Tobaccos. Fruit and Candy

FROM

A B. Stewart & Co.

EDUCATIONAL.

Mr. S. Moore, B. A. will give lessons on Bookkeeping, Arithmetic, language and Science in the evening.

Mrs. Moore teaches the organ, piano and theory of music.

Apply at residence.

JUST ARRIVED

A fresh supply of our noted

Imperator Hams and Bacon.

Hams, $15 per 100 pounds, 16½ cents per pound single hams.

Bacon, $17 per 100 pounds; 18½ cents per pound single slabs.

Try our Shamrock Leaf Lard and Empress Creamery butter.

THEY ARE A SPECIALTY

P. BURNS & CO

MOYIE, B. C.

W. R. BEATTY

Embalmer and Undertaker,

CRANBROOK

Newbro's Herpicide,

The original Dandruff germ destroyer.

A new scientific non-irritant germicide and prophylsctic for the scalp.

Cures dandruff, falling hair and prevents baldness by destroying the dandruff germ.

Baldness is a contagious disease cruesd by a microbe.

Newbro's Herpicide absolutely destroys the dandruff germs.

For Sale at the

MOYIE DRUG AND STATIONERY STORE.

St. Joseph's Convent.

NELSON, B. C.

Boarding and Day School conducted by the Sisters of St. Joseph, Nelson) B. C. Commercial and business courses a specialty. Excellence and swift progress characteaize each department. Parents should write for particulars. One month assures the public of the thoroughness of the Sisters methods of teaching. Terms commence January, April and Sept. Pupils are admitted during term.

MINERAL ACT.

(FORM F.)

CERTIFICATE OF IMPROVEMENTS.

NOTICE.

Lot No 8545 Half Moon Mineral Claim, situate in the Fort Steele Mining Division of East Kootenay District.

Where located: Out St. Eugene hill near Moyie.

TAKE NOTICE that I, Thos. T. McVittie F. M. C. No B 1051, Agent for John P. Farrell F. M. C. No. B 1339, Sadie Farrell F. M. C. No B 982, Norman W. Burdett F. M. C. No B 1358, William Bird F. M. C. No B 935, Henry J. C. Steuart Free Miner's Certificate No B 1335, intend, sixty days from the date hereof, to apply to the Mining Recorder for a Certificate of Improvements, for the purpose of obtaining a Crown Grant of the above claim.

And further take notice that action, under section 37, must be commenced before the issuance of such Certificate of improvements.

Dated this 22nd. day of February, A. D. 1908.

THOS. T. McVITTIE

T. T. McVittie, C. E., P. L. S. H. Y. Parker, C

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