Library Legislative Assembly


# THE MOYIE LEADER.

VOL. 6, NO 19. MOYIE, B. C., AUGUST 29, 1903. $2 A YEAR



SPECIAL SALE

For the next two weeks it will pay you to watch our

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QUEEN AVENUE, MOYIE, B. C.


## REPAIR WORK BEGUN ON MILL

### G. A. King in Charge of Work.

## NO CONTRACT IS SIGNED

### Matters Remain About the Same as They Were One Week ago.--Hope of Reopening.

The work of repairing the St. Eugene concentrator and installing the zinc saving apparatus was begun to day. This is in charge of G. A. King, who arrived early in the week from Silverton, where he has just finished putting the Wakefield mill in running order. Mr. King was accompanied by Tom Cameron, Jack Fitzgibbons and D. J. Leahy, all former employes of the St. Eugene company.

Manager Cronin is in Nelson attending a meeting of the lead mine owners of the Kootenays. He stated to the Daily News that there was nothing new for publication, that the situation was about the same as was published in the Leader last Saturday.

The company is in hopes of having a contract by the time the mill is repaired and ready to run.

#### Rickers Out of Business.

John W. Rickers, ex-chief of the Moyie fire brigade and ex-school trustee, has made an assignment in favor of his creditors, and his business is now in the hands of Sifton, Short & Stewart, attorneys of Calgary. Rickers at one time ran a grocery in Moyie and afterwards moved to Pincher Creek, Alberta. This week several persons who had dealt with him while he was in business here, received notices from the above named attorneys asking them to settle their accounts at once under penalty of being sued. As a matter of fact Mr. Rickers received payment for these accounts before he left Moyie, but he evidently failed to give the proper credits.

#### Cholera Infantum.

This has long been regarded as one of the most dangerous and fatal diseases to which infants are subject. It can be cured, however, when properly treated. All that is necessary is to give Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy and castor oil, as directed with each bottle, and a cure is certain. For sale by all Druggists.


Dry Goods Men's Furnishings.

The latest thing in

Boots and Shoes,
Hats and Caps,
Glassware,
Groceries, Etc.

MacEachern & Macdonald.


#### POLITICAL.

Dr. King, the Liberal candidate, will be in Moyie next week to look after his political fences.

Wm. Campbell, formerly employed with the Moyie Lumber Co., is now Tom Caven's political manager.

A meeting of the Liberal association will be held in the Farrell block on Tuesday evening at 8:30 o'clock. All members should be present.

J. A. Harvey, J. C. Drewry and James Ryan, the three men best qualified to represent this district, were ruthlessly turned down by designing factions in their respective parties.

It may yet come to pass that there will be a straight Labor candidate enter the race in the Cranbrook riding. Many of the laboring men object to King on account of him being a professional man, and to Caven because he does not seem to meet the requirements of some of the labor unions. A strong labor candidate would make both Caven and King look like 30 cents on election day.

## LOCAL NEWS.

V. Desaulnier was in Cranbrook Monday.

Mrs. M. J. Harper was in Cranbrook Sunday.

Mrs. Livesley is down from Kimberley on a visit.

Karl Neitzel was in Cranbrook the first of the week.

Jake Nelson is in Elko, Nevada, running a hotel.

Miss Erna Niederstadt was visiting in Cranbrook this week.

The wife of John McDonald has been quite ill for the past week.

Mrs. E. E. Scott left this week to visit relatives in Manitoba.

A social dance was given at the Hotel Kootenay Wednesday evening.

Mr. Hayhurst, a miner and mill man, arrived from Silverton this week.

Paul Jensen is home from his prospecting trip and will remain in Moyie.

E. E. S. Taylor's sister arrived here this week from New York and is visiting with her brother.

It is a treat to visit Hill & Co.'s store in Cranbrook, for their mammoth stock is well worth seeing.

Eaton's catalogues have arrived and several ladies in town are wearing a smile as a consequence.

The Moyie Lumber Company and the East Kootenay Lumber Company are preparing to reopen their logging camps.

Wm. Smith, for some time bartender at the Moyie hotel, is now running a machine in the Venus mine near Nelson.

Rev. A. E. Marshall was up from Michel this week for a few days visit. Mr. Marshall is enjoying good health and is doing good work in that flourishing coal town.

Paddy Sullivan, at one time with the Dublin Fusiliers and the Gordon Highlanders, is up from Cranbrook visiting friends. Mr. Sullivan was interviewed on the political issues, but he would not commit himself.

#### Valuable Time Saved.

Slight injuries often disable a man and cause several days' loss of time and when blood poison develops, some time result in the loss of a hand or limb. Chamberlain's Pain Balm is an antiseptic liniment. When applied to cuts, bruises and burns it causes them to heal quickly and without maturation, and prevents any danger of blood poison. For sale by all Druggists.


WATCH REPAIRING A SPECIALTY.

W. F. TATE,

JEWELER, CRANBROOK, B. C.

Official Watch Inspector for the C. P. R. Crow's Nest Division.


## GENERAL NEWS NOTES

### Items of Interest Selected

## FROM ROUND THE WORLD

### News Selected from Many Sources and Compiled with Pen, Scissors and Paste.

The bird season will open next Tuesday, September 1st.

Cranbrook is preparing for a big celebration on Labor Day, September 7th.

The North Star mine at Kimberley is preparing to ship ore to the Nelson smelter.

Cranbrook is to have another drug store. Chas. E. Reid will move his stock from Frank to that place.

Seneca G. Ketchum, one of the best known tourist printers and newspaper men in the west, died this week near Seattle.

Jack Munroe, the miner in Butte who stayed with Jefferies for four rounds, is likely to have another go with the big fellow. Jeffries offers to put up $10,000 that he can knock Munroe out in three rounds, and the latter says he will accept the challenge.

Lou Dillon broke the world's trotting record on the mile track going the distance in 2 minutes flat. The previous record was 2:02 1-4, held by Cresceus, made at Columbia, Ohio, last year. Lou Dillon's time by quarters today was: First quarter, 0:30 1-4; second quarter, 0:30 1-2; third quarter, 0:30 1-4; last quarter, 0:29. Lou Dillon's best time before was 2:02 3-4, or a half second slower than the record held by Cresceus. She made the half in 1:31. The mare was driven by Millard Sanders. She received a magnificent ovation from an immense gathering when she completed the mile.

## CRANBROOK ITEMS.

Cranbrook Herald:

J. D. McBride is moving his hardware stock to the building formely occupied by G. H. Miner.

Dr. Harris returned last week from a trip to Spokane and other points in western states.

Miss Green, who has been visiting her brother, Dr. Green, the past few weeks, left Monday for the coast.

The schools were closed last Monday, owing to several cases of scarlet fever in town.

G. H. Thompson, the solicitor will move his office to the John Leask building this week.

Tom Roberts, of the firm of Arnold & Roberts, received his commission as notary public this week.

L. M. Mansfield and wife came down from Marysville Monday evening. Mrs. Mansfield left for her home in Vermont on Wednesday.

Last Saturday the Leask & Slater saw mill with the timber limits and everything connected with the institution was sold to John Hansbury, of Brandon, Man., who was acting for the Hansbury Manufacturing company, of that town.

#### Church Services.

METHODIST—Sunday school at 10 a. m. Service at 11 a. m. in the Odd Fellows' hall.

Text—"How much then is a man better than a sheep?" Matt. 12:12.

All are welcome.

R. E. S. TAYLOR, Pastor.

PRESBYTERIAN—Sunday school at 3 p. m. Service in the hall at 7:30 p. m.

All are cordially invited to attend these services.

T. A. BROADFOOT, Pastor.

## METAL MARKET.

NEW YORK—Bar silver, 56 cents. Lead, $4.37½. Copper, $14.75. Zinc, (spelter) $5.87½.

LONDON—Lead, £11 2s. 3d.

#### STOCK QUOTATIONS.

Furnished by Beale & Elwell brokers, Moyie, B. C.

| | Asked. | Bid. |
|---|---|---|
| Crow's Nest Coal | $400.00 | $360.00 |
| St. Eugene | 49 | 43 |
| North Star | 13 | 11 |
| Sullivan | 6¼ | 5¼ |
| Can. Gold Fields | 5½ | 4½ |
| Golconda | 19 | 18 |
| War Eagle | 15 | 13 |
| Payne | 18 | 16 |
| American Boy | 5 | 4 |
| Alberta Coal Co. | 3.50 | — |
| East C. N. Coal | 75 | — |
| St. Eugene Mountain | 10 | — |
| Can. Oil & Coal Ltd. | 2.50 | — |

#### Voters Registered.

Following are the number of voters registered up to Friday, Aug. 15 in the Cranbrook riding. This is the way the list will stand on the day of election, unless some names are stricken off by the court of revision:

| | |
|---|---|
| Cran., Perry Creek, Par. Bar | 773 |
| Fort Steele | 152 |
| Moyie | 100 |
| Marysville | 74 |
| Wardner | 71 |
| Ryan and Yahk | 36 |
| Kimberley and North Star | 34 |
| Wasa | 12 |
| | 1,254 |

These applications will be dealt with at the court of revision to be held August 31st. Applications which reached the collector after 6 p. m. August 14th will be heard at the court to be held November 2nd.

#### Change of Managment.

This week R. W. Elliott, for several months manager of the Moyie Lumber Company, sent in his resignation, which was accepted. Mr. Elliott has taken the management of the Leask & Slater mill at Cranbrook. Hugh Cameron is temporary manager of the Moyie Lumber Company, and will hold that position until Mr. Elliott's successor arrives here.


TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN.

If you intend purchasing property in Moyie don't wait until the mines open up, but buy now. See D. J. Elmer. He has lots for sale in all parts of town. Also stores, houses and stables for rent.


## CONSERVATIVE PLATFORM.

(Adopted at Revelstoke, September 18th, 1903.)

1. That this convention reaffirms the policy of the party in matters of provincial roads and trails; the ownership and control of railways and the development of the agricultural resources of the province as laid down in the platform adopted in October, 1899, which is as follows:

"To actively aid in the construction of trails throughout the undeveloped portions and the building of provincial trunk roads of public necessity.

"To adopt the principles of government ownership of railways in so far as the circumstances of the province will admit, and the adoption of the principle that no bonus should be granted to any railway company which does not give the government of the province control of rates over lines bonused, together with the option of purchase.

"To actively assist by state aid in the development of the agricultural resources of the province.

2. That in the meantime and until the railway policy above set forth can be accomplished, a general railway act be passed, giving freedom to construct railways under certain approved regulations, analogous to the system that has resulted in such extensive railway construction in the United States, with so much advantage to trade and commerce.

3. That to encourage the mining industry, the taxation of metalliferous mines should be on the basis of a percentage on the net profits.

4. That the government ownership of telephone systems should be brought about as a first step in the acquisition of public utilities.

5. That a portion of every coal area hereafter to be disposed of should be reserved from sale or lease, so that state owned mines may be easily accessible, if their operation becomes necessary or advisable.

6. That in the pulp land leases provision should be made for reforesting and that steps should be taken for the general preservation of forests by guarding against the wasteful destruction of timber.

7. That the legislature and government of the province should persevere in the effort to secure the exclusion of Asiatic labor.

8. That the matter of better terms in the way of subsidy and appropriations for the province should be vigorously pressed upon the Dominion government.

9. That the silver lead industries of the province be fostered and encouraged by the imposition of increased customs duties on lead and lead products imported into Canada, and that the Conservative members of the Dominion House be urged to support any motion introduced for such a purpose.

10. That as industrial disputes almost invariably result in great loss and injury both to the parties directly concerned and to the public, legislation should be passed to provide means for an amicable adjustment of such disputes between employers and employees.

11. That it is advisable to foster the manufacture of the raw products of the province within the province so far as practicable by means of taxation on the said raw products, subject to rebate of the same in whole or part when manufactured in British Columbia.

SUBSCRIBE FOR THE LEADER

# A Love Match

BY SYLVANUS COBB, JR.,

Author of "The Cunmaker of Moscow," "The Fortunes of Conrad," "The Shadow of the Guillotine," Etc., Etc.

CHAPTER IV.

The man who had come so opportunely to Christine's assistance, and who now walked by her side, listening to her story, was not yet one-and-twenty, though he lacked only a few months of that age. Yet he was a strong and well-developed man, as had been amply evident from the manner in which he had disposed of the ruffian upon whom his hand had fallen. Of medium height; possessing a well-proportioned and firmly knit frame; a face of genial, winning beauty; a brow broad and full; a grandly shaped head, with clustering locks of brown hair. His eyes were of a bright, lustrous gray, verging upon the azure tint; and there was a dimple in his handsome chin, which seemed a finishing touch to the cheerful face. His name was Paul Waybrook, and he was very near the close of his last year in college. His father was Nathan Waybrook, a wealthy merchant of Boston—wealthy and aristocratic—whose residence was near Brookside Cottage.

Paul and Christine had known each other from early childhood. Paul had been one of the first with whom the foundling had formed a friendship outside of the cottage; and yet, their associations had not been always intimate. Rachel St. Clair had been wary that her darling protegee should not cultivate friendships to her harm; and the aristocratic merchant, aware of the mystery of Christine's origin, had discountenanced his son's association with her. Another thing, perhaps, had, of late, influenced Madame Rachel in repelling the too familiar friendship of the youth. Since entering college, he had evinced a waywardness and a wildness of disposition which had more than once threatened cause of expulsion, and which might have worked to that serious end had it not been that his lessons were nearly perfect, his treatment of his tutors respectful, and his general character manly and frank; and also, his father's influence was in his favor.

"I think you have occasion for pride rather than alarm," said a Harvard professor, with whom Mr. Waybrook was discussing his son's proclivity to mischief. "Your son is frank and bold. He conceals nothing. What he does he does openly and above board. A mean or cowardly act has never been traced to his hands, and I know he would scorn a dishonest act. If I am not entirely wrong in my judgment, he will graduate with honor, and what now seems to be defects in youth will become good points in manhood. If you would save him to his best estate you must trust him. Give him your confidence, and seek rather to elevate his native instincts than to crush them."

"But," urged the parent, "he must be taught obedience."

The professor shrugged his shoulders.

"You should know your own son, Mr. Waybrook. I have known him for more than three years, and, during that time, I have been called upon to set him to disagreeable tasks, and yet he never disobeyed me. I have led him where I never could have driven him. He will yield to love and reason; but—pardon me for saying it—I fear that he will never yield to an authority that trenches upon his manly rights."

The merchant closed his hand with a hard gripe. The expression of his face was unyielding; and the professor said to himself, as he left the counting-house, that if ever those two come into serious conflict, there would be no concession.

Yet Paul and Christine had often met, and Rachel, when she found that the companionship gave joy to her darling, had not objected to his visiting the cottage. For this purpose Paul had come over on the present evening, and not finding Christine in, he had gone off in search of her, and had found her, as we have seen.

"What can it mean?" said he, when Christine had told how the man had come upon her.

But she could not imagine. She had never seen the wretch before, nor had she ever before been molested while walking upon the grounds.

"Oh, Paul! I am so glad you came!" And she looked up into his face with such a heavenly glow of confiding trust and affection, that he instinctively stopped and drew her to his bosom.

"Christine," he cried, the speech bursting forth as though long since formed, and long pent up, "there never can be a more fitting time than this, for the opening of my heart's holiest treasure to her who has long possessed it. Christine, you know I love you! Will you not say to me that I am loved in return?"

She looked up with a sweet smile, and gave him both her hands.

"Paul," she said, with noble frankness, "my heart's warmest and most devoted love is your—has been yours for a long, long time. I should be false to you and false to myself, were I to deny it, or refuse to acknowledge it."

"Blessed girl!"

"And, Paul, I ask no other love but yours—no other love which man can give to woman."

"My own angel!"

He took her more closely to his bosom, and their lips met in a warm impassioned kiss—the seal of a love deep, pure, true and holy.

And then Christine gently disengaged herself, and through the gathering gloom he could see that she was sober and earnest.

"Paul," she said, raising her hand as though it were a partition between them, "let us rest with this knowledge until we know that our love will be countenanced by those who have a right to share in our care and confidence."

"Do you think Madame Rachel would object?" Paul asked quickly.

"My good mother will surely study my happiness; and I think, Paul, her first query would be concerning the disposition of your father."

"My father!" repeated the youth, with a start.

"He is a stern man, Paul, and may not fancy your marrying a poor, nameless foundling."

"Hush, darling! He dares not trifle with my heart. He will not. I will speak to him this very night, and I will have his answer before I return to Cambridge."

"And until then, Paul, let us be friends as we have been."

"With promise of bliss in the future," he added, rapturously.

"Such a promise will make me very happy, Paul."

"Bless you, dearest!"

Another kiss, and they entered upon the graveled walk before the dwelling, and met Madame Rachel upon the piazza. She wondered why her darling was out in the evening dew with so slight a covering, and thereupon Christine told her of the startling adventure by the brookside, and how Paul had rescued her.

Rachel St. Clair was seriously alarmed. She led the way to the sitting-room, where she heard the story over again, and where she asked many questions; but neither Christine nor Paul could give her further information.

When Paul had taken his leave, and Christine had gone out to look to matters in the kitchen, Rachel sat alone, and reflected upon what she had heard. She was impressed with a fear that harm hung over the way of her darling. She had sought, by every means in her power, to reach a solution of the mystery of Christine's parentage. Her Boston lawyer, Adam Halford, had had the matter in charge for years; but not a ray of light had been shed upon it. During the first year of the foundling's residence at the cottage, old Tom had seen a woman hovering near. The last time he had seen her was late in the summer, or early autumn, near the close of a very pleasant day. At the time, Christine, then a gleesome child, had been playing upon the lawn, and the woman had entered at the gate and ensconced herself beneath a linden, whence she watched the little one with eager interest. Tom summoned his mistress, but before she came the strange intruder had gone. Tom described her as a woman well advanced in life—sixty at least—poorly but neatly dressed; with a face dark and sad, though by no means evil; and he was sure that she had regarded the child with an expression of pleasure. Rachel listened and questioned and was sure that it was the same woman who had peered in at the window upon her.

All this had passed years before, and the strange woman had not been seen from that day to this.

And now, queried Rachel, had the ruffian of the brookside any connection with the woman of the other years? She could not think so. In short, she knew not what to think, and while she was bothering her brain over the matter, Christine came in and kissed her, and sat down at the pianoforte, and sung for her, and thus, for the time, dissipated the cloud.

Meantime, Paul Waybrook had repaired to his own house, and sought his father.

The Waybrook mansion was one of the finest in the suburbs. The owner called it "Elmside Hall." He had English tastes, and in his dwelling had copied the mansion of a friend in the mother country. As his ancestors had left him no coat of arms, he caused the initials of his name to be wrought into a labyrinthic monogram, which was emblazoned in every possible place where a proper regard for artistic effect would suffer it to appear.

Nathan Waybrook was a man of fifty, or thereabouts; a proud and handsome man—proud of himself and proud of his surroundings, and, more than all, proud of his success in life. In democratic America, he could purchase no patent of nobility—not even the title of knighthood. "Sir Nathan" had a grand sound, but the note was beyond his reach. At length however, a happy idea struck him. He offered himself to his friends as a candidate for the State Senate. His friends drew upon him for twenty thousand dollars. He honored the draft, and was duly nominated by a legal caucus of the dominant party, which nomination was equivalent to an election. And thus he gained a grand title, and became thenceforth "The Honorable Nathan Waybrook."

Mr. Waybrook was in his library, engaged in the examination of a report of sales of stock, when his son entered. He laid down the paper and looked up.

"Well, Paul, I suppose you are off for college on the morrow?"

"Yes, father; but before I go I have a matter of importance in mind, which I wish to present to you."

There was a slight tremulousness in the youth's voice, but his face was clear and his lip firm. Only his heart gave throbbing to his speech. He sat down, and his father wheeled about in his revolving-chair and regarded him earnestly.

"I wish to speak to you," pursued Paul, in answer to a permissive nod, "of Christine St. Clair. I shall very shortly leave college and go into the profession which I am to follow. I have chosen to-day the partner who is to share with me all the joys and cares of life. She and I understand each other, and are prepared for those mutual trusts and concessions which are necessary to happiness."

"Upon my soul, young man, you are a philosopher!"

There was a touch of derision in the merchant's tone, and there was a curl of displeasure about his finely cut lips; but when he saw how sternly sedate and respectful his son was, and how bright and certain was the light of the deep gray eyes, he unbent from the indignant mood which had at first possessed him. He was a man of business, and in the transaction of business he used but few words. His "No" was "No," and his "Yes" was "Yes." In the Senate, his longest speech had been "Yea" and "Nay." He was not an eloquent man—not gifted with great flow of language—but no man lived who could more surely bend language to the clear and comprehensive exposition of his purpose.

The Hon. Nathan Waybrook folded up his paper and laid it upon the table; then he removed his gold-bowed spectacles and laid them by its side, and then he leaned back and folded his arms, and regarded his son with a calm, dignified scrutiny.

"Paul, the girl of whom you have spoken is not my choice. My position in society is an exalted one. I wish you to occupy an exalted position. I have friends high in station and power, from whose families I would prefer that you should select a wife—Stop. Do not interrupt me. I know your weakness. You have inherited it from your mother. She came from the lower walks in life, and I could never instill into her mind a spirit of pride fit to adorn the station to which I had raised her."

Paul's face flushed, and his heart beat quickly. He remembered that mother—long since at rest from earthly toil—a mild, faithful, loving woman, whose highest source of happiness had been the happiness of those dependent upon her. He remembered the pure and holy lessons that mother had taught him; and he said to himself that all of the true and generous aspiration that stirred and uplifted his soul he had gained from his blessed mother. And one other thing Paul could not forget: He could not forget that his father, though of an aristocratic family, so far as pretensions were concerned, had nevertheless been poor in youth, and that in marrying the sweet girl who became his wife he married a fortune. She had been of humble extraction, but a wealthy bachelor uncle had left her a store of gold, which gold had been sufficient to bring the worship of Nathan Waybrook to its shrine.

However, Paul bit his tongue and held his peace, and his father continued:

"Were I to select for you, Paul, I should select with a higher aim. But you have chosen to anticipate me. Have you spoken to the girl?"

"I have."

"You have told her that you love her?"

"I have."

"And she has confessed a reciprocal love?"

The cold sneer which seemed to give color to these interrogatories cut Paul to the quick, and made him angry; but he held his temper.

"She has confessed that she loves me, sir, and that she's willing to become my wife when those who have the right to advise us shall consent."

"In which latter respect she has shown her discretion."

Mr. Waybrook thus spoke, and then arose and walked to the window. When he came back, he said to his son:

"You return to Cambridge to-morrow?"

"Yes, sir," was the son's reply.

"I will give you an answer before you go. That will do."

CHAPTER V.

Paul understood the hint conveyed in his father's words, and without further remark withdrew from the library.

Nathan Waybrook reflected for a season with his head resting upon his hand. Then he arose, and reflected pacing to and fro. At length he stopped and looked at his watch. It was not yet late. He went into the hall and put on his hat, and then went out and walked to the Brookside Cottage. He found Madame Rachel and Christine together in the sitting-room, but the latter withdrew as he entered.

The woman, who had heard Christine's story, knew the business of her visitor. She studied his face and his bearing as he sat down. Waybrook, when he met the keen, self-possessed glance of the hostess, felt sure that he was understood, and that preliminaries would be needless.

Accordingly, he opened his business at once.

"I have promised," he said, in conclusion, "to give my son an answer to-morrow."

"Mr. maybrook," returned Rachel, with dignity, "I have considered this matter seriously, and am only anxious for the happiness and welfare of my precious ward. You know her well. You have seen her outgoings and incomings from childhood to present. What you see her in her best mood she is always. She is a treasure, and a blessing to me, and she will be the same to the man who wins her for a wife, if he be true and loyal."

"I am willing to admit all that," said Waybrook; "and now, let us come to another point. Will Christine inherit your property?"

The face of the woman flushed, and her dark eyes flashed.

"I am a man of business, and of few words," explained the visitor, when he marked the effect of his abrupt question. "There is no need of beating around the bush when the matter is plain before us."

"Does your son join you in this investigation?" asked Rachel.

"No," said Waybrook. "He is young and headstrong. His only weakness, inherited from his mother, is lack of that pride and foresight which are so essential to honorable success and station in life. I am frank, you see."

The woman's lips curled and her countenance speedily brightened.

"God forbid," she said, "that I should make the hand of the sweet child a thing of barter. But I tell you, Mr. Waybrook," and her eyes flamed with a proud and defiant light as she spoke, "that Christine St. Clair, if she lives, shall be able to outweigh your gold, pile it as high upon your banker's scales as ever you can! Would you ask more?"

The honorable gentleman had gained the information he desired, and with gracious thanks he retired.

On the following morning, Paul was informed by his father that there was no objection to his paying his addresses to Christine St. Clair. He had started for the Brookside Cottage to share his joy with the girl, when he observed a crowd of men and boys collected near the railroad, and an impulse drew him to the spot. The body of a man had been found in a gully close by the track, stark and dead, with both legs broken, and a deep gash at the back of the head. The engineer of the late inward-bound freight-train from Providence was present, and he said that at that spot, on the previous night, a man had attempted to cross the track before his engine. He had not seen him until fairly in his way, and had passed on, thinking that the man had crossed in safety. Paul Waybrook looked upon the broken corpse—looked upon the cold, dark face—and knew it for the man from whom he had rescued Christine on the previous evening.

Officers came and examined the body, and called for some one to identify it. But none present could do so. The pockets of the deceased were searched, and upon the inside of a morocco wallet, and upon one or two papers, a name was written and that name was "Adolphe Hugo."

CHAPTER VI.

Madame Rachel, when she had heard from Paul the story of the dead man, sent for her lawyer and desired him to attend the inquest, and, if possible, to learn something of the antecedents of the deceased. This lawyer, as I have already stated, was Adam Halford, one of the most reliable and honorable attorneys of Boston. He was not gifted as a pleader, and he made no pretensions to rank in cases where eloquent speeches were to be made to juries. His province was in the care of property, in the examination of titles, in the preparation of deeds and wills, and in the general supervision of the estates of his clients. He was a man of three-score, the very soul of honor and thoroughly educated in those departments of law of which his business required a knowledge. He was not a man of imagination; he had little or no fancy, and he used language only to convey real thoughts. He dealt with facts, and he had no fear that, when once armed with facts, any man could overcome him with other weapons. Because he himself was honest, he did not think all the world honest, nor yet did he think that the majority of his fellows were burdened with that Christian commodity. Nevertheless, he put great confidence in the power of honest purpose, and was prone to believe that no scheme of dishonesty could succeed against the stern bulwark of Right, which he was ever prepared to hedge about his professional undertakings.

Mr. Halford attended the inquest, and instituted such inquiries as seemed expedient to him, but he learned nothing that he deemed of importance. He went to Madame Rachel with the result of his investigations.

"I find nothing," he said, "upon which I can hinge a suspicion. Do the circumstances I have related afford to you any clue?"

Rachel St. Clair shook her head. She said that she had never heard the man's name before, and could conceive of no reason for the ruffianly attack, save the impulse of brutishness.

"I never knew but one man of the name," said the lawyer, "and," he added, with a smile, "the circumstance affords quite a coincidence. I have not looked into the directory to assure myself upon the point, but I think the only man of the name of 'Hugo' in the city is in my employ."

"How?" uttered Rachel, with interest. "I did not know that you had such a helper."

"He is a clerk," explained Halford, "who has but recently entered upon the service. He is a young man of eight-and-twenty, or thereabouts, from the West. He applied to me a month ago for a situation as clerk, bringing very high recommendations from leading men in St. Louis, and other Western cities, and I assure you I have found him a valuable acquisition. His plan had been to settle in Chicago, and enter upon the same line of business there that I transact here, and in order to perfect himself in that particular department of legal jurisprudence he came to Boston, and was recommended to call upon me. He called, and offered to give me his services for six months as clerk and copyist, for the privilege of studying with me."

Mr. Halford drank a glass of wine to moisten his lips, and then crossed his legs and rubbed his hands; and his homely face beamed with good-natured satisfaction as he went on to tell of his new clerk:

"It was a great hit for me, Madame Rachel. Business was accumulating and pressing upon my hands until I began to fear that I should have to send some of my legal documents out to be copied. But—presto!—this man drops down upon me in just the nick of time. He is a splendid stenographer and typewriter, and rapid. He copies, and arranges, and translates, and revises, and corrects with a readiness and assurance which are wonderfully sustained in perfect results. Instead of allowing him to serve me for nothing, I have insisted upon paying him handsome wages; and, moreover, I shall keep him with me, if I can."

"You like him then?" suggested Rachel. She had been really interested in the lawyer's glowing account of the new clerk.

"I more than like him," replied Halford. "I doubt if I could find his equal for my service, and I am confident I could not find his superior."

"And his name is 'Hugo?'"

"Caspar Hugo."

"Have you asked him concerning this dead man?"

"Yes. He went with me to the inquest. But he knew nothing of the tramp. The coincidence struck him, as it did me, as being peculiar; and he seemed quite nettled with the thought that he should have found his family name belonging to such a rascal. However, that matters not. The rascal is out of the way, and I think you have nothing to fear further. He was but a brute of passage, and his race is run."

Madame thanked the lawyer for his kindness, and pressed upon him another glass of wine. The glasses were small, and the wine was of the pure fruit of the vine.

"I think," said Halford, as he stood in the hall, with his hat in his hand, "that I will bring my clerk over with me the next time I come, and give him an insight into your business. We know not what may happen. In case of accident to myself, it might be well that he should understand such matters as require professional oversight."

Rachel St. Clair was willing to trust entirely in her lawyer's long-tried judgment and experience. He thought best.

Adam Halford once more sought to impress upon his client's mind that she need borrow no further uneasiness from the circumstance he had been called to investigate, and then he took his leave. When he had gone, Madame Rachel called Christine, and informed her of the result.

The girl was not inclined to borrow unnecessary trouble. She was too happy in the knowledge of another event which had transpired close upon the heels of the adventure by the brookside. She was allowed to love Paul Waybrook, and in the light of this great blessing all other events of life assumed a roseate hue and warmth. She was joyous and buoyant, and dreamed not that evil could lurk in a world which had grown so fair and beautiful. But evil was on the wing, nevertheless.

Within a week from that time, Rachel St. Clair was seized with an epileptic fit, and when she had recovered from it, she found herself weak and prostrate. The physician saw no present cause of alarm, but he advised his patient that she should be very careful of her diet, and seek rest. He gave her to understand that the sickness had resulted from indigestion, and that she must guard against such cause in the future. But, afterward, he told Christine that Rachel was failing.

"You do not think she will die?" cried the girl, in alarm.

The doctor looked at her with an uncertain expression.

"Do you know how old your mother is?"

"Yes, sir. She is over eighty."

"Eighty-five, at least, if I mistake not?"

"Yes, sir."

"Then you yourself should judge how strong her hold upon life can be. Look to her well. She cannot be with you long."

Christine had scarcely thought of this, and the blow seemed for the moment to crush her with its horror. The physician tried to cheer her. Her kind protector might be with her yet for months.

"Let it be your study," he said, ere he departed, "to make her as comfortable and as happy as you can. Cheerfulness of spirit is the very best medicine she can take."

Under the influence of gentle restoratives and the gentler ministrations of Christine, Rachel was on the following day able to sit up, and she professed to feel quite like herself again. She marked the shadows upon her darling's face, and, drawing the sunny head upon her bosom, she said:

"Do not grieve, Christine. We have nothing to fear—we have no occasion for alarm."

She kissed the fair brow, and presently added:

"The event is in the hands of God. His will be done! What to you may seem the worst, may be the best for me. I am old, and near my journey's end; you are young, and your journey is just commenced. If I can see you happily fixed in life, I can pass over the river without a regret. But for you, my darling, these last years of my life would have been heavy and sad. You have made them bright and blessed. Let that thought give you comfort."

Christine could not command speech for reply. She could only cling around her guardian's neck, and kiss and bless her.

Another morning found Rachel St. Clair able to be dressed, and to sit at the table; but the old feeling of strength and assurance was lacking. There was a sense of tremulousness; and when she remembered her four-score-and-five years, she was fain to acknowledge that the race might be nearly run. She sent for old Tom, and bade him go and bring her lawyer.

"Tom," she said, slowly shaking her head, "my mind is failing, as well as my body. Once, you know, I called only upon you when I needed the services of one in whom I could with the utmost assurance confide."

"Glory to God! I hain't forgot it, missus. An' dis yer ole heart is as true to-day as it was in dem times long, long ago; but de body am weak missus."

"I know it, Tom. I didn't think when I called you. You ask me how old you are. Don't you know?"

"Not 'xactly, missus."

"You are older than I am, Tom. You were a stout boy when I was a helpless little girl. I can remember of your carrying me in your arms."

"'Deed, missus, I 'member it jes' as do' 'twas only yesterday; and from dat day to dis, t'ro' all de years, dar's nebber been a time when it wouldn't 'ab done me good to take ye an' carry ye jes' like I did in de long ago. Bless ye, missus! Bless ye always!"

"Thank you, Tom. You may send Lora here. She had better go for the lawyer."

"Ye don't blame me, missus, 'cause I's weak an' shaky."

"Bless you, dear old Tom, never I'll send

"Glory to God for dat! dat ar gal right along."

Lora was summoned—now a strong woman of five-and-forty—and to her was intrusted the duty of calling the lawyer.

"And," said Rachel, "tell him that I shall have important work for him to do."

It was afternoon when the lawyer came, and with him came his confidential clerk, Caspar Hugo. And while the former went in to see his client, the latter took a seat in the small drawing-room.

Hugo was a man of five-and-twenty—we take him at his own word, given to his employer, though he looked older than that, and he had the appearance of a gentleman of refinement and polish. As he sat alone in the drawing-room, with his features left to their natural play, an opportunity was afforded for a fair study of his face; and a little lady who chanced upon the piazza looked in at the open window and saw him. She stood by the thickly clustering trail of honeysuckle that climbed over the trellis of the porch, and gazed through the interstices upon that strange face. She saw a face colorless like marble, or more like clay; a broad under jaw, with a receding chin; a mouth rather larger than the average of mouths, with an under lip which, partly from the receding of the chin, and partly from its own bulk, drooped heavily; but this drooping was only at intervals of repose; there were strong muscles all over the jaw which could tighten the lips like the jaws of a vise upon occasion. The nose was marked and prominent, broad at the base and forming, in profile, a shallow arch. That nose, with a good brain above it, might indicate the worker of great deeds; it was like the cutwater of a ship, made to cleave its way against tough and boisterous opposition or like the hardened point of the plough share, forcing its way beneath the toughest sod for the purpose of breaking up and overturning. The brow was a counterpart of the chin, heavy over the eyes, and then receding beneath the dark, glossy hair parted in the centre, and brushed away until each separate fiber seemed to have its place from which it could not move. The eyes were dark and gleaming, and like the oriental carbuncle in color, that deep, fiery garnet hue, which may look black in the shade, and gleam like a Congo's eyes in the strong light. The only hair upon his face was a neatly trimmed mustache, the moustaches which were evidently waxed, and this mustache, to the casual observer, had much to do with passing the face comely, as it exhibited the fearful teeth to advantage, and served as a counterbalance to the heavy nether lip.

As the man sat there by the drawing-room table, he twisted a piece of paper in his fingers—twisted it until he had twisted it in two; then he twisted the two pieces together—twisted until they broke again, then another twist, until the mass had been formed into a bullet, after which he threw it upon the carpet and rolled it under his feet.

Ere long Lora presented herself in the drawing-room, and desired the gentleman to follow her to her mistress' apartment. Hugo arose, and took a green bag from the table and went with the servant. In a pleasant chamber, overlooking a garden of roses, he found the lawyer and with him the lady of the house.

Caspar Hugo passed the threshold and stopped. He stopped to look at the woman who sat in the great stuffed chair between the table and the bed. was he thinking how grandly she looked in her venerable age, or was he calculating how much longer a person so old and so shattered could survive?

"Madame St. Clair," said the lawyer, arising as he spoke, "this is the young man I told you of—Caspar Hugo. Caspar, this is my honored client, Madame Rachel St. Clair."

"I am glad to see you, sir," said madame. "The recommendation of Mr. Halford is a sufficient introduction to my good opinion."

"I can only hope," returned the clerk, bowing very low, "that my own merits may sustain that opinion."

"If you serve me well and truly," nodded Rachel, "you will find my good opinion not entirely void of worth."

Hugo bowed again, this time with his hand upon his bosom, after which the lawyer suggested that they should proceed to business.

Madame nodded assent and the clerk took his seat at the table, and brought forth his writing materials from the green bag.

"First," said Rachel, when she had been informed that they were ready for business, "you have two wills of mine—wills which were made many years ago!"

Mr. Halford drew from his breast pocket a large envelope, and took therefrom the two wills in question.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

### An Ill Chosen Song.

In order to make him forget his domestic troubles, which were driving him to suicide, some friends of Herr Gustav Krautwinkel arranged a cheerful evening at a restaurant in Berlin. Unfortunately, one of the party began to sing a song entitled "Lost Happiness." Hardly was the first verse finished when Herr Krautwinkel jumped up, pulled a revolver from his pocket and shot himself.

### A Question of Courage.

Phyllis—Yes, he was paying attentions to her quite a long time.

Blanche—Perhaps he hadn't the courage to propose.

Phyllis—Oh, I don't know. Perhaps he had the courage not to propose.—Town and Country.

### An Obstinate Man.

"Is it true the jury disagreed in that murder case?"

"Yes; they say there was one blamed crank that held out for convictin' the man who done the killin'."—Chicago Tribune.

THE MOYIE LEADER.

MOYIE, B. C.

Some women have, or profess to have, a horror of spiders. The spider is, however, a bringer of good fortune according to superstitious adherents, and to kill a spider is to incur ill luck.

### CHOLERA INFANTUM.

Cholera infantum is one of the most dreaded diseases of infancy. It is prevalent during the heat of summer in spite of all the care mothers may take to guard against it, and it sometimes progresses so quickly that death occurs in a few hours no matter what care is given the child. The first thing to do is to stop feeding the child and give him plenty of fresh boiled pure water to drink. Give Baby's Own Tablets to carry off the poison in the system. Do not under any circumstance give a medicine to check the diarrhoea, except under the advice of a doctor. By using Baby's Own Tablets the cause of the diarrhoea will be removed and the disease will thus be checked in a natural manner. Proof that the Tablets cure this too often fatal trouble is given by Mrs. Herbert Burnham, Smith's Falls, Ont., who says:—"When my eldest child was six weeks old he had an attack of cholera infantum and was at death's door. My doctor advised me to try Baby's Own Tablets and in twenty-four hours baby was better; the vomiting and purging ceased and he regained strength rapidly."

Keep the Tablets in the house—their timely use may save your little one's life. Sold by medicine dealers or sent post paid at 25 cents a box by writing the Dr. Williams Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

It is a wonder that someone has never played advertising circulars in

Lifebuoy Soap — disinfects — is strongly recommended by the medical profession as a safeguard against infectious diseases.

Bjornstjerne Bjornson has chosen his recent novel, "Thomas Rendolen," as the medium for discussing his ideas of educational reform, especially in regard to schools.

### Catarrh Cannot be Cured

with LOCAL APPLICATIONS, as they cannot reach the seat of the disease. Catarrh is a blood or constitutional disease, and in order to cure it you must take internal remedies. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, and acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces. Hall's Catarrh Cure is not a quack medicine. It was prescribed by one of the best physicians in this country for years and is a regular prescription. It is composed of the best tonics known, combined with the best blood purifiers, acting directly on the mucous surfaces. The perfect combination of the two ingredients is what produces such wonderful results in curing Catarrh. Send for testimonials, free.

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

Sold by druggists, price 75c.

Hall's Family Pills are the best.

She—And are you really so much [illegible] returned from your [illegible]?

He—Yes, indeed! I'm quite another man, I assure you.

She—Well, I'm sure all your friends will be delighted to hear it.

### Baard's Liniment Cures Colds, etc.

When a school is pressed beyond its speed and is spent, it kneel's down and refuses to rise. The world will make it bear again. The camel remains where it kneels and where it kneels it dies.

**Grant's Estimate of His Generals.**

In Grant's estimate of the abilities of the generals of the armies, says an officer of Grant's staff in the National Magazine, I think it is safe to say that Sherman stood first. For John A. Logan he perhaps entertained the warmest personal feelings. His friendship for this brilliant soldier was very pronounced. General Thomas he considered a safe man and an indomitable fighter. Sheridan was one of his especial favorites. He considered this dashing soldier almost invincible.

**Good Sense:**

Good sense is a fund slowly and painfully accumulated by the labor of centuries. It is a jewel of the first value, whose value he alone understands who has lost it, or who observes the loss of others who have lost it. For my part, I think no price too great to pay for getting it and keeping it, for the praise of eyes that see and a judgment that discerns.

**Cause For Joy.**

"My darling, what delights you so? What is it that dims your eyes with the glad light of happiness and"—

"Oh, Theodore, just think! Cook is going to remain with us after all! Mrs. Goodparty, for whom she was going to work, dropped dead last night. Oh, wasn't it just too sweet of her? And, you know, I had always fancied she disliked me."—Town Topics.

### Baard's Liniment Cures Distemper.

Although cupid makes no mistakes, she seldom improves a little on her work by hitching the firefly to the mosquito.

Dr. J. D. Kellogg's Dysentery Cordial is a specific for dysentery, diarrhoea, cholera morbus, cholera infantum, sea sickness, and summer complaint, and is invaluable to children teething. It gives immediate relief to children suffering from the effects of indigestion or from eating green fruit, cucumbers, and other vegetables with wonderful effect. Never fails to conquer the disease. No need to fear cholera if they have a bottle of this medicine convenient.

According to the publishers of the Chicago city directory for 1903, the population is 2,231,000.

## THE FAIR A SUCCESS.

**Winnipeg Industrial Exhibition Keeps Up Its Excellent Past Record.**

Winnipeg's great industrial exhibition and fair has been held again this year for the thirteenth time and again a great success has been chronicled. When it was announced that the provincial elections were to be held on the opening day, July 20th, there were many who prophesied that this would ruin the fair, but this by no means proved to be the case, and the event had very little appreciable influence upon the attendances, although of course many stayed away on account of wishing to stay at home to record their vote.

The fact, however, remains that the crowd which assembled on the fair grounds on Citizen's day was the largest yet recorded, being over 27,000 or more than 2,000 in advance of any previous year.

Taking everything into consideration there can be but little doubt but that the exhibition of 1903 was the best which has yet been held. So great a degree of excellence has been attained that it is no easy task to keep up or improve upon the standard of excellence which has been set, and yet under the management of Mr. F. W. Heubach and the enterprising board of directors this has again proved to be the case.

The exhibits this year were most creditable in character, and eastern and western manufacturers and dealers vied with each other in friendly rivalry to put up the best exhibit, with a result which was gratifying to all concerned. The stock parade this year was most striking. Cattle were shown in extraordinary numbers, their quality and appearance attracting the loud applause of the many Americans who were present. Horses were also in great evidence. The display of agricultural implements and threshing outfits was extensive.

The attractions were good all round and gave abundant satisfaction to all who witnessed them. It is difficult to particularize where all were excellent, but possibly the little Piccolo Midgets and the wonderful elephants, so cleverly trained by Mr. Sam Lockhart, were the greatest favorites.

The horse racing was the best ever seen in Winnipeg. Keen contests were the order of each day, and the free-for-all on Friday was a race which will live long in the memories of those who witnessed it. The Midway attractions were remarkably free from anything that was of a degrading tendency and were largely patronized.

The accommodation which had been provided in the city for visitors from the country was found adequate and although the number of country and American visitors was hardly as great as in 1902, yet all were able to secure comfortable rooms and good sleeping accommodation.

To sum up in a few words, the exhibition of 1903 was another unqualified success, and reflects the greatest credit upon the board of directors, General Manager Heubach, and all concerned. A word of praise must be accorded the judges, who worked well and gave almost universal satisfaction.

## HOT WEATHER FAG.

**No Vim, No Snap, No Energy, Exertion Dreaded and Work Shunned.**

"Fagged right out," is an appropriate way to express the feelings of many people during the hot summer months. No strength, no vigor, no snap, no ambition, too weary to work and too languid to take any keen pleasure in life. You need a tonic for this summer fag, and the very best summer tonic in the world is Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. Every dose makes new, rich blood, tones the nerves, sharpens the appetite, stimulates the liver, and banishes weakness and weariness, headaches, backaches, languor and despondency. The only tonic that can do this for you is Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. It's a waste of money to experiment with anything else. Mr. Louis Doucet, Grand Etang, N. S., says: "I was very much run down in health and was weak and easily tired. My appetite was variable, my nerves unstrung, and I often felt a complete indisposition to work. After trying several medicines without benefit I decided to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and after taking a few boxes I felt better than I had done for months, and equal to any exertion. I don't know anything to equal to Dr. Williams' Pink Pills when one feels fagged out."

You can get the pills from any dealer in medicine, or they will be sent post paid at 50 cents a box, or six boxes for $2.50 by writing direct to the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont. Be sure you get the genuine with the full name "Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People" on the wrapper around the box.

The proportion of men and women who retire on small competencies is supposed to be greater in Massachusetts than in any other state in the Union, unless it be Pennsylvania.

## TROUBLES OF EX-CHIEF OF POLICE

**Could not Stand Before Dodd's Kidney Pills.**

**Mr. Chas. Gilchrist had Diabetes for Years—Dodd's Kidney Pills Cured Him.**

Port Hope, Ont., Aug. 10.—(Special)—Mr. Charles Gilchrist, Chief of Police here for fifteen years and afterwards Dominion Fishery Overseer, is always willing to add his testimony to the volume of proofs from all parts that Dodd's Kidney Pills never fail to cure any form of Kidney Disease.

"I am a healthy man. Dodd's Kidney Pills have done the job," is the way Mr. Gilchrist puts it. "When I first started to take Dodd's Kidney Pills I was in an awful state. I had been a sufferer from Diabetes and Kidney Disorder for ten years. My urine was of a dark bricky color and I would suffer something awful while passing.

"I tried everything and tried the doctors but could get no help till I was advised to use Dodd's Kidney Pills. They have made me a new man."

Mr. Gilchrist is getting on in years but he feels young. That's what Dodd's Kidney Pills do for a man.

Mlle. Eve Humbert, daughter of the woman of the phantom millions, is now said to be living in a charming little German nook in the valley of the Weser and near the Wesphalian woods.

FOR NINE YEARS.—Mr. Samuel Bryan, Thedford, writes: "For nine years I suffered with ulcerated sores on my leg. I expended over $100 on physicians and tried every preparation I heard of or saw recommended for such disease, but could get no relief. I at last was recommended to give Dr. Thomas' Eclectric Oil a trial, which has resulted, after using eight bottles (using it internally and externally), in a complete cure. I believe it is the best medicine in the world, and I write this to let others know what it has done for me."

Don't climb so high that the world can't see you when it wants to remove the ladder.

### Minard's Liniment Cures Garget in Cows.

An old bachelor invariably speaks of a baby as "it."

I was Cured of painful Goitre by MINARD'S LINIMENT.
BYARD McMULLEN.
Chatham, Ont.

I was Cured of Inflammation by MINARD'S LINIMENT.
MRS. W. W. JOHNSON.
Walsh, Ont.

I was cured of facial Neuralgia by MINARD'S LINIMENT.
J. H. BAILEY.
Parkdale, Ont.

Perhaps the summer girl steals her heart to prevent it from being stolen.

**Sir Loin of Beef.**

Though the truth of the story that King James I. of England once knighted a loin of beef is disputed, the house in which the ceremony is said to have occurred is pointed out, as well as the table on which the sirloin lay. The scene of the historic jest lies between Higham's park and Chingford, near London. It is a curious house with quaint, low pitched ceilings and a fine garden with fruit trees of great size. It was on his return from one of his hunting expeditions in Epping forest that the British Solomon is said to have given practical proof of his favor for the roast beef of old England.

**A Household Jewel.**

A family in the southern part of the city employed what they believed to be a "household jewel." For a few days she proved to be all that they had anticipated, and everything went smoothly. One day, however, the husband came down to breakfast and made the announcement that they must get rid of the new girl.

"Why, John, you must be crazy!" said his wife with amazement. "She's the best girl we ever had, so respectful and a fine cook."

"That makes no difference. She isn't honest."

"Oh, well, we'll never miss a loaf of bread once in awhile. Her folks may need it more than we do."

"That isn't it. Early this morning I saw her creep into our room, go to my pocket, take my pocketbook and empty it."

"Oh, well, dear, perhaps it's force of habit; you know she's been married."

**The First Automobile.**

In these days of fast motoring and high railway speeds it is interesting to recall that it was in July, 1829, some little time before George Stephenson had solved the problem of steam transport, that Sir Goldsworthy Gurney made his famous journey in a "steam carriage" from London to Bath and back. Gurney was a surgeon in Marylebone, greatly given to the working out of inventions in his spare time, and it took him some years to complete his first "motor" in his back yard in Albany street in London. He accomplished the journey to and from Bath at the rate of fifteen miles an hour, and there was only one disturbing incident, when a crowd assembled at Melksham set upon the machine and, having burned their fingers, threw stones and seriously wounded the stoker. This Gurney journey stands as the first example of locomotion by steam in England.

**His Auspicious Beginning.**

"To gratify the curiosity of the public, Mr. Dollaraline," purred the young person with the notebook, "will you please tell me if the first contribution you ever sent to a magazine was accepted?"

The literary celebrity smiled genially.

"I am happy to say it was," he answered.

"What was it?"

"Four dollars for a year's subscription."

**The Reason.**

Mrs. Newed (as husband arrives home from work)—Oh, George, our new cook is a perfect gem! Why, she already has the kitchen looking like a parlor.

Mr. Newed—Humph! Expecting company tonight, is she?

**Perfectly Reckless.**

Druggist—I'm going to discharge that new clerk. He's too careless.

Friend—What has he done?

Druggist—This morning he sold a wild eyed woman a dose of poison and trusted her for the money.

**The Reason.**

Mrs. Flint (severely)—Why do you wander from place to place?

Soiled Spooner (calmly)—B'cuz de places won't wander to me, mum.—Puck.

A call to arms: "John, take the baby."

One week in the country should make one strong in the city.

Iceland still clings to the barter system. Comparatively little trade is done on the island with cash.

Everytime a girl gets a small dent in her heart she imagines it is broken.

### Minard's Liniment Cures Diphtheria.

A wonderful lake has been discovered in Siberia, where the waters cure every disease under the sun.

Ayer's

This falling of your hair! Stop it, or you will soon be bald. Give your hair some Ayer's Hair Vigor. The falling will stop, the hair will

Hair Vigor

grow, and the scalp will be clean and healthy. Why be satisfied with poor hair when you can make it rich?

"My hair nearly all came out. I then tried Ayer's Hair Vigor and only one bottle stopped the falling. New hair came in real thick and just a little curly."—MRS. L. M. SMITH, Saratoga, N. Y.

$1.00 a bottle. All druggists. J. C. AYER CO., Lowell, Mass.

for Thick Hair

The potato has ceased to be the all-important staple food in Ireland it once was, as when its failure caused such awful famine in the years between 1831 and 1847, and the decrease in its production is rather a sign of increasing prosperity amongst the Irish peasantry.

All men are architects of their own fortunes, but few ever get sufficient money to build.

It's a wise girl who doesn't begin eating onions until after she lands a husband.

The life of the book agent is full of wormwood and gall; but the wormwood is scarcely perceptible.

The natives of India never allow a fakir—of whom there are 3,000,000 who live by begging—to starve.

Man proposes, woman disposes and the rest of the world says, "I told you so."

It is only necessary to read the testimony to be convinced that Holloway's Corn Cure is unequalled for the removal of Corns, warts, etc. It is a complete extinguisher.

German cities are growing so fast that the sawmills can hardly keep up with their orders.

SLEEPLESSNESS is due to nervous excitement. The delicately constituted, the financier, the business man and those whose occupation necessitates great mental strain or worry, all suffer less or more from it. Sleep is the great restorer of a worried brain, and to get sleep cleanse the stomach from all impurities with a few doses of Parmelee's Vegetable Pills, gelatine coated, containing no mercury, and are guaranteed to give satisfaction or the money will be refunded.

Krupp's factory has lately made the largest armor plate ever rolled. It weighed 106 tons.

More than half the battle in cleaning greasy dishes is in the soap you use. If it's Sunlight Soap it's the best! 48

Most of the world's annual supply of tin comes from the Straits and from the Dutch islands of Banka and Billiton. Australia, a small producer as compared with the straits and Banna, has lately been increasing its contribution.

Every woman has an idea that her husband would never have amounted to much if she had refused him.

## THE RESTORATIVE POWER OF DR. CHASE'S NERVE FOOD.

**Illustrated in the Case of Mrs. Turner, Who Was Thoroughly Restored By the Use of This Great Food Cure.**

The human body is composed of certain elements, such as iron, potash, lime, soda, magnesia, etc., and nature replaces wasted cells and tissues by extracting these elements from the food we eat. Consequently errors in diet, insufficiency of food or failure of the digestive organs to properly perform their work are among the most usual causes of disease.

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It is just at this point that Dr. Chase's Nerve Food proves its wonderful power as an assistant to nature. This great food cure contains in condensed pill form the very elements required by nature to revitalize and build up the system. These immediately enter the blood stream and through the medium of the circulation of the blood and the nervous system carry strength and vigor to each and every organ of the body.

Mrs. F. Turner, 336 Aylmer street, Peterborough, Ont., and whose husband is employed at the Hamilton foundry, states:

"For some months past I found myself growing very nervous, and gradually becoming a victim of sleeplessness and subject to frequent attacks of nervous headache. About six weeks ago I began using Dr. Chase's Nerve Food and cannot speak too highly of this medicine. I can sleep well now, the headaches have entirely disappeared, and I believe that my system generally has been much improved by the use of this treatment."

Nervous prostration and exhaustion, headaches, dyspepsia, dizzy and fainting spells, paralysis, locomotor ataxia, feelings of weakness, depression and despondency are readily overcome by this treatment, working, as it does, hand in hand with nature. Though gradual, the results are all the more certain and lasting, and by noting your increase in weight you can prove to your satisfaction that new, firm flesh and tissue is being added. Dr. Chase's Nerve Food, fifty cents a box, six boxes for $2.50. At all dealers, or Edmanson, Bates & Co., Toronto. To protect you against imitations, the portrait and signature of Dr. A. W. Chase, the famous receipt book author, are on every box.

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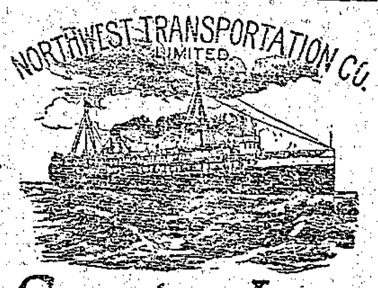


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SATURDAY AUGUST 29, 1903.

Nelson Tribune: If half the money that will be spent on politics in Kootenay in the next two months were spent in advertising Poplar creek and other promising mining districts, Kootenay would be better off. But the people must have politics, and what they must have they must pay for.

### Slang in the Courts.

The other day, in Toronto a lawyer told his learned friend, in the hearing of the judge, to "Go way back and sit down." The judge promptly took him to task. It would be a pretty thing if a lawyer referring to some precedent of the time of Edward IV, or the Statute of Frauds should be rudely told that his authority, and his quotations, are "rot." It would be a rude shock to [illegible] the administration of justice. [illegible] The witness will begin the "[illegible] house" if with the contempt, which will retort by describing his story as a "pipe dream."

### A Glowing Tribute to Canada.

That Canada has gained [illegible] and more important status in the eyes of other nations of [illegible] by the following glowing tribute from an American exchange:

"It is published that Canada, even Canada, has the presumption to think of building another transcontinental railway. Early the news of Rudyard Kipling, who discovered Canada for a generation to an ungrateful England as 'Our Lady of the Snows,' carried the news to those who predicted that the Canadian Pacific was built a century in advance of the people of the territory it traversed. [illegible] to the thousands [illegible] will yet see the Canadian Rockies the home of 5,000,000 of people. Carry the news to Americans, [illegible] whose money has [illegible] the development of Canada's [illegible] possibilities, and [illegible] another railway will mean the opening of a new empire to become a truly American as many parts of the United States. Canada has already 17,000 miles of railway that cost $200,000,000. She has the longest continuous stretch of internal navigation in the world. She has 70 miles of canals, 10,000 post offices, 30,000 miles of telegraph wire, 18,000 public schools, 60,000 men in her lumber camps in winter, 17 universities, and over 50 colleges, only 15 per cent of illiterates, a river over 2,000 miles long, over 5,000,000 people of whom 90 per cent are Canadian born, and only 2 per cent foreign born, the remainder being British born. Canada ranks fourth in the production of gold; has 1,000,000 square miles of unexplored territory, coal beds that will yield over 4,000,000 annually for 5,000 years.

"Canada is one of the most fortunately situated countries—politically—in the world. She is bounded on the east and west by the Monroe doctrine, on the north by the impregnable barrier of eternal ice; on the south by a neighbor that wishes her well, and is giving of her millions as evidence of friendly treatment. She has no more need of a navy than for another North pole; little more use for an army than Hudson's Bay for an awning. Her destiny is to aid us in holding and clothing the corridor to India, [illegible] tion of liberty loving people, to develop her tremendous natural resources, with the help of Canadian millions, in new and triumphant industries. The United States is not precisely an infant country, [illegible] the surprised in discovering that material wealth, in natural products of coal, iron, copper, timber, [illegible] of our geographies. In Canada [illegible] are only [illegible] fringe [illegible] north of the [illegible] It is the greatest [illegible] the world, [illegible] cans are to [illegible] the upper shelf [illegible] wealth beyond [illegible]


[illegible] Alex Kennedy [illegible] Moyie [illegible] Office: Cranbrook [illegible] Council.

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