Legislative Library

ISTMAS PURCHASES
NOW
WILSON.
CRANBROOK

THE MOYIE LEADER

GOODS BOUGHT NOW WILL BE LAID ASIDE TILL CALLED FOR.
W. F. WILSON,
JEWELER CRANBROOK

, 37. MOYIE, B. C., DECEMBER 19, 1908. $2 A YEAR

WE WISH YOU ALL

A Merry Xmas.

To make merry one must have a share of the good things of life. For 11 days we have them at prices within the reach of everybody. Only a few more days and our immense reduction sale will close. Follow the crowd and share the bargains.

R. CAMPBELL & CO.

G. GWYNNE,
Tobaccos, Confectionery
FRUIT, ETC.
OCK MOYIE

ale & Elwell.
Life and Accident Insurance.
MOYIE, B. C.

our XMAS Dinner
ceive early in next week a large consign-
of fresh killed Ontario Poultry
s, Geese Ducks, Chickens.
and tender like mother used to raice.
one in Moyie all good things this Xmas tide.
W. FITCH'S COME AND SEE US REGARDING PRICES

Your Own Store."
store keeps the best quality of goods
need not cut prices to get the trade
Co-Operative Association, Ltd
les only the best quality of canned
and groceries, which are sold at
erate prices. Don't be deceived by
ods and low prices.
COME TO YOUR OWN STORE.
MEN. UNION GOODS.

MOYIE'S LEADING HOTEL.
Hotel Kootenay
The best of accommodations for the Traveling Public.
Commodious Sample Rooms. Billiard Rooms.
McTAVISH & CAMERON Proprietors.

e Have No Old Goods
to slaughter or give away.
buy goods we can sell and can guarantee satisfaction.
Call and see our Christmas Neckties and 20th Century Clothing,
E. A. HILL
THE FURNISHER.

GENERAL FLOAT

There are 66 sawmills in the interior of British Columbia.

The Canada Zinc company's plant at Nelson is now in operation.

Nevada silver mines propose to shut down, owing to the low price of silver.

Bluestone is now made at the Trail smelter as a bi-product from the copper ores treated there.

Montreal has decided to have another winter carnival with a huge ice palace as the leading feature.

Examinations for assayers for the province will commence on December 24th, at the parliament buildings, Victoria.

The dominion government have ordered the C. P. R. to deport a number of Scotch strikebreakers which they imported to take the place of striking machinists.

Dan Bremner, who fell and had his leg fractured while stringing wires for the Cranbrook electric light company last March, died at the Cranbrook hospital Monday.

Two new princesses are to be built for the C. P. R. for service between Victoria and Vancouver to supplement the Princess Victoria and Princess Charlotte, now coming from Scotland.

Considerable additions are to be made to the C. P. R. hotels at Banff, Field and Glacier, as the next season's tourist traffic is expected to be the largest yet known in the mountains.

W. A. Macdonald, K. C., one of Nelson's most prominent residents and one of the best known men in the Kootenays, has decided to remove to Vancouver, where he will enter into partnership with George H. Cowan, K. C., M. P. on Jan. 1st.

It is estimated that the net profits for this year of the Nickel Plate mine at Hedley will be in the neighborhood of $350,000. Since the starting of operations a few years ago this property has paid in profits a sum amounting to nearly $2,000,000. The company operates 40 stamps in its mill.

To Start Sawmill.

The sawmill of the King Lumber company at Yahk is to be started up again after the first of the year. Sam Benzie of Moyie will have charge of it.

Hockey League

E. O. Kamm, accompanied by his wife, was at Nelson Wednesday as a delegate from the Moyie hockey team to the meeting for the purpose of forming a hockey league. The meeting was held in parlor of the Hume hotel, and the delegates present were; E. O. Kamm, of Moyie, Dan Thomas of Rossland, A. Bishop, representing Coleman, and M. R. McQuarrie of Nelson. It was agreed that two subsidiary leagues should be formed, one consisting of Coleman, Fernie and Moyie, and to be known as the East Kootenay league, and the other, the West Kootenay division, in which Rossland, Nelson and Grand Forks, or the Boundary will be the towns included. Both divisions are to be under the jurisdiction of the B. C. Hockey League and the Manitoba rules will govern all games.

Xmas Entertainment

The Christmas entertainment in Moyie will be held on Christmas night, Friday December 25th, commencing at 8 o'clock. The program will consist of drills, choruses, etc., by the children. There will be a tree, upon which there will be sacks of candy, nuts and other delicasies, but there will be no other presents, and parents are requested not to put presents on for their children. A collection will be taken to defray the expenses, and any money left over will be given to the Moyie school. The committee invites all interested to come out the day before Christmas and help to decorate the hall.

Midnight Mass.

At the Catholic church on Christmas Eve, Leonard's Mass in B will be sung, and also the hymns: "Hark! the Herald Angels Sing," "Adeste Fidelis," "Close Veiled in that Sweet Sacrament," and "Oh, Lovely Infant, Dearest Savior." Considerable work has been done by the choir. The church will be decorated with cut flowers. There will also be mass Christmas morning at 10 o'clock. Rev. Father Beck will officiate. Everybody will be welcome at these services.

At The Rink.

On Sunday, December 20th, will be open for skating, weather permitting, from 1 p. m. to 3 p. m., and in the evening at 7 o'clock.

There will be a hockey match in the afternoon between teams representing the town, and the mine and the mill. The game promises to be a lively one.

Warm dressing rooms have been provided for the patrons of the rink.

Semi-Annual Exams.

The semi-annual examination held in the public school yesterday was very successful. After the usual routine class work was ended the pupils reassembled at 1:30 p. m., when a very enjoyable entertainment was given. The feature of the occasion was an address and presentation to Miss Nicholson, who severs her connection with the school. Miss Nicholson in fitting terms replied and expressed her sorrow in leaving the children, for whom she holds the kindliest feelings.

For a Xmas gift you cannot better a certificate of Oil shares. Such a Gift is not only very appropriate but carries with it greater possibilities than any other present. A few Oil shares have made many fortunes quickly and from knowing this fact, everyone wants some. Write Beale & Elwell, Cranbrook, B. C., before buying.

LOCAL ASSAYS

There is about a foot of snow at the Society Girl mine.

Thos. Barron has gone to Newfoundland to spend the winter.

Mrs. P. J. McMahon left Wednesday for Hosmer.

A son was born to Mr. and Mrs. Harry Swan Thursday, December 17th.

Mr. Ben Pugh paid the Leader office a social call Thursday afternoon.

O. J. Stevens, manager of the Cranbrook Bottling works, was in town yesterday.

S. G. Blaylock and family are at Nelson.

Souvenir Silk Handkerchiefs at E. A. Hill's.

G. T. McGregor and C. E. Joslyn were down to Cranbrook Thursday attending a Masonic meeting.

BORN—On Monday, December 14, to Mr and Mrs. Louis Collin a son.

Mrs. Lomer left Monday to visit her mother, who lives near Portland, Oregon.

Ed. Burss left Thursday for his home near Owen Sound, Ont., to spend the winter.

Jas. Grant was east this week buying some horses for the Consolidated Company.

Fred Hazen, Bob Coulter and Wm. Sullivan were at Cranbrook Wednesday night attending the Odd Fellows' ball.

A. W. Lutner is home from Spokane, where he was employed in the offices of the Inland Empire Ry.

All kinds of laundry work done. Hot baths every day and evening. Mrs. Sallstrom, next door to Leader office.

E. J. Clayton has packed what goods he had left after his sale and has returned to Marysville.

V. J. Campbell was out to Spokane the first of the week to meet his wife, who was returning home from Seattle.

Orders taken for Christmas cakes until next Wednesday, but not later, at the Moyie Bakery. Don't forget the number, next door to the fire hall.

Presbyterian church. Service on Sunday evening at 7:30. Subject "Calvary Interpreted by the Ascended Christ." All are cordially invited to attend.

Dave Angus left yesterday for Detroit, Mich., where he will remain for a month or six weeks.

Prof. S. Moore, former principal of the Moyie school, has finished his term at Boundary Falls and will go east to Quebec for the benefit of his health.

There will be a meeting of the Ladies' Altar Society at the Catholic church Sunday afternoon at 3 o'clock.

Joseph Cosavello has been doing good work on the Rico group of claims, which are located about a mile north of town, and he has a very promising showing of ore.

Tickets are printed and will soon be on sale for the annual ball of the Moyie Odd Fellows. Don't forget the date, Wednesday evening, January 13th.

Those interested in the building of a hospital at Moyie should not fail to attend the meeting in McGregor hall tomorrow afternoon at 4 o'clock.

The Millinery shop will close on Christmas Eve. to remain closed until the Spring opening. Mrs. Oliver thanks the ladies of Moyie for their liberal patronage during the Fall Season and wishes them a Merry Christmas and Happy New Year.

Christmas services will be held in the Methodist church next Sabbath morning and evening. In the morning, the subject will be "The Christ Needed;" in the evening "The Christ Found." Strangers will be welcomed at both services. Rev. R. E. Colli , B. A , pastor.

If You Take Just a Minute to Consider

You will come to the conclusion that the store that does the largest business is the store that has the confidence of the people. We do the largest business in Moyie.

WHY?

Because we carry at all times a full and complete stock. We carry the goods you want and do not have to substitute. We buy only the best and guarantee everything we sell. We give our attention solely to our business.

FOR CHRISTMAS We are offering 25 per cent off on all our large stock of fancy china. In other suitable presents we have a beautiful lot of scarfs and shawls, handkerchiefs and ties, piano scarfs and cushion tops, table cloths and tea cloths, silverware, cutlery, skates, etc.
Do not fail to see us during Christmas week.

MacEachern & Macdonald

Silver Is Low.

The recent prices are lower than they have been for a number of years. Several causes are proposed by the leading financial journals of the east and some state that a stronger tone is developing. In a general summary of the conditions the Boston Financial News says.

"The pronounced weakness in silver, dealers in the commodity say, is due chiefly to the continued selling by India and China. In addition to the selling from those sources the production of the white metal shows no falling off. About the only steady demand for silver bullion comes from Mexico which government is buying 150,000 ozs a week and from the United States government which is taking 125,000 ozs a week. So far as India is concerned, European advices to a large bullion house are that the Indian government is not likely to buy any silver for the entire year of 1909, as the Indian government holds about 120,000,000 ozs of uncoined silver at the present time. From all appearances it is rather doubtful that the price will have any big advance for some time though it may be brought about by the fact that the continued low price of silver will result in the closing down of the mines that employ antiquated methods in extracting the metal."

Show Monday Night.

"Along the Kennebec," a New England play much in the same vein as "Way down East" and "The Old Homestead," will be presented at Morley hall Monday evening, December 21st. The play takes its title from the Kennebec River in the Northern part of Maine, along the romantic and picturesque banks of which the actione of the poice takes place. It is a complete scenic production and said to be one of the best rural plays produced for several years.

Conferring at Ottawa.

William Sloan, member elect for Comox-Atlin, has arrived at Ottawa from the west and will take part in a conference respecting the situation in British Columbia, arising from the defeat of Hon. Mr. Templemen. His retirement in favor of the defeated minister is to be one of the possibilities of the near future.

Turkey Raffle.

There will be a raffle for live turkeys at the Moyie Hotel next Wednesday evening, December 23rd, at 8 o'clock.

Ice is beginning to form on the lake.

METAL MARKET.

NEW YORK—Bar silver, 48⅝ cts. Lead $4.75. Copper, 14¼ cts.
LONDON—Lead, £13, 3s 9d.

Standing of Fire Hall.

When a special effort was made one year ago last August to build a suitable fire hall for the protection of fire equipment a great deal was accomplished, and now Moyie has a very creditable fire hall, although a good deal of money is yet needed to put it in shape for drying out hose when the thermometer is at zero point. The tenders received at that time were as high as $775.00. That amount of money not being in sight, those in charge decided to build a hall to cost less with the result that the same sized building was put up at a cost of $5.7-45, of which $170.05 was raised by benefit concerts and dances and the sale of the old fire hall; $326.65 by subscribtion and there is $24.75 still due.

Another effort should again be made to raise some money for the better equipment of fire fighting apparatus and for the purchase of more hose. A meeting will be held in the Miners' Union hall on Monday night at 7:30 for the purpose of arranging a program to be given on January 25th, the proceeds to be devoted for the purpose already stated and every person who owns one dollars worth of property in the town should make it their business to be there and assist with either their money or services in such a good cause.

Presbyterian Concert.

The dinner and concert given by the Presbyterian ladies last Monday afernoon and evening were liberally patronized. More people than were expected took dinner at the hall, but all were provided for. The concert that followed was interestiog.

High Grade Ore.

Ore for shipment is now being taken out of the Aurora mine on the west side of Moyie lake. Samples from this ore taken this week assayed 67.2 per cent lead and 29.2 ounces in silver. The compressor will be running about the first of the year.

Longboat Won.

Longboat, the Canadian Indian, won the Marathon race from Dorando Pietri, the Italian runner, Tuesday in Madison Square gardens. Dorando collapsed in the second lap of the 26th mile and Longboat finished the race alone.

Now is the time to purchase Xmas presents at Hill's.

The Spoilers.

By REX E. BEACH.

Copyright, 1906, by Rex E. Beach.

(Continued)

CHAPTER IX.

"WE must have money," said Glenister a few days later. "When McNamara jumped our safe, he put us down and out. There's no use fighting in this court any longer, for the judge won't let us work the ground ourselves, even if we give bond, and he won't grant an appeal. He says his orders aren't appealable. We ought to send Wheaton out to Frisco and have him take the case to the higher courts. Maybe he can get a writ of supersedeas."

"I don't recognize the name, but if it's as bad as it sounds it's sure horrible. Ain't there no cure for it?"

"It simply means that the upper court would take the case away from this one."

"Well, let's send him out quick. Every day means $10,000 to us. It'll take him a month to make the round trip, so I s'pose he ought to leave tomorrow on the Roanoke."

"Yes, but where's the money to do it with? McNamara has ours. My God! What a mess we're in! What fools we've been, Dex! There's a conspiracy here. I'm beginning to see it now that it's too late. This man is looting our country under color of law and figures on gutting all the mines before we can throw him off. That's his game. He'll work them as hard and as long as he can, and heaven only knows what will become of the money. He must have big men behind him in order to fix a United States judge this way. Maybe he has the Frisco courts corrupted, too."

"If he has, I'm goin' to kill him," said Dextry. "I've worked like a dog all my life, and now that I've struck pay I don't aim to lose it. If Bill Wheaton can't win our accordin' to law, I'm goin' to proceed accordin' to justice."

During the past two days the partners had haunted the courtroom where their lawyer, together with the counsel for the Scandinavians, had argued and pleaded, trying every possible professional and unprofessional artifice in search of relief from the arbitrary rulings of the court, while hourly they had become more strongly suspicious of some sinister plot, some hidden, powerful understanding back of the judge and the entire mechanism of justice. They had fought with the fury of men who battle for life and had grown to hate the lines of Stillman's vacillating face, the bluster of the district attorney and the smirking confidence of the clerks, for it seemed that they all worked mechanically, like toys, at the dictates of Alec McNamara. At last, when they had ceased, beaten and exhausted, they were too confused with technical phrases to grasp anything except the fact that relief was denied them, that their claims were to be worked by the receiver, and, as a crowning defeat, they learned that the judge would move his court to St. Michael's and hear no cases until he returned a month later.

Meanwhile McNamara hired every idle man he could lay hand upon and ripped the placers open with double shifts. Every day a stream of yellow dust poured into the bank and was locked in his vaults, while those mine owners who attempted to witness the cleanups were ejected from their claims. The politician had worked with incredible swiftness and system, and a fortnight after landing he had made good his boast to Struve and was in charge of every good claim in the district, the owners were ousted, their appeals argued and denied and the court gone for thirty days, leaving him a clear field for his operations. He felt a contempt for most of his victims, who were slow witted Swedes, grasping neither the purport nor the magnitude of his operation, and to those litigants, who were discerning enough to see its enormity he trusted to his organization to thwart them.

The two partners had come to feel that they were beating against a wall and had also come squarely to face the proposition that they were without funds wherewith to continue their battle. It was maddening for them to think of the daily robbery that they suffered, for the Midas turned out many ounces of gold at every shift, and more maddening to realize the receiver's shrewdness in crippling them by his theft of the gold in their safe. That had been his crowning stroke.

"We must get money quick," said Glenister. "Do you think we can borrow?"

"Borrow?" sniffed Dextry. "Folks don't lend money in Alaska."

They relapsed into a moody silence.

"I met a feller this mornin' that's workin' on the Midas," the old man resumed. "He came in town fer a pair of gum boots, an' he says they've run into awful rich ground—so rich that they have to clean up every mornin' when the night shift goes off cause the riffles clog with gold."

"Think of it!" Glenister growled. "If we had even a part of one of those cleanups we could send Wheaton outside."

In the midst of his bitterness a thought struck him. He made as though to speak, then closed his mouth. But his partner's eyes were on him, filled with a suppressed but growing fire. Dextry lowered his voice cautiously:

"There'll be $20,000 in them sluices tonight at midnight."

Glenister stared back, while his pulse pounded at something that lay in the other's words.

"It belongs to us," the young man said. "There wouldn't be anything wrong about it, would there?"

Dextry sneered. "Wrong! Right! Them is fine an' soundin' titles in a mess like this. What do they mean? I tell you at midnight tonight Alec McNamara will have $20,000 of our money!"—

"God! What would happen if they caught us?" whispered the younger, following out his thought. "They'd never let us get off the claim alive. He'd couldn't find a better excuse to shoot us down and get rid of us. If we came up before this judge for trial, we'd go to Sitka for twenty years."

"Sure! But it's our only chance. I'd rather die on the Midas in a fair fight than set here bitin' my hangnails. I'm growin' old, an' I won't never make another strike. As to bein' caught—them's our chances. I won't be took alive, I promise you that, and before I go I'll get my satisfy. Castin' things up, that's about all a man gets in this vale of tears, jest satisfaction of one kind or another. It'll be a fight in the open, under the stars, with the clean, wet moss to lie down on, and not a scrappin' match of freak phrases and law books inside of a stinkin' courtroom. The cards is shuffled and in the box, pardner, and the game is started. If we're due to win, we'll win. If we're due to lose, we'll lose. These things is all figgered out a thousand years back. Come on, boy! Are you game?"

"Am I game?" Glenister's nostrils dilated, and his voice rose a tone. "Am I game? I'm with you till the big cash in, and Lord have mercy on any man that blocks our game tonight."

"We'll need another hand to help us," said Dextry. "Who can we get?"

At that moment, as though in answer, the door opened with the scant

The watchman sank with a faint cry.

ceremony that friends of the frontier are wont to observe, admitting the attenuated, napping, dome crowned figure of Slapjack Simms, and Dextry fell upon him with the hunger of a wolf.

* * * * * * *

It was midnight, and over the dark walls of the valley peered a multitude of stars, while away on the southern horizon there glowed a subdued effulgence as though from hidden fires beneath the Gold God's caldron or as though the phosphorescence of Bering had spread upward into the skies. Although each night grew longer, it was not yet necessary to light the men at work in the cuts. There were perhaps two hours in which it was difficult to see at a distance, but the dawn came early, hence no provision had been made for torches.

Five minutes before the hour the night shift boss lowered the gates in the dam, and as the rush from the sluices subsided his men quit work and climbed the bluff to the mess tent. The dwellings of the Midas, as has already been explained, sat back from the creek at a distance of a city block, the workings being thus partially hidden under the brow of the steep bank.

It is customary to leave a watchman in the pit during the noon and midnight hours, not only to see that strangers preserve a neutral attitude, but also to watch the waste gates and water supply. The night man of the Midas had been warned of his responsibility and, knowing that much gold lay in his keeping, was disposed to gaze on the curious minded with the sourness of suspicion. Therefore, as a man leading a packhorse approached out of the gloom of the creek trail, his eyes were on him from the moment he appeared. The road wound along the gravel of the bars and passed in proximity to the flumes. However, the wayfarer paid no attention to them, and the watchman detected an explanatory weariness in his slow gait.

"Some prospector getting in from a trip," he thought.

The stranger stopped, scratched a match, and as he undertook to light his pipe, the observer caught the mahogany shine of a negro's face. The match sputtered out and then came impatient blasphemy as he searched for another.

"Evenin', sah! You-all oblige me with a match?" He addressed the watcher on the bank above and, without waiting a reply, began to climb upward.

No smoker on the trail will deny the luxury of a light to the most humble, so as the negro gained his level the man reached forth to accommodate him. Without warning the black man leaped forward with the ferocity of an animal and struck the other a fearful blow. The watchman sank with a faint, startled cry, and the African dragged him out of sight over the brow of the bank, where he rapidly tied him hand and foot, stuffing a gag into his mouth. At the same moment two other figures rounded the bend below and approached. They were mounted and leading a third saddle horse as well as other pack animals. Reaching the workings, they dismounted. Then began a strange procedure, for one man clambered upon the sluices and, with a pick, ripped out the riffles. This was a matter of only a few seconds; then, seizing a shovel, he transferred the concentrates which lay in the bottom of the boxes into canvas sacks which his companion held. As each bag was filled it was tied and dumped into the cut. They treated but four boxes in this way, leaving the lower two-thirds of the flume untouched, for Anvil creek gold is coarse and the heart of the cleanup lies where it is thrown in. Gathering the sacks together, they lashed them upon the pack animals, then mounted the second string of sluices and began as before. Throughout it all they worked with feverish haste and in unbroken silence, every moment flashing quick glances at the figure of the lookout who stood on the crest above, half dimmed in the shadow of a willow clump. Judging by their rapidity and sureness, they were expert miners.

From the tent came the voices of the night shift at table and the faint rattle of dishes, while the canvas walls glowed from the lights within like great fireflies hidden in the grass. The foreman, finishing his meal, appeared at the door of the mess tent and, pausing to accustom his eyes to the gloom, peered perfunctorily toward the creek. The watchman detached himself from the shadow, moving out into plain sight, and the boss turned back. The two men below were now working on the sluices which lay close under the bank and were thus hidden from the tent.

* * * * * * *

McNamara's description of Anvil creek's riches had fired Helen Chester with the desire to witness a cleanup, so they had ridden out from town in time for supper at the claim. She had not known whither he led her, only understanding that provision for her entertainment would be made with the superintendent's wife. Upon recognizing the Midas she had endeavored to question him as to why her friends had been dispossessed, and he had answered, as it seemed, straight and true.

The ground was in dispute, he said—another man claimed it—and while the litigation pended he was in charge for the court, to see that neither party received injury. He spoke adroitly, and it satisfied her to have the proposition resolved into such simplicity.

She had come prepared to spend the night and witness the early morning operation, so the receiver made the most of his opportunity. He showed her over the workings, explaining the many things that were strange to her. Not only was he in himself a fascinating figure to any woman, but wherever he went men regarded him deferentially, and nothing affects a woman's judgment more promptly than this obvious sign of power. He spent the evening with her, talking of his early days and the things he had done in the west, his story matching the picturesqueness of her canvas walled quarters with their rough furnishings of skins and blankets. Being a keen observer as well as a finished raconteur, he had woven a spell of words about the girl, leaving her in a state of tumult and indecision when at last, toward midnight, he retired to his own tent. She knew to what end all this was working and yet knew not what her answer would be when the question came which lay behind it all. At moments she felt the wonderful attraction of the man, and still there was some distrust of him which she could not fathom. Again her thoughts reverted to Glenister, the impetuous, and she compared the two, so similar in some ways, so utterly opposed in others.

It was when she heard the night shift at their meal that she threw a silken shawl about her head, stepped into the cool night and picked her way down toward the roar of the creek. "A breath of air and then to bed," she thought. She saw the tall figure of the watchman and made for him. He seemed oddly interested in her approach, watching her very closely, almost as though alarmed. It was doubtless because there were so few women out here, or possibly on account of the lateness of the hour. Away with conventions! This was the land of instinct and impulse. She would talk to him. The man drew his hat more closely about his face and moved off as she came up. Glenister had been in her thoughts a moment since, and she now noted that here was another with the same great square shoulders and erect head. Then she saw with a start that this one was a negro. He carried a Winchester, and seemed to watch her carefully, yet with indecision.

To express her interest and to break the silence, she questioned him, but at the sound of her voice he stepped toward her and spoke roughly:

"What!"

Then he paused and stammered in a strangely altered and unnatural voice: "Yass'm. I'm the watchman."

She noted two other darkies at work below, and was vaguely surprised, not so much at their presence, as at the manner in which they moved, for they seemed under stress of some great haste, running hither and yon. She saw horses standing in the trail and sensed something indefinably odd and alarming in the air. Turning to the man she opened her mouth to speak, when from the rank grass under her feet came a noise which set her a-tingle and at which her suspicions leaped full to the solution. It was the groan of a man. Again he gave voice to his pain, and she knew that she stood face to face with something sinister. Tales of sluice robbers had come to her and rumors of the daring raids into which men were lured by the yellow sheen, and yet this was incredible. A hundred men lay within sound of her voice. She could hear their laughter. One was wailing a popular refrain. A quarter mile away on every hand were other camps. A scream from her would bring them all. Nonsense, this was no sluice robbery, and then the man in the bushes below moaned for the third time.

"What is that?" she said.

Without reply the negro lowered the muzzle of his rifle till it covered her breast, and at the same time she heard the double click of the hammer.

"Keep still and don't move," he warned. "We're desperate, and we can't take any chances, miss."

"Oh, you are stealing the gold"—

She was wildly frightened, yet stood still while the lookout anxiously divided his attention between her and the tents above until his companions signaled him that they were through and the horses were loaded. Then he spoke:

"I don't know what to do with you, but I guess I'll tie you up."

"What?" she said.

"I'm going to tie and gag you so you can't holler."

"Oh, don't you dare!" she cried fiercely. "I'll stand right here till you've gone, and I won't scream. I promise." She looked up at him appealingly, at which he dipped his head, so that she caught only a glimpse of his face, and then backed away.

"All right! Don't try it because I'll be hidden in those bushes yonder at the bend, and I'll keep you covered till the others are gone." He leaped down the bank, ran to the cavalcade, mounted quickly, and the three lashed their horses into a run, disappearing up the trail around the sharp curve. She heard the blows of their quirts as they whipped the pack horses.

(To be Continued)

Never hire a travelling man whose waistcoat is more insistent than his personality.

A CHANGE OF CLIMATE.

Why Hot Southwest Winds No Longer Strike Missouri.

"People may talk as they choose," says an old timer, "but the climate of St. Louis and Missouri is certainly changing.

"Everybody remembers the hot winds that twenty or thirty years ago were a common feature of our climate in the summer. They blew day and night from the southwest, often for a month or six weeks at a time. There was not a moment's intermission in the steady gale, as hot as the blast of a furnace. Often it happened that the corn was dried in the fields, so that the leaves were as ready for fodder in July as in October. Sometimes even the foliage of the forest trees was wilted, and once or twice the leaves fell off, completely dried up by the hot wind, and the trees started a second crop of foliage. We have not had a hot southwest wind for ten years. The explanation is plain. Thirty years ago Oklahoma and western Texas were sun dried plains. In summer the heat of the sun baked the surface as hard as a brick. Great cracks appeared in the soil, so wide you could put your finger in them, and extended downward four to six feet into the ground. The surface became so hot that it almost burned the soles of your shoes. For five or six months in the year 150,000 square miles of the treeless region of Oklahoma and Texas became a veritable fiery furnace, and it was the wind from this region that desolated Missouri, Kansas and even Iowa.

"Now all this southwestern country is broken up into farms, and instead of being a sun baked desert it has been converted into cultivated fields. Trees have been planted, and orchards and rains are more abundant in that vast region than before cultivation began. The rain belt has extended west from Arkansas and Missouri into Oklahoma and Kansas, and with increasing rainfall the former desert region shows greater fertility. So it is the hot winds have ceased, and when we have what people call a hot wave in Missouri nowadays it is not the heat of the Texas plains, but that which might be expected in our own latitude."—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

CARE OF THE EYES.

It Is Bad to Read on a Railroad Train When In Motion.

Never rub the eyes, for this practice causes inflammation of the lids, and, however beautiful the expression, if the eyes are red or without lashes they lose their charm.

When a foreign substance gets into the eye do not irritate it by trying to force it out. Keep the eye closed for a few moments or until the object is removed by the tears which will flow. If, however, it is impossible to remove the substance yourself, have some one who will perform the operation carefully remove it for you.

If the wind has reddened the eyelids, wash them in slightly salted warm water, using common salt.

However strong the eyes may be, give them a little rest after a few hours' continuous use. Never force them to gaze at minute objects when they are weak. Neither write, read nor sew when the light is dim. During all continuous work close the eyes from time to time at intervals.

Great care should be taken that the light should fall from the side, not full in the face. When working it should be allowed to fall upon the left side.

It is bad to read on a railway train, in a carriage, while walking, while lying down or while physically tired.

Beds should not be so placed that the eyes receive the full rays of sunlight on awakening. The light should fall from the side.

A very good wash that will strengthen the sight and restore its powers is made of one pint of soft water, a pinch of common salt and a spoonful of brandy.

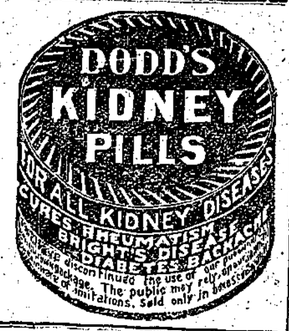
A Deadener of Pain.

Iodine is an excellent deadener of pain. In cases of toothache, painting the gum, taking care not to swallow any of it, because it is poison, will frequently relieve pain. It will ease the ache of rheumatism if applied to the sore joint and is recommended for use on a painful corn.

Menthol cologne is one of the best simple applications for a headache. The combination of burning sensation and coolness that it gives the skin is very refreshing. An eye wash of boracic acid and camphor that is put up by all druggists should be in every traveling outfit, for the eyes suffer great strain from light and heat and need special attention. A few drops of this compound dropped on the eyeballs after a journey or at night will have a most soothing effect and may even prevent a headache.

Soap Economy.

Bits of soap should never be flung away, but placed in a glass or china jar until a number have been accumulated. They should then be dissolved in boiling water into soap jelly, which may be used for various purposes. That made from the jar reserved for toilet soaps may be used for the bath, and that from kitchen and laundry soaps may be used for laundry purposes. Care should be taken to see that every bit of soap added to the jar is clean. It is by no means an uncommon thing to see soap looking anything but attractively clean.



As a Family Medicine

THERE ARE NO OTHERS BETTER FOR BILIOUSNESS, CONSTIPATION, AND KIDNEY DERANGEMENTS THAN

Dr. A.W. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills

Lots of suffering would be avoided and much serious disease prevented if every family did as the writer of this letter suggests.

He has found out from experience with many medicines that there is nothing so good as Dr. A. W. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills as a family medicine for biliousness and constipation.

Mr. G. W. Parish, Sturgeon Bay, Ont., writes: "In the year 1897 I was very bad with my kidneys. I could not work on account of my back being lame, sore and painful all the time. Though I carefully followed the directions of our family doctor he was unable to do me much good. At this time Dr. Chase was becoming known as an especially successful physician and on the advice of my uncle, Charles Williams, I went to Dr. Chase at Ann Arbor, Michigan, and he gave me a box of his pills for kidney disease.

"You can scarcely imagine how much good they did me. They helped me so much that I went back to the doctor and bought a dozen boxes. We always keep them in the house as a family medicine, and I would not think of using any other."

You should not be misled by the various attempts of imitators, as the portrait and signature of A. W. Chase, M.D., the famous Receipt Book author, are on every box of Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills. One pill a dose. 25 cents a box, at all dealers, or Edmanson, Bates & Co., Toronto.

Her Laugh.

A story is told of a woman living in a lonely part of the Far West whose husband had one day been away from home much longer than usual. She waited patiently, however, when to her surprise and alarm a band of ruffians rode up and dismounted a little distance from the hut. Approaching her the leader of the party exclaimed, apologetically: "We've come to tell yer, ma'am, that we've lynched yer husband. We admit we've hung the wrong man, so you've got the laugh on us there."—Tit-Bits.

Minard's Liniment cures Distemper.

A Back Bay woman expressed herself very forcibly on the negligence of her friends in sending her letters of condolence on the death of her lapdog. She was walking along Commonwealth avenue with a younger woman and her voice was of a high pitch. "I am glad to say, my dear, that you had the good sense and breeding to write to me. Some of my friends, I regret to say, did not do so, and I was quite cool to them at the luncheon the other day."—The Boston Record.

Repeat it:—"Shiloh's Cure will always cure my coughs and colds."

Arthur, the six-year-old son of President Hadley, was recently discovered in full possession of the bathtub, engaged in sailing boats. Removed only by force, he left the house and, meeting a lady acquaintance, volunteered the information:

"The President of Yale College won't take his bath this morning."

"Why not?" asked the amused lady.

"Because," answered Arthur, "I've got the plug to the bath-tub in my pocket."—Success Magazine.

Warts are disfigurements that disappear when treated with Holloway's Corn Cure.

DR. FERNOW'S WARNING.

Ontario Cannot Afford to Disregard Her Timber Wealth.

"Some morning you may wake up and find your tax list has changed its aspect," was the warning Prof. Fernow gave, speaking of the timber resources of Ontario at the Toronto Canadian Club a short time ago. The forests had been drawn upon to lighten the tax bill, the golden goose was very near its finish, he declared, and other resources must be drawn upon to make good the deficiency.

He had read in the papers that the fires had done no damage because they had only run over old slash. This was where the Government had failed to realize their responsibility. The forest fires were destroying the young growth and preventing the recuperation of the lands for future wood cuts. It was a disgrace that in spite of the large expenditure for this purpose they could not cope with the evil. There was either carelessness or deplorable mismanagement. There was a lack of moral — evident also among those who contributed to such waste.

The Ontario Government was proud to be able to say that in the limits there were ten to twelve billion feet of white pine. But this was only four years' supply of the United States' consumption.

In the timber area of British Columbia, he estimated 30,000,000,000 feet, but as the United States consumption was 40,000,000,000 a year this only represented ten years' consumption.

He was glad to see the Ontario Government had begun in a small way to encourage the reforesting of waste farm lands.

"There is more poor forest growth in Canada than you have any idea of—tree-weeds in profusion," he said, speaking of the intractability of the Laurential rocks, which decayed but slowly, and gave no soil for tree growth.

"Hemlock is the skim milk of the woods," was another remark. Balsam was a much better pulp wood than spruce, but it did not float so well and could not be got out without railway development.

Natural philosophy must come to the aid of the student in interpreting the reports of explorers on the timber resources observed. Reports only existed where someone had gone in a canoe. Nothing was known of the country behind the railway route, and the question arose whether he was an optimist or a pessimist.

Fifty per cent. of the timber lands was burned area, burned over and again. The rest was not commercially available in the north, the rivers flowing in the wrong direction.

A BARGAIN SALE.

The Stocks Attracted Her, and She Bought Them While Cheap.

"I have done more or less speculating all my life," said Jones, "but I have made up my mind now to give it up. One speculator in the family is enough, and my wife seems to have a system that is a sure winner. Some time ago the general situation looked bearish to me. I hesitated a few days, but the more I thought it over the more I became convinced that the market was in for a big slump. Conditions were right, the trade was nervous, corn injured, the big steel trust was facing a strike, and I thought I saw certain signs that indicated that several of the big pools were getting tired of the load that they were carrying and were preparing to stand from under.

"Well, I put out a pretty stiff shorting for me, and then the market, as if only waiting for me to get in, commenced booming. The result was that I got badly plucked before I could let go. Misery loves company, as the old saying goes. Besides, I had to account to my wife for the gluing face that I was wearing, so I made a clean breast of the whole matter.

"'Mercy!' she cried. 'I don't see how you lost. Why, I made several hundred dollars!'

"'You did?' I almost yelled.

"'Why, yes,' she answered innocently. 'You said one morning at the breakfast table that stocks looked like a big sale, and you know I dearly love a bargain sale, so I bought some N. Y. Z. stock with the pin money that I had saved.'

"I remember making the remark, I said grimly, 'but I am not aware that I ever mentioned N. Y. Z. as being particularly desirable.'

"'Of course you didn't,' she answered. 'I looked over all the stock that they had for sale and found I could buy N. Y. Z. for 40 cents, so I took that. You'll let me know when they have another bargain sale, won't you, deary?'

"Now, in the face of that, how can a man sit calmly down and reason out which way the stock market is going?"—Detroit Free Press.

BOER WAR "INCIDENTS."

Lord Roberts Attributes Them to Faulty Shooting.

Lord Roberts opened a miniature rifle range which has been established in connection with the Connaught Club, Marble Arch. During the afternoon a telegram was received from the Prince of Wales expressing sympathy with the club, says The London Express. Lady Eileen Roberts, who accompanied her father, fired the first shot, getting a bull's-eye.

Lord Roberts, in explaining the great interest he took in the matter of rifle shooting, said that long ago in Afghanistan, when rifles were somewhat new in the hands of the men, and still more recently in South Africa, he thought how valuable it would be if the men could use their rifles more skilfully than they did.

"There is no doubt," he added, "that some of the unfortunate incidents of the late war were due in great measure to the want of skill in shooting on the part of our men, who never used a rifle until they entered the army or the volunteers."

Lord Roberts insisted that every able-bodied man should require, not only a knowledge of rifle shooting, but also the rudiments of soldiering, so that each could have the great pleasure of knowing that if his country was in danger he could have the honor of being able to help.

The Need of a Hobby.

In its biography of Mr. Bosworth Smith, for years a master at Harrow, who died a day or two ago, The London Times quotes the words of a colleague, who writes that Bosworth Smith's first question to each one who entered his house was "What is your hobby?" "His object has been to develop boys' tastes in every healthy direction whatever, and to bring to the surface all that was best in the innate character of his pupils. How many have learned, under this inspiring encouragement, to love wild nature, to appreciate the skill and endurance which form the best element of sport, to take an intelligent interest in travel and adventure, to follow the great questions of the day, social, political, and ecclesiastical?"

Profit-Sharing For Gasworkers.

The directors of the Tottenham and Edmonton Gas Co. in England have decided to introduce a system of profit-sharing for their employes, to whom the scheme was explained at a meeting of 500 or 600 of the officers and workmen some time ago. The bonus will vary with the price of gas, and at the present rate will amount to $22 to $500 earned per annum.

Pelted With Pence.

Here is an amusing anecdote regarding Lord Crewe. On one occasion, at a charitable entertainment, he leaned against a corridor wall and went fast asleep with his hat in his hand. Some young fellows started dropping half-crowns and coppers into the hat from a balcony above, until the chink of the coins woke him up, when he promptly pocketed all the silver and pelted his impromptu benefactors with the pence.

Missed His Calling.

"Bliggins enjoys telling people something disagreeable."

"Yes. He would make an ideal weather prophet."

A Frank Statement

Peruna is the Best Medicine in the World.

I RECOMMEND PE-RU-NA.

MR. EMILE MAROIS.

MR. EMILE MAROIS, 570 Ontario street, Montreal, Canada, writes:

"After taking nine bottles of Peruna I find that I am cured.

"I still take it occasionally, for me it is the best medicine in the world.

"I have recommended it to a number of persons.

Mr. J. C. Hervux Pelletier, Inspecteur de l'Agriculture, Ottawa, Ontario, writes:

"The Peruna is particularly efficacious in the cure of catarrhal affections of the lungs and bronchial tubes.

"Six bottles cured me this winter of bronchitis. I am completely well and I owe thanks to the Peruna.

"I have recommended this remedy to a large number of my friends afflicted with the same trouble and they have verified my good opinion of this valuable remedy."

From a Philosopher's Note Book.

A successful manicure never hits the nail on the head.

Forgetfulness of yesterday and anticipations of to-morrow make trouble some to-day.

The man who borrows trouble at least the solace of throwing it on one will over-run him to pay back.

Possibly the chap who greeted the washday dinner would have found it more pleasing to his taste if he had done the washing.—Success Magazine.

Repeat it:—"Shiloh's Cure will always cure my coughs and colds."

Knicker—Is Jones busy?

Bocker—Tolerably. He has just been the Cabinet and New York Sun and is putting in his spare time as new Chancellor of the Kaiser.—New York Sun.

It is a Liver Pill.—Many of the ailments that man has to contend with have their origin in a disordered liver, which is a delicate organ, peculiarly susceptible to the disturbances that come from irregular habits or want of care in eating and drinking. This accounts for the great many laxatives and regulators now pressed on the attention of sufferers. Of these there is none superior to Parmelee's Vegetable Pills. Their operation is gentle, is effective, and the most delicate can use them.

Crawford—Do you every try to lord it on your wife?

Crabshaw—Yes, it always works except when she wants a new bonnet, and I tell her she looks charming in her old one.

Minard's Liniment Cures Garget in Cows.

Impatient American (after a long pause)—Say, guard, what in blazes are you waiting for? What time do we pull out, anyway?

Guard (who has survived twenty generations of hustlers)—That all depends, sir.

American—Depends on what?

Guard (judicially)—Ah, sir, that again depends.—Punch.

Thousands of mothers can testify to the virtue of Mother Graves' Worm Exterminator, because they know from experience how useful it is.

Lady Godiva explained:

"It was a compromise," she said. "The original proposition was that I should appear on the street in a directoire gown."

From which we learn that she drew the line in those days.—Chicago Tribune.

Knicker—This is the day of the specialist.

Bocker—Yes, soon we shall have specialists who will treat only one disease.—New York Sun.

Repeat it:—"Shiloh's Cure will always cure my coughs and colds."

Towne—Nonsense! Who told you Miss Pretty has a good disposition?

Browne—Why, she's always smiling. Doesn't that show a good disposition?

Towne—Not necessarily. Sometimes it merely shows good teeth and dimples.—Philadelphia Press.

The famous Elmira Felt Shoes unequalled for style, fit, or finish.

The trademark, as shown, is on the sole of every genuine Elmira. 40

Sold by Dealers Throughout the West.

FOR MONEY SAYS MR. QUIRK

D HE BE WITHOUT DODD'S KIDNEY PILLS.

ured His Lumbago of Twenty s' Standing, and Made Him Twenty Years Younger.

ne Harbor, Nfld. (Special).—ears of age, but hale and and with all the vigor of a man, Mr. Richard Quirk, well and highly respected here, l the credit for his good health d's Kidney Pills.

ffered for over twenty years umbago and Kidney Disease," uirk says, "and after consult- tors and taking their medi- made up my mind I was in- I was unable to work when persuaded to buy a box of Kidney Pills. To my great and surprise I had not taken half when I experienced great re- even boxes cured me. That 1900 and I am still cured. I not be without Dodd's Kidney r any money. I am twenty ounger than before I took s Kidney Pills cure the Kid- Healthy Kidneys strain all the es out of the blood. That's y cure Rheumatism, Sciatica, er diseases caused by the e of uric acid in the blood.

h Away from Temptation.

ry, is told of a west country who rebuked the sporting par- his hunting proclivities. "I u go fox hunting a good deal, erved one day. "You ought e this; there is plenty of work accomplished in the parish." protested the vicar. "fox is merely healthy exercise. I hear you were at a ball the night." sense that is so," replied the "but truly speaking, I was y four rooms away from the on."

ficar smiled and then retorted always three or four fields be- e fox, so what's the differ- Tit-Bits.

$100 REWARD, $100.

readers of this paper will be to learn that there is at least aded disease that science has ble to cure in all its stages, t is Catarrh. Hall's Catarrh the only positive cure now to the medical fraternity, being a constitutional disease, a constitutional treatment. Catarrh Cure is taken intern- ting directly upon the blood cous surfaces of the system, destroying the foundation of ease, and giving the patient h by building up the constitu- d assisting nature in doing its The proprietors have so much its curative powers that they e Hundred Dollars for any t it fails to cure. Send for estimonials.

F J. CHENEY & Co., Druggists, 75c. Toledo, O.

ctor—Mr. Smith, kindly name s of the skull.

t Smith—Well, sir, I've got in my head, but I can't think names just now.—The Bo-

re for Fever and Ague.—Dis- e of the stomach and liver precede attacks of fever and owing derangement of the di- organs and deterioration in lity of the blood. In these ail- Parmelee's Vegetable Pills have ound most effective, abating r and subduing the ague in a s. There are many who are to these distressing disturb- nd to these there is no better tion procurable as a means of

how," said one detective, an has found an out-of-the- e where he is sure to be un- by the world."

that case," replied the other, e we look over the lists of gn reception committees and tes for the Electoral College. ington Star.

epeat it:—"Shiloh's Cure will e cure my coughs and colds."

Remarkable Railway Garden.

een Bedford and Luton, on the tments of the Midland Rail- n England, a piece of effective pe gardening without parallel seen. On each side of the rail- ne at short intervals hawthorn have been planted, and skill- nds have pruned these bushes variety of shapes, grotesque ymmetrical: peacocks, roosters, chairs, bowers, plumes, and striking models are clearly de- The effect is quite remark- In the season the tail of a was a mass of white bloom, another the nodding plumes dy's hat were in full flower. se ornamental trees occur at ew yards' distance for about miles, some idea of their num- y be estimated. It seems re- ble that, although thousands of gers pass through this unique ma daily, public attention has been directed to it.

Throat Coughs

Ask your doctor about these throat coughs. He will tell you how deceptive they are. Tickling in the throat often means serious trouble ahead. Better explain your case care- fully to your doctor, and ask him about your taking Ayer's Cherry Pectoral.

We publish our formulas.

Ayer's

We banish alcohol from our medicines. We urge you to consult your doctor.

makes the best liver pills? The Ayer Company, of Lowell, Mass. have been making Ayer's Pills for ty years. If you have the slight- bt about using these pills, ask ctor. Do as he says, always. by the J. C. Ayer Co., Lowell, Mass.

BEETHOVEN.

The Composer's Own Story of How He Became Deaf.

Charles Neate, on a visit to Vienna, was either commissioned by certain English authorities to induce Beethoven to visit England or was persuading him to do so on his own account, and as an allurement he spoke of the superiority of the English aurists in their treatment of ear disease and held out hopes that were Beethoven to consult them he might at least find some sort of relief. Beethoven shook his head. "No," he said, "I have consulted all kinds of doctors and followed their prescriptions. I shall never be cured. I will tell you how the thing happened. "I was writing an opera. I had to deal with a very tiresome and capricious tenor. I had already written two great arias to the same words, neither of which pleased him, and also a third, which he did not care for the first time he tried it, although he took it away with him. I was thanking heaven I had done with him and had begun to settle myself to something else which I had laid aside. I had hardly worked at it half an hour before I heard a knock at the door, which I recognized as that of my tenor.

"I sprang up from my table in such a rage that as the man came into the room I flung myself upon the floor, as they do on the stage (here he threw up his arms and gesticulated in illustration) "but I fell upon my hands. When I got up I found I was deaf, and from that moment I have remained so." The doctor said I injured the nerve."—Diehl's "Life of Beethoven."

GRAFT IN RUSSIA.

Removing the Difficulties in an Army Officer's Transfer.

A young Russian officer wished to be transferred to another regiment and took his request in person to one of the lights of the Russian general staff. That powerful officer shook his head and declared the matter very difficult to arrange—almost impossible. Then his glance fell suddenly upon the shoes of the lieutenant. To the amazement of his visitor, the senior officer said that the lieutenant's shoes were not nearly good enough for an officer and that he would strongly advise him to buy new shoes of a shoemaker whose address he gave. Then, telling his visitor to return in eight days, he dismissed him. The latter was clever enough to realize that he could not return without the new shoes, so he hurried to the shoemaker. On hearing who had sent him the shoemaker said that the lieutenant could have the shoes in five days for the sum of $250. Much astonished, the officer went to a comrade for advice. He was told to pay half of this sum at once and the rest when his shoes were finished. This the officer did, and, wearing his new boots, he duly kept his appointment with the general staff officer and learned to his joy that all the "grave difficulties" in the way of his transfer had been successfully removed.

His Hobby.

One man with an odd hobby isn't a person who gets much mail, and what he has or expects to have is the cues he keeps in mind very easily. Probably he never had a letter which went astray. Yet every time he sees in the newspapers the list of advertised mail sent out from time to time by the general postoffice in New York he turns at once to the initial letter under which his name comes and runs carefully through the list. He never yet has found any letter that might be supposed to be for him and, furthermore, hasn't found any that might be for any of his relatives.

He takes an odd pleasure in doing it, however, something with that eagerness which impels a man to grub through a packet of old letters in hopes that he may come upon some rare variety of stamp. Really, if ever he found his name in the list it probably would kill his enjoyment of the hunt forever thereafter.

Anticipated Cause For Sorrow.

Ina came in from the country on her fifth birthday to visit her cousin May. At night they were put to bed early. An hour passed, when heartbreaking sobs were heard from the children's bedroom.

"What is the matter, children?" asked May's mother, entering the dark room.

"From under the bedclothes Ina sobbed out, "May won't give me any of her peanuts."

"But May has no peanuts," replied her aunt.

"I know that," sobbed Ina, "but she said if she did have peanuts she wouldn't give me any."—Delineator.

Sufficiently Occupied.

A story is told of a colonel in General Lee's division in the late civil war who sometimes indulged in more applejack than was good for him. Passing him one evening leaning against a tree, the general said:

"Good evening, colonel. Come over to my tent for a moment, please."

"S-s-cuse me, g-g-en'ral; s-s-cuse me," replied the colonel. "It's 'bout all I can do to stay where I am."

His Interest In His Health.

An Alameda man's young hopeful was very ill, and Willie and the other little boys in the surrounding blocks had been asked not to make any noise when they played in the streets, says the San Francisco Call. The neighbor's doorbell rang one day, and she opened it to find Willie standing bashfully on her front steps. "How is he today?" he inquired in a shy whisper. "He is better, thank you, dear, and what a thoughtful child you are to come and ask." Willie stood a moment on one foot and then shifted to the other and then, the eulogy giving him fresh courage, he burst forth again, "I'm orful sorry Jimmy's sick." The mother was profoundly touched by the apparent tenderness of the child's heart. She could find no further words to say, but simply kissed him. Made still bolder by the caress, Willie began to back down the steps, repeating at intervals his sorrow for his playmate's illness. At the bottom step he halted and looked up. "If Jimmy should die," he asked, "kin I have his drum?"

"After taking three bottles of your wonderful medicine, our baby was entirely well and needed no more medicine. At sixteen months of age she weighed thirty pounds. She had cried eight months, night and day, and nothing did her good until we tried *Scott's Emulsion*."—MRS. E. C. SMITH, Villa Rica, Ga.

Scott's Emulsion

probably saved this child's life. Four doctors had been tried. SCOTT'S EMULSION seemed to be just the thing needed, and it is just the thing needed by thousands of other children. It's so easily digested, so pure and harmless, yet most powerful in building up the most delicate child or adult. But be sure to get SCOTT'S EMULSION, there are so many worthless and harmful imitations.

ALL DRUGGISTS

A full copy of Mrs. Smith's letter and many others of a similar nature, together with some of our valuable literature regarding children, will be sent upon receipt of your address, mentioning this paper.

SCOTT & BOWNE 126 Wellington St., W., Toronto

STUPID SHEEP.

They Are About the Most Senseless of All Animals.

A Colorado ranchman declares that no animal that walks is as big a fool as a sheep.

"We have to watch them every minute, and if vigilance is relaxed for an instant the entire flock is likely to practically commit suicide. In handling most animals some degree of self help or intelligence can be relied on to aid the owner in saving their lives, but sheep seem to set deliberately to work to kill themselves.

"If caught in a storm on the plains they will drift before the wind and die of cold and exposure rather than move a hundred yards to windward to obtain shelter in their corral. To drive sheep against the wind is absolutely impossible. I once lost over 1,000 head because I could not drive them to a corral not 200 feet away.

"In the corral they are still more foolish. If a storm comes up they all move down wind, until stopped by the fence. Then commences the proceeding so much dreaded by sheepmen known as piling. The sheep will climb over each other's backs until they are heaped up ten feet high. Of course all those at the bottom are smothered. Not one has sense enough to seek shelter under the lee of the fence, as a horse or dog would do.

"Again, if a sheep gets into a quicksand its fate teaches nothing to those that come immediately after, but the whole flock will follow its leader to destruction. No more exasperatingly stupid animal than a sheep walks."

A CHINESE STORY.

The Noted Liar Who Had a Fairly Competent Spouse.

A noted liar once told a friend that he had at home three precious things—a bullock which could run 500 miles a day, a fowl which crowed at the beginning of each watch, day and night, and a dog that could read books. The friend intimated that he would lose no time in seeing these marvels with his own eyes. The man did not expect this, as his house was somewhat distant, so he went home and told his wife that he had got caught at last and that tomorrow the man would arrive and he would be disgraced.

"Never mind," said the spouse. "Leave that to me. It will be all right, only you must keep out of sight."

Next morning the visitor arrived and, being met by the mistress, asked where her husband was.

"He has gone to Pekin," she replied.

"When will he be back?"

"In eight or nine days."

"Why, how can he be so quick?"

"He has gone off on our fast bullock and so can do it easily."

"I hear you have also a wonderful fowl," said the visitor. And, behold, as he was speaking a small cock crew.

"That's it," said the wife. "He crows at the beginning of each watch and also when a visitor arrives."

"I would also like to see the learned dog," he said.

"Ah," said she, "I am sorry; but, you see, we are very poor, and so he keeps a school in the city."—Scrap Book.

Camo Down a Russian.

"Oh, mamma," exclaimed the pretty girl, all aglow with excitement, "that handsome young man is coming to call on me again."

"You should be careful and find out his station in life," cautioned the prudent mother. "Has he any descent?"

"Oh, yes, mamma; very rapid. He just fell out of an airship."—Chicago News.

Black Watch

"Biggest and Best"

Plug Chewing Tobacco

2012

THE KING'S MESSENGER

HIS IS A POSITION DEMANDING RESOURCE AND TACT.

Precious Contents of His Bag Have Often Been Sought by Covetous Thieves, Both Private and Political —Valuables Not Alone Carried In the Mysterious Satchel — Official Documents Are Discreetly Handled.

The King of England's Messenger has been a busy person during the last few days. This functionary is no longer of the same paramount importance for the conduct of official correspondence as formerly. He has been superseded in great degree by the postman.

The Foreign Service Messenger—when posts were few, and trains were crowded, and traveling was slow—was a person of great consequence, and was treated with the utmost deference. The deck cabin on board the steamer and a coupe in the railway train were always placed at his disposal; and in this respect he was able to exercise gratuitous hospitality towards a friend or traveling acquaintance.

Many were the stories of how foreign spies and divers designing persons laid traps to get into conversation with the trusted official in order to obtain access to the precious contents. The "bag" was always regarded as a sacred charge, which must not for a moment be lost sight of, and it behoved its custodian to sleep, even in the sanctuary of his coupe with one eye open lest some nocturnal intruder should break in upon him with evil intent.

Yet it must be admitted that the contents of the bag were not always rigidly restricted to state papers and official despatches. The messenger was a very convenient vehicle for the conveyance of bulky correspondence and divers parcels to and from illustrious personages or any of the personnel of the embassy. Indeed, so recognized was the institution that privileged persons would take elaborate trouble to send their missives to the Foreign Office to be favored by the "Queen's Messenger" long after the improvement in the ordinary postal arrangements rendered the postman quite as expeditious and economical an agent.

There was a story that a gentleman on board the steamer one day observed that the messenger was not guarding his charge with the extreme vigilance which tradition prescribed, and on suggesting that there was some risk of the bag being tampered with received the light-hearted reply: "Well, the thief would only get the ambassador's old boots, which I am taking home to be mended."

The travel from London to St. Petersburg and back within a week in wintry weather is a test of a sound constitution and of being possessed of an enviable nervous system. Although the roster is carefully kept and every effort made to accord an interval between two long journeys, it by no means rarely happens that the exigencies of the service necessitate a messenger who has only just returned from one remote capital of Europe starting off on another errand at an hour's notice and with barely time to remove his travel stains.

And although the post has proved itself a very trustworthy and brisk agent for correspondence, and although stringent orders are in force as to unauthorized parcels, and letters being wholly excluded from the official bag, the King's Messenger does remain an indispensable adjunct to the conduct of Foreign Office business. Diplomacy is not, or, at any rate, no longer is, the secret art which some hold it to be, but there are occasions when it is of imperative importance that no foreign or unfriendly eye should light on official documents bearing, perhaps, on matters not yet in shape, and when it is of great consequence that the hand which receives a despatch from the Cabinet Minister in Downing Street should deliver it to the King's representative abroad or to the King himself when staying on foreign soil. The occasions which urgently demand this direct and unimpeachable method of communications are, if much less frequent than formerly, by no means less weighty.

"Salisbury's Manners."

Long before he succeeded to his present title two years ago, the Duke of Rutland made a name for himself as Mr. Henry Manners. Lord Salisbury, one of the shrewdest judges of men, chose him as his private secretary, which recalls the duke's one-time nickname of "Salisbury's Manners," for no man ever possessed a more urbane and tactful disposition. The duke is a great lover of sport, and has written largely on the gentle art of killing things. The announcement that the duke and duchess are making many improvements and alterations at Belvoir Castle recalls the fact that at this famous old English mansion is to be seen an extraordinary silver punch-bowl, weighing 169 pounds, and having a capacity for fifty-two gallons. It is at Belvoir that the old custom is still continued whereby the castle watchman goes round the terraces at night and calls the hours, adding "All's well." This custom has been observed at the castle for hundreds of years past.

HOMEMADE KNEECAPS.

Protections Hailed by Busy Mothers With Much Delight.

Schoolboys always wear out their stockings at the knees, as every mother knows, and the invention of the so called "kneecaps" was hailed by busy women with delight. But somehow they never were very pretty and added nothing to the appearance of the child.

Would it not be a good idea to make them from the cloth of the suits, and then each pair could be worn with the clothes they match? Of course more than one pair for each suit would be necessary, but there are so many pieces left over when the pattern is cut from the material, pieces that seem of no good except to use for patches. Surely if the unsightly pads merely looked like a continuation of the diminutive trousers the looks of the kiddie would not be impaired.

To make them fit a piece of cloth to the knee of the child, interline it with chamois and bind all round with a bias piece of the material. To fasten them in place sew two pieces of narrow elastic to each side and fasten them in each of the knees with a patent glove fastener. There will then be no buttons to continually need sewing on, and the child will be comfortable.

5 DOCTORS GAVE HER UP!

Ulcers and Sores Defied all Treatment

Zam-Buk has Worked Complete Cure

Miraculous indeed is the cure which Zam-Buk has worked in the case of Mrs. Jane Beers, of L'Orignal (Ont.). "I began to suffer," she says, "from ulcers and skin sores. These broke out on my legs and different parts of my body, and spread to an alarming extent, causing me great pain. They defied all remedies I applied to try and heal them, and remained suppurating open wounds.

One medical man after another gave my case up, until I had consulted five different doctors, and they were all baffled by my case. Then I went into hospital and was there five months, and came away very little better. The sores were so extensive and I was so weakened that I had to walk with a stick and a crutch. This was my condition when first I began to use Zam-Buk. I applied it to the sores and in a few days I thought I saw an improvement. I persevered with the balm, and, to cut a long story short, the wonderful balm did what all the doctors had failed to do—healed my ulcers. I have now put away my stick and crutch, the ulcers and sores are healed, and I take this opportunity of strongly advising all who suffer from sores, ulcers or open wounds to give Zam-Buk a proper trial."

It is by effecting such impressive cures as this that Zam-Buk has established its world-wide reputation. In every country to which it has been introduced it has become the leading family balm and embrocation. This surely is proof of exceptional merit!

Purely herbal in nature it supplies the housewife with a handy and effective cure for the hundred and one injuries to which she or the children or the husband are liable.

Zam-Buk is also a sure cure for eczema, ringworm, scalp-sores, cold-sores, chapped hands, sores due to blood-poisoning, piles, cuts, burns, bruises, and all skin injuries and diseases. All druggists and stores sell at 50c. a box, or post free from Zam-Buk Co., Toronto, for price. Beware of cheap and harmful imitations sometimes offered as "just as good."

Muffling the War Drums.

Crim war once more now lifts its horrid front—
Same old near east—
And thus demands a diplomatic stunt—
So much at least—
To head it off with conferential curb—
Aye, nothing less—
Lest its noise it will not be disturbing business.

Feminine Generosity Foiled.

Jack the Clan Killer donned his invisible coat.

"My wife can't find it to give away when she is housecleaning," he explained.

Herewith other husbands were moved to envy.

Minard's Liniment Cures Diphtheria.

"My washerwoman," Mrs. Lapsling was saying, "used to lose ever so many of my sheets and pillow cases, but she doesn't now. I mark them all with intelligible ink."—Chicago Tribune.

For Asthma and Catarrh.—It is one of the chief recommendations of Dr. Thomas' Eclectric Oil that it can be used internally with as much success as it can outwardly. Sufferers from asthma and catarrh will find that the Oil when used according to directions will give immediate relief. Many sufferers from these ailments have found relief in the Oil and have sent testimonials.

"Here's a piece 'bout a rich man what can't sleep in de night."

"Dat's kase his conscience hu'ts him."

"My! Thank de Lawd I ain't no rich man!"—Atlanta Constitution.

ILLS OF CHILDHOOD, HOW TO CURE THEM

In thousands of homes Baby's Own Tablets is the only medicine used when children are ailing, and the mother who keeps this medicine on hand may feel as safe as though there was a doctor constantly in the home. Baby's Own Tablets cure all stomach and bowel troubles, break up colds, expel worms, and make teething easy. The mother has the guarantee of a government analyst that this medicine contains no opiate or poisonous soothing stuff. Mrs. H. H. Bonnyman, Mattall, N. S., says:—"I have used Baby's Own Tablets for my little girl while teething and for constipation, and think there is no medicine can equal them." Sold by medicine dealers or by mail at 25 cents a box from The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockvill, Ont.

"Do you trust your husband implicitly?"

"What a question! Why, of course I do—to a certain extent."—Cleveland Leader.

Repeat it:—"Shiloh's Cure will always cure my coughs and colds."

Knicker—It is foolish for you to want to travel in order to rest from travelling.

Mrs. Knicker—Well isn't that what all the ex-candidates are doing?—New York Sun.

I was cured of terrible lumbago by MINARD'S LINIMENT.
REV. WM. BROWN.

I was cured of a bad case of earache by MINARD'S LINIMENT.
MRS. S. KAULBACK.

I was cured of sensitive lungs by MINARD'S LINIMENT.
MRS. S. MASTERS.

"What do you think of Roosevelt's plan for uplifting the farmers?" asked the casual visitor.

The Kansas agriculturist obligingly stopped his automobile.

"Don't know anything about it," he answered, "but if it's any more husky than present happenings in the cyclone belt we don't want it. My neighbor, Bill Hawkins, was uplifted from his 80 last spring and it like to have killed him."—Philadelphia Ledger.

STORIES OF THE BANK

STRANGE THINGS HAVE BEFALLEN TREASURE HOUSE.

Sudden Demand For Cash In Exchange For Notes Nearly Broke the Bank of England Once, But Clever Ruse Saved the Day—"Old Patch" the King of the Forgers Withstood Arrest For a Long Time.

There is no institution that has more romance attached to it than the Bank of England. It has been nearly ruined on several occasions, it has been beset with thieves — one gang robbed it of over $500,000 thirty years ago—forgery and frauds have been practiced upon it by the most accomplished criminals in history, and yet "safe as the Bank of England" is a saying which, in spite of the institution's many ups and downs, is true to the letter.

One morning, just after the bank opened, an angry and excited crowd thronged the street demanding cash for notes. There was actually double the money in notes in the hands of that mob to what there was gold in the bank, and the outlook was a bad one. Gold had to be got to pay off every claimant, but that took time. So the directors sent men with notes into the crowd, whose claims they attended to first, and paid each claim in sixpences and shillings. Some men walked away sacks of shillings over their backs, but the time gained by this method of payment saved the bank, and every claim was paid.

After this the bank decided to reassure its depositors by displaying in the bank windows and near the cashiers' desks sacks overflowing with sovereigns, but the public did not know that the sacks were full of coal with only a layer of sovereigns on top.

The man who gave the bank the most trouble was one named Charles Price, and he was given the nickname of "Old Patch" because he often wore a black patch over his right eye for no reason save as a disguise. He was one of the finest engravers in the world, beating even the bank engravers. He put forged notes into circulation with surprising skill, and a battle royal began between him and the bank.

Had he not been a master of disguise, he would have been caught long before he was, but he managed to swindle the bank out of more than $300,000 before he slipped into the hands of the law in a curious manner. He used to dress in a long, black cloak which generally covered the lower part of his face, and, although he employed more than a dozen agents, none had ever seen him out of his disguise.

It was one of these agents, who turned upon him. Realizing that the man was making a fortune, he lay in wait for him and slunk into the corner of a doorway when the muffled figure drew near. Then leaping upon him he tore away his disguise and threatened to betray him to the police unless he acceded to certain preposterous terms. Price refused, so his agent carried out his word, and two months later the arch-criminal was convicted and hanged.

Only one man has succeeded in breaking into the bank, and this happened about thirty years ago. One day the directors received a letter from an anonymous person saying that he would meet any person the bank liked to appoint in the bullion rooms at midnight on a date fixed, but that the person keeping the appointment must not be armed. At first it was thought to be a hoax, but as a precaution detectives searched the bullion vaults thoroughly, and were quite satisfied that under no circumstances could a man enter those rooms; but they waited all through the night, and beyond hearing a peculiar scraping noise which they attributed to rats they heard and saw nothing.

A week later the bank directors were staggered at receiving a box in which lay several securities from the bank vaults, and enclosed was a note saying that if the directors would send a man to the vaults at midnight on the same day the writer would meet him there after having broken in from outside.

Accordingly three men went down into the vaults with lanterns at midnight and waited. Presently they heard a scraping noise, and a light appeared at one end of the vaults which vanished, however, on their approach. Then a man's voice coming, it seemed, from right under their feet told them to put out their own lanterns and he would appear. They do so with some trepidation, and carrying a dark lantern a man came on the scene. He explained that he was a sewer cleaner, and had discovered a disused drain which he found ran right into the bank vaults. He had stolen nothing, so the bank gave him a reward, which, it was whispered ran into thousands, for his honesty.

The most successful thief the bank ever had to deal with was Bidwell, an American, who arrived with his gang in 1871. He distributed his agents all over the country, buying up genuine bills that could be manipulated, and then paid into the bank a bona fide bill of Rothschild's for $22,500, saying that he was going to start making Pullman cars in England. Following this he paid in forged bills to the value of over $510,000 and paid the amounts to himself under the name of Warren at the Continental Bank. This great fraud might have gone on longer than it did had the delinquents not forgotten to put the dates on two of the bills, whereupon they were returned to Messrs Rothschild for rectification. Then the fraud was discovered, and the thieves caught just as they were starting for the continent with their spoil.

When you enter the bank by any door four pairs of eyes watch you though you are unaware of this fact. Situated close to the doors are hiding places in which are four guardians of the bank. You cannot see them, but they can watch you with the aid of reflecting mirrors in which they can see your entrance and exit, and every movement from the time you enter the portals of wealth to the moment you leave them.

The Bat's Sense of Touch.

It is said that the bat has a more delicate sense of touch than almost any other animal. It flies about at night with great swiftness, and, although its eyes are nearly sightless, it seldom comes in contact with any object. This is due altogether to its highly developed sense of touch. Strange to say, this is confined to the membrane with which it flies, its so called wings. So delicate is its nervous structure that it is acted on by any object even at a considerable distance, and the bat is thus warned of its presence.

Seldom See a big knee like this, but your horse may have a lump or bruise on his Ankle, Hock, Stifle, Knee or Throat.

ABSORBINE

will clean them off without laying the horse up. No blister, no hair gone. $2.00 per bottle, delivered. Book 8 D free. ABSORBINE, JR., for mankind, $1. Removes Painful Swellings, Enlarged Glands, Goitre, Wens, Bruises, Varicose Veins, Varicosities, Old Sores. Allays Pain. Book free. W. F. YOUNG, P.D.F., 127 Monmouth St., Springfield, Mass. LYMAN, SONS & CO., Montreal, Canadian agents.

Also furnished by Martin Bole & Wynne Co., Winnipeg, The National Drug & Chemical Co., Winnipeg and Calgary, and Henderson Bros. Co. Ltd., Vancouver.

PENMANSHIP Book-keeping, Shorthand, Typewriting, Telegraphy, and all business subjects thoroughly taught. Write for particulars. Catalogue free. Address WINNIPEG BUSINESS COLLEGE, cor. Portage Ave. and Fort St., WINNIPEG.
M. E. MACKEY, Secretary.

THE PRISON BIRD.

Tyrannical and Jealous Feathered Beauty of Africa.

The peculiarity of the prison bird, a feathered beauty of Africa, is that he is the most tyrannical and jealous of husbands. Imprisoning his mate throughout her nesting time, Livingstone watched the bird's habits while in Mounpour and in his subsequent observations referred to the nest as a prison and the female bird as a slave.

The nest is built in the hollow of a tree through an opening in the bark. As soon as it is completed the mother bird enters carefully and fearfully and settles down in it. Then papa walls up the opening, leaving only just space enough for air and food to pass through. He keeps faithful guard and brings food at regular intervals without fail. The female thrives under her enforced retirement. But if the prison bird is killed or in any other way prevented from fulfilling his duties the mother and her little ones must die of starvation, for she cannot free herself from bondage.

"Normally the imprisonment lasts until the chicks are old enough to fly. Then the male bird destroys the barrier with his beak and liberates his family. "It is charming," writes Livingstone, "to see the joy with which the little prisoners greet the light and the unknown world."

THE NORMAN "OYEZ."

A Legacy of William the Conqueror to the Courts.

Everybody who has ever been in a United States courtroom knows that when the judge walks out of his chambers and ascends the bench the court crier drones out:

"Oyez, oyez, oyez, the honorable court of the (whatever district it may be) is now in session."

Not many persons, however, realize that the crier says "oyez, oyez, oyez," instead of "harken, harken, harken," because of a chance visit that William the Conqueror made to an English court almost 900 years ago.

William had overrun England, seized the government and placed himself at its head. Happening to enter a courtroom, he heard the crier call the assemblage to order in English. William rebuked him and on the spot decreed that the business of all English courts should be transacted in Norman French, his native tongue. Afterward the courts went back to English, but to this day "oyez, oyez, oyez," clings to court customs wherever the English language is spoken as a reminder of the great Norman who whipped King Harold in the battle of Hastings.—Scrap Book.

Parishioner (a little worse for liquor)—I hearsh you preazh las' night.

New Minister—You didn't hear much, I fancy.

Parishioner—Thaz what I thought myself.—Pick-Me-Up.

In his bold fight with ruling craft,
He has not feared the thieving crowd.
Under the bludgeonings of graft
His head is bloody but unbowed.
—Chicago Tribune.

Minard's Liniment Cures Colds, &c.

Artificial flowers are an invention of great antiquity. First made of foil, horn, or wax, they have since been made of fine feathers, down, cocoons, and such material as gives the delicacy of tint and tone demanded by the originals.

Many inherit weak lungs, and as disease usually assails the weakest point, these persons are continually exposed to attacks of cold and pulmonary disturbances. The speedy use of Bickle's Anti-Consumptive Syrup will be found a preventive and a protection, strengthening the organs so that they are not so liable to derangement from exposure or abrupt atmospheric changes. Bickle's Syrup is cheap and good.

He—I used to flirt desperately with that woman.

She—You quit it, eh?

He—You bet I did. Her husband died.—The Smart Set.

THE MOYIE LEADER.

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

F. J. SMYTH, PUBLISHER.

RATE OF SUBSCRIPTION

One Year.....$2.00

SATURDAY, DEC. 19, 1908.

Moyie is prosperous.

Business is good. Say it. Think it.

Emma Goldman, the anarchist lecturer, got a warm reception in Seattle and Bellingham.

Did you ever attend a show or concert and be compelled to sit behind a lady wearing a big hat? This hat nuisance seems still to be prevalent in Moyie.

The board of trade should have a meeting and get ready to send delegates to the annual meeting of the associated boards, which meets at Trail the latter part of January.

Here is a little information on St. Andrew, clipped from an exchange: "Most of us know St. Andrew best by the X-shaped cross which, as the emblem of Scotland, figures on the Union Jack. The legend goes that the apostle St. Andrew met his death by martyrdom on a cross of this shape at Patrea, in Greece, in the year 60."

Growing in Size.

A larger blower is being put in at Trail to replace two smaller ones, which have been found inadequate for current requirments. The new blower when installed will be the largest in any smelter in the Kootenays. In order to enlarge the capacity for reducing old copper-ore a small copper furnace is being increased in size and when finished it will be the biggest in the smelter plant. When this furnace is completed it will give the plant five large furnaces. The lead refinery at present is turning out about 60 tons of lead a day. The plant can make 75 tons a day and has the demand for lead is increasing, it will not be long before an increased quantity will be manufactured.—Rossland Miner.

OFFICIAL ADMINISTRATORS ACT.

Notice is hereby given that on the 14th day of December, 1908, it was ordered by P. E. Wilson, Esquire Judge of the County Court of East Kootenay that James Ferguson Armstrong, Official Administrator for that portion of the County of Kootenay included in the Electoral Districts of Cranbrook and Fernie, be Administrator of all and singular the estate of Jani Maki deceased intestate.

Every person indebted to the said deceased is required to make payment forthwith to the undersigned.

Every person having in possession effects belonging to the deceased is required forthwith to notify the undersigned.

Every creditor or other person having any claim upon or interest in the distribution of the estate of the said deceased is required to send before the 21st day of January, 1909 next, by registered mail addressed to the undersigned, his name and address and the full particulars of his claim or interest, and a statement of his account and the nature of the security (if any) held by him.

After the said last mentioned date the adminstrator will proceed with the distribution of the estate having regard to those claims only of which he shall have had notice.

Dated at Cranbrook, this 16th day of December, 1908.

J. F. ARMSTRONG,
Official Administrator.

Of Interest To Women.

To such women as are not seriously out of health but who have exacting duties to perform, either in the way of household cares or in social duties and functions which seriously tax their strength, as well as to nursing mothers, Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription has proved a most valuable supporting tonic and invigorating nervine. By its timely use, much serious sickness and suffering may be avoided. The operating table and the surgeons' knife, would, it is believed, seldom have to be employed if this most valuable woman's remedy were resorted to in good time. The "Favorite Prescription" has proven a great boon to expectant mothers by preparing the system for the coming of baby, thereby rendering childbirth safe, easy, and almost painless.

Bear in mind, please that Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription is not a secret or patent medicine, against which the most intelligent people are quite naturally averse, because of the uncertainty as to their composition and harmless character, but is a MEDICINE OF KNOWN COMPOSITION, a full list of all its ingredients being printed, in plain English, on every bottle-wrapper. An examination of this list of ingredients will disclose the fact that it is non-alcoholic in its composition, chemically pure, triple-refined glycerine taking the place of the commonly used alcohol in its make-up. In this connection it may not be out of place to state that the "Favorite Prescription" of Dr. Pierce is the only medicine put up for the cure of woman's peculiar weaknesses and ailments, and sold through druggists, all the ingredients of which have the unanimous endorsement of all the leading medical writers and teachers of all the several schools of practice, and that too as remedies for the ailments for which "Favorite Prescription" is recommended.

A little book of these endorsements will be sent to any address, post-paid, and absolutely *free* if you request same by postal card, or letter, of Dr. R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y.

Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets cure constipation. Constipation is the cause of many diseases. Cure the cause and you cure the disease. Easy to take as candy.

COMING

OPERA HOUSE MOYIE

One Night.

A First Class Attraction

MONDAY, DEC. 21

THE BEAUTIFUL DOWN EAST PLAY

Along The Kennebec

Staged With All Special Scenery.

HEAR—the Splendid Orchestra
the Comedy Quartette
the Good Singing

SEE—the Realistic Snow Storm
the Funny Duel Scene
the Thrilling Explosion Scene

Clever Character Specialties
Bright Music and Comedy.

Watch for Band Parade.
Hear our open air Band Concert twice daily.

Seats on sale at Moyie Drug Store.

LAUNDRY WORK.

All kinds of Ladies' and Gentlemen's washing and ironing done at Mrs. Tom Climie's laundry on Half Moon avenue. Ladies' waists and Gents' shirts and collars a speciality. Parcels will be called for and delivered.

FOR SALE.

Extension dining room table one heater, small kitchen range, white enameled iron bedstead and spring, sewing machine, six chairs, two rocking chairs, linoleum, one dinner set, cooking utensils. Goods may be seen at Mrs. Clarke's residence on Moyie ave These goods must be sold before Christmas.

B. C. Steam Laundry

CRANBROOK.

Give our work a trial and leave work with

A. B. Stewart, Agent.
MOYIE, B. C.

When you think of Building, think of

CALDER BROS.

The Moyie contractors and builders.

CALL AND GET ESTIMATES

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 characterize 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.

FRESH AND CURED

Meats.

Butter

AND

Eggs

P. BURNS & CO

Limited.

MOYIE, B. C.

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

McVITTIE & PARKER

PROVINCIAL LAND SURVEYING
RAILWAY & MINING ENGINEERING

Estimates Furnished.

OFFICES.

Fort Steele P. O. Box 25.
Cranbrook P. O. Box 11.

BUY YOUR

Cigars, Tobaccos, Fruit and Candy

FROM

A. B. Stewart & Co.

—THE—

Central Hotel.

DESAULNIER BROS., Props.

Large sample room in connection with house for commercial men. Best of accommodations.

Headquarters for Commercial and Mining Men.

QUEENS AVENUE, MOYIE, B. C

NOTICE

CRANBROOK LAND DISTRICT, DISTRICT OF KOOTENAY.

TAKE notice that Charles C. Farrell, of Moyie, B. C. occupation Miner intends, to apply for permission to purchase the following described lands:—

Commencing at a post planted on the north-east corner of Lot No. 3003, Group One (1), Kootenay District; thence east 40 chains; thence south 40 chains; thence west 40 chains; thence north 40 chains to point of commencement and containing 160 acres more or less.

CHARLES C. FARRELL.

Dated September 15th, 1908.

NOTICE

CRANBROOK LAND DISTRICT, DISTRICT OF SOUTHERN DIVISION EAST KOOTENAY.

TAKE notice that I, J. W. Fitch agent for Louisa L. Fitch of Moyie, B. C occupation storekeeper, intends to apply for permission to purchase the following described land:—

Commencing at a post planted 20 chains south of the North west corner of preemption 924 W. L. Meredith Aldridge B. C. thence north 40 chains; thence east 40 chains; thence south 40 chains; thence west 40 chains to point of commencement, and containing one hundred and sixty acres, more or less.

LOUISA L. FITCH.
per J. W. Fitch.

DATE September 25, 1908.

NOTICE.

CRANBROOK LAND DISTRICT, DISTRICT OF SOUTHERN DIVISION EAST KOOTENAY.

TAKE notice that I Henry J. Cooper of Moyie B. C. occupation Blacksmith, intends to apply for permission to purchase the following described lands.

Commencing at a post planted on the west bank of the Moyie river about 150 yards south of the Little Moyie river, thence west 10 chains; thence North 80 chains; thence East 60 chains; more or less to Moyie river, thence south along river bank to point of commencement, containing 160 acres more or less.

HENRY J. COOPER.

Sept. 14th. 1908.

NOTICE.

Notice is hereby given that at the expiration of 30 days I intend to apply to the Moyie Water Co. Ltd., for a duplicate certificate of No 9 for 10 shares; No. 13 for 201 shares; No. 100 for 223 shares.

W. L. REID.

Dated. Nov. 16th, 1908.

NOTICE.

Notice is hereby given that at the expiration of 30 days I intend to apply to the Moyie Water Co. Ltd., for a duplicate certificate of No. 10 for 10 shares, and No. 15 for 371.

P. J. McMahon

Dated, Nov. 20th, 1908.

I. O. O. F.

Wildey Lodge No. 44.

Meets Tuesday evenings in McGregor hall on Victoria street. Sojourning Odd Fellows cordially invited.

HENRY SAIT, Noble Grand. F. J. SMYTH, Sec'y.

St. Eugene Lodge No. 37.

K. of P.

Meets every Thursday evening in McGregor hall at 8 o'clock. Visiting brothers invited.

H. C. LIVESLEY, Chancellor Com. E. A. HILL, K. R. and S.

Moyie Miners' Union No. 71 W. F. of M.

Meets in McGregor hall every Saturday evening. Sojourning members are cordially invited to attend.

Malcolm McNeill, President. Thos. E. Kelly, Secretary.

Harvey, McCarter & Macdonald.

Barristers, Solicitors, Notaries, Etc.

Cranbrook, - - B. C.

W. F. GURD,

BARRISTER, SOLICITOR, ETC.

CRANBROOK B. C.

C. H. DUNBAR

Barrister, Solicitor, Notary Public, Etc

Cranbrook, B. C.

DR. F. B. MILES,

DENTIST.

Cranbrook, B. C.

George H. Thompson,

BARRISTER, SOLICITOR, Notary Public, &c.

CRANBROOK, BRITISH COLUMBIA

W. R. BEATTY

Embalmer and Undertaker.

Phone 9. CRANBROOK

INTERNATIONAL HOTEL.

This hotel is now under new management, and is first class in every respect.

B. E. TAYLOR, Mgr.

Victoria Street. MOYIE

GENTLEMEN—

If you want a stylish, up to date tailor made suit, call and inspect our spring goods before ordering elsewhere.

We guaratee all Our Work.

Cleaning, repairing and pressing done.

Prices Right.

C. A. FOOTE

Merchant Tailor.

MOYIE, B. C

Geo. R. Leask & Co.

BUILDERS AND CONTRACTORS

Our Work is our Advertisement

HEAD OFFICE:

CRANBROOK - B. C.

See

V. S. Liddicoat, Moyie, B. C.

Thos. Summers

Cigars, Tobacco, Fruit and Confectionery.

TOYS, NOTIONS, ETC.

South Victoria St.

Shoe Repairing

Mining Shoes Made to Order

R. A. SMITH

SHOEMAKER,

MOYIE, B. C.

STOP AT THE

COSMOPOLITAN

HOTEL.

WHEN IN

CRANBROOK

E. H. SMALL, Manager.

Good rooms, good tables and bar, and first class sample rooms.

Wm. Jewell

Express and General Delivery Business. Livery and Feed Stable.

WOOD AND COAL For Sale

Leave Orders at Gwynne's Store.

Moyie, British Columbia

SEND YOUR WORK TO THE

KOOTENAY STEAM LAUNDRY.

NELSON

All White Labor.

Leave work with the local agent

A. B. STEWART.

O. F. DESAULNIER

DEALER IN

WOOD, COAL & FEED

PROMPT DELIVERY.

Queens' Ave. MOYIE

CANADIAN PACIFIC

ANNUAL

Eastern Canada Excursions

Low Round Trip Rates to

ONTARIO, QUEBEC AND MARITIME PROVINCES

Tickets on sale Dec. 1 to Dec. 31. inclusive, good to return within three months.

Tickets issued in connection Atlantic Steamship Business will be on sale from Nov. 21, and limited to five months from date of issue.

Finest Equipment. Standard Firstclass Sleeping and Tourist Cars on all Through Trains

2 Through Express Trains Daily

THE "TORONTO EXPRESS"

Leaves Winnipeg daily at 22.10, making connections at Toronto for all points east and west thereof.

Apply to nearest C. P. R. Agent for full information.

THE CANADIAN BANK OF COMMERCE

HEAD OFFICE, TORONTO ESTABLISHED 1867

B. E. WALKER, President
ALEX. LAIRD, General Manager

Paid-up Capital, $10,000,000
Reserve Fund, - 5,000,000

Branches throughout Canada, and in the United States and England

COUNTRY BUSINESS Every facility afforded to farmers and others for the transaction of their banking business. Sales notes will be cashed or taken for collection.

BANKING BY MAIL Accounts may be opened by mail, and monies deposited or withdrawn in this way with equal facility.

CRANBROOK BRANCH. P. T. BRYMNER, MGR

WHEN AT CRANBROOK

DON'T FORGET TO VISIT OUR STORE

Our xmas stock is now complete and our prices will favourably compare with any list sent by other firms through the post, and you see at once what you are buying without delay. We beg to solicit an early inspection.

ANY ORDERS SENT BY POST PROMPTLY ATTENDED TO.

RAWORTH BROS.

C. P. R. Watch Inspectors. CRANBROOK

Large assortment of GO-CARTS and BABY CARRIAGES. Prices from $5 up.

Cranbrook Co-Operative Stores

LIMITED.

MOYIE HOTEL.

P. F. JOHNSTON

This Hotel is New and well Furnished. The Tables are Supplied with the Best the Market affords. The Bar is Filled with the Best Brands of Liquors and Cigars.

HEADQUARTERS FOR COMMERCIAL AND MINING MEN

MOYIE - - - - BRITISH COLUMBIA

Moyie Beer

As made by the present brewer is admittedly the Best Beer in East Kootenay. With the Best Malt and the Purest Spring Water it is unexcelled for quality. Insist on having Moyie Beer.

Bottled and Draft Beer.

MOYIE BREWING COMPANY

CHAS. INDERWIES, Mgr.

MOYIE, B. C

Imperial Bank of Canada.

Capital Authorized.....$10,000,000.
Capital paid up.....4,025,000.
Rest.....4,025,000.

Savings bank department.

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

CRANBROOK BRANCH.

J. F. M. PINKHAM, Manager.