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VICTORIA, B. C.

THE MOYIE LEADER.

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Happy New Year
TO ALL

R. CAMPBELL & CO

THE CANADIAN BANK OF COMMERCE
Paid Up Capital $10,000,000.
Reserve, - 4,500,000
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CRANBROOK BRANCH. E. C. MALPAS, MGR

We Wish YOU One and All a Very
MERRY XMAS and a Prosperous
NEW YEAR
Beale & Elwell
Head Office CRANBROOK MOYIE, B. C.

WE WISH OUR PATRONS A
Happy New Year
J. W. FITCH

Fire INSURANCE
Real Estate
Collections.
Farrell & Smyth, Moyie.

I take great pleasure in wishing all my many customers a Happy and a Prosperous New Year.
E. A. HILL,
THE LEADING LADIES' AND MEN'S FURNISHER.

Imperial Bank of Canada.
SAVINGS DEPARTMENT.
Deposits of $1.00 or upwards received.
There is no better investment than a Savings Bank deposit.
Once opened it grows whether added to or not.
Interest allowed at current rates and compounded twice a year.
CRANBROOK BRANCH.
J. F. M. PINKHAM, Manager.

MARVELOUS MOYIE.

A City That Is Backed by Vast Mineral and Other Resources.

(FROM CRANBROOK HERALD ANNUAL.)

It is agreed by all that matters are well with Moyie. Some seem to think that the upward curve of the good-time wave has reached its maximum and that the time has come when caution is advisable. If the era of prosperity begets the pride which we are told goeth before a fall, it also begets the very pleasing evidence of hope which no one can fail to be struck by in Moyie at the present moment. When the men of any community are hopeful, the feeling begets the energy that brings about the realization of those hopes, especially when their optimism is founded on reason as is the case with Moyie, with its mines, railway transportation, water transport for the logs along the lake-side, and the rich ranch land about it.

The fortunes of Moyie have been tied up to such an extent with the famous St. Eugene that thinking of one naturally suggests the other. The St. Eugene is flourishing under the able management of James Cronin, the most successful mine manager and one of the most eminent mining engineers in British Columbia. It never was in a more satisfactory condition than at the present moment, with some 300 or 350 men on its pay-roll of close on $30,000 a month. During the current year, notwithstanding the mishap at the shaft-house on the Lake Shore, it will have probably registered the largest shipment of ore in its history, and will in any case have shipped more than all the other silver-lead mines in British Columbia put together. How long it will retain this distinction is a question which the people of the Sullivan may be able to answer.

In light of recent events it appears as if Moyie would not have to depend for its prosperity entirely on the St. Eugene in the near future. The Aurora, on the opposite side of the lake, is beginning to be heard from. The management has driven three tunnels in direct on the lead, and have connected the lower tunnel by an upraise with the middle one. This work was done mainly for ventilation purposes, but the amount of ore encountered during its progress was most encouraging. The faces of the three tunnels are reported to be in ore, so that the continuity of the ore body is proved from the surface (where the showing was something wonderful) to the face of the lower tunnel. One great point about the Aurora is that transportation is almost as easy from it as from the St. Eugene. It means taking the ore merely across the lake to the C. P. R. tracks. It is said that were it not for the fact of the convenient transport from the Aurora the parties interested in it would have acquired a property on the St. Eugene side, but so situated that it is rather hard to get the ore down from it. The Aurora is contributing to the welfare of Moyie to the extent of $1,000 a month at present, and will do still better as the development advances the mine to a shipping stage. There can be no reasonable doubt but that the leads on the St. Eugene cross under the lake and manifest themselves on the Aurora ground. This has been always the view of Mr. J. J. Murphy, an experienced mining man in many of the great camps of the States. He stated seven years ago to people here in Cranbrook that the Aurora was the making of a second St. Eugene, and it may be said that it was he who told Mike Sullivan of the Aurora and recommended him making an examination of it. Mr. Murphy's description of the ground was found to be accurate. A sale was the result, and now Mr. Sullivan is in charge of the work on the property. Confident as Mr. Murphy was of the Aurora, he is still more confident of the Society Girl, belonging to the Farrell Brothers.

Not content with working mines at both sides of the lake, it is now decided on by Messrs. Black and McKay of Nelson to prove the possibilities of the the minerals actually under the waters of the lake. The shaft of the Lake Shore is well below the lake bottom, but not extended out under it. The gentlemen mentioned have procured from the gold commissioner at Cranbrook two permits under section 120 of the Mineral Act to explore for ore between the Aurora ground on the east side of the lake and the Lake Shore ground on the west. This project is probably unique in the history of mining. It had its inception in the evident connection between the outcrops on the Aurora and those on the Lake Shore and St. Eugene. No one doubted that they were geologically related, but no one had thought to work out a means of testing the point until McKay and Black took hold of the idea and made it their own. It is said that they caused an examination of the lake bottom to be made at night during the past summer and fall by means of a sounding iron which brought up in the ordinary way samples of the matter forming the floor on which the waters rest. If the bottom proved rocky then it might be assumed that fissures and cracks would prove more than troublesome by affording a passage for the waters into the deep workings. If, on the other hand, the bottom showed that it was composed of gravels and clays, then there was presented the element of safety so necessary for the success of the project. This latter turned out to be the fact, and it only remained for the promotors to procure the necessary permit to start their works. They now have the necessary permission and the work will most certainly go ahead. If they encounter mineral they will be allowed to stake a full claim in the lake bottom, or in other words, they will be allowed to locate on the lake bottom, and all that lies beneath it, between the Aurora and the Lake Shore ground. The Moyie people believe in the scheme. There are to be had from the most responsible people in the town statements that many in Moyie are quite willing to put their money into the speculation, some, indeed, going the length of congratulating themselves that an opportunity will be given them to do so.

The extraordinary success of the St. Eugene, the manner in which the Aurora is justifying expectations, and the McKay-Black project has given a wonderful stimulus to all manner of mining activity around Moyie. There are other properties under development concerning which the owners desire that nothing be said until further work be done. They do not believe in blowing their horn until they are sure they have the necessary wind to justify a true musical note—and they are right. In the month of October when things were slack in the town, owing to the fire in the Lake Shore shaft-house, many of the boys of the St. Eugene took a run through the hills with pan and shovel to try for the placer gold, or whatever the hills might offer. If they did not bring back the gold it was owing to want of knowledge, or want of experience of the proper ground to search for it. At any rate, they learned that around Moyie is a district rich in all kinds of mineral from limonite to virgin gold.

Lumber is one of the big industries which help to make up the prosperity of Moyie. The Moyie Lumber Co. has a splendid plant up near the Narrows, between upper and lower Moyie lakes. The mill is now shut down, but the company has something like thirty square miles of timber limits around the lake. The situation of the mill is about a mile or so east of the town, and its position enables all the logs to be driven on the lake to the plant. They have as safe a holding ground for their logs as any mill in British Columbia. That the mill will start up again is the expectation of everyone in Moyie. If it should so happen, however, that it fails to do so, then the logs on the limits will be driven down to the mills at Tochty south-west of the town, or perhaps the mill might be worked by some other parties. The price of lumber is now appreciating so steadily that such a plant, with its fine limits, cannot be allowed to remain idle. It is only common sense to think that there will be an early resumption of work in this concern which a year ago added so much to the pay roll tributary to the town.

Ranching is assuming considerable proportions around Moyie. The Desaulnier brothers have a half section of land of admirable quality near where Bark Shanty creek falls into the narrows. This ranch is some 3 miles north-east of the town, and from it the proprietors derive the entire of the vegetables required by them for the Central hotel which they also own. It is stated that they intend to grow fruit extensively on this ground, and there exists no reason why it should not prove as successful as it does with A. E. Watts at Wattsburg, or on the Cranbrook ranches. The altitude is more favorable than in many places where all varieties thrive wonderfully.

A. T. Clark has acquired the hay meadows formerly owned by Joseph W. Hurst. These meadows extend south-west from a little beyond the town, and border the Moyie river as it runs towards Tochty. They yield heavy crops of the very finest timothy, while the bench lands above them are well adapted for fruit culture. The smaller fruit gardens which are coming to be so much in evidence in the neighborhood of Creston and Cranbrook are not yet making their appearance around Moyie to any very noticeable extent. The time is not far distant when the fruit industry which is calling such marked attention to the Creston locality, will push its bounds up along the valley of the Moyie river, in this matter following the course of the Spokane-International.

The construction of this new line of communication with the States will be of the most material advantage to Moyie. It will give the people of the States an opportunity of realizing for themselves the mineral wealth of this section of British Columbia, and the first stopping place for the purpose of such an investigation will naturally be Moyie, in order to visit the famous St. Eugene. No doubt, by the time the line is in operation the work on the McKay-Black project will be advanced sufficiently to afford mining experts a chance of judging for themselves the success of this experiment in mining practice.

The Americans when they go in for a good time are pretty sure to do it thoroughly. Some may like quiet streams where the trout are not educated to such a pitch that it takes the seventh son of the seventh son of old Isaac Walton himself to lure one of them to the basket. They will find a lake sunk in the bosom of the mountains, in the summer time "quiet as a Nun, breathless in adoration." Into it flow streams aplenty where the trout are unsophisticated in a way that make them almost too easy of capture, while in the lakes there are regular sockdolligers of trout able and most willing to test any man's skill and the strength of his tackle. Where the upper lake discharges itself through the narrows into the lower lake there is the best stretch of fishing water to be found in any part of the Kootenay country except St. Marys lake and the outlet from it. Following down the Moyie river there is as good trout fishing to be had as one could wish for. The scenery is charming, a mixture of wood, mountain and quiet reaches of sparkling water running over sands of gold, for, be it known, there is not a place on the Moyie river where you cannot pan colors of gold, and in many places coarse gold can be had in quantities to pay good wages. But the tourist is not come into the country on such a practical quest, he may want good shooting as well as good fishing. He will have it in plenty around Moyie. There are three varieties of grouse, all so innocent that some of them can be killed with the vulgar chunk of rock, and all sufficiently trustful as to permit the hunter to approach within easy distance for shooting them with the 22 bore. Once those innocents get on the wing it is quite another matter to get them to the bag. They fly like bullets and dodge round bush and trees as quick as woodcock. The man who can get one out of four for a whole day's shooting (straight wing shooting, that is) is doing passing well. In crossing shots hold well forward, and in down hill shots keep well under your bird if you would stay him.

Deer are quite plentiful. Only the other day a couple were shot on the St. Eugene ground right back of the town. The head of one decorates the office of the Kootenay hotel and is a remarkably fine trophy. Bear in the spring and fall can be got for the hunting, but it takes a hunter, a man with sound legs and lungs to undertake the fatigues that lead to the destruction of the monarch of the mountains—the silver tip. He is a tough character is Mr. Silver Tip, for a young grizzly is a silver tip—and an old silver-tip is a grizzly—only with more of the Old Ephriam in him. It is a good rule in hunting bear to avoid wounding their feelings. If you shoot at all try to kill them outright or they may reverse the process—the hunter may become the hunted, and the highest tree in the Kootenay country won't be half high enough for the terrors of the fellow who is trying to get out of the way of that half ton of incarnate destruction.

Moyie offers first rate accommodation for the most fastidious of tourists, and its stores are splendidly stocked.

(To be continued)

There i$ a little matter to which thi$ new$paper beg$ to call the attention of $ome of it$ ubcriber$. We really hate to $peak of it, but $ome have $eemingly allowed it to $lip their mind$. To u$ thi$ i$ a very important i$$ue; in fact it i$ nece$$ary in our bu$ine$$. We won't $peak further on the $ubject. Perhap$ you have already gue$$ed the drift of our remark$.

WHEN IN CRANBROOK
Don't fail to come in and inspect our superb stock of Jewelry Silverware etc. suitable for Xmas presents. Our time is at your disposal, come and look anyway.
W. H. WILSON,
Jeweler. CRANBROOK, 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.

Wishing You A Very
Happy New Year
MacEachern
—AND—
Macdonald.

Conservative Association.

The executive committee of the Conservative Central Association met in Wentworth hall on December 19 and elected the following officers:

Honorary President—Hon. Richard McBride.

President—James Greer.

Secretary and Treasurer—G. H. Thompson.

VICE PRESIDENTS.

Cranbrook—J. D. McBride.
Fort Steele—A. B. Fenwick.
Kimberley—Harry Drew.
Marysville—E. Sproule.
Wasa—N. Hanson.
Wardner—P. Lund.
Bayard—J. McDonald.
Fort Steele Junction—A. J. McCool.
Spokane Junction—John Pringle.

The Moyie Conservative Association will appoint a vice-president.

Moyie Public School.

JUNIOR DIVISION.

GENERAL PROFICIENCY.

Second Class—Nina Attwood, 756; Louise Elmer, 738; William One, 709; Beatrice One, 485, Dorothea Blackburn, 408; Ruth Marison 277.

Senior First Reader—Jack Leslie, 654; Sylvester Beckwith, 653; John Blackburn, 642; Frank Conrad, 574; Wellington Brenton 560; Oscar Burch, 577; Annie Saville, 537.

In this division Ruth Marston's low standing is due to her absence during a considerable part of the month.

A Certain Cure for Croup.

When a child shows symptoms of croup there is no time to experiment with new remedies, no matter how highly they may be recommended. There is one preparation that can always be depended upon. It has been in use for many years and has never been known to fail, viz: Chamberlain's Cough Remedy. Mr. M. F. Compton of Market, Texas, says of it: "I have used Chamberlain's Cough Remedy in severe cases of croup with my children, and can truthfully say it always gives prompt relief." For sale by the Moyie Drug and Stationery Store.

The Canadian Pacific railway are now running a sleeper on trains Nos. 43 and 44, between Nelson and Slocan City for the accommodation of their patrons. The car leaves Nelson at 7 a. m. and returning arrives at 7.45 p. m., and is ready for occupancy any time after 9 p. m., berth rates being $1. Berths can be reserved at the city ticket office or through any of the company's agents. Breakfast can be had on the steamer at Slocan City, where the train is due to arrive at 8.50 a. m.

An Emergency Medicine.

For sprains, bruises, burns, scalds and similar injuries, there is nothing as good as Chamberlain's Pain Balm. It soothes the wound and not only gives instant relief from pain, but causes the parts to heal in about one third the time required by the usual treatment. Sold by the Moyie Drug and Stationery Store.

Every man owes it to himself and his family to master a trade or profession. Read the display advertisement of the six Morse Schools of Telegraphy in this issue, and learn how easily a young man or young lady may learn telegraphy and be assured a position.

Red Wheat Whiskey. Something new. Sold by A. C. Bowness. wholesale liquor dealer, Cranbrook.

METAL MARKET.

NEW YORK—Bar silver, 65¾ cents Lead, $5.15. Zinc (spelter) $5.90.

LONDON—Lead, £17 2s 6d.

How the Day was Spent.

Christmas was appropriately observed in Moyie. Special services were held in all of the churches and the attendance at each was large. On Christmas night Eagle hall was jammed to the doors with people to attend the entertainment. Quite a lengthy program was carried out, and the children did their parts very well. Then the tree was stripped of its many presents and every child in town was remembered. After the entertainment a crowd gathered at the Hotel Kootenay and spent several hours in dancing.

Payrolls Compared.

Golden Star.—Moyie now has a payroll of $30,000 per month. Wilmer has a payroll—one person—the school teacher.

LOCAL NEWS.

Don't forget the I. O. O. F. dance on January 12th.

J. F. Armstrong held Small Debts court in Moyie Tuesday.

Joseph Niederstadt has gone to Alberta to look up a new location.

Moyie Restaurant, in Farrell block. Cleanliness and good cooking guaranteed.

Alphouse Dandurand was up from Cranbrook to spent Christmas with his parents.

A. C. Bowness of Cranbrook handles hay, oats and wheat.

Stationery in fancy boxes at the Moyie Drug and Stationery store.

Harry Dimock came up from Gateway to spend Christmas with his family. He will be stationed at Gateway for another month.

Our Christmas Stock
OF
DIAOMNDS,
WATCHES,
JEWELRY, Etc.
is complete in all lines. It is worth much when purchasing your Holiday Goods to know that you have secured just such RELIABLE goods as suit your wants, and at the most favorable prices the market can furnish.
Mail orders receive our prompt attention.
W. F. TATE & SON.
Jewelers and Graduate Opticians.
CRANBROOK, B. C.
N. B.—Mr. C. Ross Tate is in Moyie every week with a complete stock.

Linked by Fate

BY CHARLES GARVICE

Author of "The Verdict of the Heart," "A Heritage of Hate," "Nell of Shorne Mills," "Paid For," "A Modern Juliet," Etc.

Continued from last week.

For a couple of days the weather remained fine, then the wind changed and grew rough. His cramped position, the solitude of the sea, and the glare of its sun-flecked surface, which produced an almost intolerable burning of the eyes, began to tell upon him. His small supply of water was rapidly diminishing, and he had to put himself on short rations.

On the fourth day he caught himself holding snatches of conversation with Nina, but shook himself and tried to pull himself together, but again and again he relapsed into this form of delirium, and when the trading schooner, Eliza Anne, bound for the port of London, almost ran down the canoe, it picked up a half crazy man who laughed and cried in a breath and implored the captain with frantic gestures and broken accents, to put the ship about and search for "Nina."

The captain was a good-hearted fellow, and, thinking that there might be a basis of reason in the castaway's ravings, he hove about for some time in the latitude in which the canoe had been found, but he came across nothing to reward his humanity, and while Mannering was prostrated in his bunk with brain fever, the Eliza Anne got on her course again and made for London.

Three months later Mannering was one night wandering along the Strand. It was just after eleven and the theatres were pouring out their crowds into the already congested thoroughfare. Mannering had not reached London destitute, for, all unconsciously, he had brought with him the small amount of money he had with him on the Alpina; but he had, since his disembarkation, lived with little regard for comfort or appearances, and as he moved slowly with the crowd he looked, in his old serge suit and weather-stained cap, so much like a tramp that now and again the policemen eyed him with something like suspicion and one had actually bidden him "move on."

Mannering obeyed mechanically, looking neither to the right nor the left, but drifting aimlessly with the crowd which surged along the wet pavement. The crush, the noise of the cabs and carriages, the shouts of the bus conductors and the talk and laughter of the people acted as a narcotic and soothed him after a fashion. But in the midst of the turmoil he could hear the boom of the sea on the sands of the island and hear Nina's voice calling to him "Dinner is ready!" or "Will you bring me some wood for the fire?" and the commonplace phrases took to themselves a mystic, sacred significance.

Presently he found himself brought up against the Gaiety Theatre. The people were just streaming out and Mannering was standing by a lamp post waiting for an opportunity to go on, and looking absently at the beautifully dressed women and the "smart" men emerging from the illuminated doorway when one of the gentlemen said:

"Hi, my man, will you get a cab for us?"

Mannering looked round and saw that the request was addressed to him by a gentleman by whom a lady richly dressed was standing. A grim sense of humor seized Mannering, for he knew them both, and he forced his way down the street and got a cab.

"Thanks!" said the gentleman, and he held out a shilling; then, as Mannering laughed mirthlessly, the gentleman threw up his head and looked at the supposed cab-runner, and broke into a low exclamation of amazement.

"Mannering! Good Heaven!" he cried; and before Mannering could reply or step away, the gentleman caught him by the arm and, turning to the lady, said in eager consternation:

"Blanche, it is Mannering! Get into the cab; I'll follow."

He still kept his grip of Mannering's arm, and when the lady, too startled to do anything but stare at the pair, had gone, he called another cab and almost pushed Mannering toward it.

"Get in, get in, for Heaven's sake!" he said. "Why, Mannering, you, and here in London, and in this—this state! Why, we all thought you'd gone to Australia. We've been searching for you. What's happened? You're ill, aren't you? Where have you been? What— But you sha'n't answer any questions till I get you home."

Mannering gazed before him at the crowd with its canopy of umbrellas, the flashing, ever moving lights of the cabs and carriages. This man's voice was like a voice from the life of the past—the past he had left behind—lost.

"I was wrecked, Letchford," he said, hoarsely, as if he had only just been picked up in the canoe.

Sir Charles Letchford looked at him keenly, curiously, and not a little pityingly.

"Wrecked! But, no, you sha'n't tell me till we get home. Have a cigar, old chap!"

It was a subtly wise and kind suggestion. Mannering's hand closed on the cigar, and lighting it he leaned back and smoked himself into calmness; he had not been able to afford a cigar for the last fortnight.

The cab drew up at one of the handsome houses in Sloane Court and Sir Charles led Mannering into the dining-room. It was as exquisite as modern taste and lavish expenditure could make it. Sir Charles looked round.

"Blanche— You remember her? We were married two months ago—" Mannering nodded in an absent way, and Sir Charles scanned him, aghast. "She has gone to her room. Come to my dressing-room and have a wash. Supper is laid. The servants have gone to bed."

He took Mannering to his dressing-room, then went into the bed-room to Lady Letchford.

"Great heaven, Blanche!" he exclaimed. "I scarcely knew him! I took him for a tramp. The man has aged, is broken down—looks as if he were drugged!" You remember what he was!"

"Poor fellow! Oh, yes, I remember! Of course I remember. Did—did you tell him, Charles?" she asked in a low voice.

"No! There hasn't been time! He's washing his hands. You must help me, Blanche. I'll go to him!"

He found Mannering seated at the dressing-table, absently fingering the silver-backed brushes, and took him down to the dining-room. Lady Blanche, in the splendor of her evening dress, came to meet him cordially but half fearfully, for there was a strange, hunted, strained look in his eyes.

"I am so glad to see you back, Mr. Mannering. And of course you remember me—Blanche Pavason"—she blushed as she gave her maiden name—"Judith Orme's great friend, you know."

Mannering's eyelids flickered as he bent over her hand.

"I remember," he said in the deep, hollow voice with which he had spoken since the day of his great loss.

"Sit down," said Letchford, with a warning glance at his wife, a glance that said, "Let him alone for a time, leave him to me."

Mannering did not look down at his unsuitable attire, did not appear conscious of himself or his surroundings, but sank into the chair and accepted a plate of the soup which had been kept warm at the fire-place.

"Rattling good piece at the Gaiety," said Letchford, and he went on to speak of it, addressing his wife rather than Mannering, and studiously avoiding looking at him.

Mannering got through his soup and some cutlets in silence, glancing in the same absent-minded, preoccupied way at his host and beautiful hostess. Presently Lady Blanche rose, but her husband signed to her to remain.

"Don't go, Blanche," he said with the nervousness of the man who relies on his wife in difficult moments. "We want to have a chat with Vane. Now, old chap," he leaned forward and laid his hand on Mannering's arm, "tell us your adventures!"

Mannering looked from one to the other, first with a kind of suspicion, then blankly, and he sighed, the sigh of a man who has been living to himself for months.

"Adventures! I haven't had any. Ah, yes; I was wrecked. The Alpina lost her course, struck and went down—"

"Good Lord! And you—you! were picked up?" exclaimed Letchford.

Mannering was silent for a moment then he said, as if mechanically, "Yes; I was picked up!"

"But you suffered a great deal? I can see that you did. You—you look the shadow of your former self, Vane! You must have had a bad time!"

"Yes—I suffered," assented Mannering, staring at the table-cloth and fingering his fruit-knife. "Oh, yes—I suffered!"

"And was no one else saved?" asked Letchford.

"No—no one else was saved. She—" His voice died away, and his head sank on his bosom.

Lady Letchford leant forward, all tender pity and anxiety; but Letchford rose and got some cigars.

"Smoke, old man," he said. "Blanche doesn't mind; in fact, she likes it."

Mannering took the cigar as eagerly as he had taken the one offered him in the cab, and as he smoked his face cleared of some of its gloom.

"And—and so you came to London?" said Letchford with seeming casualness. "And have you seen anyone, any of your people, the Lesborough lawyer, anyone?"

"No, no one," said Mannering.

"That's—that's strange, and—and it's a pity!" murmured Letchford.

Mannering raised his eyes. "Why? Why should I see them? I didn't want money. I have some still left." He put his hand in his pocket and took out a few, a very few, shillings.

Letchford stifled an exclamation.

"My dear fellow, my dear Vane! Do you mean to say that you have been wandering about London in poverty, in—in this condition; and that you didn't know—oh, good Lord, help me, Blanche!"

Her face flushed as she leant forward and put her white hand on Mannering's hard but shapely one.

"Mr. Mannering, Charlie is trying to tell you something, to break something to you; and he wants me to help him. And I don't know how!"—piteously—"but I must try. I must try, and you—you must be patient with me."

Mannering looked at her with scant interest, and with a sigh she went on:

"You have not been down to Lesborough?"

Mannering shook his head.

"No; why should I?"

"I know that you and your uncle, Lord Lesborough, were not—good friends," she said, "but I thought you might have gone down, might have heard—"

Mannering shook his head again.

"No. I've not heard anything. What is it?"

Letchford rose and went to Mannering's side and laid a hand, at once soothing and warning, upon his shoulder.

"It's—it's bad news, Vane," he said, "gravely. "Pull yourself together. The earl's dead!"

Mannering nodded and his lips twitched.

"I'm sorry," he said in his deep, hollow voice. "I—I—liked the old man, though we never got on together. He thought me too independent—I wouldn't accept his money. Poor old fellow! He was a good sort! Dead! And so Augustus is the Earl of Lesborough!"

Letchford drew a long breath, shrugged his shoulders and looked helplessly towards his wife, and of course she came to his relief.

"There is still—worse news, Mr. Mannering," she said in her sweet, gentle voice. "Lord Augustus and his boy—you remember him, he was at Eton? You were fond of him."

Mannering nodded, "Yes, nice boy, Harry. The only one of the family I cared for," he said, thoughtfully.

"—Were going down to the funeral. There—there—"

"There was an accident to the train," Letchford took up the burden of the story as her voice faltered and broke. "A bad accident. Fifteen killed. Amongst 'em was—was Augustus and his boy—"

Mannering looked up and from one to the other.

"Killed! The boy killed! I'm—I'm sorry!" His voice grew hoarse. "A nice boy; we were great friends! Killed!"

The husband and wife exchanged glances and Letchford's hand closed more firmly on Mannering's shoulder.

"Yes, it's bad, shocking bad!" he said, slowly and impressively. "And—and it alters things for you, old man, doesn't it!"

Mannering looked round at him.

"Alters things? How?"

"Good heavens, don't you see, don't you understand!" said Letchford. "The old earl is dead, and Augustus, and the poor boy, and so—and so—"

"Mr. Mannering, you are the Earl of Lesborough," said Lady Blanche in a low voice.

Mannering looked from one to the other dully. Then he began to tremble, and presently his head was bowed in his hands, and his great, gaunt frame was shaken by tearless sobs.

CHAPTER IX.

The storm did not break upon Nina upon her raft until the favoring wind had carried her far out to sea, and it may safely be said that she did not realize the rash nature of her enterprise until the first flash of lightning and the first clap of thunder, for like most of her sex, she had acted on the impulse of the moment, and without counting the cost.

But as the sky grew inky black and broken only by the weird streaks of lightning, terror and remorse assailed her, in equal proportions; terror on her own account, remorse on Mannering's for here she was on the raging sea, and she had left him to the awful solitude of the island.

She had picked up enough of seamanship to lower her sail, and she lay, or rather crouched, on the raft, drawing the sail over her to afford her partial protection from the rain and the wind. Presently she felt rather than saw that the raft was becoming disintegrated, and rising to her knees, she reached for the sheet, the rope attached to the sail, and winding it round her, fastened it to a couple of the poles of which the raft was composed. She did this mechanically, and after half unconsciously, asking herself what Mannering would do if he were in her plight. It was singular how even in this moment of her solitude and extremity, she relied upon him.

It was well that she had taken this precaution, for the storm growing more furious, the raft soon after broke up and she found herself floating on the smaller portion. The howling of the wind, the dull roar of the sea deafened, and the salt and spume of the waves blinded her, and she closed her eyes and prepared for death; but instead of the death which she would have welcomed there fell upon her a kind of swoon, the stupor of exhaustion and terror.

The storm fell as suddenly as it had arisen, and she opened her eyes to see the sun shining through a thick mist. The sea was quite calm now and the logs to which she was tied floated almost motionlessly. She was parched with a thirst which made hunger of no account, and she knew, in a subtle fashion, that her brain was giving way. Just as Mannering had done, she found herself talking and holding conversations with him; she went through the whole of the marriage ceremony with him, re-enacted the scenes in the saloon, lived over again the life in the island. Then she fell into a profound unconsciousness, but after a time she came to again, and found that she was still floating in this dream-like mist. Her whole past life seemed like a dream. Was this wide sea, the island, her marriage, only a dream?

How long she floated on the calm mill-pond of a sea she did not know, but presently the mist was penetrated by the sound of music. With closed eyes she listened. Was she dead, and was this the music of the heavenly choir? If so, she was at rest in the bourne from whence no traveler returns. But Mannering, her husband—he was still on his desolate island. Oh, how could she have left him!

The music grew louder and more distinct, and it seemed to her more earthly; she heard a voice, a deep, stentorian voice, call: "Man overboard! Stop her!" Then her senses slipped from her slowly, easily, and when they returned and she opened her eyes again they met the pitying ones of a young girl who bent over her with anxiety eloquent in every curve of her body.

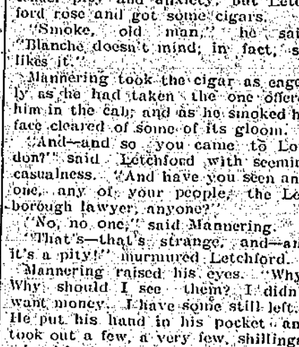
"Are you better? Can you understand? Oh, I hope you have come to!" said the voice belonging to the body.

"I—I am better," said Nina; and, as if it were a formula, she asked, "Where am I?"

"On board the Island Queen—one of the Weldon Line, you know," replied the voice.

Nina did not know, but she sighed and turned her head away.

TO BE CONTINUED.



A Clever Hint.

Mrs. A.—There are times when I wish I were a man. Mr. A.—For instance? Mrs. A.—When I pass a milliner's window and think how happy I could make my wife by giving her a new bonnet.

Too Assiduous.

Her—My only objection to Mrs. Pryor is that she's a business woman. Him—Indeed! What business is she engaged in? Her—Everybody's.—Chicago News.

PRESSED TO DEATH.

Fearful Punishment That Obtained Under Old English Law.

Under the old English law if a prisoner stood mute and failed to plead to the indictment a jury was impaneled to determine whether his conduct came from obstinacy or from a natural impediment. According to Blackstone, if the prisoner was found to be obstinately mute and the indictment was for high treason it was settled that his silence was equivalent to a conviction and that judgment and execution should follow. This same rule applied to petit larceny and misdemeanors, but upon appeal or indictments for other felonies or petit treason, according to the ancient law, the prisoner was not deemed convicted; but, because of his obstinacy, he received "the terrible sentence of penance or peine" and was pressed to death.

Blackstone thus describes this punishment: "That the prisoner be remanded to the prison from whence he came and put in a low, dark chamber and there be laid on his back on the bare floor, naked unless decency forbids; that there be placed upon his body as great a weight of iron as he could bear and more; that he should have no sustenance, save only on the first day three morsels of the worst bread, and on the second day three draughts of standing water that should be nearest the prison door, and in this situation this should be alternately his daily diet till he died or (as anciently the judgment ran) till he answered."

During the trials for witchcraft in New England a respectable citizen being so accused, knowing that by reason of the excitement of the times a plea of not guilty and trial would result in a conviction with confiscation of property, and the same judgment would follow a plea of guilty refused to plead, thereby preventing a conviction and enabling his family to retain his property. The court ordered that he be pressed because of his obstinacy. The order was carried out and the victim died.

WISDOM OF ANIMALS.

The Ape of Apuleius—A Dog Actor. Wise Dogs and Elephants.

Apuleius says that in the spring fetes of Isis, the forerunners of the Roman carnival, he saw a monkey with a straw hat and a Phrygian tunic.

But monkeys do not seem to have been popular in Rome. The cleverest of all the animal performers were of course the dogs, and one showman had the ingenious idea of making a dog act a part in a comedy. The effects of a drug were tried on him, the plot turning on the suspicion that the drug was poisonous while in fact it was only a narcotic. The dog took the piece of bread dipped in the liquid, swallowed it and began to reel and stagger till he finally fell on the ground.

At the right moment he began to move very slightly as if waking out of a deep sleep. Then he raised his head, looked around, jumped up and ran joyously to the proper person.

The remark that animals do not grow wiser with age is contradicted by the habit of elephants, noticed even in ancient times, of making the young ones cross a ford first. The officer who superintended the embarkation of the elephants sent from India to Abyssinia for use in Lord Napier's campaign tells how one old elephant volunteered to drive all the others on board. His services were invaluable, but when they had all embarked and he was invited to follow them he firmly declined and had to be left on shore.

I myself have noticed the acquired caution of the older dogs of Constantinople, which left untouched the crusts I threw them, while the young ones ate them ravenously. A Greek native told me that this was because Europeans were in the cruel habit of throwing poisoned bread to the street dogs; hence the old ones, having seen the bad effects on their companions, refused to eat bread thrown by Europeans, though they took it readily from any Turkish beggar who shared his scanty fare with them.

Scarlatti.

Scarlatti, one of the greatest musicians of his day, is now known only by the "Cat Fugue," a comical imitation of the mewing of cats.

Beer.

Beer is spoken of by Xenophon in his history of the retreat of the ten thousand. It was well known to the Romans as the beverage of northern Europe.

THE BURLINGTON ROUTE.

In the Winnipeg Free Press of Aug. 6 1905, appeared the following telegram from Dr. J. A. Macarthur, the eminent physician of Winnipeg:

Chicago, Aug. 6.—The London Old Boys special left St. Paul at 11 a.m. over the Burlington Route for Chicago. This road traverses the east side of the Mississippi for 300 miles and the scenery along the route is most varied and picturesque. The wide expanse of water is constantly in view while the rugged cliffs on the opposite side present a striking contrast and afford a pleasant background for the placid waters of the great river. Members of the party have enjoyed themselves greatly so far, and were very much impressed with the magnificent scenery on the route which is new to all of them.

This will be the ideal route for your trip to Eastern Canada during the period of $40 excursions daily December 4-31.

The Burlington Route offers something to see en route from St. Paul to Chicago. Three hundred miles along the east bank of the beautiful Mississippi River, the second largest river in the world, and rightly called "The Father of Waters."

When purchasing your tickets be sure and ask your agent to route you via the "Burlington Mississippi Scenic Line." They will be glad to do it and you will be glad you went that way on your Eastern Canadian vacation.

Beautiful illustrated folder giving full description, map and all particulars. A post card will do. Address—Frank T. Lally, Travelling Passenger Agent, Queen's Hotel, Winnipeg, Man., F. M. Rugg, N W. P. A., St. Paul, Minn.

The Lime.

The lime is the product of the Citrus limetta tree. The juice is used in cooling beverages in the tropics and is especially in demand in summer in higher latitudes. It is also boiled and used in flavors.

Something More Than a Purgative.—To purge is the only effect of many pills now on the market. Parmelee's Vegetable Pills are more than a purgative. They strengthen the stomach, where other pills weaken it. They cleanse the blood by regulating the liver and kidneys, and they stimulate where other pill compounds depress. Nothing of an injurious nature, used for mere purgative powers, enters into their composition.

The homestead entries for November were 3,481 or 824 more that for November last year. Over 300 of this increase was at Regina, 200 at Battleford, 100 at Red Deer and 100 at Edmonton. Alameda and Yorkton also show increases and Calgary a small decrease.

DON'T THROW MONEY AWAY

THE SETTING HEN—Her failures have discouraged many a poultry raiser.

You can make money raising chicks in the right way—lots of it.

No one doubts that there is money in raising chickens with a good Incubator and Brooder.

Users of the Chatham Incubator and Brooder have all made money. If you still clung to the old idea that you can successfully run a poultry business using the hen as a hatcher, we would like to reason with you.

In the first place, we can prove to you that your actual cash loss in eggs, which the 20 hens should lay during the time you keep them hatching and brooding, will be enough to pay for a Chatham Incubator and Brooder in five or six hatches, to say nothing whatever of the larger and better results attained by the use of the Chatham Incubator and Brooder.

If you allow a hen to set, you lose at least eight weeks of laying (three weeks hatching and five weeks taking care of the chickens), or say in the eight weeks she would lay at least three dozen eggs. Let the Chatham Incubator on the hatching, while the hen goes on laying eggs.

Our No. 3 Incubator will hatch as many eggs as twenty setting hens, and do it better. Now, here is a question in arithmetic:—

If you keep 20 hens from laying for 8 weeks, how much cash do you lose if each hen would have laid 3 dozen eggs, and eggs are worth 15 cents per dozen? Ans.—$9.00.

Therefore, when the Chatham Incubator is hatching the number of eggs that twenty hens could hatch, it is saving for you from $9.00, besides producing for your profit chicks by the wholesale, and being ready to do the same thing over again the moment each batch is off.

Don't you think, therefore, that it pays to keep the hens laying and let the Chatham Incubator do the hatching?

There are many other reasons why the Chatham Incubator and Brooder outclasses the setting hen.

The hen's sense when she is ready. The Chatham Incubator is always ready. By planning to take off a hatch at the right time, you may have plenty of broilers to sell when broilers are scarce and prices at the top notch. If you depend on the hen, your chicks will grow to broilers just when every other person's chicks are being marketed, and when the price is not so stiff.

The hen is a careless mother, often leading her chicks amongst wet grass, bushes, and in places where rats can confiscate her young.

The Chatham Brooder behaves itself, is a perfect mother and very rarely loses a chick, and is not infested with lice.

Altogether, there is absolutely no reasonable reason for continuing the use of a hen as a hatcher and every reason why you should have a Chatham Incubator and Brooder.

We are making a very special offer, which it will pay you to investigate.

Small Premises Sufficient For Poultry Raising.

Of course, if you have lots of room, so much the better, but many a man and woman are carrying on a successful and profitable poultry business in a small city or town lot. Anyone with a fair sized stable, or shed and a small yard can raise poultry profitably.

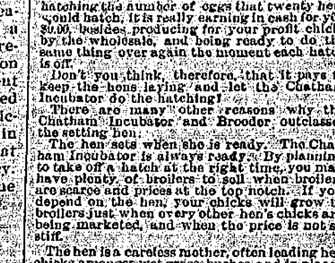
But to make money quickly, you must get away from the old idea of trying to do business with setting hens as hatchers. You must get a Chatham Incubator and Brooder.

To enable everybody to get started in the right way in the poultry business, we make a very special offer which it is worth your while to investigate.

We can supply you quickly from our distributing warehouses at Calgary, Brandon, Regina, Winnipeg, New Westminster, B.C., Montreal, Halifax, Chatham. Factories at CHATHAM, ONT., and DETROIT, MICH.

The MANSON CAMPBELL CO., Limited, Dept. No. 235, CHATHAM, CANADA

Let us quote you prices on a good Fanning Mill or good Farm Scale.



UNION MADE.

OVERALLS, SMOCKS and SHIRTS

Made to Fit and Made to Wear

You will never have Comfort and Satisfaction and Wearing Qualities in your Working Clothes until you wear

"King of the Road" Brand

ASK YOUR DEALER.

The Keeley Cure

Ask the lawyers, the physicians, the congressmen, the clergymen, the clerks, the book-keepers, the skilled mechanics who have patronized us and you will find that the Keeley treatment is all and more than is claimed for it, and that it is the "stitch" a drinking man needs to save property, reputation, family, sanity and even life itself.

Write today, now, and get the necessary information about it.

133 Osborne St., Fort Rouge, WINNIPEG.

If it is a Question of Warmth use

E. B. EDDY'S BUILDING PAPER

It Retains Heat and Keeps Out Cold.

Write for Samples and Prices

TEES & PERSSE, Limited, Agents, Winnipeg.

Lady's or Gent's

FREE TO YOU!

Send us your name and address and you will receive Free on Approval, a parcel containing 12 Rings and 12 Thimbles (Our 1906 patterns) made of Real Aluminium. They are beautifully enamelled in colours, and embossed with the inscription "Friends," "Good Luck," etc. They are lighter and tougher than real Silver articles sold at 1/6, and never tarnish.

WE TRUST YOU—NO MONEY REQUIRED.

Sell the 24 articles at 6 cents each, making $1.44 altogether, which forward to us, and we will send you at once, as a reward, a Magnificent Lever Watch, guaranteed for 5 years, or other Presents of High-class Jewellery, which you can select from our list.

At your choice.

GOLD & CO., No. 2, *The Watch House*, Delamere Crescent, London, W., England.

Imperial Maple Syrup

ALWAYS SATISFACTORY

Ask your dealer for Imperial Maple Syrup. Do not allow him to substitute an inferior article because it is cheaper.

The Crow's Nest coal beds are estimated to hold enough coal to last for 5,000 years if mined at the rate of four million tons a year

And now as to Diamonds!

It is not without reason that Canada's largest Jewelry house should be known as Diamond Hall.

All over the Continent this store is famous as giving unequalled diamond values. A permanent buying staff at Amsterdam ensures advantageous purchasing, and our customers receive the price benefit

A Diamond Hall guarantee means an absolutely perfect stone.

RYRIE BROS.
LIMITED
134-138 YONGE ST.
TORONTO - ONT.

NO OTHER TEA

Is sold on the same generous plan—Entire satisfaction or money refunded — but then no other Tea is so "generously" rich in quality and fragrance as

Gold Standard Tea.

"Guaranteed the Best."

To prove it—Try it.

35, 40 and 50 cents per lb. All Grocers.

THE MOYIE LEADER

MOYIE, B. C.

HARD QUESTIONS.

They Sound Simple, but You May Find the Answers Elusive.

"How many holes are there in a laced boot of the ordinary type? Do you know how many there are in the pair you are wearing? That is another question—and it is a little ambiguous, for the average man's ordinary laced boots are generally given away by his wife before he has had time to count the holes." "Which of the feet of a horse touch the ground in trotting?" asks the examiner. You may imagine the whole class raising arms and shouting, "All of 'em!"

Any one man may fog another with ignorance, for our knowledge is in patches. Is it worth your while, supposing you have any business to carry through, to ascertain how many V's there are on a clock face? Do you want to know how many ribs there are in the cover of your umbrella? This is the umbrella maker's business. You want only to find the time of day and avoid the rain. "Thousand words," says an editor to the amateur writer, who may be an umbrella maker. It happens many times a day. The amateur never knows what exertion and what space this means. But the journalist knows exactly the amount of gray matter, black ink and white paper the demand implies. How many words are there in this paragraph? Now—quick!

THE JAPANESE GIRL.

She Is Gentleness Itself, With an Air of Dainty Modesty.

There were not many Japanese women at the party, which made me wonder, considering the fact that there were hundreds of men present, but perhaps the absence of the many might be explained by the uncomfortable and self conscious air of the few who were there in most unaccustomed foreign finery. Not that they wore it so badly. Not at all. That is a fiction of the foreign woman who is pleasantly blinded to the imperfections of her own kind.

Of course there are no Japanese girls with Gibson figures of lissom grace and Fifth avenue strides of splendid freedom, but the same thing may be said of many other women in many other climes. Everybody cannot be an American girl, you know, and I declare I think the Japanese girl runs some of her European sisters a very close second in her ability to wear ungraceful clothes as gracefully as possible with very limited assistance from Mother Nature. All Japanese waist lines run up in front and all Japanese girls are "pigeon toed," but all Japanese girls are gentleness itself, and their dainty modesty serves to conceal a multitude of peculiarities.

THE GOOD OLD TIMES.

A Text From Which Is Spun Lots of Stuff and Nonsense.

I take no stock in the lamentation of the sentimentalists about what they call "the good old times." There is a deal of stuff and nonsense trolled off on this text. Every man over fifty who is not precisely a boor is described as "a gentleman of the old school." We need but turn to the English satirists from Fielding to Thackeray to learn that all the essential ingredients of "Vanity Fair" had their existence 100 or 200 years ago. In the proportion that there were more nature and coarser fiber there were livelier doings. In proportion that there were fewer dramatic persons upon the stage there was better play for the individual. I confess that I like a little blood in mine. Sincerity even in wickedness has a flavor quite its own. But he who fails to see the world as it is and refuses to take it as he finds it falls inevitably betwixt the three legged stool of a very false philosophy and the high backed chair of a very ill judged perversity, with consequences sometimes serious and always humiliating. —Henry Watterson in Louisville Courier-Journal.

Success Following Failures.

We believe that nowhere is the man who has failed, without impeachment of his integrity, more sure of encouragement and assistance than here. Nowhere is there a more general and more active willingness to lend a helping hand to one who is down and is struggling to get on his feet again. Certainly in no country is a single failure so seldom accepted as final, and in none are there so many instances of successes following failures.

Giant Monument to a Child.

Mount Grace, in Warwick, Mass., seems to be in a way a giant monument to a little child. According to tradition, the Indians captured a Mrs. Rowlinson and her child. As the party were passing through the woods on their way to Canada the child died and was buried at the foot of the mountain. The child's name was Grace and the mountain has been Mount Grace ever since.

Worse Than Lost.

"You lost your money in Wall street, did you?"

"I wouldn't say I lost it," answered the precise though unworldly man. "The word 'lost' implies a remote possibility of its being found again."—Exchange.

Cats in Berlin.

Cats are licensed in Berlin, and every cat in that city must wear a metal badge bearing a number.

The Longest Day.

The longest day of the year in London is sixteen and a half hours, in New York fifteen hours, in St. Petersburg nineteen, in Tornea (Finland) twenty-two and in Spitzbergen three months and a half.

Beware of Ointments for Catarrh That Contain Mercury,

as mercury will surely destroy the sense of smell and completely derange the whole system when entering it through the mucous surfaces. Such articles should never be used except on prescriptions from reputable physicians, as the damage they will do is tenfold to the good you can possibly derive from them. Hall's Catarrh Cure, manufactured by F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, O., contains no mercury, and is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. In buying Hall's Catarrh Cure be sure you get the genuine. It is taken internally and made in Toledo, Ohio, by F. J. Cheney & Co. Testimonials free.

Sold by Druggists. Price 75c. per bottle.

Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

Mrs. Vanderbilt possesses a cat for which she paid the sum of $1,000.

"Regular Practitioner—No Result."—Mrs. Annie C. Chestnut, of Whitby, was for months a rheumatic victim, but South American Rheumatic Cure changed the song from "despair" to "joy." She says: "I suffered untold misery from rheumatism—doctors' medicine did me no good—two bottles of South American Rheumatic Cure cured me—relief two hours after the first dose."

Canada's public schools are attended by 1,128,532 pupils.

Cucumbers and melons are forbidden fruit to many persons so constituted that the least indulgence is followed by attacks of cholera, dysentery, griping, etc. These persons are not aware that they can indulge to their heart's content if they have on hand a bottle of Dr. J. D. Kellogg's Dysentery Cordial, a medicine that will give immediate relief, and is a sure cure for all summer complaints.

Canada has 100 million acres of grazing land in the west.

For the Overworked.—What are the causes of despondency and melancholy? A disordered liver is one cause and a prime one. A disordered liver means a disordered stomach, and a disordered stomach means disturbance of the nervous system. This brings the whole body into subjection, and the victim feels sick all over. Parmelee's Vegetable Pills are a recognized remedy in this state and relief will follow their use.

British Columbia produces over one million tons of coal a year.

The President a Slave to Catarrh.—D. T. Sample, President of Sample's Instalment Company, Washington, Pa., writes: "For years I was afflicted with Chronic Catarrh. Remedies and treatment by specialists only gave me temporary relief until I was induced to use Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder. It gave almost instant relief." 50 cents.

One and a half millions have been given by Carnegie to Canadian libraries.

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.

Feline Soliloquy.

"I wonder," mused the family cat, after carefully inspecting the new mouse trap, "if that is intended as a labor saving device for my benefit or if I'm in danger of losing my situation."

In matter nature allows no atom to elude its grasp, in mind no thought or feeling to perish. It gathers up the fragments that nothing be lost.—Thomas.

Are Your Nerves in Health?

Study Here the Indications of a Failing Nervous System.

DR. CHASE'S NERVE FOOD.

It is surprising what hosts of people are suffering as the result of an exhausted nervous system and do not know the nature of their ailment.

They cannot sleep at nights—are restless and fidgety in the daytime—their tempers are easily irritated—little things worry them—they cannot concentrate their minds, and find their memories failing—there are spells of nervous headache—the digestion is impaired—pains and aches of a neuralgic nature afflict them—feelings of discouragement and despondency come over them at times, and they get in the way of looking at the dark side of things.

If this describes your experience you will be interested in Dr. Chase's Nerve Food, for this great food cure gets at the very foundation of nervous troubles and cures in the only natural way, by enriching the blood, revitalizing the wasted nerve cells, and building up the sytem generally.

Mrs. J. B. Tardiff, Mariapolis, Man., writes: "When I began the use of Dr. Chase's Nerve Food my health was in a terribly bad condition. My doctor told me that I was going into consumption and for nearly three years my bowels were so loose and watery that I was continually kept weak and run down. In spite of the many remedies used I gradually grew worse and worse. I could scarcely get about the house and suffered a great deal from backache, stomach and kidney troubles.

"Dr. Chase's Nerve Food proved to be exactly what I needed and by keeping up this treatment for a time I got so strong and well that I did my own housework and sometimes worked in the fields without feeling any the worse for it.

Dr. Chase's Nerve Food acts strictly in accordance with the laws of nature in creating nerve force in the body, and you can use it with positive assurance that every dose is at least of some benefit to you. Prove this by noting your increase in weight. 50 cents a box, at all dealers, or Edmanson, Bates & Co., Toronto.

TWO COWS AND OVER PER ACRE.

Suggestions of a Master Dairy Farmer In Managing the Herd.

Concerning the care of dairy cows Rev. J. D. Dietrich, who made famous the fifteen acre farm at Flourtown, Pa., by keeping thirty-nine cows upon it, says: A heifer that is coming in soon should have the same feeding as the cow that is dry. No bag, no cow. Feed so you get an udder, the eye makes the dairyman!

Keep a strict gestation table and read it over every week. Group your cows coming in at different times and count 285 days for a cow to drop her calf.

A cow should not be treated as dry until she is actually so. The right way to dry her is to put her on timothy hay only and milk her dry by skipping teats. I know the carelessness of cow keeps; they don't deserve the name of dairymen.

After the cow is dry, and all my cows must be dry four weeks, not more or less, we feed for health and a good calf and give the cow plenty of exercise by making a boy lead her, and make her walk. Her hind legs, in walking, rub her udder—better than any man's hand can, and if she is fat and you are afraid of milk fever, walk her for exercise.

Even if it take two or three miles, give it to her, and I will guarantee no milk fever if you walk her six or seven miles. Bran is the safest feed that goes down a cow's throat; hay and bran when she is dry. In ten days to two weeks before calving, she ought to begin to make a bag.

If she does not on four or six quarts of bran, and all the hay she can eat, and bowels are right, commence to give her a handful of cake meal; increase it to two handfuls, and on up to a pint, if necessary. At every feed keep your eye on the cow and her udder.

It should not be a big, red, inflamed organ, as hard as a brick, and out of shape, but a splendid pendant receptable for milk, dignified for maternity. During the dry period our eye is always on that dry cow. If she is handled by exercise, and fed for the day the calf is to come, your eye will tell you just the progress she is making as your ear can tell when the violin is in tune.

If her manure is hard and knotty, and she is fat, a dose of salts, ginger and molasses is given her, and always at the time of calving is given to every cow, and if the cow is inclined to swollen udder, one-half pound more of salts is given her, thirty-six hours after calving.

The bran and water are given the cow little and often; that is, one quart of bran is given the cow five to six times a day, in three to four quarts of cold water, and if she will drink more water, offer three to four quarts in between the bran and water, and feed hay sparingly for two days, the cow will refuse the bran and water after two days, then you can commence to give a light mess of cut hay and bran, and about the same amount of linseed as you fed her before she was fresh.

The next meal give a little more linseed, and on the fourth day a little more, and the fifth day about the same as the fourth day, depending on the cow, her udder, her manure and her general look; but never increase her feed at any one time more than one-half pound at a feed.

After danger is over and the udder in good shape, you can feed the full ration that your cow can digest profitably, and she will be all right for 330 days' milk, if you treat her rightly.

FLOWER WORLD WIZARD.

Mrs. Theodosia B. Shepherd, Who Has Done Wonders In Plant World.

Like Luther Burbank, a fellow Californian, Mrs. Shepherd has done wonders in the plant world. She is said to be one of the most successful hy-

MRS. THEODOSIA B. SHEPHERD.

bridists in the world. The cosmos is practically her creation. From the three colors of the original stock she now has thirty-five varieties. New roses, poppies, nasturtiums, begonias and other flowers of almost every conceivable variation have been created through her skill.

The Dry Feed System.

The dry feed system is coming more and more popular for raising chickens. It is claimed that the labor and bother are much reduced and the chickens grow better and the death rate is smaller. Some growers feed only once a day with the grain and meat mixture, but the more common method is to feed several times daily. It is fed mixed with chaff and gravel, to which the chickens have access at all times and look after their own feed and exercise for the most part.

Exposure Injures Foals.

Young foals that are stabled with their dams during cold rainstorms will thrive much better than those which are not so protected, says American Cultivator. The idea that exposure to inclement weather makes a foal hardy is fallacious. Those that are naturally the most hardy will be least affected by hardships. The weaker ones will die if the hardships which they are forced to endure are too great.

Hog Manure.

Hog manure is very variable in composition owing to the variable nature of the food supplied to this animal, but is generally rich, although containing a high percentage of water. It generates little heat in decomposing.

Why Negroes Are Long Lived.

Among the negro races centenarians are extremely numerous, and it is merely because they obey the laws of nature. They sleep so much, for instance, that a negro centenarian only spends fifty or sixty years out of his 100 awake, while a white man would be awake for seventy-five years of the time.

Heavy Boots.

The boots of Cromwell's soldiers weighed ten pounds apiece, being made of the thickest leather, lined and padded, with roweled spurs attached by steel chains.

WAS SENT HOME AS INCURABLE

Then Jos. Boone Found Health in Dodd's Kidney Pills.

He was Unable to Work for Seven Years Before he Used the Great Canadian Kidney Remedy.

Cottel's Cove, Nfld., Dec. 11.—(Special.)—The days of miracles are past, but the cure of Joseph Boone of this place almost ranks with the sensational cures of the earlier ages.

Mr. Boone had been ailing for eight years, seven of which he was unable to work from the effects of Backache and Kidney Complaint. He was all aches and pains.

He was treated by several doctors, and after seven months in the hospital was sent home as incurable. It was there that reading of cures in the newspapers led him to use Dodd's Kidney Pills. It took twenty-one boxes to cure him, but today he is strong and well and hard at work lobster fishing.

People here have learned that if the disease is of the Kidneys or from the Kidneys, Dodd's Kidney Pills will cure it.

Gallery Gods.

The expressions "among the gods" and "gallery gods" are said to have originated from the fact that the ceiling of Drury Lane theater, London, was formerly painted in imitation of a blue sky and fleecy clouds, among which a great number of Cupids were disporting themselves.

The Chinese Pink.

The Chinese pink was first sent from China to Paris by missionaries in 1705. The double ones were first noted among seedlings in 1719 in Paris gardens.

"My Heart was Thumping My Life Out," is the way Mrs. R. H. Wright, of Brockville, Ont., describes her sufferings from smothering, fluttering and palpitation. After trying many remedies without benefit, six bottles of Dr. Agnew's Cure for the Heart restored her to perfect health. The first dose gave almost instant relief and in a day suffering ceased altogether.

A Bible Translation.

A Gothic Christian bishop once translated the Bible into the Gothic language for the use of his people, but omitted the book of Kings lest the wars told of there should increase their propensity for fighting.

The Yellowstone Park.

The National Yellowstone park, which is situated in three states—Wyoming, Montana and Idaho—comprises 3,575 square miles and is the largest park in the world.

We All Have Missions in the World.—There is work to do for every man on earth, there is a function to perform for everything on earth, animate and inanimate. Everything has a mission, and the mission of Dr. Thomas' Eclectric Oil is to heal burns and wounds of every description and cure coughs, colds, croup and all affections of the respiratory organs.

New Hampshire.

New Hampshire was formerly called Laconia. It received its present name in 1620, being first called New Hampshire by Captain John Mason, who had been a resident of Hampshire, England.

Better without a Stomach than with one that's got a constant "hurt" to it. Dr. Von Stan's Pineapple Tablets stimulate the digestive organs. Let one enjoy the good things of life and leave no bad effects. Carry them with you in your vest pocket—60 in box. 35 cents.

Some of the Indian women have a very pathetic custom. When an Indian girl dies her mother often substitutes a doll for the lost child. She fills the empty cradle with feathers arranged in the form of a child, and carries this about as she did her child crooning to it and caressing it. Sometimes, instead of doing this, she ties the clothes, toys, and other articles belonging to the little one to the cradle board and carries it as she originally did her child.

Minard's Liniment Cures Colds, etc.

Canada has the largest pulp wood areas in the world.

Sunlight Soap is better than other soaps, but is best when used in the Sunlight way. Buy Sunlight Soap and follow directions.

A large addition is to be made to the retail stores of the Hudson's Bay Co. in Vancouver.

Itch, Mange, Prairie scratches, Cuban Itch on human or animals, cured in 30 minutes by Wolford's Sanitary Lotion. It never fails. At all druggists.

The British Museum Library increases at the average rate of one hundred volumes a day.

Minard's Liniment cures Garget in Cows.

In 1903 Canada exported 57 per cent. of the products of her paper and pulp mills, chiefly to the United States.

Mozart's "Requiem."

Mozart's "Requiem" was left unfinished at his death and was completed by Schickenader, who repeated the fugue found at the beginning.

The Shokonsha Festival.

At the Shokonsha festival, which is held in Japan every May, the names of all soldiers who fell in battle the previous year are officially printed. The soldiers who succumb to disease are not thus honored.

Cash or Cure

If Shiloh's Consumption Cure fails to cure your Cold or Cough, you get back all you paid for it. You are sure of a Cure or the Cash.

If it wasn't a sure cure, this offer would not be made.

Can anything be fairer?

If you have a Cold, Cough, or any disease of the Throat, Lungs or Air Passages, try

SHILOH

313

25c. per bottle. All dealers guarantee it.

MEERSCHAUM PIPES.

A Test by Which to Tell the Genuine From the Spurious.

Once upon a time there was a man who spent eight of the best years of his life coloring a meerschaum pipe, only to find at the end of that period that he had been nursing a piece of "massakopfe" instead of the genuine "ecume de mer." The "massakopfe" is a composition made of the parings of genuine meerschaum and a mineral clay. The parings are triturated to a fine powder, boiled in water and molded into blocks, with or without the addition of clay. Each block is then cut into a bowl, but as it contracts considerably it must be left some time to dry. These bowls are distinguished from the genuine meerschaum by their greater specific gravity, but there is no absolutely certain test by which the real meerschaum can be told from the composition.

In forming a pipe from "ecume de mer" the silicate of magnesia is prepared for the operation by soaking in a composition of wax, oil and fats. The wax and oil absorbed by the meerschaum are the cause of the color produced by smoking. The heat of the burning tobacco causes the wax and fatty substances to pass through the stages of a dry distillation, and, becoming associated with the products of the distillation of the tobacco, they are diffused through the substances of the bowl, producing those gradations of tint which are so much prized. In some cases the bowls are artificially colored by dipping them, before being soaked in wax, in a solution of sulphate of iron, either alone or mixed with dragon's blood.

Good meerschaum is soft enough to be indented by the thumb nail. It yields readily to the knife, especially after having been wetted. There are various densities. Some kinds sink in water; others float on the surface. Those of medium density are preferred by the pipe maker, for the light varieties are porous and even cavernous. Many judges assume that the heavier kinds are spurious, but there is no absolute proof that such is the case. A negative test may be mentioned. The composition bowls never exhibit those little blemishes which result from the presence of foreign bodies in the natural meerschaum. Therefore if a blemish occur in a meerschaum bowl, which is very frequently the case, the genuineness of the bowl is rendered most probable. But as blemishes do not show until after the bowl has been used for some time the test is not of much value.

POINTED PARAGRAPHS.

An old man doesn't care much for jokes.

What's the use of giving advice? People won't take it.

Not many men know if the advice their wives give is good or bad, as they seldom act upon it.

To every man: Know what puts that sad look on your wife's face? Every one suspects that it is you.

Every man who is nearing the end of his days must regret the worry he has given to false alarms all through life.

Do not go too much into details in your conversation. If you touch only the high places you can get over more ground.

When you inquire of a man, "How are you?" he will reply, "Oh" (with a long pause on the "oh"), "pretty well," indicating that he could be a whole lot better.

A Painter's Broken Arm.

A friend once entered the studio of George Inness, the American landscape painter, while he was at work and remarked that the picture on the easel seemed to him much better than certain former works of the artist. "Right!" said Inness. "This is going to be one of my best things, and the reason is that I have had the good luck to break my right arm and am obliged to paint with my left hand. You see," he added, showing his right hand in a sling, "this hand had become so darned clever that I could not catch up with it, and it painted away without me, while this hand"—showing the left, with which he held his brush—"is awkward and can do nothing without me."

Poison In War.

When the French beat the Formosans along the coast in 1881 the latter retired to the interior. When the French pursued them they found a queer line of defense, beyond which they could make no progress and in storming which many died. The Formosans had poisoned the springs, water courses, etc., as they retreated, and the campaigns of the French against them never got farther than the poison line. The poison was a native one, as deadly as arsenic or strychnine.

A Sample of the Sea.

On his return to Cordova from a visit to Mar del Plata, where he had beheld the sea for the first time, Pedro brought with him a bottle containing about an inch of sand from the shore and two inches of salt water to enable his parents, who had never seen the ocean, to form some idea of what it was like. We are informed that his parents were greatly impressed.—Saeta.

His Brethren.

Smart Pastor—My congregation is made up mostly of fools. Parishioner—Ah, that explains it! Smart Pastor—Explains what? Parishioner—Your habit of addressing them as "beloved brethren."

Hard on the Witnesses.

Whenever a murder is committed in Argentine it is customary to put every possible witness in prison and keep him there until the real culprit is convicted.

Cotton and Wool.

Cloth manufacturers have learned to mix cotton and wool so thoroughly that mere feeling will not detect the presence of cotton. The only sure method in such cases is to boil a piece of the goods in a solution of caustic potash, which will eat up the wool and leave the vegetable fiber intact.

W N U No 563

There is a Treat in Store for You

IF YOU HAVE NOT TASTED

"SALADA"

Ceylon Green Tea, Because it is infinitely superior to the finest Japan Tea.

40c, 50c, and 60c per lb. By all Grocers.

Highest Award St. Louis, 1904.

A PLACE OF DREAMS.

Back-gazing to my childhood home
I saw a place of fairy bowers
Glowing with sunshine. Palace walls
Towered from a fairyland of flowers
'Mid mighty pines pointing so high
Their tall tops touched the sunny sky.
After long years once more I came.
How poor the palace and how small!
Stunted the pines! The flowers gone!
I wondered, could it be the same?
For childhood saw with dazzled eyes.
The world when new the fairer seems.
Yet still, old home, I'll fancy you
A place of sunshine and of dreams.
—Victor Lauriston, in Valley Magazine.

TO MARRY, AIM OF WOMEN.

Minister of Agriculture Deplores Rush of Country Youth Citywards.

Hon. Nelson Monteith, Minister of Agriculture, is somewhat concerned over the apparent lack of interest in the science of agriculture as exhibited by the young of the province. There is no noticeable diminuation, he says, in the rush citywards of the young men and women, who at an early age began to find farm burdens irksome, and long for the pleasures and excitements they fondly imagine await them when they set foot in the magic city, they hear so much about.

"The farm and the farming industry is the backbone financially of our nation," said the Minister recently, "and we will be in a bad way indeed, if the time comes when the tilling of the soil is regarded as menial or excessively laborious. Thinkers in the United States express the conviction that the influx of women into the professons and even the clerical trades formerly monopolized almost entirely by men, is now having the effect of driving the men, young and old, back to the farm to obtain a livelihood.

"I cannot say that we notice this effect in Canada yet, and it will be some time before we do, as we are a young country compared with the United States. But all our towns tell the same story. The young people are flocking to the cities. They are dazzled with what they believe is there, and they find when they do go that the realization is not the same as the anticipation. The best influences are lacking in the city. The city is not the place to foster and develope the ideal home life, even in Canadian cities. The country affords the most natural scope for that. I gather that the aim of the majority of our young women, whether they live in the city or country, is towards matrimony, and the training afforded by the city environment is not the best training for a wife and mother,—not as good and helpful at any rate as that found in the country. The press of this country should wield its great influence in an educative capacity, towards keeping the country ideal strong and vigorous, and to remove from the minds of the young the thought that they may be wasting time by staying on their fathers' farms.

"Farming is not what it was. Of old it was all work and no play, and very little financial gain as a reward. Nowadays it is different. The modern farmer exercises a much keener business instinct in running his farm. Labor-saving machinery takes away the manual toil formerly an unavoidable adjunct of his work. Prices are better, and he handles a great deal more money than his grandfather was able to do. In fact it takes a good business man to be a farmer with success nowadays.

"I would like to see our boys and girls content to stay in the country. The outlook for farming is good now, and better in the future. If a wholesale exodus from our farms takes place, it will mean either serious trouble for us as a nation, or the invention of labor-saving machinery to entirely take the place of the former workers, who have adopted some other calling."

Related As a True Story.

The curious legend of how the foxes in the olden days succeeded in catching birds after they had sought refuge in the trees is borne out by a story told of a settler's dog in Northern Ontario. The story is looked upon with a smiling eye by all the friends of the tourist who tells it, but he swears it is the truth, and the story does not differ in any material sense in any of the large number of times that he has been called upon to repeat it.

"I was talking to Joe, an old settler in Muskoka—I don't know his name—about hunting," states the story teller. "After some time the conversation fell upon dogs. He remarked that I had a pretty fair setter. He immediately asked me whether it could catch birds. I said no, because I shot all I could see and draw a bead on. He immediately said his little yaller dog was better than mine. I told him to prove it, and he led the dog and myself out into the bush.

"Within a few moments after commencing the hunt, the dog treed a partridge," continued the tourist. "He waited for us to come up nearly under the tree; then he commenced his antics. Starting some distance away from the tree, he made a rush at it, and then began to run around an eight-shaped figure as fast as he could go. With his eyes on the ground and his tongue hanging out, the cur seemed suddenly to have gone mad.

"The bird, perched on a limb above him, cocked a supercilious eye on him as if to say, 'What is that little beast doing, anyway?' However, the bird kept a sharp watch on the yaller streak flying around on the ground. If closely watched, its eye was seen to follow the movements of the dog very closely. The bird became more interested, and its head began to sway, keeping time with the motion of the animal on the ground. The motion of its head became more pronounced, and suddenly it overbalanced and fell to the ground with a flutter of wings. Before it could recover from its dizziness the dog had it in his mouth.

"Now, this may seem like a fairy tale," concluded the tourist, "but I've got the proof of another reliable witness in Toronto, who will hold me out, and if you don't believe either of us, see the caretaker of one of the islands in Lake Joseph, Muskoka."

Brother Smiff and the 'Phone Girl.

"The girlless 'phone is the latest. It won't go. The seedless orange is all right, and the horseless carriage can be put up with. But a 'phone without a girl! No, sir. No one would be seen talking to such a [illegible]geon Independent.

SACRED STONES.

Some That Claim to Mark the Center of the Universe.

The sacred black stone of the Manchu dynasty of Chinese in Mukden is the center of the universe, according to old Chinese superstitions, and added venerability comes to Mukden from the graves of the emperors near by.

The Do-ring in Lassa, Tibet, is another center of the universe, which, according to the Tibetan priests, is shaped exactly like the shoulder blade of a sheep. All distances are measured from it, and it is very sacred.

Another center is the kaaba, in Mecca, a dirty black stone let into the wall of the most sacred mosque and polished every year by the lips of thousands of worshipers. The Arabic word for stone, "hagar," appears in Scriptural writings as a proper name. The Mecca pilgrimage is a "haj," and those who have taken it are known as "hadji."

Even so sane a people as the ancient Greeks came pretty near worshiping a stone—the "omphalos," or center of the earth, at Delphi. The Romans set up a stone of great consequence in Rome, but for purposes of measurement, not worship, and so the "London stone" of today is used.—London Telegraph.

Pushing the Old Folks Aside.

When the babies are cross and a man would like a quiet retreat there is none for him. But in a few years, when the children are grown and he is in the way, the daughters and mother put their heads together and originate a den. There is no den for the mother because she gracefully eliminates herself by sitting in the kitchen or running over to a neighbor's. It is her natural disposition to hide in a corner, or remove herself entirely, and it is not the natural disposition of the father; hence the den. It has a couch and some pipes and tobacco and the books which the neighbors haven't got around to borrowing as yet, though if father begins a story today the book will be found to be loaned out when he wants to finish it tomorrow. The den is a fashionable way of pushing the old man out. If there is one in your house, Mr. Man, don't be deceived [illegible]

SUNLIGHT SOAP

Clothes washed by Sunlight Soap are cleaner and whiter than if washed in any other way.

Chemicals in soap may remove the dirt but always injure the fabric.

Sunlight Soap will not injure the most dainty lace or the hands that use it, because it is absolutely pure and contains no injurious chemicals.

Sunlight Soap should always be used as directed. No boiling or hard rubbing is necessary.

Sunlight Soap is better than other soap, but is best when used in the Sunlight way.

Equally good with hard or soft water

$5,000 REWARD will be paid to any person who proves that Sunlight Soap contains any injurious chemicals or any form of adulteration.

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Lever Brothers Limited, Toronto

THE MOYIE LEADER.

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

F. J. SMYTH & CO., - - - Publishers.

SATE OF SUBSCRIPTION.

One Year.....$2.00

SATURDAY, DEC. 30, 1905.

The Leader wishes its readers a happy and prosperous New Year.

Premier McBride denies the rumor that there will be an appeal to the country next year.

Through the courtesy of F. E. Simpson we are able this week to publish the writeup on Moyie which appeared in the Cranbrook Herald Annual. The type, which was set on a Mauline typesetting machine, was shipped to us, thus doing away with the necessity of resetting the article. This gives us the opportunity of getting the paper out earlier and taking a little holiday trip. This is a generous and thoroughly appreciated lift to us.

A Glowing Tribute to Canada.

That Canada has gained a new and more imortant status in the eyes of other nations is shown by the following glowing tribute from an American exchange:

"It is published that Canada, even Canada, has the presumption to think of building another transcontinental railway. Carry the news to Rudyard Kipling, who doomed Canada for a generation to be regarded in England as "Our Lady of the Snows." Carry the news to those who predicted that the Canadian Pacific was built a century in advance of the needs of the territory it traversed. Carry the news to the thousands whose descendants will yet see the Canadian northwest the home of 5,000,000 of people. Carry the news to American capitalts whose money has already started the development of Canada's manufacturing possibilities, and for whom another railway will mean the opening of a new empire to become as truly American as many parts of the United States. Canada has already 17,000 miles of railway that cost $900,000,000. She has the longest continuous stretch of internal navigation in the world. She has 70 miles of canals, 10,000 post offices, 30,000 miles of telegraph wire 18,000 public schools, 60,000 men in her lumber camps in winter, 17 universities, and over 50 colleges, only 15 per cent of illiterates, a river over 2,000 miles long, over 5,000,000 people of whom 90 per cent are Canadian born, and only 3 per cent foreign born, the remainder being British born. Canada ranks fourth in the production of gold; has 1,000,000 square miles of unexplored territory; coal beds that will yield over 4,000,000 annually for 5,000 years.

"Canada is one of the most fortunately situated countries—politically—in the world. She is bounded on the east and west by the Monroe doctrine; on the north by the impregnable barrier of eternal ice; on the south by a neighbor that wishes her well, and is giving of her millions as pledges of friendly treatment. She has no more need of a navy than for another north pole; little more use for an army than Hudson's Bay for an awning. Her destiny is to aid us in feeding and clothing the world; to build up a nation of liberty loving people; to develop her tremendous natural resources, with the help of American millions, in new and transplanted industries. The United States is not precisely an effete country as yet. But the surprises in discoveries of vast material wealth, in natural deposits of coal, iron, copper, silver and gold are of our past mainly. In Canada they are only beginning. Merely the rinse of that vast territory north of us has been examined closely. It is the greatest oyster remaining in the world, barring Russia, and Americans are to have a share in prying off the upper shell and partaking of the meat beneath.

Church Services.

PRESBYTERIAN—In the Oddfellows Hall. Sunday School at 3 p. m. Evening service at 7:30.

Everyone welcome.

G. H. FINLAY, Pastor.

METHODIST—Sunday School at 3 p. m. Evening service at 7:30 o'clock.

Everyone welcome.

D. M. PERLEY, B. A., Pastor.

NOTICE.

To John J. Tierney, formerly of Moyie, mucker:

Take notice that Frank J. McMahon has entered suit against you in the Small Debts Court holden at Moyie before me, James F. Armstrong, Stipendiary Magistrate, for the sum of $19 due by you for board, and that if you do not appear at the sittings of the said court to be holden at Moyie on the 30th day of January, 1906, judgment will be rendered in your absence.

Dated at Moyie, the 26th day of December, 1905. J. F. ARMSTRONG, Stipendiary Magistrate.

Grip Quickly Knocked Out.

"Some weeks ago during the severe winter weather both my wife and myself contracted severe colds which speedily developed into the worst kind of la grippe with all its miserable symptoms," says Mr. J. S. Egleston of Maple Landing, Iowa. "Knees and joints aching, muscles sore, head stopped up, eyes and nose running, with alternate spells of chills and fever. We began using Chamberlain's Cough Remedy, aiding the same with a dose of Chamberlain's Stomach and Liver Tablets, and by its liberal use soon completely knocked out the grip." These tablets promote a healthy of the bowels, liver and kidneys which is beneficial when the system is congested by a cold or attack of the grip. For sale by the Moyie Drug and Stationery Store.

Christmas Holiday Rates.

For the Christmas holidays the Canadian Pacific railway will issue tickets to and from all stations Port Arthur to Vancouver and including branch lines (and Kootenay steamer lines) at rates fare and one third return. These excursion tickets will be on sale December 22nd, 23rd 24th and 25th and December 29th, 30th, 31st, Jan. 1st, good for return till January 3rd, 1906. For rates, etc., apply to any C. P. R. agent, or write J. S. Carter, D. P. A. Nelson, B. C.

For Sale.

The place known as the Dill mill ranch, 320 acres, good barn and house,

Apply to

J. E. Crowe, Moyie, B. C.

NOTICE.

Should the mill of the Moyie Lumber Company not operate this season, it is my intention to open a lumber yard in Moyie in the spring. Prospects for the winter do not warrant it at present, but those desiring lumber now will do well to see me.

H. CAMERON.

IF YOU HAVE A

LOT TO SELL,
A HOUSE TO RENT,
MINING STOCK TO SELL

Or if you wish to invest in any of these consult

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Sharp Razors, Clean Towels and Good Workmanship.

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For sale retail by all good dealers,

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MOYIE

Drug & Stationery Store.

For Christmas Presents don't fail to see our display for this week.

We Have the Best Assortment in Moyie. Don't wait till the last. Come at once.

The Moyie Drug and Stationery Store.

HOTEL MANHATTAN.

Under New Management.

The Dining Room is now open, the Bar is newly supplied, and every effort will be made to give satisfaction.

J. A. GOUPILL, Propr.

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NELSON, B. C.

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LEARN TELEGRAPHY

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We execute a $250 Bond to every student to furnish him or her a position paying from $40 to $60 a month in states east of the Rocky Mountains, or from $75 to $100 a month in states west of the Rocky Mountains, IMMEDIATELY UPON GRADUATION.

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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.

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Express and General Delivery Business. Livery and Feed Stable.

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MOYIE British Columbia.

TIME TABLE GREAT NORTHERN RAILWAY

THE COMFORTABLE WAY.

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10:12 am	Arrive	Elko.	" 8:10 pm
12:30 pm	"	Rexford	" 6:25 pm
7:45 pm	"	SPOKANE	" 9:30 am
7:30 am	"	Everett	" 6:21 pm
9:00 am	"	Seattle	" 8:00 pm
3:45 pm	Ar.	VANCOUVER	Lv. 3:00 pm
2:15 pm	Ar.	ST. PAUL	Lv. 5:00 pm

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No. 71 W. F. of M.

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

WM. J. FELTHAM, President. THOS. E. KELLY, Secretary

MOYIE AERIE NO. 855

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Meets on the first and third Wednesday of each month at 8 P. M.

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Cranbrook, B. C.

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Cigars, Tobaccos, Fruit and Candy

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