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THE MOYIE LEADER.

VOL. 7, NO 15. MOYIE, B. C. FEBRUARY 20, 1901. $2 A YEAR

Go it while You're Young. Keep it up When You're Old.

Don't say you are too young to go shopping, or too old to be up to date.

Charlemagne, of France, was emperor when less than 21 years of age. On the other hand, Gladstone made his most famous speech when over 80 years old.

It is thoughts that keep you young, and thoughts that make you grow old.

With our bargains sprinkled on your countenance, you will actually look younger as you grow older. They will help to bring the "teens" of your youth into your second century.

Try it. Experience the Truth. Follow the Crowd.

R. CAMPBELL & CO

THE CANADIAN BANK OF COMMERCE

Paid Up Capital $8,700,000.
Reserve, 3,000,000
Total Resources - 83,000,000 (Nov. 30, '04)

Deposits Received. Present Rate of Interest 3 per cent.

F. C. MALPAS, MGR

CRANBROOK BRANCH.

INSURANCE
REAL ESTATE
MINING STOCKS.

Insure with us because we sell insurance that insures.
We can sell you Real Estate or sell your Real Estate because we are the largest real estate dealers in Estate Kootenay.
We can make money for you in mining stocks, because we keep in close touch with the market.

Beale & Elwell.

Head Office CRANBROOK

MOYIE, B. C.

Imperial Bank of Canada.

CAPITAL, (Authorized).....$4,000,000
CAPITAL, (Paid Up).....$2,983,896
REST.....$2,636,312

HEAD OFFICE, TORONTO, ONTARIO.
T.R. MERRITT, Pres. D. R. WILKIE, Vice-Pres and Gen. Man.
E. HAY, Assistant Gen. Manager. W. MOFFAT, Chief Inspector.

CRANBROOK BRANCH A general banking business transacted.

SAVINGS DEARTMENT—Interest allowed on deposits.
Drafts sold, available in all parts of Canada, United States and Europe. Special attention given to collections.

F. H. MARSH, Manager.

A FEW WORDS TO THOSE WHO INSURE AGAINST

FIRE

ALL companies (whether so called Board or Non Board) are chartered by the government. The Government demands in return for this charter that such Company shall deposit with them sufficient securities to cover a certain per centage of the insurance in force. The Government have made this per centage over and above the average rate of losses. Therefore, why pay exorbitant rates when we can offer you equal protection at equitable and adequate rates?

ARNOLD & ROBERTS.

CRANBROOK, B. C.

If you want anything, stylish and neat go to

HILL & CO.

The leading Ladies and Gents furnishers.

The Central Hotel.

DESAULNIER BROS, Props.

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

Headquarters for Commercial and Mining Men.

QUEEN AVENUE, MOYIE, B. C.

CRESTON MAY GET SMELTER

Reduction Works In Kootenay.

ZINC PLANTS PROMISED

F. Fernau Has Strong British Backing--Will Increase Output.

The outlook for lead and zinc in the Kootenays is considerably brighter. Lead is gradually increasing in price on the London market, and the indications seem to be that will remain permanent. Zinc also is in good demand, and the price has been firm for several months past.

The mineowners of the Kootenays are hampered by the lack of smelting facilities for thier ore, and in order to receive the benefit of the bounty on lead the ore must be treated in Canada. South East Kootenay should have a smelter, and it is safe to predict that one will be erected in the vicinity of Creston within the next twelve months. The ores of the St. Eugene mine at Moyie and the Alice mine at Creston alone would keep a small sized smelter in operation continuously. F. Fernau, of Newcastle, England, who recently visited Moyie in company with Oscar Lefebver of Belgium has been looking over the Kootenays and is of the opinion that there is a field for another smelter and also a zinc reduction works. The people with which he is interested are amply able to erect and maintain the plants as they have not only the capital, but also the knowledge of the art of concentrating and the reduction of lead and zinc, and are therefore in a position to make their venture a commercial success. So confident does it seems certain that their venture will be successful. Then they say too, that their venture will redound to the profit of the mine owners. Local plants of the kind the purpose erecting will enable them, as the ores will be trated at home and much haulage avoided, to pay the producers of zinc ores and concentrates a much higher price than they are at present obtaining for their output.

There are rumors afloat that Mr. Fernau has his eye on the smelting business of this district and will recommend to his company the building of a plant somewhere in the vicinity named above. It is well know that the Sullivan smelter is a failure and would in no way interfere with the erection of another one.

To Look at the Sullivan.

A party of mining men passed up on the train during the week, from Spokane to the Sullivan mine. In the party were F. D. Weeks of New York, J. F. Williams of Spokane and Clayton W. Miller of Wallace, Idaho. Mr. Weeks is a smelter man, Mr. Williams is secretary of the Sullivan Mining company and Mr. Miller is assistant general manager of the Federal Mining and Smelting company, whose properties are at Wallace, Idaho. In conversation with the gentlemen it was stated that their visit had no significance as to the resumption of work on the Sullivan.

STOP AT THE

COSMOPOLITAN HOTEL.

WHEN IN

CRANBROOK.

J. E. DOWNES, Prop.

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

LOCAL NEWS.

D. J. Elmer was in Cranbrook this week.

P. F. Johnston was in Cranbrook Thursday.

Ed Hill and wife returned from Lethbridge Thursday.

Claud Cobb has returned from his visit to the central states.

Mrs. W. R. Stone is visiting with friends in Cranbrook.

A son was born to Mr. and Mrs. H. M. Fullerton in Nelson on the 17th.

Mrs. Nugent was down from the North Star mine on a visit the first of the week.

Rev. Thompson of Cranbrook held service in the Methodist church Monday evening.

Mrs. John Blackburn and children have came down from the North Star mine and will reside here.

They claim there is nothing original exceptiag original sin. R. Campbell & Co.'s advertisements will hold second place.

Eugene Etter, A. Leitch, jr. and R. H. Robertson came up from Ryan on Monday to attend the Odd Fellows' ball.

Mrs. P. T. Smyth left for Monroe, Wash., on Wednesday last to attend the funeral of her brother, who died on Tuesday.

Another excellent dance was given by the boys at the Moyie Lumber Co.'s mill last evening.

A timber wolf ventured out on the west side of Moyie lake Thursday and a few crack shots of the town tried to capture him but failed.

The Herald suggests that the debating societies of Cranbrook and Moyie hold a joint debate this winter. The Leader seconds the motion.

James McMaster, at one time manager of P. Burns & Co.'s meat market in Moyie, is now in the meat business for himself in Fernie.

The carload of machinery, which was ordered some time ago by the St. Eugene company, is daily expected to arrive. The machinery will be used in the new slimes saving plant.

There was a big run on valentines in Moyie this year. Nearly every person in town received one or two, and one prominent young man received as many as twelve.

R. E. S. Taylor, pastor of the Methodist church, gave a little party at his home Tuesday evening. Games, taffy pulling, etc., were indulged in, and a general good time was had.

Mrs. J. P. Farrell returned home Tusday from Boston, where she has for the past three months been visiting with relatives. Mrs. Farrell had an excellent trip, but nevertheless was glad to get back to Moyie.

A fire alarm was turned in Thursday morning and the department turned out in full force. Fire caught in the roof of R. E. S. Taylor's house in the Lake Shore addition, but a few buckets of water put it out, and little damage was done.

The Hand-Painted Hosiery.

The "Old Man" of the Cranbrook Herald put us wise last week on our surmises as to how he knew that a certain lady of his town wore hand-painted hosiery. He says: "We did not say that the wearer of the hand-painted hosiery was a single lady."

We stand corrected. We forgot that the "Old Man" is married.

He also says that his remarks are likely to raise trouble. They should not, if his observations are right and our inference correct.

The scratch of a pin may cause the loss of a limb or even death when blood poisoning results from the injury. All danger of this may be avoided, however, by promptly applying Chamberlain's Pain Balm. It is an antiseptic and unequalled as a quick healing liniment for cuts, bruises and burns. For sale by all druggists.

WATCH REPAIRING A SPECIALTY.

W. F. TATE,

JEWELER, CRANBROOK, B. C.

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

Anchor Brand

CANNED GOODS.

We carry the following range of them in Fruits and Vegetables.

GALLON CANNED APPLES.

Canned Peaches in 2 and 3 lb tins
" Pears " " " "
" Strawberries in 2lb tins.
" Black and red Raspberries in 2 lb tins.

Tomatoes, Sugar Corn,
Selected Peas,
Refugee Beans,
Golden Wax Beans

Anchor brands are standard goods and of the finest Quality. Give them a trial and be Convinced.

MacEachern

—AND—

Macdonald.

Trail Lead Refinery.

The Canadian Smelting Works' lead refinery at Trail is in operation after several months' delay for various reasons. It is confidently expected that the refinery will be operated continuously in future, and it is probable that at an early date the slimes plants will also commence opeations in conjunction with the larger plant.

The refinery is intended to turn out sufficient pure pig lead to supply the Canadian market, and its commencement places Canada in the position of producing its own metallic lead independent of any other source of supply. The electrolytic process is practically certain to supercede the zinc desilverization system hitherto in practice at lead refineries. The works and process have for this reason attracted the attention of the lead smelters throughout the world.

After the refinery has been in operation for a time sufficient material will have been accumulated to justify the opening of the slimes plant. This is a secondary process to handle the residue of the lead refinery after the pure lead has been extracted. The slimes carry gold and silver in conjunction with bismuth, antimony and other impurities collected in the refining process. Within the slimes plant is where the pure gold is taken out to be marketed at the Seattle or San Francisco mints, silver for export to the Orient, copper sulphate, which finds a ready market for pickling grain in the Northwest Territories, and either metallic antimony or antimonial lead, that is used largely in Canada in the manufacture of babbitts and other alloys.

The I. C. O. F. Ball.

The Odd Fellow's ball last Monday evening was attended with great success. From the grand march to the singing of "God Save the King" was one continual round of uninterrupted pleasure. The hall was comfortably filled with merry dancers and they certainly made good use of their time. Music was furnished by Prof. S. W. Murphy, piano, and F. J. Smyth, violin, and P. T. Smyth officiated as prompter. At midnight a lap supper was served consisting of hot coffee, sandwiches and cake.

Russo-Japanese War.

With characteristic enterprise the Winnipeg Free Press has arranged to give its readers a war news service unequaled by any other newspaper in the Dominion. It has made special arrangements with the New York Herald for a simultaneous publication of the Herald's special wire cables sent by its own correspondents from the seat of war.

METAL MARKET.

NEW YORK—Bar silver, 59¼ cents Lead, $4.65. Copper, $13.75. Zinc, (spelter) $5.05.

LONDON—Lead, £11 11s. 3d.

GENERAL NEWS NOTES.

Mark Hanna is dead.

The C. P. R. company has announced that it will continue to issue half rate fares to clergymen.

The outcome of the inquiry into the Clallam disaster has been the suspension of Captain Robert's license for one year and the cancellation of the engineer's license permanently. Upon the latter the chief blame for the disaster was placed, it being alleged that he was incompetent and neglected his duties. Captain Roberts is censured for not having given explicit orders to the captain of the tug Holyoke to take the ship to the nearest shelter.

It is generally believed that the imperial limited train will be discontinued on the C. P. R. and that two fast trains will be put on. One of these will run daily to Vancouver, making only occasional stops. The other train will run to the foot of Kootenay lake with limited stops also. A corresponding fast train will daily run east from both Kootenay Landing and Vancouver. It is thought this service will suit the condition of the traffic better than any that has yet been in vogue.

Church Services.

METHODIST—In the old post office. Sunday School at 3 p. m. Evening service at 7:30.—Text—Joseph sold in Egypt.

Everyone welcome.

R. E. S. TAYLOR, Pastor.

Fifty Years the Standard

DR. PRICE'S CREAM BAKING POWDER

Improves the flavor and adds to the healthfulness of the food.

PRICE BAKING POWDER CO CHICAGO

HER RIVAL IN MARBLE

By...
CLINTON DANGERFIELD

Copyright, 1903, by T. C. McClure

"I know I'd oughtn't to mind it," whispered Lucinda repentantly to herself as she pushed another pie into the oven. "John an' me done been married six months now, an' 'cept for one thing I ain't got a sorrer."

She shut the door resolutely on the pie, as though to inclose her secret care in the oven also, and then went deftly around the sunny kitchen putting housewifely touches here and there.

No prettier girl than Lucinda was ever born in quiet little Greenville. She was so pretty indeed that when John Logan, a widower of thirty-eight, married her and bore her away to his home in a Georgia village there were many to predict that Lucinda would spend most of her time "primping."

But no girl was ever more anxious to win her husband's praise, and it was the qualifications attending that praise that troubled her sorely.

Out in the daisied Lafayette cemetery slept all that was left of Martha

"I HATE YOU!" SHE CRIED. "I HATE YOU!"

Logan, his first wife. Her tombstone was almost a monument. Clearly cut on its chaste surface was the following epitaph:

To the Memory of
MARTHA LOGAN.
In Remembrance of Her Unexampled Virtues as a Wife.

Merely the word "virtues" was a crown of praise indeed. But "unexampled" before it gave crushing weight to John Logan's constant recital of his dead partner's perfections.

No matter how flaky Lucinda's pies and biscuit, the utmost she could win from John was a gentle—

"Nearly as good as Martha's, dear. Jest keep on—you'll get there."

Once when Lucinda, provoked over some little thing, raised her sweet voice a trifle shrilly John said slowly:

"Martha used to get fretted sometimes, I guess, but she had a motto she kept pasted up on the wall. Took it from a play actor's book, but 'twas good. Ran about like this: 'Her voice was low and soft allers—an excellent thing in woman.'"

And Lucinda had blushed scarlet and lowered hers. A hatred which she felt to be inexpressibly wicked swelled at last in the girl's heart. Often when she passed the cemetery on her way from the village store she felt an urgent desire to go in and defy the sleeper with scornful words.

She put away the thought again and again, but at last it overcame her. One musky summer evening, John not being due till late, she found herself standing beside Martha's stately tomb in the cold moonlight.

"I hate you!" she cried. "I hate you—you detestable woman!"

The sound of her voice echoed through the pale little congregation of the dead and terrified her, but she rallied.

"Yes; I mean it! I want you to hear! I don't believe you are in heaven. You're under that stone, putting ideas in John's head every day!"

"Ahem," said a voice dryly.

"Why, Uncle Lemuel!" gasped Lucinda, recognizing a village patriarch universally called by that name. "Was you listening?"

"Don't have to do much listenin' when folks is shoutin' like you was," returned Uncle Lemuel, still more dryly.

Lucinda hung her pretty head, then burst into a flood of tears.

"She takes it all—all!" she wailed. "No matter how patient I am, I kain't be as patient as she was nor so low voiced nor such a c-c-c-cook."

Uncle Lemuel seated himself on a convenient corner of the tombstone.

"'S that so?" he remarked, with a curious inflection in his voice. "Waal, I kin tell you somethin' of her cookin'"—

Lucinda sat upright, with blazing eyes.

"Be quiet," she said, beside herself. Was she to hear Martha's praises even now?

"Her cakes," went on Uncle Lemuel, untroubled, "would have made ex'lent military fort'fications; her pie crust wuz a cross between injer rubber an' glue, an' fer her biscuits"— He paused and shuddered.

"Un-cle Lem-uel," stammered Lucinda, "d'you know what you're sayin'?"

"Reckon so," returned Lemuel calmly. "I boarded with Marthy an' John a month. Took myself off arter that. She scolded from mornin' to night. She pecked on John till ef he hadn't been the kindest hearted feller in the world he'd 'a' beat her. 'Unexampled virtues,' indeed!" chuckled the old man.

"But why, then—why," gasped Lucinda, now on her feet and pointing tragically to the elegant inscription—"why did he have that dedication wrote there?"

The old man chuckled again.

"He done the whole thing on your account."

"On mine—on mine"—

"Jest so. He come to me an' he says, 'Uncle,' he says, 'I'm goin' to marry the prettiest girl in the world, an' ef so be she don't make a good wife 'twill break my heart. I laid awake for weeks, God knows,' he says, 'thinkin' how to guide her right. I kain't hector a woman. An' so,' he says, 'I'm goin' to let Marthy do me one good turn. I'm goin' to let her be a shinin' ensample of the way Lucinda shall walk!'"

"And she really"—

"Was the orfulest cross a man ever stood. Sence you kept his house you've made it like heaven to him. He tells me so every day. But it's time you should know the truth, Lucinda. I see you're gettin' kinder angry at the trick, Lucinda, specially as you never did need no such guidance. But ef you'd 'a' known his former speriences, Lord—Lord"—

Uncle Lemuel broke into a fit of laughter that rang scandalously clear through the graveyard. After a short pause Lucinda, among whose rare gifts was a sense of humor, joined him.

It was 9 o'clock before John Logan came home. As he sat down to the daintiest of suppers and fell to, Lucinda, sitting opposite with dancing eyes and rose pink cheeks, asked smilingly:

"How's your coffee, John?"

"Best I"— he began. Then, true to his formula, he said kindly, "Nigh as good as Marthy's used to be."

"John," said Lucinda, with a sudden gravity, yet belied by her still dancing eyes, "John, I've sad news for you." Then, as he held his cup in midair, she added mournfully, "Martha is dead!"

The coffee cup went crashing on the floor as John sprang up.

"Dead! What do you mean, Lucinda? You know she's been dead five years!"

Lucinda smiled serenely.

"No, she hasn't, John, but she died this evening—there in the churchyard—at 7 o'clock!"

The Hero.

He was a thoughtful citizen and kindly withal.

The building upon which his eyes were fastened was in flames.

From a third story window protruded a head.

It was a disheveled head bearing a child's golden curls.

At home a little golden haired girl was awaiting him.

What if that were his own?

The impulse to tear his coat from his manly form and rush up the ladder to seize the child and bear her to safety was strong upon him.

How strong nobody but himself knew.

For another feeling had come over him.

He thought: "Suppose I should rush up to that window and save that child. The papers would be full of it. I should become a hero. Some fireman would thus be cheated out of his just meed of praise. Whatever I am I am not selfish and greedy. Let the other man have the glory. I shall sacrifice my personal interests and remain a humble citizen."

Saying which wise and courageous things within himself, he stood without moving a muscle while a large and brawny fireman carried the little girl down a ladder and placed her in the arms of her frantic mother.

Moral.—True heroism often exists in men who are too modest to let the public even suspect it.—Baltimore American.

Two Ways of Seeing a Picture.

An artist had sold a picture for an exorbitant price, and the purchaser sued to recover. The barrister for the purchaser was making the artist uncomfortable by his questions.

"Now, sir," he said in that pleasant, ingratiating manner of lawyers with a witness, "do you think anybody could see beauty in that picture?"

"Some persons certainly could," replied the artist.

"You think the initiated in technical matters might have no difficulty in understanding your work?"

"I am sure they would not."

"Do you think you could make me see any beauty in that picture?" this most superciliously.

"Probably not now, sir," and the artist was most humble, "but once I could have done so easily."

"Now, sir, how is that? I don't understand you. Explain if you please."

"That's quite easy, sir. I could have done it simply by employing you as my counsel in this case."—London Tit-Bits.

A Manless Island Colony.

On a small island in the Greek archipelago there is a colony which is composed entirely of women. It is a sort of religious order which considers it a disgrace for one of its members to even look at a man. So when a fisherman approaches the island the women pull the gray cowls of their cassocks over their heads and turn their backs. Provisions are never imported, as the women raise their own products, being strict vegetarians. Only the matron, who is annually elected head of the colony, is ever allowed to leave the island. The others remain on the island all their lives, taking their turn at tilling the soil, washing, housekeeping and fishing.

ABBY'S FAILURES

By...
HARRIET WHITNEY

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Abby sat rocking by the south window, listening resignedly to her mother's lamentations and reproaches. She had assumed about as awkward and uncomfortable a position as she could well have invented, with one foot drawn up and her hands clasped around her knee.

The old rocker lurched and grumbled querulously. Her best blue lawn dress was tumbled and crumply. Her hat pins and the summer breeze had conspired to muss her hair and make it untidy. It straggled unbecomingly behind her ears and at the nape of her neck.

"Another unsuccessful quest," said Roger Sterling to himself, with a satirical smile. From his cool library across the hall he could see Abby, with the strong light pelting in over her at the worst possible angle. He could also hear most of Mrs. Gardener's remarks, for, as that matter of fact matron said, she was so used to her literary boarder she didn't mind him about the house any more than a cat.

"Nobody'd expect you'd get a position that took any kind of brains like Trix's and Mab's," Mrs. Gardener's energetic voice proclaimed, "but a little old district school like that! I don't hardly see how you could have helped getting it if you tried to."

"My dates go wrong," confessed Abby meekly. "The committee said that, according to my information, the Declaration of Independence must have been signed several years before America was discovered."

"Well, 'tain't any use to say anything more. If a body ain't got a brain you can't give 'em one! You better gather up your duds and put 'em away. And I don't know as it's worth while to hunt another place for you. I reckon you was cut out for a failure."

Mrs. Gardener settled back into a displeased silence rather more depressing than her previous harangue had been. Abby arose with a patient sigh, gathered up her hat, gloves and parasol and trailed limply away.

Roger Sterling looked after her with more pity and less amusement than

"BRING THAT HOT WATER BOTTLE, AND COME QUICK."

she usually excited in his mind. He was accustomed to taking Abby, with her awkwardness and angles and her perennial and futile search for positions, as something of a joke or, at least, material for humorous short stories. Just now he was wondering if there were no angular, three cornered niches into which such women could be made to fit.

As for Abby, she went into her own room and sat down on a tall, straight chair, pondering. There was nothing for her to do about the house. Her mother was a hearty, capable woman, whose pride and boast it was that she chose to do all her own housework and allowed no assistance from her girls or any one else.

"If she would only let me stay quietly at home and help her," meditated Abby, "I wouldn't always feel so superfluous and guilty. We don't need the money, and I'll never get a position in a century. Well, if I am a failure, as mother says, I might as well make the best of it and be as good a failure as I can, so I guess I'll go to work and darn my stockings."

Roger Sterling, passing down the walk on his way to town, saw her at the window rocking and darning.

"Poor girl!" he thought, with careless compassion. "Of all dismal and disconsolate beings I think an incapable woman is the most hopeless."

The afternoon was growing late when he returned by way of the back porch, as he was privileged to do. Something unusual seemed to be transpiring. The footsteps tripping about the kitchen were not those of weighty Mrs. Gardener. He looked in the door and beheld Abby—poor, limp, incapable Abby—but she was neither limp nor incapable now. Her face, which usually wore an expression of amiable discouragement, was beaming rosily through the hazy steam of some fragrant beverage she was brewing over the gas stove. Her slim figure, always at a disadvantage in lawn and lace, was shapely and trim in a tidily buttoned cooking apron. She was supple and springy and alert; she was brisk and alive with purpose and energy.

She saw Roger all of a sudden gazing at her in wonder through the steamy mist.

"Mother has a chill," she explained concisely. "I've got to fix her up and then get supper for you." In spite of her filial anxiety her eyes shone.

"He came forward as she started away like a rosy spirit in a cloud of vapor. "Can't I help you somehow?"

"Yes. Bring that hot water bottle, and come quick."

"Jerusha! She didn't ask me; she ordered," said Roger to himself, with a grin of amusement, as he tagged along after the skimming goddess-like form.

"More hot stuff!" groaned Mrs. Gardener as the odor of Abby's brew smote her from afar. "I'm warmer now, Abby, in this mountain of blankets you put over me and with the hot iron. I think I'm getting over the chill, and I'll try and get up after a little and see about"—

"Not a bit of it you won't." Abby's voice was low and tranquil, but Roger marked the firm undercurrent. "You are not going to do one thing today nor until you are perfectly well. You must drink this hot lemonade and go to sleep if you can. Give me the hot water bottle, Mr. Sterling. There, now."

As Abby tucked down the blankets and patted them Mrs. Gardener settled submissively and sleepily into her pillows. "If you think you can get supper"—

"I'll help her," shouted Roger eagerly. "Shan't I, Miss Abby? What'll I do first?"

"Fill the teakettle," directed Abby; "then I'll let you set the table. But, mind you, don't meddle with that cocoanut layer cake on the third pantry shelf, right hand side."

"Glad you told me exactly where it was, so slick. I shall have it for my supper," announced Roger, traveling off kitchenward with alacrity, while Abby flew along after like a lapwing and arrived first at the goal, with a new and bewildering display of roses in her cheeks.

After a week of Abby's care and coddling Mrs. Gardener was allowed to sit up on the shady porch. She leaned back in her big rocker with a delightful sense of some protecting influence about her.

"How nice it is to think there's some one to depend on in a pinch!" she said to Roger, who was making a lattice for Abby's late flowering bean vines. "Who'd ever thought Abby 'd turn out such a good nurse and housekeeper after all her failures at everything else? I shall just keep her now to help me with the work."

"Oh, no, you can't, ma'am," said Roger, pausing suddenly in his task, "because, you see, she has secured a position."

"Hey?" gasped Mrs. Gardener blankly. "Abby—a position!"

"Yes," returned Roger calmly, driving in a nail. "I have engaged Abby myself."

Quieting a Bully.

A man was brought up in a provisional court on a charge of stealing a sack of flour and was very severely handled by the prosecuting lawyer, who had once made himself notorious by going into bankruptcy, which was the only means by which he could escape his debts.

"You admit that you stole the sack of flour?" questioned counsel sternly.

"Yes, but I took it honestly and in broad daylight to save my children from starvation," pleaded the prisoner.

"You call that honestly, do you?" sneered the lawyer. "I call it amazing impudence. Stealing is stealing from whatever point of view you care to look at it."

"Just so, mister, but it don't allus bring the same punishment," retorted the man in the dock. "For instance, I shouldn't have been here now if I'd done as you used to do—bought, or ordered, the flour and never paid for it!"

And even the magistrate chuckled behind his papers at the bullying lawyer's discomfiture.—London Tit-Bits.

An Oriental Love Letter.

English is put to strange and eloquent uses in the orient. Here, for instance, is a letter addressed to a native gentleman by a youth seeking the hand of his daughter:

To Baboo ——, Paternal Father of Miss ——:

Dear Sir—It is with a faltering penmanship that I write to have communication with you about the prospective condition of your damsel offspring. For some remote time to past a secret passion has firing my bosom internally with loving for your daughter. I have navigated every channel in the magnitude of my extensive jurisdiction to cruelly smother the growing love knot that is being constructed in my withinside, but the humid lamp of affection trimmed by Cupid's productive hand still nourishes my love sickened heart. Needless would it be for me to numerically extemporize the great conflagration that has been generated in my head and heart. Hoping that having debated this proposition to your pregnant mind you will concordantly corroborate in espousing your female progeny to my tender bosom and thereby acquire me into your family circle. Your dutiful son-in-law.

—Harper's Weekly.

Took Him For a Gentleman.

A bookseller in New York city tells a story which admirably illustrates the tact and humor of Bernard Quaritch, the London dealer in books and manuscripts. The New York man visited Quaritch's shop for the purpose of obtaining a number of valuable scientific works. After making his selection he stepped up to Mr. Quaritch and asked the price. As Mr. Quaritch began to quote the figures the American interrupted him, saying: "But I am a dealer myself. What are the trade prices?" "Oh," replied the famous bookman, "I thought you were a gentleman." The American was taken aback for a moment, but only for a moment, for Mr. Quaritch held out his hand and said smilingly: "But I am delighted to find that you are not only a gentleman, but a dealer as well. The trade discount is one-third off."

PRAYER TO THE JANITOR.

THOU who, as Winsome Winnie says,
Dost "turn the building on and off,"
Give ear, I pray thee, to my prayer,
That's interrupted by a cough.
There's gooseflesh on my personage,
There's chilblains on my aching feet;
O janitor, please, janitor,
Give us a tiny bit of heat!

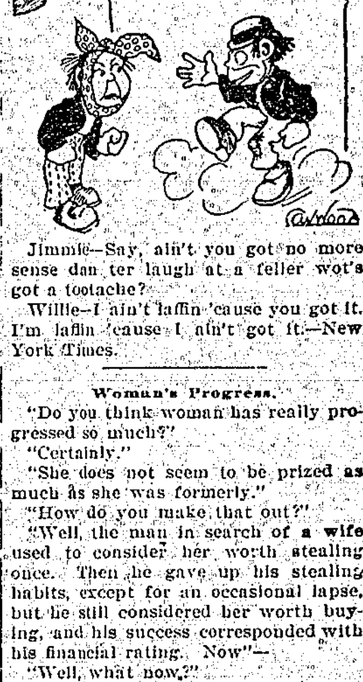
We've lost the iceman's friendship, for
We have no use for him or his.
The ice he furnishes ain't half
As cold as all my family is.
My wife and little ones weep hail
That sounds like buckshot on the floor;
Please give us heat or, janitor,
We never will be warm some more!

Last night I lay awake and wept
To think that when the morning came
I'd have to get me up and dressed
And start once more the freezing game.
Each child is shaking like a leaf
Of poplar in a summer storm,
And now and then I see them crawl
Into the ice chest to get warm.

O janitor, hear now the curse
That shall be thine if thou dost not
Give ear unto our freezing plaint
And make this flat all nice and hot:
May you through all eternity
Sit on an iceberg stark and bare
The while a million palm leaf fans
Keep stirring up the icy air!

—Baltimore American.

A Forced Laugh.



Jimmie—Say, ain't you got no more sense dan ter laugh at a feller wot's got a tootache?

Willie—I ain't laffin 'cause you got it. I'm laffin 'cause I ain't got it.—New York Times.

Woman's Progress.

"Do you think woman has really progressed so much?"

"Certainly."

"She does not seem to be prized as much as she was formerly."

"How do you make that out?"

"Well, the man in search of a wife used to consider her worth stealing once. Then she gave up his stealing habits, except for an occasional lapse, but he still considered her worth buying, and his success corresponded with his financial rating. Now"—

"Well, what now?"

"Why, he demands a cash bonus now, so that in effect she has to buy him."—Chicago Post.

Scientifically Considered.

"If I give you something to eat, will you chop some wood?"

"Lady," answered Meandering Mike, "dat's one of dem hypothetical questions. You know digestion draws de blood from de head, which has a tendency ter weaken de intelligence an' de will power. If I was ter surprise me system wit' a square meal, dere's no tellin' what I might do."—Washington Star.

A Smart Scholar.

A Sunday school teacher recently told her class about the cruelty involved in docking horses. "Can any little girl tell me," she said, "of an appropriate verse of Scripture referring to such treatment?"

There was a pause, and then a small girl arose and said solemnly, "What God hath joined together, let no man put asunder."—Journal of Education.

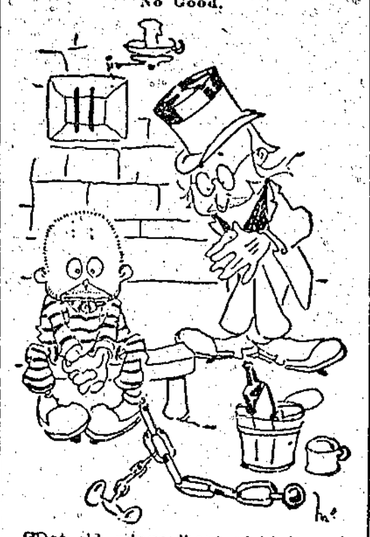
A Connoisseur In Wines.

Cheepley—Say, old man, this is pretty good stuff.

Gestley (proud of his wine cellar)—Well, rather. That wine is at least fifty years old.

Cheepley—Gee whiz! It must have been great when it was fresh!—Philadelphia Press.

No Good.



"Dat old adage 'bout pickin' a pin up is on de blink."

"How so?"

"I seen a diamond pin onct—on a lady's dressin' table—an' here I am."—San Francisco Examiner.

The Bachelor's Psalm.

Lives of henpecked men remind us
Who have not as yet been caught
That we might leave sons behind us,
But we rather guess we'll not.

She that's trim may be a fat one;
She that's sweet some day be grim,
When by merely looking at one
She will squelch the soul in him.

Let us then go billing, cooing;
Let us call them sweet and fair;
It is lovely to be wooing,
But you'd better stop right there.

—Chicago Record-Herald.

THE GRIP AGAIN.

THIS DANGEROUS EPIDEMIC HAS MADE ANOTHER APPEARANCE.

A Suggestion as to How to Guard Against the Trouble and Its Pernicious After Effects.

Every winter influenza, or as it is more generally known, the grip makes its appearance in Canada. Every few years it spreads, and assumes alarming proportions. From all appearances this is one of the years in which it will seize upon a great number of victims, for every day new cases are reported. As in scarlet and typhoid fever, the after effects of grip are often worse than the disease itself. The sufferer is left with a debilitated system; short of breath upon the slightest exertion, subject to headache and heart palpitation, affected by every change in the weather, and in a physical condition to invite the attack of more serious diseases, such as pneumonia and consumption.

A timely suggestion as to how to enable the system to resist the inroads and its after effects is given by Mrs. Emma Doucett, St. Hyacinthe, Que., who says:—"I had an attack of the grip which left me a sufferer from headache, pains in the stomach and general weakness. I used several medicines but found nothing to help me until I began to take Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. When I began to take these pills I was very much run down and very weak, but they soon began to help me, and after using them a few weeks I was not only as well as ever but had gained in flesh as well. I can hardly tell you how pleased I am with Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, for I was feeling very hopeless when I began their use."

These pills cure by making new, rich, red blood, thus strengthening every part of the body and enabling it to throw off disease. You can always avoid imitations by seeing that the full name, "Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People," is printed on the wrapper around every box. Sold by all medicine dealers or sent postpaid at 50 cents a box or six for $2.50 by writing the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

The Brighton, England, Aquarium has 41 tanks, and is 715 feet long by 100 feet wide. It is the largest in the world.

A fancied wrong is harder to bear than the real thing.

We Convince Sceptics.

Colds, Catarrh, and Catarrhal Headache Relieved in 10 Minutes and Cured by Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder.

Here's one of a thousand such testimonies. Rev. A. D. Buckley, of Indian, says: "I wish all to know what a blessing Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder is in a case of Catarrh. I was troubled with this disease for years, but the first time I used this remedy it gave me instant relief. I now regard myself entirely cured." Sold by all druggists. 22

A refined woman seems to think barbaric modes emphasize her refinements.

Lever's Y-Z (Wise Head) Insectant Soap Powder is a boon to any home. It disinfects and cleans at the same time.

"I noticed," remarked Brusquely, "that you took your hat off when you telephoned just now, and then put it back again. May I ask you why?" "Certainly," said Courtly. "I was telephoning to a lady."

Holloway's Corn Cure is a specific for the removal of corns and warts. We have never heard of its failing to cure even the worst kind.

Opinions are good things to keep dark.

Much distress and sickness in children is caused by worms. Mother Graves' Worm Exterminator gives relief by removing the cause. Give it a trial and be convinced.

Help the Overworked Heart.—Is the great engine which pumps life through your system hard pressed, overtaxed, groaning under its load because disease has clogged it? Dr. Agnew's Cure for the Heart is nature's invigorator and cleanser, and daily demonstrates to heart sufferers that it is the safest, surest and most speedy remedy that medical science knows.—67

The vainer we are the more do we object to the peacock's traits.

Some people would be improved if they had the holiday heart all the year round.

A Cry for Help.—A Pain in the back is a cry of the kidneys for help. South American Kidney Cure is the only cure that hasn't a failure written against it in cases of Bright's disease, diabetes, inflammation of the bladder, gravel and other kidney ailments. Don't neglect the apparently insignificant "signs." This powerful liquid specific prevents and cures.—70

The worse one looks the more one hates mirrors.

A good business man and a good man are not necessarily synonomous.

It is easy to put on a bold front if you have good backing.

"If" is the most unsatisfactory word in the English language.

First comes the doctor, then the lawyer, then the undertaker, then the lawyer again.

Ida—I don't think Mr. Smart believes my handkerchiefs are linen. May—Why not? Ida—I told him that I had my pin money wrapped in my handkerchief and lost it. He said there was a great deal of money lost in cotton these days.

No woman is always right, and no woman's husband is always wrong.

THE MOYIE LEADER

MOYIE, B. C.

Rev. John F. Damon is dead in Seattle of pneumonia. He was known all over the Pacific northwest as the "marrying parson," having married 2,985 couples. It is said that he held the record in the United States.

Dear Sirs,—I was for seven years a sufferer from Bronchial trouble, and would be so hoarse at times that I could scarcely speak above a whisper. I got no relief from anything till I tried your MINARD'S HONEY BALSAM. Two bottles gave relief and six bottles made a complete cure. I would heartily recommend it to anyone suffering from throat or lung trouble.

J. F. VANBUSKIRK.

Fredericton.

Through the Earl of Denbigh, who commanded the Honorable Artillery of London during its recent American visit, King Edward has sent a framed and signed photograph of himself to the Ancient and Honorable Artillery of Boston.

SIGNALS OF DANGER—Have you lost your appetite? Have you a coated tongue? Have you an unpleasant taste in the mouth? Does your head ache and have you dizziness? If so, your stomach is out of order and you need medicine. But you do not like medicine. He that prefers sickness to medicine must suffer, but under the circumstances the wise man would procure a box of Parmelee's Vegetable Pills and speedily get himself in health, and strive to keep so.

Some artists know as little about a work of art as they do about the art of work.

Minard's Liniment Cures Diphtheria.

Orders have recently been executed in Japan for a supply of fishing nets for Alaska, valued at $30,000.

Indigestion, that menace to human happiness, pitiless in its assaults, and no respecter of persons, has met its conqueror in South American Nervine. This great stomach and nerve remedy stimulates digestion, tones the nerves, aids circulation, drives out impurities, dispels emaciation, and brings back the glow of perfect health. Cures hundreds of "chronics" that have baffled physicians.—68

Geologists speak of that fraction of the rainfall which reaches the sea through streams as the "run-off." The run-off in Connecticut is half the rainfall, while in the Mississippi basin it is but one-fourth.

AN END TO BILIOUS HEADACHE—Biliousness, which is caused by excessive bile in the stomach, has a marked effect upon the nerves, and often manifests itself by severe headache. This is the most distressing headache one can have. There are headaches from cold, from fever, and from other causes, but the most excruciating of all is the bilious headache. Parmelee's Vegetable Pills will cure it—cure it almost immediately. It will disappear as soon as the Pills operate. There is nothing surer in the treatment of bilious headache.

A man in reduced circumstances is not a woman's idea of a bargain.

Minard's Liniment Cures Garget in Cows.

A man naturally believes in the survival of the fittest as long as he lives.

When it comes to rising in the world too many of us are poor climbers.

Why will you allow a cough to lacerate your throat or lungs and run the risk of filling a consumptive's grave, when, by the timely use of Bickle's Anti-Consumptive Syrup, the pain can be allayed and the danger avoided. This Syrup is pleasant to the taste, and unsurpassed for relieving, healing and curing all affections of the throat and lungs, coughs, colds, bronchitis, etc., etc.

Authorities leave us bewildered as to what we are, contending between what we think, what we read, and what we eat.

Do you catch cold easily? Does the cold hang on? Try

Shiloh's Consumption Cure The Lung Tonic

It cures the most stubborn kind of coughs and colds. If it doesn't cure you, your money will be refunded.

Prices: 25c. 50c. $1 — S. C. WELLS & Co. 303 LeRoy, N.Y., Toronto, Can.

Good Pills

Ayer's Pills are good liver pills. You know that. The best family laxative you can buy. They keep the bowels regular, cure constipation. J. C. Ayer Co., Lowell, Mass.

Want your moustache or beard a beautiful brown or rich black? Use

BUCKINGHAM'S DYE

FIFTY CTS. R. P. HALL & CO., NASHUA, N. H.

BAR FIXTURES

POOL TABLES.

The Brunswick Balke Collender Co.

J. D. CLARK, Agent, Winnipeg.

John Ruskin.

Ruskin had every advantage in the happiest domestic environment, and when he exhibited his treasures — a manuscript of Scott or a drawing by Turner—one could fancy him to be a calm connoisseur with hobbies enough to secure ample and delightful occupation. He received one with the courtesy of a polished gentleman of the old school and talked delightfully without the least assumption of superiority. I remember how on my first visit he gave me a recent number of "Fors," in which, he said, I should be interested because it spoke of Alpine traveling. So it did. But he had quite forgotten that he had taken an unfortunate article of mine for a text to illustrate the vulgarity of modern scramblers. He remarked that I thought the Alps improved by the odor of my tobacco smoke. I adhere to that heresy; they were gently improved for me. I might have claimed to be a disciple and told him that their beauty had been interpreted to me by "Modern Painters," though increased by my tobacco, but I thought it better to drop the subject.—Sir Leslie Stephen in Atlantic.

A Swinton-Dana Story.

The crux of the newspaper question was touched by a brilliant journalist, the late John Swinton, for many years managing editor of the New York Sun, in a retort on Mr. Dana. "Swinton," said Mr. Dana one day, "I need a first class editorial writer. Have you one to recommend?" "How much are you willing to pay, Mr. Dana?" asked Mr. Swinton. "For a first class man $125 a week," was the reply. "But you cannot get a first class man for that," protested Mr. Swinton. "Why not?" asked Mr. Dana. "That is what I pay you, and don't you consider yourself a first class man?" "No, Mr. Dana," rejoined Mr. Swinton. "If I were a first class man I should be paying you $125 a week." That $125 a week practically marked the limit of Mr. Swinton's opportunity, as it may be said to mark the limit of the same quality of brains in journalism today—and also the limit of something far more vital, for the difference between a Dana and a Swinton defines status.—Arthur R. Kimball in Atlantic.

A Scotch Story.

The following example of a quaint, philosophic Scotch character is related in the Scottish American: The season had been an exceptionally bad one for farming, but in a country church not far from Arbroath the officials had resolved, according to custom, to hold the annual harvest thanksgiving service. It was noticed that on that particular occasion Mr. Johnstone, a regular attendant and pillar of the church, whose crops had miserably failed, was not in attendance. The minister in the course of the following week met Mr. Johnstone and inquired of him the reason of his absence from church on such an important occasion. "Well, sir," replied Mr. Johnstone, "I dinna care about approachin' my Maker in a speerit of sarcasm."

History of the Three Balls.

Lombard street, noted in history as the great London street for bankers, derived its name from the Longobards, a race of rich bankers who settled there in the reign of Edward II. and whose badge, the three golden balls, taken from the lower part of the arms of the dukes of Medici, continues to this day to be the sign of pawnbrokers—money lenders. The balls on the rich crest of the Medici were blue, and only since the middle of the nineteenth century have they, in the pawnbrokers' signs, been gilded. The position of the balls is popularly believed to indicate that there are two chances to one that what is brought there will not be redeemed. —St. Nicholas.

Crossroads Burials.

Formerly it was a general custom to erect crosses at the junction of four roads on a place self consecrated according to the piety of the age. Suicides and notoriously bad characters were frequently buried near to these, not with the notion of indignity, but in a spirit of charity, that, being excluded from holy rites, they, by being buried at crossroads, might be in places next in sanctity to ground actually consecrated.

Balm of Gilead.

The real balm of Gilead is the dried juice of a low shrub which grows in Syria. It is very valuable and scarce, for the amount of balm yielded by one shrub never exceeded sixty drops a day. According to Josephus, the balm or balsam of Gilead was one of the presents given by the queen of Sheba to King Solomon. The ancient Jewish physicians prescribed it evidently for dyspepsia and melancholia.

Bargains.

Wife (home from a shopping tour)—Well, I'm tired out, and I had such an annoying experience today I feel positively cheap.

Husband—Well, you certainly look as if you should be cheap.

Wife—How do you mean?

Husband — Shop worn.

Interested Generosity.

"That is very generous of old man Cotrox, paying for the musical education of the girl who lives next door to him."

"Yes, but he has stipulated that she shall learn it all in Europe."—Cincinnati Times-Star.

NEW SENSATIONS IN MEDICAL WORLD

Collingwood Bright's Disease Cure Brings to Light Others Equally Wonderful.

Mrs. Fred. Philip of Eglington Tells of Her Remarkable Experience.

Discharged from two Toronto Hospitals—Dodd's Kidney Pills Brought Back Her Health.

Toronto, Feb. 8—(Special.)—The report from Collingwood of the wonderful cure of Mrs. Thomas Adams of Bright's Disease by Dodd's Kidney Pills has aroused great interest here and the discussion of it has brought out the fact that Mrs. Adams' case is not an isolated one, that right in Toronto there are people who, suffering from the most dreaded and fatal of Kidney Diseases, have found a positive and permanent cure in Dodd's Kidney Pills.

One of the most striking cases that has been brought to light is that of Mrs. Fred Philip, now residing on Broadway ave., Eglinton, one of the northern suburbs of the city. That Mrs. Philip was suffering from Bright's Disease and was in a most dangerous state, there is not the shadow of a doubt. She was in two city hospitals, Grace and the General, and left both places without a hope for the future.

In the Hospitals.

In Grace Hospital the doctors wished to operate on her but she objected, and leaving the hospital called in another doctor. He told her at once that she had Bright's Disease and had her removed to the General Hospital. The doctors here demurred to an operation on account of the danger.

On being discharged a second time without benefit Mrs. Philip stopped the doctors and started to take Dodd's Kidney Pills. The result is that to-day all the terrible swelling is gone, she is able to do all her own work as well as look after her bright little four-year-old child.

In an interview Mrs. Philip spoke freely of her terrible trouble and gave unstinted praise to Dodd's Kidney Pills.

Mrs. Philip's Story.

"I was sick for six months," she said, "before taking Dodd's Kidney Pills. During that time I was six weeks in Grace Hospital and two months in the General Hospital. I was told in both places that nothing more could be done for me. I started taking Dodd's Kidney Pills in April and am still using them. They have done me a world of good. The Dropsy has all left me and I am now doing all my own work just the same as I was before I was sick."

The talk these cases has caused has also served to show how general the use of Dodd's Kidney Pills has become and how numerous are the cures effected of Pain in the Back, Rheumatism, Dropsy and all the other results of diseased Kidneys. In fact, cures by Dodd's Kidney Pills can be found by the hundred, but a case in which they have failed to cure has yet to be reported.

Physician—Your trouble lies in the larynx, thorax and epiglottis. Hoolihan—Indade? and me afther thinkin' th' trouble was in me throat.

Minard's Liniment Cures Colds, etc.

A Kingston lady owns a bird which is over twenty years old. Evidently that feathered songster, like many of Kingston's fair maidens, is too ancient to sing well.

Ayer's

Feed your hair; nourish it; give it something to live on. Then it will stop falling, and will grow long and heavy. Ayer's Hair Vigor is the only

Hair Vigor

hair food you can buy. For 60 years it has been doing just what we claim it will do. It will not disappoint you.

"My hair used to be very short. But after using Ayer's Hair Vigor a short time it began to grow, and now it is fourteen inches long. This seems a splendid result to me after being almost without any hair."
MRS. J. H. FIREN, Colorado Springs, Colo.

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

for **Short Hair**

Newspapers FROM THE Old Country

and MAGAZINES, PERIODICALS, BOOKS, etc., dispatched to subscribers by first mails by WM. DAWSON & SONS, Limited, Cannon House, Bream's Buildings, London, England. The largest Subscription Agency in the world. Send for our list. Free on application. Est. 1809. Prompt and reliable.

Historic Race Course.

The vicinity of Belmont park, Long Island, was the early scenes of more racing activity than any other spot on this continent. Here it was that the Newmarket course was constructed in 1669, by the sanction of Colonial Governor Lovelace. This course continued to be the theater of action in racing sports until 1821. It was in this vicinity also that the old Centerville course was constructed, which for many years was one of the most famous of American race tracks. In 1821 the legislature passed an act allowing the speeding of horses in Queens county during the months of May and October of each year, and by virtue of this law the Union course was constructed the same year. This course was located in what was then the village of Jamaica, but the territory it occupied now forms a part of the borough of Queens. From the time of its construction until 1872 the Union course was the scene of nearly all the great racing events of the country.

It was over this course that American Eclipse and Sir Henry, in 1823, thrilled the hearts of the sporting world in one of the greatest turf battles ever witnessed in the annals of racing.

Fine Old Netherlands Repartee.

One Barend Vet of The Hague had recently the misfortune to call a constable a monkey, an accusation which one of the local papers pointed out as "being, of course, untrue" and which, moreover, is a form of untruth not permitted in Holland. Vet was arrested and brought before the judge on a charge of "insulting the police," being sentenced to forty-five days' imprisonment. Before being removed he turned to address the court. "Then I must not call a constable a monkey?" he said. "Certainly not. You must not insult the police." The culprit reflected. "May I call a monkey a constable?" he asked, with a flash of genius. The judge shrugged his shoulders and, holding no brief for the animal, replied, "If it gives you any satisfaction." With a smile of gratification Vet turned on his heel in the dock and bowed to his prosecutor. "Good day, constable," he said.—St. James Gazette.

Corncob Pipes.

"You see," said the smoker, "I'm very fond of the corncob pipe. In the first place, it's a clean, sweet, cool smoke, and, in the second, it's so pleasant to think you're smoking something so quiet and rural and natural as a pipe made just by cutting a hole in a corncob. It's so primitive, you know."

"Yes," said his friend. "Only most corncob pipes aren't made that way. It's the popular supposition that they are, I know; but, as a matter of fact, the new and most popular process is to take the whole cob, grind it up, mix it with one or two other substances and then shape the whole into the pipe form. It makes a better and more lasting pipe, and in this way the whole cob can be used and not a grain wasted."

Can Animals Blush?

It is hard to tell whether animals blush, for their faces are covered so thickly with fur or hair or feathers that we do not know what may be going on beneath hide or skin. Were they as bare faced as man is it is more than likely we should see them blush, especially the more bashful sort and those with some sense of shame.

It is the case that the faces of vultures flush, and several of the monkeys become purple with rage, which may be considered as a kind of blushing.

This may be proved any day in any zoo, where the monkeys seem to fly into a passion on the smallest provocation.

Boiled Without Fire.

Every day in London scores of workmen's kettles are boiled in lime that will afterward be used for its proper purposes. Just before the breakfast hour, say, one of the workmen empties a quantity of the dry lime from a sack. In the center of this lime he makes a hole, and into it water is poured. Then he puts his kettles into the water, and in a few minutes the kettles boil. In thousands of cases a fire is thus spared.

Strange Happenings.

A Michigan woman was scanning over the marriage columns of a newspaper and remarked to her husband, "Here's a strange coincidence—a William Strange married to a Martha Strange."

"Strange indeed," replied her husband, "but I expect the next news will be a little stranger."

A Vegetarian.

"That man," remarked the great detective, "is undoubtedly a vegetarian of the most pronounced type."

"How do you make that out?" queried his friend.

"Oh, that's easy," replied the great detective. "He has carroty hair, reddish cheeks, a turnip nose and a sage look."

A Wrong Righted.

Young Wife (at dinner)—I didn't tell you, Adolphus, I cooked the dinner today myself.

Husband — Indeed! Then in my thoughts I have been doing poor Mary Ann a great injustice.

A Natural Mistake.

The Terror—Do people often throw things at you, Mr. Doughby?

Mr. Doughby—No, Tommy. Why?

The Terror—Well, sis says you're an easy mark.

Their Crafty Way.

"But how do you keep a cook when you live in the suburbs?"

"I threaten to discharge her every day, and my wife does discharge her each week."—Brooklyn Life.

The really brilliant talker is one who is brilliant enough to keep still when he hasn't anything to say.

Sayings without morals are like morals never said—no good.

Charity begins at home. Something must have dammed the stream pretty near the head, for very little of it ever gets away from its starting point.

There has just died at Ballycorry, County Antrim, Mrs. Ann Penny, 102 years old. Her mother died at the same age, and a brother, who is still living, is a centenarian.

YOU CANNOT RELY ON IMITATIONS.

When Threatened With Bronchitis, Asthma, Pneumonia or Serious Lung Troubles Be Sure to Get the Genuine

DR. CHASE'S SYRUP OF LINSEED AND TURPENTINE.

For generations the value of turpentine as a remedial agent in all affections of the bronchial tubes and lungs has been well known.

It remained for Dr. Chase to so combine turpentine, linseed and half a dozen other ingredients as to not only make a wonderfully successful medicine, but also one that is so pleasant to the taste as to be sought for by children.

The sale of Dr. Chase's Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine is more than three times that of many similar remedies. The result of this success is a host of imitations.

When attacked by coughs and colds which threaten to reach the lungs and prove serious; when awakened by children with croupy coughs, gasping for breath, you cannot afford to trust to imitations.

Mr. John Pollard, Echo Bay, Ont., writes:—"I was troubled last winter with a very bad cold, which was beginning to settle on my lungs. I was so hoarse that I could scarcely speak and had a nasty hacking cough, which I could not get rid of. One bottle of Dr. Chase's Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine cured me, and I can heartily recommend it."

Dr. Chase's Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine is sold by all dealers at the advertised price, 25 cents a bottle, family size (three times as large) 60 cents. Edmanson, Bates & Co., Toronto.

To protect you against imitations the portrait and signature of Dr. A. W. Chase, the famous receipt book author, are on every bottle.

Do You Want SOME ONE TO HANDLE YOUR SHIPMENTS TO CONSIGN YOUR GRAIN TO A RELIABLE FIRM PROMPT SERVICE AND CAREFUL ATTENTION **?**

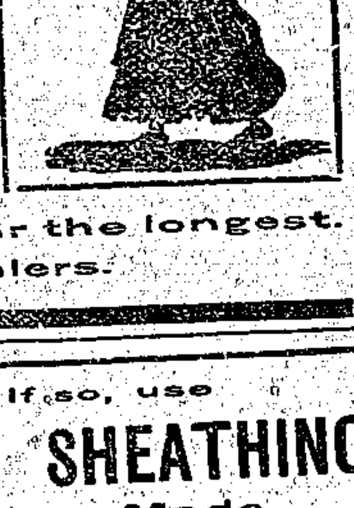
If so, the undersigned wants your business and will endeavor to give satisfaction. Cash advanced on consignments. Reference: Union Bank of Canada.

The oldest established Grain Commission Merchant in Winnipeg. Grain Exchange, Winnipeg.

S. SPINK

It isn't true BECAUSE we say it, but we say it BECAUSE it's true

Boeckh's Brushes . . . and Brooms



Clean the best and wear the longest. Sold by all Dealers.

Are You Building? If so, use

EDDY'S IMPERVIOUS SHEATHING

The Best Building Paper Made.

It is very much stronger and thicker than any other (tarred or building) paper. It is impervious to wind, keeps out cold, keeps in heat, carries no smell or odor, absorbs no moisture, imparts no taste or flavor to anything with which it comes in contact. It is largely used not only for sheeting houses, but for lining cold storage buildings, refrigerators, dairies, creameries, and all places where the object is to keep an even and uniform temperature, and at the same time avoiding dampness.

Write our Agents, TEES & PERSSE, Winnipeg, for samples.

The E. B. EDDY CO., Limited, HULL.

Try OGILVIE'S "ROYAL HOUSEHOLD"

A PERFECT FLOUR FOR— BREAD AND— PASTRY

SOLD—IN ORIGINAL PACKAGES ONLY— BY ALL DEALERS.

Gray's Syrup of Red Spruce Gum

Cures Coughs

GRAY'S SYRUP does that one thing, and does it well. It's no "cure-all," but a CURE for all throat and lung troubles.

GRAY'S SYRUP OF RED SPRUCE GUM stops the irritating tickle — takes away the soreness—sooths and heals the throat — and CURES COUGHS to stay cured.

None the less effective because it is pleasant to take.

25 cts. bottle.

"You hold my future happiness," he told the girl. "Why don't you hold it yourself?" she asked coyly. And she wasn't so heavy that he couldn't do it easily.

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Nothing hurts a small man as much as to have people ignore his threats.

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Any young man who has never been in love ought to have money in the savings bank.

Minard's Liniment Cures Distemper.

Don't think that because a man's word is as good as his bond, that his bond is worth anything.

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SATURDAY, FEB. 20 1904.

The board of license commissioners and the license inspector have not as yet been appointed for this district for the present year; nor as a matter of fact have they been appointed for some of the other districts of the Province. No reason is given by the government for the delay.

There seems to be an almost universal sympathy with Japan, and it is based principally on admiration for the courage of the Japanese in calling the Russian bluff. It has been perfectly obvious for years that Russia has been playing the hog in the far east for some time past, and all of the other nations knew full well that she intended never to give up her grip on these Chinese provinces; rather she attempted to strengthen this grip and ultimately absorb them.

VICE IN SPOKANE.

That one of the results of the recent successful crusade of the Spokane ministers against the alley resorts was the moving of 30 alley women to Nelson, is the statement made by Rev. Holman, pastor of the Emanuel Congregational church of Nelson. In a letter written to Mayor Boyd of Spokane he asks: "Why should these women be driven from one city to another? Will the kind parsons tell me what real purity is established by the move. Society as a whole is no better and no worse because of such a moving of the pawns on the social chessboard.

"The Spokane clergymen no more solve the social evil by causing 30 of their city sisters transfer their business to Nelson (and I presume other cities have their share) than the Spokane clergyman who, according to report, solved the negro problem by sending a colored girl from his own Sunday school to another school for Christian instruction. After all Nelson has 30 more, and Spokane has 30 less fallen women. How has society as a whole been helped?"

Tendency of the Times.

The tendency of medical science is toward preventive measures. The best thought of the world is being given to the subject. It is easier and better to prevent than to cure. It has been fully demonstrated that pneumonia, one of the most dangerous diseases that medical men have to contend with, can be prevented by the use of Chamberlain's Cough Remedy. Pneumonia always results from a cold or from an attack of influenza (grip) and it has been observed that this remedy counteracts any tendency these diseases toward pneumonia. This has been fully proven in many thousands of cases in which this remedy has been used during the prevalence of colds and grip in recent years, and can be relied upon with implicit confidence. Be on the safe side and take Chamberlain's Cough Remedy as soon as the cold is contracted. It always cures. For sale by all druggists.

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