YOUR WATCH will receive careful attention if left with us for repairs.
W. H. WILSON.
JEWELLER CRANBROOK

Legislative Library
VICTORIA JAN 22 1909

THE MOYIE LEADER

We will test YOUR EYES and guarantee a fit or refund your money.
W. H. WILSON,
OPTICIAN CRANBROOK.

VOL. II NO. 41 MOYIE, B. C., JANUARY 16, 1909. $2 A YEAR.

SPRING HATS

Part shipment of our new spring hats have arrived, and having practically cleared out our last seasons goods, we are in a position to show our customers new and sylish hats.

Shoes for men, women and children have arrived.

CAMPBELL'S
FOR QUALITY.

E. G. GWYNNE,

Cigars, Tobacos, Confectionery
FRUIT, ETC.

TARRELL BLOCK MOYIE

Beale & Elwell.

Fire, Life and Accident Insurance.
Head Office CRANBROOK MOYIE, B. C.

SATISFIED CUSTOMERS. Are the best advertisements. These are a few of the leaders which make my customers satisfied.

Red Gate Coffee
Red Gate Tea
Calgary Milling Co's. Flour.
Brackman & Ker's Rolled Oats.

and full range of staple and fancy groceries.

J. W. FITCH'S COME AND SEE US REGARDING PRICES

"Your Own Store."

Begin the New Year with good resolutions, and order your groceries from

Moyie Co-Operative Association, Ltd

Union men stand up for your principle, and buy union goods from a Union store.

UNION MEN. UNION GOODS.

MOYIE'S LEADING HOTEL.

Hotel Kootenay

The best of accommodations for the Traveling Public.

Large and Commodious Sample Rooms. Billiard Rooms.

McTAVISH & CAMERON Proprietors.

THE NEW YEAR IS THE TIME FOR

Good Resolutions

Make the following good ones for 1909 and you will not regret.
That E. A. Hill carries the best underwear. (Stanfields.)
The Best Shoes. (Slaters.)
The Best Clothing (20 Century.)
That it is a "pleasure not a habit" to wear these brands

E. A. HILL
THE FURNISHER.

Imperial Bank of Canada.

Capital Authorized----------$10,000,000.
Capital Paid Up----------5,000,000
Rest----------5,000,000

BRANCHES IN BRITISH COLUMBIA, Arrowhead, Golden, Kamloops, Michel Nelson, Revelstoke, Victoria and Victoria.

Savings bank department.

Interest allowed on deposits at current rate from date of deposits.

CRANBROOK BRANCH.

J. F. M. PINKHAM, Manager.

John Burch Dead.

John Burch died last night about 10 o'clock of miners' consumption. Mr. Burch had been in ill health for some time and it was known he was in the last stages of the dread disease. However, he was able to be around and felt fairly good up until a few hours of his death. W. R. Beatty, undertaker, came up from Cranbrook this morning and took charge of the remains. The funeral will be held tomorrow at 4 o'clock. Mr. Burch had been a resident of Moyie for seven or eight years, and was a member of the Miners' Union. He leaves a wife and two children.

Masquerade Ball.

A masquerade ball in aid of the Moyie hockey club will be given in Morley hall on Wednesday evening, January 20th. On account of the object of the affair no doubt the attendance will be the largest attending any dance this winter. Tickets will be $1.50 and a lap supper will be served in the hall. This lunch will be prepared and donated by the ladies in town. For costumes, it is said that Mrs. Anderson of Northport, Wash., will be here with a full supply for those who wish to rent them, but no doubt many will be made at home. Turn out and give the Moyie hockey club a boost.

New Constable.

Constable James O. Kemston arrived here with his family the first of the week from Michel to take the place of Constable Routh who is now constable at Michel.

The Aurora

There has been a decided improvement at the Aurora mine in the last few days and the property never looked better.

Moving Pictures.

W. H. Spear had a good house last Monday evening to witness his moving picture show. The Passion Play and the Burning of Rome were well produced, and the people were given a big entertainment for their money.

What he Drempt.

It is not often a good story of national interest comes out of the Washington police court. A colored preacher was awaiting his turn to testify in Judge Kimball's courtroom; and while waiting he told of a dream he had had:

"Ah dreamed Ah was in heaven the other night. As Ah stood jest inside de golden gate, dar came a rap, and George Washington was announced by St. Peter.

"Let him come up an' sit on mah right side,' said the good Lawd, who was sittin' on de throu.

"Pretty soon there wuz anotheh knock, an' Abraham Linkum wuz announced by St. Peter.

"Let him sit on mah left side,' said the Lawd.

"Den Ah heard a terrible knockin' at de gate and de angels all trembled.

"St. Peter opened the gate an' den he turned roun' an' sed to de Lawd: 'You'll have to get down an' give him your seat, Lawd. It's Mr. Roosevelt."

LOST—A lady's gold watch, somewhere between Morley hall and the Cosmopolitan hotel, on the night of the Odd Fellows' ball. Finder will please leave same at this office.

Be Careful.

Owing to the extremely cold weather the water service in Moyie is not in the best of condition just at present. Therefore, it is the duty of everyone to use every precaution possible against fire.

Burns' Anniversary.

Keen interest is being taken in the Burns' concert, which is to be given in Morley hall on the evening of Tuesday, January 26th. As the proceeds of the concert are to go towards making repairs on the fire hall, there will be a big sale of tickets. The progam will be interesting, and will be in keeping with the day. The services of two pipers have been engaged, and there will be highland dances, Burns' solos, trios and quartetts. There will also be a Burns' oration by Rev. G. H. Findlay, of Trail, who was a former pastor of the Moyie Presbyterian church. Reserved seats are 75 cents, and general admission 50 cents. Plan of seats at the Moyie Drug Store. The committee consists of R. Campbell, R. M. Calder, D. Calder, Joe McLaren, John Fraser, Geo. Gunn, T. E. Kelly, John Robertson, Chas. A. MacKay and Malcolm McNeill, Robt. McAllister.

The Moyie orchestra will be in attendance and render free service.

Enjoyed Themselves.

Those who attended the Odd Fellows' dance Wednesday night enjoyed themselves to the fullest. Dance followed dance from the grand march at 9 to the Home, Sweet, Home waltz at 3:30 the following morning. Messrs. Ransome & Campbell, of the Cosmopolitan hotel, served a splendid supper, and the music by the Moyie orchestra was never better. The lodge had a substantial balance left after paying expenses.

GENERAL FLOAT

The Imperial Bank has paid a dividend of 11 per cent.

Creston wants a new schoolhouse.

A syndicate is being formed in Revelstoke to operate a motor bus and street car service.

During this year the people in New York paid over a million dollars to hear the "Merry Widow."

This year's winter Carnival at Rossland will start on Tuesday, February 2nd.

A fire at Cranbrook Monday night gutted the rear end of the Co-operative store.

It is now a certainty that the Imperial Bank at Cranbrook will erect a new building this year.

The Calgary bonspiel commences on January 21, and the Rossland bonspiel on January 19th.

Jim Currie, formerly of New Denver, died a few days ago in the asylum at New Westminster from softening of the brain.

"Andy" Tapp, a laborer of Creston, committed suicide at Port Hill the other night by taking carbolic acid. He had been playing poker, and lost in the game.

A million dollar tunnel is to be built under Tacoma by the Union Pacific. The contract was let by J. D. Farrell, the western manager for Harriman.

Frank Bruno, formerly king of the tenderloin district in Spokane, intends going back to Italy to assist the earthquake sufferers. Bruno is rated as a millionaire.

Harold Nation, a young Englishman who worked as a surveyor around Moyie several years ago, is now in Port Arthur, Manchuria, engaged in the work of his profession.

James Highworden, a colored barber, of Fort Steele, was found by Joe Tannhauser and Albert Doyle on Monday morning frozen to death in his shop in that town. Mr. Highworden leaves a son and a daughter. He had been a resident of Fort Steele for 16 years and was 89 years of age.

LOCAL ASSAYS

The merchants are busy taking stock.

Joe McLaren returned Sunday from Winnipeg.

W. Hillier is here from Calgary on a visit.

Martin Holt has returned to Moyie.

The weather was so cold part of the week that no school was held.

Miss Maude Colen was up from Cranbrook on a visit during the week.

Constable Morris of Cranbrook was up to Moyie the first of the week.

Nicely furnished front room for rent. Apply at this office.

Mrs. Wolf was up from Cranbrook to attend the Odd Fellows' ball on the 13th.

The members of the Moyie Hockey team have their new suits.

Dr. Green was up from Cranbrook yesterday on professional business.

Frank Clarke has returned from Russell, Manitoba, and will again take up his residence here.

"Dick" Fraser, representing A. C. Bowness of Cranbrook was in town Wednesday.

W. H. Wilson, the Cranbrook jeweler, was in town for a day or so the first of the week.

A daughter was born to Mr. and Mrs. Frank Beesegh on Saturday, January 9th.

J. W. Bennett, representing the International Correspondence Schools, was in town the first of the week.

A play by home talent may soon be put on in Moyie. The title of the play is "Arizona Jack."

An engine has been put in the Moyie Brewery, and the machinery is now operated by steam power.

Dr. Hall, the dentist, returned Wednesday from Hosmer, and is again prepared to look after the wants of the people.

Work is going along nicely on the new Conrad building, and it will be ready to occupy in a few weeks.

BOARDERS—On February 10th I shall be pleased to take a few persons to board. Apply to Mrs. James Wright.

The annual meeting of the shareholders of the Moyie Co-Operative stores will be held in the Union hall on the evening of Monday, January 25th, at 7:30 o'clock.

A bunch of Moyie Odd Fellows will pay the Cranbrook lodge a fraternal visit next Monday, January 18th. The degree team will go along and put on work in the third degree.

The members of the Presbyterian church held a meeting Monday night to consider the proposition of securing an ordained minister.

If the weather is favorable there will be school in the junior room of the school next Monday.

There will be the regular services at the Catholic church tomorrow.

P. F. Johnston will leave tomorrow or next day for Victoria to attend the meeting of the Conservative association, which convenes on the 23rd.

"Missions—A Challenge to Twentieth Century Civilization," will be the evening subject at the Methodist church. Services at 11 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. Strangers welcome.

Rev. C. O. Main, from Cranbrook, will conduct the service in the Presbyterian church on Sunday evening at 7:30. At the close Communion will be administered. Mr. Thos. Sowerbutts will sing. All are cordially invited to attend.

APPLES

When wanting a choice box of winter Apples give us a call. We have

Baldwins, Northern Spies and New York Wines at $3.25 per box

Greenings, Manns, Starks, Golden Russets, Ben Davis, etc. at $2.00

All No. 1 British Columbia grown apple and every box guaranteed.

MacEachern & Macdonald

Masons Organize.

A Masonic lodge, under dispensation, was duly instituted in Moyie last evening, by Edward Edwell, district deputy grand master, of Cranbrook. The new lodge starts out with a membership of 30, and following is a list of the elective officers:

G. T. McGregor, W. M.; Harold Chapman, S. W.; Samuel Potter, J. W.; D. A. Ayres, secretary; R. N. McDougall, treasurer; Mr. Kinrade, S. D.; James Thom, J. D.

After the installation of the officers the lodge was opened in due form. Then came some speechmaking by the visiting brethren and the home members, and then there was an adjournment to the Central hotel, where a Masonic dinner was served. Again all returned to the hall for a session of harmony.

From Cranbrook there were Edward Elwell, the instituting officer, J. F. Armstrong, H. L. Rothwell, M. A. Beale, W. H. Wilson, F. W. Attridge and C. A. Allison. R. M. Reed was also here from Creston.

The lodge will meet in McGregor hall on the first Wednesday evening of each month.

Mayors Elected.

Cranbrook—J. P. Fink.
Nelson—Harold Selous.
Rossland—P. R. McDonald.
Fernie—Sherwood Herchmer.
Phoenix—G. W. Rumberger.
Vancouver—C. H. Douglass
Victoria—Lewis Hall.

METAL MARKET.

NEW YORK—Bar silver, 51¼ cts. Lead $4.75. Copper, 14¼ cts.
LONDON—Lead, £13, 3s, 6d.

C. P. R. Improvements

It is reported that the Canadian Pacific railway will this year spend $30,000,000 on construction on its western lines. Second vice president William Whyte will leave this week for Montreal to present the proposition to the executive committe of the company.

In a Hurry to Quit.

A Chinaman was hanged in Macleod last week for the murder of his brother. The mercury was pretty low, somewhere between 50 and 65 below zero when the chink was put on the trap. Before the trap was sprung the usual question was asked, "Have you anything to say?" To this the Chinaman is said to have replied, "Hurry up, ge eli, too cold," and with this he was jerked into eternity.

Illustrated Lecture.

"Views of the Yukon" was the subject of the lecture given in the Methodist church last Tuesday night by the Rev. Robert Hughes of Cranbrook. Mr. Hughes, who spent several years doing missionary work in the far north, spoke very entertainingly and explained the illustrated views as he went along. The attendance was good.

Dr. PRICE'S
CREAM
Baking Powder

A grape cream of tartar powder. Makes pure, healthful, delicious food. No alum, no lime phosphate.

There is an infallible test by which every housewife may detect the unhealthful alum baking powders—

The label will tell

Study the label. If it does not say cream of tartar the baking powder is made from alum and must be avoided.

The Spoilers.

By REX E. BEACH.

Copyright, 1906, by Rex E. Beach.

(Continued)

They returned by the way they had come to the lawyer's room, extinguished his light, went to their own cabin and to bed. At dawn Glenister arose and sought his place above McNamara's office.

To lie stretched at length on a single plank with eye glued to a crack is not a comfortable position, and the watcher thought the hours of the next day would never end. As they dragged wearily past his bones began to ache beyond endurance, yet owing to the flimsy structure of the building he dared not move while the room below was tenanted. In fact, he would not have stirred had he dared, so intense was his interest in the scenes being enacted beneath him.

First had come the marshal, who reported his failure to find Wheaton.

"He left his room some time last night. My men followed him in and saw a light in his window until 2 o'clock this morning. At 7 o'clock we broke in, and he was gone."

"He must have got wind of our plan. Send deputies aboard the Santa Maria. Search her from keel to topmast, and have them watch the beach close or he'll put off in a small boat. You look over the passengers that go aboard yourself. Don't trust any of your men for that, because he may try to slip through disguised. He's liable to make up like a woman. You understand—there's only one ship in port, and—he mustn't get away!"

"He won't," said Voorhees, with conviction, and the listener overhead smiled grimly to himself, for at that moment, twenty miles offshore, lay Mac's little tug, hove to in the track of the outgoing steamship, and in her tiny cabin sat Bill Wheaton eating breakfast.

As the morning wore by with no news of the lawyer, McNamara's uneasiness grew. At noon the marshal returned with a report that the passengers were all aboard and the ship about to clear.

"By heavens! He's slipped through you," stormed the politician.

"No, he hasn't. He may be hidden aboard somewhere among the coal bunkers, but I think he's still ashore and aiming to make a quick run just before she sails. He hasn't left the beach since daylight, that's sure. I'm going out to the ship now with four men and search her again. If we don't bring him off, you can bet he's lying out somewhere in town, and we'll get him later. I've stationed men along the shore for two miles."

"I won't have him get away. If he should reach 'Frisco— Tell your men I'll give $500 to the one that finds him."

Three hours later Voorhees returned.

"She sailed without him."

The politician cursed. "I don't believe it. He tricked you. I know he did."

Glenister grinned into a half eaten sandwich, then turned upon his back and lay thus on the plank, identifying the speakers below by their voices.

He kept his post all day. Later in the evening he heard Struve enter. The man had been drinking.

"So he got away, eh?" he began. "I was afraid he would. Smart fellow, that Wheaton."

"He didn't get away," said McNamara. "He's in town yet. Just let me land him in jail on some excuse! I'll hold him till snow flies." Struve sank into a chair and lit a cigarette with wavering hand.

"This 's a hell of a game, ain't it, Mac? D' you s'pose we'll win?"

The man overhead pricked up his ears.

"Win? Aren't we winning? What do you call this? I only hope we can lay hands on Wheaton. He knows things. A little knowledge is a dangerous thing, but more is worse. Lord! If only I had a man for judge in place of Stillman! I don't know why I brought him."

"That's right. Too weak. He hasn't got the backbone of an angleworm. He ain't half the man that his niece is. There's a girl for you! Say, what 'd we do without her, eh? She's a pippin!" Glenister felt a sudden tightening of every muscle. What right had that man's liquor sodden lips to speak so of her?

"She's a brave little woman all right. Just look how she worked Glenister and his fool partner. It took nerve to bring in those instructions of yours alone—and if it hadn't been for her we'd never have won like this. It makes me laugh to think of those two men stowing her away in their stateroom while they slept between decks with the sheep, and her with the papers in her bosom all the time. Then, when we got ready to do business, why, she up and talks them into giving us possession of their mine without a fight. That's what I call reciprocating a man's affection."

Glenister's nails cut into his flesh, while his face went livid at the words. He could not grasp it at once. It made him sick—physically sick—and for many moments he strove blindly to beat back the hideous suspicion, the horror that the lawyer had aroused. His was not a doubting disposition, and to him the girl had seemed as one pure, mysterious, apart, angelically incapable of deceit. He had loved her, feeling that some day she would return his affection without fail. In her great, unclouded eyes he had found no lurking place for double dealing. Now—God! It couldn't be that all the time she had known!

He had lost a part of the lawyer's speech, but peered through his observation hole again.

McNamara was at the window gazing out into the dark street, his back toward the lawyer, who lolled in the chair, babbling garrulously of the girl. Glenister ground his teeth—a frenzy possessed him to loose his anger, to rip through the frail ceiling with naked hands and fall vindictively upon the two men.

"She looked good to me the first time I saw her," continued Struve. He paused, and when he spoke again a change had overspread his features. "Say, I'm crazy about her, Mac. I tell you. I'm crazy—and she likes me—I know she does—or, anyway, she would"—

"Do you mean that you're in love with her?" asked the man at the window without shifting his position. It seemed that utter indifference was in his question, although where the light shone on his hands, tight clinched behind his back, they were bloodless.

"Love her? Well—that depends—ha! You know how it is," he chuckled coarsely. His face was gross and bestial. "I've got the judge where I want him, and I'll have her"—

His miserable words died with a gurgle, for McNamara had silently leaped

His miserable words died with a gurgle.

and throttled him where he sat, pinning him to the wall. Glenister saw the big politician shift his fingers slightly on Struve's throat and then drop his left hand to his side, holding his victim writhing and helpless with his right despite the man's frantic struggles. McNamara's head was thrust forward from his shoulders, peering into the lawyer's face. Struve tore ineffectually at the iron arm which was squeezing his life out, while for endless minutes the other leaned his weight against him, his idle hand behind his back, his legs braced like stone columns as he watched his victim's struggles abate.

Struve fought and wrenched while his breath caught in his throat with horrid, sickening sounds, but gradually his eyes rolled farther and farther back till they stared out of his blackened visage, straight up toward the ceiling, toward the hole through which Glenister peered. His struggles lessened, his chin sagged, and his tongue protruded, then he sat loose and still. The politician flung him out into the room, so that he fell limply upon his face, then stood watching him. Finally, McNamara passed out of the watcher's vision, returning with a water bucket. With his foot he rolled the unconscious wretch upon his back, then drenched him. Replacing the pail, he seated himself, lit a cigar and watched the return of life into his victim. He made no move, even to drag him from the pool in which he lay.

Struve groaned and shuddered, twisted to his side, and at last sat up weakly. In his eyes there was now a great terror, while in place of his drunkenness was only fear and faintness—abject fear of the great bulk that sat and smoked and stared at him so fishily. He felt uncertainly of his throat and groaned again.

"Why did you do that?" he whispered, but the other made no sign. He tried to rise, but his knees relaxed. He staggered and fell. At last he gained his feet and made for the door. Then, when his hand was on the knob, McNamara spoke through his teeth, without removing his cigar.

"Don't ever talk about her again. She is going to marry me."

When he was alone, he looked curiously up at the ceiling over his head. "The rats are thick in this shack," he mused. "Seems to me I heard a whole swarm of them."

A few moments later a figure crept through the hole in the roof of the house next door and thence down into the street. A block ahead was the slow moving form of Attorney Struve. Had a stranger met them both he would not have known which of the two had felt at his throat the clutch of a strangler, for each was drawn and haggard and swayed as he went.

Glenister unconsciously turned toward his cabin, but at leaving the lighted streets the thought of its darkness and silence made him shudder. Not now! He could not bear that stillness and the company of his thoughts. He dared not be alone. Dextry would be downtown undoubtedly, and he, too, must get into the light and turmoil. He licked his lips and found that they were cracked and dry.

At rare intervals during the past years he had staggered in from a long march where for hours he had waged a bitter war with cold and hunger, his limbs clumsy with fatigue, his garments wet and stiff, his mind slack and sullen. At such extreme seasons he had felt a consuming thirst, a thirst which burned and scorched until his very bones cried out feverishly—not a thirst for water or a thirst which eaten snow could quench, but a savage yearning of his whole exhausted system for some stimulant, for some coursing fiery fluid that would burn and strangle, a thirst for whisky, for brandy! Remembering these occasional ferocious desires, he had become charitable to such unfortunates as were too weak to withstand similar temptations.

Now with a shock he caught himself in the grip of a thirst as insistent as though the cold bore down and the weariness of endless heavy miles wrapped him about. It was no foolish wish to drown his thoughts or to banish the grief that preyed upon him, but only thirst, thirst—a crying, trembling, physical lust to quench the fires that burned inside. He remembered that it had been more than a year since he had tasted whisky. Now the fever of the past few hours had parched his every tissue.

As he elbowed in through the crowd at the Northern those next him made room at the bar, for they recognized the hunger that peers thus from men's faces. Their manner recalled Glenister to his senses, and he wrenched himself away. This was not some solitary, snow banked roadhouse. He would not stand and soak himself shoulder to shoulder with stevedores and longshoremen. This was something to be done in secret. He had no pride in it. The man on his right raised a glass, and the young man strangled a madness to tear it from his hands. Instead, he hurried back to the theater and up to a box, where he drew the curtains.

"Whisky!" he said thickly to the waiter. "Bring it to me fast. Don't you hear? Whisky!"

Across the theater Cherry Malotte had seen him enter and jerk the curtains together. She arose and went to him, entering without ceremony.

"What's the matter, boy?" she questioned.

"Ah, I'm glad you came. Talk to me."

"Thank you for your few well chosen remarks," she laughed. "Why don't you ask me to spring some good, original jokes? You look like the finish to a six day go-as-you-please. What's up?"

She talked to him for a moment until the waiter entered. Then, when she saw what he bore, she snatched the glass from the tray and poured the whisky on the floor. Glenister was on his feet and had her by the wrist.

"What do you mean?" he said roughly.

"It's whisky, boy," she cried, "and you don't drink!"

"Of course it's whisky! Bring me another!" he shouted at the attendant.

"What's the matter?" Cherry insisted. "I never saw you act so. You know you don't drink. I won't let you. It's booze—booze, I tell you, fit for fools and brawlers. Don't drink it, Roy. Are you in trouble?"

"I say I'm thirsty—and I will have it! How do you know what it is to smolder inside and feel your veins burn dry?"

"It's something about that girl," the woman said, with quiet conviction. "She's double crossed you."

"Well, so she has, but what of it? I'm thirsty. She's going to marry McNamara. I've been a fool." He ground his teeth and reached for the drink with which the boy had returned.

"McNamara is a crook, but he's a man, and he never drank a drop in his life." The girl said it casually, evenly, but the other stopped the glass halfway to his lips.

"Well, what of it? Go on. You're good at W. C. T. U. talk. Virtue becomes you."

She flushed, but continued: "It simply occurred to me that if you aren't strong enough to handle your own throat you're not strong enough to beat a man who has mastered his."

Glenister looked at the whisky a moment, then set it back on the tray.

"Bring two lemonades," he said, and with a laugh which was half a sob Cherry Malotte leaned forward and kissed him.

"You're too good a man to drink. Now, tell me all about it."

"Oh, it's too long! I've just learned that the girl is in, hand and glove, with the judge and McNamara—that's all. She's an advance agent—their lookout. She brought in their instructions to Struve and persuaded Dex and me to let them jump our claim. She got us to trust in the law and in her uncle. Yes, she hypnotized my property out of me and gave it to her lover, this ward politician. Oh, she's smooth, with all her innocence! Why, when she smiles, she makes you glad and good and warm, and her eyes are as honest and clear as a mountain pool, but she's wrong—she's wrong—and—great God! how I love her!" He dropped his face into his hands.

When she had pleaded with him for himself a moment before Cherry Malotte was genuine and girlish, but now as he spoke thus of the other woman a change came over her which he was too disturbed to note. She took on the subtleness that masked her as a rule, and her eyes were not pleasant.

"I could have told you all that and more."

"More! What more?" he questioned.

"Do you remember when I warned you and Dextry that they were coming

"You're too good a man to drink."

to search your cabin for the gold? Well, that girl put them on to you. I found it out afterward. She keeps the keys to McNamara's safety vault where your dust lies, and she's the one who handles the judge. It isn't McNamara at all." The woman lied easily, fluently, and the man believed her.

"Do you remember when they broke into your safe and took that money?"

"Yes."

"Well, what made them think you had $10,000 in there?"

"I don't know."

"I do. Dextry told her."

Glenister arose. "That's all I want to hear now. I'm going crazy. My mind aches, for I've never had a fight like this before and it hurts. You see, I've been an animal all these years. When I wanted to drink, I drank, and what I wanted, I got, because I've been strong enough to take it. This is new to me. I'm going downstairs now and try to think of something else—then I'm going home."

(To be Continued.)

"No one understands me," he groaned; "no one on earth."

It is the old, old story wrung from many a tortured youthful heart. The sufferer is generally mistaken, but the pain is no less poignant. Yet in this instance the man's complaint was true. Nobody on earth could understand him.

For he was an announcer of trains at the Union Depot. — Cleveland Leader.

"It Saved My Life!"

"I owe my life to PSYCHINE, what better testimony could I possibly give," says Mrs. Wm. Wilson, of Essex, Ont., on August 21, 1908.

This was in response to an inquiry from the Dr. T. A. Slocum, Ltd., as to whether the remarkable testimony given by Mrs. Wilson on May 27, 1904, still held good. At that time, she said, "Some twelve years ago, I was taken ill with a severe cold on my lungs. Night after night I was compelled to sit up all night to relieve myself of the pain in my lungs. For two years I doctored continually with three different doctors, but received no help whatever. A friend advised me to try your medicine, and I did so. Within two months from taking PSYCHINE I gained 30 pounds, and my health rapidly grew better and in a short time I was quite well. Today I am a strong woman and owe my life to Dr. T. A. Slocum's medicine."

PSYCHINE is indeed a Health giver, and the Greatest of Tonics, containing exceptionally Life-Giving properties. Send for a Free Trial and mention this advertisement. PSYCHINE is sold by all druggists and stores, 50c and $1.00.

The Same Thing.

One day a wealthy Jew received a visit from his cousin Levi. "My friend," said Levi, "I am in great distress, and I rely on you to enable me to earn some money." "You have come at the right time," replied Isaac. "I have just bought some trees. You can saw them up for me." "And what will you pay me for the work?" Levi asked. "Mon Dieu," Isaac responded, "I would have given three francs a day to a Christian, but one ought to pay a co-religionist more. Therefore I will give you five francs a day." "Well," said Levi, after reflecting a few moments, "give me two francs and get a Christian to saw your wood. That will amount to the same thing for you."

The Pill That Leads Them All.—Pills are the most portable and compact of all medicines, and when easy to take are the most acceptable of preparations. But they must attest their power to be popular. As Parmelee's Vegetable Pills are the most popular of all pills they must fully meet all requirements. Accurately compounded and composed of ingredients proven to be effective in regulating the digestive organs, there is no surer medicine to be had anywhere.

Condescending Chappie—I weally can't wemember your name, but I've an idea I've met you here before.

Nervous Host—O, yes, very likely. It's my house.—The Sketch.

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

In the British Empire there are two truly Imperial institutions. One is the Crown, the other is the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council.

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

Othello had just smothered Desdemona.

"And yet," he cried, "she was never inconvenienced by those new ruffs."

Herewith he considered it an accident.—New York Sun.

Minard's Liniment cures Garget in Cows.

AN INTELLIGENT PULLY.

He Knew Enough to Hold His Tongue In a Lady's Presence.

The man with a sailor-like appearance murmured something about having got on the wrong street and tried to dodge when the lady ran down the steps and made for him.

"You ought to be ashamed of yourself!" she exclaimed as she took her stand squarely in front of him to prevent escape.

"You ain't the lady I sold the parrot to, are you?" he asked, throwing back his head and looking at her with one eye.

"Yes, I am."

"An' how's the parrot treatin' you? Fine, I warrant."

"You're a swindler."

He dropped his head and shook it deprecatingly, still keeping one eye closed. "You told me," she went on, with increasing indignation, "that parrot was one of the most intelligent animals of its species and that it had a gift of language which you had never heard surpassed."

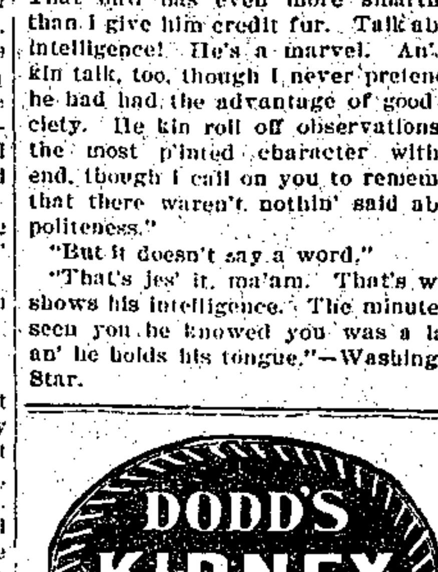
"Did I tell you all them things?" he inquired.

"You unquestionably did."

"Well, then I'll stand by 'em. You got a prize, an' you don't appreciate it. That bird has even more smartness than I give him credit fur. Talk about intelligence! He's a marvel. An' he kin talk, too, though I never pretended he had had the advantage of good society. He kin roll off observations of the most p'inted character without end, though I call on you to remember that there waren't nothin' said about politeness."

"But it doesn't say a word."

"That's jes' it, ma'am. That's what shows his intelligence. The minute he seen you he knowed you was a lady an' he holds his tongue."—Washington Star.



A FAMOUS CEMETERY

Pere Lachaise Is One of the Landmarks of Paris.

IT HAS A STORMY HISTORY.

This Picturesque Burial Place Has Served as a Battleground as well as a Graveyard—Its Monuments, Lovers and Disconsolate Widows.

Pere Lachaise is the largest and quite the most interesting of the Paris cemeteries and named after the Jesuit confessor of Louis XIV., whose country seat occupied the site of the present chapel until the ground was made a cemetery in 1804. It covers 110 acres of ground, is picturesque, but quite unlovely. Hare wrote about the tombs that "weight was their chief peculiarity and that all the monuments looked as if each family had tried to pile as much marble as possible on to their deceased relatives."

Pere Lachaise has a stormy history. In 1814 the Russians fought the French there and gave them a beating. During the commune the Versaillais and Communards fought several pitched battles among the tombstones and did considerable damage. But it is not so much with the history of the cemetery as with the people buried in it that we have to deal. A volume might be filled with the mere list of all the celebrated men and women buried in it, for, as Victor Hugo wrote, "being buried in Pere Lachaise is like having mahogany furniture—a sign of elegance."

In Pere Lachaise the monument which attracts most visitors is that of Abelard and Heloise, the two most famous lovers in the world. The monument was first erected 637 years after their death and brought to Pere Lachaise in 1817 from the museum where it had been during the revolution. Another famous lover, Alfred de Musset, lies buried not far from the two willows over the graves of Heloise and Abelard. David, the painter; Rachel, the actress; Balzac, Scribe, Michelet and many other well known folk lie near at hand. Admiral Sir Sydney Smith, Lord Seymour and other well known Englishmen are to be found in other portions of the cemetery, while literature is represented not only by great authors, but by Lesurques the victim of Dubosc in the famous legal Lyons Mail imbroglio.

But Pere Lachaise has more romance than in its tombstones. Chatting one day with one of the old soldiers who are the keepers of this grim park, I learned some curious facts about it.

"We never have a dull moment," the man said. "You may think that our time here is monotonous, but you are quite wrong if you do so. To begin with, there are the burglars. The cemetery is overrun with them. There are three kinds of burglars. There are the connoisseurs who often get away with valuable prizes, for you will be surprised at the works of art of small size which people put in their chapels. The window is broken, a stick slipped through the hole, and all sorts of things worth having are fished out; then the bronze stealers, who take away as much as they can carry in their special pockets and make from 15 to 20 francs a day at the game until we catch them.

"A little while ago a bust weighing forty pounds was taken out of the cemetery over one of the walls. But the most curious form of robbery is, perhaps, that of the pearl wreaths. Women are the principal offenders. They select the new ones, which are not weather stained, flatten them with their backs against the tombstone, slip them under their dresses, and when they have got away with them (we have no right to search even suspicious looking customers) sell them to dealers, to whom they tell the well worn story of a poor workwoman who has need of food."

"You would hardly believe it, but Pere Lachaise," said the keeper, "is a favorite meeting place for lovers. We get lovers of all ages, and perhaps more schoolboys and schoolgirls than anything else. But the three most curious things we see here in the cemetery are the forlorn widows, the letter boxes and the cafe." "The cafe?" I asked. "Yes. There are hundreds of people in Paris who refuse to believe that their dead do not enjoy after death the good things they used to like when they were alive. Mothers bring apples and sweets and leave them on the tombstones of their children. People bring wine and glasses, and there is one old gentleman who leaves a potato salad on his son's tombstone regularly every Sunday. Of course the children soon find out these things, and we have never been able to convince the people who bring them of the absurdity of doing so. It is a very harmless superstition, after all."

"And the letter boxes?" I asked. "Lovers' letter boxes?" said the guardian. "There are dozens of them in all parts of Pere Lachaise. Sometimes they are holes in the trunks of trees; sometimes they are little hollows under stones.

"The inconsolable widow is a frequent visitor. She is a pretty woman, and black suits her. She kneels down by a tombstone, rarely the same one, and when a likely looking mourner of the other sex appears bursts into tears. He consoles her pretty soon, and the two leave the cemetery arm in arm. One of these widows invited me to her wedding six months ago, and last month I was called to give evidence about her meetings with her victim, for she had seven other husbands living."—St. James' Gazette.

The Brakeman's Advice.

Down in Maine is a town called Burnham, situated on a small branch railroad that joins the main line at Burnham Junction. One day as the train approached the latter place the brakeman entered the car and in his usual stentorian tones went through his regular rigmarole when a station and junction are reached.

"Burnham Junction!" he shouted. "Burnham Junction! Change cars for Burnham! Leave no articles in the car! Burn'am, Burn'am!"—Lippincott's.

Not Introspective.

The minister of a large parish in a certain western diocese had for some time been much troubled by the scandalous gossip that seemed to be occupying the minds of a portion of his flock, and after exercising a great amount of tact and perseverance at last succeeded in running to earth the originator of most of the settlement's society slander. The guilty one was a regular attendant at the schoolhouse services, and the minister knew that should he take him to task personally and individually he would inevitably lose a sheep, albeit a black one, so he decided to sermonize him. Accordingly a special discourse was prepared and the following Sunday afternoon literally hurled at the offending member as he sat on a desk in a corner of the schoolroom. Everybody present appeared to fully appreciate the situation, and at the close of the service departed quietly and somewhat thoughtfully for home—all except the black sheep, who lingered to assist "parson" to hitch up his team and to remark: "That were a fine sermon, sir. I'll bet that hit some on 'em pretty hard!"—Bellman.

The Japanese Cook.

The Japanese are a most imitative and observant people and copy everything they see with minute fidelity. A Newport man engaged a Japanese valet, who was very attentive and satisfactory. His duties rarely took him into the kitchen, but when he had a chance of watching the cook he did so with extraordinary interest.

The cook caught a severe chill and left somewhat suddenly. The lady of the house was in despair, as she could not replace her. At last the valet announced diffidently that he thought he could cook a little, and the mistress gladly agreed to give him a trial. The first thing he started on was the potatoes. He took off his shoes and socks and put his feet in a bath of hot mustard and water. The lady wanted to know what on earth he was doing. He replied that he saw the cook do that when she was peeling the potatoes, and nothing would persuade him that this was not a necessary part of the process.—New York Times.

No matter how deep-rooted the corn or wart may be, it must yield to Holloway's Corn Cure if used as directed.

"She's been warned against him and he against her."

"Is that so? When are they to be married?"—Boston Transcript.

SLEEPING DRAUGHTS AND SOOTHING MIXTURES

A wise mother will never give her little one a sleeping draught, soothing mixture or opiate of any kind except upon the advice of a competent doctor, who has seen the child. All these things contain deadly poison. When you give your baby or young child Baby's Own Tablets you have the guarantee of a government analyst that this medicine does not contain one particle of opiate or narcotic, and therefore cannot possibly do harm—but always do good. Mrs. Geo. M. Kempt, Carleton Place, Ont., says:—"I have given Baby's Own Tablets to my baby since he was two weeks old. He was a very small thin baby, but thanks to the Tablets he is now a big, fat, healthy boy." Sold by medicine dealers or by mail at 25 cents a box from The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

Try watering your horses before feeding in the morning, thus slaking their thirst and at the same time washing their stomachs ready to receive the morning feed, where, being properly moistened with saliva it will remain until thoroughly digested.

Minard's Liniment Cures Distemper.

THE ARTISTIC PIRATES.

Yo ho! for the sail-swept Spanish Main,
Yo ho! for the pirates grim,
With the shark agleam on the weather beam
And the crew a-studying him!

"Art is Art!" quoth Gory Tim,
(The gunner bold was he)
As he chewed the bight of a bowline wight
Abaft of the larboard lee.

"I stick for Art!" says he again,
"But I likes it red an' gory!
With a Frenchman's thumb (cut off, by gum!)
I've drawed me many a story!

"I've drawed my gun in action, too,
An' at point-work I'm a bristler!
I've plashed in red to the foretop's head,
An' painted decks like Whistler!"

Quoth Leary Jake the bosun's mate,
As he lowered the boarding-netting:
"I, too, likes art—but a carving part,
In a rich vermillion setting!"

"But ho! there's a sail on our starboard bow,"
Cried the Captain, "Lads, look hearty!
'Tis a man-o'-war, and furthermore,
She'll eat us, a la carty!"

And that she did—and they all were swung
From a yard-arm, most unwilling.
Quoth Jake to Tim, as they knotted him:
"Their line-work, mate is killing!"

A. Harold Brown.

Toronto, Sept. '08.

Chapped Hands AND Cold-Sores

Are your hands chapped, cracked or sore? Have you "cold cracks" which open and bleed when the skin is drawn tight? Have you a cold sore, frost bite, chilblains, or a "raw" place, which at times makes it agony for you to go about your household duties? If so, Zam-Buk will give you relief, and will heal the frost-damaged skin. Anoint the sore places at night. Zam-Buk's rich healing essences will sink into the wounds, and the smarting, and will heal quickly.

Read this Lady's Experience.

Mrs. Yellen, of Portland, says: "I consider it only my duty to tell you of the great benefit I have derived from Zam-Buk. My hands were so sore and cracked that it was agony to put them near water. When I did so they would smart and burn as if I had scalded them. I seemed quite unable to get relief from anything I put on them, until I tried Zam-Buk and it succeeded where all else had failed. It closed the big cracks, gave me ease, soothed the inflammation, and in a very short time healed my hands completely. It is a wonderful healer and should be in every home."

Zam-Buk also cures chafing, rashes, eczema, piles, ulcers, festering sores, bad legs, backs, abscesses, pimples, ringworm, &c., cuts, burns, bruises, scalds, sprains. Used as an embrocation, it cures rheumatism, sciatica, neuralgia, etc. Of all druggists and stores or post free from the Zam-Buk Co., Toronto. Price 50c box, 3 for $1.25.

Zam-Buk

New Idea in Tuberculosis.

Some particulars are given in the British Medical Journal of a proposal to provide an ocean sanitarium for tuberculosis. The suggestion is to fit up a sailing ship of about 2,000 tons for not less than fifty patients, each to be provided with a large and well ventilated cabin. The deck would be used for what is commonly called the verandah treatment. The intention of the promoters is that the ship shall cruise in the neighborhood of the Canaries, where it will have the advantage of the trade winds and of an equable climate, while a port will not be far distant in case of the onset of bad weather.

Pain Flees Before It.—There is more virtue in a bottle of Dr. Thomas' Eclectric Oil as a subduer of pain than in gallons of other medicines. The public know this and there are few households throughout the country where it cannot be found. Twenty years of use has familiarized the people with it and made it a household medicine throughout the western world.

The youthful George Washington had just declared that he couldn't tell a lie.

"How would it look," he said, "for a future President of the United States to be eligible for membership in an Ananias club?"

Thereupon he trimmed the cherry tree he had cut down, and proceeded to make a big stick out of it.—Chicago Tribune.

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

Landlady—Mr. Star, now that we are seated about the board to partake of our Christmas turkey, does it not occur to you that there were only two turkeys on the Ark with Noah?

Mr. Star—Indeed, it is forcibly brought to mind. I sincerely hope this one is the last of the two.—December Circle Magazine.

"Do you desire my professional advice?" said the specialist to the visitor.

"I merely desire confirmation of a pet notion of mine that thorough mastication is essential to digestion."

"Certainly it is."

"Exactly. I am glad we are in agreement. Perhaps you could spare me a quarter. I'd like to put my admirable theory into practice."—Philadelphia Ledger.

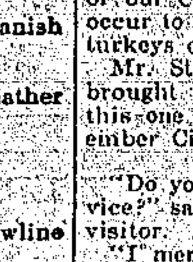
PENMANSHIP Book-keeping, Shorthand, Typewriting, Telegraphy, and all business subjects thoroughly taught. Write for particulars. Catalogues free. WINNIPEG BUSINESS COLLEGE, cor. Portage Ave. and Fort St., WINNIPEG.

M. E. MACKEY, Secretary.

THICK, SWOLLEN GLANDS

that make a horse Wheeze, Roar, have Thick Wind, or Choke-down, can be removed with

ABSORBINE



or any Bunch or Swelling. No blister, no hair gone, and horse kept at work. $2.00 per bottle, delivered. Book 3 D free. ABSORBINE, JR., for mankind, $1.00, delivered. Reduces Goitre, Tumors, Wens, Varicose Veins, Ulcers, Hydrocele, Varicocele. Book free. Made only by W. F. YOUNG, P.D.F., 137 Monmouth St., Springfield, Mass. LYMAN, SONS & CO., Montreal, Canadian Agents.

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

COUGHS AND COLDS.

I Took Pe-ru-na.

...runa Drug Co., Columbus, Ohio.
Gentlemen:—I can cheerfully recommend Peruna as an effective cure ... coughs and colds.
You are authorized to use my photo ...th testimonial, in any publication.
Mrs. Joseph Hall Chase
... Tenth St., Washington, D.C.

Could Not Smell Nor Hear.

Mrs. A. L. Welzel, 1023 Ohio St., ...rre Haute, Ind., writes:
"When I began to take your medi... I could not smell, nor hear a ...urch bell ring. Now I can both ...ell and hear.
"When I began your treatment my ...ad was terrible. I had buzzing ...d chirping noises in my head. ...I followed your advice faithfully ...d took Peruna as you told me. ...w I might say I am well.
"I want to go and visit my mother ...d see the doctor who said I was not ...e for this world. I will tell him it ... Peruna that cured me."
...eruna is manufactured by The Pe... Drug Mfg. Co., Columbus, Ohio. ...sk your druggist for a Free Peruna ...anac for 1909.

Better Chance for Revenge.

A Chicago man who once permitted himself to be persuaded to back a satirical company was seated in his office one day when he received a telegram from the manager of the show. The troupe was somewhere in Missouri, and the telegram read thus:
"Train wrecked this morning and scenery and baggage destroyed. Member of the company injured. What shall I do?"
The answer sent back by the Chicago man was as follows:
"Try another wreck and have the company ride in the baggage car."—Chicago Record-Herald.

As a vermicide there is no preparation that equals Mother Graves' Worm Exterminator. It has saved the lives of countless children.

Rye is the least durable of all the grains for poultry. For some reason the fowls do not care for it, and will seldom eat it if other food can be had.

HOW'S THIS?

We offer One Hundred Dollars Reward for any case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure. F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.
We, the undersigned, have known F. J. Cheney for the last 15 years, and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions and financially able to carry out any obligations made by his firm.
Walding, Kinnan & Marvin,
Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O.
Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Testimonials sent free. Price 75c. per bottle. Sold by all Druggists.
Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

"For the past four years we have been calling for 'Alice blue'," remarked the physician's wife; "but now I suppose 'Taffe-ta' will be the most popular."—Philadelphia Ledger.

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

"Even every trust is ground to dust, Which must occur sooner or later. Where will he go, that dauntless toe, The firm and fierce investigator?"
—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

In an English cemetery is a stone erected by a widow to her loving husband, bearing this inscription, "Rest in peace—until we meet again."—Philadelphia Inquirer.

Minard's Liniment Cures Colds, etc.

Strong in Possessions.

"It is true," said a friend, "that you have amassed a great fortune. But your grammar"—
"Never mind the grammar," said Dustin Stax. "This is an era of specializations. I may be weak in the branches, but I'm an authority on the possessive case."—Washington Star.

You May Need It

Ask your doctor about the wisdom of your keeping Ayer's Cherry Pectoral in the house, ready for colds, coughs, croup, bronchitis. If he says it's all right, then get a bottle of it at once. Why not show a little foresight in such matters? Early treatment, early cure.

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

Ayer's

Why a boy is called dull and stupid, when the whole trouble is due to a lazy liver. We firmly believe your own doctor will tell you that an occasional dose of Ayer's Pills will do such boys a great deal of good. They keep the liver active.

Made by the J. C. Ayer Co., Lowell, Mass.

A BASEBALL WONDER.

"Old Hoss" Radbourne, Greatest of All Pitchers.

THE HERCULES OF THE GAME

His Marvelous Feat of Pluck, Strength and Endurance That Won the Pennant For Providence In 1884—A Record In Games Won.

Pitchers may come and pitchers may go, but the name of "Old Hoss" Radbourne goes on forever. I have talked to many great ball players who have lamented to me the fact that baseball fame is so ephemeral that it was not worth the gaining, and, while no doubt this is in a great measure true, there is one pitcher who has left a name that promises to roll on for many, many years.

Each year hundreds of pitchers claim attention of the world, and each year they are promptly forgotten. But Illinois produced a man who, although now years deceased, has a brighter name than any of the great multitude.

In the great campaign of 1884, when the Providence club, then a member of the National league, was fighting a bitter game with Philadelphia, a catastrophe occurred that seemingly would disrupt its chances of winning the pennant. A player named Sweeney, who was pitching, was ordered to go into right field to change places with "Cyclone" Miller. At that time it was not permissible to take a pitcher out of the game. Whereupon Sweeney promptly walked out of the game, leaving the team with only eight men and with one pitcher, Charles Radbourne.

Two men tried to cover the field, with the result that Providence was completely snowed under. A meeting of the directors was held to decide whether or not the club should be disbanded. Certainly a professional team was never in a sorrier plight.

Radbourne was approached and the proposition put to him. "I can win it all right," said he quietly and in a matter of fact tone.

And then followed the most remarkable battle for a pennant that the world has ever seen. Radbourne established a record that has never been equaled, one that will live when more expensive contests will have been blissfully forgotten. Of twenty-seven consecutive games Radbourne won twenty-six. In four games with Boston he had three shutouts, only one run was scored, and only seventeen hits were made. This defeat was suffered at the hands of Buffalo by a score of 2 to 0, and even then only five hits were made off him, showing that the defeat was not due to poor pitching. Needless to say, Providence won the pennant, or, rather, Radbourne won the pennant.

But the great player had to pay the price. No arm could stand the awful strain without great agony. Morning after morning when Radbourne arose he could not lift his arm as high as his waist. He had to brush his hair with his left hand. But he did not give up the game. He would slip out to the park about two hours before the rest of the team put in an appearance and would begin the excruciating process of limbering up. He would pitch the ball only a few feet when he would first go out, but he would keep on trying time after time, rubbing his arm with his left hand. Sometimes his face would be drawn up into contortions, but never a word of complaint left his lips.

Half an hour before the game was to begin the players would slip out to see how "Old Hoss" was getting along. They would sit silently on the bench, waiting for his arm to get into condition. When he was able to throw from second to home base a rousing cheer would go up, for they knew that meant the winning of the game for them.

Radbourne claimed for his home Bloomington, Ill. After his great season with Providence managers all over the country were upon his heels. Flattering offers poured in, and he was not under contract with Providence for the next season either. When the contest was over the late Ned Allen, president of the team that season, sent for Radbourne. He laid the release before him and close beside it a blank contract. Radbourne looked at them both for several minutes and then slowly took up a pen and filled the blank out for a sum only $2,000 higher than he had been getting and tore up the release. Allen almost fell on his neck and wept for joy.

Radbourne's last year in baseball was with Cincinnati in 1891, but it was a sad year. It seems a pity that the career of so great a ball player should end so sadly. That year his work showed great deterioration, for the awful strain made in 1884 was beginning to tell on his arm. At the end of the season he was too proud to go into minor league baseball and so entirely withdrew from the game. He returned to Bloomington, where he opened a billiard hall. He had little to say and in unwinking silence would sit in a corner and watch the young men laugh as they played. He would talk about himself only when cornered, and then but for a few short words. He had always been an ardent fisherman, hunter and sportsman, but he gave up the open life. Each year his taciturnity increased until he became almost sullen.

After a time he gave up his billiard hall and retired into the obscurity of his home, seldom letting people see him. At last, in 1897, he fell ill and soon passed away.—Portland Oregonian.

The Magnet.

"Yes, she advertised for a husband and got 2,700 replies."
"Gracious! She must have advertised herself as very beautiful."
"No, she didn't. She just said she had $700 in the bank."

In Doubt.

Waiter—Tea or coffee, sir? Guest—Well, if that was tea you gave me yesterday, bring coffee; if it was coffee, bring me tea, and if it was a mixture of tea and coffee I think I'll try chocolate.

No End To Eczema

EXCEPT BY ACTIVE AND PERSISTENT TREATMENT WITH THE GREAT ECZEMA CURE,

Dr. A. W. Chase's Ointment

When left to itself, eczema runs on indefinitely, causing keen distress from itching and covering the body with sores that refuse to heal.

Even with careful treatment, eczema is obstinate in yielding to curative measures, but the regular and persistent use of Dr. Chase's Ointment is the most certain means known of overcoming this torturing disease.

Mrs. Robert Clendenning, Welland Station, Ont., writes:—

"For three years my daughter, Fanny, was afflicted with eczema in an intense and persistent form, and for nine days she was totally blind. The burning, itching and disfigurement were horrible, her entire face being completely raw for months, and the distress so great that she could not sleep.

"The best efforts of two eminent physicians failed to even mitigate her awful suffering. One day when I was low-spirited over my daughter's condition, Dr. Chase's Ointment was recommended to me and to our surprise Fanny was helped with the first box and she has since been entirely cured by this treatment.

"Her face is now as smooth as a baby's, and she is in splendid health. The credit for this cure is entirely due to Dr. Chase's Ointment, and I cheerfully give you permission to state my daughter's case, hoping that it will lead many others to secure the same good results."

There are a score of ways in which Dr. Chase's Ointment with its extraordinary soothing, healing properties, is useful in every home. 60 cents a box, at all dealers or Edmanson, Bates & Co., Toronto.

Ah Wing Lee was walking down Chestnut street the other morning, when a dog ran up behind him, yelping and barking horribly. The end of the Celestial's pigtail rose in the breeze as he leaped aside in great alarm.

A benevolent passerby, seeing the terror painted upon the yellow countenance, hastened to pat him reassuringly on the shoulder.

"Come, come, my friend, you need not be afraid. The dog won't hurt you. Don't you know the old proverb, 'A barking dog never bites?' Surely you——"

"That's all velly good," interrupted Ah Wing doubtfully. "You knowee ploverb and me knowee ploverb, but do dog knowee ploverb?"—Philadelphia Press.

Clean Stomach, Clear Mind.—The stomach is the workshop of the vital functions and when it gets out of order the whole system clogs in sympathy. The spirits flag, the mind droops and work becomes impossible. The first care should be to restore healthful action of the stomach and the best preparation for the purpose is Parmelee's Vegetable Pills. General use for years has won them a leading place in medicine. A trial will attest their value.

She was young and beautiful and unused to the ways of the world. She had left Pittsburg on an early morning train to visit a school friend in New York. It had been a tiresome journey, and just before reaching Harrisburg she had fallen asleep.

Waking up, she turned around to an old gentleman in the seat behind her and said, "Will you please tell me if we are on this side of Harrisburg or on the other side?"

"We are on this side," he said. She seemed satisfied at this answer, although what she meant by her question and he by his answer is perhaps still a conjecture.—Lippincott's Magazine.

FURS FURS FURS

For best prices, ship to the old reliable N. W. Hide & Fur Co., Minneapolis, Minn.

Mrs. Gillet—So there is a tablet in your transept to her memory. Did she do anything to bring people into the church?

Mrs. Perry—Well, I guess! She wore a new hat every Sunday for three years.—Harper's Bazar.

Minard's Liniment Cures Diphtheria.

SEIZED HIS CHANCE.

The Incident That First Brought Fame to Mr. Asquith.

The Right Hon. H. H. Asquith, now prime minister of Great Britain, was bound to distinguish himself sooner or later, even though he first became noted through what seemed mere chance. Mr. Stead in the Review of Reviews tells of this piece of "luck" which paved the way to fortune.

Mr. Asquith was the junior counsel to Sir Charles Russell, afterward lord chief justice as Lord Russell of Killowen, in the famous Parnell commission. For nine months he was immersed in the intricacies of that celebrated case. One day while snatching a hasty lunch Sir Charles told Asquith that he would have to cross examine the next witness.

"This is most absurd!" exclaimed the astonished junior. "Mr. MacDonald is the next witness, and he is one of the most important. Of course you will cross examine him!"

"No," replied Sir Charles; "I am tired. You will do it well enough."

It was no use to protest. Asquith was dismayed. He was totally unprepared. MacDonald was supposed to be a shrewd, intelligent Scotchman who would prove more than a match for the ablest cross examiner.

When Mr. Asquith rose in the court he was at his wits' end. By good fortune he put a question which was answered by the witness in a supremely silly fashion. Mr. Asquith saw at once that he could play his fish with good results. He did so, and the process was one of the most brilliant displays of skill ever witnessed at the bar. Poor Mr. MacDonald was turned inside out and held up to a scoffing world, from which he gained the title of Simple Simon.

Mr. Asquith that day established a reputation throughout the nation. He had seized his chance and made use of

ANIMALS OF BORNEO.

Curious Species In Northwest Part of Island Near Sarawak.

Mr. J. Hewitt, curator of the Government Museum at Kuching, the capital of his Highness Rajah Brooke's territory of Satawak, in Northwest Borneo, over which the British Government exercises a benevolent protection, has a unique knowledge of the natural history of that state, and, indeed, of the whole of Borneo; and his occasional contributions on the subject to The Gazette of the former state deserve a much wider circulation. Sarawak has for many years enjoyed a great fame for her luxuriant vegetation and her wealth of animal life. The glowing accounts of the early explorers—Wallace, Beccari, and the more mercenary orchid seekers—all contribute to create a feeling of admiration—almost, indeed, of reverence—for this favored isle. Everybody knows that this is the land of the orang outang, of wondrous insects, and of awe-inspiring miasmatic swamps, and when some writers even add that in the unexplored interior there lives a race of human beings still endowed with the long-lost tail of our remote ancestors, the imagination conjures up all sorts of prehistoric animals and plants.

Mr. Hewitt, in his latest contribution to this interesting branch of natural science, deals with some of the more interesting rarities found in Sarawak. Beccari has already mentioned one—a specimen of Ptilocercus Lowii, a singular creature, believed at that time to be found only in Borneo, but which has since been discovered in the Peninsula. The specimen which Beccari saw was shown to him by the colonial surgeon of Labuan. It is an arboreal insectivorous mammal about the size of the common squirrel, and its peculiarity lies in its long tail, which is bare and scaly like that of a rat for about the first half, but has the extremity thickly covered at the sides with long hair after the manner of the barbs of a feather. This little mammal, which is awarded a genus all to itself, is still one of the rarest of Bornean curiosities. There are other mammals, the long-nosed monkey, for instance, which are worthy of note; but they cannot be adequately dealt with here. One, however, may be mentioned—Mr. Ernest Hose's falcon. This falcon comes from Mount Dulit, where it was observed by Mr. Hose for several days before he finally secured a specimen. It turned out to be a new species, Falco Ernesti, of considerable interest, inasmuch as its capture was the fulfilment of a prophecy made some years ago by an eminent ornithologist. Quite the most famous of Bornean lizards is the Lanthanotus Borniensis. Of this animal only seven or eight specimens have been collected so far, though it is much sought after. The interest attached to the Lanthanotus lies partly in the fact of its very close relationship to the peculiar Heloderma, the poisonous lizard of Mexico. Fortunately, the Bornean species appears to be harmless—a statement based on the evidence of an X-ray investigator.

The First New Woman.

"We new women are really not so new as we think," we are said one of them. "In the thirteenth century there were lots of us. Can anything 700 years old be new? The University of Bologna had for professor of jurisprudence Novella d'Andria. She was no more new than beautiful. Her charms were so overpowering that the trustees made her lecture behind a curtain. When she lectured openly the students, their minds wholly occupied with her beauty, could not attend to what she said. Madonna Manzolina was professor of anatomy, Matilda Tromboni taught languages and Marie Magnesi held the chair of mathematics. This university was by no means a second rate one. On the contrary, it was perhaps the leading university of Europe. It had 10,000 students."

The Other Course.

Solicitor—And I am sure you will find, madam, that this is the best course to adopt in the event of your friendly letter failing to produce the effect we desire. Client—Yes, I see. Mr. Jones. If I cannot get what I want by fair means, I must put the matter unreservedly into your hands.—Punch.

"I can truthfully say that I believe that, but for the use of your Emulsion I would long since have been in my grave. I was past work—could not walk up-hill without coughing very hard."

THIS, and much more was written by Mr. G. W. Howerton, Clark's Gap, W. Va. We would like to send you a full copy of his letter, or you might write him direct. His case was really marvelous, but is only one of the many proofs that

Scott's Emulsion

is the most strengthening and re-vitalizing preparation in the world. Even in that most stubborn of all diseases (consumption) it does wonders, and in less serious troubles, such as anemia, bronchitis, asthma, catarrh, or loss of flesh from any cause the effect is much quicker.

Do not delay. Get a bottle of SCOTT'S EMULSION—be sure it's SCOTT'S and try it.

ALL DRUGGISTS

Let us send you Mr. Howerton's letter and some literature on Consumption. Just send us a Post Card and mention this paper.

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

ATTENDED BY FIVE DOCTORS

BUT GOT NO RELIEF UNTIL HE USED DODD'S KIDNEY PILLS.

Wonderful Cure of A. F. Richard, Who was Tortured by Rheumatism and Kindred Pains, Sets Kent County Talking.

St. Ignace, Kent Co., N.B. (Special).—After being tortured for four years with Backache, Rheumatism, Stiffness of the Joints and Pains in the Loins, and getting no relief from five doctors whom he called in, Mr. Antoine F. Richard, a well-known farmer living near here, is spreading the good news that he is once more a well man, and that he owes his cure to Dodd's Kidney Pills. Speaking of his wonderful cure, Mr. Richard says:—

"I was a helpless man in July, 1907. For four years I had endured the greatest torture from Backache, Rheumatism, Stiffness of the Joints and Pains in the Loins. I had dark circles under my eyes, my head ached and I was often dizzy. I was attended by five doctors, but not one of them could help me.

"Then I began to use Dodd's Kidney Pills and after the first few doses I began to improve. I used four boxes in all and now I am working every day on the farm a well man. I owe my wonderful cure to Dodd's Kidney Pills and nothing else."

There is no case or kind of Kidney Disease that Dodd's Kidney Pills will not cure.

The Pursuit of Knowledge.

In commenting on the largely increased attendance at the science reference department of Pratt Insitute the annual bulletin gives some instances of the eagerness of the patrons to make the most of their time and opportunities. "More than once," says the report, "a man has come from a distance and worked here all afternoon and evening. One such did not even stop for dinner, but explained that when he had a chance to work here he could not spend time eating."—N. Y. Tribune.

While more prevalent in winter, when sudden changes in the weather try the strongest constitutions, colds and coughs and ailments of the throat may come in any season. At the first sight of derangement use Bickle's Anti-Consumptive Syrup. Instant relief will be experienced, and use of the medicine until the cold disappears will protect the lungs from attack. For anyone with throat or chest weakness it cannot be surpassed.

Just Two Kinds.

Sparks—I wonder why it is a woman lets out everything you tell her.
Sharks—My dear boy, a woman has only two views of a secret—either it is not worth keeping or it is too good to keep.—London Opinion.

Only One "BROMO QUININE"

That is LAXATIVE BROMO QUININE. Look for the signature of E. W. Grove. Used the world over to Cure a Cold in One Day. 25c.

"Write me an example of simplified spelling, children," said the teacher, and Tommie wrote: "The man who carves monuments urns his living."—Philadelphia Ledger.

Minard's Liniment Co., Limited.
Gentlemen.—I have used MINARD'S LINIMENT from time to time for the past twenty years. It was recommended to me by a prominent physician of Montreal, who called it the "great Nova Scotia Liniment." It does the doctors' work; it is particularly good in cases of Rheumatism and sprains.
Yours truly,
G.G DUSTAN,
Chartered Accountant.
Halifax, N. S., Sept. 21, 1905.

"The audience is throwing vegetables," complained the star of the "Siberia" company.
"Nothing but vegetables?" retorted the caustic manager. "Go out in front and tell them that the dogs have also got to eat."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

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

A QUEER NEWSPAPER.

Moscow Has an Organ For Thieves and Vagabonds.

Moscow has a curious newspaper called the Bosatska Gazeta, which interpreted means the Barefooted Man's Gazette. It is a little weekly journal, consisting of one double sheet of printed matter. It is ostensibly run by thieves and vagabonds for the benefit of thieves and vagabonds. The bulk of its contents consists of contributions from burglars and other folk who prey upon society, in which they describe their successful exploits. Its tone is humorous and racy. The text is enlivened with comic sketches, some of which are well done. Unless the police suppress it it bids fair to have a prosperous career.

It is not lacking in advertisements, most of them of a decidedly unique character. In one issue, for instance, a young man announces that, "being full of energy and temperament and having a loving heart, he seeks a life partner in the shape of a young lady with small means." The adventurer goes on to say that, "having practiced housebreaking from his tender youth he is now at twenty-five as expert a burglar as any in Moscow and can therefore assure his wife comfort and even luxury."

The office is situated in the Nikitinska, a shabby enough street, opposite a small theater. It is in a private flat. The editor is always out, and contributors are invited to leave their offerings on the table, where lie an empty vodka bottle, a ten stained piece of blotting paper and a few cigarette ends.

In a word, the management of the paper is wrapped in mystery. Nobody [illegible] printed, least of all [illegible] ary 2nd.

THE BLUE MOSQUE.

If Ever Color Calls, It Calls In the Mosque of Ibrahim Aga.

As every one who visits Rome goes to St. Peter's, so every one who visits Cairo goes to the mosque of Mohammed Ali in the citadel, a gorgeous building in a magnificent situation, the interior of which always makes me think of court functions and of the pomp of life rather than of prayer and self denial. More attractive to me is the "blue mosque," to which I returned again and again, enticed almost as by the fascination of the living blue of a summer sky.

This mosque, which is the mosque of Ibrahim Aga, but which is familiarly known to its lovers as "the blue mosque," lies to the left of a ramshackle street and from the outside does not look specially inviting. Even when I passed through its door and stood in the court beyond at first I felt not its charm. All looked old and rough, unkempt and in confusion. The red and white stripes of the walls and the arches of the arcade, the mean little place for ablution—a pipe and a row of brass taps—led the mind from a Neapolitan ice to a second rate school, and for a moment I thought of abruptly retiring and seeking more splendid precincts. And then I looked across the court to the arcade that lay beyond, and I saw the exquisite "love color" of the marvelous tiles that give this mosque its name.

The huge pillars of this arcade are striped and, ugly but between them shone with an ineffable luster a wall of purple and blue, of purple and blue so strong and yet so delicate that it held the eyes and drew the body forward. If ever color calls, it calls in the "blue mosque" of Ibrahim Aga. And when I had crossed the court, when I stood beside the pulpit, with its delicious wooden folding doors, and studied the tiles of which this wonderful wall is composed, I found them as lovely near as they are lovely far off. From a distance they resemble a nature effect, are almost like a bit of southern sea or of sky, a fragment of gleaming Mediterranean seen through the pillars of a loggia or of Sicilian blue watching over Etna in the long summer days.

When one is close to them they are a miracle of art. The background of them is a milky white upon which is an elaborate pattern of purple and blue, generally conventional and representative of no known object, but occasionally showing tall trees somewhat resembling cypresses. But it is impossible in words adequately to describe the effect of these tiles and of the tiles that line to the very roof the tomb house on the right of the court. They are like a cry of ecstasy going up in this otherwise not very beautiful mosque. They make it unforgettable; they draw you back to it again and yet again. On the darkest day of winter they set something of summer there, in the saddest moment they proclaim the fact that there is joy in the world; that there was joy in the hearts of creative artists years upon years ago. If you are ever in Cairo and sink into depression go to the "blue mosque" and see if it does not have upon you an uplifting moral effect. And then, if you like, go on from it to the Gamia el Moristad, sometimes called El Ahmar (the red), where you will find greater glories, though no greater fascination, for the tiles hold their own among all the wonders of Cairo.—Robert Hichens in Century.

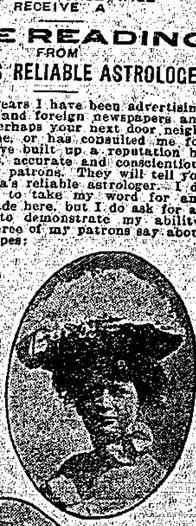
WOULD YOU KNOW YOUR FUTURE?

Do You Want to Know About Your Business, Health, Speculation, Marriage, Love Affairs, or How to Improve Your Condition Financially and Socially?

EVERY READER OF THIS PAPER WHO WRITES AT ONCE WILL RECEIVE A

FREE READING
FROM
AMERICA'S RELIABLE ASTROLOGER

For many years I have been advertising in American and foreign newspapers and magazines. Perhaps your next door neighbor knows me, or has consulted me for advice. I have built up a reputation by giving honest, accurate and conscientious service to my patrons. They will tell you I am America's reliable astrologer. I do not ask you to take my word for any statement made here, but I do ask for an opportunity to demonstrate my ability. Read what three of my patrons say about their horoscopes:



Newark, N.J.
"My marriage took place as you predicted, and I am the happiest woman in the world. I feel that you are the universally great 'Astrologer' to whom the American people should turn for advice and counsel. Everything you predicted in my Horoscope came to pass as accurately as clock work."
BERTHA AXT.

Brandon, Can.
"My Horoscope is the best testimonial of guidance that I have ever had put in my hands. I would not take a hundred dollars for the information you have given me, unless I was sure that I would get another one as accurate as this one." Yours very truly,
A. BROAD,
Real Estate Agent.

Mountain Park, Okla.
"Dear Friend—By you giving me 'lucky dates' I have been able to dispose of some property, greatly to my advantage. Every line of my Horoscope was of value to me. I shall consult you again in the future. I wish others might understand what great assistance you could be in trouble of any kind." Most sincerely,
Miss. ANNIE M. ROWLAND.

I have stacks of letters similar to the above. Many write that they cannot find words to express their thanks for the benefits derived from my advice. Many have followed my advice and gained wealth, happiness, love and popularity. I believe I can be of help to you. It costs you nothing to test my ability. I will send you a reading in which I tell facts about yourself and your life that will cause you to marvel at the wonders of Astronomy. My system has stood the test of time. People who consulted me years ago acknowledge that no other Astrologer is as accurate. If you wish a free reading, simply send me your name (whether Mr., Mrs. or Miss), the date of your birth (state hour if possible), and I will send you the reading at once, and will also send you a copy of my interesting booklet, "Your Destiny Foretold." If you wish you can enclose ten cents (silver or stamps) to pay postage, etc. Address Albert H. Postel, Room 1130, No. 126 West 34th street, New York, N. Y.

BRITISH PRINCES.

Very Different From the King In Exemption From Laws.

So privileged is the king of England in his exemption from any and every law that one would naturally expect his children might do pretty much as they like. But Englishmen have always been very jealous of royal personages, and the fact is that princes enjoy very few privileges indeed. A prince of the royal blood may be fined, like any ordinary mortal, if his motor car exceeds the legal limit of speed.

The Prince of Wales cannot be sued personally for debt. If the debt is not paid the creditor may take out a summons, but he must summon the treasurer, not the prince. If the case goes against the treasurer the money is paid out of the prince's assets.

No child of the king who is under twenty-five can marry without the king's consent. Supposing, however, a prince over twenty-five desired to marry and the king refused his consent, then the prince could give notice of his intention to the privy council. After that he would have to restrain his patience for a whole year. If during that time either the house of lords or the house of commons disapproved of the marriage it could not take place. But if both houses of parliament were satisfied the prince could marry the woman of his choice.

A prince has not even the right to educate his own children, for it was long ago laid down that the king has the care and education of his grandchildren while they are minors.—London Telegraph.

The New York Idea.

"Little boy."
"Huh?"
"Do you know where Broadway is?"
"Say, wot youse take me fer?"
"Well, where is it?"
"Aw, don't youse believe I know?"
"Yes, of course, but I don't know. Tell me how to get there from here."
"Aw, youse know how."
"I do not. I am a stranger. I haven't the least idea where it is."
"Quit yer kiddin'."
"Where—is—Broadway?"
"G'wan!"
"This way or that way?"
"Yer stringin' me."
"Will you tell me where Broadway is?"
"Hey, Jimmy, here's a guy wot sez he don't know where Broadway is!"

Civilized Poverty.

Barbarism has no horrors so horrible as the bestial squalor and sheer misery of civilized poverty. Poverty is a great evil in any state, but the world has not known any poverty so foul, [illegible] and so utterly loathsome as [illegible] of the city slum, the sweat [illegible] pawnshop and the gin pal

BLACK KNIGHT STOVE POLISH

You get not only MORE Stove Polish, but also the *best* stove polish that money can buy when you use "Black Knight."
It is not affected by the heat, and with very little labor the stove stays bright and shiny when polished with "Black Knight."
Shines quickly too—and always ready for use. Keeps Stoves, Grates, Ironwork, etc. fresh and clean with practically no trouble.
If you are unable to obtain "Black Knight" in your town, send name of nearest dealer and 10c for full sized can.
The F. F. DALLEY CO. Limited 12A
Hamilton, - - - Ont.

SOUTH AFRICAN SCRIP FOR SALE

Each scrip entitles selection of 320 Acres of HOMESTEAD LANDS, Two scrips good for 640 Acres.
Buy for yourself or for your son.
Inter-Ocean Real Estate Company
24 Aikins Bldg, Winnipeg.

KEEP YOUR IGNITION RIGHT

$15 75% of all Gasoline Engine troubles come from poor Ignition. The "VIM MAGNETO" does away with Batteries and can be used on any Engine. It always gives a good hot spark. Fully Guaranteed — Agents Wanted.
A. R. Williams Machinery Co. Limited, Toronto

A 320 Acre Homestead
can be taken if you have a
Soldier's Warrant
We sell them. For particulars write
First National Realty Co.,
Winnipeg Man.

THE MOYIE LEADER.

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

F. J. SMYTH, PUBLISHER.

RATE OF SUBSCRIPTION:

One Year $2.00

SATURDAY, JAN. 16, 1909.

Poems on "The Beautiful Snow" are in order.

A full fledged Masonic lodge is in Moyie. Success to the Masons.

It is to be hoped the report is true that the Kootenay Central is to be built this year.

Spokesman-Review: Coolin, Idaho, reports the mercury falling. Coolin weather, so to speak.

Creston is putting on airs, and nothing short of a roller skating rink will satisfy the people there.

We have had no reports from the Banana Belt this winter. Come through, B. o. Simpson come through.

No, gentle reader, it is not P. Burns' anniversary that the people of Moyie will celebrate on the 26th.

The two greatest entertainers before the American people today are Harry Lauder and "Billy" Sunday.

When you work for the success of the Burns' concert you are working for better fire protection for Moyie. Therefore, boost.

Even on the coast they are getting their full share of winter weather. There was 10 inches of snow in Vancouver the other day.

If you do act a little foolish at the dance next Wednesday night it will be all right. Everybody has a licence to do so at a masquerade.

There is so much bad in the best of us,
And so much good in the worst of us,
That it hardly behoves any of us
To talk about the rest of us.

An idea of the number of idle men in Spokane can be gained from the press reports which tell us that at least 1,000 of these unfortunates are given food and shelter at "Billy" Sunday's tabernacle daily.

Jack London, the novelist, will abandon his round the-world trip in his boat Snark. London is reported to be a very sick man. He recently underwent a serious operation in Sydney, Australia, and not long ago completely collapsed. He will return to California.

The people of Rossland gave A. S. Goodeve a rousing sendoff prior to his leaving for Ottawa to attend the session of parliament. Two of the speakers at the banquet even went so far as to predict that some day Goodeve would be premier of Canada. The Leader seconds the motion.

When the Provincial legislature convenes next week it will have the same representation as before. Hawthornthwaite, who resigned his seat in the provincial house to contest the Nanaimo seat in the Federal house against Ralph Smith, but was defeated, again sought the vote of the Nanaimo electorate on Tuesday last. The result was, Hawthornthwaite, socialist 835, Hodgson liberal, ...

A Few Don'ts.

(Contributed)

Don't send your money out of town; buy here. Send the sick and helpless. After paying living expenses and giving to the numberless subscriptions, the miner or other laborer, who never, or hardly ever, refuses can very seldom afford to take a little journey, and is privileged to do so when a accident or sickness overtakes him, and then the greatest expense he is put to is pain.

Don't discourage the hotel man who goes out in the Pullman car. When he came in he had the whole track to himself.

Don't be too sympathetic to the merchant who is discontent with Moyie.

Don't think Laurier is the only great man to bring people to Canada. In our midst we have one who has helped to bring, not less than ten within the last three months. They are small yet, but you cannot expect them full grown for $25 apiece.

Don't forget to praise our school boys; Moyie is to be complimented on her small boys. There are one or two bad old boys. But—

Don't blame the editor for everything.

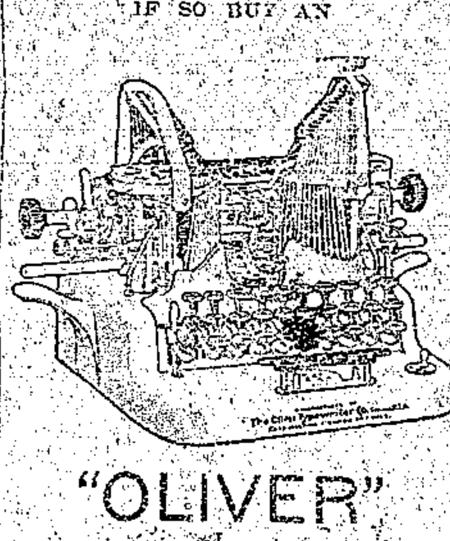
COMMON SENSE

Leads most intelligent people to use only medicines of known composition. Therefore it is that Dr. Pierce's medicines, the makers of which print every ingredient entering into them upon the bottle wrappers and attest its correctness under oath, are daily growing in favor. The composition of Dr. Pierce's medicines is open to everybody, Dr. Pierce being desirous of having the search light of investigation turned fully upon his formulæ, being confident that the better the composition of these medicines is known the more will their great curative merits be recognized. Being wholly made of the active medicinal principles extracted from native forest roots, by exact processes original with Dr. Pierce, and without the use of a drop of alcohol, triple-refined and chemically pure glycerine being used instead in extracting and preserving the curative virtues residing in the roots employed, these medicines are entirely free from the objection of doing harm by creating an appetite for either alcoholic beverages or habit forming drugs. Examine the formula on their bottle wrappers—the same as sworn to by Dr. Pierce, and you will find that his "Golden Medical Discovery," the great, blood-purifier, stomach tonic and bowel regulator—the medicine which, while not recommended to cure consumption in its advanced stages (no medicine will do that) yet does cure all those catarrhal conditions of head and throat, weak stomach, torpid liver and bronchial troubles, weak lungs and hang-on-coughs, which, if neglected or badly treated lead up to and finally terminate in consumption.

Take the "Golden Medical Discovery" in time and it is not likely to disappoint you if only you give it a thorough and fair trial. Don't expect miracles. It won't do superhuman things. You must exercise your patience and persevere in its use for a reasonable length of time to get its full benefits. The ingredients of which Dr. Pierce's medicines are composed have the unqualified endorsement of scores of medical leaders—better than any amount of lay, or non-professional, testimonials. They are not given away to be experimented with but are sold by all dealers in medicines at reasonable prices.

Are You Thinking of Buying a Typewriter?

IF SO BUY AN



"OLIVER"

$125. EASY PAYMENTS.

F. J. Smyth,

Agent - - Moyie

INTERNATIONAL HOTEL.

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

B. E. TAYLOR, Mgr.

Victoria Street. MOYIE

B. C. Steam Laundry

CRANBROOK.

Give our work a trial and leave work with

A. B. Stewart, Agent.

MOYIE, B. C.

St. Joseph's Convent.

NELSON, B. C.

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

FRESH AND CURED

MeatS.

Butter

AND

Eggs

P. BURNS & CO,

Limited.

MOYIE, B. C.

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

McVITTIE & PARKER

PROVINCIAL LAND SURVEYING

RAILWAY & MINING ENGINEERING

Estimates Furnished.

OFFICES

Fort Steele P. O. Box 25.

Cranbrook P. O. Box 11.

BUY YOUR

Cigars, Tobaccos, Fruit and Candy

FROM

A. B. Stewart & Co.

—THE—

Central Hotel.

DESAULNIER BROS. Props.

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

Headquarters for Commercial and Mining Men.

QUEENS AVENUE, MOYIE, B. C.

NOTICE

CRANBROOK LAND DISTRICT, DISTRICT OF KOOTENAY.

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

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

CHARLES C. FARRELL.

Dated September 15th, 1908.

NOTICE

CRANBROOK LAND DISTRICT, DISTRICT OF SOUTHERN DIVISION EAST KOOTENAY.

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

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

LOUISA L. FITCH.

per J. W. Fitch.

DATE September 25, 1908.

NOTICE.

CRANBROOK LAND DISTRICT, DISTRICT OF SOUTHERN DIVISION EAST KOOTENAY.

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

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

HENRY J. COOPER.

Sept. 14th, 1908.

NOTICE.

Notice is hereby given that at the expiration of 30 days I intend to apply to the Moyie Water Co. Ltd., for a duplicate certificate of No. 2 for 10 shares; No. 13 for 201 shares; No. 190 for 223 shares.

W. L. REID.

Dated, Nov. 16th, 1908.

NOTICE.

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

... took himself ... with stevedores ... his was some... secret. He had ... man on his right ... paragraph. Yet in this instance the man's complaint was true. Nobody on earth could understand him.

For he was an announcer of trains at the Union Depot. — Cleveland Leader.

I. O. O. F.

Wildey Lodge No. 44.

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

CHAS. J. WHITE, Noble Grand. F. J. SMYTH, Sec'y.

St. Eugene Lodge No. 37.

K. of P.

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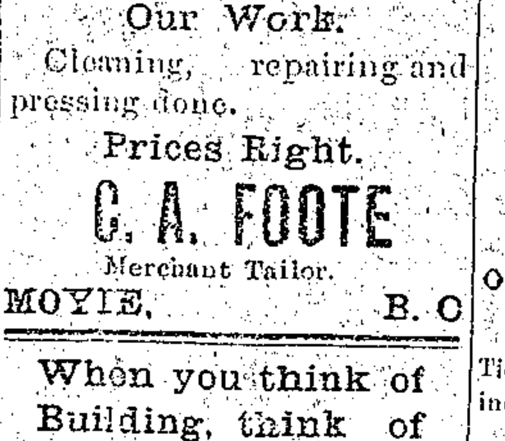

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